0 2007 1197967 0
California State Library

NIA
STATE LIBRARY.

Accessions No. 122600 Received JUN 1903
Class fc 051 W35
v. 20-22 1900

Missing
June – 28.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/wave2122unse

The Wave

1900

An Illustrated Weekly

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

122600

VOL. XX. No. 28 SAN FRANCISCO — JANUARY 6, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

MINING ON KLONDIKE CREEKS.

1 Trying a Pan off the Dump of No. 13. 2. Bench on Hillside Mine. 3. Sluicing Winter Dumps, Bonanza. 4. Washing Gold in Sluice Boxes.

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in al union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—January 6, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
California Flower Fiestas 4-5
The U. S. Land Office in Seattle 5
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. 6
The Park Museum 7
The Bubonic Plague in Honolulu 9
A National Love Feast 9
Modern Financial Manipulations 10
Babblings of a Belle 11
A Bunch of Fives 12
London—New York Correspondence 13
In Bookdom 15
The Drama 16
New Stories Re-told 18

EVENTS CURRENT.

Progress of the Boer War.

There is comparative quiet along the front in Natal. Buller before Colenso, Methuen at Modder River, and Gatacre on the borders of the Orange River Country are waiting for reinforcements from home. Meanwhile the beleaguered garrisons would seem to be in tighter straits than ever before. Mafeking holds out bravely, but there is a general feeling that Ladysmith and Kimberley are in a far worse way than the War Office at London is willing to admit. It is known that the Boers have renewed their bombardment of Ladysmith. Last week a shell burst among a party of officers at mess, killing one and wounding seven. This alone would indicate how close the lines are being drawn. It is even reported that General White is dismounting his artillery with the intention of making a desperate sortie. While this is probably untrue, the very existence of such a rumor proves that his case is considered desperate, for an attempt to cut out in that manner would be a forlorn hope. Outside, General Buller, with thirty thousand men, can not make his way in, and it is therefore unlikely that anything other than a last chance would tempt White to try it with a force of less than ten thousand. Of course such estimates are merely guess-work, as are all other attempts to forecast the course of events in this, the most strictly censored of modern wars. General Methuen remains passive in front of Modder River. So, too, Gatacre, for all that anyone knows to the contrary, is resting in camp. The only move of the week was a small British victory, an attack on Colesburg, once an important strategic point, but now of less significance in view of the rapid change in events. This was accomplished by General French in a brilliant advance, in which he lost but few men. This success, small as it was, had the effect of somewhat restoring confidence in London. On the eve of his departure for the front, General Kitchener of Khartoum spoke very bluntly on the situation and its probable outcome. He says that the whole affair has been bungled, that his first task must be to retrieve the blunders of his predecessors, and that it will take a year's time and one hundred and fifty thousand men to conquer the two republics. Indeed, there is a general feeling in London that there must be a day of reckoning when the war is over. The responsibility for the stupid and disastrous plan of campaign seems to lie between General Wolesley, General Buller, and Lord Lansdowne of the War Office, with the chances most against the last-mentioned.

International Complications of the British-Boer War.

The South African affair begins to assume international aspects. Practically the whole Caucasian world, except the colonies and the United States, is in sympathy with the Boers, not so much from the merits of the case as from hatred of England and fear of her sea power. While Germany is officially friendly, the popular feeling is all pro-Boer. In view of this fact, the British authorities made what must be regarded as a very stupid blunder in seizing two ship-loads of American flour consigned to Lorenzo Marque. The international law on this point is not quite clear, and it would require the judgment of a court to straighten out the matter, but the inexpediency of the seizure is undoubted. England is isolated from food supplies; economists believe that in the event of a blockade of the British coast, the supply of bread-stuffs in her granaries would not last three weeks. Once let her establish the precedent that a neutral nation's goods consigned to one belligerent party are contraband to the other, and she is cut off from her strongest source of supply in the event of a general European war. Moreover, the British need our friendship as never before. The London press seems to feel this, and the editorial utterances regarding this diplomatic slip have been very conciliatory. Even the *Saturday Review*, which has been a strong opponent of an Anglo-American agreement, is apologetic and friendly at this juncture. Directly after this first *faux pas*, the Naval Patrol on the South African coast perpetrated another seizure which may lead to future complications. The German steamer *Bundsrath* was overhauled by a British cruiser under the pretext that she had recruits for the Boers on board. This action is less open to criticism than the capture of the flour-ships, but it is still unwise and on a par with the tactics of the British generals who, disdaining tactics, strike the Boers in front as though they were savages. The Delagoa Bay problem is a vexed one. England wants that territory. It affords the best possible base for operations against Transvaal. An army might be landed there and could advance by the easiest route possible into the very heart of the enemy's territory. But it is pretty certain that the Portuguese will not sell. The continual passage of arms and recruits for the Boers through the bay gives a pretext for seizure, but the act would give an excuse to the hostile Latin countries of Europe, and British statesmen hesitate to take the risk.

The Philippine War.

The Philippine insurrection resembles nothing as much as one of those mysterious and unquenchable fires which break out, now and then, in the saw-dust heaps of the great northern saw-mills. Drenched with water, seemingly quenched in one spot, it suddenly appears in another; when it is extinguished there, it is odds that it has burst out in the first place again. It seems to smoulder under the surface, making no sign until a jet of flame forces its way upward to the top, and only a long and thorough drenching of the whole heap can finally quench it. Just so with the war in Luzon. The American army strikes what seems to be the crushing blow; the insurgent army melts away; the country appears to be pacified. Then, in some other point which was regarded as safe and friendly, the opposition spurts out again and the army has its work to do over. Three weeks ago, the crushing blows of Lawton and Young seemed to have ended organized opposition for good and all. The main body of the native army was scattered, the leader and his advisers were driven into hiding. Then, the trouble broke out again in provinces formerly held safe, and much of the work has now to be done over again. Only by thoroughly beating the natives on all parts of the islands, and beating them over and over again, can we hope to put an end to the insurrection. They are a curious people, deceitful, mobile and yet stubborn; paradoxical as it seems, we must first overrun them by force and then win them by kindness. Otis seems to be going at the work systematically; perhaps, after all that has been said about him, he is well suited for the task now to hand. When there was swift, hard, dashing work to be done, he lost himself in a maze of detail and let the chance slip by; now that the whole thing has become a question of system, he is better fitted for the command. The revolution will burst out in little spurts, like the one just succeeding the death of Lawton, but each spurt may be expected to be fainter than the last, until the war degenerates into a guerilla struggle. The most surprising event of the week has been the discovery of an uprising in Manila. It appears that there was a plot to create a disturbance at General Lawton's funeral on December 30. That day, Recarte, an insurgent leader, was in Manila, having taken refuge from his pursuers there. Failing utterly in an attempt at a general uprising, he concocted a plan to make trouble for the Americans at the funeral, when the main body of American troops would be drawn away from the guard. The plan was to throw a dynamite bomb into the midst of the foreign consuls, marching in the procession, and thus involve the United States in international complications. Preparations were made, but the plan failed, owing to the fact that the funeral did not, through a change in plans, pass the building on which the dynamiters were stationed. Next day the American patrol came upon the evidences of the plot while they were searching for Recarte. Trouble is brewing in the city, but it is not thought that there will be any open uprising, as the natives fear the direct proximity of the American troops.

Porto Rico and the Tariff.

No section of the President's recent message to Congress attracted so much attention throughout the country as the one having reference to the removal of customs duties from Porto Rican products. The change advocated virtually makes the island commercially an integral part of the country. That this must come sooner or later there has never been much doubt. Porto Rico is, or will be when Congress completes action in the matter, as much a territory of this country as Arizona. Therefore when the New York *Press* came out editorially and called this "the greatest blow ever struck at the protective tariff system," there arose a protest from the press of the entire country. Republican organs show a disposition to support the measure because it is the policy of the administration, and democratic journals, most of them devoted to free trade, are naturally strong in its favor. The only dissenters are the independent organs which are against the President on one hand and not committed to free trade on the other. Seldom has the opinion of a Chief Executive been so strongly endorsed by both sides. The great objection to the measure is the argument that Porto Rican sugar and tobacco, admitted duty free, would lower prices and injure our farmers. The advocates of the measure admit that this is true, but add that the American farmer will be benefited in the long run. Where we take one dollar's worth of products, in the shape of tobacco or sugar, from Porto Rico, we send ten dollars' worth in flour, corn meal, etc. Furthermore, it is shown that the markets of Spain and Cuba were open to Porto Ricans under the old regime; if we refuse them free trade in our markets, we give them worse treatment than the Spaniards.

Congress and Our Territorial Dependencies.

It goes without saying that the Fifty-Sixth Congress will be concerned mainly with problems arising from our new dependencies. The question of keeping the Philippines and of deciding upon a policy with regard to Cuba must, of course, be settled first, but this will hardly be the most difficult task. The question of the form of government to be adopted in each individual case is likely to be much more perplexing. Even Hawaii, which came in by request of the inhabitants, seems fated to give us trouble on that score. Senator Cullom's plan for admitting these islands as a regular territory of the United States was favored by most of the Republicans las session. Now, it seems that the administration party is divided on the question. Democrats will, of course, do all in their power to stir up the dissension. The Philippine question is still clouded beyond all hope of rapid solution, nor is the Cuban situation much more clear. Probably, bills providing for the annexation of both these territories will start the discussion. The disposal of Porto Rico is decidedly easier than that of the other new dependencies, but even in this case a warm controversy has been started over tariff rates. But outside of this perplexity over territories without our borders, the Fifty-Sixth Congress is destined to have trouble with three old territories which will knock for admission this year, viz: Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona. There is great uncertainty regarding their chances. All three have the required population, but Congress is sure to be wary about admitting new states before a presidential election. Arizona is in least danger, but as all have joined to fight the issue, they are most likely to stand or fall together. The general opinion is that if these bills go through at all it will be accomplished at the second session, next year.

The Chicago Drainage Canal.

One of the great engineering feats of the century was completed January 2d, at Chicago, when the great drainage canal, destined to dispose of the sewage of the city of Chicago and for use as a connecting waterway between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, was completed and thrown open for use. This great channel, thirty miles long, has been under construction for seven years and has cost upwards of $30,000,000. It was at first designed solely as a main sewer for the drainage of the city's refuse, but the authorities of Chicago and the State of Illinois decided that it ought to combine the functions of a sewer and a waterway, and insisted that the work be done in such a manner as to render it permanent. This more than doubled the cost, but the expenditure was a wise one. The channel begins on the Chicago river, at a point near the stock yards, and reaches the Illinois river at Lockport. The new departure will change the point of disposal for Chicago's sewage. It has formerly been run through the Chicago river into Lake Michigan, but the increase brought about by the growth of the city and the construction of a new system of sewers threatened to clog that stream and rendered the city water-front unsanitary. Realizing this, the municipal engineers provided for a stream running through the Illinois river into the Mississippi and strong enough to carry the refuse matter to a point where the action of air and water would destroy its poisonous quality. At full capacity, the canal will run 500,000 cubic feet of water per minute, yet this great flow may be checked at any time by the action of gates, sluices and traps. The work of draining was begun as soon as the last cut was made, but it will be some time before ships will be allowed to make use of the channel. The control of this great scheme is peculiar. It is not in the hands of the city of Chicago, but is directed by the Sanitary District, a corporation including a large part of the city of Chicago and many of its suburbs—a wheel within a wheel, like the Clyde Company of Glasgow. The controlling officers of this company are chosen by a popular election, entirely separate from the regular municipal elections. They have the power to levy and collect taxes up to one-half of one per cent. of the district's assessed valuation; this power of taxation has lately been increased. In this way, a part of the indebtedness incurred has already been paid, while the rest is secured by bonds running over a period of from one to twenty years.

The Year's Work at the Lick Observatory.

In a late issue of the San Francisco *Examiner*, Director James E. Keeler summarizes the year's progress at the Lick Observatory. The work is progressing very quietly. Much of it is specialized and expert investigation, the uses of which would not be understood by the uninformed layman. The big telescope has been used principally for the measurement of star motion with the help of the spectroscope and for celestial photography. The most remarkable discovery made at the observatory this year was the establishment of the fact that the Pole Star is triple. In the same way, some fourteen or fifteen other stars have been shown to be compound, and about ninety to be double. The Crossly reflector for nebular photography is now in good working order. During the past year, about seventy exposures have been made. While this is not a large number, it must be remembered that each exposure takes from three to four hours. One result of this work has been a great increase in the number of known nebulae. Thirty-one were discovered on a single plate. So greatly has the number been increased, that Mr. Keeler estimates the total number in the sky at 120,000, whereas our present catalogues show only 8,000. More important than this has been gain of further knowledge about the nebulae already known. Already this process has shown that the great majority of nebulae are spirals, a form hitherto regarded as an exception, rather than a rule. Mr. Perrine, the "comet man" of the observatory, has found only three this year, a number rather below the average. Attention is called to the fact that the force employed in spectroscopic work is inadequate. More assistants are needed.

Latest Developments in Physical Science.

Professor John Trowbridge of Harvard University contributes to the new *International Monthly* a paper on the progress of physical science in the last two years, an instructive summary of the definite and practical results accomplished during that period. In a general way, there have been no great and startling discoveries like that of the X-ray, in the years 1898–9. Wireless telegraphy, owing partly to the advertising it received at the time of the International Yacht Race, has attracted the most attention. The experiments have not been nearly so successful as the public has been led to imagine. It has been demonstrated that messages may be sent a distance of some thirty miles, and apparently through all obstacles. However, it is not yet possible to send messages in a definite direction—to individualize the calls. Every one within the radius may obtain the wireless messages. No practical use can be made until the call is individualized. The study of this subject has led to the discovery of new data in regard to the length

of electric waves. There has never been any practical means of producing rapid electric sparks—a necessity in wireless telegraphy. The invention of the Wehnelt apparatus promises to accomplish this, although the method still requires improvement. Experiment with the X-rays has been continnous, but has led to no definite result. Although these rays are being used more and more in dentistry and surgery, their range of application is not increased. The thicker parts of the human body still baffle them. The most surprising discovery in this section is the fact that various substances, such as the salts of uranium and compound of pitch blend have the same property that Crookes' tubes have of giving out the rays. In time it may come to pass that powders made from these substances will supplant the costly apparatus now in use. Much interest has been excited by the production of liquid air in commercial quantities. However, newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding, liquid air as a power is not yet harnessed to much practical advantage. Spectrum analysis continues to attract investigators. By this means a new metal, victorium, has been discovered. Certain results obtained lead to the hope that color photography is at hand. The rise in the price of copper has turned attention to the use of aluminum as a means of conducting electricity, and it is now being employed on a large scale. At Niagara Falls aluminum conductors connect the power-house and the works. For the same weight, the conductivity of aluminum is more than double that of copper. The great barriers to the use of this substance are its liability to destruction by the action of liquids and the impossibility of soldering bard and wires of the metal. There has been a steady growth in the practical use of electricity. The alternating current, much more economical than the direct, is in increasing use throughout the country. Close study of this subject is sure to yield even greater results. In purely theoretical physics, the most striking hypothesis is one advanced by Prof. J. J. Thomson concerning the size of atoms. He believes, from his experiments with the X-ray, that certain substances smaller than atoms exist.

Editorial Comment

Briton and Boer.

A BOOK that pretended to present an impartial analysis of the South African question, and yet maintained a ratio of one to six against one of the parties to the contest, might be thought misleading. *Briton and Boer*, (six parts Boer to one part Briton), just out from the Harper's, comes very near to being such a book. It comprises papers by Hon. James Bryce, Sydney Brooks, Andrew Carnegie, May Nordau, and others, only one of which in any measure is a defense of Great Britain. Some of the writers are anti-British on principle. One or two are French. One of them is himself a Boer. Yet the facts are fairly well agreed upon. The reader may ignore the partisanship, if he can, and make his own deductions.

The history of South Africa is too complicated to be gone into except at length. Briefly, Cape Town was settled by the Dutch in 1652, and was taken by England during the great war against Napoleon in 1806, the compensation to the Dutch being $30,000,000. Since then the influx of English settlers has been less than the natural increase of the Dutch population, so that in Cape Colony the Dutch today outnumber the English, and the Dutch language, outside of the towns, prevails. In 1836 occurred the first emigration of Dutch cattlemen from Cape Colony into the interior. These ranchers eventually settled the country beyond the Vaal river—the Transvaal—driving out and enslaving the natives, with whom they were at continual war. British assistance was required in 1877 against the Zulus, the Transvaal government being inefficient and unpopular with the Boers. Great Britain thereupon annexed the country. Three years later the burghers changed their minds, revolted, Majuba Hill was fought, and Gladstone, in order to retain the loyalty of the Cape Colony Dutch, the Boers' kinsmen, called off an overwhelming British force and concluded peace with the rebels. By the terms of this peace the suzerainty of the queen was acknowledged, and Great Britain reserved the control of all foreign relations. In 1884 Lord Derby was induced gratis to grant autonomous concessions to the Boers, but reserved the treaty-making rights and other rights. In 1885 gold was discovered.

So much for history. The Boers have altered little, if at all since the days when the Dutch East India company planted them at the cape, except to add some of the vices of the nineteenth century to the ignorance of the seventeenth. "In some of the elements of modern civilization," says Mr. Bryce, "they have gone back rather than forward." Half nomad, of sullen and unsocial temperament, separated from the influences of civilization for over two hundred years, living rudely and contentedly on their huge ranches, disdaining trade, disdaining agriculture, ignorant to an almost inconceivable degree of ignorance, possessing neither music, literature nor art, cruel, superstitious, intolerant, grimly religious—such are the Boers of today. They are two hundred years behind the times. The Transvaal Boer today believes that the sun moves. He believes that the earth is flat. And his ethics are those of the seventeenth century. He is an uncompromising Calvinist. He believes that the Boers are God's chosen people. He finds Scriptural warrant for slavery, and himself owns Kaffir slaves. Politically he is hopelessly corrupt. He believes it to be a praiseworthy thing to do, to accept money for his vote, so long as the Gentiles pay the piper. To make as much as he can from the Uitlanders, in any way that he can, is his religion. The sons of Sodom and Gomorrah he considers can have no rights as against him and his. He has no reverence for justice, or for process of law. And being what he is, he takes his bribes openly, as in the case of the seventy-five American buggies for the Volksraad, or secretly, as it suits him, all with a good conscience.

The Uitlanders, most of whom are English or Americans, outnumber the Boers two to one. They contribute practically all of the public revenue. And they possess an even greater share of the intelligence of the country than of its wealth. Among them are thousands of the most progressive men in the world, men who stand at the top of their profession. Almost all of them are well educated. And yet they are held in complete subjection to men who are more ignorant than the American negro. They pay all the taxes and spend not one cent of them. They see millions of dollars lavished on the secret service and fortifications at Pretoria, while Johannesburg remains a pesthole. The English language is proscribed in the schools and law-courts of a city where not one man in a thousand speaks anything but English. Their children are not even taught pure Dutch, but a dialect as much beneath pure Dutch as Czechish is beneath Russian; and they are forced to use Dutch text-books that are centuries behind the imes.

It is quite beyond belief that Englishmen and Americans should rest passive under such treatment. The grievances are such that they fall hardest, not upon the absentee capitalist, but on the engineers, superintendents, chemists, lawyers, doctors, business men and artisans. These men settled in the Rand district to make it their home. They have not only taxation without representation, but taxation without police, without sanitation, without schools, without justice, without freedom of speech, without liberty of association. Johannesburg, because it is English, is ill-paved, ill-lighted, abominably sewered, and poorly supplied with water. All process of law is prostituted to the whims of the First Volksraad, in defiance of the written Constitution of the Republic. Education, except in the Boer taal, is forbidden above the third standard, in the hope of forcing the English to unlearn their native tongue. And against these indignities the Uitlanders have had no recourse.

These facts are admitted by these various writers. Great Britain recognized them long ago. For many years she has been trying to secure some kind of minority representation in the affairs of the Transvaal for the Uitlanders. The problem has been mainly this one of franchise. The First Volksraad is the law-making division of the government. At present no immigrant can vote for the First Volksraad unless he have passed the age of forty and lived, after taking the oath and being placed on the "government list," for fourteen years in the Transvaal; this "with the consent of the burghers." It is practically impossible for anyone to qualify. For the Second Volksraad, created in 1890 as a sop to Great Britain, aliens are allowed to vote upon two years' residence. But the Second Volksraad is not allowed to discuss taxation, and all its decrees are subject to the approval of the First Volksraad, which does not require the assent of the lower house to its acts. It has not, nor was it intended to have, even the mild power of an American school board.

At the same time, as the six writers show, the Boers could hardly be expected to turn over their keys of government to strangers. The Uitlanders came with their eyes open. The country, said the Boers was theirs, by conquest from the Kaffirs. Being in power, they would be fools not to remain in power. Then, too, there was a difference of opinion about the meaning of the word "suzerainty." All this and much more is expounded at six to one length in the book of Boers and Britons.

The New Regime in San Francisco.

BY a handsome majority at the ballot box, San Francisco has determined to extend its Park Panhandle to Van Ness avenue, to construct new schools, a new hospital and a sewer system, at a cost of many millions of dollars, which will hereafter constitute the bonded debt of the municipality. The voter who never paid a dollar of taxes, and whose improvident ways hold out no hope of his ever owning anything taxable, may at such an election, have a hand and a voice in compelling the more thrifty citizen to disburse his money. It was made apparent at the late election, however, that no great opposition to the contemplated improvements existed among those who would be called upon to pay the piper. The minority who opposed the bonds may take some comfort from the advantages that must come with the debt. There is every probability the money will be honestly spent. Mayor Phelan, who evidenced a hearty interest in the bonds, will unquestionably see to it that but little if any of it sticks to dishonest hands.

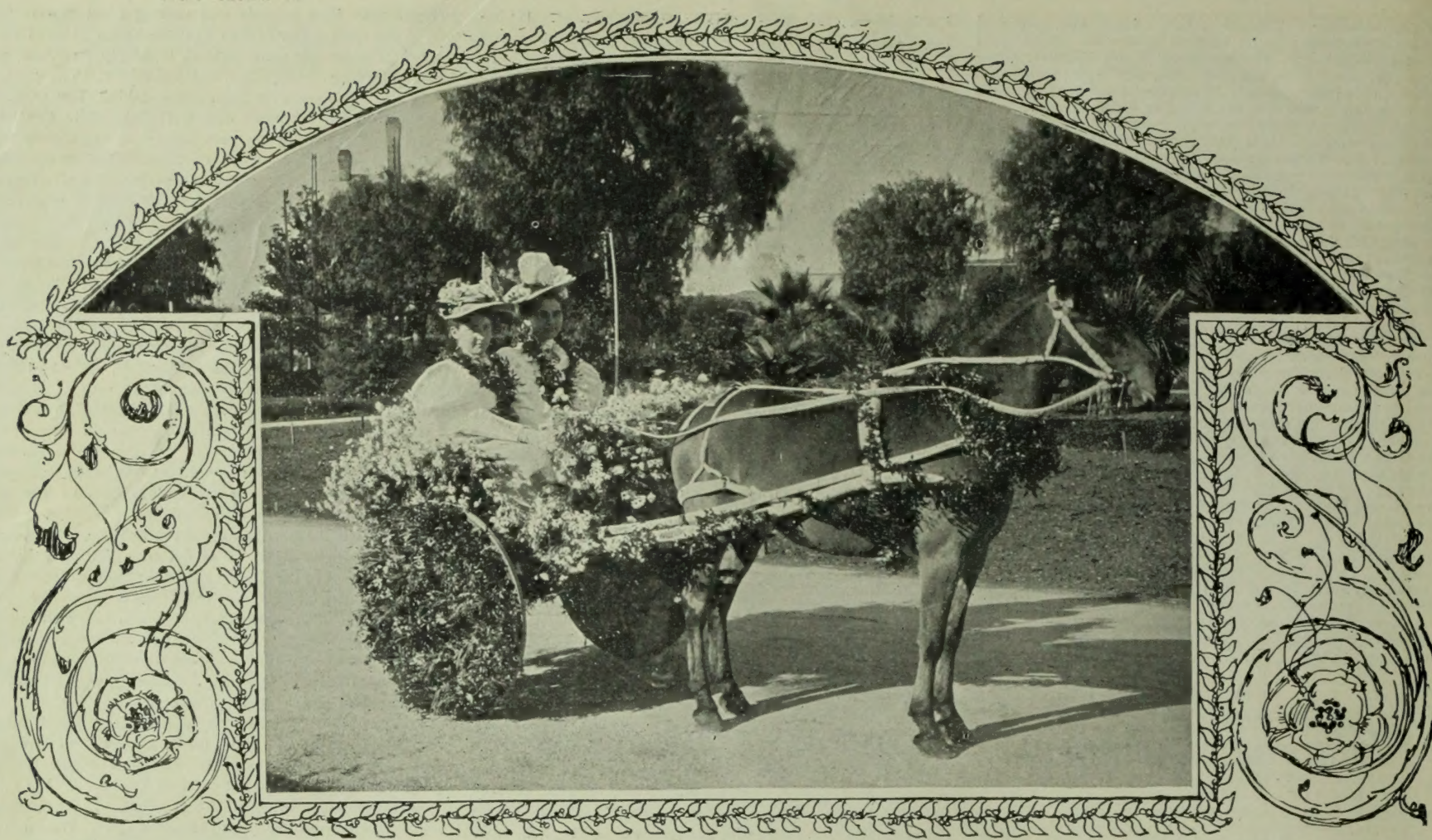
The schools, sewers and hospital are all necessary improvements. New schools and more perfect sewers will add to the desirability of San Francisco as a place of residence. The present sewer system is simply wretched, the school buildings antiquated and unhealthy. The jails of San Francisco have ever been comfortable. The criminal has been warmly housed and well fed, while the poor wretch, driven by poverty and disease to the county hospital, has had but scant comfort. Such things are shameful in a city of the wealth of San Francisco. In all three of these things San Francisco has been criminally neglectful.

The Park Panhandle scarcely comes within the category of "necessary improvements," and yet it is just such features that give character to a city, render it attractive and habitable, not only to the denizens thereof, but to the visitors from the country and tourists, who it is profitable to cultivate. Eastern visitors have invested millions of dollars in Southern California; Eastern capital has also developed the bustling Northern Coast cities, while San Francisco has depended for its growth in the way of improvements upon its own capital, which has not always shown itself as venturesome as conditions warranted. There is no lack of capital in San Francisco. The contrary is the case. The banks of San Francisco are literally glutted with gold. This is particularly true of her savings banks. The Federal Government, it is estimated, has disbursed in California alone since the opening of the Spanish war between twenty and thirty millions of dollars. Yet with this immense addition to the State's wealth and the growth of seaward trade, there are no visible evidences of increased prosperity outside of the congested surplus in the bank vaults. The spirit of enterprise is infectious. The example set by the San Francisco voters in approving of the bond issue and setting on foot vast public improvements, is bound to have a beneficent effect upon private property owners. One energetic man in a community infuses like life in others. A municipality, energetic itself, attracts as well as creates energetic citizens. The wise men of the East are prophesying a great future for San Francisco. We of the West Coast are standing at the threshold of a new epoch, and it is fortunate for the metropolis at the Golden Gate that her own people have given a vote of confidence in her future. Wealth locked up in bank vaults scarcely adds to the prosperity of a state. It is comforting, perhaps, to know it is there, but it does not quicken the pulse of enterprise or development.

The statement was recently published that one savings bank in San Francisco has on deposit more than double the amount of money deposited in all the savings banks of the State of Nebraska. Every San Francisco bank in its semi-annual report to the Bank Commissioners shows an increase of business, the smallest, an advance of $50,000, while the Hibernia Bank's increase amounts to over $10,000,000, with its entire deposits aggregating nearly $54,000,000. Some one has said that the San Francisco bankers are merely pawnbrokers. It is true banking business is not conducted on lines similar to those prevailing in the East. San Francisco savings banks will loan money on a small list of stocks, but only on call. Local savings banks as a rule do not loan on the securities of private enterprises. It can scarcely be denied there are many establishments of a manufacturing character whose stocks would afford the lender ample security for reasonable loans. But the door is not open to them, development along industrial lines is retarded, and the community itself suffers. In the East, savings banks are loaning on industrials. Cheap money opens the way to the establishment of manufacturing and commercial enterprises. Permanent work is provided for labor, and with that comes general, far-reaching prosperity. Should the savings banks of San Francisco be permitted to change their policy as to loaning money on private enterprises, the effects would be apparent in less than twelve months.

The chance remark of an intelligent and progressive Chinese merchant suggests to me a factor in the Eastern problem which we have overlooked. He was speaking of the annual pilgrimage of his rich countrymen to spend New Year's at home. "I suppose those who don't come back will be as Chinese as ever," some one said to him. "Maybe," he responded, "But they won't throw stones at railroads." Every year, a great number of our Chinese are going home to end their lives in their own land. Comparatively few of our yellow people expect to stay in the country; the hope of the good Chinaman is to lay his bones beside those of his ancestors. In a sense, our Celestial population return home untouched by Occidental influences, and in a sense they do not. They have not absorbed our ways of thing or of doing things, but they have ridden on our devil-cars and used our telephones. They know that there is nothing supernatural about these things, that they are man-propelled and have their uses. So when they return to China, they are in a neutral state of mind. They will not do anything for themselves in taking up European ways, but they will not hinder others who wish to do these things for them. "They won't throw stones at railroads." And this constantly increasing element in her population is one of the bright spots in the outlook for China.

The sum of £775 was paid for Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar."



A CHARMING TURNOUT AT THE PASADENA FLOWER FETE.

WHEN a Spanish town wants to make merry over the returning harvest, it organizes a bull-fight; when a French village is keyed up to the point of organized merry-making, its city fathers hold an exposition; when a Yankee town of New England feels thankful over a bountiful harvest, it combines business and pleasure in a county fair. Mardi Gras in New Orleans—tournaments in Virginia—horse-racing in old Kentucky—harvest home in rural New York—it is all the same principle. The populace organizes for a good time, and turns loose to have it according to its ideas. Because the idea of chivalry still lingers in the South, the Virginian must put on some of the pomp and parade of the days of Launcelot, and tilt for the hand of the fairest. In New England the love of the almighty dollar is close and near to the hearts of the people, and therefore they gather to swap things and enjoy themselves in subdued fashion on the side. The French spirit of raillerie lingers in the Creole blood, and so the youth of New Orleans masks for a day. And finally, in California, where the beauty-loving Spanish blood has left its mark on the tastes of the raec, and where flowers that mock all hot-house blooms flourish on every hedge, the people celebrate the coming of the season of blossoms by a fiesta.

Now the fiesta is a Spanish survival. It was borrowed from those who held the land before us and we keep it as a heritage, along with the names of our towns. But California is now basically Anglo-Saxon, and the true carnival spirit is not in us. You cannot separate any Anglo-Saxon institution, least of all any American institution, very far from the chase of the dollar. So it happens that the fiesta is pretty much a business concern when all is said and done, a grand chance to air the resources of the country and its attractions as a tourist resort. The appointment of the committee of arrangements and the choosing of the queen is purely a commercial proposition. The committee in charge is made up of those who know best how to run a business; the queen is chosen because her father is captain of a industry in the region, or is an influential politician with a "pull," or because he has the ready coin to buy the votes, for there is no registration and no purity of election law about an election for a fiesta queen. She is supposed to be the embodiment of all youth and beauty, the accepted belle of the region. Sometimes she is. Sometimes—she isn't. Outraged gods of beauty, decidedly she isn't! It is hard to light in any home in California without finding a girl as pretty as the flowers, but the good citizens of the fiesta towns are most often successful in missing her.

After the free advertising for the town, the most important part of a fiesta is the grand floral parade. Now, as before stated, the good citizens in charge are not picked for their artistic sense. The man who gave a big contribution to the fund is of more importance in their eyes than the one who knows how to do things. Perhaps one person in a hundred can decorate a stiff phaeton or trap so that it looks otherwise than ridiculous. This may be an exaggeration—one in a thousand is better. So it chances that the average parade has one or two, even five or ten vehicles which are distinctly pretty and decorative, and fifty which match the average queen. There are carriages with calla lilies stuck in the hubs and wilted wreaths strung over the poor, sweating horse, and drays with allegorical groups in stiff gowns draped with flowers of mismatched hues, and pageantries of the Sons of Temperance or the Ancient Order of Tagalos, and bicyclists in green and yellow jockey suits mounted on bunting-wreathed wheels, and—but 'tis enough. When a rig which has been content to display only a bevy of California girls in summer costumes heaves in sight, one breathes a sigh of relief. It is hard to spoil the decorative effect of a California girl.

Here is an entirely accurate description of Section Two in a floral parade which came off not over fifty years ago and not a thousand miles from San Francisco. This is not described out of the imagination; the facts were noted on the spot. The record is hardly so bad as that made in San Francisco at the last Fourth of July parade, which probably excelled all possible competitors for general homeliness, but it will pass. The order of march in the section noted was as follows:

1. The aide to the grand marshla. He was a gentleman long past his lithe prime, and the horse he bestrode sagged under the burden. The rider was dressed Spanish cavalier fashion, it having been decreed as the uniform for aides. He resembled nothing so much as a black pear in riding-boots.

2. A float of a certain prosperous fraternal association, intended to represent the work of the order. A partition divided this float in the middle. On one side were three worthy and honorable grands of the order sitting in high-backed chairs, presumably holding a session of the lodge. On the other side, an invalid in bed, surrounded by his weeping family, was being ministered unto by three members of the order in full regalia. One was reading to him, one, with an insurance policy in his left hand and the invalid's hand in the other, was offering consolation; a third was presenting a bouquet to the weeping wife.

3. Allegorical float, "The Rescue of the Pioneer," representing a plainsman smitten by Indians being rescued by a cavalryman who had just dismounted from a wooden horse borrowed from a harness store. The rescued pioneer had been hard to obtain, as the job involved lying, face up, in the broiling sun. The wight who had been bribed to try it was the toughest citizen in town, and looked it. He insisted on chewing tobacco all the way and disposing of the overflow on one of the *papier-mache* rocks. I believe that this monstrosity took second prize for floats!

4. A neat single trap, finished in tan wood and leather, and decorated, or rather smothered, in geraniums. They were so arranged that they gave the idea of lavish profusion but without seeming "sloppy." The large, thoroughbred *Californienne* who drove was dressed in tan and red with a red hat: the big lithe fellow beside her, her brother he seemed to be, was "gotten up" to match. The taste and

California's Flower Fiestas

THE U. S. ASSAY OFFICE IN SEATTLE.

Through Which $18,434,000 of Klondike Gold has Been Converted Into Gold Bars.

beauty of this turnout was enhanced by the fact that behind it came—

5. A vehicle which the great American people call a "buggy," being about the only bit of furniture ever put near that beautiful beast, the horse, which can never by any chance be made either fair or picturesque. On this hopeless foundation were strung garlands of flowers of divers sorts and colors, a compound of many elements, like a German dish. These garlands were wrapped around the vehicle like serpents around a snake-charmer, and the abused horse was swathed in them. The wheels were smothered in paper of the sort that butchers hang from the ceiling to attract flies. And in this rig sat a girl in white, with the bunchy appearance which generally ensues when an o'er-large maid tries to deck herself in white muslin. Ripe, bursting, blooming, with a beauty all of the flesh, exactly like a California peach, she shone by contrast with her surroundings. "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds"; that outfit should have held a homely girl, but no, the horror of the whole thing was made complete by the introduction of a pretty one.

6. An omnibus filled with school children in white. The floral decorations, besides being somewhat faded, were on the plan of those just described on No. 5. And on the front seats, raised in state, sat the Fifth Grade Orchestra of the Dennis Kearney School, composed of three violins, a guitar, and a drum. They were playing "Denny Murphy's Daughter Nell," which had just come out as musical supplement to the Sunday *Examiner*.

7-8-9. Twenty bicyclists in jockey suits riding arm on arm, and two more vehicles on the order of No. 5, except that in the second one not even the girl was pretty.

This was the second division; there were five more, all on the same order.

MAGNOLIA AVENUE, PASADENA.

The scribe is waxing critical. There is plenty of rejoicing for the eye in a fiesta, if one looks away from the parade. There are the country gentry who flock in and line the streets, the biggest, finest, happiest-looking set of people on this our Western Continent. There are the blue skies and the scents of the awakening earth, the flowers blooming from the wayside to mock their wilted sisters on the hot pavement; there is the fun of the big dance which closes the affair. And mayhap there may yet arise a community which will put the affair into the control of someone with an artist's eye for color, mass, and effect. He will take the thing into his hands, making each separate unit beautiful and the whole harmonious, and we shall have a fiesta worthy the Land of Flowers.

JOHN STOLLARD.

When a Washington river gets on a rampage it carries everything before it. The Nooksack river in the northern part of that state was flooded the other day and five bridges were carried away in a remarkably short space of time. The several railroads which cross this waterway dropped carloads of rocks about the piers of their bridge, but they were quickly torn away. Glacier fed streams are just a little different from the ordinary mountain rivers. Chinook winds melt the ice in a moment almost and then comes the flood, and the flood is only to be compared to one started by a cloud burst in a mountain canon.

Great statesmen are not always successful editorial writers. On one occasion John Bright wrote the leading article for the *Morning Star*, of which he was part proprietor, and the policy of which he controlled. It was a very poor thing in the opinion of the editor, but, of course, it had to be published. Next day a conservative newspaper had a reply to the article, which began: "The great Tribune has laid aside his pen, and some miserable hireling of the *Morning Star* has taken it up." Mr. Bright called at the office that afternoon, and said good-humoredly, "I don't think leader-writing can be my forte."

The far famed totem pole is in Seattle to stay now. Indictments found by the Juneau grand jury against the Seattle men who secured the monument have been pigeonholed, for although turned into court over a month ago no warrants have been issued. The Indians who owned the pole have been paid for it and everything is lovely. Seattle has a unique feature and one that strangers are never tired of gazing at.

An ex-English soldier who has seen service in South Africa placed an "ad" in a Seattle paper asking English people to furnish him with transportation to South Africa, so he might fight Boers. Strange to say, nobody responded. The price of a passage from Puget Sound to the seat of war is a small fortune in itself and although this may not have anything to do with the fact that there is no rush to send the man to war.

The analytical commission appointed by the London *Lancet* to investigate the composition of American cigarettes, as well as that of the most popular English makes, reports that the tests failed to show opium, arsenic, phosphorus or mercury in a single instance. "There is not a single scintilla of evidence," says the *Lancet*, "on which can be fairly based the allegation of the presence of any substance injurious to health."

The Chinese Emperor, who is still a prisoner in the Dowager Empress' palace at Pekin made an attempt to escape recently. He had himself wrapped in blankets and carried from the palace by eunuchs who are devoted to him, or rather were devoted, because they were later bestinadoed to death. It is also said that through the medium of the Japanese Ambassador in Peking he has prayed assistance from the Emperor of Japan.

The most important biography of [illegible] will undoubtedly be the *Letters and Remin[illegible] of Robert E. Lee*, by his son, Captain R. E. Lee, which the Harpers have in preparation. An enormous mass of material has been examined—private journals, letters, family and government records. It is believed, new light will be thrown upon the causes which governed the manœuvres of the Confederate army during the closing days of the war.

Things & People

The Traffic in Justice.

JUST how much do the "bunko men" of Seattle and vicinity pay for the privilege of plying their calling? It must be a good sum, or the protection would not be so thorough and complete. Whoever heard of a "hand-shaker" being convicted? Just now, the announcement that one of them has been arrested brings forth only a shrug of the shoulders from any one who knows. Every now and then an unlucky one is subjected to the inconvenience of being arrested, bailed out, arraigned in court, and released with apologies. The chances are that his victim stays all night in jail. "Held as a witness" is the name given to this form of punishment. Of course, it is not done to discourage prosecution. Perish the thought! A man who has been robbed of several hundred dollars and has complained to the police would be likely to run away. But just how large is the "rake-off," how is it divided up, and how much of it comes from the gambling-houses in which the genus bunko moves and flourishes?

* * *

Mayor Phelan's Appointments.

THE first impression of the average San Franciscan on reading his paper Sunday morning last was of congratulation to Mayor Phelan. The set of men he had appointed to office under the new charter by which the metropolis of the Golden Gate is henceforth to be governed, is eminently respectable. They are leading citizens, so well known that the average man identified them at a glance and breathed freely, convinced that all property interests would be safe for another two years. Considering the Mayor in his personality as a young man and a Democrat, the list is rather a surprise. In the first place, the Republicans have a majority of four over their victorious opponents, the balance standing 13 against 18. In the second, the appointees are nearly all men of advanced years. The younger generation has but few representatives—the Democratic organization even fewer. How completely the guessers were out in their reckoning as to Mr. Phelan's intentions may be realized from a perusal of the putative tickets published on the preceding days by the *Call* and the *Chronicle*. It is evident he tried to recognize a great many claims, to reconcile innumerable conflicting interests, but I imagine that the men who bore the heat and burden of the late electoral contest will hardly feel satisfied with the share allotted to them, however agreeable the division may be to the public at large. It would be unprofitable to enter into a discussion as to the manner in which the Mayor's selections were made. The men are before the public to be judged by their doings. Their identity renders it certain that nothing derogatory to the city's interests will happen under the new regime—also that radical departures from accepted conditions will not occur to disturb the sleep of conservatives. Had Mr. Phelan followed his inclination and appointed active and vigorous young men identified with his own official career, there might have ensued an era of violent changes, and, as Matthew Arnold says, "Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of man."

* * *

Attention was especially attracted to the personality of the new Board of Public Works, which under the charter, will direct expenditures for the creation of the new system of parks, school-houses, hospitals and sewers. The Mayor selected two engineers of established repute—Colonel Mendell and Marsden Manson, and Jeremiah Mahoney, perhaps the most prominent building contractor in San Francisco. There will be no lack of experience on this commission from which good service may be expected. Next in importance comes the Police Commission. William Thomas, a very able and active lawyer, the organizer of the Fruit Canners' Combine and of the Alaska Packers' Association, is one of its members. George Newhall, ex-president of the Chamber of Commerce and a leading citizen, is a second; Ex-Registrar Biggy, and Dr. McNutt, a prominent physician are others of the quartette. The assumption of the *Call* that the composition of the Board portends the appointment of the bugbear Esola as Chief is absolutely unwarranted. On the contrary, pledges have been given in the highest quarter that he should not have the place. I believe the department will be faithfully administered by the new commissioners and a good man selected for Chief of Police. Perhaps it would have been wiser had the Mayor constituted the Board of Education differently, for while James Denman is a veteran educator, his experience is not that of to-day. Mr. Mark is clever and up-to-date, but Mr. Casserley's lines have hardly led him in scholastic places, though I imagine he will prove a conscientious official. Mrs. Kincaid's participation should prove valuable, for she has had training in abundance. The Fire Commission is strong; the Election Commission should give a good account of itself, while the Park Commission seem to meet all requirements. As I have stated, one need not expect either radicalism or violence, but the outlook for an honest and conscientious interpretation of the new charter is excellent.

* * *

Retirement of M. Benard.

MY strictures on the late Reinstein-Maybeck University competition prove to have been better founded than the amiable friends of these gentlemen were ready to admit. I will not go so far as to say that the Benard plan has been definitely abandoned, but its accomplishment in this generation need not be looked for. The truth is, Mr. Junghaendel's much debated criticisms set forth the views of most intelligent men and the technical objections of capable architects. It was a fantastic vision, impracticable, undesirable, and inappropriate, and M. Benard had discovered as much after he had been two hours in Berkeley. Now he returns to France thoroughly disappointed and disillusionized. The original proposition was to have the eminent Frenchman remain as supervising architect, and he was satisfied to do so at a salary of $15,000 per year. Strange to say, this proposition met with no welcome from the Regents of the University, nor did Mrs. Hearst exhibit a desire to meet the deficiency. The Frenchman had come westward imagining that untold millions awaited conversion into brick and mortar, and he found a campus paved with generous if undefined intentions, and a skeptical body of business men anxious to have explained the mysteries of his great scheme. He is ready to return, wiser if sadder, and quite satisfied in future to leave American architectural competitions to American architects.

* * *

It was pointed out in *The Wave* long ago that the competitive scheme, as outlined by Messrs. Reinstein and Maybeck, was impracticable. Prominent architects of New York and Chicago refrained from entering, because they realized the fatuous vagueness of the prospectus. It is the lot of many a good idea to be spoiled in the doing, and one can but express regret that so much money should have been wasted with so little result. Mrs. Hearst, I imagine, is not easily discouraged, and will hardly give up her noble ambition because the first attempt has failed. A competition restricted to a dozen of the leading architectural firms of the country would yield a plan that, for beauty and utility, would be to the fancy frill-work of M. Benard as light to darkness.

* * *

British Defeats and Boer Sympathy.

NO better example was ever shown of the tendency of mankind to tag on to a rising cause and damn a falling one than the uproar aroused in America and Ireland by the late Boer victories in South Africa. When the war opened and it looked as though England would crush the two republics at once, those people of sentimental bias who sided with the Boers because they were a small nation against a big one, or because Kruger's people call their oligarchy a republic, confined the expression of their sympathy to mild encouragement. Now the Boers win a few victories and these sentimentalists come out of the woods and hold mass meetings. If the Boer cause is a good one now, when they are on top, it was a good one then, when they were at the bottom. Under the same condition, it will be a good one after the next British victory puts a stop to these mass meetings. The principle is the same one that Mr. Dooley set down in his remarks about the unpopularity of Dewey: " 'He's a coward,' says wan, 'let's stone his house.' 'No,' says another, 'he might come out. Let's hiss his picthur in th' kinettyscope.' "

* * *

Harvard Democracy.

HARVARD University, despairing of a natural restoration of her ancient democracy, is striving to achieve the result by artificial means. A good portion of the loose funds coming her way this year from the good citizens of Massachusetts, whose religion involves leaving something to Harvard, will be devoted directly to the Harvard University Club, an institution designed to bring all sorts and conditions of university men together on common ground. The old college on Charles River has met and conquered many crises in her progress from a case of books and a school house to the leading university of the Western Continent; her regents and faculty are meeting this crisis with characteristic determination. The anti-democratic spirit at Harvard is one of those evils which are half corrected when the fact of their existence is made public. As soon as the cry arose against moneyed aristocracy, there action began, and the result was apparent in her recent athletic victories—for successful application of a university's athletic material is always in direct proportion to college spirit, which is the same thing as the democratic spirit. I do not believe that the new Harvard University Club will be of much benefit, in itself, but the very fact that it stands as a protest will serve to shame those for whose benefit it was erected.

The Chinese Question on the Sound.

FOR the first time since the invasion of the Pacific Coast by the Chinese, there is a lack of this sort of labor in the Northwest. The canneries along Puget Sound cannot get enough Chinese this year, and are pressing into service Japanese and white men. The Japanese constitute the real cheap labor of the Sound country. They are crowding the cheaper branches of employment, pushing out white women and boys. They have not learned, possibly they will never learn, to hold up the labor market like the Chinaman. Chinese cheap labor is now a myth in the Northwest. For the same grade of labor, the Chinamen is paid as well as the white man and perhaps better. The wily Japanese is the real menace to industry in Washington.

* * *

The Rush to Nome.

THERE is a new development in the situation at Cape Nome, that gold camp of romantic history and unknown resource. It has been a generally accepted belief that the miners now straining in leash for a chance at the new diggings would have to wait until spring to make their rush. Now it appears that the present winter is an open one, so that vessels may sail within a mile of the gold beach. Accordingly a number of vessels will start north this week with hardy miners willing to take chances. It is a gamble, a game with gold as the prize and life as the stake. The Arctic weather is so uncertain that a few hours of cold weather suffices to freeze everything in sight. Caught in the ice off the uninhabited coast of Alaska, these voyagers would have to spend the winter in ships unprovided for a winter's stay and so frail that the ice pack would be almost sure to crush them. Nevertheless, many miners of Seattle are going to take the chances. Locations there are in plenty, if half the reports are true. It has been discovered that not only is the beach and the hill land rich in gold, but that the mud under the bog moss is rich in the precious metal. More than this, there is reason to believe that the beach deposits, which show pay dirt clear down to tide water, continue for an indefinite distance out at sea. No one knows whether mining by dredger will be profitable for the simple reason that it has never been tried, but the experiment is going to be made in the spring. Even this is not all. There is still the parent lode to be found, the deposit from which all this gold was scattered over the land, and there is also a well-founded theory that the Alaskan deposits continue into Siberia. These facts are known in the Northwest, and the spring rush promises to be enormous. All unattached Seattle will be on the way when the season breaks; the smaller towns will furnish their quota, and Representative Murray of Butte is authority for the statement that fifteen thousand men will go in from his state. A big rise in steamer rates is sure to follow. Already speculators are buying advanced passage, hoping to sell at a raise when the crowding commences.

* * *

Whoever has doubts about the wealth of the Alaskan and Klondike gold fields has only to consult the figures given out by the Seattle Assay Office. This institution has been established but seventeen months all told, and during that time it has purchased gold dust to the amount of $18,433,946 20, an average of over a million a month. This does not account for all the gold brought down from the North, for much of it was sold in San Francisco, New York, Denver, and Philadelphia. Only two other assay offices in the United States show a better record than the Seattle institution. They are located at Denver and New York. Miners and Alaska newspapers estimate the total output from the new gold fields at about twenty-five million dollars. The estimates of pursers of the various vessels coming from the North during the past year place the sum at about the same figures. This is a pretty good showing. During the first year of the life of the Seattle Assay Office, six and one half millions were received, and during the last six months nearly thirteen millions came in. The dust was paid for at an average rate of $16 per ounce. It weighed fifty tons, and would make a pretty good cargo for three freight cars. Only a few million dollars in Nome gold is accounted for in this total, but next year the coast diggings will probably rival the Klondike.

* * *

Settlement of the Carbonado Claims.

THE owners of the Carbonado Hill Coal Company, in whose mines occurred the recent disaster, have taken a very sensible and practical method of settling the recent lise claims with the families of the dead miners. To each widow they have given five hundred dollars and to each orphan one hundred. This is probably more than the widows and orphans would have obtained had they gone to law, because the history of similar cases shows that such litigation drags out for years, involving long delay and heavy expense on the litigants of both sides. The money will not bring the dead to life, but it will keep the mourning families from want.

* * *

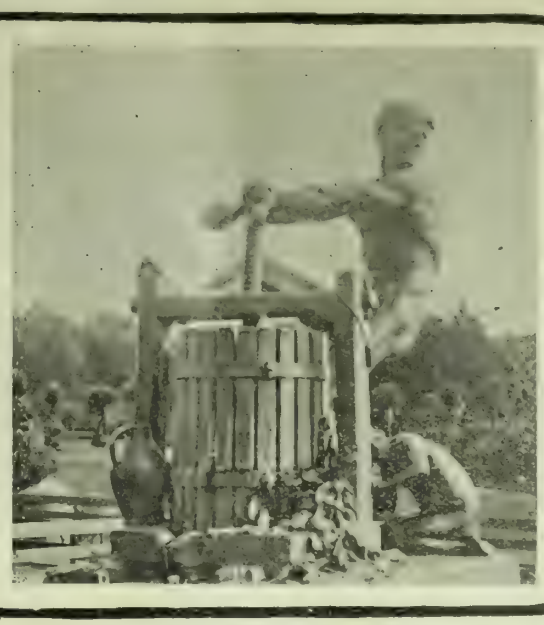
The "P.-I." Deal.

THE mystery surrounding the ownership of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* remains as deep as ever. The old management is gone, but the new has not shown its hand. With the exception of the heads, the editorial staff remains the same as ever, and the paper's policy has not changed to any notable extent. The journal has lost little by the change; the people continue, as formerly, to subscribe for it on its merits.

BOSWELL, JR.

The Park Museum

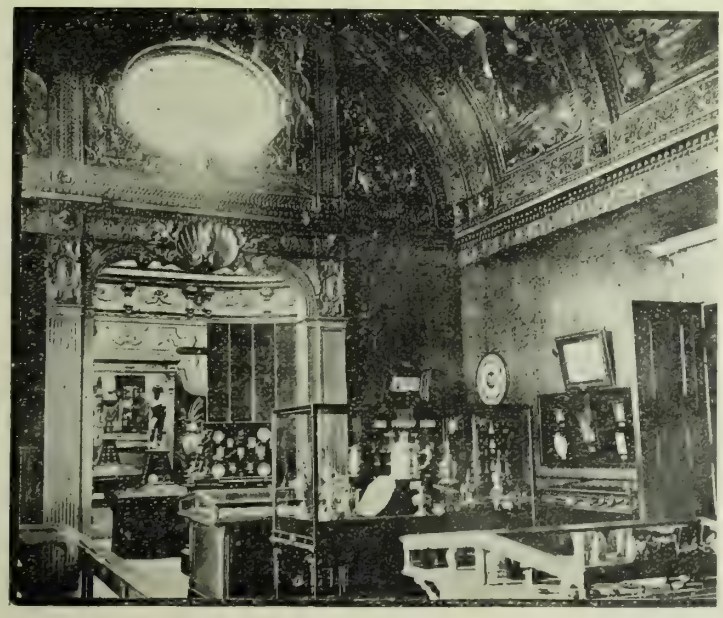
THERE are good reasons for believing that San Francisco has just entered upon a new era, in which it may be expected to rid itself of its crude and provincial features and to assume the character and dignity of a true metropolis, not only by enlarging its material prosperity and importance, but also by recognizing and satisfying the just claims of things intellectual and aesthetic. It would therefore be a timely undertaking to inquire what things San Francisco already possesses appropriate to a great and noble city, and to what extent each of them meets, or falls short of, the requirements of metropolitan greatness. Of this large question one point only is to be considered here. The subject of the following remarks is a critical description of the art collections exhibited at the Golden Gate Park Museum.*



· THE FOVNTAIN ·

The Park Museum, a relic of the Midwinter Fair, was presented to the city by the Executive Committee of the Exposition in March, 1895. It is a real museum of the people in this, that it is open every day in the week, and free of charge. Another commendable feature is the location. Situated in the heart of our glorious park, the great Sunday rendezvous of the people, the museum no doubt attracts visitors in far greater numbers than could be expected anywhere else. Certainly thousands, to whom it would never have occured to go in search of art enjoyment, in the course of their walks in the park come upon the museum and as a matter of course enter it. The external appearance of the building is less worthy of praise. Plain straight walls, with a few Greek columns supporting a pediment, would have sufficed to make the building pleasing to the sight, and to suggest the serious, collected attitude of mind appropriate to the contemplation of art works; while these bizarre forms would be suitable rather to a wax-works museum.

The very finest object belonging to the museum presents itself before we have crossed the threshold. In front of the entrance, among a number of indifferent bronze statues, we find a work of the same material, a work of real excellence, which is hardly surpassed by any other production in the same branch of art in our century. This is a large bronze vase, richly decorated with sculptured figures, by Gustave Doré. It is certainly remarkable that this great artist, who in his paintings and illustrations, however imaginative and spirited, never attained perfection, should have been completely succeesful in decorative sculpture, which he did not take up until toward the end of his life. Our vase was one of his first works of this class. The clay model was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1878, where it created a sensation. The work is equally satisfactory in general effect and in details. We may feast our eyes on the elegant shape of the vase itself, and on the extremely rich and graceful effect of the figurative decoration scattered over its surface, forming a different picture from every point of view; or with equal pleasure, look more closely and examine every little group and figure separately. Doré named his work "The Vine," and the sculptural part of it represents the powre of the wine god. A horde of followers of Bacchus, satyrs and bacchantes, are seen climbing up the surface of the vase in a state of exultant jollity, surrounded by numbers of little winged Cupids. The god himself is among them, but, having evidently imbibed too freely, he is unable to move himself; three of the winged genii endeavor to drag and push him upward, which by reason of his bulk is by no means an easy task. Not far from him are Venus and Cupid, quietly watching the frolic, and forming a restful group in the surrounding turmoil. On the base of the vase are more Cupids, engaged in playful occupations; two are trying to hold a wriggling snake, one is pulling a rat by the tail, another embracing a fly as big as himself, and so forth.



ROYAL PAVILION.

Entering the museum, we at once proceed to the works most interesting to the general public, the only class of art works which is really popular nowadays: the paintings. Unfortunately this branch of art, the most important of all, is poorly represented; in fact, this one is the weakest of all the departments of the museum. Most of the pictures are almost worthless, and not a single one in the whole collection is thoroughly enjoyable. A few, however, have more or less merit. Most of these do not belong to the museum, but are only loaned. First of all must be mentioned a work of one of the greatest painters of the century, Corot: a quiet landscape with a river or pond in the center, groups of trees on both sides, and some figures of nymphs in the foreground. It is not a first-class Corot by any means, having little of the subtle poetic charm of his best works; still it is attractive, at least to a trained eye, by the masterly and artistic character of its technique, which presents a striking contrast to the surrounding works. A simple meadow landscape with cows, by Van Marcke, recommends itself by forceful treatment and a very lifelike effect. While these two works belong to the naturalistic school of modern French art, the academical school is represented here by a large painting entitled, "Recreation in Capri," by E. Sain. It is rather insignificant, and the technical treatment, smooth, cold and marble-like, is not particularly attractive; still the work shows a certain refined grace and sweetness, which are not without charm. A much better piece of painting is Leloir's 16th century battle scene, a bright-colored and striking picture, representing a group of soldiers in the fanciful and picturesque costume of the period, in their midst the standard-bearer with the standard of the Holy Roman Empire. Not far from this picture we find a good example of Grutzner's work, a small picture of a monk holding his beer-glass up to the light and looking as happy and contented as possible. Next to this there is a large painting by Avanda, representing a crowd of people listening to an open-air sermon in a Spanish town. The heads and costumes are, as is commonly the case in Spanish pictures of this class, carefully and cleverly painted, with a good deal of individual character and expression in the former; yet as a whole the picture is rather uninteresting. The large painting "Sunday in California in the Olden Days," by Charles C. Nahl, also deserves to be mentioned. This picture, painted in 1874, has a certain historical interest as a work of the first artist who ever settled in California. But it is also artistically interesting. It is true, the technique is dreadfully old-fashionate, as is also the composition with its academically grand and dramatic style. But on the other hand, there is something brisk and spirited in the picture, a certain dash and vigor, which are quite attractive; nor is it entirely devoid of grace and natural charm, as may be seen, for instance, in the reclining figure of an Indian boy in the foreground. The merits of this work become more conspicuous if we compare it with three other pictures by the same artist — representing the story of the rape of the Sabine women —which are to be seen in the same room; they are academical productions of the worst kind, and simply mirth-provoking. Two not uninteresting works, which have but recently been added to the collection, are the two pictures ascribed to Piazzetta. The one represents an old woman telling a pretty girl's fortune: the other a man, a woman and a boy, smoking and drinking. They are evidently Italian works of the eighteenth century, and, while only moderately attractive, exhibit a very respectable degree of artistic skill, especially a very sound technique. The figure of the young girl in the first-named picture is particularly well painted and decidedly pleasing.

The pictures described so far are all contained in the large picture gallery. Some others are to be found in one of the adjoining rooms. Here there are a number of old portraits, a few of which are rather attractive. Side by side with them is an old painting of the Madonna and Child. It is a Flemish work of the first half of the 16th century, in the style of such artists as Barend Van Orley and Jan Gossaert, surnamed Mabuse. Artistic merits it has none. In the same room are exhibited a number of miniature portraits, some of which are pretty.

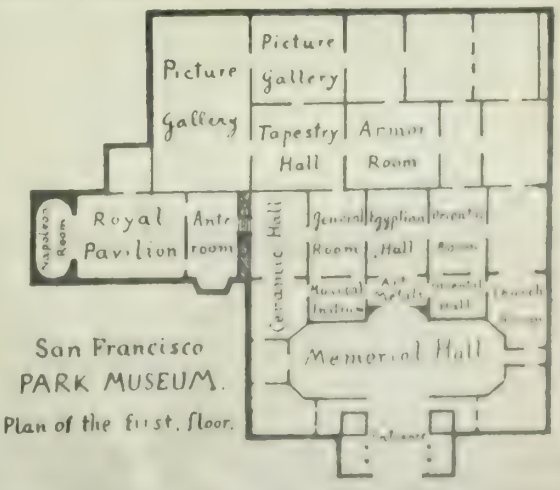
So much about the paintings. The sculptural works (exhibited for the most part in Memorial Hall) are more satisfactory. However, the large marble statues, which first strike the eye of the visitor on entering—works done in the weakly idealizing, detail-suppressing, characterless style much in vogue forty years ago—are among the least valuable possessions of the museum. A much less pretentious, but much more attractive work is Henri Plé's small bronze statue 'The Mahdi,' showing a fine specimen of an Arab chieftain, majestic fierce and war-like, heavily armed, holding the sacred standard in his left hand, and with the right drawing his sword. The dark brown of the bronze is tastefully relieved by a moderate application, chiefly in the accessories, of gold, silver, and black. The finest objects in the sculptural collection are the four busts of Roman emperors, done in several kinds of marble: white for the heads, colored for the costume. The two bearded busts are especially fine. Of the few plaster casts in Memorial Hall that of the Laocoon group is the most important. This group is, as everybody knows, one of the finest of all extant works of ancient art. The effect of the cast is much impaired by the quality of the light, which is too strong and not sufficiently concentrated; also by the glaring white of the plaster, which might have been got rid of by the simple and frequently used expedient of giving the cast a yellowish tint; and finally by the absence of a suitable background. Most of the casts in the Egyptian Hall also suffer by reason of too much light and are positively trying to the eyes, while a few, being painted black or dark-grey, can be looked at with perfect comfort. If to the works mentioned we add Rupert Schmid's busts of prominent Californians, in the picture gallery, and the spirited little bronze representing a troika or Russian sleigh going at full speed, in the General Room, we have given a pretty exhaustive list of whatever is worthy of note in this department.

Apart from the Doré vase, the finest and most enjoyable thing in the whole museum, to my mind, is the Royal Pavilion; not the objects exhibited there, but the room itself. It was originally exhibited at the Columbian Exposition by a Munich firm; I suppose it is a reproduction of an antique room in some royal castle of the 17th or 18th century. The beauty of the Pavilion (I speak of the interior) lies equally in its architectural form and in the decoration. It is an oblong room, measuring about ten yards by seven, and covered with a semi-cylindrical vault. The decoration, in the late Italian Renaissance style, while very gorgeous, is by no means loud and gaudy, but perfectly quiet and harmonious. The red silk hangings covering the walls, the magnificent gilt ceiling, and the paintings on the same, (these latter by no means masterpieces, but perfectly sufficient for the decorative purpose) all go to produce an effect of noble and dignified splendor. A very fine feature is the two oval windows of greenish glass, with a gilt bust in front of each, in the upper part of the transverse walls.

Adjoining the room just described, there is another which is also a veritable work of art. Much more modest than the Royal Pavilion both in size and manner of decoration, it is its equal in taste, elaboration, and consistency. It is a small sitting-room in the style of the early German Renaissance, entirely finished in wood, except some parts of the walls, which are covered with white-and-blue hangings. The whole room down to the last detail is a consistent and consummately tasteful artistic composition. It is also extremely cosy and homelike, and full of beauty. The woodwork is richly carved and in places embellished with delicate ornaments in color.

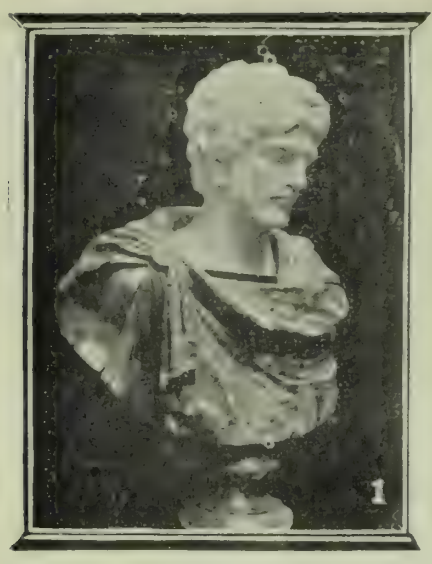
One class of art works remains to be considered, the class constituting the chief bulk of the objects contained in the museum: productions of the industrial arts. Such works are here found in great variety and abundance. In one sense, it must be admitted, their great number constitutes a disadvantage. The really excellent things are much in the minority; to pick them out from the surrounding mass of inferior works requires a good deal of trouble, which very few visitors care to take, besides demanding a greater measure of taste and discrimination than the average citizen can be expected to possess. It would be a great improvement if the finest things could be separated from the rest and placed on exhibition together; a single room would be quite sufficient to contain them; and I am convinced that the contents of this one room would afford the visitor much more pleasure than the entire collection now does.

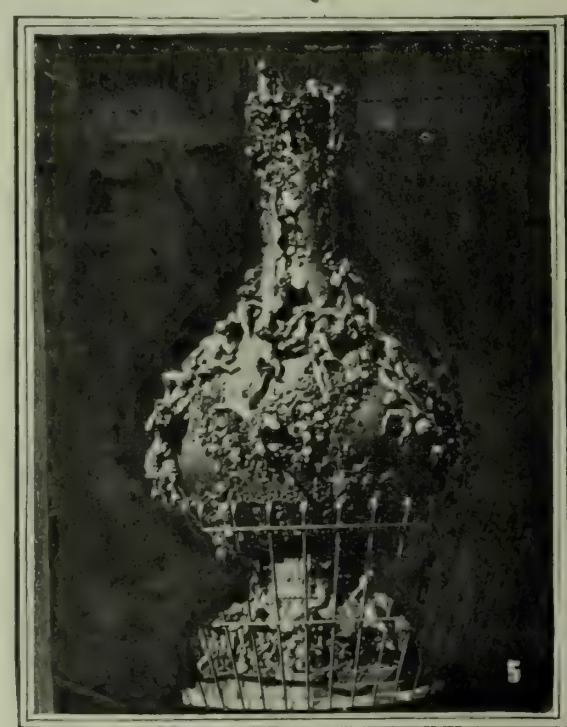
Let us turn first to the Tapestry Hall. This room has a very stately look, owing chiefly to the old tapestries which hang on its walls. Two of them, representing landscapes, are very fine; the others are much less so, but the richly ornamented borders of some of them are beautiful. The collection of antique furniture is decidedly good. First of all, there are a number of cabinets, tables and chairs in dark-brown wood, unvarnished and richly carved, in the Renaissance style. Inlaid wood is not so well represented. Of Buhl work one splendid example is to be found here, a double writing desk of the 18th century. There is also a good Empire cabinet in rosewood with gilt bronze ornaments. Among the finest and most interesting objects in

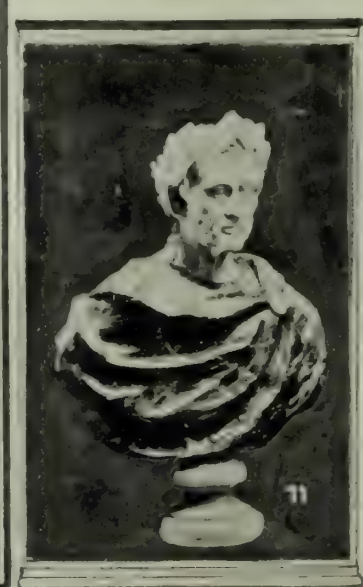


this room are two large antique coffers. The one, labeled "Holland, 17th century," and very well preserved, is plain in shape, but otherwise gorgeous; it is entirely gilt and decorated in relief with lions in gold and lilies in red.

* The thanks of the writer are due to the Park Commissioners and the Park Superintendent for permission to take the pictures accompanying this article, and to the Curator of the Museum, Mr. C. P. Wilcomb, for his very courteous interest and aid in displaying the objects to the best advantage.







ART AT THE PARK MUSEUM, SAN FRANCISCO.

See Page 10.

THE BUBONIC PLAGUE

In Honolulu

Fighting the Plague in Honolulu's Chinatown.

Photo by Dooley.

That there should have been a plague outbreak in Honolulu is not extraordinary. The outpost of Anglo-Saxon civilization in its reach toward the teeming East, it draws from all sorts and conditions of Oriental peoples, and lives in continual terror lest some of these bring their Oriental diseases with them. Leprosy was the bugbear for many years; old islanders can well remember the time when the bite of a mosquito was feared like death, because it was believed that these insects carried the germ. And now, there is a scare, rather better grounded than the ordinary, over the bubonic plague.

The disease had unmistakably broken out in the Chinese quarter. When it was first reported, the usual rumors incident to an epidemic followed. There were two cases—there were ten—there were a hundred. The establishment of a rigid quarantine and investigation by government physicians reduced the number to two proved cases and half a dozen doubtful ones. These were isolated at once, the Chinese quarter was quarantined, and the whole environment was overhauled and cleaned with a thoroughness peculiar to the United States Army when on sanitary service. In this sense, the scare was a good thing; it gave Chinatown the scouring it has needed for many a day.

The bubonic plague is a disease which travels slowly, but with terrible certainty. Suppressed in one place, it will appear, after a period of quiescence, in another. It is the most cunning and subtle bacillus with which medical science has to deal. Therefore, no one can say that it is stamped out in Honolulu, although externally it seems as though the situation were under control. The fact that this has been done is one of the first blessings of annexation. Under the old monarchy, there would have been only a panic and a little rescue work by individuals; under the Republic, the forces at hand would have been inadequate. But the American army of occupation has taken hold of sanitary conditions and grappled with the situation in such a manner as to nip it in the bud. Again Honolulu breathes freely.

A NATIONAL LOVE-FEAST.

A JOURNALIST of my acquaintance says that he has seen an incident which throws a new light on Deroulede, arch-*poseur*. It is one of those bits out of a man's life which reveal the whole; a moment when the prevailing characteristic shows through the artificial mask of fashion and convention. I will not say but that my friend of the profession was eaves-dropping when he obtained this *morceau*. Eaves-dropping and enterprise run so close together in journalism!

It happened at the benefit entertainment for the Boers. In passing, let me say that every anti-semite of the *affaire Dreyfus* is now a wild Boer sympathizer. The two things run together. The faces one saw in pit and boxes at the theatre that night, were the same that appeared in house and platform at the anti-Dreyfus demonstrations last summer. Deroulede, Guerin and their fellow prisoners, "out on bail"—the French have a politer term for it, but I choose to put it in the language of Mr. Dooley—they crowded the boxes, and the rabble-babble, howlers, born agitators, crowded the pit. It was at first "*vive* Krueger!" "*vive la liberte!*" "*A bas* Rhodes!" "*Conspuez L'Angleterre!*" as, six months ago, it was "*Vive l'armee*" and "*Conspuez les juifs!*" But, as the evening went on, the agitators, went back to first principles just for variety, and cursed the Jews and the government.

The play was admirably suited to its audience. It was the first night of *Freres d'Armes*, a loud, impossible Gallic melodrama of the Crimean war, fairly vozing jingo. The author is M. Muniot, acting editor of *La Libre Parole*, and an anti-semite, as a matter of course. Scene after scene, the enthusiasm grew, until it came to the pass where a Russian and a Frenchman, temporary enemies of course, meet and prophesy the one to the other, the future alliance and greatness of their countries. The lines go something like this: "Some day, the blood spilled for hated England under the walls of Sebastapol shall cement forever the alliance of our two great nations. Let us embrace!" The meeting of their two stage moustaches, as they fell into

Continued on Page 10.

Park Museum—Continued from Page 7.

Probably the coffer was intended to receive a wedding trousseau, and the lions and lilies are the heraldic emblems of the two families which were to be connected by the marriage. The other coffer, which has suffered a good deal from the effects of time, while not so gorgeous, is even more artistic, and very elegant both in shape and decoration. It is covered with deerskin, and decorated with vegetable ornament of the pure Renaissance style, consisting of narrow bands of tin wrought in repoussé and nailed on over the deerskin. It is undoubtedly of Italian workmanship. The label ascribes it to the 15th century; I should say that in all probability it belongs to the time between 1460 and 1530.

The glass cases in this room contain a collection of fans, which, although hardly giving an adequate idea of the possibilities of this charming branch of industrial art, is well worth an inspection. There is also an interesting collection of old knives and forks. The handles are made of different materials—silver, wood, ivory, bone, onyx, mother-of-pearl, or china—and not a few of them are artistically decorated. The finest objects in this collection are the knives and forks with handles carved in wood.

In the Church Room one finds chiefly antique wood carvings from churches and monasteries. The finest work here is the noble shrine containing a polychromous statue of the Madonna. The shrine is of wood, richly carved and gilt. The label ascribes it to the 14th century, but the style both of the shrine itself and of the statue points unmistakably to the 16th century.

In the Oriental Room the chief attraction is a fine collection of ivories. Japanese works form the greater part of it; they are very interesting and attractive. However, to the Occidental mind Japanese art, except where it is purely decorative, nearly always has something strange, something uncongenial, which precludes complete satisfaction. The European ivories, which fill only one of the four glass cases, are certainly much more enjoyable. By far the finest things among them are the beautiful slender vase in the centre, and a magnificent oval platter showing alternating bands of ivory and silver. Of the other objects in this room, I must not forget to mention several beautiful East Indian vases of copper and brass, and, in the glass case opposite, an unusually fine example of Oriental inlaid work, an oval ray of dark-brown wood, inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, and silver.

The Egyptian Hall contains a good collection of ancient Greek vases. This is a very interesting class of art works, showing a common material ennobled by the highly artistic use of a style of decoration which is as plain and primitive as the material, being restricted in the main to only two colors (the bright red of the burnt clay, and a black glaze) and to the representation of forms in silhouette only, without any modelling. This simple style of decoration admits, however, of a good deal of variety, as may be seen in our collection. The finest examples here are two black figure vases of the archaic period, in the second row from the top. In the same room we find a collection of small bronzes, among which are reproductions of some very elegant little works of ancient Græco-Roman art.

A visit to the Armor Hall must not be omitted. Arms and armor have very frequently been fashioned with regard not only to their practical purpose, but to artistic beauty as well. Here, however, we find only a few objects which are remarkable for artistic form. Among the swords hanging on the walls are some of Oriental make, which, without any ornamentation, are artistically pleasing merely by their gracefully curved shape. The finest object in this room, however, is an Albanian yataghan in one of the glass cases, with a silver hilt and a most magnificent sheath of silver in repoussé work. A few swords and daggers of equal excellence may be found in the Royal Pavilion; they are of Persian and Indian origin, and decorated with exquisite taste. The Armor Hall contains in another glass case a number of antique muskets, the wooden parts of which are tastefully inlaid with bone.

The General Room contains a not very remarkable collection of Oriental embroidered stuffs and the like. More interesting is a Japanese dragon vase, a bronze of considerable size. The workmanship is admirable, the composition very effective, and the large dragon who holds the vase proper between his teeth, is invented with great imaginative power, and most vividly and naturally represented; yet the whole is too bizarre to be thoroughly enjoyable.

The last room to claim attention is the Ceramic Hall, which, though it contains a great number of objects, has but few deserving unreserved praise. In this department of our museum more than in any other the visitor is impelled to wish that instead of so many second-rate objects the collection might contain one-fifth the number of first-class ones; then it would be small indeed, but much more enjoyable than it now is. Of the really valuable works to be found here, the following seem to me the most noteworthy. On the wall adjoining the Royal Pavilion, to the left, there are some fine Majolica vases and platters: some hispano-moresque ones, white with gold ornaments which have a metallic lustre; and some Italian ones, creamish white with ornaments in blue, green, and yellow. In one of the glass cases are two large Dresden china vases, ornamented with garlands of flowers in relief; in another, two Sèvres vases of moderate size, gilt and decorated with delicately executed landscape paintings. This brings us to the end of our tour of inspection.

In conclusion I would say, that, if in the course of the preceding remarks I have insisted rather extensively on weak points, I have done so because the subject seemed to me to require it, but not by any means from a desire to represent the collection described as unworthy of consideration. On the contrary, I should be much pleased if I might hope that some of my readers, at least, would from these remarks gain an increased interest in our museum, a perception of some attractions in it unnoticed before, and a stimulus to more frequent visits to it and to a more accurate study of the good things to be found there. But, while we certainly ought to be grateful for that which we have, and derive from it all the benefit we can, on the other hand it is important that we should understand and keep in mind what is wanting, so that we may not fail through ignorance or negligence to do whatever may be in our power toward effecting an improvement. It is much to be desired that the public spirit of our citizens may in the future more than in the past move them to exert themselves to bring about the highly desirable consummation, that San Francisco may count among its other attractions an art museum worthy of a great and enlightened city.

INDEX TO PICTURES ON PAGE 8.

1. Marble bust of a Roman emperor. 2. The Museum. 3. An 18th century portrait. 4. Memorial Hall. 5. The Dore vase. 6. Picture Hall. 7. Ivory vase. 8. Painting by Van Marcke. 9. Platter of ivory and silver. 10. Armor Hall 11. Marble bust of a Roman emperor. 12. A corner in Tapestry Hall.

ARTHUR ALTSCHUL.

Modern Financial Manipulation.

THE best stories of the day are the tragedies and comedies of speculation as enacted on the bourses of America and London. The availability of this class of incident for the purposes of fiction was abundantly illustrated in Harold Frederic's *Market Place*, but the deal executed in that tale fades to insignificance in comparison with the coups which Yankee money kings execute daily in Wall Street.

In bygone days fortunes were developed out of commercial pursuits; today they are the result of speculation. The giant accumulations of the last two decades were created by artificial regulation of commodities or by dealing in railroads. There are certain exceptions, of course—the real estate fortunes of New York, the mining fortunes of California, Denver, and Montana, and the iron fortunes of Carnegie and his associates. But the millions of the Standard Oil and of the Goulds and Vanderbilts originated in financial manipulations, and have been swelled by operations of gradually increasing breadth. Notable among late deals in which millions were lost and won was the great copper juggle that occasioned the downfall of the Globe National Bank of Boston and enforced liquidation of stocks and bonds throughout the country. It was originated in the ambition of W. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company to control copper productions as the Standard controls oil. He organized the Amalgamated Copper Company and proceeded to reach out after the Boston and Montana stock, which then sold at $398 per share. The principal investor in this institution was A. S. Bigelow, and an elaborate campaign was inaugurated to drive him to the wall. A newspaper war was begun against the property and the price was depressed to 225. Then Bigelow, backed by the Globe National Bank, went into the market to support the stock and took in 60,000 shares at this figure. To create public distrust in copper, the Amalgamated stock, which had sold at 120, was pressed down to 77, and a policy of alternating and retreat was maintained, which resulted in loading the Boston-Montana combination until they could carry no more. Then came the manipulated stringency in the money markets of the world. The money panic forced liquidation in all sorts of securities and precipitated the downfall of the Globe National Bank. A few days later, three and one half millions of Bigelow's Boston and Montana stock was purchased by Mr. Rogers at his own price, and, put into the bargain, the Standard set picked up other copper properties at bottom figures. The deal caused a shrinkage of $200,000,000 within the year on the speculative value of copper stocks, but the profits are enormous.

Let us take for example a modern fortune which has been evolved from a moderate sum, say from one or two hundred thousand dollars to ten millions. On averages, this "pile" has grown at the rate of about a half a million a year. In reality, it has come up by sudden bounds. The shrewd or lucky capitalist has invested his money in some sort of industry. The time comes when he manipulates affairs so that he may combine at an advantage for the control of a large interest. He may have worked and strived toward this consummation for many years, or kind fortune may have thrown it in his way; it all amounts to the same thing. The opportunity is presented, he seizes it and doubles or quadruples his accounts. Then there may follow a few years during which the only advance is through the ordinary profit on the money invested, until another crisis brings a doubling of the total investment. In other words, fortunes used to pile up by arithmetical progression, while now they increase by geometrical progression.

All this has tended toward the development of the Napoleonic financier. Deals involving millions are sometimes conceived and consummated in a single day. He who would be wealthy beyond the dream of avarice must act with the cool and rapid judgment of the great general. It is simply a test of nerve, a nerve to which that of the general is in no wise inferior.

No better example has ever been furnished than the experience of John W. Gates and Colonel Elwood with the American Steel and Wire Consolidation. It was a rather complicated case, in that three or four crises came the same week, but it shows admirably how modern fortunes are acquired. These two Chicago men had just cleaned up a fortune in Federal steel, of which Gates was the pioneer, and had sold their interests for a sum which mounted into many millions. Gates was preparing to retire and take a trip around the world—had even invited a party of friends to join him—when one night he received a long-distance telephone message from Pittsburg, saying that the directors of a certain steel wire company had fallen out among themselves and that a man with a million dollars might make an advantageous trade. Gates and Elwood took the next train for Pittsburg with a certified check for a million in their possession. They held an all-night session with the owners, and by 5 o'clock next morning the property, worth double the amount of the purchase money, was in their hands. The party adjourned to the Duquesne Club for refreshments; there, they met the owner of a wire mill from up the State.

"If you fellows are buying mills, I'll sell you mine for nine hundred thousand," he said.

In the very few minutes during which Gates hesitated, the plan of the Wire Combination formed in his head.

"It's a go," he said at length.

The same day the money was paid over.

Here were two great wire mills in hand. The partners retired to a private room and talked it over.

"If we are going into the wire business, we must have a base of supplies," said Gates.

"Well, there's the Cleveland Rolling Mills," suggested Elwood. "What's the matter with buying them?"

"Worth trying."

The next train took the partners to Cleveland. En route, they laid their plans. They visited the owner at once.

"What will you take for your mills?" said Gates.

"They're not on the market."

"I will give you five million dollars for the business—plant, steamers, mines and all, cash down here, now."

"And how long do I have to make up my mind?"

"Until to-night."

The partners returned to their hotel and tried to catch up their lost sleep. At 10 o'clock that evening, the bell rang for "visitor in the parlor." That ring signaled the establishment of the American Wire and Steel Combine, for the owner had come to accept. All that night, the two Chicago men sat up with the managers of the concern figuring on the bonds. They found that the outstanding credits rotated nearly two and a quarter millions. Thus, for two and three-quarters millions they had obtained possession of a property worth about seven millions to their wire business, which exhibits the specific virtue of cash in a business deal.

In spite of the secrecy they had maintained, the omni present reporter at last got wind of the deal. The morning papers had a pretty fair account of the transfers. By afternoon, offers of mills in every quarter of the East rolled into Cleveland by telegram. Elwood started towards the seaboard and Gates south, buying up such small concerns as would take a fair price. They met in New York forty-eight hours later.

"Well, John, how much have you blown in?" asked Gates.

"A little over two millions—and you?"

"A little under three."

Thus, in one week, the space between Christmas and New Years of last year, the two Chicagons had put twelve millions into steel and wire works. A week later, they had organized the big mills of the East into the American Combine, capital ninety million dollars, and within a little over three weeks of the telephone message from Pittsburg, the stock of that trust was in the hands of its shareholders.

Gates postponed his trip to Europe indefinitely.

A NATIONAL LOVE-FEAST.

each other's arms, was like the contact of two electric wires It set off the fireworks. Oh, that Mark Twain could have been there to describe the love-feast that ensued!

A PRINCE OF POSEURS.

But I was telling about Deroulede. My fellow-journalist in the next box had been watching him the whole evening. The arch-poser had kept himself away in the background, concealed behind the curtains. From time to time, the others in the party, some of them "out on bail" like himself, stepped to the front at some outburst of applause. Finally, at this last explosion, the troubled Nationalist asked: "Is it time?" The others nodded. Just as the applause was subsiding, Deroulede rose, threw back the curtains, and leaned from the box. His whole manner had changed. He had the air of one who has been struggling with an overmastering enthusiasm which has at length broken all bonds. "*Vive l'armee!*" he yelled; "*a bas les Juifs!*" and he tore a tricoler from the drapery below his box and waved it in air.

I shall not attempt to describe the scene which followed. In my seat in the pit, I was nearly smothered by the rush of my Gallic friends rising to howl for this prince of the streets. And that man Deroulede stood there and wept—real, salt tears!

I have observed at home, during college football games, that there is a limit to the human power of producing noise. So it happened in this case. Deroulede's friends marked the moment when the shouting began to die out and hauled him back. We in the pit only saw him disappear suddenly, blotted out by the curtains, but the man in the next box described the rest. As the demagogue sank out of public view, he wiped his tears away, and an expression of easy weariness settled on his face. Then, turning to the nearest friend, he said, nonchalently.

"Is that enough? Shall we go?"

The best acting of that evening was not done on the stage. And such men hold the destiny of France!

A THEATRICAL GALAXY.

The French theatre of the twentieth century may open with such a combination of talent as France has never seen. This is no less than an alliance between Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin and Rostand—each supreme in the world in his own special line. This reads like an advance agent's notice, but it is the truth. If the twentieth century is to beat that record, it will be a great era for the theatre. The plan is to have Coquelin and Sarah star together in Rostand's new play, *L'Aiglon*, during the early days of the Exposition. There is a splendid Coquelin part in it—that of an old soldier of the Grand Armee—and the chief female role was written for the divine Sarah. Moreover, the character around which the whole scheme is built is that of Napoleon, still a name to conjure with in France. What more could any good Frenchman ask of heaven than to be a witness of such a play?

ETIENNE MARCEL.

Paris, Dec. 3, 1899.

IT seems these days, my dear Diary, I have nothing to do but congratulate girls on their engagements. Think of the number that have been announced this last month! Arthur says it is a fine ending to 1899. First of all, there was Annie Voorhies and Tom Bishop, then Helen Hopkins and Gus Taylor, Mrs. Christine Moore and Willis Polk, Gertrude Forman and Arthur Brander, Alice Latham and Wyatt Allen, Clara Hamilton and Geo. Martin, and this last week, that of Helen Thomas and Fred Kimble.

Betrothal cups are flowing in rapidly. Clara Hamilton is still in the lead, though Helen Hopkins and Helen Thomas are both exceedingly popular girls. I am so glad Helen Hopkins and Gus Taylor are to be married, they are such a stunning looking couple and have so many of the same friends. Helen has a superb ring. A ring has a tremendous fascination for me. Helen Thomas has a jolly ring, too. I do not know Mr. Kimble very well, but he has a fine face, and is the sort of man that looks as though he might have a brilliant future. Helen is a very interesting girl and I think they will be really happy.

My beloved sister Leila has postponed her marriage for a year. She is such a queer girl; just because she discovered that 1900 was not the beginning of a new century, John was put off until it did commence. He expostulated, and entreated, but in vain. A really sensible man would have turned around to younger sister, and in a winsome sweet way would have said, "Well, Cricket dear, so long as Leila is so hoity-toity, let you and me get married." Now John is rich, awfully nice looking, and has a very winning manner, so I might have been willing. It's a curious thing that Leila cannot get common sense. There are lots of girls regretting the fact they have been either too hard to please or too negligent of a nice man's attention. As mama says repeatedly to me, "Cricket, dear, there are many worse things in this world than being married." But mama in her usual irrelevant way, has allowed Leila to talk her into the fact that it will be much better for her to be married a year hence. So John returns to New York next week via. the South. Mama, papa and Leila will go to Coronado with him, and I shall remain in town until I have had a few more parties, and then, on mama's return, I shall, I think, give a fancy dress ball. Of course, I could not dream of giving that until the return of the *Iowa* and *Philadelphia*, which I hope will be in about a month. I do so miss my navy friends. Mr. Bulmer had a very soft place in my affections, and as for Jack Babcock and David Sellus, well I know girls who never leave their homes in the afternoon until the arrival of the southern mail.

MISS LUCIA KITTLE,
whose engagement to Dr. Harry Sherman w s recently announced.

I have had a fine week. In the first place we had a jolly Christmas. We just had our own family. Aunt Sybil and mama spent the entire day without a quarrel. That is so unusual in our household, that it is rather a shock to our nervous systems. Mama is, of course, decidedly exigeant, and Aunt Sybil a woman who has always prided herself on having the courage of her convictions. Each of them received valuable Christmas presents from the other. Ever since I read that book of Lee's, *He, She and They*, I always call "returned presents" blackmail. We girls sent several to people who had no suspicion of our doing so, and nice flowers or calendars came to us on New Year's day. I have quite made up my mind not to give any one of those people a present next year, and I am sure each will send me a gift. Think of the wrath of one treated that way!

The party of this last week was that dance of Mrs. Horace Hill's. John said it was the most beautifully decorated house he had seen out here. There were garlands of berries, and wreaths, and ferns, and huckleberry until it really did not need any kind of an imagination to fancy oneself in a wood. I looked around and wondered how she had ever contrived to make it so beautiful. The delicious odor of the Christmas tree permeated the whole place. I heard a man say he could almost believe he was at the midsummer jinks of the Bohemian club. There were about a hundred and fifty of them. We had fine dancing, and then supper, and then more dancing. Alma McClung looked awfully pretty, so did Charlotte Ellinwood and Therese Morgan. Edith McBean, too, was at her best. But it was really a question of all the girls looking so nice I could not make up my mind as to the belle. It is difficult, for just half a dozen girls have a faculty of always looking just a little more charming than the rest, and of course I have to particularly notice them, but there are a number of others I admire almost as much. Now, of this years debutante, I have come to the conclusion that Miss Kline is quite the most stunning. She has quite a strong personality; and will in a year or so be admired more, I think, than any girl in town. Georgia Hopkins, too, will be much prettier in a few years. Just take Lilian Follis. When she made her debut she was quite pretty. People used to say "Lilian has pretty eyes and hair; I think she has days when I really admire her." Now Lilian Follis is as strikingly handsome a girl as we have in San Francisco, and she has the sweet grace and manner that made Mrs. DeVecchi so great a favorite.

Friday night I had a jolly time at "La Jeunesse." The hall was decorated in greens and red berries. I believe some of the boys did it all, and they really changed the appearance of Cotillion Hall. It is such a fearfully ugly place when it is bereft of decorations. I always think of a barn, but with greens and red berries, well, I can just enjoy myself thoroughly. Roy Pike made a fine leader, he has a wonderful amount of executive ability, and was so quiet and easy in his directions we all got on beautifully. It is remarkably funny how stupid people are in a german. Notwithstanding the fact that one is specially told to go to the left, one turns to the right, and the fun of it all is the leader must not lose his temper. I thought the "Maltese Cross" figure was a brilliant success. If Roy Pike likes he can have this winsome wee thing as his partner in the next "La Jeunesse." All the Oakland gi ls are very pretty. That sounds like a sweeping assertion, but it is really true. Each one that I know has an individual charm. Miss Kline was the handsomest girl on the floor. Arthur and I both agreed upon that score, so I think it must have been quite true.

Saturday night fifty of us went to Addie Murphy's to a dance. It was a calico affair; we all wore dominoes and the girls, masks. It was tremendously jolly. How we guyed the boys! Strange to say, you know, they were not particularly clever guessing as to who was who. One can be such a marvellous wit when one wears a mask. I just adore any party where one is able to lose one's individuality and not have to live up to anything. In other words, be natural. But being natural is with me being unconventional, so I have to have either a mask or some costume. Addie is the cutest and brightest little girl; she really has won all my family from papa down. When I say she is as good a hostess as her sister Ethel wrs, I pay her the highest of compliments, Leila says.

I almost forgot to tell you of the Riding School entertainment for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage. It was crowded. Those who came late had to stand on chairs to get any kind of a view. Fortunately, I had all the comforts of home, and one of the men I like best beside me, so I was in my element. There was fine riding and a queer-looking gray horse called "Deadwood" jumped the most remarkable hurdle five feet two inches in height I wanted to get on him and jump, for I pride myself on my skill, but did not like to suggest it to Captain Dillon. He has his own ideas as to my equestrian ability, and they do not exactly coincide with mine.

Sunday night, the last of the year, I wanted awfully to go to the De Youngs, but papa has an idea that we should celebrate that day at home, so I had to put desire in my pocket and welcome the New Year on papa's best port wine and cake mama makes just for that occasion. One of the girls told me, however, that she had one of the times of her life at the De Youngs' house. There was all sorts of vaudeville, cake-walking, dancing and a very cute farce and pantomime. It is so nice to have a real stage and a beautifully decorated house in which to be amused. I do not wonder in the least that Mrs. de Young's affairs are so successful. After the entertainment there was a jolly supper, and when twelve o'clock struck the New Year could not have found a more delightful place to find a welcome.

On Monday there were several receptions in Oakland. First of all, however, I went to see Mary Bell Gwinn and Jim Follis married. Mary Bell was beautiful; she wore a rich, cream white satin gown, over which was a web of Point d'Alencon lace. They were married at her grandmother's house, which was charmingly decorated with banks of flowers and ferns and palms. A sort of chancel was arranged in the main drawing room and was a bower of greens and roses. What really won me in the decorations was the barricade of poinsetta blossoms; it was really beautiful. Reverend Mr. Foute performed the ceremony. There were no bridesmaids. I missed them so much, too, though, of course one has a chance to think entirely of the bride. She received beautiful presents. I believe in a few weeks Jim and she will start off on a trip around the world via China and Japan.

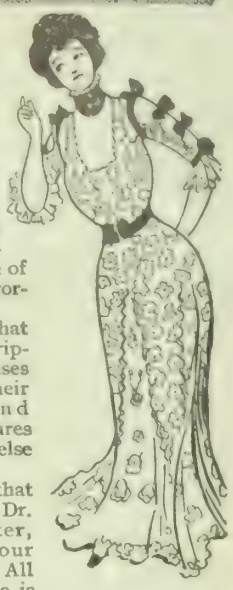
In the afternoon I went over to the oore's reception. I met young Mrs. Moore who I found very charming indeed. The prettiest girl there was Miss Sanborn of Fruitvale. The Hush girls, Miss Woolrich, Katharine Dillon, Mrs. Fred Bixby, who is the sweetest little woman I know, Ethel and Carrie Moore, Miss Valentine, and I all helped to receive. Notwithstanding the rain which came down in buckets, there was a great crowd there. Mrs. Smith's reception, owing to the very sad and unexpected death of Mrs. Hall, was postponed. After leaving the Moore's house, which was charmingly decorated with long, beautiful ferns, we drove over to Mrs. Howard's and had a New Year's welcome. George Newhall had a luncheon down at Burlingame, but I was unable to attend; however, those who were there said it was awfully jolly. Mr. and Mrs. George Pope chaperoned it.

This coming week we have Ethel Hager's "baby dinner." I have the sweetest organdie dress for it; the Gibbs and the Scott luncheon, the Fortnightly on Friday night, after which Mrs. Maurice Casey will give a large supper to Katharine Dillon's friends, so it seems to me, the New Year bids fair to continue the gayeties of the season.

MISS CRICKET.

For more than half a century the famous Jesse Moore whiskey has been the standad brand of the world.

DON'T FORGET.



Don't forget to use Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription for that backache.

Don't forget that over half a million women have been cured of women's ailments by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Don't forget that "Favorite Prescription" cures diseases of women in their advanced and chronic forms; cures often when all else has failed.

Don't forget that you can consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*. Tell your story frankly. All correspondence is private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't forget to *write to Dr. Pierce to-day*, if you are sick from diseases which afflict women.

"*I wrote for advice* February 4, 1896," writes Mrs. Lena Halstead, of Claremore, Cherokee Nat., Ind. Ty. "I was racking with pain from the back of my head down to my heels. Had hemorrhage for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit for ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicines, viz.: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also gave advice about injections, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day hard work."

Paper-bound edition of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mail-*only*. Address as above.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young entertained a large company of young people and a few older friends on New Year's eve. There was a delightful vaudeville performance, followed by two quadrilles, one of fifty years ago, and the other, the modern, in which eight young people in white and red tennis costumes, cake-walked through its figures. In the old-fashioned dance, which concluded with the varsovienne, both the ladies and men were in the costume of the period. Mrs. de Young's gown was of pink gauze and pink silk over the great hoop skirts then in vogue. It had a trimming of black velvet ribbon and a lace bertha fell from a low neck. All the costumes were correct from the velvet-tied slippers to the ornate jewelry and the one-buttoned kid gloves. The company was at supper when the new year came and an hour's dancing concluded the evening.

MARRIED.—In the Episcopal Cathedral in Hong Kong, November 24th, 1899, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, of New York, Mr. P. L. Sherman, of Ann Arbor, Mich., and Miss Luita N. Booth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Booth, of Piedmont, Cal. No cards.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone Main 429. Blanco & Brun, proprietors.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a riva and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

NEWS and OPINIONS of NATIONAL IMPORTANCE

THE SUN

Alone Contains Both.

Daily by mail, - - $6 a year
Daily and Sunnay, by mail, - $8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c a copy. By mail, $2 a year.
Address THE SUN, New Yerk.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A BUNCH OF FIVES.

Into an up-town pool-room there wandered a colored sport black as an overworked ace of spades. He was known to his envied intimates only as Mose, and the very large checked suit of plaid that he wore had a certain cake-walk suggestiveness, as did his huge red necktie, his patent leathers with blue polka-dotted uppers, and his three large yellow diamonds, two of them on his fingers and the other screwed in the middle of his shirt bosom, which showed horizontal green bars. He was a sport all right.

He entered the poolroom alone, looked up at the board, and then dug a bit of paper, obviously a telegram, out of his Oxford cloth Newmarket overcoat. A man who was rude enough to look over his shoulders saw that the telegram was a night message and that it bore the New Orleans date. It contained the names of five horses, with the initials of the sender.

"He's a po'tuh on uh Pullman," vouchsafed the sport to the privileged character who had looked over his shoulder. "An' he's uh babe, yo' heah me! He knows 'em lak he knows uh blackin' brush. Ah's uh gwine tuh mek uh combinashun on de hull five. De ticket 'll win in uh walk."

After sizing up the house betting on the New Orleans races for a few minutes, he walked up to the counter where the combination tickets exuded from the lightning calculator.

"Ah's got de hull five babies," he said with a grin to the ticket writer. "An' ah's uh gwine tuh tek 'em all tuh win. Doan' want none o' 'em fo' place or show. Dey's all got tuh come in all alone.

"Shoot 'em out," said the ticket writer.

The sport named his bunch of five; they were, in the order of the races, Mint, Sauce, Russell R., Deyo, Benneville and Donna Rita. The ticket writer executed his bit of lightning head work, with frequent glances at the board to get the prices on the runners, and then he looked up at the sport with a grin.

"Huntin' for a hog killin', ain't you?" he asked. "Goin' to put us out o' business? It figures a thousand to one. How much do you want on it?"

"Two dolluhs," replied the sport and he passed up the money. The ticket writer pencilled the names of the horses down on the ticket, placed the figures "$2,000 to $2" at the bottom of it, and handed the bit of pasteboard to the sport with the remark:

"You're a good thing. Come again."

"Yo' all kin do yo' hollerin' w'en de hosses run," was the sport's good-natured reply, and then he went to the extreme outer row of seats in the pool room and sat down to wait for $2,000 to accrue to him on an investment of $2.

Along toward 3 o'clock the betting came in on the first race at New Orleans. The horse Mint Sauce that the sport had in his combination ticket was the odds-on favorite, although he had been at a good price in the house bettiing.

Then they were off as the telegrapher announced with a bored air, electrifying the crowd into silence. It was a six-furlong race, and there was nothing to it but Mint Sauce all the way. At the three-quarters, when the telegrapher announced that Mint Sauce was third and just galloping, the sport leaned back in his seat with an it's-all-over expression, snapped his fingers a couple of times for luck, and said:

"It's uh cake-walk fo' dat baby, Ah'm on right so far."

"Mint Sauce wins by two lengths," announced the operator, and the announcement was received with silence. Poolroom crowds don't play favorites as a rule.

"Mah nex' is this heah Russell R.," said the sport, gazing at his ticket again, "an' Russel R. he'll buck jump in."

"Off at New Orleans," announced the weary-looking operator again, and then he began to call off the way the race was being run. "Sadie Burnham in the stretch by a length!" he announced, "Lomond second by a length, Russell R. third," and then the sport began to root for his horse. He swayed back and forth in his wicker rocking chair, moaning, "Come, yo' Russell—or yo' doan' git no oats—ketch him, yo' baby, an' yo' pa'll treat yo' right—"

"Russell R. wins, by a head!" announced the telegrapher.

"Oh, yo' wahm thing, yo' Russell!" suppressedly exclaimed the sport, his finger-snapping suddenly stopping and an upturned crescent grin spreading over the whole area of his chocolate countenance.

"De nex' on mah piece o' pas'e-boa'd" said the sport, ransacking through his pockets again for his ticket "is dain'jus. Ah doan lak dis heah hoss Deyo, but Ah ain't uh-playin' whut Ah laks, but whut's dun sent tuh me. So Deyo she's dun got tuh win, too."

It was after 4 o'clock by this time, and the poolroom was filling up with young fellows turned loose from the down-town offices. Many of these late arrivals had straight tips in the form of telegrams on the third race at New Orleans and they almost overwhelmed the ticket writers when the betting came in on that race. Well, Deyo did win. She beat the favorite by three lengths. The sport didn't have to snap his fingers or sway in his chair at all. Three-fifths of the $2,000 to $2 ticket was won.

By this time Mose was the cynosure of a good many pairs of eyes. The possibilities of the ticket he had in his pocket were whispered about, and a number of the real things in the sport line edged over and asked to have a look at it.

"It's alimpey-boolera," they said, and they rubbed the back of it for luck. Then a lot of them went up to the combination desk and got combination tickets for the remaining two horses that appeared on the colored sport's ticket.

"Dis heah hoss, Benneville, will now step out an' run seben fuhlongs fo' me," he said, referring to his ticket again. "Ah doan' know mahse' jest how good dis heah Benneville is jest now, but dis is his day tuh win by uh block."

Benneville came in an odds-on favorite, and won by three open lengths. The sport again was relieved of the necessity of rooting.

"Ah dun rode dat one mahse'f," he said, grinning, and he found himself in the midst of a crowd of sports of his own color.

"Look uh-heah, nigguh, doan' yo' all remembuh me?" a lot of them inquired of him as they crowded around him.

"Remembuh nothin'," said he impartially. "Ah doan' mek it mah bizness tuh remembuh nobody."

"Hey, what does your ticket call for in the next?" was a question that fifty men threw at him as he sat in state in his wicker rocker.

"De nex' skate on de list," he replied spelling out the letters on his ticket, which was being rubbed a good deal for luck by all hands within rubbing distance, "is de maiuh Donna Rita. Ah wouldn't give $2 fo' Donna Rita mahse'f, de way she's bin up-runnin', but Donna Rita's dun got tuh walk in all by huhse'f dis time," wheeeupon he returned the ticket to his pocket as if it already represented $2,002.

The sport sat enthroned like any monarch of Dahomey, with the crowd surging around him. One of the white gamblers, waving a roll as big as his fist, elbowed his way through the crowd surrounding Mose and flatly offered him $500 for his ticket, after looking at it and seeing that Donna Rita, much the best horse in the next race, had her name inscribed there. It was a temptation, but the sport was game and stood pat. "Dis heah ticket ain't fo' sale," he said. "De two thousand's good enough fo' dis coon."

Another man offered him $800 for his $2 ticket. The offer was declined.

"Off at New Orleans!" shouted the telegrapher, who knew about Mose's ticket by this time, and there was a note of unusual excitement in his voice as he called off the race. "Donna Rita in the lead!"

"Oh, yo' babe, Donna!" shouted all the sports in unison, and "stay right theah, yo' nigguh!" shouted the one particular sport.

"Donna Rita at the quarter by five lengths!" called out the telegrapher, and the poolroom might have been taken for an emancipation day festival. "Donna Rita at the half by five lengths!"

"Ef yo' lubs yo' man, come uhlong!" moaned the sport in ecstacy.

"Donna Rita at the three-quarters by three lengths, Kisme second, Virgie O. third," droaned the operator. "Donna Rita in the stretch by a head!"

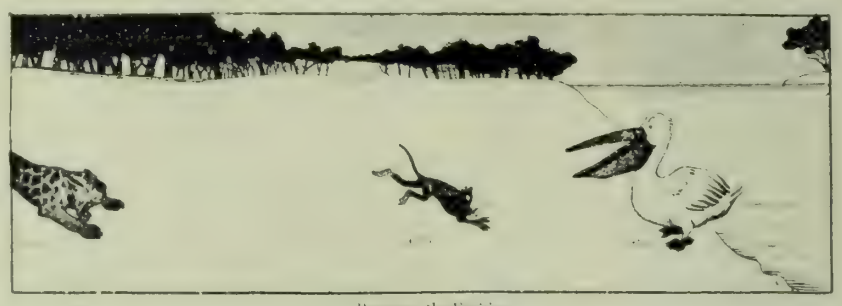
The sport rocked to and fro and groaned.

"Virgie O. wins by a nose!" announced the telegrapher.

That settled the combination. The sport's followers fell away from him like autumn leaves from wind-tortured trees.

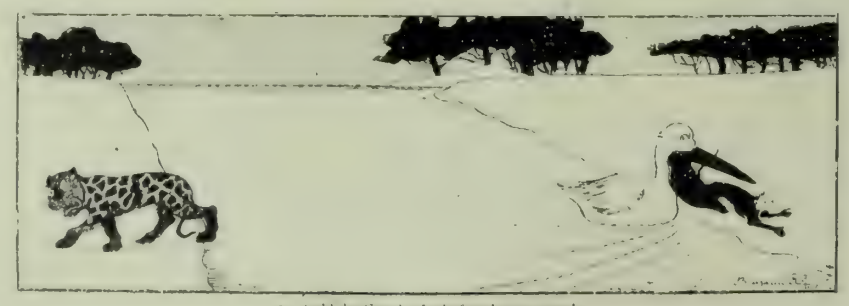
"They ain't nothin in this horse-racin' game is they?" the frequenters of the poolroom said to one another as they slouched out, and the grating tones of the cashiers counting bills soon echoed through the deserted room.—*New York Sun.*

RESCUED OR THE PITIFUL PELICAN



1. Receiving the Fugitive.

2. The Escape.



3. Sold, by Gum! And after that run, too!

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W. W. Stocker. Tel Bush 23.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALER

STAMPS BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED. W. Sellschopp & Co., 118 Stockton Street

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PATTERN MAKER.

G. F. BUSWELL, Millwright Engineer and Pattern Maker. Drawings and Specifications to order. No. 160 Main St., S. F.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

1011 Washington Street, Oakland
603 and 605 K Street, Sacramento
143 South Spring Street, Los Angeles

MILTON J. GREEN

Attorney at Law

Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Office, room 94, Chronicle Building.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hotel

Bicycle and Golf Suits

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume. Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

200 POST STREET

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

WAKELEE'S

MASERANG

HEADACHE POWDERS

A positive and immediate cure for sick or nervous Headache, Neuralgia and Nervousness.

These Powders contain no Morphine, Opium, Antipyrine, Chloral, Antikamnia, Phenacatine, or other drugs deleterious to the system.

J. W. MONROE'S SPARKLING APPLE CIDER

Made in Humboldt Co., California

John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

NEW YORK. & LONDON.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE TWO CAPITALS

THIS letter is going to be mainly Gossip I have no dealings, this time, with Tendencies, Movements, New Fads, those old refuges of the correspondent when all else fails. There is nothing new. No dramatic star has burst upon the firmament, no foreign social lion has cast his splendor upon us, no society bud or matron has invented and mothered a new fad; all is quiet along the Hudson. The regular affairs of the early season have been neither especially gay nor especially stupid. Greater New York moves along in easy mediocrity.

Of course, there was the pocket flurry on Wall street. It furnished, incidentally, a strong proof of Wall street's dominance in New York's gaudy society. That night occurred the opening of the opera season. As usual, all box-space was let far in advance, and society was slated to be there. The women were, most of them, but there were almost no men. The few who appeared were of the distinctively leisure class and even they did little visiting, but stood about talking in low tones. It was plain to see that the boxes were hard hit. Even the women were quiet and subdued, their gay costumes—for this is a year of gay costuming in the metropolis—appearing in marked contrast to their sober manner. And some of them had more visible cause to be subdued than any flurry in stocks, since this year a few who are on the borders of the Four Hundred have broken in and obtained parterre boxes, and many with old established claims had to be contented with the grand tier or the stalls. It was a grumpy occasion all around and resulted in the most tepid reception Madame Melba ever scored on a first night.

The costumes shown that night prove that more care is being lavished upon wraps than upon the gowns beneath. It used to be that my lady's costume was splendid under a sober wrap; when she entered and unwrapped it was the butterfly bursting the humble cocoon. Now, what shall I call it? To what shall I compare it? For the costume within is comparatively simple, since we have, just now, neither bustles nor wide skirts nor huge sleeves to distort the female form divine, while the elegance is shown in the wrap. The materials, the fur trimmings, the combinations of shade and color, were beyond anything seen previously in New York.

Perhaps, on the score of costuming and appearance, the women in Mrs. John Jacob Astor's box attracted the most attention. She and the three others with her, Mrs. Giraud Foster, her niece, Miss Van Nest, and Mrs. Starr Miller, are large and striking women to begin with. Beyond that, their dressing was such as to draw all the opera glasses in their direction when they entered. Mrs. Foster was in black and silver. The tight-fitting skirt was heavily embroidered in wide design of silver, and the bodice, decorated with silver and jet, was finished at the point of the corsage with a diamond star. Miss Van Nest, being the bud of the party, was costumed more simply—white cloth with silver pailettes. But Mrs. Starr Miller was absolutely startling. She wore black velvet, the waist as low as the scriptures allow, and held up by diamond shoulder-straps. Her hair was dressed enormously high and fairly seeded-down with diamonds. It was a dress to notice, but—Mrs. Astor was, as usual, well-dressed and shone by contrast. The same sort of conspicuousness achieved by Mrs. Miller distinguished the gowning of Madame Tallyrand-Peregord. Hers was also of black velvet, cut plentifully low, but it was ornamented with brilliants in such a fashion as to give her the appearance of one caught in a net of diamond ropes.

The stock-flurry was over by the time of the first assembly, and it was as gay and as successful as ever. The ball-room in the Waldorf-Astoria held nearly five hundred guests, a setback for the old idea that the "silly set" is limited to four hundred. Here, as ever, Mrs. John Jacob Astor was the presiding genius, the empress. It is said that Mrs. Astor favors the discontinuance of these functions, but, believing that the majority of those who have the say in society favor them, she continues to lend her presence. She looked queenly in a gray gown embroidered in silver and tiny spangles and many jewels. A diamond coronet in her hair, a wide pearl collar around her throat and above it a necklace of huge diamonds made up the most conspicuous part of these ornaments.

There were an unusually large number of debutantes, but none of special note. The society reporters have looked them over as they would scan the parade at a horse show, and tell us that there are no prospective winners in the lot, so I will let them pass. Buds are all off one pattern, anyway.

Had New York society known just exactly what they were going to see, I doubt if there would have been so many of our social leaders in the boxes on the first night of "Wheels Within Wheels" at the Madison Square Theatre. For look you, the society of New York, *the* society, mind you, is pretty middling respectable. Salacious plays pay in the metropolis, but it is because of the class just below the top, the "fast" circle of New York's numerous social circles, and because of that large and wealthy coterie whose women "look like actresses but aren't." But while the youths of the Four Hundred—would I had another name, for I despise this one—are won't to view such plays on the quiet, and while society does not exactly frown on them, still it keeps away as a whole. In London, it is different, which shows just "where we are at" in comparison with our cousins across the water.

But on this first night, things were different. It had been rumored that the thing was a bit risque, but one becomes accustomed to these little things, knowing that most of them emanate from the press agent. So they came, lured by the company, the theatre and the name of the playwright, on the first night, but they didn't repeat it—no indeed! There are a great many empty season boxes in the Madison Square Theatre this week.

It were most discreet of me to leave the play alone and say something of the new gowns Hilda Spong wore in the leading part. There was nothing wrong about these. In the first act, she was in a gown of fine steel on black net built over a green foundation of chiffon. It is in the *princesse* form, but falls straight from the waist. The steel embroidery is designed in a tulip pattern, and innumerable strands of fine steel beads are draped over one arm and across the bodice to be knotted above the other arm. It is a fair gown, giving a shimmery, mysterious effect. It is quite the most effective stage dress of the year, and the wearer knows how to wear it.

NETTA DYKE.

Late Verse.

Don't Squeal.

THE men that fought at Cannæ, they was
beaten; so is we.
But, bless you, what's a temporary check?
Tommy knows, "nor fear nor feud";
Tommy's "steeled in fortitude,"
An' precious soon he'll wring ole Kroojer's neck!
So the Trooper's on 'er way
'Crost the sea to Table Bay,
We've got our marchin' orders an' we ain't a goin' to shirk;
When a bullet drops a chap,
Why we goes an' fills the gap,
An' the British Empire's lookin' on to see us do the work!
Kroojer's got to step aside
With 'is "tyranny and pride,"
For we're goin' to take 'im down a peg or two,
An' we're bringin' with us Freedom
For these blarsted sons of Edom
An' I 'ardly think they'll like it much, do you?

—*Punch.*

Ballad of the Milkman.

HE came when morn in crimson broke
Athwart a sky of ashen gray,
And at his voice I straightway woke,
I woke and moaned at break of day.
Full bitterly as morning broke,
I brooded as I groaning lay.

I'd dreamed a sweet and soothing dream,
All carking care, all dole forgot.
When came a sudden whoop and scream
That made me jump as I were shot,
Vanished that sweet and soothing dream—
My anger rose upon the spot.

Who, lost in rapture and delight,
With everything as fine as silk,
Would not become chock full of fight,
Roused by that strident yell of "Milk!"
Who but a fiend would take delight
In waking folk by bawling "Milk!"

—*Chicago Record.*

Taps.

SLEEP.
Now that the charge is won,
Sleep in the narrow clod;
Now it is set of sun,
Sleep till the trumph of God.
Sleep.

Sleep.
Fame is a bugle call
Blown past a crumbling wall;
Battles are clean forgot;
Captains and towns are not:
Sleep shall outlast them all.
Sleep.

Lizette Reese, Atlantic Monthly.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

IT IS not a gay season in London this year; it could hardly be when every family in society has a son or some other connection away at the front. The new fashion for black and white has a much saner basis than most fads in dress. With half the aristocratic families wearing mourning, or likely soon to do so, it seems indelicate for those who have no personal interest in the War Office returns to be dressing gaily. Society continues its entertainments, as it would continue if the empire were tottering, but the pleasure of this season is quiet and subdued.

The wedding of the week was simple and unaffected, in accordance with the prevailing fashion—a cosy, quiet and rather informal affair, but very pretty for all that. It was a Scotch-Irish alliance, Miss Edith Chaplin from over the border marrying Young Lord Castlereagh, son and heir of Lord and Lady Londonderry, and was celebrated at St. Peters, Eaton Square.

The feature which lent this wedding its principal charm was the unconventional but none the less charming conduct of the bride. Radiantly happy, and yet collected, she seemed to realize that she was the center of the affair and took the running of things into her own hands. There was a wait for the bridal party train at the door before the groom took his place at the altar. The brother officers of the groom had some flowers to present her and a delegation from her own estates were there with some rare exotics for the bouquet. The presentation of these and the seating of the choir, which was late as choirs are wont to be, lengthened the delay. Now, certain brides I have known would have made this the excuse for much chafing and ill-temper or at least for nervousness; not so this Scottish maid. She was simply and unaffectedly happy, and showed it by chatting and joking with her bridesmaids until a bit of a ripple of laughter ran through the train and the congregation, trying to keep the conventional poise, would have liked to have eyes at the back. Presently, all was ready and the bride turned to her maids and kissed the very littlest one—her golden-haired cousin, Rosemary, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland. "I want Rosemary to carry my train," she said. Then her father, confused, as the male sex is likely to be at weddings, which are occasions wherein they have no real place, was for going down the aisle alone. The bride took a little skip at the door, and said, in a voice which could be heard in the back pews: "Father, you've got to take me!" In another sort of girl, this would have seemed vulgar and out of place, but in this simple, heather lassie, as fresh as the breath of her own moors, it was charming.

The wedding-gown was of soft stuffs, crepe de chine and mousseline de soie and fluffy lace, the best of it of old Irish lace and a present from the groom's mother. There was a long court train of the same transparent stuffs falling from the waist, and a tulle veil fell over everything. As suited so simple and bonny a bride, there were few jewels, only a slight tiara under the orange-blossoms and a diamond clasp at the waist and throat.

The bridesmaids, as pretty a retinue as I have ever seen, wore white satin with silver trimmings and rose felt hats. The skirts were absolutely tight at the back, the fullness being taken up at the waist in tiny tucks. They carried huge bouquets of lilies, to match the decorations of the church. And the bridal favors were appropriate to the occasion, tiny bouquets of shamrock, heather and orange-blossoms.

When Queen Victoria's reign is far enough back in history, I suppose we shall have historical plays about the golden age of England. The actress, whoever she may be, who is given the star role is anticipated. An English actress has already played the part of Queen Victoria. It happened at the Charing Cross Bazaar, and the story is just out. Miss Ellis Jeffreys was one of the saleswomen at that function, and was highly successful in peddling unconsidered trifles for considered sums. Now, Miss Jeffreys is tall and beautiful, and attracted more than a little attention. London is snobbish; a woman may have all possible charms of mind and body, but these weigh nothing against title. So it chanced that the many who asked the handsome "peddler" who she was seemed disappointed, one and all, when they learned her name. This fact was not lost on Miss Jeffreys, and she complained of it to Miss Lily Hanbury.

"Do they do that to you?" she asked.

"Yes," said Miss Hanbury, "and it is wearing on my nerves."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Miss Jeffreys, "tell the next one who asks you that you are the Duchess of Sutherland and I'll say that I am Princess Henry of Pless."

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Watch me!"

Just then, a woman of the worst type of *nouvelle riche* loomed up and put the question direct.

"Which of them are you?" she said.

Miss Jeffreys drew herself up to a q height.

"Madame," she said, "I am the Queen!"

KATRIONA.

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

The Frenchman likes his native wines,
The German likes his beer,
The Irishman likes his whisky straight,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Englishman likes his 'alf and 'alf,
Because it makes him frisky.
But they all go back on their favorite drink
For Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco, Plaintiff, *vs.* James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More B. More, and C. More Defendants. No. 67,877.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

FRANKLIN K. LANE
City and County Attorney, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More, B. More and C. More, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after service on you of this summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

The object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of said Court adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in fee of all the real estate hereinafter mentioned, and to quiet plaintiff's said title as against each and all said defendants, and to obtain other and further relief and costs, as specified in said complaint, which complaint is hereby specially referred to for further particulars.

The following is a description of the property affected by this action:—

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situated in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described, as follows to wit

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bay street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with said Fillmore street to a point at which the water of the Bay of San Francisco is twenty-five [25] feet deep at low tide, as the same existed April 27, 1863; thence at right angles easterly four hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [468 9-12] feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with the easterly line of Fillmore street to the said northerly line of Bay street at a point thereon distant two hundred [200] feet easterly from the easterly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [268 9-12] feet to the point of commencement.

And are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of March, A. D., 1899. [SEAL] WM. A DRANE, Clerk,
By WM. R. A. JOHNSON, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—OCCIDENTAL CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California Location of works, Silver Star Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 29th day of November 1899, an assessment (No. 34) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room No. 69 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 3rd day of January 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 24th day of January, 1900, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DUCKEROW, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 69 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE. CHOLLAR MINING Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth day of December 1899, an assessment [No. 50] of ten [10] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

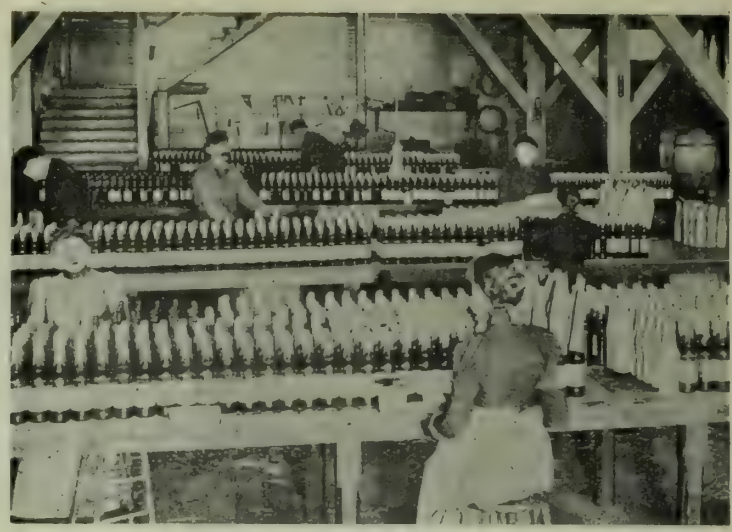
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of January, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 31st day of January, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

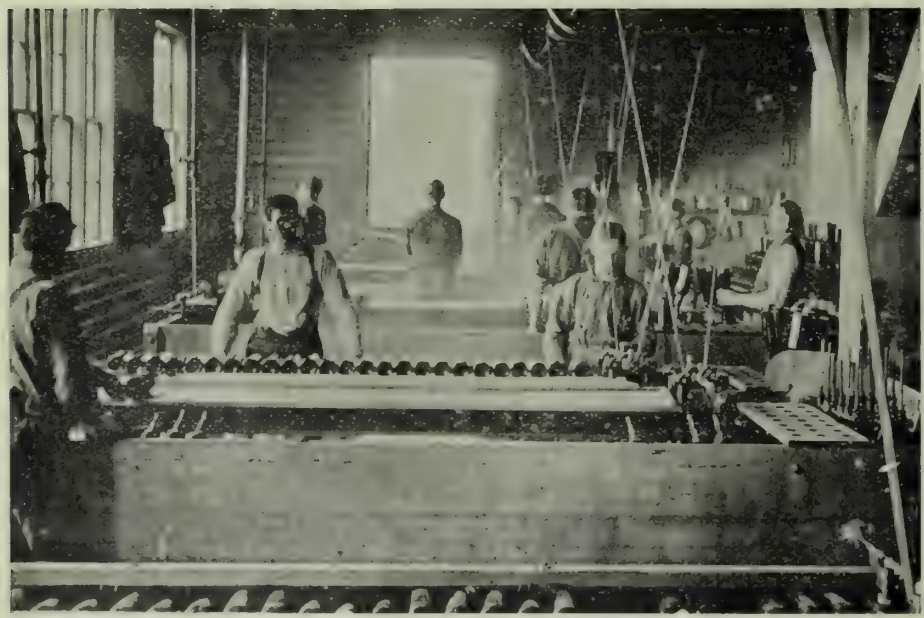
Corking and Wiring Machines, and Corner of Pasteurizing Tanks.



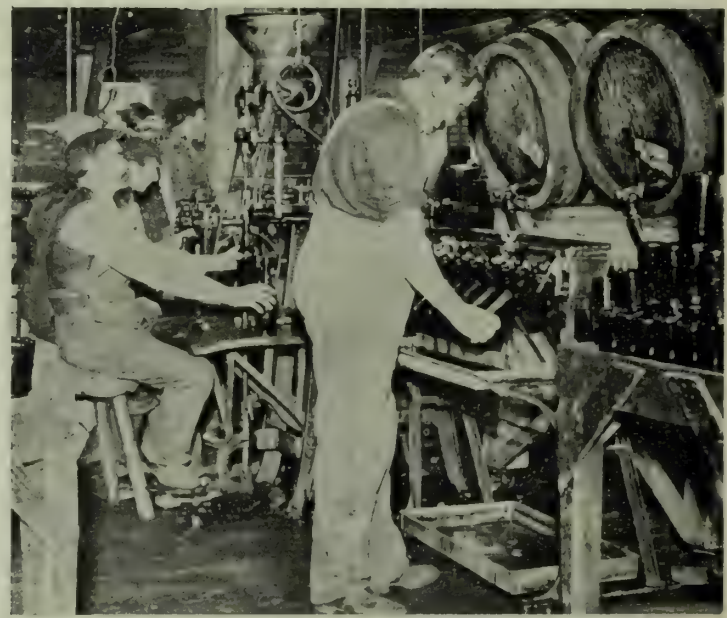
Tinfoiling Rainier Beer for Export.

Shipping Department

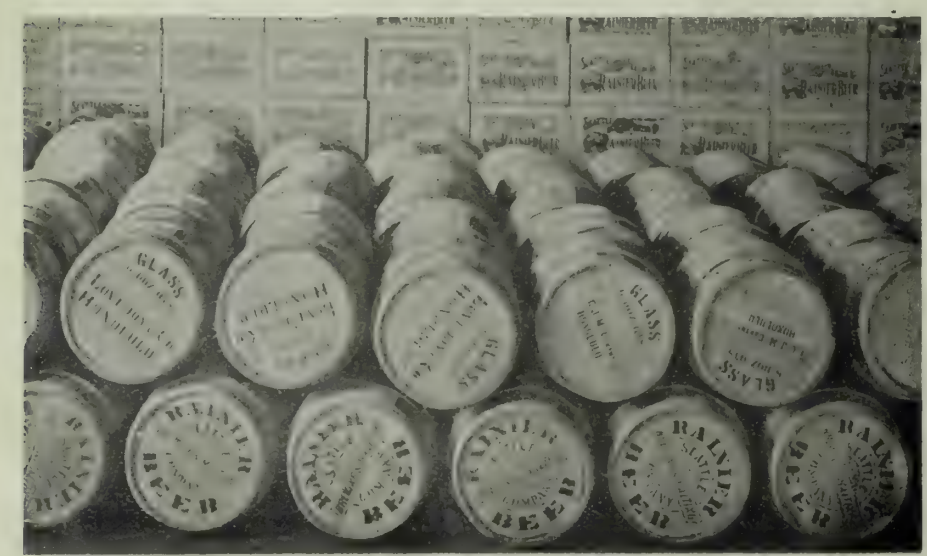
Cork Branding Machine. Branding the Word "Rainier" and Date.



Washing Bottles.



Filling Bottles With Rainier Beer.



A Peep at the Warehouse Where Packages are Marked for Foreign Shipment.

Labeling Machine.

These Views Represent a few Snop Shots of the Bottling Plant—the Breweries are Situated About one Half a Mile Away.

SHIPPING AND BOTTLING DEPARTMENTS OF THE SEATTLE BREWING AND MALTING CO., BREWERS OF RAINIER BEER, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, U. S. A.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account October $2,365,968

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,187,617 90
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1899.....27,606,513 03

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

Rates of interest on loans secured by improved San Francisco real estate, *six per cent.*
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110 681
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....210 057
Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

SEATTLE BANK.

JAMES D. HOGE JR., President
MAURICE MCMICKEN, Vice-President
LESTER TURNER, Cashier
R. F. PARKHURST, Assistant Cashier

First National Bank of Seattle

Paid Up Capital, $150,000

DIRECTORS:—James D. Hoge Jr., Maurice McMicken (Struse, Allen, Hughes & McMicken, attorneys-at-law), Sol G. Simpson (Simpson Logging Co., Shelton) Ferdinand Schmitz (Hamm & Schmitz, Hotel Butler), Lester Turner.

Correspondents in all the principal cities of the United States and Europe. Drafts and Letters of Credit issued on all the principal points of Alaska Honolulu, China and Japan.
Accounts of banks, corporations and individuals solicited

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, December 23, 1899, At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society held this day a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one quarter [3¼] per cent. per annum on all deposits, for the six months ending December 31 1899, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 1, 1900.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco. 33 Post st.—For the half year ending December 31, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three [3] per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes payable on and after Tuesday January 2, 1900. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN Association of California, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco, has declared for the six months ending December 31, 1899, a dividend of 12 per cent per annum to class A stock, 10 per cent per annum to class F stock, 6 per cent per annum on term deposits and 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits.
CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery street. The board of directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1899 at the rate of three and sixty one hundredths [361] per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1900, Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1900. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

In Bookdom.

QUITE the best story of the month, and one of the notable stories of the season, is Jack London's "Odyssey of the North," in the January *Atlantic*. The feeling of true romance is in it; the personalities, rare, almost incredible types stand forth with a fine distinction, while the theme has veritably an epic sweep. Perhaps the idea is better fitted for a poem than a prose tale, for poetic it undeniably is. The wanderings of Naass, the Akatan Indian, through the icy north lands over the broad Pacific in pursuit of the yellow-haired giant, who has stolen his bride Unga, make a narrative superbly imaginative and tragic. Unless it be "Youth," of Joseph Conrad, I can think of no recent story that gives one so keenly the impression of romantic inspiration.

To the practiced reader, the beginning of this Alaskan epic must appeal, it so admirably suggests mystery and adventure. The figures of the taciturn guide, and of Axel Gunderson, in the making of whom "the gods had remembered their old-time cunning and cast him after the manner of men who were born when the world was young," and of the fascinating Indian wife, their strange and secret journey into the darkened north after the storied gold which lay over the mountains; the slow, sure process of Naass' revenge, the starving of Gunderson and the death of Unga are painted with real power and art.

Mr. London is a Californian—at least by adoption. One of his stories was published recently in the Christmas number of the *Wave*—a distinctly clever episode, done with the same picturesque quality which characterizes the "Odyssey." The work of another Californian that seems to have attracted national attention is that of W. C. Morrow, whose "A Man, His Mark," (J. B. Lippincott Co.), has recently been published. The story has interest, the narrative grips one to the end, but one finishes with a protest at the unreality of the situation and the artificiality of the characters. The members of the duet are the creatures of the plot. Beyond or outside its requirements they do not exist. Admitting the violence of the coincidence, which has brought Laura Andros and Adrian Wilder together in a hut under Mount Shasta and entombs them there through the months of veritable arctic winter, one must also consider the skill of the narrative which deals so brilliantly with the incidents of their incarceration. One revolts at the exposure of the woman's malevolent diplomacy—so unnatural, so theatrical, so arbitrary—and at the man's cloying chivalry and redundant delicacy, but nevertheless the sweep and mastery of the style atone for the errors of characterization.

The propriety of ranking Robert Barr as one of the most entertaining and versatile story spinners of the day was satisfactorily settled by *Thekla*, and its successors devoted to the exploits and adventures of stalwart fighting archbishops and marauding Rhine barons. In his latest excursion in fiction Mr. Barr utilizes a different type of adventure and constructs a series of lively and sensational incidents in which a woman reporter is heroine. *Jennie Baxter, Journalist*, (the F. A. Stokes Co.) is a first-rate yarn, brimming over with verve and action and interesting from start to finish. We will admit that the clearness and penetration of Miss Baxter are quite extraordinary, but the problems that confronted her required more than average intelligence to solve. If she was equal to such occasions so much the better. Miss Jennie is introduced in the guise of an applicant for employment on the staff of the *Daily Bugle*. While awaiting the editor she overhears a conversation which reveals a first rate news story that is under way in the office. A moment later Mr. Hardwick scouts her proposal—she declares she will convince him of her capacity. The result is, a rival paper gets the *Bugle's* scoop, and Miss Baxter is accepted by the discomfited editor at her own valuation. She is detective in chief and does marvelous things with a fine readiness and ease. Her discovery of the Princess Steinheimer's diamonds, is followed by her report of the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball, from which all journalists have been excluded. There is also an extraordinary treasury explosion in Vienna that yields its secret to her penetrating mind, and she winds up by saving the life and honor of the handsome young English diplomat whose fancy she had captured while posing as the Princess at the Duchess' festivity. Good fortune sedulously attends Miss Baxter's efforts, but she is personally most fascinating and comely. No one need be astonished that her editor as well as the diplomat fall victim to her charms.

"I have found your Bronchial Troches most useful for hoarseness and colds." PROF. L. RICCI, Queens College, LONDON, ENG.

BROWN'S Bronchial Troches
OF BOSTON
Sold in boxes only. Avoid imitations.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SECURITY SAVINGS Bank, 222 Montgomery Street, Mills building. For the half year ending December 30, 1899, dividends on term deposits at the rate of three and sixtenths (3.6) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three [3] per cent. per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1900. S. L. ABBOT JR., Secretary.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for Chapped Hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

In time of peace: in time of war
The favorite drink is Jesse Moore.

Keep your Youth if you are young;

If you are old why appear so. Keep young inwardly and we will look after the outward appearance. CREME DE LIS entirely eradicates and prevents wrinkles, removes any trace of sallowness and creates a perfect complexion.

The Fresno Alpha Oil Co.

Owns 640 acres of oil lands in the exact center of the intersection of the two oil belts upon which are situated the only producing wells in the region. Here is an expert opinion: "After a thorough examination I have no hesitancy in saying that from the exterior formation of shale and oil sands and the coloring, the lands are equal if not superior to any that I have inspected and prospected during the past twelve years."—J. M. Fleming.

Our property has plenty of water, from never failing springs. A contract will within a few weeks, be let for sinking our first well. Parties who contemplate investing in oil should investigate our proposition. We offer only
a LIMITED NUMBER OF SHARES FOR SALE ON VERY EASY PAYMENTS.
Will be pleased to see you and to give you all information in our possession. Call or address O. A. LANE, Secretary
Rooms 6, 7, Eighth Floor Mills Building.
S. M. GLEAVES, U. S. Surveyor-General, President

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND TAKE NO OTHER
THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

MONEY

Cannot be more profitably invested than in

STOCK OF

Peerless Oil Company

which has 160 acres of patented land in the famous

Kern River Oil District

Oil has been struck on three sides and on the quarter section immediately adjoining its property. This, coupled with the fact that the strata are horizontal, is a guarantee that oil underlies its land.

A Well is now being Sunk.

Write for Information or Call and Investigate

DIRECTORS;
James G. Maguire, H. H. Blood, Jacob H. Neff, R. W. Hart, H. C. Park, John M. Wright

JOHN M. WRIGHT, Pres. Jacob H. Neff, Vice-Pres.
H. C. PARK, Sec'y.

Office: Room 47, 8th Floor, Mills Bldg. S F

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST COAL OIL.

BUY

B. J. Rybicki L. E. McCloskey

Established 1872

S. STROZYNSKI CO.

The leading Ladies' Hair Dressers and Wig Makers.

FIRST CLASS WORK DONE BY COMPETENT ARTISTS

Importers of latest Parisian and London Novelties

GENTLEMEN'S TOUPEES A SPECIALTY

Telephone Main 5697 24 GEARY ST.

POPULAR PRICES

FORTUNES IN OIL.

The Continental Oil and Development Co.

[INCORPORATED]

Only 6000 Shares of which 1,000 were put on the market and over half sold the first 10 days. This is a genuine opportunity for an oil investment. The Company owns by United States patent 5 twenty-acre tracts in the

"Oil Basin," Kings County,

the richest oil bearings in the entire belt. We have made arrangements for the latest improved machinery and will shortly be boring for oil, at which time stock cannot be had at any price.

No Assessments.

Wm. CORBIN, Pres. A. E. RUDELL, Secy.

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

AT THE THEATERS.

"THE Christian" has had a record-breaking run at the Columbia, and the advance sale for next week, the last of the engagement, proves that crowded houses will continue to the end. The next attraction is the strong James-Kidder-Hanford combination in a classic repertoire. "The Winter's Tale," with which they open, has not been staged in this country for many years.

* *

"With Flying Colors," at the California, is a bad melodrama well acted. It is of the latest British style. The components of the British melodrama are no longer grand tank scenes and noble workingmen with daughters to ruin. It runs to clothes and titles, and elegant villains with the conventional villainous cigarette. There has to be a bank robbery somewhere in the performance, and there ought to be a murder. Herein we go back to first sources. In the old days, a murder was indispensable to the well-regulated melodrama. The tank drama dispensed with the murderer and his gloat, and the remorse of the sub-villain with a conscience, who is always afraid that they will "swing for it." But the new Adelphi product has revived the murder in full view of the audience, with the dear old phrases—"My God, you've killed him!" "Oh, Heaven, his eyes!" "Die like the dog you are!" "R-reven-nge!"

"The Fatal Card" does this sort of thing and does it well; "With Flying Colors" does it extremely badly. It is an improbable sort of play which wanders unconvincingly through sixteen scenes of villainy and gore, and ends because time is up. There is really no other reason for closing at the end of the sixteenth scene. At that point the sub-villain with a conscience has just murdered the villian, having escaped from jail with the persecuted hero on purpose to do the job. The officers of the law have just broken in to bear the murderer away to his doom, and the hero, in prison clothes, falls into the arms of the waiting heroine, while the warder declares on his own authority, "My brave fellow, you shall be pardoned tomorrow." But for the time limit, and the weariness of the scene shifters, these situations might easily be carried on indefinitely.

There is a strong scene—melodramatically—in "With Flying Colors." It is the climax where the villain, a naval officer, having worked the hero into the ranks, reprimands him in the presence of the heroine until, goaded to desperation, the common seaman breaks loose and throttles him. It is an old situation, as every dime novel reader will recognize, but it is done with more than a little skill.

Mary Van Buren is badly cast as the maid. That sort of part was not made for a stately beauty of Miss Van Buren's style. She has troubles with a Cockney accent. In the part opposite, 'Arry the serving man, Amory shines. Harrington Reynolds, the best melodramatic actor in the company, has a strong part and handles it adequately, although in one scene he yields to the temptation to rant. Mary Hampton is never quite at home as the unsophisticated young thing; her stronghold is the romantic drama. Perhaps the best work was done by Marion Barney in the part of *Florence Hackett*, the villainess overcome by remorse. The small parts, of which there are a multitude, are well handled, a fact which confers great credit on the management.

* *

Thanks to Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, the music lovers of San Francisco are to have a series of symphonies during the months of January, February, and March at prices almost ridiculously low. Mr. Henry Holmes and an orchestra of sixty-six musicians will give five concerts at the Grand Opera House on the afternoons of January 18, February 1 and 15, and March 1 and 15. Season tickets for the five performances will range in price from five dollars to one dollar, according to location of seats. This means that the cheapest admission will be at the rate of twenty cents a concert, a price lower even than that charged in Germany, where good music is in reach of the very poorest.

* *

"The Princess and the Butterfly," one of Pinero's masterpieces, has its first performance in San Francisco next week at the hands of the Frawley Company. This is the first departure in the present engagement from straight melodrama. The comedy of manners ought to be the stronghold of this company, and it will be a surprise if the play is not acceptably handled.

* *

Two sketches, presented by the Elinore Sisters and John and Nellie McCarthy, Frank Latona, the musical tramp, and Charles A. Gardner, the Dutch comedian, are the new features at the Orpheum next week. The holdovers will be: Billy Rice and H. W. Freeman, the Rezines, Dorothy Drew, Thorne and Carleton, and Fougere.

Mrs. Neville Castle, who is well known in San Francisco society, has decided to go on the stage. She is exceedingly pretty and bright and fascinating, and as an amateur has displayed undoubted capacity. Mrs. Castle makes her professional debut with the Frawleys Monday night, under her maiden name of Mary Scott. She is cast for the part of *Fay Zulani* in "The Princess and the Butterfly."

* *

The California Cantatrice
EMMA NEVADA,
at the California next week.

Madame Emma Nevada and assisting artists will give two concerts at the California Monday evening and Wednesday afternoon. This is the first opportunity of hearing this brilliant vocalist that her native city has had for many years, and it promises to be the musical event of the season.

* *

Next week Madelaine Lucette Ryley's successful comedy drama, "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," is the bill for the Alcazar.

* *

Vladimir de Pachman gives the last concert of his series tonight in Sherman and Clay Hall.

QUEER.—On the southeast coast of Newfoundland, about half way between Cape Race and St. Johns, lies the wreck of the *Scottish King*, a British trading steamer almost a year ago driven in a storm upon that inhospitable rock-bound shore. Thanks to the precise spot on the coast where she struck, and the manner in which she slipped in between two protecting reefs, she still lies with her hull almost intact. She scarcely resembles a wreck indeed, and a plan is now on foot for salving her. The fact that she did not go to pieces at once was a subject for great rejoicing among the fishermen in the neighboring villages. A rumor went abroad that she carried large quantities of champagne in her cargo. The Newfoundlander toper of course does not aspire to anything but rum, but he has heard of champagne and its powers. It seems, however, that although the fishermen had not heard of it, and would have been no wiser if they had, the *Scottish King* carried just about as much apollinaris as champagne, and the cases containing the mineral water were on top. A glimpse of bottles was quite enough for the Newfoundlanders. The cases of apollinaris went merrily ashore, and the sampling began without delay. Disillusionment and despair! Where were the virtues of this celebrated drink? Bottle after bottle was patiently, gravely disposed of, with no approach to the desired result. One of the men summed it up tersely to a visitor afterward with this half pathetic, half scornful remark: "Sure, we tried it fair; drank quarts of it and kept on drinkin', but no use; we got no forrarder!"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A modest Mississippi editor is credited with the authorship of the following: "We have hanging up in our sanctum a plain black band of generous dimensions, which appears too small for a belt and too large for a sleeveholder. The article was found on the street, and in case the owner comes in and proves property, the same will be turned over without the customary fee for advertising. It is not a dog collar."

The fool, the wit and the wise man,
Should ne'er forget great Nature's plan,
And that is: there is sure to be
A bigger fool, a greater wit, a wiser man than he.
B. H. H.

Don't drink the first thing the bartender offers — call for Jesse Moore Whiskey and see that you get it.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Elinore Sisters; Frank Latona; John and Nellie McCarthy; Charles A. Gardner; Billy Rice and W. Frillman; The Rozines; Dorothy Drew; Thorne and Carleton; Fougere.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee .·. MARK THALL, Manager

WEEK OF JAN. 8th
Special engagement of Miss Irne Everett, when will be produced Lucette Ryley's

"MYSTERIOUS MR. BUGLE."

Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
Next week—Lady Windemere's Fan.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JAN. 8TH

Beginning next Monday, last 6 nights and Saturday matinee Liebler & Co. present Hall Caine's powerful play,

"THE CHRISTIAN"

Last performance Saturday night, Jan. 13th.

Monday, Jan. 15th
JAMES KIDDER-HANFORD TRIUMVIRATE.
No increase in prices.

California Theatre

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers.
[Tele. Main 731

TUESDAY NIGHT JAN. 9th, 1900.

An important event. First production in San Francisco of Pinero's beautiful modern comedy

The Princess and the Butterfly

THE FRAWLEY COMPANY.

Debut of Miss May Scott.
Popular Prices: Evening, 75c 50c, 25c; Matinees, 50c, 25c.
In preparation—The Heart of Maryland.

California Theatre

SPECIAL

Monday Evening, January 8th.
Wednesday Matinee, January 10th.
ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY
Welcome Home the Peerless Diva

EMMA NEVADA

and assisting artists, including
LOUIS BLUMENBURG, Cellist.
SELDON PRATT, Pianist.

Seats on sale Prices, $3, $2 and $1.

Grand Opera House

SPECIAL

Thursday afternoons, Jan 18th, Feb. 1st and 15th, and March 1st and 15th, at 2:15 o'clock,

FIVE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Under the direction of HENRY HOLMES
Orchestra of 66 pieces.

Subscription price for series: $5, $4 $3 $2 and $1
Sale opens at Sherman Clay Co.'s Thursday, Jan. 4th, at 9 a. m, and closes Thursday, Jan. 11th, at 5 p. m.
Seats for single concert, $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c and 25c

Western Turf Association.

INCORPORATED
Member American Turf Congress
TANFORAN PARK, South San Francisco
Main Office Parlor "A" Palace Hotel San Francisco

W. J. MARTIN, President — F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Manager.

Second Meeting Jan. 1st to 20th inclusive.

Six high-class running races every week day rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb Grand Stand, glass enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 4:45 P. M. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking. Valencia street ten minutes later.

San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.

Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to Grounds, $1.25.

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES Monday and Friday evenings, Private lessons daily. Ranke Hall, 5th & Pike sts

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet. 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block.

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

ALFRED LUEBEN, Teacher of Music, Masquerade and Theatrical Costumer. 74 8 Second ave.

OPTICIANS.

H. CLAY EVERSOLE, Specialist in Eyesight measurements for spectacles and eyeglasses, 720 First ave

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

EGGAN, the Pioneer Photographer, est'd 1889, Photo Buttons, Stamp Photos, etc., 207 Pike st.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. FLEISCHER, Surgery Genito-Urinary and female diseases 201, 202, 216, 218 Washington blk

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS,

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

A. O. LINDSTROM — AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

Roger S. Green, Pres. — Austin E. Griffiths, Sec'y

Invest Your Money in the

Sea Breeze Mine

The Richest Free Milling Gold Discovery in Southeastern Alaska.

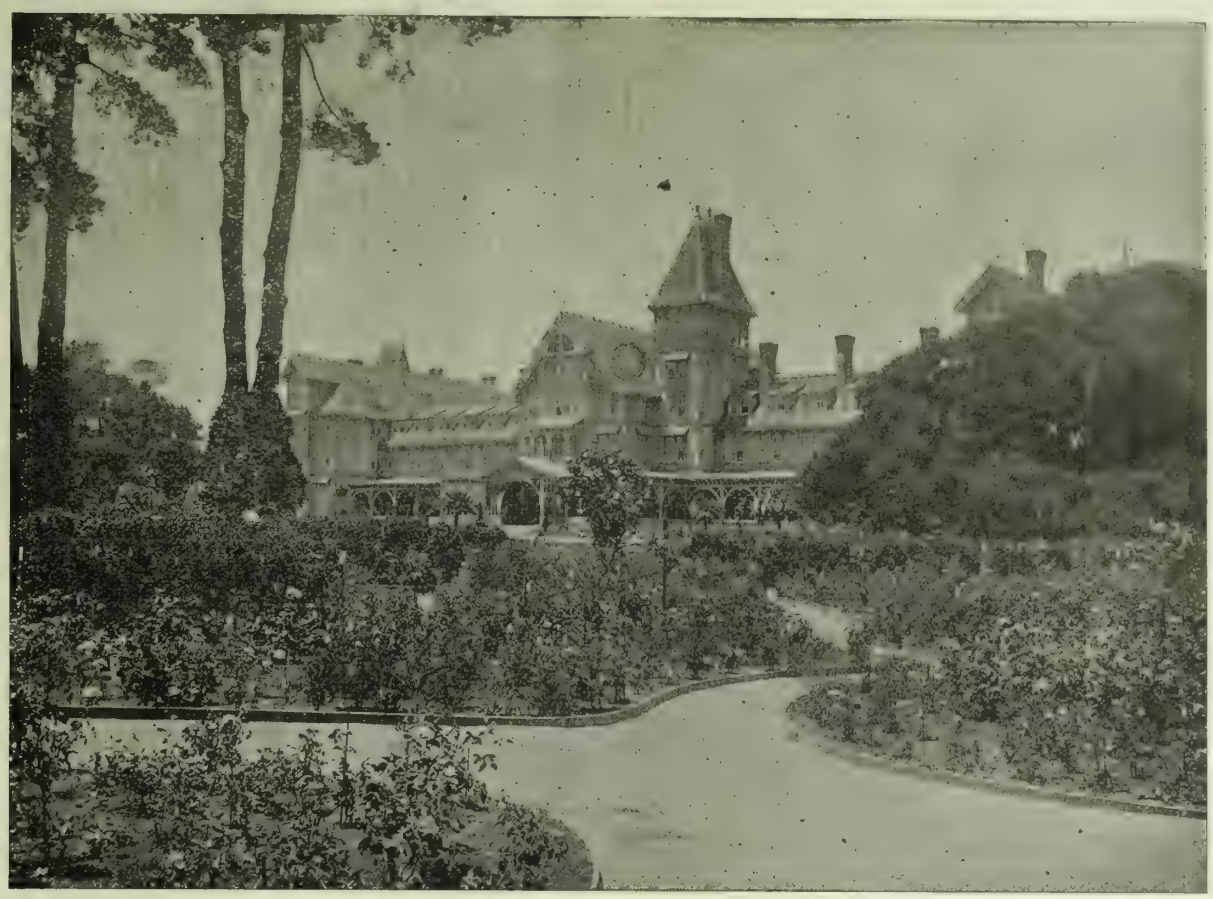
A limited number of shares offered at Fifty Cents. Call or address

SEA BREEZE MINING CO.

Washington Bld., 1st Ave., Seattle, Wash.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS



✠ THIS SEASON'S ✠

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 1[illegible] a. m. Jan 6 11 16 21, 26, 31. Feb. 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Jan. 6. 11, 16, 21, 26,31, Feb. 5 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Jan. 9, 14, 19 24, 29, Feb 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Jan. 7 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Feb. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Jan. 9, 13, 17 21, 25, 29, Feb. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 1 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, January 10 at 2 p.m.

S. S. Mona, **for Australia**, Wednesday, January. 24, at 8 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, at 1 p.m., for **YOKOHAMA** and **HONGKONG** via Honolulu, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Hongkong Maru..... Tuesday, January 16th
Nippon Maru.....Friday, February 9th
America Maru.....Wednesday, March 7th

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market street corner First. W H AVERY, General Agent.

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS
TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE **$12 First Class** / **$8 Second Class** } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Dec. 24, Jan. 3, 13, 23.
Columbia sails Dec. 29, Jan. 8. 18, 28.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE.

Overland Limited

A SOLID VESTIBULED TRAIN

VIA

UNION PACIFIC

LEAVES SAN FRANCISCO DAILY AT 8:30 A. M. Breakfast served in Dining Car

Three Days to Chicago without Change

One Day Quicker than any other Line

One Day Quicker than any other Line

FINEST MODERN PULLMAN EQUIPMENT, INCLUDING LIBRARY AND BUFFET CARS AND DINING CARS, A LA CARTE.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at General Office, No. 1 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1930. D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent.

SUSNET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1899-1900

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Fridays
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays annd Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificant train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the traveling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5010 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO

Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.
American and European Plan.

H. E. WEYMOUTH & CO.
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
OFFICIAL BROKERS OF
Copper Vault Mining Co.
Standard Mining & Milling Co.
Huckelberry Mining Co.
Corona Gold & Silver Mining Co.
Albert Edward Mining Co.
All good reliable companies and good investments.
Write us for information and references.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

The Solly Walter School of Illustration
Will reopen August 1st for the Fall and Winter Term
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy
1247 Franklin St., near Post
English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

FOR THE
BEST BOOK-KEEPING,
the SHORTEST SHORTHAND
Attend McLAREN & THOMSON'S
Acme Business College
College Paper Sent Free
Pacific Block SEATTLE, WASH.

DOG FANCIERS
A RARE CHANCE A CHARMING XMAS PRESENT
For sale the well-known pair of pure bred
Japanese Spaniels "TOKO" and "LADY"
Also pair of puppies [male and female] progeny of same, born in British Columbia. Aside from their popularity as lady's pets on account of their quietness they are valuable for breeding purposes. All are thoroughly acclimated, parents cost over $200, and because of rarity with which the species breed are almost priceless. Price, parents, $100 a pair. Price puppies $25 each. Photo sent if desired.
Apply MR. COLTART, - - VANCOUVER, B.C.

Jesse Moore Whiskey has been the Kentucky standard with which all others have been compared since 1853.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

A TERSE CRITICISM.—While General Grant was in Liverpool during his famous tour, Edward Russell, then an obscure literary man, but a great student of tactics, called on him. He was admitted and begged permission to ask a question in regard to a matter that had puzzled him deeply. "I've followed every move of the war," he said, "and understand 'em all—all but one. On such a day you were there and the Southerners were there"—pointing to plans on a map that he had brought. "Now, it seems to me that you ought certainly to have gone there, whereas you went there"—pointing again. General Grant, usually taciturn, but when not taciturn phenomenally terse, took the cigar from his mouth and said: "You're right, sir. Damned blunder!"

x

A CRUSHING RETORT.—Tom Benton and a man named Green were political rivals. Benton would not agree to a joint debate, but Green used to follow him around and take the stump to address the crowd after Benton had finished. One day Green took occasion to repeat some ugly charges against Benton's honesty. When he had concluded Benton turned to depart without replying. With apparently a second thought, however, he halted and faced Green. "It is written," said he, in deep, dramatic tone of voice, "Thou shalt not bear false witness." "It is also written," instantly replied Green, "Thou shalt not steal!"

x

ABUSING HIS PRIVILEGE.—In the House of Commons, during the days of Disraeli's preeminence there was a Radical member who was unfortunately very deaf and in the habit of using an ear-trumpet. During one evening of debate several violent, rambling and inconclusive speeches were delivered in succession from both sides of the House. Disraeli's eyes fell upon the deaf member, who was using his ear-trumpet unflinchingly during the boisterous, weary talk. "Look at that man," the statesman said to the colleague who sat next to him. "He is deliberately marring the peculiar blessing which Providence has bestowed upon him."

x

A COMPETENT WITNESS.—At a murder trial in Arkansas the important witness for the prosecution was a colored boy only ten years of age—too young the lawyer for the defense thought, to understand the nature of an oath. "Boy," he said, "do you know what would happen if you swore to a lie?" "Yes, sah. Mammy would lick me." "Would anything else happen?" "Deed dey would, case de devil would git me." At this point the Judge leaned over his desk and said with pretended sternness: "Don't you know, boy, that I would get you, too?" "Yes, sah. Dat's what I jus' said."

x

THE FARMER SCORED.—A farmer drifted into a hardware store at Stockton and was asked by the manager: "Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on? They're cheap now. Can give you one for $35." "I'd sooner put the $35 into a cow," said the farmer. "But think," said the manager, "how foolish you would look riding around town on a cow." "Oh, I don't know," said the farmer, "no more foolish, perhaps, than I would milking a bicycle."

x

MOSES' LUCK.—At a recent Irrigation Congress in Utah one of the delegates droned through a drowsy paper on artesian wells, which he declared always brought water except when they struck a rock. He repeated this statement several times. At the fourth repetition he defied anyone to deny the proposition. Congressman Geo. Q. Cannon looked up and asked, "How do you account for Moses' success?"

x

GRATITUDE INDEED.—The English statesman, Hastings Russell, deserted Mr. Gladstone at a critical moment in the latter's fortunes. He was asked why he had chosen to shift allegiance from a man who had covered him with honors. "That's it exactly," was the cynical rejoinder. "He offered me the Garter; he made my wife mistress of the robes; he made my brother a peer. What more could I get from him?"

x

"PORK, SIR."—An English inspector, well known for his weight, was trying to extract the word "flesh" from a class. His efforts had failed, but, taking hold of his fat cheek between his thumb and forefinger, he pulled it out, and asked: "What's that?" The unhesitating answer came promptly: "Pork, sir."

x

COLORED REPARTEE.—A black sergeant in one of the colored regiments was toiling up a hill near Cavite when he was hailed by a breezy Western volunteer, "Well, nig, what are you going to do here?" he replied. "We're going to take up the white man's burden, I suppose."

Palace Hotel Supper Room
Open Every Evening 9:30—12
Entrance from the grand court or from the main office.
The efficient service, unequaled cuisine, and moderate charges that have given the Grill Rooms an international reputation, will prevail in this department. Orchestral concerts from 9:30 to 12 p. m.
J. C. KIRKPATRICK, Mgr.
SAN FRANCISCO

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

THE
WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M. T. & T. Co.
Two first class trains daily between
Skaguay and Lake Bennett.
Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.
SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
Atlin, Dawson and Cape Nome Gold Fields.
FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND
California State Exposition, 1899
One Honorable Mention
Six First Premium Awards
This brand of wine is sold at all first class hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

A. K. DAGGETT
Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a Specialty.
NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F.
Telephone 205

Metal Badges Metal Signs
PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.
Metal Checks Steel Stamps

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters
"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.
NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

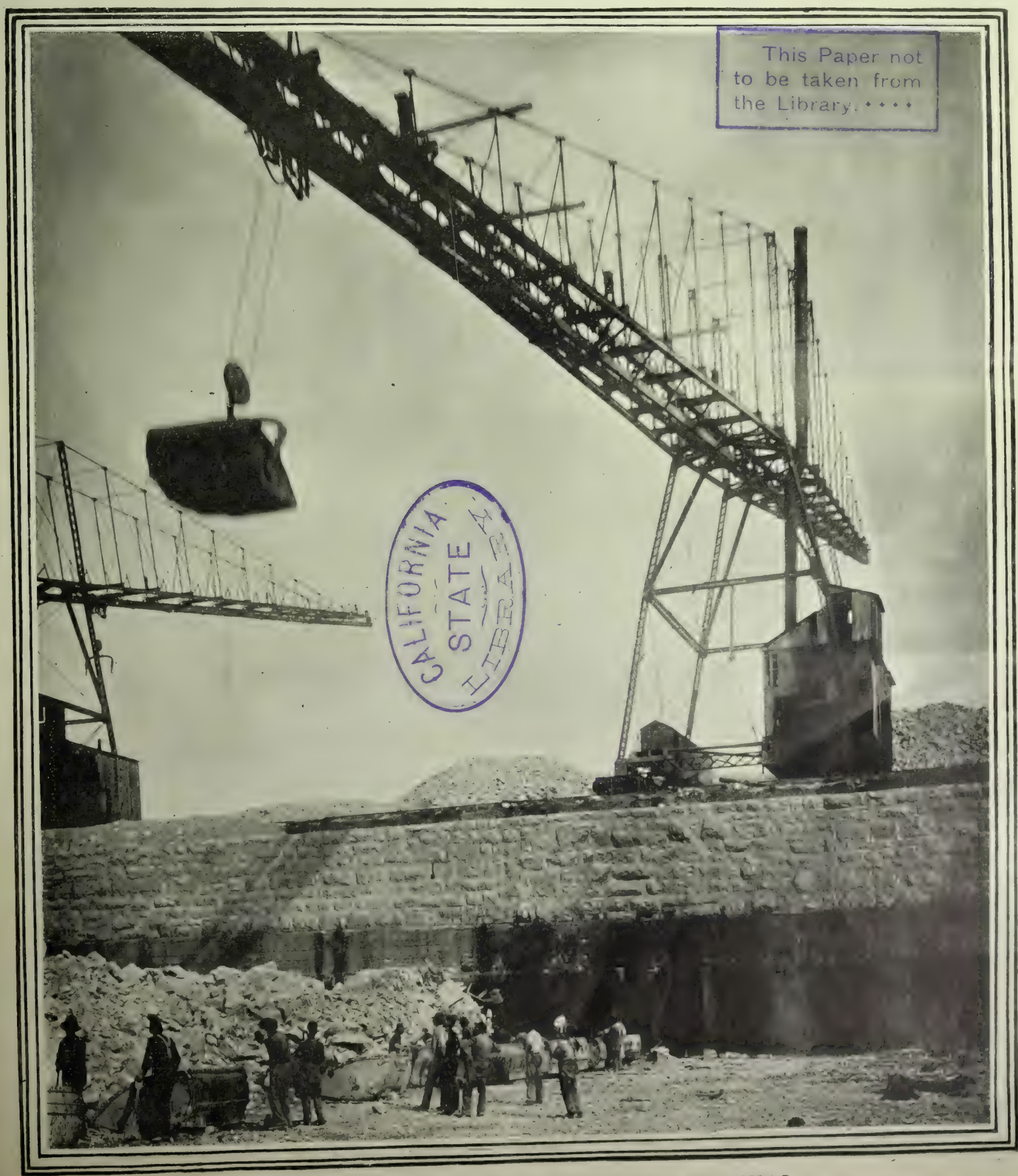
SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST
BYRON MAUZY, 308 Post St.
All the latest Music-Books, etc., in our Sheet-Music Department.

The Wave

1900

An Illustrated Weekly

VOL. XX. No. 29 SAN FRANCISCO — JANUARY 13, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS



This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

EXCAVATING THE CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL.

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal, and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in al union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—January 13, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Scenes of Filipino Life 4
An American Hero 5
Future of the Human Race 5
Military Mismanagement in England 6
Things and People; by Boswell Jr 7
Views of the Chicago Drainage Canal 8
Panama Canal 9
Babblings of a Belle 10
In Bookdom 11
A Cinch on Jurym n No.6 12
The Oil Industry 13
The Drama 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Boers Press Ladysmith.

The interest in the Boer war centers on Ladysmith, now again the crucial point in the situation. That city, with the eight thousand men who form the remnant of General White's army, is closely surrounded and the Boers seem to be determined to take it before help can arrive from the outside. Here again the burghers have displayed clever generalship. Had they waited until the reinforcements arrived from England for Buller's command, they would have been on the defensive; they choose rather to take the chances of an assault, hoping to put this large force out of the final reckoning. The active bombardment recommenced several days ago and continued until Sunday of this week, when the entire Boer force began an assault. It was a fierce battle, stubbornly fought on both sides, and ended in a victory for the British, who beat off their assailants and captured their advanced positions. Nevertheless, the situation of the garrison is perilous and desperate. It is believed that disease has broken out among them, reports to that effect having drifted through the rigid censorship, and it is almost definitely known that they are short of ammunition. London has been waiting for Buller to advance on the forces at Tugela river which thwarted his former attempts at relief. He has not yet made the effort. He may be waiting to form a junction with one of the other columns, or it may be that his position is so critical as to render an assault impossible. At any rate, he has not seen fit to move. Relief from this source seems to be the only hope for Ladysmith, since the garrison can hardly hope to keep the place until the new reinforcements arrive. Nevertheless, White's repulse of the attacking column has created a strong feeling of encouragement in London. A small force of British has repulsed a larger force of Boers; it reverses the order of things which has prevailed thus far in the campaign and gives hope for future operations. The other important action of the week was a minor Boer victory. General French, co operating with Methuen, made an attack on a Boer position with four companies of the Suffolk regiment and was forced to retire with the loss of one company. This consummation seems to have been brought about by a characteristic Boer stratagem. It is said that, in the darkness and confusion of the attack, a Boer bugler blew the signal for the retreat, causing the English to retire in confusion, under the belief that the command came from their own side. The Transvaal forces have taken Kuruman, a British outpost which has been beseiged for some time, and captured 120 colonial police guarding it. Both this and the victory over French can have little direct influence on the general result, but the constant picking off of troops does as much as anything else to discourage the British in their difficult undertaking. Arthur Balfour, first Lord of the Treasury, has had something to say in defense of the artillery sent to South Africa. He maintains that the short-range guns were sent because cannon of this type are more easily transported than long-range guns. It was a choice between mobility and range, and the War Office, being unable to foresee the situation which now prevails at Ladysmith, Mafeking and Kimberly, chose the short-range, mobile type.

Germany Resents Seizures.

The seizure of the German steamer *Bundsrath* has turned out to be a much more serious matter for Great Britain than the taking of the American flour-ships. It is not likely that our government, remembering the good offices of Great Britain in the Spanish War, will make any trouble for our single supporter at a time when she has her hands full. The American people, or a section of them, seem to have forgotten the fact, but those who guided affairs when England stood between us and the anger of Europe are mindful of past services. A note asking for an explanation has passed between Secretary Hay and the British Foreign Office, but it is not probable that a demand for an early answer will be pressed. On the other hand, Germany, while officially friendly, is by no means warmly so, and practically the whole German people hate the British and are warm on the side of Kruger and his people. Therefore, the seizure of the *Bundsrath* has stirred up a storm in which official Germany seems likely to be drawn before long. It is reported that the attitude of the emperor is changing, and that he will press for an apology and indemnity. The law of the question is involved; it seems to hinge on the exact location of the seizure. According to the best authorities, a nation has the right to seize arms, munitions and supplies destined for a rebellious section of their own possessions when such seizure is made on the high seas. Although the Boers are not morally rebels, as they are subjects of a practically independent state, they are legally so, as the clause of the agreement granting England suzerainty over the Transvaal's foreign policy is still in force. But the question for contention is whether or no the seizure was made on the high seas. Germany claims that it was not, but in waters controlled by Portugal. On the other hand, it has never been established that foodstuffs are contraband of war, and only by the establishment of this principle could England show just cause for seizing cargoes of American flour. Moreover, England has weakened her case by releasing the offending flour ships.

American Prisoners Rescued.

The last important event in the Philippine affair ends one of the most romantic episodes of the war. Colonels Hare and Howse, by a brilliant and hazardous pursuit in northwest Luzon, have succeeded in recapturing Lieutenant Gilmore and the men of the *Urdanetta* and *Yorktown*, twenty in all, who have been prisoners in the hands of the insurgents since early spring. The object of the advance was to rescue these prisoners, and it was accomplished by a persistent pursuit which has lasted several weeks. The fleeing natives carried their prisoners with them, driving them ahead whenever they moved. At the very last, the pursuit became so hot that the column could no longer be encumbered and General Tino, in command left them with a lieutenant and squad under orders to shoot them. The conscience of this subordinate would not permit him to slaughter defenseless men, however, and he left them in the jungle, unarmed and at the mercy of the savage tribes in the region. For two days they wandered in the wilderness until they came to a river. Here, they had begun to build rafts in order to float to the sea, when 140 men of the rescue party found them. The whole party rafted from this point down the river to Vigan, undergoing much peril and hardship from rapids and rocks and from lack of food. Gilmore and most of his men are wasted from the privations they have undergone. They report that they were well treated while in Aguinaldo's jurisdiction, but that General Tino systematically abused and starved them. Charles Baker of the Third Artillery, one of the prisoners, was murdered by his guard because he was too weak to travel. In fact, this incident and General Tino's order to shoot the Gilmore party show a new attitude of the insurgents. When they were in a fair way to succeed, they accorded their prisoners the best of treatment, possibly because they hoped thereby to enlist foreign sympathy. As their case becomes more desperate, however, they become more disposed to resort to barbarity. A sample occurred in a reconnoisance near Trials, January 5. Five American artillerymen were there captured by the enemy and forced to face a firing-squad. Two were killed by the first fire, the other three were hacked by bolo knives so that, when they were recaptured by our men, two of them were past help. Of late the active operations have consisted in small skirmishes and reconnoisances, the purpose of which cannot be stated at this distance from the scene of hostilities. More than likely, it means that the Americans are opposing guerilla tactics with irregular warfare, striving to wipe out the small bands wherever they occur. There has been a suspicion for some time that American officers and civilian appointees were taking bribes from the natives in and about Manila. This suspicion is confirmed by an order from General Otis recalling to his subordinates the law provided for such cases and threatening to apply it rigidly in future.

A Serious Crisis in Austria-Hungary.

Austria-Hungary is involved in a ministerial crisis which involves the entire monarchy, and which may yet result in the overflow of the constitutional government. The dual monarchy is peculiarly constituted. No European power has so many elements of population represented in its borders, and each of these elements is a party within itself. There are the Slavs, supporters of the Clerical party, the Czechs, representing the major portion of the Hungarian population, and the German Liberals. The harmonizing of these conflicting elements has been the chief problem of the monarchy ever since constitutional government was established. The leaders of the three parties have worked continually for their own selfish ends, repeatedly blocking the sessions of the National Parliament and causing crisis after crisis in the ministry. Under the administration of the Badeni ministry, it was the violent obstruction of the German liberals that blocked legislation and forced the retirement of the Premier. Under the cabinet of Count Thun, the Slav Clerical majority, with a view to upsetting a ministry in which it was not represented, brought about the deadlock. In the last crisis, which resulted in the resignation of Count Clery, the Premier, and his cabinet, the Czechs were the obstructionists. Great hopes had been entertained of the Clery administration; it was expected that he would be strong enough to bring order out of chaos, just as Bismarck was strong euough to pull Germany through a similar crisis in the early years of the Empire. He has failed, and the political situation in Austria-Hungary is complicated and dangerous. Already this power is practically a cipher in general European affairs. The continual changes of administration and the obstructions placed in the way of foreign ministers have kept her from taking part in the concert of Powers for many years. These disputes have retarded the Emperor and his advisers in co-operating diplomatically even with the Triple Alliance. Thoughtful foreign politicians are beginning to talk of "Europe without Austria," considering her as an impotent factor. The result is likely to be a separation of the dual kingdom, since Hungary is the element which has caused the greatest amount of disturbance.

The Plague at Honolulu.

Last week advices from Honolulu stated that the bubonic plague scare had subsided, as the epidemic seemed to be under control and there were no new cases. The latest steamers bring news dated Dec. 30 of a fresh outbreak. This spurt occurred Dec. 24, and Dec. 28 two more cases were discovered, one being found in the Chinese hospital; the other that of a Chinaman found dead in an alley. Subsequently, a native Hawaiian and two Japanese showing unmistakable signs of the disease were removed to the pest-house. In addition, there have been a number of suspects, all Orientals. The provisional government was stricken by the plague-scare and called out the National Guard to enforce a shotgun quarantine. A cordon has been drawn around the infected quarter with orders to keep all the residents within the bounds. There is complaint both from without and within over the manner in which this quarantine has been enforced. The outsiders complain that whites with permits are allowed to pass too freely within the lines, while those shut in, including wealthy Chinese and Japanese and some whites, are bitter over their detention in the infected district. The work of fumigation and cleansing begun during the first outbreak has stopped, partly, it is supposed, through the difficulty of getting the sanitary force to face the dangers of infection. The enforced idleness of one-fourth of the population and the general state of suppressed panic have made business very dull in Honolulu.

Deroulede and Guerin Convicted.

The trial before the French Senate, sitting in High Court, of Deroulede, Guerin and their fellow conspirators, has finally come to an end, concluding, as did the more famous Dreyfus case, in a compromise verdict. Only three of the score of prisoners were convicted, and these three received comparatively light sentences. Deroulede and Buffet are banished for ten years and Guerin is to be detained in a fortress for the same period. Deroulede's record as a dangerous Nationalist agitator is familiar on this side of the water. Buffet is less known. He is a Royalist in the pay of the Orleans family, and is the person who acted as the agent of the monarchy. The punishment of banishment includes a general civic disability, and the offender must not set foot on French ground during the period on penalty of an imprisonment twice as long as the term. Guerin, having committed a civic as well as political crime by resisting arrest, may be confined in a prison instead of a fortress. In France, it is generally believed that President Loubet will exercise official clemency under the "first offense act" and pardon them all after a short time. The Nationalist party regards the result in the light of a victory, claiming that it proves the government to have been making mountains out of mole hills. On the other hand, the liberal element which supported Dreyfus is satisfied with the knowledge that a plot was proven. The trial cost France eight hundred thousand francs. Certain French Legislators are for assessing the costs to the condemned. If this is done, it will really prove the heaviest part of the punishment.

Cultivation of Reindeer in Alaska.

An important factor in the development of the gold fields of Alaska and British Columbia is the cultivation of reindeer as beasts of burden. Hitherto, the only practicable method of animal transportation was by dog team, a very unsatisfactory means at the best. Even before the Klondike rush, the government, through the Agricultural Department, was experimenting with these animals, but the first results were not encouraging. The deer had to adapt themselves to the new climate, and their keepers had to learn how to care for them. The first practical demonstration of their usefulness came when Lieutenant Jarvis made his expedition to relieve the whalers at Point Barrow, wherein they stood the work well and were more useful than dogs could have possibly been. Several miners used reindeer in the Cape Nome rush, and now their utility is so well established that they are coming into general demand. They forage for themselves, living as they do on moss, and require no special care. With a train of ten deer, a man could strike into desert country, carrying enough supplies to last him for a year with the assurance that he could kill a deer for food in case of need. The government, by purchase and increase, has got some three thousand of these animals into Alaska. Laplanders have been imported as instructors for the natives in herding and training and the deer have been distributed among the missionary stations under certain conditions. One of these is that at the end of five years they are to return the number of reindeer intrusted to them, they taking their profit in the increase. This is fairly rapid; half of the yearling does have fawns, half of which may be counted on to come to maturity. At the present time, trained animals bring one hundred and twenty-five dollars a head, with prices still rising, while the cost of raising them is not over seven dollars a head.

The "Open Door" Agreement.

Some few months ago a rumor was circulated to the effect that the United States, through Secretary of State Hay, had addressed to the European powers a communication proposing an "open door" agreement. At the time this was treated by the conservative public as a mere "correspondent's yarn." It now appears that the State Department has done this very thing, and that, moreover, the response has been particularly gratifying. Every nation questioned, except Italy, has returned a conditionally favorable answer. The first response came from Great Britain. It was very cordial in tone, and proved that the English were disposed to give us generous assistance. This delayed negotiations for a time; the European powers, always afraid of an Anglo-Saxon alliance, were apparently suspicious. Finally Germany came in, adding the proviso that it should be "all or none." France then gave assent, although less cordially and directly. The Russian negotiations proceeded with more difficulty. The question of "spheres of influence" seemed to be worrying the Czar's counselors. Finally Russia agreed, with the usual proviso that all or none should be in the agreement. Japan was next and now only Italy remains to be heard from. This

ilence does not imply hostility to the proposition, but only onservatism. Italy, the least important of the powers oncerned in Chinese affairs, is waiting to see how the reater powers will swing. There is little doubt but that his reply will be favorable. It is only fair to add that this eport does not bear official confirmation, the State Depart-ment refusing either to affirm or deny it, but it seems to ome from reliable private sources and is accepted by the nost reputable journals as true.

Editorial Comment

The Gratitude of Republics.

REPUBLICS are indeed ungrateful. Less than two years ago this country was thrown into serious and unexpected war with a foreign power. It was a small power and a failing one; of itself it could make no strong nor effective opposition against the United States. But it had the moral backing of every nation of Continental Europe. Germany, always with an eye to advantage, was watching for a chance at Spain's colonies; France and Italy were supporting her, because she was of Latin blood; Russia, for political reasons, was siding with France. Only one people in the wor'd stood by us; England was our consistent friend. Through the whole of that crowded summer, our statesmen were able to devote their entire attention to the task in hand, through the assurance that Great Britain stood between the United States and the European sympathizers of Spain. It is not an assured fact that, had we been unsupported by England, the powers would have interfered, but it was among the possibilities. The action of the British commanders who drew up their ships alongside of Dewey's at Manila was only a sample of Britain's attitude throughout the whole trouble.

Two years have passed, and England is involved in a war greater and more uncertain than our own. The European powers are arrayed, as they were in 1898, against an Anglo-Saxon nation. It is not likely that they will go out of their way to interfere, but it is a possibility. Under those circumstances it is our place to stand by the nation which so recently befriended us. At the outset it seemed likely that we would do so, and, indeed, the government, be it said to its credit, has taken a friendly attitude. But the great American people have played a strange game and by no means a creditable one. When the war opened and England scored two victories at the beginning, very little active sympathy was expressed for the Boers. A few anti-expansionist journals, papers, like *Life*, which have always opposed expansion and any talk of Anglo-Saxon alliances, devoted lukewarm paragraphs to a defense of the Boers, but that was all. The sentiment of the country seemed mildly pro-British. Then came the series of brilliant movements by which the Boers placed Great Britain on the defensive. It was then, and not at the beginning of the war, that certain of our countrymen began to hold mass-meetings to pass resolutions, to memorialize Congress, petitioning that body to take sides with the "struggling Boers."

Admitting purely for the sake of argument that our moral duty to England, in return for her active support two years ago, is a purely sentimental consideration, it may be asserted as justly that this leaning toward the Boers is based upon sentimentalism of the rankest variety. Outside of the Irish and Germans, who take sides on grounds which do not concern Americans, the bulk of our Boer sympathizers are such because the Transvaal is a republic, or because they believe it is a weak nation overwhelmed by a strong one. As to the last of these reasons it hardly merits an answer. Might does not make right, but neither does weakness. Because one party to a fight is little and the other one big, it does not follow that the little one is in the right. As for the other consideration, the Transvaal is only technically a republic. It is really as limited and cramped a government as any Caucasian monarchy in the world. Its affairs are administered wholly by an oligarchy of one fourth of the residents, who tax the other three fourths to support the government without giving them a voice in affairs. No Jew or Catholic, no one in fact who does not very closely agree with the religious opinions of the governing few, is eligible for citizenship. The laws are those of a century ago, with a few improvements designed to favor the ruling oligarchy. The members of the governing class are uneducated, narrow, and utterly unprogressive. Their occupation of South Africa has long been the great bar to the opening up of the country. No outsider who has met them, with the exception of one woman, she an enthusiast and visionary, has ever spoken well of the Boers. They fight well, heroically, with the means at their command; so did the American Indians, so did the Sepoys of the East Indian Mutiny, so would a horde of gorrillas. In the talk about Cecil Rhodes' land-grabbing, our sentimentalists have lost sight of the real claims of England. They do not know that the origin of Great Britain's claim lies in the fact that, in the early seventies, she took up the government of these Boers at their own request when they were about to be wiped out by savage tribes without and dissension within, and fought a long war with the Kaffirs on their account. These and other like facts are ignored and unknown by the kind of citizen that does his thinking in mass-meeting.

There are just two countries in the world where the government is such as to assure an approximation to individual freedom. One is Great Britain, the other the United States. This is not saying that either of these governments is perfect, but they approach nearest to the Republican ideal. And what England does at home, she does for her colonies. A few months hence, when the valor of the Boers has yielded to the resource of Great Britain, she will supplant a very poor government by a very good one, which is the consummation against which the pro-Boer agitators are howling.

States Rights vs. Bryan's Trust Antidote.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN has again delivered himself on the Trust question. The ancient fathers of Democracy, during the sturdy infancy of that party, never dreamed that any spokesman posterity might give to it, would seriously and persistently urge the obliteration of states' rights, and the setting up of new and strange powers in the federal government in the manner advocated by Mr. Bryan as a cure for trusts. It would be astonishing, indeed, if Democracy, founded upon a recognition of state sovereignty, the party that has always jealously guarded the soverign rights of the respective states, as against the "growing evil" of a central federal government, should, at the close of the century, be instrumental in breaking down those rights and clearing the way for further encroachments of the federal government. Mr. Bryan believes that state corporations should be prohibited from doing business outside of the state of their creation, unless they have been first licensed by Congress. The courts have held a corporation to be a "citizen of a state" for certain purposes; they have also held them to be "persons" within the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment. It is but a step, in law, from the natural person to the artificial. If Congress may, with the sanction of the courts, compel the corporate individual to take out a license before attempting to transact its business in two or more states, it is a little difficult to understand how the individual will be able to dodge a similar law aimed at him.

Mr. Bryan says: "The natural man in Nebraska or Texas cannot complain of competition with the natural man in New York or Massachusetts, but" says he, and we bid you mark well the sheer idiocy of this line of reasoning, "the natural man in any state has a right to expect both from his state legislature and from Congress, protection from a corporation monopoly established anywhere." And again, in the same line: "*It cannot be assumed that the authors of the Constitution intended to leave God's creature—man—defenseless in the presence of man's creation—corporation.*"

Was ever such nonsense seriously advanced by an aspirant for presidential honors? This man is what the boys on the street would term "a dead cheap guy." He conjures with the word "corporation" as though it described a living, moving, artificial thing, that might devour women and children. Stripped of its legal difference, in point of fact, a corporation is merely one form of partnership, for the prosecution of legitimate business ends. A corporation is made up of individuals. Without individuals it is an impossibility. Five of Mr. Bryan's "natural persons" may gather together in any state of the Union and form an association under its corporation laws. These individuals wish to engage in a common enterprise; each determines how much of his capital he will invest; the product is the amount of the capital stock, shares of which are divided among them pro rata; they agree upon a name for their association, and, after otherwise complying with the requirements of the state law, this association is known as a corporation.

What under the canopy is there discreditable or dangerous in such a proceeding? Natural persons in their individual capacity or otherwise legally associated are capable of working as much harm and wrong as the associations known as corporations. Either Mr. Bryan is a shallow reasoner or he is playing upon the prejudices of ignorance. It is a common belief among the ignorant that there is something to be feared from a corporation that does not exist in the individual. No educated man harbors such a delusion. One is forced to conclude that Mr. Bryan's recent bit of oratory was a bit demagogic.

The faults with Mr. Bryan's plan for regulating trusts have been pointed out in the *Wave* before now. He aims his shaft at "artificial persons"—"corporations," as a class—not at the wrongful or illegal practices, which may be instigated and indulged in by individuals and partnerships. The foundation of his theory of control is out of plumb with sound common sense, and cannot stand.

Stable Basis of our Prosperity.

AS A RULE, every financial crisis the world has ever witnessed has followed in the wake of a season of abnormal prosperity. Extremes beget extremes. Accompanying prosperity comes speculation; with the return of confidence, comes a letting down of the bars of conservatism, timidity gives way to roseate optimism, and a crisis and an era of depression follows as a natural sequence.

In 1888 and 1889 Europe witnessed two years of extraordinary speculation. During this period the Panama Canal met failure, the great copper syndicate collapsed and the Comptoir d'Escompte suspended. During these years British capital was engrossed in schemes in South Africa and South America. Syndicates were formed to take up American breweries and the like. One syndicate seriously considered for a time the purchase of all of the hay in America. In London, Argentine securities were absorbed in great quantities, and finally the craze culminated in the failure of the ancient house of Baring Brothers. In America the friends of silver secured the passage of the silver purchase act, "which," says a prominent writer "more than any other thing proved to be the source of our woes in this closing decade of the century." This Legislation failed to sustain the value of the silver, but it did set gold flowing toward Europe; and we permitted Austria, Russia and Europe generally to drain us of the yellow metal, which we replaced with silver and paper. In the latter portion of 1892 the first tremor of the coming crash was felt. Our crops were short while products abroad were unusually good; railroad traffic diminished, manufacturers began to languish and credit was badly disturbed. In 1893 there lived a well-defined dread that a suspension of redemption in gold would be forced upon the country. In 1891 the gold in the United States continued to be drawn out in exchange for the accumulations of idle current. The menace of Free Silver began to appear just above this disturbed horizon; the feeling of doubt and suspense that first made its appearance among men of finance had worked its way out among the people. The hoarding of money and a consequent stringency followed, and depression stalked on every side. The election of President McKinley came as a vote of confidence. It was an assurance of sound money and brought with it a new feeling of security and relief. In 1897 crops were better at home, while they were short abroad, and prices bounded up again. Exports increased, railroads and manufactures began to feel the impetus of an approaching change. The Spanish War of 1898 brought in legislation providing for new revenues and authorizing large disbursements. The treasury was furnished with a surplus; abundant crops favored us. Our products were in great demand abroad, exports increased enormously, and the balance of trade turned back the gold. Railroads and manufactures witnessed, and are now witnessing, a season of prosperity unexampled in our history. The country stands to-day at the threshold of an era most promising. Let us see to it that no act of our own bring it to a sudden close. True, some unforeseen calamity may overtake us, but it is not yet in view. Let Congress fix our monetary system upon a firm basis. Let the threat of Bryanism and Free Silver become so remote as not to breed fear in the hearts of the most timid; let our people avoid the wild speculation that usually accompanies "good times"; let them loosen their purse strings to legitimate development, and tighten them against the seductive speculation. Let them take every advantage of the world's demands for our products. Prosperity will tarry longer with us if we follow these simple rules of conduct.

The Chicago Drainage Canal.

THE new Chicago Drainage Canal is unique among engineering works of the kind in several important particulars. To begin with, it is the largest artificial channel for the disposal of sewage ever constructed in any country. It is twenty-eight miles in length, which makes it nearly as long as the Suez Canal, and wide and deep enough to admit the largest lake-going vessels. Then it is an enterprise unique in the history of American municipalities in that it was done without government aid and by a corporation which, while embracing in its membership most of the city's voters and landholders, had no direct connection with the city government, but exists as a sort of wheel within a wheel. Moreover, this great waterway, through its lock and dam system, is enabled to contradict the law of nature, during part of its course, by running up hill, and finally it restores prehistoric geological conditions by forming a connection between Lake Michigan and the tributaries of the Mississippi.

While the residents of all sections of the country have been knocking at the doors of Congress, petitioning for appropriations to excavate canals, the Chicagoans have gone ahead on their own initiative with this work. Not only this, they have provided a waterway between the lakes and the Mississippi, while keeping to the original plan. For within a year or two, merchant vessels will be using this channel regularly as a means of transit, and the inland connection between New Orleans and the St. Lawrence river will be complete. To accomplish this the city and state have expended at least twenty million dollars more than would have been called for had they built for drainage purposes alone. The total cost has footed thirty-three million dollars; but thirteen millions would have been required had they not put down the stone casings which enable ships to use the route.

The great opposition to the plan has come from the residents of the Illinois valley, who object to having the sewage of the great city carried past their homes and into the Mississippi. This objection was aired and fought in the state legislature from the very beginning, and is still urged, now that the canal is opened. That it is a false contention, all sanitary engineers agree. Most of the sewage of Chicago has been turned in that very direction in past times, and it has been done with an insufficient volume of water. Now a stream that will carry the refuse matter beyond possibility of stagnation flows down the canal and into the Illinois river. Long before it reaches the cities of the lower valley, the purifying action of the water will have rendered it harmless.

Part of the way the excavation work was done by dredgers operating in the Chicago river; the rest of the distance a "dry" cut was made by means of improved hoists. The average flow of water will be about 300,000 cubic feet per minute, and the minimum depth of the earth sections and the regular depth of the rock sections is twenty-two feet. The maximum capacity of the rock sections and of five of the earth sections is 600,000 cubic feet per minute, enough to dispose of the sewage of a city nearly twice as large as Chicago of today. Consequently, when the city grows to those proportions, the only additional work to be done is the deepening of a part of the earthway, about eight miles in all. There are seven lock gates of metal, besides the controlling gates. These are so arranged that in case of an emergency the whole flow may be shut off at a few hours' notice.

A BIT OF HOME LIFE.

PEASANT WOMAN GOING TO MARKET.

A HOME OF THE BETTER CLASS.

IN a recent letter General Joe Wheeler says that the appearance, mode of living, and method of performing work of the inhabitants of the Philippines resembles that described in the Bible. The people dress much as they did 2000 years ago, the means of transportation by carts drawn by Caraboas is is about the same, and their methods of shelling and cleaning rice are as primitive as possible. The illustrations herewith presented bear this out. The picturesque Pensant woman might well be a daughter of Jerusalem. Her short skirt is enveloped in a cotton *tapis*—a rectangular piece of stuff, as a rule, all blue red, or black, tucked in at the waist, drawn very tightly around the loins, and hanging over the skirt a little below the knees. They are erect and stately, these peasants, due to the custom of carrying jars of water and baskets of provisions on their heads. The better class wear the more becoming short skirt with a *tapis* of silk or satin with gold lace embroidered *chinelas*. As to the character of the people our soldiers are engaged in subjugating, authorities differ. A Spanish friar after forty years of life in Luzon, wrote an essay in which he declared the native an incomprehensible phenomenon, the guiding motive of whose conduct had never yet been discovered. A native, he declared, will serve a master satisfactorily for years and then suddenly abscond, or commit some really hideous crime. Our prospective subjects, as General Otis has discovered, are not dependable upon. The average native is refractory to intellectual improvement, fond of gambling, profligate, deceitful, and insincere. He re-

Continued on Page 6.

MILK MEN IN MANILA. MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION. TYPICAL HOUSE GARDEN IN BETTER CLASS VILLA.

SCENES OF FILIPINO LIFE.

An American Hero

A YOUNG nation, and not an especially warlike one, the United States has had its share of heroes of romance, of that sort of soldier, descendant of Chevalier Bayard, who is remembered rather for a dashing, attractive personality than because of deeds of arms. Light-Horse Harry Lee, Swamp Fox Marion and Ethan Allen did not do over-much to win the Revolutionary War, but they are the heroes of that period of whom we will tell our boys. So with Stonewall Jackson and Phil Sheridan in the Rebellion and Paul Jones in the War of 1812. They were more or less subordinates, but of them, and not of Grant or Lee or Scott do we write ballads and paint pictures. It is our tribute to attractive personality.

The romantic figure of our dual Spanish-Filipino war was shot the other day in Luzon. Com. pared with the others, his was an exceptional case. A subordinate always, he brought out of the war a military reputation far greater than that of his leaders, and when the end came it found him in virtual control, he having taken the campaign out of the hands of an incompetent commander. Had Lawton lived, I do not doubt that history would have done him the credit which official Washington now denies, and called him and not Otis, the conqueror of the Philippines. As it is, he is only another of our heroes of romance, remembered for his personality rather than for his deeds.

No one ever saw that imposing figure of a man and forgot him. He was built like a hero of the Odyessy, tall, broad, with a chest like the hold of a ship and thighs like pillars of marble. Seen alone, his great bulk was hardly appreciated, so well was he proportioned; it was only when he towered above a crowd that one realized that he topped the ordinary man head and shoulders. Admiral Bradford, the tallest man in the navy, says of his first sight of Lawton:

"I went to the White House reception for the first time in 1888, and when I got into the jam of the East Room I could see nothing but a sea of heads until I found myself looking above the crowd at a handsome young man whose head stood out above the general level. He was the hero of the hour, just back from capturing Geronimo, and apparently suffering agonies from the attentions showered upon him."

The man of endurance is not usually a big, stalwart fellow. He is much more likely to be spare and wiry, with little extra flesh and muscle to carry around. Lawton was one of the exceptions. Without this quality, he never could have captured Geronimo. During the whole summer in which he pursued the Apache chief, Lawton shared the hardships of his men and always went them one better. When a worn-out column was replaced by a fresh troop, he disdained to rest, but went on as though he were as fresh as his followers. More than once, in that long chase eastern, he rode twenty-four hours, rolled up in his blanket for a short sleep, and was up and away with the troop at day-break.

But clear beyond his endurance, his soldierly quality and the bravery which brought him to his death, Lawton was a man who understood his business, who knew soldiering in every department. He was one of the best inspector-generals the army ever had; while acting in that capacity, he obtained a marvelous insight into the transportation of troops. Had he lived, Lawton would have transmitted his knowledge of the subject in a book; as it was, his success in Luzon where, more than anywhere else, an army moves on its stomach, was due to the way he handled the transportation problem. For he understood every arm of the service. His restless temperament had kept him moving back and forth, from infantry to artillery to cavalry, and then back to infantry, from inspection and staff service to the line. So it was that, in the rainy season, when other officers could make no progress, he kept his force "hiking" clear across the island. This meant hard work for the army, but it meant harder work for the commander. It is said that he never was known by any one to rest in one of these expeditions. He was the last man of the column in bed and the first one up.

During the journeys as inspector-general, which Lawton was accustomed to make "on the run," he was always accompanied by his secretary, an old, one-armed soldier, a comrade of the Civil War. This man, Kent by name, has related the circumstances of Lawton's enlistment in the war with Spain. They were traveling down a lonely road in New Mexico, on one of those stirring days which followed the *Maine* disaster.

"The Colonel was confident there was going to be no war. I tried to show him that it was bound to come soon, but he declared very positively, 'The politicians will fix it up to avoid actual fighting.' Finally we reached a little relay station called Cedar Springs, where we changed mules. There was a little tent up on the mountain occupied by a signal sergeant, who had little to do but swap gossip with operators down the military telegraph line, and he told us that word had just come that the Spanish fleet was starting across the Atlantic for the West Indies and everybody thought war was certain.

"The Colonel studied a while, weighing the whole matter in his mind, and suddenly declared he had changed his mind about the chances of war, and he did not propose to be left. He decided he would try for a command, and in five minutes he had the sergeant sending this dispatch to Washington:

Cedar Springs, Ariz., March 14.

To Breckinridge, Washington:

Desire to be useful in any capacity and in any place in case of war. Trust you will see that I am not overlooked.

LAWTON.

"Then we went on in the ambulance. He was quiet for a while, but finally broke out with:

"'I don't know about that dispatch. Those who go first will get killed, while those who come in last will get all the honor and glory.'

"At the next station Colonel Lawton sent a telegram to General Corbin begging for the first possible volunteer commission in the line, and followed this a few days later with letters and dispatches beseeching General Shafter to take him to Cuba 'in any capacity.'"

Lawton's service in the capacity in which he was used is a matter of history.

One thing which distinguished Lawton from the West Point officers with whom he was surrounded was the natural democracy of his nature. He had come up from the volunteer army, having won his way from the rank of sergeant. To the end, he kept the spirit of a volunteer. In the ranks, his subordinates must obey; off duty, he found it hard to make distinctions. He knew by name and nickname half the soldiers who had served in his old commands, and he never met one of them off duty without stopping for a chat about old times and old personalities. Time and again, he has left a group of officers to shake hands with a private who passed by chance. It cannot be said that this added to his popularity with the West Point contingent. Indeed, up to the time of his success in the Apache campaign, he shared the social disability which is placed upon officers who have come up from the ranks.

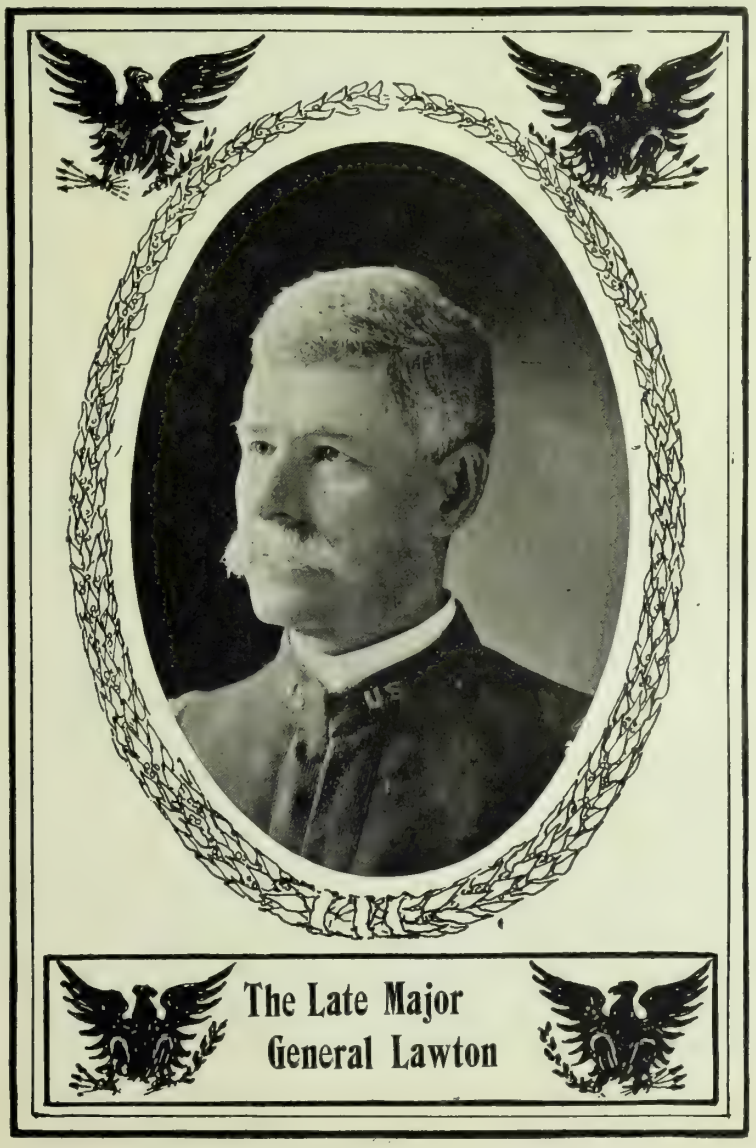
Lawton shared with Washington, Lincoln, Paul Jones and other famous Americans the inability to spell. In his case, this was not from lack of education, for he was three years at Fort Wayne College and twenty months at Harvard Law School. It was a flaw of nature and the bother of his life, until he married a woman who supplemented the deficiency. From the day of their marriage, Mrs. Lawton was virtually his secretary; all his official papers, after that day, were written by her. His own reports are about as dull as could be imagined. The stirring capture of Geronimo reads, in his official account, like a ledger balance.

On public occasions, Lawton was as shy as a school-boy. The adulation which followed the capture of Geronimo "made him tired." He never made but one speech. That was after the Santiago campaign, when he met President McKinley touring through Alabama. The President induced him to jo n the party. At Tuskegee a halt was made for the usual speech-making. McKinley orated, and so did Wheeler; there was an atmosphere of eloquence. Then the Governor of Alabama introduced Lawton as "the hero of Santiago." The crowd called for a speech, and would not let him go without it. This is what he said, after McKinley had fairly dragged him forward:

"I am not a hero, I am just a Regular. I can't make a speech. Thank you."

Then he hid himself for the rest of the tour.

JOHN STOLLARD.



The Late Major General Lawton

CALIFORNIA STATE

FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

THE threshold of the new century being a time of forecasts, a New York paper has been gathering opinions from noted scientists concerning the future of the human race. It is an unscientific newspaper compilation, done with an eye to popularity. There is no particular attempt to correlate the opinions, but nevertheless they represent very fairly the composite views of those who are competent to speak on this vague subject. One thing noticeable in looking over the results is the frank acceptance by all these *savants* of the doctrine of evolution. It shows a milestone in human thought. Forty, thirty, even twenty-five years ago, the average Christian would have been scandalized had a leading journal come out with an article which implied, as this one does, the full acceptance of the doctrines originated by Darwin. Forty years ago even the average college professor looked askance at the "monkey" theory. Now it is regarded as the basis of the organic sciences, and as one of the most important factors in political science, being accepted so fully that it is taken for granted.

Of course, any look into the future of the human race is largely speculative. We may foresee what forces now at work are likely to accomplish in the slow movement of the ages, but we cannot see with our eyes of flesh what new forces will be set to work. Some element which may enter into the future conduct of our daily lives may operate to change the physical and mental constitution of the race. Let us take a concrete example. It might happen that we shou'd learn, by purely mechanical means, to transmit thought from individual to individual direct. This is only the remotest of remote possibilities and is not worthy of practical consideration, but it will illustrate the theoretical point. Should such a thing come about it would result in important changes of the vocal organs and of the other senses, and in a still more important transformation in the collective mind. No one supposes that this will happen, but other changes just as important and less easily foreseen are possibilities, indeed, probabilities. What Greek of Homer's time could have foreseen, even had he tried to foresee, that something would happen within the next cycle to enlarge the eyes of the human race and to largely change their function? Yet the invention of writing did this very thing.

But to the subject. Man of the future, say the scientists, will lead a more quiet life than we know in the nineteenth century. This has been a busy and strenuous period, and it is probable that there will be a reaction. Never have things moved so fast as in the past hundred years. We have been accustomed to suppose that we would keep the pace. In fact, most of those fanciful books like *Looking Backward* have implied continuous progress at the present rate. But this great activity is rather a spurt of energy than a regular increase; in the life of the race it corresponds to that period in the life of the individual when he is engaged in laying the foundations of his life-work, and strains all his energies at the highest pressure for a short period. As the individual settles down to a steadier and less strenuous existence after that period of storm and stress, so will the race take its ease upon the results of its former activity. It is not likely there will be very many new inventions or discoveries. Life will be made easier and more pleasant in the remote periods to c.me by the improvement and general application of existing processes, rather than by the invention of new ones.

Wars will cease. It is likely that governments and national boundaries will fade away, so that there will be, to all

Continued on Page 6.

MILITARY MISMANAGEMENT IN ENGLAND.

NEXT to the way in which they stand prosperity, there is nothing so admirable in the British nature as the manner in which they stand adversity. As an American, dwelling here in exile, I am not a lover but an admirer of the English. There is something in the English assumption of superiority, in their contempt for that which is not British, their unrelieved strength and their lack of humor as we understand humor, which jars upon an American, no matter how much he believes in the Anglo-Saxon mission. Church parade on Sundays, Pall Mall of an afternoon, the business throng in the city of an afternoon are, solemn, heavy, deadening. Pinero in "Trelawny of the Wells" has caught the feeling which comes over me in an English crowd. You remember, if you have seen or read the play, how *Rose Trelawny*, an actress, is set in the midst of a regulation British family, visiting there as a fiancée on trial; how she endures the atmosphere of intense respectability for a whole month, and how, driven beyond herself by the hatred of it, she cuts loose at last and scandalizes them all for the pure joy of jarring on their sensibilities. Now I, as an American, have an intense sympathy for Rose; I always want to do some dreadfully *outre* thing in a London drawing-room of the conventional type; it would be a relief to my feelings.

But now, when the stately homes of England are in mourning, when the best they breed are being poured into the unfilled gulf in Natal, their spirit is sublime. No froth or Chauvinism, no disorder, and no quailing. The French would have a ministerial crisis, our own nation would ring with press denunciations, but these English endure all with a grave determination to go on to the bitter end. Even those who have to face the grim and fatal truths on the bulletins at the War Office take it more calmly than we can imagine. And those stalwart, thoroughbred young fellows who are going out to die, the ones who have embarked since we learned that the Boers are dangerous and shoot for officers—their steadfast acceptance of the situation is sublime.

Nevertheless there is a strong feeling of resentment toward the blunderers, whoever they be, who have spilt British blood for nothing. They are not howling now; the reckoning will come later when accounts are cast up with the War Office. And I promise you that although there will be no such storm of newspaper abuse as was turned on Shafter after our Cuban campaign, full justice will be done.

I was in a London club a few nights after the news of Buller's defeat came to hand, long enough for the first shock to wear away. The men who composed the group in which I was contained were Englishmen of more than ordinary intelligence and more than the ordinary British breadth, men who have traveled and are willing to admit that their island is vulnerable. On one point they were all agreed, that lack of courage in the rank and file could not be held responsible. They all believed most thoroughly in the efficiency and honesty of purpose of the British soldier. A retired officer was the first to offer a heretical opinion on the management of the army.

"The British Navy is ahead of the times," he said, "but the army is far behind. I can't give any very good excuse for this state of things. We've certainly had enough campaigning in the small wars in India and the Afghan border. But our methods of warfare aren't modern, say what you please. I myself think that all this savage warfare accounts for a good deal of it. We have kept the pace of our opponents, who were people without knowledge of the fine points. It takes lots of energy and bravery to fight Paythans, and we've developed energy and bravery accordingly, but it doesn't take any unusual amount of vigilance. When you are against an enemy which doesnt scout or reconnoitre, you don't scout or reconnoitre yourself. Up in the Afghan hills, way back in the eighties, we would let the Ghourkas do what little spying there was to do, and then follow it up by smashing into them wherever we found them. Why, we haven't met any army that knew how to entrench and flank and take advantage of things since the Crimea. The Indian Mutiny was about as tough a proposition as we've ever had on our hands, but it was so because we had a whole, great big crazy country on top of us, and not because they knew how. You know that we English are a blooming conservative lot; we like to do things as we've always done them, and it takes a big jolt to change our ways. Look at Gatacre's defeat. He smashed into those fellows just as he would have smashed into a gang of Paythans, straight in the eye. He didn't scout nor reconnoitre nor find where he stood at all. He just asked a few natives where the enemy were, and went at them. It's just the way he learned to do in India. Don't blame him, blame the system. It's just the same way with Methuen, going straight up against the entrenchments. You Americans made the same mistake at Santiago, but you had Spaniards against you. Methuen went up against the best shots in the world. It must have been awful. My old regiment was there, too."

A journalist of experience took up the tale:

"I blame Lord Lansdowne more than the system. I have to apologize to you, as an American"—this last to me—"for some things I said in criticism of your War Department in the Spanish trouble. We have found the same weakness in our own heads of service. I'm not calling Lansdowne corrupt, nor exactly incompetent. He's just gotten into a place too big for him to fill. What the Colonel says about our way of doing things is true in a sense; the Germans showed that up years ago. But Lansdowne has gone everyone just one better. We will never know until the investigation comes after the war how much Buller was handicapped by the orders from home. He may have made his plan of campaign to fit their orders for all we know. What possessed the War Office to send out the first transports without artillery, I can't explain. He knew, or ought to have known, that there were no modern guns at the Cape and that the Boers had artillery. It is humiliating to say so, but they've sent our men down to be slaughtered. We had a letter from an officer at Ladysmith a month ago. This is about what it said: 'Our position is strong so long as we hold the hills, but if the Boers get their artillery within range, God help us. We have no guns and they won't send us any.'"

The next man to take up the tale was an engineer, a man who has seen service in many countries and who knows the Boer and the South African colonist as he knows the Englishman.

"I am keen against Lansdowne and I endorse all you've had to say about the system, but there's another point you've both missed. Our Military Intelligence Bureau is a regular military stupidity bureau. I was on the ground two years ago and knew well enough that the wool was being pulled over our eyes at every turn. Every South African colonist can tell you that old Kruger has known all about our movements the last five years. He was warned ahead of the Jameson raid; they knew even the route and the make-up of the party. There was a time when pretty nearly every barmaid in Transvaal and Natal was his paid spy. They would listen to the Englishmen talking over their drinks and then turn the whole thing over to old Paul. Then, the more intelligent Kaffirs were in the same business and so were the Boer colonists along the border. They swindled us beautifully by spotting our own spies, and just leading them around by the nose. Take the matter of artillery, the point where we have been made the biggest asses. When one of our spies would go into Pretoria to smell for cannon, they would make a great show of concealing a lot of old-fashioned guns and a modern rifle or two, just to turn away suspicion, and all the time they had parks of Creusot guns in vaults under the city. How did they get there? Some came through Delagoa Bay—bribed Portuguese officials, you understand—and some were smuggled through Cape Town, right under our noses, and sent by train to Pretoria. They came in piecemeal, packed inside of all sorts of goods, but the barrel of a five-inch gun is a pretty heavy affair, and our customs people have no excuse whatever for failing to spot them. I think the Afrikander party at the Cape must have helped, or they couldn't have done it so successfully.

"Why didn't I say something about it? Bless you, I did, and so did others. Once, at Cape Town, I spoke to an official pretty high up about some queer work I'd seen at Pretoria. 'Oh, I think not, our spies would have found it out, don't you know,' he said. Our spies didn't. There are lots of other places where they fooled us, where we can only guess at what happened. How did they learn to handle their artillery? They know how, all right enough, but it takes experience to use a modern cannon, as the colonel here can certify. Well, those assinine spies of ours had never reported up to the time the war broke out a single artillery manœuvre. How they hoodwinked us there is a big mystery. No one ever heard of a bit of artillery work in Transvaal, and yet those fellows know just how to handle the guns. Another thing, we were told that the Boers would have about thirty thousand men. We are now fighting sixty-five thousand, with more coming. These men came from somewhere above earth; they didn't spring out of the ground.

"You can lay all that to stupidity, but there are some things that nothing but criminal carelessness can explain. Do you suppose that France would invade Germany or Russia Turkey without knowing all about the country? And here we've lived next door to these fellows for twenty or thirty years and had one war with them, and we haven't a military map to bless ourselves with. Our generals are going into Transvaal without knowing a thing about the country; they haven't even an excuse for a military map. I want to apologize for anything I said in criticism of American unpreparedness in the Spanish War."

And then the young Oxford man in the corner who had kept respectful silence spoke up:

"While you're talking about causes," he said, "what's the matter with blaming the pluck of the Boers. Seems to me we were laughing at them a few months ago."

There was silence after this rally, until someone spoke up: "Wait till they get there—here's to Kitchener and Bobs!"

London, Dec. 14. AMOS SHELDON.

Future of the Human Race.

Continued from Page 5.

intents and purposes, a universal republic without a head and with justice administered by a set of private tribunals. Such a ground would be an excellent one for the growth of some form of socialism or communism. The thing which makes these forms of social constitution impracticable at the present time is the fact that they would tend to check individual enterprise and industrial advance. But when the nation has settled into the reaction from the stress of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries, when there are no more new fields to exploit, socialism, and even communism, ought to be practicable.

In physical constitution the people of the future will tend toward one universal type. The dark races are approaching the Caucasian complexion, while the blondes among the Caucasians are growing darker. The time will come when the two movements will work close to one another, and then intermarriage will complete the mixture. The last man to survive the gradual cooling of the earth will be a brunette somewhat resembling in complexion the typical Spaniard. It is not likely that there will be any changes in the senses or their organs. Scientists have shown us how to care for our eyes, and are working reform in book types. There is "nothing in" the idea that the phonograph will be used so extensively for the work now done by printing as to limit the use of the eyes and the range of vision. Such a thing can never be, so long as there is sunlight. Certain useless parts of the human body will, however, pass away in the course of organic evolution. Thus, the vermiform appendix must go. The little toe is a disputed point. A few years ago it was the fashion to contend that this part of the human frame would vanish, but scientists are now of opinion that it helps furnish a pedestal for the body; in other words, that it maintains the balance, and that it can not, therefore, be dispensed with in the economy of nature. Furthermore, no one can say that we will become either a bald or a hairless race. The higher peoples are more hairy than the lower, as any one may see by comparing the negroes or malays with the whites. The hardest of all developments to foresee has regard to the stature of the race. Cessation of hard labor would tend to reduce both stature and muscular development, while athletic sports, expert gymnasium training, and, above all, the improved care for the nutrition of the body which comes with an advanced stage of civilization will tend to increase physical development. This point is more nearly a guess than any other in the entire range of the subject.

Populations will tend to grow to the limit of the earth's possibility for sustenance. To check this, to prevent the earth from becoming over-crowded, it is likely that law or custom, or both, will regulate the increase of population. Under the new conditions, however, the earth's capacity for sustaining life will be immeasurably increased. The sea will be the great providing-ground for future generations; to it our descendants will look for the great bulk of their food. This, together with improved means of tillage and the utilization of areas now barren, will multiply by many times the total food production. It is likely that huddled cities will be abolished; the earth's whole face will resemble for thickness of population a rather wide-spread country village. DALTON.

Democratic and Fusion politics in Washington are just a little tangled on the subject of expansion. Many of the leading men of the parties favor it and others are against it. Robert Bridges, state land commissioner, and ex-Congressman James Hamilton Lewis, are now engaged in a letter-writing contest. Mr. Bridges rebuked Mr. Lewis for having admitted in an interview that he was in favor of expansion. The latter replied diplomatically, whereupon Mr. Bridges sent in a very unkind thrust at him by saying that his letter did not make it plain whether or no he favored expansion. Mr. Lewis is yet to be heard from in reply to this.

Meanwhile, city politics in Seattle are warming up. The Democratic factions are holding secret meetings for the purpose of gaining control of the organization; leading Populists are busy denying that they were the first to favor a fusion ticket and the Republicans are perfecting their organization and wondering how they are to get rid of one or two members, who by their acts have reflected on the party.

Filipino Life.

Continued from Page 4.

spects strength and despises weakness; if paid twenty cents cents for a service performed—that being the proper remuneration—he will say nothing. If a feeling of compassion impels one to pay thirty cents, the recipient will protest that he should be paid more. The best of the Tagalogs neither appreciate nor feel grateful for, nor even seem to undersaand a spontaneous gift. They are imitative, but have no initiative genius; regard lying as legitimate, averse to social order and to be ruled only by the demonstration of force. On the other hand the native is patient and forbearing, remarkably sober, plodding, cleanly in person and dwelling, sociable, and versatile. Under the master's eye he is the most tractable of beings, and so long as he gets food and fair treatment and wages paid in advance, he is contented. If treated with kindness in the European fashion, he is lost

The native has an inherent passion for music. Every village has its orchestra. Girls from six years of age learn to glay the harp almost by instinct, but there are no composers among them. Classical music is not affected, but rather dance pieces and ballad accompaniments. Labor is equally divided among men and women. The half-breed partakes of the organisms of both parents—the tendency is ever towards an assimilation to the native. It has been ascertained that the increase of energy introduced into the Philippine native by European blood mixture lasts only to the second generation, while the effect remains for several generations when a similarity exists in the races crossed. Here the peculiar qualities of a Chinese half-breed are preserved in succeeding generations, whereas the Spanish half-breed is merged into the conditions of his environment.

Philip D. Armour says that George A. Sheldon, a Lake Shore station agent, who died the other day, once did him the great service of his life. "I was for four days a brakeman under him when he was a conductor," says Mr. Armour, "and he told me I was too much of a fool ever to make a good railroader."

Things & People.

A Paradoxical Outrage.

AMONG the colored population of Seattle the deepest indignation prevails over a recent ukase of the Chief of Police. That functionary has actually ordered his officers to arrest on sight colored women whom they had reason to suspect of wrong-doing, and if the prisoner secured release on bail, that she should be taken into custody again and again until she agreed to leave town. It seems that picking pockets has been epidemic in Seattle of late. Not a day passed but some of the Klondike or Cape Nome excursionists had their wallets lightened or their diamonds filched, and all these thefts were coincident with the arrival of five brisk-looking colored ladies from Chicago. To them all the peculation was attributed, and apparently with good reason. No sooner had the ukase been posted than the five damsels were locked up, and suddenly the pilfering ceased. Then the colored excitement began. Prominent gentlemen of African descent arranged a mass-meeting, at which their brethren from all over town attended. Eloquent speakers addressed the multitude, and the unfortunate chief was stigmatized in language which would have sounded harsh if applied to Weyler. The use of "Winchesters" was advocated by one orator, and the consensus of the gathering was that the time had come for the colored citizens of Seattle to "*strike*." Alas! one of the dailies reported the proceedings in the dialect of the speakers, with the result that the community laughed, and the indignation subsided. The Chief of Police has read the denunciatory resolutions regarding himself, but declares he is satisfied, inasmuch as there has not been a robbery in a week.

***

The Rose Tournament at Pasadena.

SAN FRANCISCO opened the New Year with the blare of tin horns and the shriek of whistles, with a crowd which contained a percentage of people not wholly responsible for their actions, shoving and jamming through the streets, and tickling or whacking one another with branches—a survival of the Volunteers' return, by the way. It was uproarious and doubtless intensely amusing to one who is still near enough to his childhood to appreciate the fun in pure noise, but it was hardly lovely. San Francisco has never risen to the point of making her public spectacles beautiful. Now, down in the Southland they know how to do such things better. In Pasadena, whence came originally the idea of the fiesta, the festival of flowers, they celebrated the New Year by a tournament of roses. With the possible exception of Santa Barbara, this pleasant city of leisure is the one city where they have learned how to do it without overdoing. They have really little excuse for not doing it well. Pasadena is a town of gardens and of splendid distance, where there are no squalid quarters, and one of the few spots on this continent where the people lead the almost ideal life of the English country gentry. To say that this year's tournament was up to former standards is high praise and can be given unstintingly.

***

The New San Francisco.

RECENT events seem to assure a future of some kind or other to San Francisco. At least, it will be beautified. The boulevard from Van Ness avenue to Golden Gate Park should be one of the finest driveways in the world. The possibility for a California Bois de Boulogne is afforded–for its appropriate realization we must depend on the artistic sensibilities of the Park Commissioners. They might do worse than extend the decorative scheme of the Panhandle over the hill, for its approach is one of the best features of the park. It has been suggested that there low reaches be improved in a more formal manner—indeed inthe French style. We have in Superintendent McLaren a landscape gardner of unusual skill, and I imagine he will prove equal to the occasion, The laying out of Golden Gate Park, which has been so frequently complimented by Connoisseurs, is the proof of his talent. At once he will have a chance of dealing with an important problem—the decoration of the city's numerous squares, which, under the new charter, come under the control of the Commission. That there will be a departure from the hackneyed convention of rectangular walks is inevitable. There is opportunity for genius in the elaborating of a beautiful scheme for these breathing places.

* * *

Much formality must be observed before the creation of the new boulevard may begin. To commence with, the bonds must be issued and sold. As Mayor Phelan proposes they shall be exempted from taxation, this entails, unless there be an extra session, a delay of twelve months. Then legal procedure for the seizure of the property, necessarily slow, will consume at least a second year. Then, all conditions having been complied with, the city steps into possession of an extraordinarily miscellaneous collection of shops, barns, flats, residences and mansions, which should be sold for enough to defray the cost of grading. An immediate result of the inauguration of operations will be an enhancement in the value of vacant lots all over San Francisco and a great boom in the business of house moving.

***

The Latest From Seattle's City Council.

MORE queer work in Seattle's City Council, this time over the proposed amendments to the city's charter. The petition of twenty per cent. of the voters was submitted, as required by law, but the Council dodged the issue by refusing to meet in quorum until dragged into court on a writ of mandamus. Then, being forced into the last ditch, they procured a lawyer to discover a flaw in the petition, which was adjudged void by the court. This decision was legal; some of the voters who signed had not registered at the previous election. Neither were the proposed amendments likely to have been carried had they gone before the voters. But this does not justify the action of a City Council which resorts to dodges unworthy of a police court shyster in order to accomplish its ends. The methods are characteristic of a body which saw a good thing for the city in Woodland Park. It is the only way they know.

***

Oakland's Social Ebullitions.

THE city of Oakland is more prolific of social sensations than any other burgh on the Pacific Coast. 'Tis a poor week that is unmarked by some feminine or ministerial outbreak. Most of these are of no particular significance, but obtain distinction through journalistic exaggeration. Through its multiplication of church circles and social organizations Oaklanders have developed a deep interest in each other's business. The affairs of the new minister are necessarily of importance to his congregation and there are innumerable idle women who are satisfied to excite themselves over whomsoever among them attempts a social innovation. Within a brief period of months Oakland has had two breach of promise cases, the verdicts in which exhibited the inherent sentimentality of the average American juryman. A later ebullition was provoked by the conclusion of an Oakland jurist that undefined absence from the fireside o' nights did not constitute cause for divorce. The revival of the happy custom of New Years' calls was developed in Oakland into an occasion for monumental head lines. And now there is a stir over an unfortunate minister who, after the celebration of his wedding with a Nebraska belle, discovered to his horror that the lady was none other than a long lost cousin. An unimpeachable damsel we are assured, but a cousin—and they separated. The moral of this incident, or tragedy if you will, is that any gentleman about to wed owes it to himself to inquire into the prospective bride's pedigree. Unfortunately, the proper attitude towards matrimony is seldom acquired until after marriage and attempts to pass such experience on, are seldom forgiven. The good man—his name is Smith—is being legally divorced from his cousin and nothing would ever have been heard of the affair, but that his ministerial conscience impelled a confession of the facts to his trustees. Naturally, the confidential communication was the talk of the congregation a night later, and of the community after the papers had it twenty-four hours later.

General Shafter and Escort at the Pasadena Tournament of Roses, January 1.

***

Municipal Politics.

IN the ranks of the Democracy excitement prevails regarding the distribution of patronage. The Republican ascendancy in many of the commissions is regarded as tantamount to Republican control of the appointments in the gift of these subdivisions of the city government. The consequence is, that the Mayor is being overwhelmed with applications from his followers, who declare that it rests with him to see that they are recognized. On the whole, conditions do not make for the comfort of the appointive power. Mr. Phelan is coping with it as best he may, and doubtless the innumerable caravan of suitors will be fitted with places in course of time.

* * *

As a topic, however, the distribution of patronage is generally subsidiary to the Chief of Police controversy. The question of the moment is—Can Lieutenant Esola be appointed? The *Call* declares he is slated for the post and is sure of it. I doubt it, however. No reason has been presented for selecting him and there are excellent reasons opposing it. With all due seriousness it may be said, and said emphatically that the victory of Esola will spell the political death warrant of the men whose votes elect him. It would be regarded in San Francisco as the consummation of a corrupt bargain and would be a sad and sorry thing for all the parties concerned.

***

The Wherefore of Afternoon Concerts.

AN unfortunate music lover whose occupation keeps him poring over a ledger through the daylight hours has been solicitous in his inquiries as to why the pianists and vocalists who have visited us of late have play or sung in the afternoon, rather than in the evening. Sauers' recitals were matinee performances; so were De Pachmann's. Here is Nevada giving two matinees and but one night recital. The reason assigned is that musicians draw an audience almost exclusively feminine. At the last performance of the clever Russian pianist there were not two dozen men in attendance. Women were everywhere. The fair sex goes to concerts, the stern sex does not, at least not on the Pacific Coast.

***

Where Credit is Due.

EX-DIRECTOR-GENERAL DE YOUNG, of the late Mid-Winter Fair, must have felt complimented at the critique of Mr Arthur Altschu, as published in last week's *Wave*. The proper expression of editorial courtesy in San Francisco for many years past has been to fling an epithet at the collection in question. It has been variously described as a refuse heap, a scrap pile, a ravel of shoddy, trash, and debris, and all because Editor De Young himself gathered most of the material it contains, and expended in so doing the surplus earnings of that wonderfully successful exposition. Now cometh an expert who criticises the collection as one of great value and interest. It would be foolish to institute comparisons between it and the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the creation of a generation and representing a vast expenditure. This museum, but a few years old, attests the collecting ability of a single individual, and, moreover, his commercial talent, and is a great achievement. Undoubtedly it contains articles that may be cavilled at—commonplace articles whose value depends on putative association with regal personalities, but the furniture coins and books, ceramics, minerals, etc., are intensely interesting. The unimportant stuff will be disposed of as time goes on and new finds are made. In the meantime the museum should be the recipient of bequests and presents which will enhance its value.

* * *

The Building Revival in Seattle.

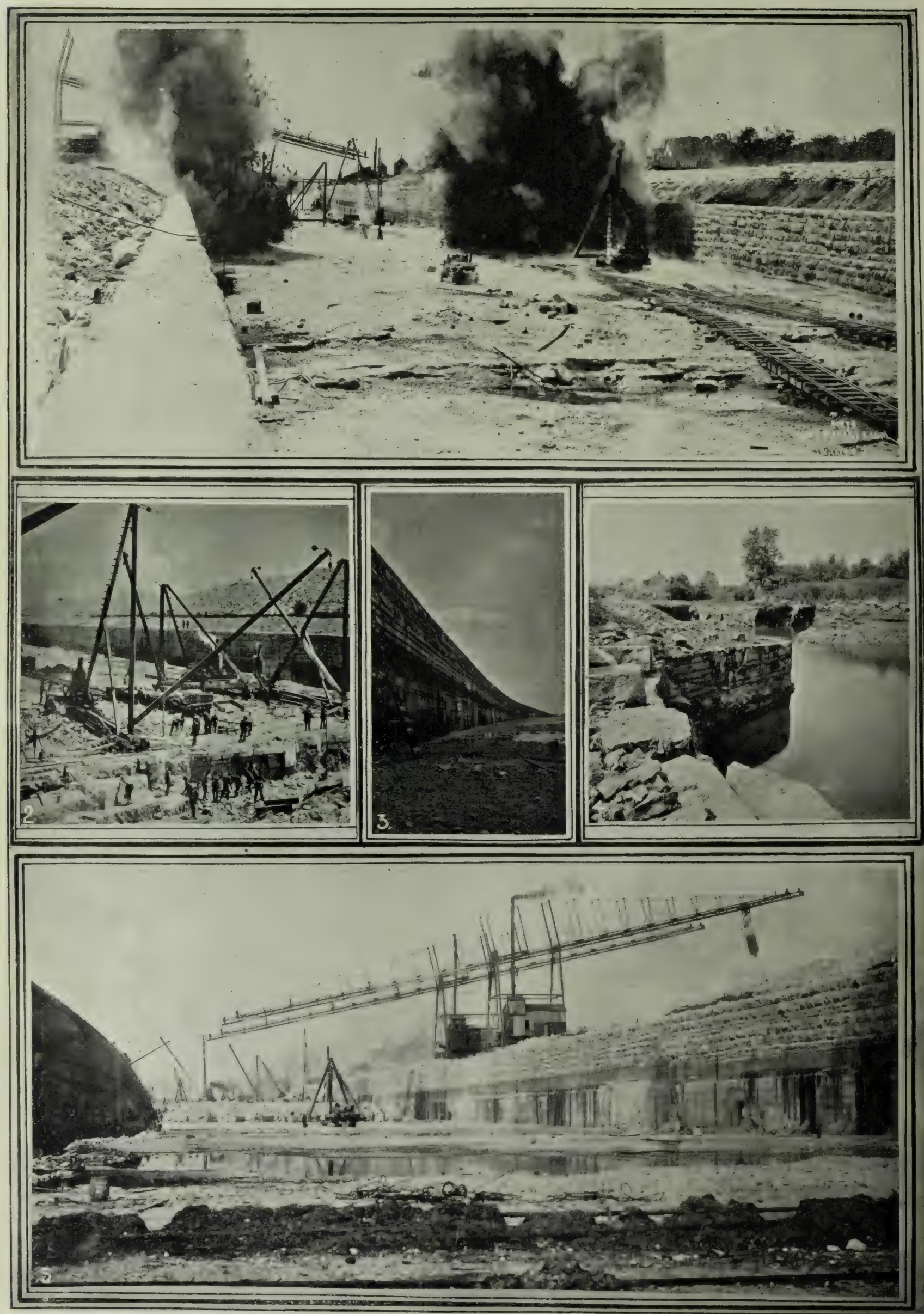
THE recent activity in Alaska and the Klondike country is just beginning to make a substantial showing in Seattle, which has profited more than any other American town from the boom in the North. The year just passed has witnessed an extension of building to the extent of nearly two million dollars. Seattle is a city of homes, and most of the money went into small or moderate-sized dwellings, but business blocks were not neglected. A year ago, Second street, near the business section of the city, contained a number of unimproved lots. Now these are covered with good, solid buildings, and there are more to follow in 1900.

BOSWELL, JR.

A party is being formed for a six months' tour to the Paris Exposition and Continental Europe under the guidance of a gentleman of undoubted reliability (twenty-five years resident of San Francisco), who is well acquainted with Paris and Continental Europe. Participants will be saved a great deal of expense and annoyance. Membership limited. For particulars address at once

MANAGER PACIFIC TRAVELERS' CLUB,
This office.

The fact that the Secretary of War has recommended that the proposed Pacific cable be laid from Seattle and by way of Alaska has been much commented upon in cities on the Sound and along the Washington coast. They take it to mean that Mr. Root has recognized their claim that this would be the shortest route to Asia. However, the government project to build a new cable is not the only one before the public. Not long ago, a well-known Eastern engineer lectured in Seattle before the Chamber of Commerce on the needs of a cable. He favored the Alaskan route and said that the construction of a cable by private parties was being considered. As a representative of these persons he had looked over the ground, or the water, rather, and he believed that he had drawn plans that would enable the wire rope to be laid at a much lower cost from Seattle than from any other port on the Pacific Coast. So with the government and a private company looking toward the Queen City, the people have grounds to be pleased.



1. A BLAST IN THE CANAL. 2. SHOWING THE SYSTEM OF EXCAVATION. 3. SECTION OF THE BED OF THE CANAL. 4. BEGINNING OF THE CANAL. 5. CANTILEVER HOISTING MACHINES.

THE CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL.

DRY DOCK AT COLON.

CUT 15 MILES FROM COLON.

PANAMA CANAL.

AN announcement which has important bearing on the inter oceanic canal problem comes from New York. It is reported that an American company has been organized in New Jersey to buy out the Panama Canal company and push the work to completion. The stock is placed at $30,000 000, soon to be increased to $120,000,000, and the articles of incorporation include all the rights and privileges usually given to such concerns. Behind the nominal incorporators are said to be some of the wealthiest individual firms in New York, including Levi P. Morton, August Belmont, and J.P. Morgan & Co.

When the people of the Pacific Coast discuss the possibility of an interoceanic canal, they are likely to speak of the Nicaragua Canal alone. The public have accepted this as the feasible route, and remember the Panama Canal only as a scheme that failed, the grave of the reputation of unfortunate De Lesseps. Yet the fact is the Panama Canal is still being pushed, though rather slowly, to completion; that it is about to pass into American hands, and that it stands at least an equal chance with the Nicaragua Canal of being the waterway between the oceans.

The history of the interoceanic canal question goes much further back than most people imagine. The early explorers noted the narrowness of the isthmus, and conceived the plan of cutting a channel across it. The first practical move, however, was the building of an inter-oceanic railway in Panama, in 1855. Then followed the obtaining of concessions from Nicaragua and the formation by Commodore Vanderbilt of the "American, Atlantic and Pacific Canal Co." But for the tangled condition of Nicaragua politics and the outbreak of the Civil War this company might have accomplished its purpose.

The Civil War and the reorganization of the country absorbed attention until 1870. Then began a serious attack on the problem. In the five years following, no less than nine explorations and surveys were undertaken, and at least half a dozen routes received careful consideration.

Next came the famous French project which terminated in the Canal Scandal. Volumes have been written upon the Panama failure and De Lesseps' connection therewith, and we are probably no nearer to the truth about this great but misguided man than we were at the beginning. Briefly, the accepted facts are about as follows: In 1878, a band of French speculators organized a wildcat Panama Canal Company. In its inception, the plan differed from other chimerical French bubbles in its general bigness and audacity. But it happened that the project was of the sort to appeal to the popular imagination at that time, when a French engineer had just brought the Suez Canal to triumphant completion. Two of the chief conspirators, Mm. Myse & Reclus, made a pretense of a survey. The character of this work may be judged from the fact that the survey of the Panama route occupied about twenty days. Returning, they proceeded to organize a company and to enlist Ferdinand De Lesseps, the successful engineer of the Suez Canal. The name of de Lessups carried the scheme. Objections faded away before it. Inside the year, an International Congress had met in France and approved plans for a canal by the Panama route, to be built without locks on the tidewater principle. Capital of over a hundred millions of dollars was soon raised, and in 1881 the work was begun. The waste and extravagance which characterized the construction, the unexpected problems which confronted the engineers and contractors, the incompetent management of the whole scheme and its final collapse are matters of history. When the canal bubble broke in 1888, more than $150,000,000 had been expended, and only a few miles of the waterway had been excavated. A receiver was appointed in 1889, and the first Panama Canal Co. came to a disgraceful end, carrying with it the savings of an army of small investors, 16,000 of them women.

The engineering problems which helped to wreck the company had to do mainly with the Chagres river. This is an uncertain tropical torrent which follows the line of the canal for a few miles from the Pacific terminus. In the dry season it has a depth of only two feet, but it rises in a few days to forty feet during the winter freshets. It was found that the detritus brought down would be sufficient to clog the channel in one season; moreover, this great rush of water would have seriously menaced the earth embankment in every recurring flood. Beyond that, the cutting of a tidewater canal without locks would have necessitated in certain places an excavation 250 feet in depth.

A French company with a new project bought the stock of the original concern in 1894 for thirteen millions. For this sum they obtained the entire concession, together with property, franchises and the work already done. The new scheme was a sane one. It involved a system of locks which would do away with much of the deep excavation work. The Chagres river was to feed these locks, and the winter flow was to be provided for by a huge storage reservoir, built with dams in a natural basin above the canal site. Thus, at one stroke, two great problems were solved; the depth of the excavation was materially reduced and the disturbing element of the river was turned to advantage. The new company took up the work at once, being given until 1910 to complete it. They have kept a force of 3,000 men at work since that time, and two-fifths of the canal is now completed—about sixteen miles in all, twelve on the Atlantic side and four on the Pacific.

Meanwhile, the Nicaragua plan was exploited by the American people, and Panama was lost sight of. There was this advantage in the Nicaragua Canal; it gave the control of the waterway to Americans and not to a foreign syndicate. Now, the Panama concern seems about to pass into the hands of a syndicate which, though a private corporation, is yet controlled exclusively by Americans. This disposes of any political objections; the two projects, therefore, oppose one another on their respective merits.

The Panama enthusiasts base their arguments mainly on the fact that their canal, in its present condition, is certain to cost less than an entirely new undertaking. It is not denied that, were the two routes both untouched, the Nicaragua would be preferable. The Panama route is forty-six miles in length, and sixteen miles of excavation are finished. The additional cost is estimated at not over $102,000,000. It has splendid harbors at both ends, whereas such harbors would have to be created artificially for the Nicaragua route at a cost of not less than $10,000,000. The Nicaragua Canal would be 175 miles long, with 125 miles of the course in Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan river, leaving fifty miles of earth excavation. However, much of the course through the river and lake would have to be dredged. The contentionists state further that, while the Panama route is straight and short, the Nicaragua Canal would be a long and difficult course for ships, owing to the twists and turns of the river.

A GANG OF NEGROES AT WORK.

GIANT DREDGE.

CUTTING THE ISTHMUS.

Babblings of a Belle

THIS New Year and century, my dear Diary, seems to be just about like all others. Of course, it has displayed a great ability for pouring with rain, otherwise I find no difference at all. It is quite remarkable how many girls looked forward to nineteen hundred, as though it would bring them, from the very beginning, wonderful good fortune, or something quite unexpected. It has not. We have had any number of luncheons and theatre parties. Still, this winter has had many gayer weeks. It has been rather a shock to me, too, for I hoped the first of the year would transmit to me several invitations to balls or big parties. Of course, they may come after the Christmas bills have been paid. How odious it is to receive bills on New Year's Day! In a way it spoiled one's holidays, for I had never once thought of the necessity of paying my bills, when I was buying presents. Fortunately, mama is not at home, so irrespective of the fact that she told me particularly to send her all letters to Coronado, I quietly consigned the bills to the wastebasket. It will be quite time enough for them to occasion her a moment or two of ill temper, when they return again next month. One is so dead sure of the return of a bill. How I wish men were as certain in their returns.

I never have been able to understand why it is that men admire "variable" women. I think a "variable" mother or sister the most objectionable thing in the world. Yet men go out of their way to seek them. Speaking of variable people reminds me of three new engagements to be announced very shortly. All nice girls—girls, too, who will make adorable chaperones, and whose husbands are the sort of men who will not mind being at their wife's beck and call on all occasions. And apropos of chaperones reminds me that Aunt Sybil is very much shocked at this recent idea of girls and men going to the theatre in parties of threes and fours. I have been compelled to refuse several invitations lately, owing to this impression of hers. I do not like to tell the men lest they think me a prude, but really in my innermost soul I always manage to have more fun when I am chaperoned.

On Tuesday forty-five of us were invited to the Gibbs' house, out on Jackson street, to a luncheon in honor of the Kane girls. How I adore that house! I like to go on the other side of the street and watch the sun shine on the tiles, which are of a most beautiful color. It is charming inside. The wood is of a dark color and the rooms delightfully furnished. We sat at round tables and I, for one, had a good time and certainly did justice to the meal. I was awfully hungry, for being a one o'clock luncheon I did not have a small repast before I left home. When the luncheon is at half past, I always do, for people are so unpunctual in arriving in San Francisco at all entertainments. On Wednesday I luncheoned with Bertha Smith, and again had an enjoyable time. Bertha is an excellent hostess and is another of the girls who has a fascinating house in which to entertain. In the evening I went to Ethel Hager's dinner. It was so queer. You know, when we girls really become grown up, and try to be babies we are the most humorous attempts at being really winsome. I had my hair—you know how fair, short and curly it is—well, Aunt Sybil fixed it in tight little curls, so it just stood like corkscrews about my head, and on the forehead were the tiny ribbon bows, one pink, the other blue. I wore a dear little muslin frock, and showed my delightfully shaped ankles. I thought I was a *chef d'oeuvre* in the baby line until I saw some of the others. Ethel Hager was inimitable, so were Therese Morgan and Virginia Jolliffe. I think, too, they had a better time than any of the rest of us, for I really became tired of being a child very soon. Ed Greenway and Addison Mizner were the two baby men, although Willard Drown was quite in line. I like the real dinner parties best, for it is a great deal of trouble to have to live up or live down to a costume. Mr. Greenway intends giving one to Ethel Hager soon, and so I am to be one of the lucky guests. I do hope it will not be a costume affair.

Thursday, about sixteen of us were at the Scotts at a luncheon. I really believe I prefer the smaller affairs for lunch. One seems to have a better time and gets a better chance of knowing the debutantes. So far, I have not really become chummy with any of them that I did not know before. I like buds, too; I always want to tell them some of my experiences, with a vain hope, perhaps, that some one of them may profit a little by a friend's advice. The Scotts' table had American beauty roses in a big dish. It was in exceedingly good taste and we had a very sociable time, though I do not quite approve of their cook. I am fearfully hard to please in our cuisine, so carry my fastidiousness about with me. Ollie Holbrook had a luncheon that same day, but I was not able to accept it, owing to the Scotts' invitations being out first. That evening several of us went to Irving M. Scott's to dinner and the theatre. I really would have preferred to have spent the evening at the Scotts' house, for it contains so many beautiful things, but that was not the order of the evening. I always wonder how i. would feel to live in an atmosphere of really fine paintings and books and works of art of all sorts. I think I should very much like to try it. Yet Lawrence is not particularly attracted by me, though I always am invited to his affairs. The Reginald Knight Smiths, they are Laurie's sister and brother-in-law, were there. I have taken quite a fancy to Mr. Smith, he is such a man of the world, and so congenial to young girls. Mrs. Smith looks well after her Eastern trip, and seems so happy. I sat near Knox Maddox, to whom I offered my heart and hand several times during the evening. We are extremely fond of each other, Knox and I. I have been to "The Christian" three times now, and am a bit tired of it, so I trust the next theatre party to which I am invited will take me to some other place of amusement. I forgot to tell you I went to the De Pachmann concert after the Scotts' luncheon on Thursday. Music, you know, when it is as good as De Pachmann's, appeals to my soul, so I always buy two seats and go alone. I do not care to have anyone quite next to me at a very good concert. This one was all Chopin, and during the procession out of the hall I heard the most wonderful conversations and comparisons about the player and playing. It was to some like strings of pearls of marvelous worth. To others rubies and diamonds, or miniatures set in pearls. Evidently, to all, a jewelry department. I have been wondering ever since what sort of a mind I have, for though I wore my string of pearls, I never once thought of them throughout the entire concert. I wish we could contrive to support De Pachmann a little longer. His playing could raise me to heaven much more quickly than sermons or any sort of religious training.

Caro Crockett gave a dinner to Helen Hopkins and Gus Taylor this last week, but I went to the Scotts. I was sorry, for I love toasting an engaged couple. Helen and Gus are charming together. I think them both exceedingly good looking. They are the sort of people one would turn around to look at in a hotel dining room anywhere. That to me implies a certain amount of personality. With that, one certainly must be attractive looking. Edna Hopkins is so pretty. She has the dreamiest eyes and is really awfully bright and amusing. The Crocketts have an excellent cook, and their linen, dishes and silver are always perfect. I feel the necessity greater daily to marry a really rich man. All those things have become so essential to my happiness I should be miserable without them. Harry Holbrook gave a theatre party to some of the older girls last week. I think Harry is one of the nicest of brothers. He is so interested in all of Olive's doings, and clothes—in fact, he pays her quite as much attention as though she were his *fiancee*. Arthur is a dear good fellow, but far from being the ideal brother; he often forgets even to mail my letters.

The Fortnightly on Friday night was a jolly dance. I really think these dancing parties, the Fortnighly and "La Jeunesse," have been as much enjoyed, and as successful as any parties we have ever had in San Francisco. Addison Mizner led and amused us all with his "donkey-engine" signals and general good humor and fun. The figures were not too complicated, and we all got on very well indeed. I admired Cora Smedberg very much; she looked awfully pretty. Margaret Salisbury, too, looked well; so did several of the others, but I have seen the girls I really admire looking often so much better that they did not particularly attract me on Friday night. You know, everyone says Walter Scott is the best dancer in town. No matter how tired a girl may happen to be, if Walter approach, she immediately rises to dance with him. The boys who amused me most on Friday night were Percy King, Mr. Stowell, Fred Greenwood, Mr. Raymond, and of course Gerald Rathbone. Jack Baird, I believe, intended taking a trip to Europe, and Norris Davis is going East for a term at some college. I have quite forgotten which. After the Fortnightly, fifty-four of us were invited to Mrs. Maurice Casey's to supper. There were five big, round tables in the dining and billiard rooms, which were decorated in magnolia boughs, huckleberry and pussy-willow. The Worns did it, so you can just imagine how beautiful it was. Each of the tables was decorated with different flowers and colors, and Ludwig served the supper. As we were all seated the Hawaiian band came in, and played and sang the most fetching music, and now and then got in a coon song in their queer, foreign way. It was wonderfully clever of Mrs. Casey to be the first to introduce this music in town, for we all were so captivated we could hardly tear ourselves away. It was a tremendous success and a supper after a dance is one of the most acceptable forms of entertainments. I hope Mrs. Casey will give Katherine Dillon a dance before the season is over. They have a fine house, we all agreed the other night, for such an entertainment. Now I think I have told you all the news of this week, and next, I trust, may tell you of one of my engagements at least. The Taylors give a dinner to Helen Hopkins and Gus this week and Cora Smedbery gives her dance.

MISS CRICKET.

The Indispensable One.

SHE cannot boast a titled name;
To royalty she lays no claim;
Her pedigree is short.
No blue blood courses through her veins;
Ancestry troubles not her brains—
All count to her as naught.

Her wealth commands no lofty place;
Her fortune lies not in her face;
Her features are not fine.
Her disposition is not sweet;
For crankiness she's hard to beat—
This lady-friend of mine.

But still from her I'd fain not part;
She holds the "sesame" to my heart
And to my pocket-book.
She rules me with an iron will;
She knows her place is hard to fill—
She is a splendid cook!

L. P. HEXT.

What character is there in the Bible who possesses no name, who suffered death in different form from any inflicted before or since that time, a portion of whose shroud is in every household, and the cause of whose death has been made famous by a modern author? Lot's wife. She possesses no name; no one else met death through being turned into a pillar of salt; salt is in every household, and Edward Bellamy wrote Looking Backward.

ASK THE TICKET AGENT

to send you from Chicago to New York, Boston, or other Eastcan cities over the **Nickel Plate** (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) Quick time, satisfactory service, and no extra fares charged passengers.

JAY W. ADAMS, Pacific Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker bldg., San Francisco Cal.

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

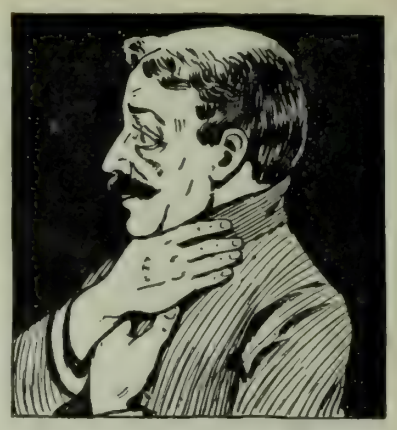
The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

Jesse Moore Whiskey has been the Kentucky standard with which all others have been compared since 1853.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

DR C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market street, Phelan Building.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.



If the man does not stop the cough the cough stops the man; stops his appetite, his sleep, his pleasure and his work. So called "cough remedies" sometimes relieve but they don't go deep enough to cure. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs and diseases of the respiratory organs perfectly and permanently. It stops the cough. It heals the lungs, stops the hemorrhage, if the lungs are bleeding, and by purifying the blood and increasing the action of the blood-making glands enriches every organ with the good blood which alone will make a good body.

"My husband had been coughing for years and people frankly told me that he would go into consumption," writes Mrs. John Shireman, of No. 265 25th Place, Chicago, Ill. "He had such terrible coughing spells, we not only grew much alarmed, but looked for the bursting of a blood vessel or a hemorrhage at almost any time. After three days' coughing he was too weak to cross the room. The doctor did him no good. I stated the case to a druggist, who handed me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. My husband's recovery was remarkable. In three days after he began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery he was up and around, and in two more days he went to work. Two bottles cured him."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness. They produce permanent benefit and do not re-act on the system. One is a gentle laxative, two a cathartic dose.

INSURE IN...

.....THE.....

TRAVELERS

of Hartford, Conn.

OLDEST, LARGEST, AND BEST.

Life, Endowment, AND Accident Insurance

OF ALL FORMS.

Health Polcies.

Indemnity for Disability caused by Sickness

Liability Insurance.

Manufacturers and Mechanics, Contractors and Owners of Buildings, Horses and Vehicles, can all be protected by policies in **The Travelers Insurance Company.**

Paid-up Cash Capital	$1,000,000.00
ASSETS	26,499,822.74
Liabilities,	22,708,701.82
EXCESS, 3½ per cent. basis,	3,791,120.92

GAINS: *6 Months, January to July, 1899.*

In Assets,	$1,184,380.28
Increase in Reserves (both dep'ts),	1,478,549.62
Premiums, Interest, Rents, 6 Months,	3,782,423.85

J. G. BATTERSON, President
S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary
E. V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

In BooKdom

HOWEVER much we may have been disappointed with Rudyard Kipling's latest prose work, judging it by the standards of early promise unfulfilled, at least it has been writing, all of it, his latest in equal degree with his earliest, that was essentially sane and healthful. The cloth that he weaves may often be coarse in texture, and he may not at any time be over-particular about where his fleece comes from. It all goes to the mill together. But his loom is an honest loom. His dyes are honest dyes. His patterns do not need to be looked at cross eyed, nor through a reversing lens, nor behind smoked glass, nor red glass, nor any other kind of optical corrector. He does not see two moons in the water where there should be but one. His lamp-posts never occur in groups of four, and they never have to be held up by a man. His drawings are in correct perspective. His ladies are not sensational dames with finger nails a yard long, and with but two fingers on each hand. He does not deal in blue horses, nor in purple cows, nor in slate-roofed ducks. None of his books have yet been printed upon wall paper. His men and women and horses and cows and landscapes and books are all of them sane and normal. Decidedly, he is not of the decadent school of literature.

But if Mr. Kipling's instincts are the instincts of a sane and healthy human being, if his influence upon literature has been positive and altogether good, if he has controverted sensationalism by precept and practice, whenever and wherever he has worked, it can be said of some of his contemporaries that their instincts, if not altogether unsane and abnormal, at least have been made to appear so in print at divers times, whether by affectation or otherwise. And it may well be that the crop of eccentrics would have been larger had not the antithetical Kipling risen into his great vogue just when he did rise into it. Kipling utterly bankrupted scores of little fellows who were doing very well with their little fads until he came along. Scores of others abandoned the exploitation of the morbid, the freakish, and the sensational, for the legitimate. A few of the bigger ones seem to have hung on, waiting for a change in the tide.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne cannot love Kipling very sincerely, for he must feel at times that he himself would have made a very good literary king had it not been for the other man. As it is, he is only a sort of eccentric play kaiser. No legitimate for him! His latest book, *The Worshipper of the Image*, just out from John Lane, is strictly abnormal and decadent. It is the kind of book that might have been written by a mad monarch for his mad subjects. It is a book for the asylum. It does violence to every sane instinct and feeling. It appeals to men and women of unsound mental appetites, men and women who love the sensational, the morbid, the unpleasant. It comprises the very antitheses of all that makes Kipling wholesome and sane. It belongs to the literature of decline, and glories in it.

The plot of the thing is simple enough. A madman falls in love with the death-mask of an unknown woman. The mask reciprocates his affection. It talks to him, inspires him in his work, and finally, having become jealous of his wife, demands that he desert her. Then it demands the life of his child, and he makes the sacrifice. A revulsion of feeling takes him back to his wife, but the fascination of the mask is too strong for him, and he again deserts his home to wander in the woods with the image. The wife commits suicide. Apparently the hero then goes stark crazy, for the book ends with him whistling softly to himself before the mask, whose eyes now are wide open, and from whose lips "hung a dark moth with the face of death between his wings." It is, of course, symbolism of the Maetterlinck type, except that it lacks Belgian virtue. The image symbolizes art in the abstract. Wife and daughter are the sacrifices demanded by art of the artist. Which is all tommy-rot, to be sure.

* * *

The short story form is becoming increasingly common upon the book shelves. Last year something over a hundred collections were published, which is rather remarkable when we consider that it is only within three or four years that publishers would consider a manuscript offering of short stories from any but a great name. It is easier now to publish, but it is correspondingly harder to attain distinction. Curiously coincident with this plethora of the published short story is the fact that the magazines are today using fewer fiction manuscripts than for some years past.

Two volumes of interesting short stories lie upon this desk. One of them, *The Goodness of St. Rocque*, has the authorial name of Alice Dunbar upon its title page, and is from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. The stories in this little volume, fourteen in all, are mostly Creole character-sketches, tales of New Orleans, the bayou districts, and the like. They are neither worse nor better than the average. The other volume is by Eden Phillpotts, and is called *The Human Boy*, for the purpose, no doubt, of distinguishing this kind from any other kind of boy. The title is like Mark Twain's music, which was "really better than it sounded." It is not in the least absurd. Have we not cowboys, and appleboys, to say nothing of inanimate nature, with its carboys, hautboys, and waterboys? The "human boy" is good. Mr. Phillpotts threshes over some of Mr. Kipling's old straw in these his stories of English schoolboy life. Or perhaps he has succeeded to certain unused notes. Barring the saving humor, and the self-conscious dialect, and the dramatic plot-construction—in short, the mannerisms and genius—of *Stalky & Co.*, the stories are very similar to the latest Kipling work. Which means, in this case, that they are not at all admirable as fiction, nor even more than ordinarily entertaining. Published by Harper & Bros.

* * *

Et toujours la guerre! "Captain" George Clark Musgrave, war correspondent, has attempted a very difficult feat in his *Under Three Flags in Cuba*, (Little, Brown & Co.). He has attempted to make Knights of the Round Table of the Cuban insurgents; fiends, cowards, horse-thieves, and other unnamables, of the Spanish, and well meaning but mistaken and oftentimes blundering soldiers of the Americans. Unfortunately for Mr. (or Captain) Musgrave, the American public receded from its attitude of hero-worship, so far as the Cubans were concerned, a year and a half ago. It is pretty hard to give a man the measles when he has just had them. Mr. Musgrave's military advice, however, ought certainly to be very valuable, there is so much of it.

Another book upon the war, but of a different category, is by Captain Alfred T. Mahan, who was on the naval strategy board. In his *Lessons of the War With Spain* he has included the best of his critical papers from *McClure's Magazine*, the *North American Review*, *Engineering Magazine*, *Harper's Monthly*, and other periodicals, the book bearing imprint of Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Captain Mahan speaks with authority, and his discussions of naval strategy are not only intensely interesting but they are instructive as well. The volume is one of the very few of permanent value that have been published upon the war.

* * *

Things as They Are (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston), by Bolton Hall, with an introduction by the Rev. George D. Herron, is a candid recognition that this earth, its natural laws, its attractions, its antipathies, its struggles for existence, its human inhabitants, human nature, and so on, are not as perfect as Mr. Hall would like them to be; but as that cannot now be helped, Mr. Hall having been absent in the beginning, men and women should take good advice while it is to be obtained and do the best they can with things as they are. In fact, Mr. Hall advises people to do as they have to do, not to lie any more than they have to, and if they lie, to lie under protest, as it were; not to assume any more painful experiences than they have to, but not to shrink from them if they cannot be avoided; and in general, since they are undoubtedly in the world, to make the best of a bad bargain and do as the Romans do; but always under protest, be it understood. Mr. Hall preaches the gospel of love, but there are a great many things he has no use for, among them being churches and preachers. Alas, alack!

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

Though *The King's Mirror* (D. Appleton & Co.) just misses being a great novel, it is certainly a literary *tour de force*. His Majesty Augustin is the most conceivable monarch in fiction. No straitened lay figure this but a well marked individuality, whose upgrowth from boyhood to manhood is conducted before the eyes of the reader. Perhaps the weakness of the tale—its constraint—is due to Augustin's temperament, which is shy and reserved and intensely self-conscious, yet how admirably throughout are these traits preserved and how consistently is the character developed. The self-analysis and revelation recall Stevenson's *Prince Otto*, but this is a wider, a broader canvas, and the ruler a less subtle creation. It is not the kingship of imagination but rather that of fact the author has striven to delineate, and so it comes that Augustin is a thoroughly realized personality. With all its glories rather a melancholy life his history makes, beset with domestic difficulties such as the average man encounters, and harassed by the conflicting calls of duty and inclination. He is set forth as keen and disillusionized, yet nervously constrained in his relationships. To such an one as he adventures seldom happen, for no saying is truer than "adventures to the adventurous." The duel with Wetter is an exception, and while the most startling episode in the book, it is the least credible.

Almost as admirable, if less detailed, are the studies of Prince von Hammerfeldt, Princess Heinrich, and Victoria, the King's sister. Coralie Mansoni, the fascinating prima donna, and her husband, Struboff, are rendered with a dextrous subtlety worthy in conception of Henry James. However lacking in the breezier virtues of its predecessors of Zenda, *The King's Mirror* is, from a literary standpoint, of much more importance.

A SMART French wedding in high society is anything but exclusive. In fact, it is about as democratic a function as one could well imagine. You don't have to run in the social circle of the contracting parties in order to see one of these ceremonies. You don't have to possess even an invitation. All you need is good clothes, a map showing the principal churches of Paris, and a goodly amount of cheek. Also, you have to remember that there are others as eager as yourself for a good view of the proceedings, and that favored seats go to the first comers, and you must be there passing early. Otherwise it is no trouble at all. Fashionable Parisian weddings are always held at high noon and in church, and any day except Friday and Sunday, which are tabooed by society, it is odds you will find a mating going on in one or another of the big cathedrals.

As everyone knows, there are no pews in a French church. Outside the nave there is a space where he who wishes may stand or kneel; inside, at regular services, one must hire a chair. But on the occasion of a wedding the bride's family pays for the whole church and then leaves it open to the dear public. I went to one of them the other day, just to see. I believe the bridegroom was a scion of the old nobility and the bride was a *bourgeoisie* with the money to balance the account. They were married in the church of St. Philippe du Roule, which was decorated for the occasion. I cannot say that these decorations were elaborate as compared with those for an American or English wedding, but at any rate they were tasteful.

There wasn't an usher or anyone directly connected with the church within hailing distance when we marched in at half past eleven. Without the nave there were a few shabbily-dressed women, who evidently realized that their presence inside would be resented. Within, the aisle seats were nearly all taken. Every now and then a French woman would drop into one of them, ostensibly to say a few prayers, but I noted that she held on to her seat after she had finished. Perhaps she was meditating!

The invited guests came in just before noon. By this time the best seats were taken; there was no room either in the front or in the aisles. The families of the "contracting parties" had to content themselves with places in the middle of the church, and some of those who wore wedding favors were even forced to stand up at the back. The church was packed, suffocating, by the time that two beadles, gorgeous in silver lace, strode down the aisle to open the big doors for the bridal party. This was a long train, composed of all sorts and conditions of people. They were not ushers and bridesmaids, for there were none of the former and only two of the latter; and these came up the aisle in the very center of the throng. Neither were they the immediate relatives of the bride and groom, because these were pointed out to me in the crush in the body of the church. Just what criterion is used in the selection of bridal attendants at a French wedding is a mystery to me. There must have been about twenty, all told—the men middle-aged, the women, except the bridesmaids, in the black velvet time of life. They lined up in the portico, men on one side and women on the other, awaiting the bride and groom. The chief actors in the show appeared presently. By this time street, church, and portico were packed. The women at the back of the sacred edifice crowded forward for a look at the bride as she came into view. At the head of the procession was a very splendid beadle. As the rush of the women smashed into the bridal party, he put his hands against the women in front of the crowd and shoved energetically. While he was still trading shoves and unpleasant remarks with the crowd, the bride came into position. Some one came over and recalled him to his duty. With a last shove he took his place at the head of the pageant and gave the signal to move. The organ struck up; the gilded beadle and his two assistants led the march down the aisle, their staves tapping time on the floor.

The bridal veil was not worn over the face. Instead, it fell behind over the train. A very pretty bridal dress it was, not different in any other respect from those favored with us. She acted in a manner to scandalize an Anglo-Saxon bride, however, for she smiled all the way at such of her acquaintances as she could spy over the alien aisle seats. The two bridesmaids, at a respectful distance behind, were prettily gowned, though with no attempt at matched costumes. Each of them carried a small silk reticule.

The procession halted in front of a row of chairs set before the altar rail. In these they disposed themselves, the young couple taking the two chairs in the middle. On each side of them burned a small candle. I supposed that these were for devotional purposes; not a bit of it. An experienced French friend informed me that these are for the illumination of the priest's fee! With the characteristic mercenary quality which marks a French wedding, they set up the fee in good, red gold, for all the world to see. It appears that the priests insist on this point. Knowing that if the sum is handed over in the envelope customary among us, the allied families will be disposed to niggardly dealing, so they insist that it shall thus be put on public view.

I have them at the altar. The ceremony was the regular one of the Roman Catholic church, with a nuptial mass, beautifully sung, at the end. The conduct of the congregation was naive in the extreme. At periods when there was anything to be seen, those at the back stood on the chairs or on the *prie dieux* before them, exactly as the audience at the baseball game stands up on the seats to view a grandstand play.

But the climax of absurdity came toward the end of the mass. A collection was taken up! The bridesmaids, escorted by the gilded beadles, passed their silk reticules through the crowd! It appears that this is a regular thing at a smart French wedding. Moreover, I am told that there is a sharp rivalry between the two maids as to which shall get the larger sum, and the friends of each one reserve their contributions for the lady of their choice. The sum collected, by the way, goes to the church, not to the young couple. From the general character of French weddings one would suppose that it would be otherwise.

Keep your Youth if you are young;

If you are old why appear so. Keep young inwardly and we will look after the outward appearance. CREME DE LIS entirely eradicates and prevents wrinkles, removes any trace of sallowness and creates a perfect complexion.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco, Plaintiff, *vs.* James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More B. More, and C. More Defendants. No. 67,877.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

FRANKLIN K. LANE
City and County Attorney, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More, B. More and C. More, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after service on you of this summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

The object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of said Court adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in fee of all the real estate hereinafter mentioned, and to quiet plaintiff's said title as against each and all said defendants, and to obtain other and further relief and costs, as specified in said complaint, which complaint is hereby specially referred to for further particulars.

The following is a description of the property affected by this action:—

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situated in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described, as follows to wit

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bay street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with said Fillmore street to a point at which the water of the Bay of San Francisco is twenty-five [25] feet deep at low tide, as the same existed April 27, 1863; thence at right angles easterly four hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [468 9-12] feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with the easterly line of Fillmore street to the said northerly line of Bay street at a point thereon distant two hundred [200] feet easterly from the easterly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [268 9-12] feet to the point of commencement.

And are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of March, A. D., 1899. [SEAL] WM. A DEANE, Clerk,
By WM. R. A. JOHNSON, Deputy Clerk.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, December 29, 1899. At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society held this day a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one quarter [3¼] per cent. per annum on all deposits, for the six months ending December 31, 1899, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 1, 1900.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 33 Post st.—For the half year ending December 31, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three [3] per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday January 2, 1900. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN Association of California, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco, has declared for the six months ending December 31, 1899, a dividend of 12 per cent per annum to class A stock, 10 per cent per annum to class B stock, 6 per cent per annum on term deposits and 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits.
CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery street. The board of directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1899 at the rate of three and sixty one hundredths (3.61) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1900. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1900. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.
RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.
City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.
Mention The Wave.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY 139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALER

STAMPS BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED. W. Sellschopp & Co., 118 Stockton Street

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PATTERN MAKER.

G. F. BUSWELL, Millwright, Engineer and Pattern Maker. Drawings and Specifications to order. No. 110 Main St., S. F.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.
201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
1011 Washington Street, Oakland
603 and 605 K Street, Sacramento
143 South Spring Street, Los Angeles

MILTON J. GREEN
Attorney at Law
Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Office, room 94, Chronicle Building.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
CHOICE WOOLENS
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors
622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hotel
Bicycle and Golf Suits

GREENBAUM'S
White and Dark Violet
The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets
200 POST STREET

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

WAKELEE'S
MASERANG
HEADACHE POWDERS

A positive and immediate cure for sick or nervous Headache, Neuralgia and Nervousness.
These Powders contain no Morphine, Opium, Antipyrine, Chloral, Antikamnia, Phenacatine, or other drugs deleterious to the system.

J. W. MONROE'S SPARKLING APPLE CIDER
Made in Humboldt Co., California
John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

A CINCH ON JURYMAN NO. 6.

"SPEAKING of remarkable trials," said Smithers, the con man, to the group in the hospital of the prison, "there was the game a young pal of mine workt onct, and him a defendant, too, bein' tried for burglary, sicond degree. His name was Tommy Devine, and him and me had been side-pardners t'roo many a job. Naterally I was worrit about him, especially as we couldn't figur' out no defence except an alibi, and experence seemed to teach that the more of the boys that came forward and swore that he wasn't there, the more dead cock sure the jury would be that he was.

"Well, Devine's case was called late in the afternoon, and they had jest got a jury when adjornment was had. I set in the front row of the spectators' seats, with me arms on the rail, a chewin' for dear life bot' to keep in the fashings and to hide me emotions. They was a seedy lot, them talesmen, mostly small tradespeople, worn thin thinkin' of their goods a hangin' outside, and who would vote for a law that every poor crook should have a big capital 'T' branded on the tip of his nose. 'Not much chanct for you there, Tommy,' I sighed, when an old feller, with long white hair and a face like the harvest moon, took the end seat nearest to me in the jury box, on the front row, and answered all questions as satisfactorially as a kid in the confirmating class. Thinks I to myself, thinks I, 'Where have I seen that old putty-dob?' and then I remembered.

"It seems, Kunnel, that about t'ree weeks before, when me and Tommy was wanderin' around town, seekin what we might devour, we came acrost a buildin' on a side street, with a sign, "spiritualist meetin' within.'

"'Here's our puddin',' says Tommy. 'There's no easier marks than the folks that can swaller that moss-eaten flim flam. On a platform set a vinegar-faced woman with short hair and a red nose, and a swipe tied acrost her eyes. She was in a tranct; and any one who had paid the price, could ask 'er questions which would be answered from a table near by. Three raps meant yes, and two raps meant no. Now the pint of these ere observations is this, the most enthusiastic of all them people gatherin' around was this same old bat-headed guy, a asting more questions than you'd find in a Methody catechism, and a rollin' up his eyes to heavings in holy hecstasy, when the answers came.

"That evenin', Kunnel, I managed to brace the night watchman, and git a hour's talk in the cooler with Tommy. He was as down in the mouth as a young swell with his fust mustache. 'It ain't the bit I'll surely git,' says he, 'but I'd like to have some kind of a run for me money; and with that jury I'm left at the post, to say nothin' of bein' falled down and rolled over with. Did you ever see sech a colliction of full-extensers?"

"'They're fierce,' says I, 'far wuss than the Inquesiton, with the exception of number sixt on the fust row; and I explained when and where we had seen that ancient believer in modern spells.

"Well, you never in all your life, see sech delight as Tommy exhibited at this intelligence. He shouted, he clapped his hands over his head, he put up a sailor's hornpipe that 'ud have brought down an Old Bowery gallery. 'The old Elijah,' he cried; 'he's returned to eart' in his fiery charrot to save me.'

"'How so?' I ast; 'you can't count on them cranks; sometimes they have a aberation of the mind and go right for a chance.'

"'He wants instructions from the spirruts, don't he?" says Tommy. 'Well, then, he shall have it on every important pint. Listen to this: Smithers, spirruts say yes; spirruts say no.' And blast me, Kunnel, if fust there didn't come three raps and then two, bot' times low but distinct.

"I sprang to my feet and listened at one wall and then at the other. 'Who's in them cells?' I ast.

"There's a drunk in one of them and a dumb d'go in the other,' says Tommy.

"'Then where did them raps come from?' I continood.

"'I do it with my knee,' exclaimed Tommy. 'See? I learned it when I was a kid at the deestrict school, and we druv' one teacher so daffy with the mystery that he resigned. Now don't you see how I'll call the turn on that old poppy-guy? My seat in court is clost to the end of the jury box, and I can stretch my leg right over his cheer; and by the time the case is over I'll rap him so full of assurances of my innocence, that no disagreement will satisfy him; no, indeed, he'll cnowert his associates, see if he don't t'roo the enthusiasm of his fait. So have no fear, Smithers my boy,' he added as the screw came along to sneak me out; but lay in a keg and a box of stogies and we'll blow the gang tomorrer night."

"Well, Kunnel, you can jest bet I was in me seat good and early the next mornin', for it ain't often as one strikes sech a graft as a trile and a seants t'run together. The judge hit a whack with his mallet, the crier got off his bluff, Tommy took his seat to the right of his lawyer, and next to the end of the jury box, and the shindig begun. The Deestrict Attorney went on rehearsin in an orderly way what would be the line of his proof against Tommy, and then concluded with this remark: 'Having due regards to your oat's, gentlemen, arter you have heerd this most conclusive evidence, will it be possible for you to give this defendant the benefit of any reasonable doubt and pronounce him not guilty? I know that your minds and consciences will find the true, the only answer.'

"Down set the Deestrict Attorney and began fumbling with his papers for the name of the fust witness. I leaned for'ard as far as I could, and rap, rap, rap, I heerd distinctly yet faintly the spirruts saying 'yes' to this important question right under the sixt' juror's cheer. The old man gave a jump that made the feller next look ugly at him, and I could see him a pinchin' of his leg to be sure of his own existence. Then I see his lips a movin'; was he astin' the question hisself so as to be sure it weren't no mouse under the floor? Evidently Tommy thought so, for rap, rap, rap, came the answer again.

"That settled the old spiritualist, Kunnel; he casht up his eyes in tanksgivin', and then turned to the defendant and smiled. Thereafter, testimony to have any effect on him had to be ratified from above. And Tommy give him plenty to think about. As each prosecutin' witness was sworn, and bowed his head and kissed the book in sign that he would tell the trut', the hull trut' and nothin' but the trut' s'help him, rap, rap, the 'no' would come, and then it wouldn't have made any difference if the oat' had been taken on a stack of Bibles as high as this room, the sixt' juror wouldn't have believed them.

"When Tommy's lawyer made his openin' address the old man put his hand to his ear and drank in every word as if it was Gospel. And well he might, for whenever there was a particularly strong statement in Tommy's favor, rap, rap, rap, the spirruts would go in hearty assent, that is with one exception, which for a moment I feared had spoiled the hull kit. You see Tommy was allus a loose and careless feller, who would go into spazzums at the idee of anythin' like work, and I do s'pose he thought that he had been givin' the old man pretty good weight. At all events, just when his lawyer turned dramatically to the jury, and said, says he: 'Look on this defendant, gents, scan his brow and features, and ask yourselves this question, isn't he on his wery face a good, honest, honorable lad?' blow me if there weren't only two raps. Whether Tommy was half asleep, or had a touch of R. E. Morse I can't say, but the look of horror that swept over the sixth juror's countenance brought him to his senses, and the third rap followed, so loud, too, that a bailiff jumped up and yelled 'silence in court!' I took the fust chance to shake my fist at the young rascal, and arter that he attended to biz.

"The jury filed out, eleven of them, as they passed Tommy givin' him an evil eye, but the twelft', No. sixt' you know, kinder raised his hand, like a priest draggin down blessins, as much as to say, 'You're all right, my son.' And he was all right, Kunnel, though as I set there and waited, I thought a disagreement was all he could git, but when the door open again, and I saw the jury returnin' with the old spiritualist at the head, I know'd that the verdict must be, as it was, not guilty. And I've heerd court officers tell as how the jurymen said that though they stood eleven to one for a while, they could not resist the almost holy appeals of the sixt' juror for an acquittal, not in the name of mussy, but of justice, which had spoken to him with a secret v'ice. He was a nice old bloke, that he was, even if he was dead ratty, and came and shook hands with Tommy, and ast him to his house, which Tommy was too honorable to do for fear he might be tempted to prig somethin'. And the gang had their spread that night, Kunnel, though the defendant arter all was hardly able to be present. You see his knee was swollen from so much unusual exertion. Pleadin' is hard work, Kunnel, even if it is done by the spirruts themselves."—*N. Y. Sun.*

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL.} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES Monday and Friday evenings, Private lessons daily. Ranke Hall, 5th & Pike sts

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 224 Union street bet 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Cloth s cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N Y. Block

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

ALFRED LUEBEN, Teacher of Music, Masquerade and Theatrical Costumer. 1418 Second ave.

OPTICIANS.

H. CLAY EVERSOLE, Specialist in Eyesight measurements for spectacles and eyeglasses 720 First ave

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

EGGAN, the Pioneer Photographer, est'd 1889, Photo Buttons, Stamp Photos, etc., 207 Pike st.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. FLEISCHER, Surgery Genito-Urinary and female diseases 201, 202, 216, 218 Washington blk

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

"I find them the best preparation for colds, coughs and asthma."—MRS. S. A. WATSON, Temperance Lecturer.
BROWN'S Bronchial Troches
OF BOSTON
Sold in boxes only—Avoid imitations.

HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line
CUTS
For Catalogues Books Souvenirs Newspapers Letter-heads Etc.....
Yosemite Engraving Co.
24 Montgomery Street
San Francisco
We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

MONEY

Cannot be more profitably invested than in

STOCK OF

Peerless Oil Company

which has 160 acres of patented land in the famous

Kern River Oil District

Oil has been struck on three sides and on the quarter section immediately adjoining its property. This, coupled with the fact that the strata are horizontal, is a guarantee that oil underlies its land.

A Well is now being Sunk.

Write for Information or Call and Investiga

DIRECTORS:
James G. Maguire H. H. Blood, Jacob H. Neff, R. W. Hart, H. C. Park, John M. Wright

JOHN M. WRIGHT, Pres. Jacob H. Neff. Vice-Pres. H. C. PARK, Sec'y.

Office: Room 47, 8th Floor, Mills Bldg. S F.

The Fresno Alpha Oil Co.

Owns 640 acres of oil lands in the exact center of the intersection of the two oil belts upon which are situated the only producing wells in the region. Here is an expert opinion: "After a thorough examination I have no hesitancy in saying that from the exterior formation of shale and oil sands and the coloring, the lands are equal if not superior to any that I have inspected and prospected during the past twelve years."—J. M. Fleming.

Our property has plenty of water, from never failing springs A contract will within a few weeks, be let for sinking our first well. Parties who contemplate investing in oil should investigate our proposition. We offer only a LIMITED NUMBER OF SHARES FOR SALE ON VERY EASY PAYMENTS.

Will be pleased to see you and to give you all information in our possession. Call or address O. A. LANE, Secretary
Rooms 6, 7, Eighth Floor Mills Building.
S. M. GLEAVES, U. S. Surveyor-General, President

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST COAL OIL.

BUY

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

THE OIL INDUSTRY.

THE big 600-barrel well of the Kern River Oil Company at McKittrick is the centre of interest in that district at present. It has practically demonstrated a fact that was patent to experienced oil men all along, on account of the great seepages at that place, that the McKittrick district must prove a great oil field. When wells are drilled to the second sand from which comes the enormous gas flow to be found in the Kern River Company's well, there will be plenty of 1,000-barrel-per-day producers in this district. The gas pressure is still so strong in the Kern River well, despite the fact that it is over a month since it was drilled into the sand, that she blew out her casing head last Saturday night and a stream of oil ten inches in diameter tumbled up over the top of the 80-foot derrick and flooded the canon below. In the meantime, the Kern River Company is constructing a 10,000-barrel iron tank and will push the construction of its pipe line to McKittrick station as soon as possible.

* *

The following from the Fresno *Democrat*, seems to indicate that the end is not yet in the trouble between the oil and scrip men: "While the members of the Petroleum Miner's Co. operative Association have much to encourage them in defending their titles, all is not as bright as it might be. That which is causing the greatest uneasiness is the fact that the statute does not specifically designate that lieu lands must be agricultural lands. Presumably that was what was intended, but the intention will cut little figure now, it is feared. The question is whether the land office can do anything else than abide by the letter of the statute and make its rulings accordingly. If it pursues this course, then it means a long and hard fight in the courts for the oil men. This fight will be the more difficult to carry through successfully, for the reason that the scrip men, it is claimed, will fence the ground as fast as patented, and thus prevent the boring of wells on it by oil men.

* *

The excitement over the lands in the Kern River district continues to grow. Land values are jumping day by day and what is more, a good deal of real estate in 28-28 is changing hands. More than a dozen wells are being put down in that township, as well as in those adjoining, and oil men are watching the development with much interest. The Thirty-Three Oil Company is putting down its fourth well, having capped the other three when it reached the oil. The other wells in this vicinity, as fast as they reach the oil, are likewise capped, awaiting transportation facilities. The Southern Pacific will begin building its branch line right away to the Kern River field. The line will extend half way through 28-28, so that the oil can be loaded direct on the cars. It will not take long to construct the road as the country is level and the grades easy.

* *

The Colorado and Pacific Oil Co., made up of a number of Colorado mining millionaires, has commenced operations on section 10 in 28-28. Bunk-houses have been built and tanks erected, and a derrick and a first-class standard drilling outfit from R. H. Herron & Co. is on the ground. This company will operate on a very extensive scale. They have bought their outfit without asking the public to buy stock for development purposes. The entrance of these Colorado mining men into the oil business is the forerunner of some big investments of Colorado mining capital in these fields.

* *

As a result of refining the products of the Sunset oil wells, the distillation shows that 30 per cent. of the Crude oil is lubricating oil of the first quality, of which 20 per cent. is cylinder oil, equal to any in the market. The percentage of illuminating oil is very small; the residue after the process of distillation is completed, is the finest quality of asphaltum. The importance of this discovery will be understood, when it is stated that cylinder oil sells at 50 cents per gallon wholesale.

* *

It would seem that American oil is king in the Orient from the following extract from an interview granted the Boston *Evening Transcript* by Mr. Wu, the Chinese minister at Washington: "Everywhere in China you see American kerosene cans. Formerly the Chinese used nut oil as an illuminant chiefly, but kerosene was cheaper and gave a better light. The Yankee oil is the best and is regarded as the standard."

* *

As an evidence of the increase of the oil excitement, the following oil companies filed articles of incorporation at Bakersfield in one day: The Rio Grande Oil Asphalt Company, San Francisco; the Elwood Oil Company, Selma; the Mutual Development & Construction Company, San Francisco; the Bakersfield & Fresno Oil Company, Fresno; the President Oil Company, Bakersfield.

The Santa Fe Railroad, which was the first in the United States to successfully burn oil in engines, has been contemplating the equipping of the Valley division with oil burners. A test was made last week with the Kern Company oil, used on an engine fitted with one of the company's seven-ton combination oil and water tanks, and was a complete success.

* *

The Caspian Oil Company was compelled to suspend operations for lack of casing. They are down a little over 600 feet on section 15-29-28 and expect to strike oil within the next 100 feet. Owners of adjoining property are anxiously watching the outcome of this well, as the result will materially affect their property.

* *

There need be but little fear of an overproduction of oil in California, for the reason that Chanslor and Canfield alone have had inquiries for oil for consumption from prospective customers, who have just begun to realize the economy of oil fuel, that would cover four times the present oil production of the State.

* *

The Caribou Oil Company's well No. 1 is down over 700 feet and has passed through a strata of gas and heavy oil. This well is on the true oil belt extending north and east of Oil City, as indicated by seepages at different points and they will undoubtedly get a fine well, probably at 1,300 feet.

* *

Well informed oil men, claim that the Kern River district, when fully developed, will be continuous for a length of from 40 to 50 miles, with a width of from 6 to 10 miles. This would make it one of the most remarkable districts in the world.

* *

The Kern River Oil & Storage Company will complete its pipe line from its well on section 13, in the McKittrick district, to McKittrick this month, and will go on with its project of building a line that will tap the whole McKittrick district.

* *

The Sacramento Oil Company, on section 9, has begun active operations. W. F. Bryant & Co., the well known expert oil drillers, have an outfit on the ground and are drilling well No. 1 for the company. They will undoubtedly get oil within a week.

* *

Oil seepages have been discovered on the desert at Camp Colorado near Garlock. Claims have already been located there and work will begin at once. Oil locations are being made a mile and a half from Mojave.

The Royal Oil Company in the [illegible] field has its well down 700 feet, w[illegible] indication of soon reaching the sand. [illegible] last 300 feet they have been striking occa[illegible] pockets of oil and gas.

* *

The Southern Pacific intends building a spur to the Kern River oil fields and will likewise build a depot at Coalinga, as the increase of the railroad business at the latter place has rendered such a step necessary.

* *

As an example of the increase of the oil production of the state last year, the first well was sunk in Oil City a year ago last December, on section 20, and now the output is 100,000 barrels a month.

* *

The New York Oil Company's well at Coalinga is down 2,018 feet and they intend to go deeper. The Selma well at 1,700 feet is having bad trouble with its casing.

* *

The Kern River Oil Company has completed arrangements for a lease of 160 acres of oil land in section 18 from the McKittrick Oil Company.

* *

The Imperial Oil Company is preparing to put down five more wells on section 33-28-28, which will make eight wells on the quarter section.

* *

Sixty new oil locations were filed for record in Bakersfield last Thursday and eighteen the day following.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephone South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone Main 429. Blanco & Brun, proprietors.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

B. J. Rybicki L. E. McCloskey
Established 1872

S. STROZYNSKI CO.

The leading Ladies' Hair Dressers and Wig Makers.

FIRST CLASS WORK DONE BY COMPETENT ARTISTS

Importers of latest Parisian and London Novelties

GENTLEMEN'S TOUPEES A SPECIALTY

Telephone Main 5697 24 GEARY ST.

POPULAR PRICES

FORTUNES IN OIL.

The Continental Oil and Development Co.
[INCORPORATED]

Only 6000 Shares of which 1,000 were put on the market and over half sold the first 10 days. This is a genuine opportunity for an oil investment. The Company owns by United States patent 5 twenty-acre tracts in the

"Oil Basin," Kings County,

the richest oil bearings in the entire belt. We have made arrangements for the latest improved machinery and will shortly be boring for oil, at which time stock cannot be had at any price.

No Assessments.

Wm. CORBIN, Pres. A. E. RUDELL, Secy.

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Theatres

THE opening concert of the Emma Nevada season at the California was a most agreeable musical entertainment. To declare the cantatrice a great artist would be a misstatement of the case. Hers is a light, fine, supple voice, with something of the character of a flute in its tones. Her trills and runs are produced with the ease and clarity which distinguishes music rendered on that instrument. She neither excites nor enraptures, but charms by the dexterity and *finesse* of her art. Singing the type of composition that demand rapidity and certainty of execution, she seldom fails in tonal requirement; and after realizing her limitations, one listens with confidence and satisfaction. Perhaps Nevada was heard to best advantage in Tschaikowsky's "Travoushka," which was given with something of real dramatic appreciation. Her skill was best evidenced in the "Bell Song" from Lakme, and the "Shadow Dance." As encores came "Home Sweet Home" and the "Mocking Bird," in both of which the liquid flute tones were infused with a delicate emotion.

Mr. Blumberg the 'cellist, who is assciated with Mme. Nevada, is a first rate artist and one of the best men at the instrument we have. Larger and deeper tones have been heard here, but seldom a braver or better technic. Mastery and style he certainly has. "The Spinning Wheel"—a composition of extraordinary difficulty—was given with an ease and freedom that suggested the execution of a violinist, rather than the restricted, laborious work of a 'cellist. The pianist, Selden Platt, is rather mediocre, but at least has the merit of being inoffensive, really a virtue in an accompanist.

* *

Madelaine Lucette Ryley's plays are like the stories of W. W. Jacobs, trifles, built on trifles and purporting to be nothing else. But there are trifles *and* trifles; one of the tests of a master is his ability to handle of thing of slender moment so naturally that it comes to something. Miss Ryley cannot do this with her plays any more than Jacobs can do it with his stories. You go to see it, you are amused, not uproariously but easily and in good-natured fashion, and go away to forget it. As I sit, next morning, and try to put my impressions on paper, I discover that I haven't any; by tonight I will be unable to tell what it was all about. This is a fairly good test of the play, I think; it proves it what it purports to be, a thing of the hour for amusement solely and not for admiration. The way in which the Alcazar audience received the piece goes to prove the point. It kept them tittering from beginning to end, but I cannot recall that anyone laughed "right out." If "The Man From Mexico" and plays of that sort can be called roaring farces, I should name this a giggling farce.

Irene Everett, a handsome actress with a natural style and very little magnetism, was adequate to the leading part of *Mrs. Bugle*. Opposite her, Ernest Hastings was in highest favor with the audience. He is an actor who adopts, to good purpose, the quiet, easy style of acting, but it is doubtful if it is the style best suited to the portrayal of a jealous lover. Denithorne's enunciation and mannerisms were even worse than usual. Laura Crews handled well the rather difficult character part of *Julia*.

It is encouraging to note that the Alcazar's stage manager has taken a brace and is making his people learn their stage business, a point which has been a weak one in times past. Next in line for him is an ease-up on the prompter. Make your people learn their lines, Mr. Bryant.

* *

At the Orpheum next week the new bill is headed by Welstone and Abbey, grotesque dancers; Hanson and Nilson, sonbrettes, dance and sing; Hodges and Launchmere are colored comedians. There is also Mlle. Emmy, a pretty young woman, with a troupe of trained fox terriers, who do a variety of tricks. This Emmy is said to be the cleverest dog trainer in Europe.

* *

The strong James-Kidder Hanford combination will present a classic repertoire at the Columbia next week. The feature with which they open on Monday night is an elaborate scenic production of "The Winter's Tale."

Miss Mary Scott, whose dramatic debut was made at the California Theatre on Tuesday night

This engagement is one of the half-dozen strongest attractions of the present theatrical season.

* *

The Countess Gucki at the California next week, with Miss Van Buren on the title role. It should be an opportunity for this actress to exhibit her degree of improvement under the direction of Manager Frawley.

* *

The first of the symphony concerts under the direction of Henry Holmes will be given at the Grand Opera House next Thursday afternoon. The program includes the Ruy Blas overtures, Haydn's Symphony in D, Tschaikowsky's Symphony Pahetique, and the Siegfried Idyl.

THE CHOICE OF A NAME.—While taking a stroll in a Washington suburb President McKinley observed a little girl superintending the aquatic movements of a retriever of which she was in charge. To please the child Mr. McKinley threw his stick into the water, and the dog promptly seizing it, brought it to the bank. Then the maiden shouted delightedly, "You are a dear good dog Mac!" "Why is he named Mac?" asked the head of the Republic. The child, unaware of the President's identity, replied, "Why, sir, papa called him 'Mac' after Mr. McKinley, the President, you know, because he can fight our neighbor's dog that's called 'Bryan.'"

That brilliant play "Lady Windermere's Fan," succeeds "Mysterious Mr. Bugle" at the Alcazar next week. It has been rendered here by two different companies, but many years have elapsed since its last performance. To thousands of players it should have all the charm of a fresh play. In construction "Lady Windermere's Fan" is strikingly effective and the dialogue witty and pointed to a degree.

* *

The fascination of Fouguere is undoubtedly in her facial expression. Her voice is the reverse of melodious, nor is her beauty conspicuous. But she is dressed to set forth the character of her mobile face and her songs are full of vivacity and art. Had she been dumb, however, Fouguere would have been at no loss for words. Her languishing eyes, her susceptible lips and her piquant nose are in themselves a vocabulary. There is nothing she cannot say with them; little she does not say. To translate one of those mischievous glances of hers into English would suspend any publication but a Parisian one. Though it may be added here next look may glow with the innocence of childhood, from which it may be taken for granted that Fouguere is versatile.

Love and Science.

We hear of horseless carriages,
Propelled by unseen force;
Also of loveless marriages,
Which generate divorce.
We hear of wireless telegrams,
A wonder of our day;
But 'twixt them armless courtships
Will never come to stay.
—*Automobile Magazine.*

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Don't drink the first thing the bartender offers — call for Jesse Moore Whiskey and see that you get it.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO
Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account October $2,365,968
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary
CORRESPONDENTS
New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 California Street
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,213,146 53
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28 563 655 41
OFFICERS
President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER
DIRECTORS
B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco
33 POST STREET
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building
Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000
JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier
Rates of intnrest on loans secured by improved San Francisco real estate, *six per cent.*
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

San Francisco Savings Union
532 CALIFORNIA ST.
Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....210 067
Contingent Fund.....407,391
E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.
DIRECTORS
George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.
Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum
Nelstone and Abbey; Hanton and Nelson; Hodges and Launchmere; Mlle. Emmy's Dogs; Elinore Sisters; Frank Latona; Charles A. Gardner; John and Nellie McCarthy;
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre
FRED BELASCO, Lessee .·. MARK THALL, Manager
WEEK OF JAN. 15th
First time in this Theatre of Oscar Wilde's beautiful play
LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN.
American debut of the distinguished actress MISS MAY BLAYNEY
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
Next week—Lady Windemere's Fan.

Columbia Theatre
BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JAN. 15TH
Commencing Monday Jan 15, every night including Sunday, extraordinary event
Managers Wagenhals & Kemper present America's foremost Theatrical organization, headed by the three distinguished artists
LOUIS JAMES, KATHRYN KIDDER, CHARLES B. HANFORD.
and a company of 37 people
In a mammouth scenic production of "THE WINTERS TALE."

California Theatre
S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731
SUNDAY NIGHT, JAN. 14th, 1900.
Another great Comedy week
Matinee Saturday only
THE FRAWLEY COMPANY.
In the late Angustin Dalys prettiest of all Comedies,
THE COUNTESS GUCKI.
Miss Mary Van Buren in Ada Rehan's popular role
Popular Prices: Evening, 75c 50c, 25c; Matinees, 50c, 25c.
In preparation—The Heart of Maryland.

Grand Opera House
SPECIAL
Thursday afternoons, Jan. 18th, the first of
FIVE SYMPHONY CONCERTS
Under the direction of HENRY HOLMES
Orchestra of 66 pieces.
Sale opens at Sherman Clay Co.'s Monday morning at 9 o'clock.
Seats $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c and 25c.

Western Turf Association.
INCORPORATED
Member American Turf Congress
TANFORAN PARK, South San Francisco
Main Office Parlor "A" Palace Hotel San Francisco
W. J. MARTIN, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Manager.
Second Meeting Jan. 1st to 20th inclusive.
Six high-class running races every week-day rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.
The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb Grand Stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.
Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 4:45 P. M. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking. Valencia street ten minutes later.
San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.
Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to Grounds, $1.25.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth (5th) day of January, 1900, an assessment (No. 69) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth (9th) day of February, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the sebond (2nd) day of March, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors
M. JAFFE, Secretary.
Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✻ THIS SEASON'S ✻

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Jan 6 11 16, 21, 26, 31. Feb. 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Jan. 6. 11, 16, 21, 26,31, Feb. 5 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Jan. 9, 14, 19 24, 29, Feb 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Jan. 7 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Feb. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Jan. 9, 13, 17 21, 25, 29, Feb. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 1 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana, for Australia, Wednesday, January. 24, at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, February 7 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, at 1 p.m., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG via Honolulu, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Hongkong Maru..... Tuesday, January 16th
Nippon Maru.....Friday, February 9th
America Maru.....Wednesday, March 7th

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market street corner First. W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast

No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Dec. 24, Jan. 3, 13, 23.
Columbia sails Dec. 29, Jan. 8, 18, 28.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

Overland Limited

A SOLID VESTIBULED TRAIN

VIA

UNION PACIFIC

LEAVES SAN FRANCISCO DAILY AT 8:30 A. M. Breakfast served in Dining Car

Three Days to Chicago without Change

One Day Quicker than any other Line

One Day Quicker than any other Line

FINEST MODERN PULLMAN EQUIPMENT, INCLUDING LIBRARY AND BUFFET CARS AND DINING CARS, A LA CARTE.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at General Office, No. 1 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1930. D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent.

SUSNET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1899-1900.

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Fridays
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays annd Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificant train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the traveling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5810 608 SACRAMENTO STREET

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO

Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

A Silver Safeguard

The value of your Silver consist not only of its intrinsic worth, but its beauty of finish or brilliancy. That is greater or less according to the material you employ for cleaning; upon that depends half its beauty—brilliancy—

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

a proper silver cleaner keeps your ware as it came from the silversmith, then half its charm to you was its brilliancy. A million houswives—by constant use—give silent proof that Electro-Silicon is the only proper silver polish.

At grocers or postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.
Trial quantity for the asking.
The Electro Silicon Company,
30 Cliff Street, New York.

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, Prop.
American and European Plan.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

The Solly Walter School of Illustration
Will reopen August 1st for the Fall and Winter Term
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy
1247 Franklin St., near Post
English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

FOR THE
BEST BOOK-KEEPING,
the SHORTEST SHORTHAND
Attend McLAREN & THOMSON'S
Acme Business College
College Paper Sent Free
Pacific Block SEATTLE, WASH.

DOG FANCIERS
A RARE CHANCE
For sale the well-known pair of pure bred
Japanese Spaniels "TOKO" and "LADY"
Also pair of puppies [male and female] progeny of same, born in British Columbia. Aside from their popularity as lady's pets on account of their quietness they are valuable for breeding purposes. All are thoroughly acclimated, parents cost over $100, and because of rarity with which the species breed are almost priceless. Price, parents, $100 a pair. Price puppies $25 each. Photo sent if desired.
Apply MR. COLTART, - - VANCOUVER, B.C

Roger S. Green, Pres. Austin E. Griffiths, Sec'y
Invest Your Money in the
Sea • Breeze • Mine
The Richest Free Milling Gold Discovery in Southeastern Alaska.
A limited number of shares offered at Fifty Cents. Call or address
SEA BREEZE MINING CO.
Washington Bld., 1st Ave., Seattle, Wash.

The Frenchman likes his native wines,
The German likes his beer,
The Irishman likes his whisky straight,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Englishman likes his 'alf and 'alf,
Because it makes him frisky.
But they all go back on their favorite drink
For Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

ORATORY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—During the Bryan campaign Representative Stark, of Nebraska, had been billed to spout in Fairburg, but on arrival found that all the available halls were otherwise engaged. A great barn, the winter quarters of a circus, was hired for the occasion, and on the important evening, crowded to the doors. "Ladies and gentlemen," began the Congressman. "Roar-r-r-r," went the lion. "In this eventful campaign," he continued, "I come to speak to you in advocacy of the great principles represented by our great and glorious leader, the peerless statesman and matchless orator, William J. Bryan—" At that moment the lions roared, the elepheants trumpeted, the hyenas howled, the camels snorted. A shiver of fear ran through the audience. "——at the mention of whose name," remarked Congressman Stark, after the noise had subsided, "even the wild beasts lift their voices in a tumult of appreciative joy."

x

RESPECT WHERE IT IS DUE.—Two naughty boys had been having fun with the advertisements on a bill board. They had given George W. Childs a ragged moustache, Chester A. Arthur a beard; Robert Mantell had galways and John Drew side whiskers. One figure still remained in the center of the board and the smaller boy of the twain had started towards it when his companion shouted: "Hold on! Don't do anything to dat." "Why not?" "Dat's Jeffries, de champeon." Then they put their pencils in their pockets, looked reverentially at the unmutilated face upon the board and trudged along.

x

AN APPROPRIATE CHOICE.—At an evening party in the home of Charles Matthews, the eminent actor, a gathering of distinguished men were being amused with a raffle for penny toys. Each drew a number and if successful drew a toy. Palgrave Simpson, the dramatic author, took a prize, and said, in his finikin way, "Dear, dear me! What shall I choose amongst these?" Byron immediately took up a penny sword, pulled it out of its sheath, and exclaimed, "Take this, Palgrave, you need something that will draw." It seems Palgrave had just perpetrated a new play which had proved a dead failure.

x

A NEW METHOD.—In a Boston public school, in which drawing from the model is taught, a little girl was seated in a chair on the platform and her companions were told to draw what they saw. One tiny maid had a sketch of the chair and a small figure standing in front of it. "Mary," said the discouraged teacher, "didn't I say draw Amelia as you see her, and she's sitting in the chair and not standing in front of it." Tears came into the child's eyes. She was misunderstood. "But I hadn't got to it," she said. "I was just going to bend her down when you rang the bell."

x

A DELICATE DISTINCTION.—In Russia a fine distinction is ever drawn between the cloth and its wearer. Archbishop Benson used to tell a story of seeing in a Russian police court a priest brought in, in undress of purple. The court, magistrates and all, knelt and a police sergeant kissed his hand. Then rising, the magistrate said: "You nasty, drunken beast, so you were drunk again yesterday. I'll make you remember it this time." The priest was led out to an adjoining yard, his clothes torn off, and fifty lashes given him; when he was brought back half fainting all knelt and received his blessing.

x

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT.—A certain English millionairess was applied to for a subscription to the Soldiers' Widows' and Orphans' fund, and was much moved at the necessities of the defenders of their country: "What is it to me to draw a check?" she said. "I will deprive myself of some luxury to prove my sympathy with the wives and children of the killed and wounded—I will sell my jewels!" "But, my dear lady," exclaimed one of the committee—presumably not a bachelor—"your husband would have to replace them!"

x

IDENTIFYING A RARE FOSSIL.—The late Professor Marsh, of Yale College, the eminent paleontologist, had a quiet wit. Once a facetious student brought him a bone scraped and cut in a fantastic fashion. The class knew of the plan to deceive the scientist. "I think, Professor, that this is a very rare fossil." The Doctor looked at the bone, then at the student, finally centering his gaze upon the latter's knee: "It is not rare. It is painfully familiar to me. It is a piece of the leg bone of a calf."

x

SOAP FOR YOUR SAKE.—Admiral Rous was running for Parliament in Bristol, and was addressing a mob in one of its suburbs. "If I vote for you, what taxes will you repeal?" said a dirty fellow in the crowd. "Why," said Rous, "on soap, for your sake."

Palace Hotel Supper Room
Open Every Evening 9:30—12
Entrance from the grand court or from the main office.
The efficient service, unequaled cuisine, and moderate charges that have given the Grill Rooms an international reputation, will prevail in this department. Orchestral concerts from 9:30 to 12 p. m.
J. C. KIRKPATRICK, Mgr.
SAN FRANCISCO

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

THE
WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.
Two first class trains daily between
Skaguay and Lake Bennett.
Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.
SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
Atlin, Dawson and Cape Nome Gold Fields.
FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE
California State Exposition, 1899
One Honorable Mention
Six First Premium Awards
This brand of wine is sold at all first class hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

A. K. DAGGETT
Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a Specialty.
NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F.
Telephone 105

Metal Badges Metal Signs
PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.
Metal Checks Steel Stamps

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters
"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.
NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS.
308-314 Post St.
Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. All the Latest Books in our Sheet Music Department.

The Wave

1900

An Illustrated Weekly

VOL. XX. No. 30 SAN FRANCISCO — JANUARY 20, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

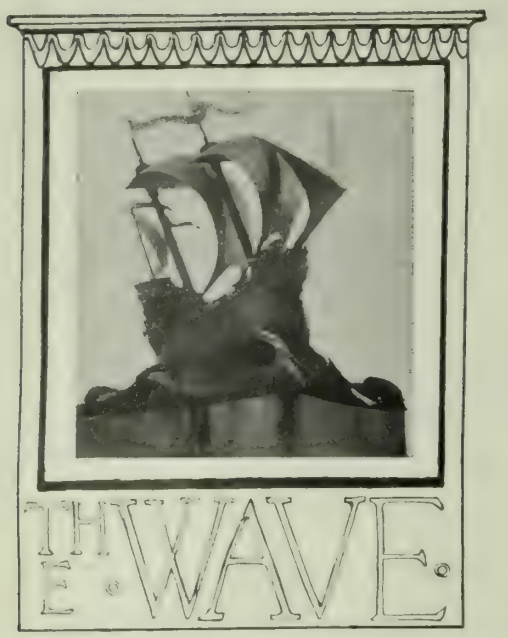
This Paper is to be taken from the Library.

CALIFORNIA

ON THE CRUISER HARTFORD ARE 300 LANDSMEN WHO ARE TO BE TRAINED AS SAILORS FOR THE U. S. NAVY,

SAILING OF THE HARTFORD.

Photo by Douglas White.



Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in al union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—January 20, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Highbinders' and Tongs' War by W I 4
Co-Education a Story by John Stollard 5
January Magaz nes 5
Things and People 6
New Library Building of Stanford University 7
Plays and Players 8
Burial of the Maine Victims 9
Delagzoa Bay 9
The U. S. Hartford by Douglas White 9
Babblings of a Belle 10
Tweotfetn Century Probabilities by John Dalton 11
Correspondenec 12
The Oil Industry 13
The Drama 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

The British-Boer War. The situation in South Africa is problematical. New movements, little understood by anyone away from the very seat of war, are occurring around Colenso and Ladysmith, now the center of active operations. At Ladysmith, early last week, the assault on the town was renewed and was again unsuccessful, although the English seem to have held their position with more difficulty than they experienced in the fight of Caesar's Camp last week. There are as yet no particulars of this fight; the ceusorship was shut down like a cloud, and not a word concerning losses has come to the public. Succeeding this, was a report that General Warren, commanding a brigade under Buller, before Colenso, had crossed the Tugela river, in an attempt at which Buller suffered a heavy defeat last month. Over this, too, the veil of censorship was dropped and no news came through for several days. In the interval, rumor was busy. Every day, reports in England or the continent had Buller defeated or victorious. The censorship has just been lifted a little and an unexpected change in the situation is revealed. Buller has seized the bridges over the Tugela; Warren, with 11,000 men, is off on a mysterious advance—some sort of a flanking movement. The expected general engagement has not yet occurred, but either that or the relief of Ladysmith is not far off. The Boer tactics, however, are the most surprising feature. They are withdrawing their forces, or pretending to do so, from both Ladysmith and Colenso, and concentrating at some other point—just where, no Englishman seems to know. The most probable explanation is that, being convinced that they cannot take Ladysmith in advance of the relief movement, and that they cannot hold the relief with the force which formerly won at Tugela river, they are combining both forces to face Buller at some strong position between Colenso and Ladysmith. Another possibility is that they are following their characteristic tactics and arranging a trap for the slower British. Proof that the Boers are now preparing for a most desperate resistance is furnished by a dispatch via Delegoa Bay. Every available man in both republics has been ordered into the ranks; even Free State merchants, who were formerly regarded as exempt, are now commandered. President Kruger has, moreover, issued a circular letter calling upon the Boers to put new zeal into their fight. This may have been caused by the discouragement which the Burghers are said to feel over their failure to take Ladysmith by assault. Methuen at Modder River and French on the Orange Free State border are making no move. Interest and energy are centered on the events impending before Ladysmith. Both General Roberts and General Kitchener are in South Africa; just where they are, the censorship prevents us from knowing.

The Filipino War. Although Lawton is dead, the plan of campaign he taught the American troops—rapid raids and forced marches—is still being followed in the Philippines. There have been several of these daring raids of late, all successful. The first was a cavalry rush by Schwan's column from Binang through Silang, and is described as a wonderful performance. The troopers forced their horses over a rough country full of gorges and cut by turbulent streams. They pressed the insurgents so close as to prevent the destruction of the bridges, a thing which would have effectually blocked the advance. After driving on the enemy in several skirmishes, they seized Silang, where they took an arsenal stocked with arms and ammunition. As usual, they failed to capture any prisoners—a result which would be worth many victories of the sort we have been gaining. At about the same time Colonel Bullard swung south in pursuit of the rebels fleeing in that direction and scattered several large forces. In the course of this raid the Americans took the strongly fortified town of Santo Thomaso, where the rebels left thirty-six men dead in the trenches and fifty-four prisoners were made. Taken together, the two advances extend the American line of occupation to a number of towns hitherto insurgent strongholds. The Thirty-Seventh Infantry has captured the retired General Rizal, brother of that Rizal who led the insurrection of 1896 and was executed by the Spanish. It cannot be said that the situation is encouraging. As in the campaigns of last spring, our men win every battle, yet the mobile insurgents escape to confront them again and to advance their lines as soon as ours retire. It was supposed, after the unusual successes which attended the first movements of this winter, that the insurrection would collapse, or, at the worst, degenerate into guerilla warfare, but we are still encountering organized bodies. Moreover, Aguinaldo has slipped through our hands. The pursuit of the insurgent leader through the mountains has been abandoned; it is reported that he is in Cavite Province, now the center of the revolt.

Canal Bill Before the House. THE first move in the Nicaragua Canal fight was made in Congress January 12, when the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce reported favorably on the Hepburn Canal Bill. This bill is practically the one presented at the last session and then shelved pending the report of the Isthmian Canal Commission. The members of the present commission, deeming that the commission's work would not throw any new light on the situation, decided to act at once. As changed and amended by the committee, the bill authorizes the President to acquire from Costa Rica and Nicaragua control of such territory as will be necessary for the construction and defense of a canal from a point near Greytown on the Carribean Sea to Breto, on the Pacific Ocean, via Lake Nicaragua. Such sums as may be necessary to secure this control are appropriated by the bill. It is provided that, when control has been secured, the Secretary of War shall proceed to the construction of a canal wide and deep enough to accommodate the largest vessels now in use, and provided with the necessary locks and appliances, and shall provide safe and commodious harbors at the termini, with efficient defenses for the same. The President is to order the necessary surveys, with a view to utilizing Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan river as part of the course. The governments of Costa Rica and Nicaragua are to be guaranteed the use of the canal on any terms they may agree upon among themselves. The sum of $140,000,000, or such part thereof as may be necessary, is appropriated for the construction. The bill will probably come up for early action, as Speaker Henderson is favorable to it. The opposition will base its fight against immediate action upon the fact that the Isthmian Commission will not be ready to report until next session.

Contract Labor in Hawaii. The State Department has just published a paper on labor conditions in Hawaii, compiled out of information obtained from Wray Taylor, secretary of the Hawaiian Board of Immigration. Naturally, it deals mainly with that peculiar condition, half free, half slave, known as contract labor. The facts presented go to prove that much said and written on the subject is inspired by sentimentalism. Certainly, if these statements are true, the system is not especially hard on the laborers. The contract men have steady work at a fixed sum, and are furnished with lodging for themselves and families, fuel, water and medical attendance. They are recruited by immigration companies chartered and authorized by law. The government pays not over $130 for each family, to cover recruiting expenses and passage of women and children accompanying the immigrants, other expenses being paid by the planter. On their arrival at Hawaii, the laborers are examined by government physicians and are rejected, if unfit for hard labor, and must then be taken back to their homes at the expense of the recruiting agency. If weak, but still able to work, the laborer is assigned to some light employment. The quarters furnished by the companies are grouped together in camps, unmarried men being placed in large "bunk-houses" and families assigned to separate shanties. Many of the women work, on the free system, around the plantations or the mills, performing light labor or domestic service. Their life is comfortable, although they are strictly confined and under control. Whether or no the work is made hard and disagreeable depends largely upon the overseers. It is hinted that in past time these same overseers have used force, but that now recourse is had to law in the case of refractory laborers. Those who are mistreated have legal recourse. Under the terms of the contract, employers must furnish continuous work, or at least continuous pay, although a laborer need not be paid for a period during which he is incapacitated by sickness or any other cause. The pay for contract labor is $15 a month for Orientals and $18 for Europeans, and the hours are ten in the fields and twelve in the mills and factories. Contracts are signed for three years. At the end of their service, the Chinese and Japanese frequently take away from $100 to $300 savings. It is stated that the laborers, especially the Orientals, "are generally happy and contented."

A Crisis in British Politics. The recent British disasters in South Africa have resulted, as was to be expected, in a loss of prestige for Lord Salisbury's government. Since the breaking out of hostilities the War Office, Secretary Chamberlain and all who had to do with the raising and supplying of the South African force have been obliged to share the criticisms heaped on Methuen, Buller, Gatacre and the other unsuccessful generals. As time went on, and it became evident that the army went into the war unprepared to meet the kind of warfare favored by the Boers, the criticisms have grown more severe, until now it is not beyond the range of possibility that the conservative ministry may be forced out of office. The situation has been rendered still more critical by the position taken by Secretary Balfour, the leader of the House of Commons, who has spoken much and somewhat flippantly of late about the war, defending the government course where it could not be defended successfully, and making light of its errors. With lists of dead piling up daily in the war office, the English people are in no mood to hear the matter treated pleasantly. As a result, even the most solid of the conservative journals show a disposition to desert their colors and join in the criticisms of the opposition. The result of Buller's impending advance on Ladysmith is, of course, a determining factor. If this general, appointed and supported by the powers that be, shall succeed in this movement, it will give the Salisbury cabinet practical ground for argument; if it fails, a change is imminent. The storm of advance criticism is aimed principally at Lord Lansdowne, Secretary of War, who, it is charged, sent out the troops without proper arms and equipment, and with old-fashioned artillery, showed partiality in the selection of officers, and gave preference to showy English regiments unfit for irregular warfare instead of to the colonial troops, who can ride and shoot like the Boers themselves. In addition to this, there is the old charge that the War Office was swindled by the Boers in the matter of military information and the new one that they are hiding their own incompetence by means of the strict censorship. Correspondents' stories from the front are more severe on Methuen than on any of the other generals. He is acquiring a newspaper reputation something like the one enjoyed by Shafter in our own Spanish War. The *Saturday Review*, a staunch Tory organ, puts the whole situation thus: "The administration is face to face, not with the opposition, but with the nation.

The Legal Status of Department Stores. A decision of the Illinois Supreme Court regarding department stores in the city of Chicago has aroused more than a little interest throughout the country. Emporiums of this character are very popular in Chicago, where the tendency toward concentration of industry is carried to its logical conclusion. Under the pressure of demands from small dealers, the city council passed an ordinance forbidding the sale of groceries and provisions in stores where dry goods, clothing, jewelry, etc., were kept for sale, and another prohibiting liquor-selling in such shops. A test case was carried through all the courts and resulted in a defeat for the ordinance all along the line. The measure is clearly unconstitutional and there is no question as to the legality of the decision. The constitution grants an individual the right to use and dispose of his property as he wishes, so long as such disposal does not injure public morals, general health or the safety of individuals. The carrying of "mixed goods" in a large store does none of these things, and there is therefore no legal recourse for the small dealer against the increasing tendency toward large emporiums instead of small shops. If this tendency is an evil, the roots lie too deep in the social structure to be reached by laws.

Our Commercial Relations With England. The fact of Great Britain's dependence upon the United States for food supplies, and incidentally the injudicion of the recent seizure of American flour-ships, is emphasized by the latest report of the Agricultural Department dealing with our export trade. In the period between 1894 and 1898, the British Islands took fifty-five per cent. of our agricultural exports. The colonies of the United Kingdom brought the figures up to sixty per cent. In one year the sum paid by British merchants for American farm products—principally flour, grain and meat—reached a total of $403,953,854. Germany, the next on the list, receives a little less than one-fourth the amount credited to the United Kingdom, while France is third with six per cent. of the total. The Netherlands, Belgium, Italy and Spain are next on the list, none of them receiving more than five per cent. each. In contrast to the figures quoted for Great Britain, our export agricultural trade with the South American and Asiatic nations, to which we are looking for an increase of trade relations, is insignificant. South America took only one and three-fourths per cent. of the total. In considering this, however, it must not be forgotten that the Latin countries of the Western continent are agricultural and that our exports to them are mainly in the line of manufactured products. Nevertheless, this does not detract from the force of the argument furnished by the figures. We are essentially a farming nation, and the bulk of our output goes to England. In time of war or trouble she must look to America for provisions; in time of peace, we must look to England for our chief market, at least until there comes some material change in the character of our industries or a shift in the world's markets. This is a basis for the Anglo-American understanding which will appeal to those who take no stock in blood or in the Anglo-Saxon mission.

The Philippine Hemp Ports. A corner in hemp and a fight between two sets of concerns manufacturing this staple has mixed itself in our Philippine situation. These islands furnish the principal source of the world's supply. Since the beginning of the American blockade, the supply has been checked. It is now claimed that two or three firms, headed by the McCormack Binder Company, have cornered the supply in the United States and will force prices extremely high during the summer. This is a matter of some importance to the farmers of the country, because hemp is the staple material for binding twine, a necessity in the harvesting of our western grain fields. These facts were placed before the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of War, and seem to have been adjudged valid; at any rate, Secretary Root has twice within the last month cabled instructions to General Otis to open the ports in order to give free passage to hemp. Otis promised to have certain ports open by January 1, but since that time nothing has been heard from him about the matter. The persons who called attention to the condition of affairs were members of firms opposed to those which cornered the market, and the cornering firms have entered a sort of counter-complaint, in which they allege that the ports cannot be opened in time to relieve the situation this summer, as the hemp must be brought from the

field to the ports, baled, and loaded for transmission before it can even be started for this country. Moreover, they hold that the opening of the ports will be injurious to the American cause in the islands, permitting the insurgents to import arms and men. There has been some criticism of the Secretary of War for his action in turning the course of the war for a purely commercial reason, but there seems little doubt that he did it at the request of the Agricultural Department and in the interest of the farming element.

American Trade With China. The great barrier to the extension of American trade in China has always been the fact that American exporters do not understand the conditions prevailing in that country. American goods have not kept pace with those of German, English and even Russian manufacture; American imports form only a very small fraction of the total import trade of China. A correspondent writing to an Eastern newspaper explains some of the causes. In the first place, he says, we need an American bank at some of the principal seaport towns, preferably Hongkong. Bills of exchange have now to be made through German, English, or French banks. An American bank would be a profitable investment as, in addition to our imports, there is a large export trade from China to the United States. Then, our system of exchange is a great drawback. The European merchants sell goods on thirty or sixty days' time, with privilege of renewal. We grant, customarily, only fifteen days. As the mails are quicker than the freight-steamers, this means that the Chinese buyer must pay for his goods some time before they are delivered. Indeed, the entire system of doing business is different from our own. The Europeans have learned this and made changes in their methods to suit; only the Americans hang to their own ways. Again, the Germans and English have learned to pack their goods so as to suit the Chinese, whose ideas on the subject are peculiar. The whole situation resolves itself to this. The other commercial peoples have studied the problem and solved it; we have not.

Growth of Our Coal Industry. Last year was a notable one in our industrial history in that it saw the United States take its place at the head of the coal-producing countries of the world. The output of Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States has been steadily increasing since 1870, but our percentage of increase has been by far the largest. Between 1870 and 1895 we trebled our production, and now we have surpassed even Great Britain, which used to head the list. In the four years following, the increase came up with a great bound. Our output in 1899, was 244,000,000 tons, an increase of 49,000,000 tons over the best previous record. The increase alone is greater than the total yearly output of any other country outside of Great Britain, in the year 1870. The big increase for 1899 places us well in the lead. The cause of the spurt lies in our growing iron industry and the consequent large demand for coal and coke. Thriving iron and steel industries make a thriving coal trade. We are in the fortunate position of having both coal and iron beds and of having them near together. Sweden, for example, has never utilized her immense supplies of iron ore because there is no fuel near at hand to work it. While it is profitable for the Swedes to import coal for the manufacture of "fancy" steel, such as that used in bicycle parts and watch-springs, the larger uses of the metal cannot be developed with imported fuel, and such iron ore as she mines is generally sent abroad. In our case and in that of Great Britain the two materials lie close together; the commercial supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon nations is largely due to this fact. The extent of our resources in coal and iron, particularly the latter, is unfathomable; no one has yet attempted to estimate it. We know, however, that coal beds occur in thirty-one of the states and territories, that they underlie at least one-sixth of the country's surface, and that we are now working only the most accessible deposits, with great areas still untouched.

The Plague in Honolulu. Since the last report, nine more deaths from the plague have occurred in Honolulu, making twenty-two in all. Nearly all the cases reported have resulted in death, the exceptions being a few Chinese and Japanese, who are lying between life and death in the plague hospital. Fumigation and burning infected district have been resumed. All houses where cases have developed are now to be burned to the ground. This policy was inaugurated soon after New Years, and a section in the city's most disreputable quarter was totally destroyed. The special Chinatown quarantine has been raised, and a general quarantine of the judicial district of Honolulu substituted. Under this rule, no one may leave or enter the city, and all houses where the disease has occurred are closed at once, the residents being shut in until they can be examined for symptoms. Vessels consigned to the port are receiving and discharging cargo by means of lighters. The landing of passengers from ocean-going ships is also forbidden. At first, tourists were not permitted to leave the port, but a later ruling has given those who have not been under suspicion of the plague a right to take passage on sailing-vessels. Most masters of such ships are averse to having any dealings with the port, but a few have consented and are taking on passengers through boats. Nevertheless, many tourists are still shut in the quarantined town. The Council of State has appropriated $250,000 to fight the plague and $20,000 for a garbage crematory. The Island of Kauai has established a shot-gun quarantine against Honolulu. Nothing, not even mail, is permitted to land from the infected port. Vessels consigned to the ports of that Island are met in the harbor by armed men, who order their crews back upon pain of death. Some time ago, the officers of the Pacific steamship *Australia* agreed, with the consent of their superiors, to take passengers if the government would keep them in separate observation stations for ten days before sailing. This was impossible, owing to lack of facilities, and the ocean liners will take no tourists from the port until such facilites are provided or until the disease is stamped out. So far, only one European has taken the disease. The other twenty-one fatal cases are divided as follows: Chinese, 15; Hawaiians, 3; Japanese, 2; South Sea Islanders, 1.

In 1883 three men, now well known, were friends together at the University of Strasburg—Rontgen, Paderewski and Tesla.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Examiner and Russian Colonists.

UNSPEAKABLE astonishment must have been written on the faces of the three Russian gentlemen who are traveling through California on a tour of observation when last Thursday's *Examiner* was laid before them. These visitors are, it is stated, the representatives of a colony of Russian farmers who wish to settle somewhere on the Pacific slope, where they expect to till the soil, rear their families, and become respected and self-respecting citizens. In all there are reported to be some seven thousand colonists, and these gentlemen, their representatives, are carefully examining the country for a favorable permanent location. Naturally, the San Francisco *Examiner* does not approve of the movement. It is too sane for one thing, and besides it is a step forward which it, by no amount of prevarication, can claim credit for inaugurating. The *Examiner* charges that the railroad company is responsible for bringing these thrifty settlers to the State. This is a crime in itself. That a corporation which is more interested in state development than any one factor in it, should publicly display its interest, is to the *Examiner* terifying. The last time this port was favored by Russian visitors made prominent by the *Examiner* they came in the shape of a number of escaped convicts from Siberia. These wretches dovetailed nicely with *Examiner* principles. They were welcomed with open arms by that journal, treated as heroes and distinguished guests. Their pictures were printed in double column cuts, and sloppy, sympathetic slush, columns in length, described their sufferings, their escape, and their manly bearing. We do not recall whether a "popular" subscription was raised by this journal for these wretches, or whether they were presented with a loving cup as a token of that journal's esteem, but we do know that they landed in jail eventually; we do know that one of the most brutal and horrifying of murders was laid at their door; we do know that an old couple was brutally murdered in Sacramento by these *Examiner* heroes, and for a long time the word "Russian" was tabooed in that journal of progress and indecency. The Russian gentlemen now visiting here need not take alarm at the *Examiner's* attitude. If it is decided that the seven thousand Russians shall settle in this State, this same daily will soon have an agent on the ground to ascertain the sentiment of these seven thousand colonists on various subjects. If the press agent ascertains that the colonists hate Russia, despise its Czar, and loath the government, then the *Examiner* will riot in mad attacks upon all three. If the agent reports that the Russian colonists love the Czar, regard Siberia a paradise and oppose Nihilists and Nihilism then the *Examiner* will sing loud its praises for all these things, regardless of everything but the greasy nickel.

This colony will represent seven thousand individuals! Seven thousand all in a bunch! and if they read English at all, they represent possible subscribers. If they don't read English then you may look for a column or two of items in the Russian language. Seven thousand newspaper-subscribing Russians, all of one mind, are quite sufficient to turn the policy of a yellow journal to a cause directly opposite to all its former utterances. Flattering and catering to these seven thousand Russians will not lose subscribers in any other direction, hence such a policy would be perfectly "safe," from the yellow journal's point of view.

Mayor Phelan's Message.

MAYOR PHELAN'S address or message as delivered to the new Board of Supervisors on the 8th inst, constitutes what may be termed a muuicipal state paper of large interest. It is the official announcement, by the head of the new government, of the inauguration of the new regime which, under the New Charter of corporate existence, is to produce an era of progress and reform that will result in the creation of a new San Francisco and the abolition of a thousand and one abuses that have heretofore made a good and faithful administration of civic affairs an impossibility. Mayor Phelan stands so distinctly in the foreground as the leading figure in the agitation that has produced the New Charter, and as the dominating influence in the administration that is about to put it in force, that it seems regretable his message did not more distinctly outline the policy which he proposes to pursue in the stimulation of progress, the cultivation of reform and the creation of that new San Francisco for which we all hope. In the matter of policy, however, the message, though voluminous, is conspicuously silent. It is a plain and business-like statement of facts relating to the municipality over which the Supervisors will exercise jurisdiction during the next two years, rather than an elaborate discussion of ideas and theories in regard to the administration of civic affairs.

The mayor opens with the assertion that "the inauguration of the new government under the charter is the most noteworthy event in the history of San Francisco." This is a very bold statement. Many people will incline to think that it is extravagant. In San Francisco's short but picturesque career she has passed through many incidents and episodes that will rank as being of equal historical value to that formed by the inauguration of the present municipal administration. Continuing along the same line, he states that "we have at last home rule." This is a misconception of the legal status of the city. To-day San Francisco is no more free from Federal and State control than she was six months or two years ago. All that has been accomplished is that the New Charter gives, and properly gives, to the mayor some appointive power that old legislation amendatory of the Consolidation Act had placed in the hands of the governor of the State. Apart from that, all that we have secured in the way of home rule is that the people can amend and patch the charter, whereas the old Consolidation Act could not be touched, either by the people or the legislature, save in the imperfect way of general legislation that had to apply all over the State.

The mayor admonishes the Board of Supervisors that its most important functions will be the fixing of the tax rate and the apportionment of the city's funds among the various departments of the government. In the appropriation of money, he points out, the Board is brought into touch, or, as he phrased it, "closely associated" with the various departments of the government. This is one of the really good features of the New Charter. It brings the supervisors into touch with the various departments of the government without imposing upon them (the supervisors) any of those executive duties which used to so demoralize the old Boards—in fact, under the new regime they are made literal supervisors of the municipal affairs. The mayor further directs the attention of the majority of the Board to the pledge which they in common with himself subscribed to when they accepted the Democratic nomination in connection with the tax limit. He points out difficulties that stand in the way of fulfilling that pledge, but the natural inference to be drawn from his remarks is that he intends to keep his own pledge and to make his associates keep their's if "it is possible."

The message points out that it is elementary in city finances that no department of the government shall exceed in its expenses the appropriation made for its support, and in this connection the mayor directs attention to the incongruous facts that the Boards of Health and of Public Works seem to have been endowed with an appointive power irrespective of their appropriation. Taking this as his text, he asks all public officers to co-operate in conducting the public business economically and within the amount appropriated by the supervisors. It may be added that if either the Board of Health or the Board of Public Works shall act improperly in this matter the New Charter has placed in the mayor's hands an official ax with which wonderful execution may be done.

The most important matter referred by Mr. Phelan's message is the passage alluding to the supervisorial duty of fixing gas and water rates. Upon this point the tenor of his remarks are very non-committal, and there is room to hope that his radical attitude of two years ago will not be repeated. He recommends the Supervisors to examine into the facts and to fix fair rates that will produce a reasonable return upon the investment. If this policy is followed there will surely be no trouble. The gas and water companies have never asked for anything more.

The mayor recommends the supervisors to take up and give a careful consideration to District Attorney Byington's defeated street car ordinances. If the gentlemen are wise they will do nothing of the kind. They can find plenty of troubles of their own without picking up those belonging to other people. The ordinance in question has been thoroughly threshed out. The employees of every street-car line in San Francisco, except those of the Market street system, (the octopus, as Sutro used to call it), have protested against it and there is no demand for it anywhere outside of the office of a foiled boodler, who is engaged in what he terms "the new journalism."

THE time is rapidly approaching when Seattle will have to meet the problem of paving the hills in the city's residence section. The recent building activity has been exhibited mainly in the outside districts; while new business blocks are going up in the commercial center, it is in the outlying portions that the greatest energy is being expended. This has increased the traffic on the hill streets until the results of slackness in paving are pitifully apparent. This winter the rains and the consequent mud have made more than one thoroughfare impassible for teams, and unpleasant, to say the very least, for foot-passengers. Residences on these streets must be reached by teams on a roundabout route, and even then the horses must wallow in a foot of mud. After a heavy rain, those who dwell at the top of the city's hills are almost in a state of siege. No ordinary vehicle can reach them without undue strain and discomfort.

There is much talk now of paving the more exclusive residence streets. This is advisable, and must be done in time, but the pressing need is in another direction. The hill-streets should be in process of paving before another winter, now that the new prosperity of the Northwest gives assurance that the city will be able to stand the expense.

Highbinders & Tong Wars

AS far as the East is from the West, so far is that silent, obstinate Chinese sub-civilization we cherish in our midst from our Caucasian civilization. We have met many peoples on our spread eastward and westward, and rubbed up against many ideals, but of them all, the Chinese is the one farthest removed from our ideas. We have had Chinatown in our midst some fifty years. We have policed it and missionaried it; we have tried, by every endeavor, to extend to it the "blessings" of Occidental ideas. A good thirdeof our Chinese have never seen China, being born in California, and most of the rest have their sole business connection in San Francisco, and yet hardly one of them has accepted what we have to give. They go their own way, live in their own fashion, are governed by their own laws and laugh ours to scorn. Pass one of them on the street, and he turns out for you without a glance, as he would turn out for a post.

Now, under perfectly ideal conditions, and given that we were actuated by the same lofty contempt for the Chinese which they hold for us, the system would work well. You go your way, we go ours. You administer your laws, we take care of our own. Let us meet on a frankly commercial basis, to "do" one another or to be done. But Anglo-Saxons are meddlesome people with a missionary spirit and a way of forcing their notions down the throat of the other fellow. Moreover, the peculiar Chinese method of administering corrective justice spills over and endangers the lives of their Caucasian neighbors. That is why we have Chinatown police, a Chinatown Salvation Army and Chinese missions, and that is why we concern ourselves with highbinder wars.

A Chinese Slave Girl.

Some three years ago the Chinese Consul sought the aid of the home government and organized a police force of his own to clear out the highbinder headquarters. The meeting places of the various tongs were broken open and stripped bare, and the relatives of the principal offenders were seized in China and killed or tortured. It was believed then that highbinder wars were at an end. It was a hasty conclusion. A year later there was the usual series of mysterious and unpunishable murders which mark a highbinder "ruction;" this month we have had a series of three, with possibly more to follow.

The difficulties which lead up to highbinder wars are infinitely complex and not easily understood by the occidental mind. China is a fabric of close associations, for there the club idea is carried to the farthest possible extent. The poorest coolie in the empire belongs to a labor union, a social club, a political club—all these not merely easy associations, as among us, but close fraternities bound by the strongest oaths. So mighty is their power, that Chinese political control consists mainly in maintaining the balance between their innumerable close associations. It is a fact that at one time Li Hung Chang had to give up some of his most extensive reforms because the union of wheel-barrow men objected.

The Chinese brought their associations to this country, but the new conditions prevailing here have wrought a great change in their relative power. Certain fraternities have lost their hold in California, while certain others, being out of control of the Emperor, have grown to an importance out of all proportion to that which they had in China. To this class belong the highbinder "tongs" or companies.

The original highbinder tong and the one which has the greatest hold over all the celestial world, is the Sam Hop or Triad League. It dates back some two hundred and fifty years and was patriotic in character at first, it having been created to overthrow the Tartar dynasty. Tradition has it that the foundation came through a divine revelation. One could write volumes about the history of its numerous revolutions. The Tai-Ping rebellion, which would have succeeded but for the assistance given the Emperor by the English under Chinese Gordon, was only the climax of a hundred years of war carried on by this powerful and sinister body. So, too, the more recent Ko Lo revolution, and some of the missionary outrages were the work of the Sam Hops. The Chinese government has hunted them down with unrelenting severity, executing them by the wholesale after each and every revolution. Driven from the Celestial Kingdom by this persecution, its members made their home in the straits settlements, Australia, the Philippines, California, in all places along the Pacific where the Chinese have wandered. Two centuries of persecution have changed their character, and from rebels against a foreign dynasty they have become thugs, blackmailers and murderers of the darkest stripe. The Californian branch is known as the Chee Kung Tong.

The delegation which came to the Pacific Coast was very large, and proceeded to organize immediately. For a long time they flourished in California under the name and title of Chinese Masons. Before many years, they became absolutely dominant in Chinatown. It has been supposed that the Six Companies were the ruling influence amongst the oriental population. On the contrary, their power is nothing beside that of this sinister association and the others which followed in its wake. Removed from the rigid supervision of the merciless Chinese laws, these thugs pursued their work unmolested by our justice. No Chinaman, however wronged, ever appeals to our tribunals. It is the old law of private vengeance with them. Consequently, a number of opposition societies arose in San Francisco. Chinese who had suffered at the hands of the Chee Kungs would bind themselves into a rival tong for mutual protection and for vengeance. This in turn, would give rise to other societies with the same ends. In 1893, it was said that there were nineteen highbinder societies in the metropolis, with the number still growing. All masked as merchants' clubs or social clubs, and all worked by combination and re-combination to keep the balance of power. If the Chee Kungs murdered say two men of a rival tong, then the offended society must take two Chee King lives to balance the account. If the wronged party was not strong enough, then it made a deal with another society; perhaps, then, the Chee Kungs would also combine and thus continue the contest. This state of affairs resulted in the breaking of the power of the Chee Kungs. To-day, although the original tong from which all the others sprung, they are not at all superior to a half a dozen of their rivals. Outside of San Francisco, however, they keep their formal hold, numbering ninety per cent. of the rural Chinese in their ranks.

The first intimation that the "Chinese Freemasons" were not what they purported to be came in a series of mysterious murders on the streets of Chinatown. Early in the game it seems that these thugs had done their killing in secret and had spirited away the bodies. Becoming bolder and learning the use of the American revolver, they ventured into the open and shot their victims in the theatres or on the street. Our justice seemed inadequate to deal with the problem. As soon as a shooting occurred, every Celestial in Chinatown became an accomplice bent on concealing the criminal. If he were caught red-handed, his compatriots refused to testify; if there were white witnesses to the deed, the intelligent jury would be confused into a disagreement by conflicting testimony from Chinese. The very family of the murdered man would strive to shield the criminal, partly, it is to be supposed, through their love of their own customs and their hatred of ours, but mostly because they were reserving for him a crude justice of their own. A few, a very few, convictions were obtained in cases where the assassin was caught at once and the crime was witnessed only by whites. This proved no break in this system, but only that the murderer had been incautious.

This easy treatment of our laws brought about contempt and then open defiance. No longer did the murders occur in sets, by twos and fours. The tongs held pitched battles on the streets. They levied blackmail on the wealthier Chinese, they assumed control of the traffic in slave girls, they reduced Chinatown to such a condition that peaceful merchants and coolies were forced to enter the ranks and take part in their operations for protection. Later, another turn of events further complicated the situation. Societies organized on an entirely different basis, like the Six Companies, began to hire them to wreak private vengeance. When the See Yups boycotted the Sam Yups a few years ago, the reign of terror which followed was kept up by highbinder hatchetmen in the pay or under the influence of the See Yups, many of whose members were also influential in the highbinder tongs. That memorable fight called the attention of the Chinese Consul to the situation, and he made the famous complaint to his government. The correction was made in a characteristically Chinese way. The relatives of the leading members were caught in China and made to pay the penalty with their lives.

When the police learned that conviction could not be obtained in the courts, they were confronted by a serious problem which has not yet been solved. Arrests of the principal hatchetmen for vagrancy was tried and proved a failure. They thrived on prison fare and were useless as laborers on the chain gang. It was not until Lieutenant Price's big raid in 1891 that the root of the evil was found to lie in the so-called Chinese Freemasons. Quite by accident, the police discovered a book in which was written the barbaric ritual and horrible principles of the order. Since then, the authorities have held to a "move on" policy, breaking up the headquarters whenever found and keeping strict watch for outbreaks. This does not stop the trouble, it only allays it; in fact, no remedy known to our laws has ever proved effective. The action of the Chinese Consul had the best result of any remedy yet tried, but even that, as late events have proved, was only a temporary check. However let us wait and see what the new regime may accomplish.

W. I.

TYPICAL HIGHBINDER.

GROUP OF HIGHBINDERS DISCUSSING A LATE PROCLAMATION.

A WALL IN THE ALLEY.

Photo by Oscar Maurer.

CO-EDUCATION

I.

ONE whose shoe I am unworthy to unlatch has compared a callow boy to a callow puppy. Pet the puppy and keep him away frow shoe blacking and big dogs until he approaches the age when he ought to have discretion, and his plunge into the world is going to be a hard one. Turn him out to rustle,and he will learn early and gradually the difference between those things which are good for the dog stomach and the dog psychology, and those which are not, and he can be trusted to steer for himself. The same rule, Mr. Kipling says, holds true of the boy. Universal as is this principle, it holds true in the greatest degree when the boy runs up against his most serious problem—the Girl Question.

When John Sterritt came to college he had large, coarse hands and a pair of fine eyes and wore the black cutaway which had done duty when he delivered the valedictory at the High School graduation in June. He came up with a record as the prize debater of his school, and with huge, if uncertain, ambitions. He told the minister at home that he was going to college to study, and to avoid the pitfalls which Life sets for the feet of Youth. This last was a phrase from his graduating oration; he was particularly proud of it, and used to repeat it evenings when the sound of singing and untrammeled whoops came across the campus to lure him away from his calculus,or when he watched the couples strolling two by two up to first-hour recitations. There were no girls in his modest boarding-house; only sober and serious freshmen like himself. With his intellect, he thanked heaven for that fact; with his inclinations—well, John Sterritt had to to stifle them once in a while, and put his overflowing soul into the home letters. He had never had time for girls since one occasion, years before, when he had dared to take one home from a church social. After one of these outreachings, he used to frown on himself most seriously and rearrange his schedule of studies so as to fill a vacant half-hour which gave him time to dream. Had not President Eliot of Harvard said that a student should give ten hours a day to his studies? That meant an ordinary student. Himself, he was going to make it twelve, because he had ambitions. This left him time for sleep, for meals and for a long run by way of exercise just before bed-time. During this rambling dog-trot under the trees through the dark lanes, he used to build for himself pictures of the time when he would be a great lawyer and get into the Senate,or be a great teacher and form the minds of men. He had not yet decided which it was to be.

Miss Annette Reiter came to college for a variety of reasons. It was partly because she wanted to, which ought to be reason enough for any American girl, and partly because her father had decided that it was the very thing to correct the frivolity of her nature. She was just past eighteen and kept her little-girl prettiness and plenty of her little-girl ways. The loafers in front of the Political Science building "sized her up" along with the rest of the infant class, and named her the Dresden Shepherdess. The bubbling, backwater society of the place took her in with enthusiasm, and before the end of her first year she was a member of the Eta Sorority and had been through six flirtations. When she entered her second year, she was convinced in her small soul of the hollowness of easy conquest and was longing for something really difficult. That, and the fact that he had fine eyes and curly hair and was Different may account for the fact that she noticed John Sterritt in the class in English Essayists, which they had both elected for a sophomore course.

To think, with Annette Reiter, was to act, or rather to dispose herself to be acted upon. The annual distribution of seats came at the end of the second week, and she called to use certain airs and graces she had spent upon the instructor in charge in the days when she was a freshman. The place he had assigned to her was very bad, she pointed out, for her eyes, which had been giving her much trouble of late. Could he?——Oh, certainly, number six, eight row, was open. But it was so hard to see the black-board from there, and here eyes—and she turned those eyes on him in a way which should have disproved the idea that there was anything wrong with them. The instructor was young. She took the vacant seat just across from John Sterritt, with the big, calloused hands and the slow way and the fine eyes.

It was three weeks until she got him to the point of speaking. She had dropped pencils and note-books and all but made the first advances herself before a warm discussion on sentence-structure dragged them both in, and he found himself arguing to her instead of to the instructor. The next afternoon he got up the courage to bow. After that he went home and tried to get out his Latin. It took him an hour and all his will-power to construe ten lines. Then, he gave it up, and paralyzed the man in the next room by coming in for the rest of the evening to talk about home and the good times they had on the ranch.

Two weeks later, John—no one ever called him Jack—had met the girl from the next seat and walked with her as far as the corner. Two weeks after that the college had become acquainted with Sterritt, shining in the light reflected from the Dresden Shepherdess. The upper-classmen who followed in the trail of the Eta Sorority used to rally her about it, and one of them, a Senior who attempted to assume social dictatorship, tried to talk with her very seriously about making close acquaintances outside of "her set." He gave it up on the first trial; it is hard to make a Dresden Shepherdess take you seriously. In her own house she had an ally. Grace Francis, a sober and matronly Senior, who ruled the counsels of the Eta house and did not entirely approve of all the ways of the frivoloue Anne, had decided that this friendship was the thing shs needed. Had Miss Francis advocated it openly it is odds-on that she would have wrecked the whole thing; as it was, she wisely furthered an open-door policy and let it go its way.

It was about this time that Sterritt began to wonder if there wasn't something the matter with his clothes. He studied the question for a week, and made his decision. His allowance had been calculated to an exact point; so much for board, so much for his room, so much for books and fees, so much for washing. But there happened to be a heifer or two in his name down on the ranch, kept for the time when he would have to go East to study law. Parents are indulgent things, and John had never asked much. The day after he came out in his new clothes She—he was capitalizing her by this time—permitted him to take her over to football practice. Another week, and he was writing her French exercises for her on a rustic bench away back from the campus.

In one of these afternoons, he learned that the Etas were going to give a dance just after Christmas. She told him about it one afternoon under the tree, and added:

"You dance, don't you?" He turned the subject, but he was taking private lessons the next week. The last heifer was sold down on the ranch to pay for these and help out on the dress suit he was buying on the installment plan. A college education is an expensive thing. Before she left for Christmas vacation she told him that he might be her partner at the dance, and that night his calculus ran in dactylic tetrameters. He went to work down the country during the three week's vacation, and brought back his earnings for the spring campaign.

Winter passed, and spring. His new spring clothes had to come on the installment plan,and the accessories brought him into debt. To keep up, he moved into a cheaper boarding-house. It didn't matter; nothing mattered, only one thing. That one thing was treating him very graciously, and the song in his young blood ran high. She let him get out her French exersises and write her English papers; she graciously permitted him to construe her Latin. She was so sweetly, deliciously dense about such things,and she looked so bewitching when she was trying to understand! It was very easy for him to do her work—it was a pleasant task. Somehow, it came harder to get along with his own; she was not in that. One or two of his professors had spoken to him about it, but the reproof did not sink very deep, because there was no room for it. When an official warning came from the committee which watches over such cases,he drew out his books and went at it again, but that night it was clear and pleasant,they were singing across the campus, and he made up his mind that he would wait until tomorrow. That confident tomorrow never came.

The climax was at commencement time, the proper beginning of endings. Work was done, trunks were being packed, she must go tomorrow. He had been living toward that day. He had decided that then was the time for a modified avowal. Not everything, oh, no, but just to suggest as they did in novels, that "if she would only wait." He had calmly decided on his method; he would lead the talk through a discussion of her year's work in Horace up to what he thought of all those matters, and would suggest, only just suggest, what he felt and what he meant. He got her aside, on the wide veranda of the Eta house, and stumbled into it,blundering and hesitating as he went along, but gaining courage as he talked.

"And if anyone could care for you like that"—he said—"do you think that you——"

She stopped him there and laid her hand on his arm.

"I am so glad you feel that way," she said; "it's perfectly lovely, because I think you can sympathize with me. I—I haven't wanted to tell you before, because I was afraid you wouldn't understand,but—it happened up home last Christmas. See." She held up her left hand; there was a diamond on the third finger. "I don't always wear it here, because people wouldn't understand,but you do,don't you?"

When John Sterritt reached his room,there was an official envelope, bearing the seal of the University, on the table. After a time he opened it.

"Dear sir," it read, "we regret to inform you that, owing to serious deficiencies in scholarship, you are requested to withdraw from the University."

JOHN STOLLARD.

A CHINATOWN ALLEY,
Photo by Taber.

THE JANUARY MAGAZINES AND WHAT THEY CONTAIN

TO KEEP pace with the magazines is becoming an occupation of itself. 'Tis a poor season that does not add to their number. Nowadays no publishing house is properly equipped without its monthly, which, if it be not a source of revenue, is a basis for exchange advertising. In the relative rank of the important magazines the year has made no alteration of great moment. The *Century*, while exacting its old charge of thirty-five cents, compensates by improvements in its illustrations. The introduction of color effects is decidedly a change for the better,and,though the innovation must prove expensive, necessitating three pressings of certain forms, the results are conspicuously attractive. Witness the charming pictures that go with "New Antarctic Discoveries." How infinitely beyond the average black and white they are! The December *Harper's* had some charming colored half-tones, but the precedent is not followed in the January number save in the tints that relieve Stearner's graceful sketch of "Eleanor" in the frontispiece. Neither publication has reached the perfection of the *Studio*, however,whose three-colored extant half-tones are quite the highest achievements of typographical art. Really nothing could be finer than the rendering of Henner's "Levite D. Ephraim," in the December issue or the delightful water color by Pinwell.

Otherwise both these magazines keep to their familiar lines—the *Century*, monotonous in tone, without striking features, *Harper's* fairly well varied as to contents, its stories readable if not original, and its travel material of broad, general interest. Both have articles specially appealing to Pacific Coast readers—Charles F. Lummis writes of California as "The Right Hand of the Continent," a brisk, vigorous exploitation of the superiorities of the Golden State. The *Century* presents its prize story, "Only the Master Shall Praise," written by a graduate of Stanford University, John M. Oskison. Like so many other prize stories this suggests the inferiority of its competitors rather than specific virtues or promise. A fairly readable tale, but to my mind not indicative of particular literary promise. The "Autobiography of a Quack" is a series of "Medical Don'ts." No trace of the skill or art of the author of *Hugh Wynne* is here apparent. In the first installment of *Eleanor*, Mrs. Humphrey Ward introduces a set of people who promise the type of intellectual and religious complication which she rejoices to promote and develop. Another important serial begins in *Scribner's*—J. M. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel," the opening chapters of which demonstrate that the pen of the author of *The Little Minister* has not lost its cunning. The tale is a sequel to *Sentimental Tommy* and is full of the refreshing charm of feeling characteristic of Barrie. Here, too, we have Oliver Cromwell—*Scribner's* version, by Theodore Roosevelt. It is interesting to compare the drawings of E. C. Peixotto and F. C. Yohn with Joseph Pennell's, in the *Century*, on this subject. The younger man has decidedly the better of it, though Pennell has seldom done poorer work than this Cromwell series, in which it is evident his heart is not.

The *Atlantic* keeps up the pace set for it by Editor Page, who is now himself embarked in the publishing business associated with Mr. Doubleday. The leading article is the autobiography of W. J. Stillman, whose highly checkered career should yield reminiscences of striking interest. 'Twill be long, however, ere this magazine or any other finds an autobiography such as that of Prince Kropotkin. Mr. Stillman has been a painter, a participant in the rebellion, and for 20 years correspondent of the London *Times* in Rome. The "Future of China" and "Disarming the Trusts" are reliable articles, but John Jay Chapman's "Between Elections" is important and cannot fail to impress even the careless reader with the value and importance of individual protest. Whoever protests against a wrong or a dishonest condition of affairs to some degree promotes the cause of honesty and aids the final triumph of reform, according to Mr.Chapman.

Among the ten-cent magazines *McClure's*, as usual, leads. It is rather amusing to examine the colored illstrations to the "Life of the Master," which were produced in Vienna because the editor declared America incapable of achieving such admirable effects. They are garish—jay even—and certainly represent no advance on results commonly attained in both Chicago and New York. Otherwise the stories this month are brisk and good, especially Booth Takkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire." The "Electrical Furnaces" and "Peary's Latest Work in the Arctic," are timely and informative. The Boutwell series of political articles are not sufficiently entertaining. The January *Cosmopolitan* is not specially important. The characteristic system of pictures accompanied by reading matter is followed. The fiction is especially poor. *Ainslee's* has some fairly entertaining stories and an elaborate article on George Q. Cannon, which is an excellent example of how not to write a biographical article. *Everybody's Magazine* presents an interesting programme of varied reading.

THINGS & PEOPLE

A Deadly Insult.

HOYT, the author of "A Temperance Town" and other satires on American tendencies, ought to make a flying visit to the Northwest. The rivalry between Seattle and Tacoma would furnish him material for one of the broadest farces that even he ever staged. This for a situation: The revenue cutter *Corwin* was ordered to Tacoma the other day, and great was the rejoicing amongst the rulers and populace of that burg. The port wardens and the city officials chartered a tug and started out to meet her; the Mayor had a speech of welcome all prepared, and it was a day of splendid rejoicing in Tacoma. But the commander of the *Corwin*, with that naval promptness which is always two hours ahead of time, came before the tug party was ready. One of his objects in dropping into port was to take on coal, and he found to his consternation that all the bunkers were occupied. In a business-like manner, he got up steam and headed for Seattle. The tug was approaching with the brains and talent of Tacoma and a majestic mien, when the *Corwin* was observed to turn about and head for the rival town across the Sound. The tug blew whistles, waved flags and got up steam for a stern chase, but in vain; the cutter paid no attention, and distanced her small rival. Tacoma's rejoicing was turned to gloom. The local papers waxed warmer than ever before since the name of the mountain was changed; the Mayor, his undelivered speech festering in his bosom, sat down to prepare a memorial to Congress; excited citizens met on the corners and planned revolution against our discriminating government. Then, the telegraph brought in the true story of the *Corwin's* departure, and next day the cutter came back. But she met no welcome this time. The officials of the port entered her with the air of men who deal with a hated alien, and the loyal craft in the port made a detour to avoid her as though she were a plague ship. The guard of marines has been doubled, and the trembling captain, fearful of what fate might bring should he venture into that land of dread, has announced that he is too ill to go ashore. For no man insults Tacoma and lives.

***

Beef For the Klondike.

A MINER came down from the North recently, with the boast that he had ridden nearly all the way from Dawson "out" on a bicycle and had made it in time which distanced all dog-train records. He is going in later to establish a record for the journey up-country. Another miner is staking his all on a venture just as unusual and much more practical. He is taking thirty-seven head of cattle and a train of horses into the Klondike metropolis. If the cattle cannot stand the journey over the ice, he proposes to slaughter them and carry the carcases into Dawson on sleds, trusting to the atmospheric freezing process to preserve the meat. Should the cattle live or the flesh be fresh on delivery, he will make good profit out of the venture, on which he has staked his all. It is a venturesome enterprise, but any business in the Klondike country, from steamboating to mining, is a gamble, as conditions are at present.

***

The Chief of Police Controversy.

THE single subject engaging public attention at the moment is the Chief of Police controversy. The impression has become general that one Lieutenant Esola is to be appointed to the head of the department by the Commissioners of Mayor Phelan's appointment. Just why the distinction should be conferred on Esola rather than on one of a dozen other good men no one has yet risen to explain. The sole cause of such prominence as he may possess rests on the friendship of the *Examiner* and the support that W. R. Hearst, its proprietor, has given his aspiration. Personally, Esola seems to have many friends and is pleasantly regarded by those who have met him in a professional capacity. Yet if the choice falls on him, despite the determined antagonism of the *Bulletin*, *Call* and *Chronicle*, Esola will owe his place directly to the *Examiner*. To it, rather than to the Mayor or to any other factor, his allegiance will be due, and the majority of my readers will admit that that is a contingency to be avoided. The Chief of Police should have no newspaper connections. His position affords him a knowledge of affairs that is better out of journalistic ken, and while he might prove a veritable Brutus, knowing neither friends nor enemies in the discharge of his duties, he might also play favorites, which would be bad. Considering there is ample material available, under the conditions, I don't imagine the Commissioners will nominate Esola. Mayor Phelan's appointees are men of social and political prominence and wise in the ways of the world. They will probably take the view that most men would under the circumstances and refuse to interfere as between the newspapers. The selection of Esola would earn each and all of them the undying enmity of the other dailies and would seem to prove the assertion that they had been pledged in advance. That these gentlemen, as the price of a questionable dignity, should consent to enter into an agreement bartering their judgment and discretion no one who knows them will believe. Why should they? It is their bounden duty to place in this important post a man in whom public confidence may rest, and we may be sure they will do nothing less.

A Preposterous Assumption

EQUALLY incredible is the story that Mayor Phelan entered into an engagement with the *Examiner* to ensure the appointment of its Lieutenant Esola as Chief of Police. Imagine the situation—here is James D. Phelan, who has been three times elected Mayor of San Francisco, and is as well versed as any one in the political game as it is played, depicted as entering into a compact which everyone knows could not fail to win him the bitter antagonism of every other journal in San Francisco, and cost him the esteem of all the friends of reform and decent government, And for what price? He knows that while he has had the support of the *Examiner* that it was given not to James D. Phelan but to the candidate of the Democratic party. As the leader of that party that support could not be withheld from him, and if it were, the loss would be to the organ rather than to him. No one has ever denied political acumen to Mayor Phelan, and it is preposterous to suggest, morals apart, that he would not realize the advantage of being right with his constituents and the press in general than being wrong with the *Examiner*. Anyone accustomed to weighing the values of a situation must see the point of this, and why suggest that a man whom his enemies admit is a clever tactician, would let himself be tangled up in so fatuous and one-sided an engagement. No one wants a Chief of Police who would be an *Examiner* chattel; every one realizes the danger of it and the possibilities it opens for unscrupulous journalists. Why think James D. Phelan less intelligent than the average man? At least there is nothing in Mayor Phelan's career that will justify the charges made against him, and I am satisfied results will show him to be above reproach.

* * *

Growth of the Call.

THE *Call* is decidedly an active factor in the affairs of San Francisco nowadays and speaks in no uncertain tones as regards policies and politics. I am told the paper is continually gaining in circulation much to the satisfaction of John D. Spreckels, who cares a good deal more for this journalistic venture of his than for his vastly more extensive interests in beet sugar and steamboats. Whoever has had to do with the manipulation of a great daily will readily agree that it is a fascinating undertaking. While one may not have the same direct power that is implied in the ownership of a Chief of Police, one's general influence is much greater, and one is a factor entitled at least to interfere in any of the municipality's affairs. In politics the owner of a big daily is an integral of great weight, always providing that the circulation of his paper is large and that it is conducted on legitimate lines. Nothing is so obvious as journalistic veniality, or so futile after the first crop. Mr. Spreckels is an attentive as well as a generous employer and is quick to reward the members of his staff who do good service. The Sunday editor of the *Call*, A. J. Moore—he who is responsible for the brilliant "effects" which garnish the Sabbath supplement—was presented with a tidy rig and an excellent steed just about Christmas time by way of recognition of his work. I am told the Home Study scheme, which, to the average reader, seems a shallow enough device, is really a great circulation winner and has already obtained thousands of new subscribers for the *Call*. In another department of Mr. Spreckels' journal, that of dramatic criticism, valuable service is being rendered by Porter Garnett, whose scholarly and intelligent estimates of current theatrical performances in San Francisco have attracted considerable attention. His critiques are admirably phrased and his judgments thoroughly well founded. Mr. Garnett is well fitted to undertake the charge of a critical department, for he has long been an earnest student of musical and dramatic subjects, and is deeply interested in his work.

***

A Chinese View of Highbinders.

ARE the white people, through the officers of their laws, responsible for tong wars and highbinder outrages? A Chinese of position, who has given his opinion on the matter in the San Jose *Sketch* and later in the San Francisco *Examiner*, thinks that they are. Interpreted in terms of our understanding, his assertion amounts to the charge that we have treated his countrymen with contempt and refused them the protection of our laws. Therefore, they resort to their own courts of justice, the tongs. The view of the learned author on the highbinder hatchet-men is illuminated as by a lightning flash through the name he gives them—"executioners." They are not assassins, in this version of the case, but the instruments of outraged justice. I confess this has prepared me to take a new impression on the Chinese question. When you consider it, the old sand-lot spirit prevails in our private attitude toward the Chinese. It is not merely contempt, such as is felt for the negroes in the South; it is open, manifest hostility. In the East, small boys work off their innate brutality by tin-canning dogs; here they indulge their youthful spirits in Chinaman-baiting. The San Francisco or Portland hoodlum makes the yellow people the butt of his wrath. The humorous stories about western judges who have commended the shooting of a Chinaman as an act of merit rest on a surer foundation of fact than most newspaper jokes. Under these circumstances, it is not strange—it is only natural— that our givers and enforcers of the laws should deny equal justice to the Chinese. Officials are no better than the people they represent. There is no doubt that, as the Chinese author of the article states, Chinese murderers of their own people are never hunted down with anything like the energy employed when the victim is a white man. Such being the case, does anyone wonder that the yellow people resort to their own "courts."

Chinese Dear Labor.

While we are dwelling on the survivals of the sand-lot days, let me remind a forgetful people that the question of Chinese cheap labor is solved. It is now rather Chinese dear labor. Man for man, Chinese are better paid than whites for the same grade of work. The figures I here present come from Labor Commissioner Fitzgerald, and from two wealthy and respected Chinese, native sons, both of them, and can be relied on. The ordinary laborer, generally a packer or porter in a Chinese store, receive eighteen dollars per month and "found." This is the lowest wage paid in Chinatown or out to Chinese "help," and comparatively few work at that price. The clerks in the stores along Dupont street, the Market street of Chinatown, have not less than forty dollars a month and board. This is the price given clerks who are new at the business and have not mastered the language; one who speaks good English and has some experience is good for sixty or seventy dollars. In this case and in every other, board is included, and generally lodging. It is a universal custom, to which they cling with racial tenacity. Domestic servants, as good housekeepers of San Francisco know, never come cheaper than twenty-two dollars a month. This price will tempt only a very indifferent servant; good cooks earn much more. The average is thirty dollars, and many are paid as high as seventy-five dollars a month. In short, their range of capability is not high, but in that range they are better paid than their white competitors, simply because they do the work they attempt and are more reliable, since commercial honesty and faithfulness to contracts are Chinese virtues. The demand is strong. Commissioner Fitzgerald has said to me: No Chinaman need ever be out of work in San Francisco. People want 'em."

* * *

While I doubt if the Chinese will ever become citizens in the American sense of the word, I note that those who are permanent and not transitory residents are increasing in San Francisco and along the Coast generally. Time was when no Celestial ever came to the United States with the intention of remaining. He expected to go in for the hardest kind of labor for a few years, until he had amassed a few hundred dollars, a competence for China, and then retire to his native land to end his days in peace and plenty as a landed proprietor. Now there is a little China here where one may live very well within the rules of his old life, and more and more the Chinese are taking root there, with no thought of return. Religion, or at least that part of it which has to do with ancestor-worship, is the great force now drawing them back, but even that is loosening its hold.

* * *

The Pro-Boer Boom.

THE Boer boom in San Francisco has subsided, as was to be expected, and as it has done everywhere. The truth is, the American people, speaking the same language as the British, ruled by the same common law, holding to nearly the same ideals, and sprung, as concerns the ruling class, from the same stock, finds it hard to get up more than a passing hatred for the English. Intellectually they may develop a sympathy for the Boer cause and a dislike for English occupation, but when correspondents send in their own tongue the lists of the killed and wounded, they wince. The true Anglo-Saxon alliance lies deeper than any formal treaty. Tradition, language, common commercial interests, above all, common enemies, are drawing us together, in spite of the *Saturday Review* on one side and Anglophobia on the other.

* * *

Concerning St. Mary's Park.

NOW that the Panhandle bonds are voted, and New San San Francisco is in the mouths of every one, the powers that be, wrapped up in huge projects, seem to be forgetting the plan to convert the old, notorious St. Mary's district into a park. I pointed out not long ago the fact that the regeneration of that rotten district depended upon the opening of a breathing-place in its midst. The experience of other American cities has shown this to be a fact. It is the method which cleaned out the notorious Five Points of New York, and equally squalid and vicious sections of Boston and Philadelphia. There is every reason to believe that the thing would work just as well in San Francisco. Yet the City Fathers, with whom the decision lies, have shelved the project, and the two alleys of saintly name and devilish fame stand deserted—kept from their old use by police regulations and from legitimate use by a natural prejudice against such a location. There are means of fighting vice besides Hotel Nymphia raids.

* * *

Cramming vs. Common Sense.

COMMON sense has won a victory over pedantry in the Seattle schools. The *Times* of that city recently called attention to the excessive prevalence of the "cramming" process in the city educational institutions. Investigation showed that little tots just out of the kindergarten were not only pushed to the limit as regarded their regular school work, but were going home at night loaded with books and with an extravagant amount of work laid out for home study. Public agitation caused the Board of Education to look into the matter and the result was an order that the younger pupils should be kept in school only three hours a day and should be given little or no night work. The order has already worked a great reform and teachers and preants alike are pleased.

BOSWELL, JR.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY FROM TE HILLS.

THE NEW LIBRARY AND ASSEMBLY HALL.

THE NEW LIBRARY AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY

THE extraordinary possibilities which present themselves today to the possessor of large means are in few cases so well illustrated as in the history of the great educational institution which has within the last decade reared its head in the northern part of the county of Santa Clara. Where little more than ten years ago there existed only the rolling area of a huge ranch, inhabited mainly by horses of select breed, there stands today a series of buildings wellnigh unrivaled in the history of architecture, resorted to day by day by a thousand young men and women drawn from every quarter of the civilized world. Such an achievement ranks with the foundation of the Alexandrian Museum as an event of historic importance. It is significant, moreover, that this later temple of the muses is the creation of no Eastern conqueror, but is simply the act of two citizens of a Western Republic in memory of a youth otherwise absolutely unknown to fame.

It must be a subject of congratulation to all Californians that the clouds which have for the last six years overhung the future of Stanford University have been permanently cleared away, and that the resources of the institution are now such as to guarantee its uninterrupted progress. The university has paseed through an ordeal during these late years which has more than once threatened it with destruction, and it is no secret that its continuance has been due to the heroic efforts of a woman, and she a widow.

As a reflex of the new, or rather renewed, order of things at Stanford, comes the opening of two new buildings. The formal exercises attending this event took place on Thursday last at the university. The additions consist of a library building and an assembly hall capable of seating seventeen hundred people.

The new structures, which form a part of the so-called "outer quadrangle," are two stories in height, and conform in material and architectural style to the buildings of the original or "inner quadrangle." The library occupies the center of a block of three buildings, of which the assembly hall is the second, and the third, to be devoted to the use of the departments of history and English, will be erected during the present year. At the outset this is an unfortunate position for a building which in reality is the very heart of the entire university. In addition to that, it is considered undesirable by the best library architects to erect a library in connection with any other building, because of the risk of fire and the difficulty of lighting such a building from two sides only. From the point of view of an architect and a university man, it is to be deplored that the library building was not allotted to some such open and isolated position as that to be occupied by the chapel.

The problem which Mr. Percy, the architect of the structure, was called upon to solve was thus rendered needlessly difficult at the very beginning. The result, while in every way creditable to the architect, emphasizes the impossibility of conforming a large series of buildings to a preconceived general plan, if the buildings are to be individually satisfactorily adjusted to the demands to be made upon them.

According to the practice of the day, the necessary and essential features of a college library building are a general reading-room, ample "stack" accommodation, and a sufficient number of "seminary rooms." These have been supplied—adequately, no doubt—in the new building at Stanford. To the main reading-room access is gained directly from the arcade. Here the seating capacity of about two hundred and fifty individual reading desks will probably serve the needs of the students at large for some years to come. On either side of the main room are two generous apartments which will be used as newspaper and periodical rooms and to accommodate the administration. It has resulted, however, from the position of the building that two of these buildings are seriously deficient in light, and can scarcely be considered an available adjunct.

The "stack"—despite a single slip in construction—is throughly satisfactory, and up to the best standards of modern library requirements. The shelving is fireproof, being of metal, and will accommodate a quarter of a million volumes before any architectural changes become necessary. On the second floor provision has been made for six "seminary rooms." These are designed to receive collections of books withdrawn from the main library for the special use of the advanced students of each of the literary departments. The students are debarred from the main stack, but in the seminary room have entirely free access to those books that directly concern the work of their specialty. Thus separate provision has been made for the departments of English, Romance and Germanic languages, Latin and Greek, Economics and History. Here again the arbitrary location of the building has rendered it impossible to get the best results, for of the six rooms two are very imperfectly lighted by skylights, two are totally excluded from any sun—making them dark and damp—and two are over-lit, receiving the sun all day.

The fittings are throughout in good taste, and convey, as they should, an immediate impression of the importance of the building.

As the first modern library building in California it was to be hoped that this at Stanford University would set a good example for other places to follow; the main impression left, after a careful study of it, is that too great a sacrifice has been made in securing conformity to the general plan of the university buildings, but that under the circumstances as good a building has been obtained as could have been expected.

T. C. D.

THE LIBRARY THROUGH THE TREES.

A remarkable fact about Washington is, that it is unable to raise enough eggs and poultry to supply the home demand. Before the Klondike rush this was not the case, but now Missouri, Kansas and other central western states are called upon to help furnish the necessary supply. The explanation for this is, that the farmers have found more profit in fruit and grain than in poultry. Hops and prunes and other larger products have also occupied their attention. Even pork brings higher prices in Washington than beef. It would seem from this that the farmers will soon have to give more attention to poultry and hogs, for if the Eastern dealers can gain a profit by shipping their product thousands of miles, surely the home people could make a snug margin clear.

Professor Mantegazza, in the *Humanitarian*, presents some curious statistics opposed to the view that women are the equals of men in the matter of criminality. These are some of them: Man bears false witness one hundred times to a woman's seventeen. Man for forgery and counterfeit coining was convicted one hundred times to a woman's eleven. In France women are summoned before the tribunals four times less than men. In France, in 1880, women delinquents were fourteen to one hundred men. In Italy, in the same year, they were only nine per cent. In Algeria we have ninety-six male delinquents and only four women. In England and Wales, between 1834 and 1842, there were twenty-four women to one hundred men, all for the more serious offenses. In 1871 Dr. Nicholson found in the prisons in England eight thousand two hundred and eighteen men and one thousand two hundred and seventeen women. In Bavaria, from 1862 to 1866, in a population consisting solely of peasants, the women who were condemned were in proportion twenty-nine to one hundred men. In the prisons of Turin, from 1871 to 1884, the women in respect to men are represented by a figure of thirteen to sixty-seven per cent. Taking the whole of Europe, women are, according to Prof. Mantegazza, five times less guilty than men.

Of all the chocolate beans imported into the United States two-thirds go to one firm in Boston. The chocolates sold are of various grades. The Caracas chocolate is supposed to be the best. Take pieces of the various grades, technically known as the Caracas, the French, the German and so on, and allow them to dissolve in a pan of water. You will find that the best grades will leave no sediment. The others will. This is explained by the fact that in the cheaper grades the shell is ground up and used as a "filler." The lighter the chocolate the better the grade. The cheaper grades are dark, owing to the ground up shell. There are chocolate fiends, just as there are opium fiends, tobacco slaves and liquor slaves. Persons who are nervous and irritable find it a food that in a way calms and soothes and satisfies them. The consumption of chocolate is increasing enormously in the United States.

The celebration of the centenary of the poet Heine, which was to have been an imposing literary ceremony, was a very melancholy affair. A dozen or so journalists, chiefly German and English, met in the Montmartre Cemetery in bitterly cold weather. The poet's tomb was sparsely decorated with flowers. A few visiting cards were pinned to the wreaths, and, after a little subdued conversation the company departed.

REAR OF LIBRARY.

PLAYS and PLAYERS

ANNA HELD ··· IN PAPA'S WIFE

JULIA MARLOWE in BARBARA FRITCHIE

VIRGINIA HARNED in SONG of the SWORD.

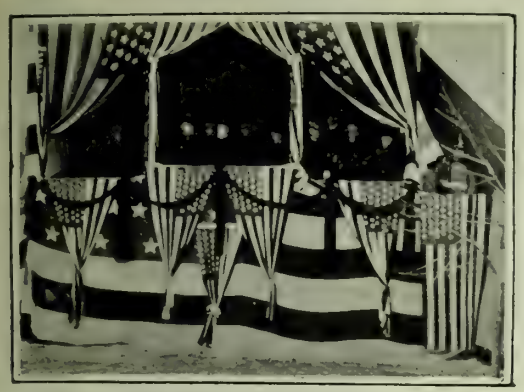
EDNA WALLACE HOPPER As CHRIS in CHRIS and the WONDERFUL LAMP

ISABELLE IRVING in THE TYRANNY of TEARS

MAXINE ELLIOT In a LADY and the COWBOY

GERTRUDE ELLIOT In a LADY and the COWBOY.

BURIAL OF THE MAINE VICTIMS.



THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET AT ARLINGTON.

PRES. McKINLEY, SEC'Y LONG and CAPT. SIGSBEE at the Cemetery

COFFINS AT ARLINGTON JUST BEFORE INTERMENT.

DELALGOA BAY.

THE KEY OF THE TRANSVAAL.

DELAGOA BAY has become the key of the South African situation. From the British point of view, the possession of that bit of land means the difference between a long, hard and uncertain war and an easy walk into the heart of the enemy's country.

More than this, the present state of affairs at Delagoa Bay gives the Boers a constant source of supplies. No one who is acquainted with the run of affairs in South Africa doubts that the immense supplies of arms, ammunition and the forces of volunteers held by the Boers to "spring" on their opponents came through Delagoa Bay. The Portuguese officials at that point are not active Boer sympathizers, but they are like any other officeholders of their race in that they are out for "what is in it." Kruger has spent his secret service money lavishly in bribing them, with the result that his reinforcements and munitions have passed as freely through Delagoa Bay as though it were one of their own ports. For that matter, this is going on still in spite of the blockade. The recent seizure of the *Bundsrath* was one attempt to check it. While the port remains open, as it practically is at present, the Republic's resources are augmented about sixty per cent. The officers and men being recruited in Europe, the ammunition and supplies necessary to keep up the war may continue to pass as freely as they have been passing. If Britain continues to make seizures, she perpetuates the international troubles which have arisen between her government and those of Germany and the United States; with the Delagoa Bay region in her possession, she could check the thing at once.

Great Britain's legal justification for such an act is stronger than most uninformed people would imagine. Should she take and hold the port now, any international court of arbitration would probably exonerate her for the act. There are obscure treaties existing between England and Portugal whereby the stronger nation agrees to protect the weaker from foreign invasion and internal aggression. In return, England receives the right to occupy any of the Portuguese ports, the African ones being specifically mentioned. The first time that these treaties came into prominence was in 1873, when Great Britain formally protested to the Spanish against invasion of Portugal and showed her willingness to back the protest by force. Thus, one party to the agreement has kept faith and cannot be blamed for holding the other to terms. There is another justification equally valid. Portugal has violated the law of neutrality by admitting Boer supplies. There is abundant precedent for seizing territory on these grounds. The offence is proved; the only excuse the Portuguese could possibly offer is the fear of Boer aggression. To this, Great Britain could answer that with her forces in possession she could end such aggression.

It is easy to see what would happen in South Africa should England seize the port at once. The road to Pretoria is clear. There is a level country with easy roads all the way to the Boer capital. Since the war opened, this country has been almost unoccupied. Winston Churchill crossed it in his escape from imprisonment and saw hardly one inhabited farm. Great Britain could land her reinforcements at the port and make a demonstration toward Pretoria. Immediately, the Boers would withdraw their armies from before Ladysmith and Colenso and probably from Mafeking and Kimberly, and turn to defend the capital. It would put the Boers on the defensive and so change conditions that the British could continue the fight in a region suited to their own particular methods.

Why, it may be asked, does not England take the port at once? Why did she not do so at the opening of the war? Her reason for not acting in the beginning lies in the contempt for the Boers which has marked her conduct from the beginning. The generals and diplomats who engineered the campaign believed in proceeding through Natal direct without taking chances on international trouble. Perhaps, also, the fear of an invasion of Natal had something to do with the case. The reason for holding back at this point, when possession is all ten points of the law, is harder to guess. It must be that the talk of a European coalition is founded upon a more substantial basis than has been supposed, and that the statesmen at London know it. Germany's action in the *Bundsrath* matter may be only a sample of what would happen in such a contingency.

It is not likely that the Transvaal will be the party to seize Delagoa Bay. The enterprising republic has almost nothing to fear from international complications. Paradoxical as it may seem, England would have to stand responsible for such an action. The treaties now existing between the two belligerents are so framed that England is the sponsor for her enemies' foreign relations. Moreover, the sympathies of Europe are with Kruger's people. But at this stage in the game the Boers must draw off their forces from before the besieged towns or from Pretoria in order to accomplish the seizure. The one course would involve the loss of all the advantages gained in the campaign, the other would mean the abandonment of a base of operations. Besides, the two republics have no navy, and the English warships could drive them from the position in a day.

Last summer, in Cape Colony, a hundred locusts, inoculated by the Government Bacteriological Institute, were distributed amongst a swarm, and on the next morning and the following days large numbers of dead ones were found in the sand dunes, being killed by the fungus, as microscopical examination proved. In another case the fungus was mixed with lukewarm water, and young locusts were released after immersion in the liquid. After three days rain fell, and on the afternoon of the fourth day, locusts were found in heaps in the bush about three miles from where they were immersed. The Bacteriological Institute at Grahamstown supplied the fungus that was used.

CHAPLAIN CHADWICK OF THE MAINE OFFICIATING.

The two great transcontinental railroads which have their terminus on Puget Sound are preparing for a great movement of wheat to the East. They have ordered all their empty cars to Seattle and Tacoma and other points in Washington in order to handle the traffic without delay. The farmers are a little shy in parting with their holdings, for prices are not so high as they had hoped for, and, as they are not pressed for money, some of them will hold out until a higher figure is reached. The wheat crop in Washington was far above the average this year.

THE U. S. HARTFORD.

OFF ON A TRAINING CRUISE.

DURING the last week of December, 1886, Farragut's historic flagship, the *Hartford*, entered the harbor of San Francisco and proceeded to Mare Island, there going out of commission after what was supposed to be her last cruise. But the will of the people over-rode the decision of Congress, which had practically condemned all wooden ships of her class, and upward of a half million dollars was appropriated for her reconstruction. On Sunday evening last, San Francisco was given the first opportunity of seeing the result of the *Hartford's* rejuvenation, for just before night closed over the bay, the historic ship, transformed into a modern, composite cruiser, steamed into the bay from Mare Island, and dropped her anchor off Folsom street. So thoroughly unannounced was her coming that she was not given the reception which she deserved.

A glance over the rejuvenated *Hartford* shows very little of the old ship, save the beautiful model of her hull, which a generation ago rendered her "the queen of the American Navy." Above decks, her rig has been changed from that of a ship to a bark without royals, which somewhat decreased her spread of canvas, but it is estimated that owing to the difference in weight between her old ordnance and the lighter guns of to-day, she will be able to nearly, if not quite, equal the speed which gave her a phenomenal record under sail in the days agone. Her spar deck has been extended flush fore and aft, and on this is mounted all but two of her secondary battery and one gun of her principal battery. This secondary battery consists of six six-pounder rapid-fire guns, two one-pounder rapid fire, and one three-pounder rapid fire, besides two Maxim-Nordenfeldt automatic one-pounders, these two latter guns being the very latest invention in marine ordnance, each being capable of firing upward of one hundred one-pound projectiles per minute. Two of the six-pounders mentioned are mounted on the gun deck below, underneath the forecastle. Her main battery consists of thirteen five-inch quick-firing rifles, six in each broadside mounted on her gun deck, and one on the forecastle. Her engines are brand new, being of the most powerful pattern that could be used in the space allowed, and are capable of giving to the ship at least twelve knots per hour under forced draft. The cruiser has also been supplied with a most complete electric plant, which includes every possible appliance in use aboard the latest types of fighting craft.

A distinctive change has been made in her officers' quarters. The new ward-room, occupying the entire breadth of the ship, abaft the main-mast, opens out into an extension running aft the remaining length of the ship. From this extension opens, on port and starboard, the rooms of the officers, with the exception of the executive and chief engineer, whose quarters are located forward of the ward-room. These entire officers' quarters are ornamented in oak, and furnished in a most elaborate fashion.

Aft on the gun deck is the cabin of her commander, from which opens out an after cabin, both being exceptionally large and occupying the entire stern of the ship. From the cabin, a suite of apartments open out on either hand, that on the starboard side occupied by the *Hartford's* commander being fitted with speaking tubes, telephone, electric bells, and every possible means of communication with all parts of the ship. The *Hartford* is in reality one of the handsomest cruisers in her class now afloat.

Her present cruise is given over to the training of three hundred landsmen, whom the department expects, will be transformed into competent seamen by the time the cruiser touches Hampton Roads in the early summer. Her course will take her around South America, through the Straits of Magellan, with calls at all the principal ports en route. She will proceed principally by sail, steaming only when she meets with adverse winds. Her first port out of San Francisco, will be Valparaiso, Chili, which means a run of more than seven thousand miles before her anchor is again let go. It is expected that her arrival at Valparaiso will be reported about the first week in March.

The *Hartford* is in command of Commander John M. Hawley, who for three months past has spent his time at Mare Island superintending the re-construction of the cruiser. During this enforced stay, however, he has convinced himself of the practicability of his plan to equip the navy with first-class men. Besides the apprentices, there are 100 first class seamen who will serve as a backbone in operating the ship during the preliminary education of the younger men. Officers and all, the *Hartford* carries a complement equal to any battleship. If the cruise proves successful it should prove an easy matter to follow this plan and not only thoroughly Americanize the navy, but at the same time, raise its moral and physical personality. The navy department thoroughly believes in Captain Hawley's ideas, and has given him the most complete training ship in the world with which to test them. DOUGLAS WHITE

Babblings of a Belle

THIS week, my dear Diary, has been the very quietest since the winter commenced. In fact, it was so painfully quiet I did not know what to do with myself, so determined to return as many of my calls as I could. Returning calls is a dismal failure if one wishes to have a really exciting time, so I consider this has been a tiresome week. It seems curious that right in the midst of the season everyone should have stopped entertaining. So many of the girls say they are tired of it all, but I feel just as fresh and anxious to keep it up as I was six weeks ago. I often wonder what girls who do not go out do with themselves. They are always supposed to be the happiest. Still, time must often hang very heavily on their hands. Aunt Sibyl says they have their household duties to look after, but I doubt that they can take up more than a little while every morning. Of course, some join classes. Then again that takes only a morning or two a week. Perhaps they spend the rest of the time preparing for the classes, or writing letters to their crushes. Some of us girls were discussing letters the other evening. When I said I had never in my life written a letter to a man, all the girls shrieked with laughter. It never occurred to me before that it was funny, but I suppose it is. Mama is so strict and conventional, and I suppose old-fashioned, that she does not approve of it, so this littte cherub has simply conformed to her wishes. When I (a question mark is not put here, for it is an understood thing) receive flowers from the very generous youth with whom I dance, mama always sends him a card of thanks. Owing to this eccentricity in the young man of the present day, mama still has a large package of cards. So far as I can see there is no other reason for writing. Some girls I know keep up correspondence with young ellows when they take trips to Europe, or to Manila, or even to New York, but I should not know what to say to the average young man. Fancy writing to a fellow one has been crushed on, and telling him about the parties and dinners and little affairs of which it is easy to talk. I really believe the youth would be bored to extinction. Arthur receives lots of letters from girls, but he never shows them to me. After reading each one he tears it up and throws it in the fire. Mama always says when she sees Arthur fold one up and carefully put it into his pocket, or go into another room to read it, then she will begin to think he is really very devoted to some girl. I often think the girl he likes may not be allowed to write letters. Mama will never find out anything about him until he will come some day and say, "Well, I am going to be married." Then papa will say, "A good idea, boy"; and mama will gently inquire as to the name of the girl who is to be so deeply honored. Then Arthur will pour forth into unwilling ears, for the most part, all sorts of praise for some girl without whom he could never be happy.

Speaking of engagements reminds me that I have a rich steady at last who seems to be taking me seriously. As he lives in San Francisco, and is sufficiently well off to build me a big house, perhaps I may yet be able to give all next year's debutantes a fine lot of entertainments. Of course I shall not forget the belles of other years.

I went to Gertie Forman's wedding the other day. It was a very quiet one, but she looked awfully handsome. Grace Spreckels was maid of honor, and Mr. Redington best man. Mr. Brander is an awfully entertaining man and I took quite a shine to him. They received stunning presents, and in a short while are going for a trip to Australia. The next two weddings to which I am invited will be out of town. On Monday Miriam Moore and Edward Pringle are to be married at their place in Tulare county. It will be quite a small wedding, but as Miriam has asked some of us to go up there, I expect there will be a good deal of fun. The Moore girls were always great favorites in San Francisco. I can well remember when Leila was going out, she used to say the Moores had more men callers on Sunday afternoon than any other girls. Frances is to be maid of honor. Sidney Pringle, whom I consider the flower of the Pringle boys, the best man. At the end of the month we are to have an Oakland wedding, Martha Alexander is to marry Dr. Waterhouse of Honolulu. Martha is a splendid girl. She is very well read and has traveled extensively in the most interesting manner possible, her father and she having bicycled all over England and the continent, going to places quite unknown to the general tourist. I have never met Dr. Waterhouse, but Martha has generally evinced pretty good judgment in her men friends, so I think he must be pretty nice. Mamie McMullen has also announced her engagement to Jesse Godley. Leila has always said Mamie is one of the finest girls she knows. She is clever and sympathetic and has any amount of tact and judgment, and Mr. Godley is to be very deeply congratulated. He is an awfully nice fellow, and I am quite sure they will be an ideal couple. I do not know when they are to be married, but I suppose early in the year. This is to be a dreadfully expensive year for me. So many of my friends are to be married. Of course I shall take a great deal of pleasure in giving each of them a present. Presents come to a great deal in a life time, and really, unless I like a girl very much, I do not get much pleasure in expending money on her. It happens to be customary, so we all do it, and try to do it with good grace. In England only the very best friends and relatives give expensive presents. In reading over the list in English papers, I have noticed gifts such as pen-wipers, handkerchief cases, work-bags, and other similar things being given by most prominent people. Fancy here in San Francisco one of us girls sending a pen-wiper to one of our friends. I don't believe she would ever remember she had received it.

MISS MAUD B. FISK,
whose engagement to Dr. Clinton Catherwood has ceen announced.

The engagement dinner given by the Taylors to Helen Hopkins and Gus Taylor was a glorious affair. Helen looked beautiful. She wore a most becoming gown and was radiantly happy. We all had a good time. The other girls I really thought looked well were Sara Collier—I always admire her, she is so distinctly aristocratic looking. Celia Tobin looked well; so did Miss Nichols and Helen Smith. Linda Cadwalader looked very nice, and had on a most becoming gown. Color effects mean so much to her beauty, more than to almost any other girl I know. I like her best in pink or cream. I was so glad to be near Mr. O'Rourke and Harry Stetson, for they are both exceedingly entertaining. Then Gerald Rathbone was opposite me, so I had quite one of the best times of the year. Cora Smedberg had a dance, which was a great success. She makes a splendid hostess, and was careful not to have too many, so we really enjoyed a good dance and an excellent supper afterwards. The Hopkins girls looked pretty, so did Caro Crockett. Carrie Taylor looked better than I have seen her this year. Cora looked cute, too; I like her so much in white. We had good music and a good time.

This coming week I have Edith Stubbs' luncheon and Bernie Drown's dinner that same evening. Then Ed Greenway's to Ethel Hager, and the Stanford reception on Saturday afternoon. Friday night is the next Fortnightly. I do look forward to dances with real pleasure. Great preparations are on hand for the next La Jeunesse. It is to be held in the Native Sons' Hall and will be an army and navy affair. There are to be two leaders, an army and a navy man. Unfortunately, the three boats, the *Philadelphia*, *Marblehead*, and *Iowa*, have gone down to Magdalena Bay, and will not return in time for this great event. All of us girls are regretting this fact dreadfully; so many of the navy men are really more interesting than any other men in town. The figures will be very elaborate, and it is really the *chef d' oeuvre* of the parties of the season. I am so sorry it can not be postponed until the return of the ships. I have been trying to use my influence with the patronesses, but they do not seem to think the date can be altered.

People have already begun to discuss the Mardi Gras Ball. I have never yet been to one, because papa does not approve, but he is away this year, and Aunt Sybil thinks I would look fine to go as a Cricket. It would be rather a queer costume, but I could have a great deal of fun. Aunt Sibyl thinks it is absurd to have any feeling about a Mardi Gras ball, so I think I shall christen mine this year. It is to be very difficult to get tickets and will be kept very select. All the girls are endeavoring to get unique costumes. This, of course, is not a very easy thing to do, and takes quite an original mind.

Now, Diary deary, I shall leave you for a week.

An engagement of considerabe interest to Californians, though the parties thereto are now New Yorkers, is that of Miss Maud B. Fiske and Dr. Clinton Catherwood. Miss Fiske is a beauty and a member of the "smart set" in New York society. Dr. Catherwood is the son of Mrs. Major Darling and the grandson of the late Judge Hastings. Since his location in New York, Dr. Catherwood has made substantial progress in the practice of his profession. He is a member of the surgical staffs of both the French and Hudson River Hospitals and is pathologist at the French Hospital. He is also assistant surgeon of the 12th Regt. N. G. N. Y.

The Oakland cotillion on Thursday night was a great success. The hall was beautifully decorated and some of the gowns exceedingly handsome. Mrs. Harry Miller, Mrs. Will Henshaw and Mrs. Edson Adams were the young matrons who looked their best. The girls who seemed to be most admired were Ethel Valentine, Carmen Moore, Ethel Kittridge, Laura Crellin, Jean Hush, Elizabeth Huntington, Della Mills and Helene Wagner, were among the representatives from San Francisco. The Knowles gave a luncheon to Mrs. Fred Bixby on Monday and Miss Carmen Moore a tea on Tuesday. Mrs. Bixby will soon return to Southern California. The Berkeley cotillion will take place on Wednesday and is to be led by Leslie Green and Bob Baird. The Oakland Golf Club will have an informal cotillion Saturday next. Mrs. Driscoll will give a tea in the near future. MISS CRICKET.

Champagne Imports in 1899.

As shown by Customs statistics the imports in 1899 of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry reached the enormous figure of 109 303 cases, being 72,495 cases more than of any other brand—a record unprecedented in the history of champagne. Its 1895 vintage now imported has no equal.

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Three Meals a Day.

How many years of her life does a woman spend over the hot cook stove getting those three meals a day? Back aching, head throbbing, nerves twitching, it's all the same, there are three meals a day to be prepared. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cannot lighten woman's labor, but it can and does increase her strength. It cures those diseases of the womanly organs which undermine woman's vitality.

"I cannot praise Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription too highly as a tonic for tired, worn-out women who are afflicted with female weakness," writes Mrs. Ira W. Holmes, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. "It has helped me very much and a skillful physician once said to me in answer to my question as to its efficacy, 'I know of cases where it has really worked wonders.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do not re-act upon the system. They are a good thing to keep in the house. One 'Pellet' is a laxative, two a cathartic dose. The medicine for every woman.

The Penny Magazine Brain Tests, No. 8.

What is Love?

$400.00 in Prizes.

Here is a brain contest for everybody between the ages of seven and one hundred and seven, WHAT IS LOVE? The prize will be awarded not for learned answers and for long answers, not for answers with big words in them, but for answers that are original and clever. The answers may be weird, or they may be witty. They may be cynical or silly. They may be expressed in the simplest language and in the fewest words. Even spelling will not count. A CHILD WITH THE RIGHT IDEA MAY BE THE WINNER. No answer should contain more than fifty words.

There will be prizes aggregating $400 in all—$200 for the best answer, $50 for the next best answer and $25 each for the two next best, and then one hundred prizes of $1.00 each for other people with clever answers. This contest closes May 1st, 1900. The answers may may be in poetry or in prose, and on any kind of paper. Nothing counts but cleverness and originality in the answer of this question. People may sign their own names or fictitious names to their answers, but in the latter case they must send their real names and addresses, in confidence in order that the prizes shall not go astray. As in all brain contests, competitors must send a year's subscription, 25 cents with their answers. THE PENNY MAGAZINE costs but 25 cents a year, and for this small sum it is edited, illustrated, printed, bound, and delivered every month for twelve successive months. No one can win a prize who has not sent with his answer 25 cents and the name and address of a subscriber, his own or some other.

Address, Love Editor,

THE PENNY MAGAZINE,
Depew Building, New York City.

No. 11,194.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, NINTH CIRCUIT, NORTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA.

In the matter of the Insolvent, the California National Bank of San Francisco.

T. K. STATELER, the Agent of the California National Bank of San Francisco, which bank was duly adjudged insolvent by the Comptroller of the Currency of the United States on the 14th day of January, 1889, pursuant to the provisions of an act of Congress entitled "An Act authorizing the appointment of receivers of National Banks and for other purposes," approved June 30th, 1876, having filed herein a petition praying for an order of sale of the choses in action and the unsold personal property belonging to said bank, now in his possession as said Agent, and which said choses in action and unsold personal property are fully set forth and described in said petition;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that said petition be heard before this Court in its court-room in the appraiser's building at the corner of Washington and Sansome streets, San Francisco, on Saturday the 10th day of February, 1900, at eleven o'clock a. m.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be served by said Agent upon all the stockholders of the bank, standing as such upon the books of the bank at the date of its adjudication as insolvent, either by personal delivering a copy hereof to each of said stockholders or by sending a copy hereof through the mail addressed to his last known place of residence, postage prepaid, at least ten days prior to February 10, 1900.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published in *The Wave*, a newspaper printed and published weekly at San Francisco, aforesaid, at least once a week for three weeks prior to the hearing of said petition,

Dated, January 10, 1900.

JOHN J. DE HAVEN, Judge.

ROBERT BRENT MITCHELL, Mills Building, San Francisco, Attorney for Petitioner.

TWENTIETH CENTURY POSIBILITIES

BY JOHN DALTON.

NOW that the earth is whirling giddily along into a new century, it is time for the cheerful prophet, who is first cousin to the cheerful liar, to unlimber his pen and get to work. Before the year 1900 is over, we shall be deluged with novels, essays, stories, forecasting the conditions which will prevail in the year of grace 2000. To head off the rest of the tribe, I purpose to make a few prophecies myself concerning that greatest commercial development of the nineteenth century—electricity.

To dwell on present conditions for a moment, electricity is fast supplanting steam as a motive power. It is probable that a great proportion of this country's railroads would be running to-day on electric currents, were it not that the immense sums of money at present invested in locomotives and rolling stock of the existing models makes any such change, involving, as it does, an entire abandonment of the old plant, entirely too expensive. But rolling-stock is less than mortal and wears out fast, and the chances are that before long some of the big railroads will begin to install electric engines in place of iron locomotives now in use. Once the fashion is set, the increased traffic on such roads will bring the other lines to the change as a matter of self-interest.

The electric railroad, as distinguished from the electric tramway, is no mere theory. Cars have been run, already, at a rate exceeding sixty miles an hour, and electric locomotives have proved themselves cheaper than those operated by steam-power. Besides this, the electric road is nearly noiseless, and there is nearly noiseless, and there is no smoke and consequently no cinders. It has to carry no fuel; the water-power of any near-by river operates it. As for common electric tramways, their names and uses are legion. One can ride from one end to the other of Massachusetts by continuous electric lines, and do it almost as quickly and cheaply as by the steam roads. In fact, it has already supplanted many local steam lines in that region. At present, nearly a billion dollars is involved in these steam tramways.

Electricity is invading nearly all the arts and industries. The manusacturer finds it more economical to attach a motor to each of his machines, distributing power through his factory by the means of wires. Coal is now cut in the mines by means of electric power, carried to the cars by the same agency, and loaded upon electric cars for transportation. Equally wide is its use in such industries as demand chemical changes. The welding together of various refractory metals, such as nickel with steel—a task that was formerly thought to be impossible—the manufacture of carbon and even of gems from graphite, the production of substances requiring high pressure, such as liquid air, are all accomplished in the electric furnace.

Now, for the future. By the end of the twentieth century, overland trains will be operated on the electric plan. It is not likely that any continuous wire can be stretched from New York to San Francisco; the lines will be mainly local; the through trains will transfer connections from line to line, just as an overland train of the present day changes locomotives at the various divisions. Smoke, dust and noise will be eliminated. There is no telling just how fast these trains will run. It may be said that at present electricity can operate trains as fast as steam. But the limit of speed by steam locomotive seems to have been reached, while the possible speed of electric railways is as yet unestimated. Such trains will be heated and lighted by the prevailing power.

But in domestic usages will come the greatest change. The dwelling of the future will have not only electric light and electric bells, but kitchen and laundry ranges, heat radiators, even sad-irons and curling-tongs will be heated on the same principle. In the morning, Biddy will arouse from her dewy slumbers and turn on a number of switches in the kitchen. One will heat the house, another will warm the water for your morning shave; on still another, she will get breakfast. The electric oven bakes bread and pastry perfectly. The heat is evenly distributed and can be regulated to a degree. So, too, it broils and frys in an even way which is ideal. If it is Monday, Biddy will descend and do the family washing with water heated by incandescent wires. She will dry the clothes in a room heated in the same fashion, and when ironing-day comes, she will hitch a wire to the handle of her instrument to polish the shirt-bosoms.

In telegraphy, the possibilities are unlimited. If I continue as correspondent of the *Wave* in the year 1950, I will send no photographs by mail. Almost beyond doubt, line pictures will by that time be transmitted as easily as ordinary dash-and-dot messages. It has been done already in a slow and expensive way; when the process is rendered quicker and cheaper by improved instruments, the newspapers of all regions of the earth will be up to date in their illustrations as well as their news. Imagine a war correspondent at the front—if wars continue in the year 1950. He will take his drawings of the action, and send them on along with his dispatches. In the same way, legal documents requiring signatures will be transmitted almost instantaneously. The Pacific cable will be down by that time, and a message may then be sent around the world in three minutes

The farmer of the future will get along pretty well without horses, Plowing, harrowing and planting will be done by machinery operated on the storage system. His weeds weeds will be electrocuted painlessly by a machine already in use on the market-gardens of Europe. When his "truck" is gathered and sacked, he will take it to market on an electric automobile.

There is only one thought to trouble the pleasant dream. This forecast presupposes the existence of enough copper to transmit all the electric fluid in use. No other conductor save aluminum, which has much less conductivity, has been discovered to answer the purpose. In the past two years, the red metal has jumped in value to double its former price and still the demand increases. Unless some satisfactory substitute is discovered, or unless the production increases very materially, the electrical activity of the twentieth century will be greatly retarded. To the solution of this problem, the scientists of the world are bending all their energy not already devoted to reaching out for another thing seemingly as far out of their grasp—the transmission of heat into electricity direct.

Washington, Dec. 10.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Poodle Dog Restaurant, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone Main 429. Blanco & Brun, proprietors.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Jesse Moore Whiskey has been the Kentucky standard with which all others have been compared since 1853.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

DR C.W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market street, Phelan Building.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

—FOR—

Nome, St. Michael, Dawson

AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.

FOR NOME DISTRICT.

From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,

From San Francisco, S. S. "St, Paul," May 20th, 1900

A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fourtnight Thereafter

For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak, and all Intermediate Points:

From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.

For new folders, maps and further particulars, as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

At One Dollar per sharestock in either the California Standard Oil Company or Giant Oil Company can now be secured. Controlling, as they do, 1300 acres patented land in the heart of the McKittrick district, and their first well producing 150 barrels per day, with a record of over 250 barrels under increased pumping pressure without apparent diminishment of the supply, the directors will now offer a limited number of shares at the above price, the money thus received to be expended in further development. The California Standard and Giant Companies are fully equipped with all necessary machinery, having three Standard rigs of their own, oil and water pipes, and immense storage tanks directly at the depot. Twenty-two men are employed on the three new wells, which are now down close to the Oil Sand, and with others being drilled, it is safe to say the production will soon rival that of the largest companies in the State. WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY—only a limited amount of stock will be sold at $1.00 per share. Permits to inspect the wells and property of the company can be had at any time. Daily trains commence Monday, January 15.

California Standard Oil Company,
Giant Oil Company.

OFFICES:

Room 16, 2d Floor, Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
460 Eighth Street, Oakland, Cal.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.
RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.
City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.
Mention The Wave.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PATTERN MAKER.

G. F. BUSWELL, Millwright, Engineer and Pattern Maker. Drawings and Specifications to order. No. 110 Main St., S. F.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.
201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
1011 Washington Street, Oakland
603 and 605 K Street, Sacramento
143 South Spring Street, Los Angeles

MILTON J. GREEN

Attorney at Law

Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Office, room 94, Chronicle Building.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hotel

Bicycle and Golf Suits

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

200 POST STREET

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

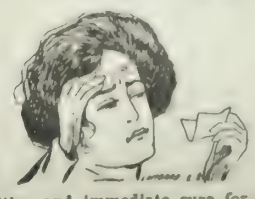
ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

WAKELEE'S
MASERANG
HEADACHE POWDERS



A positive and immediate cure for sick or nervous Headache, Neuralgia and Nervousness.

These Powders contain no Morphine, Opium, Antipyrine, Chloral, Antikamnia, Phenacetine, or other drugs deleterious to the system.

J. W. MONROE'S SPARKLING APPLE CIDER

Made in Humboldt Co., California
John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

NEW YORK. & LONDON.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE TWO CAPITALS

ANOTHER wedding in high society. Truth to tell, weddings are the only social events to relate this season, now that the lists of the dead at the War Office are bringing out the sables. There are no elaborate social functions, no big balls, no receptions, but people are still marrying and giving in marriage. This time, the young Countess of Cromartie was wedded to Major Blunt. I cannot say that there was anything especially new or unique about the affair. Weddings of ceremony resemble each other more nearly than anything else which occurs in this world of variety. They are all as like as peas. So I will not weary you with the oft-told tale of how She was gowned, or what the bridesmaids wore, or what He gave to Her, or how she took the pleasant ordeal.

For at that stately function I made an observation, a discovery. A suspicion I have long entertained was confirmed as a fact by my observation of the assembled company "here gathered to witness." Society women are using paint! Let me put it more delicately. They are learning to "make-up." It goes without saying that the rule under which you and I were brought up, my sisters, decreed that the smallest touch from the rouge-pot was vulgar. It did not matter that some of those who laid down that law for us had complexions in which art assisted nature. They did it very secretly and concealed the fact of its use as solicitously as they concealed their advancing age. And now! Well, it is getting to be different. In my innocence, I remarked during the past season the wonderful improvement in the complexions of some of the grandest of England's dames, and marveled at it. The truth never dawned upon me until I observed at this wedding that a certain lady whose dress and reputation together are faultless, had just a *little* deeper bloom on the left cheek than on the right. I paused, and considered the others in the light of this revelation, and was amazed. I waited by the door, consoling myself for my bad manners by the thought that my curiosity was in the interest of knowledge, and took notes. Of the women there who are in that zone of age between debutante freshness and the time of life when one makes a frank surrender to wrinkles and gray hair, few, very few, were not wearing artificial complexions. These few may only be doing it more artistically than the rest. It was all well done, and showed the handiwork of French maids who know the art of enhancing nature. Full of my discovery, I circulated and found, after judicious search, that making-up is now a trade, practiced by experts who visit at the houses of their clients to do the work themselves or to instruct their maids. Something of a jar to our preconceived notions of propriety, isn't it?

If you are going to follow the fashion, which I would advise you not to do, be guided by those who make it a business—actresses—and keep the underlying complexion for the time when the circle has swung full-course and rouge is vulgar again. In the course of their profession, actresses, even those who keep to the natural off the stage, have to learn how to guard their skins. One of the loveliest of our stage beauties has said on this point: "I keep a silver Etna on my dressing-table, with which I heat a little rose water night and morning. That is all the secret. I use rose water twice a day, and always go to bed with a clean face. I never keep on my make-up a moment longer than necessary." In fact, the better the complexion of the actress, the more she seems to cling to simple means. I have heard it said that Madame Patti, whose smooth, clear skin is famous, does not use water to wash her face. This is a mistake. She uses the purest of distilled rain water, and liberally, but she supplements with cold rose cream, in the efficacy of which she is a firm believer. Nothing else, no artificial lotions or creams. The Princess of Wales follows this rule, using mild massage in addition, while the Empress Frederick pins her faith to eau-de-cologne, of which a bottle is poured daily into her bath. And finally, another great lady has said: "Wash your face with hot water and a very mild soap just before going to bed, and wash it with cold rain water and no soap when you rise."

It would be unnecessary to say that, with the present rage for lace and furs, the cost of fashionable frocks is very, very high. One result of this is a rise in the traffic in cast-off clothes. The smartest ladies add to their clothing allowances by selling frocks they have worn a few times; these, in turn, are resold by the dealer at a substantial advance on the price paid, but still very much lower than the first cost. If you are not in circles which might cause you to meet the first owners of such toilettes, you may wear Worth gowns at an easy figure. Indeed, to many women of moderate and high pretentions the system resolves itself into one of exchanges. As thus: a woman buys two or three expensive dresses from a *modiste* of renown at the beginning of the season. These she wears until the situation approaches the point where her feline rival says: "Such a lovely frock you are wearing, dear. You looked so sweet in it at Lady Smarte's reception last month." Then she takes it to one of the making-over establishments and makes exchange for another one there, taking care to find who was the original owner so that their paths may not cross. If she has a clever maid, a few deft touches may change the whole effect, so that no one can say that it is anything more than a resemblance. The first bloom is off such a costume, but this is noticed by no one except the wearer. A private emporium, which originated the plan, has fairly coined money this year; here, for a third to a quarter of the original price one may obtain gowns marked Worth, Doucet, Fenwick, Jay or Redfern. The proprietress has her regular clients and knows their measures and styles, and when a suitable dress finds its way to her shelves she notifies the patrons for whom it is suited. Incidentally, I may mention that this is a great opportunity for my countrywomen to bring back real Worth frocks, *real* ones, from a trip abroad.

Make-up and second-hand clothes! Dear me, this brings one close to a reflection on the hollowness of life! KATRIONA.

NEW YORK.

MRS. JOHN DREXEL has broken into the inner circle at last. This season witnesses her crowned with the elect after a long uphill fight. It is not very often that a woman, which always means a family, "makes it" in New York. A single man and unattached, with money and manners enough to carry him, has a good chance of slipping unostentatiously past the guard, but with a matron, the attack has to be open, and she must bring in all her forces with her. To shift the simile, one Jonah among her connections will wreck the ship. But Mrs. Drexel has come out of Philadelphia and made it at last. If one is disposed to doubt this, I quote the fact that she is patroness of a series of cotillions for which Everyone is enlisted.

And having arrived, she has not contented herself with remaining in the ranks, but is making a bid for social leadership. Already she has taken a step in that direction by doing two unusual things. The first is a mere trifle, but it has been made a mighty deal of in the society columns. It appears that Mrs. Drexel's private secretary is one William Hude Neilson, being what Colonel Carter would call "a gentleman of the fust families, sir," a scion of a Philadelphia family. There is no bar to his eligibility, unless it be the fact that he has chosen to earn his living honestly—being not over-rich—by acting as a private secretary in a comfortable family instead of going on the street. He had added to his other duties, however, that of being social sponsor for the Drexels, since his position, at the beginning of the fight, was infinitely superior to theirs. And now that Mrs. Drexel has reached the top, she has rewarded his services by making him the leader of the first cotillion. I repeat, there is nothing about it in the least odd, but it made good copy; it sounded well, and the society reporters worked it for all there was in it. The incident has had no effect upon Mrs. Drexel's plans or upon the attitude of the smart set toward her newly acquired position.

Her other daring deed, however, is of more consequence, and proves that she is aiming at leadership. For it is said that she contemplates a salon, a thing which has never been successfully carried out in New York, although it has been tried often and often. If so, she is headed off by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who has taken time by the forelock and arranged for a series of entertainments with that end in view. At the first, music is to be the feature, while the second and third are to be devoted to dramatics and vaudeville. There has been this sort of a flutter every time that John Drew has consented to attend a pink tea, but this is a more serious affair, I assure you. How Mrs. Drexel is going to oppose this start I do not know, but the rumor is that she aims to be the Madame de Stael of New York.

An awful thing has happened in the Metropolitan Opera House. It all came about through the folly of the management in letting the place out for a dog show just before Emma Eames opened the opera season. The first night there was a lack of ease and Vere de Vere repose about the society audience. They were restless, mobile and perturbed. It seemed to be in the air. Some thrill in the atmosphere seemed to be keeping the grand dames from assuming one position for more than a few moments at a time. Strange to say, this condition existed on the second night and the third, although the weather had changed in the meantime. The thing might have remained a mystery had not the causes, grown bold by the fattening gained by pasturing on blue blood, ventured into the open, presumably to assist in the function. In plain words, the ordinary flea of dogdom was the cause of it all. Grau & Co. had neglected to fumigate after the dog show, and the tiny but energetic parasites grew and increased in the interval. More penetrating than the voice of the peerless Eames, they threaten—and I say this in dead seriousness — to ruin the opera season this year. In fact, just such a cause ruined the business of the old Astor Place Opera House in the fifties. This is not the only complaint against the Grau Company, however. They are not keeping up to standard this season. The stage direction is poor, the standard of the costumes, the chorus and the accessories have been allowed to decline, and too little care is taken to vary the programmes. These things are likely to conspire to the downfall of Grau, but after all, the gay flea will be the main cause of his ruin, if ruined he is.

A social problem confronts us just now, when actors and singers, with Maud Adams in the lead, are knocking at the doors of society. What is to be the status of an artist who helps entertain one's guests? Is he to be regarded as a guest or as a paid hireling? Is he to be ranked as a waiter a shade removed or as an equal while under the roof of his entertainers? The story of Jean de Rezke and Baron Rothschild is still in the public mind. It has been refuted, by the way, but it illustrates the point. It is said that the singer and the money king nearly came to a duel over an affront offered in this connection. De Rezke, the story goes, sang for the billionaire at a private entertainment, and Rothschild offered him a blank check for his services. This the singer refused, whereupon the baron insisted, claiming that if De Rezke did not accept pay, he himself would be in the position of receiving a singer as an equal. In New York good taste and good sense have shown the way, and all but the parvenus accept their entertainers, paid or unpaid, as guests, and manage the money transaction outside.

In spite of the large sums often paid for these services, artists dislike to appear in private houses, possibly because of the false position in which they are placed by this usage. Last year, Mme. Sembrich was in great demand for this purpose. Hoping that the price would be prohibitive, she set her services at $1,500. It did not have that effect at all; the price was paid several times, and once $2,500 tempted her to Chicago. Mme. Nordica sings in musicales at about the same figure. Across the water, $1,200 paid last year to Madame Melba is the highest price on record. Jean de Rezke has appeared several times in concerts there, but always for love, not money, and no one in New York has ever had enough of his love to tempt him into a drawing-room. Outside of the *cachet* given by the name and prestige of the singer, it is a fact that those choir and concert singers who generally serve at musicales are better suited than the great voices of opera; a stage voice is always too big and loud for a drawing-room, and cannot be modified without marring the artistic effect very materially, as the singer cannot "throw himself" into his song while under check. NETTA DYKE.

B J. Rybicki L. E. McCloskey

Established 1872

S. STROZYNSKI CO.

The leading Ladies' Hair Dressers and Wig Makers.

FIR T CLASS WORK DONE BY COMPETENT ARTISTS

Importers of latest Parisian and London Novelties

GENTLEMEN'S TOUPEES A SPECIALTY

Telephone Main 5697 **24 GEARY ST.**

POPULAR PRICES

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco, Plaintiff, *vs.* James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More B. More, and C. More Defendants. No. 67,877.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

FRANKLIN K. LANE
City and County Attorney, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More, B. More and C. More, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after service on you of this summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

The object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of said Court adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in fee of all the real estate hereinafter mentioned, and to quiet plaintiff's said title as against each and all said defendants and to obtain other and further relief and costs, as specified in said complaint, which complaint is hereby specially referred to for further particulars.

The following is a description of the property affected by this action:—

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situated in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described, as follows to wit

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bay street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with said Fillmore street to a point at which the water of the Bay of San Francisco is twenty-five [25] feet deep at low tide, as the same existed April 27, 1863; thence at right angles easterly four hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [468 9-12] feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with the easterly line of Fillmore street to the said northerly line of Bay street at a point thereon distant two hundred [200] feet easterly from the easterly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [268 9-12] feet to the point of commencement.

And are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of March, A. D., 1899. [SEAL] WM. A DRANE, Clerk,
By WM. R. A. JOHNSON, Deputy Clerk.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, December 29, 1899. At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society held this day a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one quarter [3¼] per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes payable on and after Tuesday, January 1, 1900.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 33 Post st.—For the half year ending December 31, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three [3] per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1900. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN Association of California, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco, has declared for the six months ending December 31, 1899, a dividend of 12 per cent per annum to class A stock 10 per cent per annum to class F stock, 6 per cent per annum on term deposits and 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits.
CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery street. The board of directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1899 at the rate of three and sixty one-hundredths [3.61] per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2 1900. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1900. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

BANKRUPT NOTICES.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF
AARON YEHL, individually and doing business under the firm name and style of National Cloak and Suit Co., Bankrupt.

Take notice, that AARON YEHL, individually and doing business under the firm name and style of National Cloak and Suit Co., Bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California on Saturday, the 27th day of January, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, January 12th, 1900.
MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California
IN THE MATTER OF
WALTER A. BUTLER, Bankrupt

Take notice, that Walter A. Butler, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 27th day of January, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place the creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, January 11th, 1900.
MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MONEY

Cannot be more profitably invested than in

STOCK OF

Peerless Oil Company

which has 160 acres of patented land in the famous

Kern River Oil District

Oil has been struck on three sides and on the quarter section immediately adjoining its property. This, coupled with the fact that the strata are horizontal, is a guarantee that oil underlies its land.

A Well is now being Sunk.

Write for Information or Call and Investigate

DIRECTORS;
James G. Maguire H. H. Blood, Jacob H. Neff, R. W. Hart, H. C. Park, John M. Wright

JOHN M. WRIGHT, Pres. Jacob H. Neff. Vice-Pres. H. C. PARK, Sec'y.

Office: Room 47, 8th Floor, Mills Bldg. S F.

The Fresno Alpha Oil Co.

Owns 640 acres of oil lands in the exact center of the intersection of the two oil belts upon which are situated the only producing wells in the region. Here is an expert opinion: "After a thorough examination I have no hesitancy in saying that from the exterior formation of shale and oil sands and the coloring, the lands are equal if not superior to any that I have inspected and prospected during the past twelve years."—J. M. Fleming.

Our property has plenty of water, from never failing springs. A contract will, within a few weeks, be let for sinking our first well. Parties who contemplate investing in oil should investigate our proposition. We offer only a LIMITED NUMBER OF SHARES FOR SALE ON VERY EASY PAYMENTS.

Will be pleased to see you and to give you all information in our possession. Call or address O. A. LANE, Secretary
Rooms 6, 7. Eighth Floor Mills Building.
S. M. GLEAVES, U. S. Surveyor-General, President

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST COAL OIL.

BUY

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

THE OIL INDUSTRY.

IT is stated that the oil men are perfecting an organization for the purpose of bringing charges of perjury against scrip filings, for the reason that under the form of the affidavit the scrip locator deposes and says: "That he is well acquainted with the character of certain parcels of land and every legal subdivision thereof, having frequently passed over the same; that his personal knowledge of said lands is such as to enable him to testify understandingly with regard thereto; that there is not to his knowledge within the limits thereof any vein or lode of quartz or other rock in place, bearing gold, silver, cinnibar, lead, tin or copper, or any deposit of coal; that no portion of said land is claimed for mining purposes under the local rules and customs of miners and otherwise; that no portion of said land is worked for mineral during any part of the year by any person or persons; that said land is essentially non-mineral land, and that his application therefor is not made for the purpose of fraudulently obtaining title to mineral land, but with the object of securing said land for agricultural purposes." The penalty for perjury in such an affidavit is placed at $2000 and imprisonment at hard labor for five years. The Kern River oil men are determined to resist any attack upon their titles, and serious trouble is apprehended in the near future.

* *

The following is quoted from an interview with a visitor to the Kern River oil fields: "The first thing that impressed me upon my arrival in Bakersfield, was the quiet, methodical, business-like manner in which those interested in oil, conduct their business. The prevailing impression that there is intense excitement, is erroneous. The men doing business on the exchange, are ready to talk business to you, but they want cash down on every proposition, as the value changes so rapidly that one has no chance to talk over a deal and then think about it, unless he think quickly. The ground value of this land for agricultural purposes is nothing. The values change constantly as oil is struck, and then become fixed and increase as the strikes come nearer to it. To illustrate this, they struck oil in section 24, township 28, while I was there on New Year's day. The quotation on Saturday for this land was $50 an acre. On Monday, the owners refused $125 an acre because of the discovery of oil."

* *

Much interest is being manifested in the outcome of the trouble between Chanslor and Canfield and D. E. Alexander, the San Francisco land scripper. Last week the latter got out an injunction against Chanslor and Canfield, which compelled them to stop work on the derrick they were putting up on section 4, township 29, range 28. If Alexander makes any further attempt to gain control of the land the defense will be conducted by the Petroleum Miners' Co-operative Association, and the strength and importance of the association will be fully shown in the case, which is what is much desired. Chanslor and Canfield leased the land from the Fresno Oil Company. Both of the companies are members of the association.

* *

Some idea may be gained of the magnitude of the oil development operations in the Kern river field from the fact that last week five carloads of oil-development machinery was received by R. H. Herron & Co. Among other things, the invoice shows six engines, nine sets of jars and stacks of tubing sucker-rods and casing, of 5⅝, 7⅝ and 11⅝ inches in diameter. The engines came from Oil City and the other material from Pittsburgh. In addition to the above four more carloads of boring tools and oil well supplied have since been received by the same firm.

* *

Despite many contradictory reports, it is positively asserted that the famous Brea Canon gusher is actually flowing 1,000 barrels a day, though not steadily. It has weak days and then gushes for a few days, when its output mounts to the 1,000-barrel point, and sometimes goes over. No. 1 well in the canon is pumping 100 barrels a day steadily.

* *

Word comes from the South that the Union Oil Company has bought the entire production of the Graham-Loftus wells in the Fullerton field, and is now laying a pipe line to connect the wells with the Brea Canon tanks. From thence the oil will be pumped to Norfolk, for the use of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

* *

The Petroleum Development Company intend putting down 50 wells on the Means ranch before ceasing development work. The wells already finished have been pumped for sixty days now and have each yielded about forty barrels per day.

* *

The Bakersfield Oil Company have a standard rig at work on their property on section 12-29-20. They are down 250 feet and are meeting with every indication of success.

The Thirty-Three Oil Company has another success in its well No. 4, which has just been finished on section 33—28-28. Boring was begun on well No. 5 last Saturday. This company is pushing on the work of development as rapidly as possible and has five more derricks up and two more in the course of construction which will be completed in a few days.

* *

The El Dorado Oil Company, operating in the McKittrick field, struck what is estimated to be a 500 barrel well the other day. It was baled for several hours at the rate of 40 barrels per hour, and instead of the level being lowered, it rose 150 feet.

* *

This from the Bakersfield *Echo*: "Those who think that drilling outfits can be had for a song should cast an eye over the waybills of cars with oil-well supplies from Pennsylvania. The rate per car averages $600 for freight alone."

* *

The Kern County machine shops have the contract for building fifteen tanks for use on wagons in transporting oil from the fields to shipping stations. These tanks have capacities ranging from 1,000 to 3,000 gallons each.

* *

The Imperial Oil Co., which recently sold a half interest in 320 acres in section 33, township 28, range 28 for $250,000, has four wells already down to the oil and six more are being sunk.

* *

A little over three months ago the first standard rig was put in operation in the Kern River field and now there are fully 100 at work day and night.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

ASK THE TICKET AGENT

to send you from Chicago to New York, Boston, or other Eastern cities over the **Nickel Plate** (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) Quick time, satisfactory service, and no extra fares charged passengers.
JAY W. ADAMS, Pacific Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker bldg., San Francisco Cal.

The Frenchman likes his native wines,
The German likes his beer,
The Irishman likes his whisky straight,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Englishman likes his 'alf and 'alf,
Because it makes him frisky.
But they all go back on their favorite drink
For Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet. 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block.

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

ALFRED LUEBEN, Teacher of Music, Masquerade and Theatrical Costumer. 1418 Second ave.

OPTICIANS.

H. CLAY EVERSOLE, Specialist in Eyesight measurements for spectacles and eyeglasses, 720 First ave

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

EGGAN, the Pioneer Photographer, est'd 1889, Photo Buttons, Stamp Photos, etc., 207 Pike st.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. FLEISCHER, Surgery Genito-Urinary and female diseases 201, 202, 216, 218 Washington blk

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

FORTUNES IN OIL.

The Continental Oil and Development Co.
[INCORPORATED]

Only 6000 Shares of which 1,000 were put on the market and over half sold the first 10 days. This is a genuine opportunity for an oil investment. The Company owns by United States patent 5 twenty-acre tracts in the

"Oil Basin," Kings County,

the richest oil bearings in the entire belt. We have made arrangements for the latest improved machinery and will shortly be boring for oil, at which time stock cannot be had at any price.

No Assessments.

Wm. CORBIN, Pres. A. E. RUDELL, Secy.

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Theatres

IT is pleasant to see the Frawleys coming into their own and playing up to the old Baldwin standards, and not down to the old Morosco grade. By the way, this statement is a confession of weakness. Condemned for the time to theatrical "jayness," San Francisco has no existing standards by which to measure plays and players. Our glory is all in the past. But to return to the Frawleys. They have been rattling around in ill-fitting British melodrama all the season. Now they have taken up a line of work that suits them infinitely better. Last week it was the clever Pinsero comedy, "The Princess and the Butterfly." This week it is the less clever but more satisfying Daly piece, "The Countess Gucki."

The sort of newspaper readers who like to peep behind the scenes have been enjoying an alleged tea-pot tempest over the first appearance as a professional of Miss Mary Scott, in private life Mrs. Neville Castle. First it was the story of a male valet or dresser who was superintending her costuming and make-up. This press agent dodge is not a new one; it has been worked with success in New York and London, but this was its first appearance in San Francisco, and it made an immediate hit. As soon as the tale had ceased to be a three days' wonder, the clever press agent managed to drag up another about professional jealousy between the Misses Mary Van Buren and Mary Hampton on one side and the debutante on the other. This was old, even for San Francisco, but coming on top of the valet story, it kept the newspapers going until the end of the week. I do not know who works the press for Mrs. Castle, but whoever he is he deserves to have his pay raised.

The actress herself has created a decidedly favorable impression. She is pretty, with that irregular sort of prettiness which, for stage purposes, goes ahead of cold, regular, classic beauty, and she has undeniable talent. Just now she is in that stage between the amateur and the professional when the style is forming and the forecasts are uncertain. She betrays the amateur in over-gesturing and in a lack of repose and ease. That ought to come later, and meanwhile she has lightness, charm, and the emotional quality to a high degree.

* *

Come to think of it, we are not so badly off this week, after all you may say of the theatrical slump in San Francisco. There is a Daly comedy at the California, one of the very best end-of-the-century dramas at the Alcazar, and Shakespeare—our first for many a month—at the Columbia. They are all well acted. The Alcazar fairly excels itself, the Frawleys have hit their place, and the James-Kidder-Hanford Company comes nearest to the real thing of any players we have had yet in these jay and fallen days.

With gallantry for the sex of the one and veneration for the age of the other, the critics have commented on Miss Kidder and Mr. Hanford, rather than on the old reliable Louis James. Yet James is the actor of the combination. But for a curious, cynical, insincere cog in him, he might have been one of the greatest. The fault with his work is that he acts it and pretends it, but does not consistently feel it. Any of you, my readers, who have "suped" for pleasure or profit in the Warde-James productions, will remember how he comes off the stage after the most affecting scenes, and does a cake-walk down the wings. Not that he does not feel at all when he is on the stage; he does, in much greater degree than the exact and scholarly Warde, for example, but the real reverence for his art which should render him great and sincere is not there. It is a little rift, but the lute jangles, nevertheless. And increasing age has not softened any of the hardness of this cynical disposition.

* *

At the Alcazar next week "Lord Chumley," by Belasco and DeMille, with Mr. Hastings and Miss Blaney in the important roles, the production should be well worth seeing.

ETHEL BARRIMORE AND MAY BUCKLEY, who are now appearing in New York.

"In Paradise" is the next production of the Frawley Company. This play is a farcical comedy adopted from the French. It run two years in Paris, fourteen months in London and seven months in New York. Certainly it should go in San Francisco.

* *

Emma Nevada makes a final appearance at the California on Monday night next. Popular prices will then prevail. A new programme will be given.

* *

Paderewski seems to be repeating the sensation of his former visits and is heading coastwards. He will play at the California Theatre in March.

* *

The second of the symphony concerts under Henry Holmes will be given at the Grand Opera House Thursday afternoon, Feb. 1st.

For more than half a century the famous Jesse Moore whiskey has been the standad brand of the world.

The Orpheum changes its bill almost entirely next week. Papinta returns with new spectacular dances. James A. Barrows, with a clever company, brings a repertoire of short plays, including "Tactics," a new thing. Edna Bassett Marshall and company have a novelty singing act, "Sunshine and Sorrow." Joseph Newman, a song writer with an eastern reputation, makes his first appearance with a batch of quaint, clever ditties.

* *

Judging from May Blayney, the English actress differs from our own mainly in quiet refinement of method. Her work in "Lady Windemere's Fan" is excellent. In fact, this week's performance of Oscar Wilde's almost classic play is the top notch of the season's performance at the Alcazar. Companies of much greater pretension have rendered the play an infinite deal worse. Juliet Crosby, in the "fat" part of *Mrs. Erlynne*, does work away beyond anything she has shown heretofore, and the rest give a performance which is at least intelligent. The whole thing is well worth seeing.

* *

The star attraction at the Orpheum this week is Mlle. Emmy, who with her terriers does marvels. The dogs are admirably trained, and the act is the best on an interesting programme.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for Chapped Hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

THIS AUTOGRAPH IS NEVER ON A POOR SHADE-ROLLER AND NEVER ABSENT FROM A GOOD ONE. Stewart Hartshorn GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth (5th) day of January, 1900, an assessment (No. 69) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth (9th) day of February, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the sebond (2nd) day of March, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses o fsale. By order of the Board of Directors

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

BROWN'S Bronchial Troches
(Made only by John I. Brown & Son, Boston.)
give Instant relief in
Hoarseness

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO
Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account October $2,365,968
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary
CORRESPONDENTS
New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 California Street
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,213,146 53
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28 563,655 41
OFFICERS
President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER
DIRECTORS
B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney. W. S. Goodfellow.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco
33 POST STREET
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building
Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000
JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier
Rates of intnrest on loans secured by improved San Francisco real estate, *six per cent.*
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

San Francisco Savings Union
532 CALIFORNIA ST.
Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....210 067
Contingent Fund.....407,391
E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.
DIRECTORS
George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee,
George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery,
Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira,
E. B. Pond.
Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum
Papinta; James O. Barrows & Co.; Edna Bassett; Marshall & Co.; James Newman; Hodges and Launchmere; Hanson and Nelson; Nelstone and Abbey; Mlle. Emmy's Dogs.
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre
FRED BELASCO, Lessee .·. MARK THALL, Manager
WEEK OF JAN. 29th
The New York Lyceum Theatre's most successful play.
LORD CHUMLEY.
By David Belasco and Henry C. DeMille.
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
Next week—Lady Windemere's Fan.

Columbia Theatre
BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JAN. 15TH
Commencing Monday Jan 15, every nigh including Sunday, extraordinary event
Managers Wagenhals & Kemper present America's foremost Theatrical organization, headed by the three distinguished artists
LOUIS JAMES, KATHRYN KIDDER, CHARLES B. HANFORD.
and a company of 37 people
In a mammouth scenic production of "THE WINTERS TALE."

California Theatre THE POPULAR HOUSE.
S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main .731
COMPLETE CHANGE OF PROGRAM.
COMMENCING SUNDAY NIGHT, JAN. 21st, 1900.
THE FRAWLEY COMPANY.
In the Uproariously Funny Farce Comedy, From the French
"IN PARADISE."
2 years in Paris, 14 months in London, 7 months in New York City.
Popular Prices: Evening, 75c, 50c, 25c; Matinees, 50c, 25c.
In preparation—The Heart of Maryland. The CUCKOO.

California Theatre,
.....SPECIAL.....
Farewell, Monday Night, Jan. 22, at 8:30
At these popular prices for reserved seats
50c, $1.00, $1.50 and $2,00
THE PEERLESS DIVA
Mme. Emma Nevada
A MAGNIFICENT NEW PROGRAM.
MR. LOUIS BLUMENBURG, Cellist
MR. SELDON PRATT, Pianist.
Seats now on Sale.

Western Turf Association.
INCORPORATED
Member American Turf Congress
TANFORAN PARK, South San Francisco
Main Office Parlor "A" Palace Hotel San Francisco
W. J. MARTIN, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Manager.
Second Meeting Jan. 1st to 20th inclusive.
Six high-class running races every week day rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.
The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb Grand Stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.
Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 4:45 P. M. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking. Valencia street ten minutes later.
San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.
Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to Grounds, $1.25.

Racing! Racing! Racing!
CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.
Winter meeting, 1899-1900, beginning MONDAY, Jan, 22 to Feb. 3, 1900.
OAKLAND RACE TRACK.
Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.
Five or more races each day.
Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.
Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.
Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✻ THIS SEASON'S ✻

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Jan 6 11 16, 21, 26, 31. Feb. 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Jan. 6. 11, 16, 21, 26 31, Feb. 5 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Jan. 9, 14, 19 24, 29, Feb 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Jan. 7 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Feb.4 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Jan. 9, 13, 17 21, 25, 29, Feb. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 1 Market Street - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana, for Australia, Wednesday, January. 24, at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, February 7 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, at 1 p.m., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG via Honolulu, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Hongkong Maru..... Tuesday, January 16th
Nippon Maru.....Friday, February 9th
America Maru.....Wednesday, March 7th

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market street corner First. W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast

No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class — Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Dec. 24, Jan. 3, 13, 23.
Columbia sails Dec. 29, Jan. 8. 18, 28.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.

Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE.

Overland Limited

A SOLID VESTIBULED TRAIN

VIA

UNION PACIFIC

LEAVES SAN FRANCISCO DAILY AT 8:30 A. M. Breakfast served in Dining Car

Three Days to Chicago without Change

One Day Quicker than any other Line

One Day Quicker than any other Line

FINEST MODERN PULLMAN EQUIPMENT, INCLUDING LIBRARY AND BUFFET CARS AND DINING CARS, A LA CARTE.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at General Office, No. 1 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1930. D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent.

SUNSET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1899-1900

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Fridays
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays and Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the travelling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

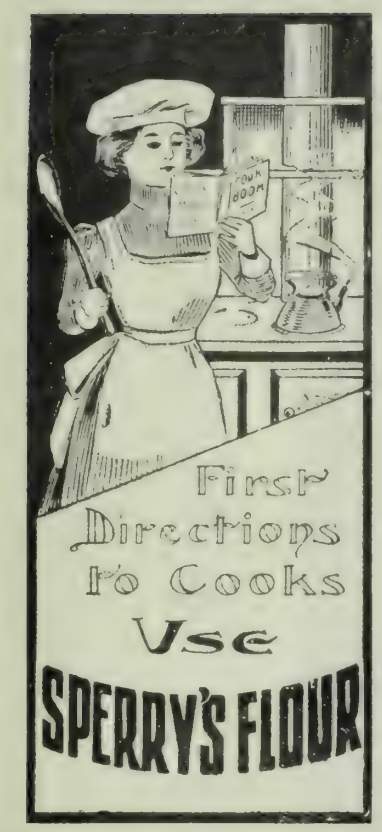
BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO

Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042



Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.

WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.

American and European Plan.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

The Solly Walter School of Illustration

Will reopen August 1st for the Fall and Winter Term

26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1247 Franklin St., near Post

English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

FOR THE

BEST BOOK-KEEPING,

the SHORTEST SHORTHAND

Attend McLAREN & THOMSON'S

Acme Business College

College Paper Sent Free

Pacific Block SEATTLE, WASH.

Keep your Youth if you are young;

If you are old why appear so. Keep young inward y and we will look after the outward ppearance. CREME DE LIS entirely eradi cates and prevents wrinkles, re-moves any trace of sallowness and creates a perfect complexion.

Roger S. Green, Pres. Austin E. Griffiths, Sec'y

Invest Your Money in the

Sea Breeze Mine

The Richest Free Milling Gold Discovery in Southeastern Alaska.

A limited number of shares offered at Fifty Cents. Call or address

SEA BREEZE MINING CO.

Washington Bld., 1st Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Don't drink the first thing the bartender offers — call for Jesse Moore Whiskey and see that you get it.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.—In a Canadian town in which the contracting business is quite largely in the hands of Scotchmen there has long existed fierce competition between the several firms engaged therein, the result being that the municipality has had its work done below cost. Owing to protracted losses several of the competitors were retired and the two surviving concerns decided that the time had come for an agreement. The best settlement seemed to be on a fair division of the work and both contracted to bid only on certain portions of a big job for which contracts had just been called. The last day for sending in bids had gone by when the rival managers met in the street. One of them began to apologize. Owing to some unfortunate misunderstanding, his junior partner had prepared and sent in estimates for the whole of the work to be bid upon. He was very, very—— "Aa, weel," interrupted the other, "ye need no' trouble yer heed aboot that; for, to mack sure they'd be nae mistake, we did the same oorsels!"

x

CHANGED THE SEX.—Before Wilberforce became a bishop he had been Archdeacon of Surrey, and his old archdeaconary became a part of his later Bishopric of Winchester. At a meeting of the clergy at Clapham his chaplain told him that an old Dr.——, who had been many years in the diocese, was vexed at having been forgotten. "Yes," said the bishop, "I have not the smallest recollection of him, but I will make it all right, and will go out and speak to him. Which is he?" He was pointed out, and the bishop made his way to him. "My dear Dr. ——, I have not had a moment for a real conversation with you. I need not ask how you are after all these years. Do you still ride your gray mare?" "Yes, my lord, how good of you to remember her," etc. The chaplain, who was within earshot, said, when he again came near the bishop: "Then you did remember Dr. —— after all?" "Not a bit of it," said the bishop: "I saw the gray hairs on his coat and I chanced the sex."

x

VALUE OF A BARONETCY.—A group of artists were discussing with Millais, soon after the Queen had made him a baronet, the rarity of such artificial distinctions. "You fellows don't think a title's worth while, eh?" laughed Millais. "You are mistaken. See here. I stopped at a hotel in Manchester the other night, and I said to a beautiful young person in the office, 'I want a bed-room with a fire in it.' Off she went to a pipe, and said, 'Whist! No. 238 and a fire.' She then asked me to write my name, which I did. Looking at me, she said, 'Are you Sir John?' Upon my answering 'Yes,' back to the same pipe she went, and said, 'Whist! Not 238—No. 23, and a good fire in it.' Now you see the use of being a baronet, my boys!"

x

A SHREWD REBUKE.—Mr. Clerk was pleading in a Scotch appeal before the House of Lords. The question at issue was in regard to a right of water. Mr. Clerk, in Scottish fashion, pronounced the word watter. "Pray, Mr. Clerk," said one of the law peers, "do you spell water with two t's in Scotland?" "No, my Lord," was the dignified and scorching answer of the great lawyer, "but we spell manners with two n's."

x

A RECRUIT'S PRECAUTION.—A favorite story of the unfortunate Scotch General Wauchope, who was killed in the charge at Maggersfontein, was of two soldiers in the Gordon Highlanders, one of whom was going into battle for the first time. The crack of rifle fire was heard in front and the balls began to fly. The recruit shouted to his mate in the first line, "Dinna bob, Geordie, I'm ahint ye."

x

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—The head instructress at a Pasadena Sunday-school was solicitously preparing a roll of her new pupils. Among them was a youngster who gave his name as "Nebuchadnezzar Ishmael Jones." "Who gave you that name?" blandly asked the teacher. "Dunno, ma'am," replied the boy with the battle-gleam in his eye, "but if ever I find aht Lawd 'elp 'im!"

x

THE MISCHIEF OF SOCIABILITY.—A Scotch weaver was suffering the reproaches of his minister for having indulged too ardently in the cup that cheers. "Why, oh why," exhorted the good man, "should you allow the better part of your nature to be overcome by alcohol?" The weaver shook his head. "Ah, meenister, it's no' the whisky, it's the 'Here's t'ye!' that dis a' the mischief!"

x

"WHY HE LEFT.—Sothern the comedian was extremely sensitive to interruption of any sort. Seeing a man in the act of leaving his box during the delivery of one of the actor's best speeches, he shouted out, "Hi, you, sir—do you know there is another act? The offender was equal to the occasion however; he turned to the actor and answered cheerfully, "Oh, yes—that's why I'm going!"

PALACE HOTEL SUPPER ROOM

The moderate charges, delightful orchestral concerts, and the undoubted luxury are the attributes that make the new Supper Room at the Palace Hotel the favorite place for after-theatre parties. Open every evening (Sunday excepted) from 9:30 to 12 o'clock. Entrance from main office and grand court.

JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager

Famous FOR ITS **Purity!**

Seattle U. S. A.

THE

WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE

The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.

British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between

Skaguay and Lake Bennett.

Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY

—TO—

Atlin, Dawson and Cape Nome Gold Fields.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.

S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S. F.

E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

California State Exposition, 1899

One Honorable Mention

Six First Premium Awards

This brand of wine is sold at all first class hotels and restaurants

A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a Specialty

NOTARY PUBLIC

14 Montgomery St., S. F.

Telephone 205

Metal Badges Metal Signs

PATRICK & CO. RUBBER STAMPS STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC. 318 CALIFORNIA ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

Metal Checks Steel Stamps

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents

323-325 Market St., S. F.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST

BYRON MAUZY, 308 Post St.

All the latest Music-Books, etc., in our Sheet-Music Department.

CAPE NOME, RICHEST GOLD DIGGINGS ON EARTH.

The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI, No. 4. SAN FRANCISCO — JANUARY 27, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

This Paper not to be taken from the Library ....

CALIFORNIA STATE

LANDING CARGO IN THE SURF.

LIFE AT CAPE NOME.

Copyright Photographs, by Pillsbury and Cleveland, Seattle.

ESTABLISHED 1897.

S.-Y. T. Co.

FOR NOME AND ST. MICHAEL, ALASKA.

New Steamer SANTA ANA

Will Sail about May 5th, 1900, from San Francisco, Cal.
Will sail about May 20th, 1900, from Seattle, Wash.

The SANTA ANA is a fine brand new Steamer with first-class passenger accommodations. Capacity 1,200 tons freight and a speed of 12 knots an hour.

Steamer LAKME

Will Sail on or about May 15th from Seattle, Wash.

With passengers and freight. Both steamers connect at St. Michael with our river fleet, **Seattle No. 1, Seattle No. 2, Seattle No. 3, Rock Island**

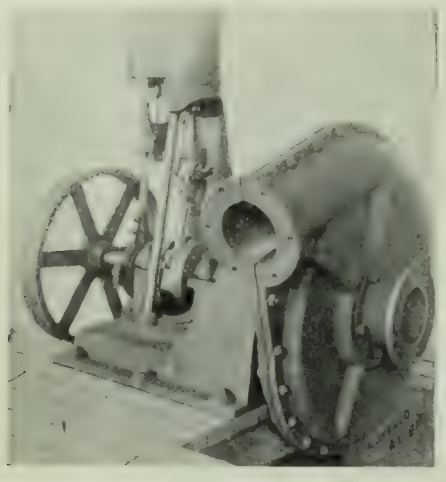
For all YUKON RIVER POINTS.

Reservations may now be made at the offices of

SEATTLE-YUKON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY,

90-92 Columbia Street, Seattle, Wash.

SANDER & HAYNES, Pioneer Square Seattle, Wash. CHARLES NELSON, 6 California St., S. F Cal.



Come and see us before placing your order for centrifugal pumps for mining purposes.

We also have a large stock of engines and boilers.

CORBIN-DEPUTY MACHINERY CO. SEATTLE, WASH.

SOL G. SIMPSON, President. ROBT. C. McCORMICK, Vice-President. F. A. BELL, Treas. and Mgr.

SEATTLE STEAMSHIP CO.

Will operate the Ocean going Steamships "Oregon, Irrawaddy, Townsend and Discovery" Sailing from SEATTLE for

Cape Nome and St. Michael direct.

STEAMSHIP OREGON.

Freight capacity 7000 tons, Passengers 1800. Steamers have been refurnished, Electric Lights and Table Service Unsurpassed.

For freight and passenger rates apply to

S. G. SIMPSON & CO., Gen. Agents, Cape Nome. C. I. PRITCHARD, Gen. Agent, St. Michael

or at Generel Office

SEATTLE STEAMSPIP CO.

White Star Dock, Foot of Spring Street, SEATTLE, WASH.

IMPORTANT

TO BUYERS OF GOODS FOR ALASKA TRADE ARE THE QUESTIONS OF KIND AND QUALITY OF GOODS NECESSARY - OUR FIRM HAVING HAD A PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE WITH NOME AND OTHER PARTS OF THE FAR NORTH —

ADVISE THE USE OF ONLY

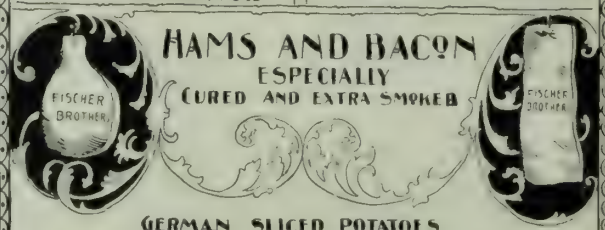
THE BEST GOODS

SOME OF OUR SPECIALTIES

HIGH GRADE CANNED MEATS, VEGETABLES AND FRUITS
SUITABLE FOR NORTHERN TRADE
ALSO CURTICE BROTHERS BLUE LABEL GOODS

WE CARRY A FULL AND COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF NORWEGIAN CANNED MEATS AND GAMES PARTICULARLY ADAPTED FOR NORTHERN USE

BUTTER PACKED IN CANS, QUALITY EQUAL TO CHOICEST CREAMERY
EGGS ESPECIALLY PACKED IN ORDER TO KEEP FRESH



HAMS AND BACON ESPECIALLY CURED AND EXTRA SMOKED

GERMAN SLICED POTATOES

AND ALL CONDENSED FOODS SUITABLE FOR USE IN ARCTIC CLIMATES, WHERE THE USE OF SUCH FOODS IS A NECESSITY ON ACCOUNT OF THE LACK OF TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

OFFICE & SALESROOMS 810-812 WESTERN, AVE.

FISCHER BROTHERS
IMPORTERS & WHOLESALE GROCERS
MANUFACTURERS & COFFEE ROASTERS
SEATTLE, WASH.

JAMES D. HOGE JR., President.
MAURICE McMICKEN, Vice-President.

LESTER TURNER, Cashier.
R. F. PARKHURST, Assistant Cashier.

First National Bank of Seattle.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

Paid up Capital, $150,000

DIRECTORS

James D. Hoge Jr., Maurice McMicken (Struse, Allen, Hughes & McMicken, attorneys-at-law), Sol G. Simpson (Simpson Logging Co., Shelton), Ferdinand Schmitz (Hamm & Schmitz, Hotel Butler), Lester Turner.

Correspondents in all the principal cities of the United States and Europe. Drafts and Letters of Credit issued on all the principal points of Alaska, Honolulu, China and Japan.

Accounts of Banks, Corporations and Individuals Solicited.

We Have a Branch Bank at CAPE NOME.

H. C. HENRY, President. R. R. SPENCER, Cashier. O. A. Spencer, Ass't. Cashier.

No. 4375

THE NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE,

OF SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Safe Deposit Vaults. Boxes to Rent.

GOLD DUST BOUGHT OR ADVANCES MADE ON SAME.

published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montmery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, attle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three onths, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in al ion) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—January 27, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

ents Current 3
itorial Comment 4
ings and People 5
hting the Plague in Honolulu 6
e Nome Gold Fields 7
ws of Nome City 9
mes Future 10
ch Mining 10
periences of Pioneers 11
oramic View of of Nome Beach 12-13
Bookdom 14
blings of a Belle 15
Education a Story by John Stollard 17
Drama 18
respondence 20
Stories Re-told 22
lam Emmy, an Interview 23

EVENTS CURRENT.

South African

General Buller's fight for the passage to Ladysmith is on, and may be over and settled by the time this paper is circulated, although it is rather more likely it will be fought in a series of small battles extending r a week or two. If the fight is decided within the next days, the censorship will be lifted so we may judge the ning of these hidden movements and counter-movents which have been puzzling us this week. The crossof the Tugela river was accomplished several days ago without opposition. Then it sifted through the censorp that General Warren's mysterious advance was a flankmovement on the Boer right wing. So far as can be ned, he gained a position commanding the main Dutch e in that direction after some fighting, the extent of ch cannot now be learned. He has since been advancslowly, taking position after position as he was opposed the characteristic involved trenches. Even now, after days of fighting, the outcome is doubtful. Just how far has gone or how many positions his force has taken, is known; we only know that the British, while not cked, have had to fight hard for every inch of ground that their loss has been about 600 men for the entire ance. The Boers are strongly intrenched and Joubert is orted to be with them, directing operations. Meanle, General Buller, directly in front of the main body of ghers, is awaiting a favorable movement to strike the sive blow. He has risked his army and his military tation on the event of this battle. He is going up nst a strongly entrenched enemy with an army so small he has no men to spare for reserves. His force numonly 30,000 men; to accomplish the task, he ought to e 50,000. If he succeeds, he will gain military renown nd only to that of Wellington; if he fails, the disaster be the heaviest of the war. It is encouraging to note, ever, that in this advance the British are, for the first , adapting their tactics to circumstances. There is no e "straight in the eye" fighting. Buller is advancing ly and cautiously, shelling the Boers in their isolated ches and clearing the country ahead of each advance in r to prevent surprise. Lord Dundonald, with a cavalry sion, was sent out on a raid of some sort a week ago. objective subsequent operations have not come through close censorship. It is now reported that he has cut his into Ladysmith. This is doubtless untrue, and may be down with the other floating rumors by which we have Ladysmith relieved every day for over a week. The eged town was shelled without much damage on the of Warren's first attack. Mafeking and Kimberley just reported all safe. The former town has provisions only three months more, and Colonel Baden-Powell, in mand, is becoming anxious. At home, the British ple are in a curious state of mind. As one American spaper puts it, "The nation has become a great stock change." Panic is succeeded by confidence, pro-adminstion feeling by popular opposition. The most conative journals seem to change their policy from week to week. As near as can be learned, while this state of affairs lasts, the popular feeling is still for the government and the prosecution of the war to its bitter end. Around the Boer capital there is a veil closer than any British censorship. Only occasionally does news come from there; then it is brought out by refugees or comes via Dr. Leyds on the continent—both unreliable sources. Most of the reports from the former quarter this week have it that Kruger snd his advisers are disappointed at the apathy of Europe toward their cause.

Chanees Bright For the Canal.

So far as can be ascertained, the chances for the passage of the Nicaragua Canal measure at the present session of Congress are very good. The Hepburn Bill, reported favorably to the House last week, was so amended at the time that it would fit the ideas of the Senate committee. This precludes the possibility of a hitch through disagreement over details. Chairman Morgan of the House Interoceanic Canal Committee has submitted a report in which he presents the case of the Nicaragua route as against that of the Panama route. The latter, he says, is beset with difficulties and uncertainties of construction. Moreover, even if these are all solved, the passage will be dangerous, owing to the shifting tides and currents at that point of the coast. The Nicaragua route is safe and an easy engineering problem. The maximum cost of a canal there is $140,000,000, the minimum, $70,000,000. On figures based on the Suez Canal receipts, he asserts that it would pay twelve per cent. in tolls on the maximum cost. He adds a plea for neutrality of the waterway on the Suez plan. Friends of the canal confidently predict that the bill will pass. At any rate, it seems certain that it will go before Congress this session, and that the Republican majority will favor it. The main objections likely to be waged are the fact that the Walker Commission appointed by the President to investigate the scheme, cannot report before the session ends, and the possible opposition of Great Britain on the basis of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. By this agreement, England and the United States mutually bind themselves to keep the canal neutral. In spite of that, the Hepburn Bill provides for fortifications at either end, a violation of neutrality. England has not signified any intention of protesting, but this one point is the great flaw in the bill and may result in its failure.

The Philippines in Congress.

The Philippine question, which is bound to occupy the attention of Congress at the present session more than any one other subject, came up last week and was the occasion of spirited debate. Senator Pettigrew introduced a resolution in the upper house, asking the President for information concerning the tangle. This he withdrew in favor of one by Senator Lodge to practically the same purport, which was finally laid upon the table, and one by Hoar, still waiting for action, was substituted. Unimportant as this resolution was, it brought the subject before the Senate, and showed how wide and diversified are the views entertained. The opinions varied from that of Hoar, the arch "anti" to Vest's, that control should be held until we have restored order, on to the Imperialistic views of Beveridge. Nothing could be determined from the debate as to the Senate's eventual action; the state of opinion in that body is absolutely chaotic. The report of the Philippine Commission is nearly ready to be submitted. It recommends such a form of administration as will "secure on the one hand good government and, on the other hand, satisfy the aspirations of the inhabitants as to a form of government." By inference, the report recommends holding the islands. The plan provides for an American Governor appointed by the President, an advisory council of Americans and natives, a legislative body partly appointive and partly elective, its acts to be subject to the veto of Congress, and the division of the islands into districts ruled by appointed sub-governors, either Americans or educated natives. It is further recommended that natives shall hold, as far as possible, the positions of trust.

Commerce Commission on Railroads.

Last year, the Interstate Commerce Commission devoted the major part of their annual report to a complaint that flaws in the existing statutes permitted the railroads to evade the law in the matter of setting rates. This year, the report is only a repetition of the demand that Congress amend the statute. The law is so faulty that the roads have been able to make rates about as they choose. The companies can do this without any power in this commission or in the courts to check them, and nine-tenths of the people know it. Shippers are practically unanimous in favor of a single classification of freights, uniform for all roads and all sections of the country and, when established, reasonably stable. This dissatisfaction has been frequently expressed in all sections of the country, particularly at a conference of merchants and manufacturers held in Chicago last summer, which outlined a bill along lines proposed by the commission. Senator Cullom has introduced this measure at the present session. The report urges Congress to act, since, if the tendency is not soon checked, the railroads will combine to force up rates while the government is powerless to act. The increase in railroad business has been so great this year that many carriers found their equipment inadequate for the service required. Revenues increased greatly, and failures fell off. At the same time, many of the railroads have combined to raise charges. In spite of the increased traffic, there has been a falling off in the number of accidents. This is due to the adoption of safety appliances.

The Roberts' Case Before Congress.

Congressman Roberts' expulsion from the House of Representatives seems assured. The only point on which there is any doubt is the method of procedure. The special committee of nine appointed to handle the case reported last week. The majority, seven in all, submitted a document arraigning the polygamous member in unnecessarily severe terms and recommending that he be refused a seat. The constitutional warrant for declaring the seat vacant is defended in this document, although without detailed citation of causes. The minority report, signed by two members, takes the stand that the constitution gives no authority for such a procedure, and that to act in the manner recommended would be to establish a dangerous precedent. This report, which is as viterperative as the other, recommends that Roberts be seated and afterwards expelled—an action which Congress has every right to perform. Thus, the decision is all against the member from Utah, whichever method is followed. The case comes up this week. Almost without doubt, the majority report will be accepted, although the other view will have some strong supporters on both sides of the House.

Earthquakes on the Pacific Coast.

This has been a year of siesmic disturbances along the eastern coast of the Pacific. First, there was the eruption of Mauna Loa in Hawaii. Then came the Alaskan earthquake, which shook up Skaguay and the surrounding towns and changed the coast line in some places. About a month ago there was a heavy though narrowly localized shock in Southern California. Now, comes news of a shaking-up in Mexico. The earthquake seems to have been felt in the whole central portion of the country, being heaviest near the coast. Tue region about Guadalajara suffered most severely. There, the churches and municipal buildings were damaged, and many houses fell. In the town of Tenemata, seven people were killed and sixty hurt, and many buildings are in ruins. The shock, which was of short duration, appeared to come from the Pacific and travel inland. The City of Mexico felt it only slightly. A tidal wave followed on the Pacific Coast. How much damage was done by this is not known, as news from the isolated coast towns comes in slowly. There is no sign of eruption in the volcanoes of the interior, showing that the disturbance was not local, but is probably connected with the other earthquakes of the past year.

The Hanna-Payne Subsidy Bill.

The Hanna-Payne Bill for the encouragement of American shipping through subsidizing the merchant marine has come up against a rather unexpected opposition. Before the opening of Congress it was thought that this measure, one of the most important introduced this session, would be passed with comparative ease. The Senators and representatives from the interior states, however, are arrayed against it in its present form, almost irrespective of party lines, claiming that it is unfair discrimination in favor of the Atlantic and Pacific states, the former in particular, as compared with their own section. Neither are the Pacific States warm in its favor. This is due to a clause which provides that only those vessels exceeding fourteen knots in speed shall receive benefit. As but few vessels in the Pacific trade come within that limit, there is a feeling on the coast that only the Atlantic seacoast will gain. It is now stated on good authority that several Congressmen of the Central States are on the point of drafting amendments embodying their views, and that they will oppose the bill and presumably defeat it if these amendments are not incorporated. The nature of the proposed changes is not definitely known, but they are said to provide in some manner for a more even distribution of favors. It is probable that the speed-limit of fourteen knots will be a point of attack. If both sides agree on the amendments, the measure is almost sure to pass.

John Ruskin and R. D, Blackmore.

The last two survivors of the golden age of Victorian letters died this week within a few hours of one another. The first was John Ruskin, the great essayist and critic, the second and lesser, R. D. Blackmore, a novelist whose fame rests on one book, but that a work which is almost a classic. Ruskin stood for nearly half a century as "the conscience of England." He was more a preacher and teacher than a pure man of letters, although his style was a model of classic purity. His fame rests mainly on his works on art and economics, but his books, nearly a hundred in all, range over every field of the essay, embracing works on morals, science, literary criticism, and nature. John Ruskin was born in London in 1819, was a precocious child, and early showed signs of genius. He was educated under private tutors and finished at Oxford in 1841. Soon afterward, he made his first success with "Modern Painters," a book famous in the history of criticism. He followed this with other books on a vast range of subjects and was with the immortals while still a young man. His first work is still held to be his masterpiece, but *Sesame and Lilies*, *Crown of Wild Olive*, *Fors Clavigera*, and *Unto This Last* hold rank with it. He preferred to regard himself as a teacher of ethics and culture, and had almost as much influence through his lectures and his professorship at Oxford as through his writings. His style was impetuous and ornate, and distinguished by the suppressed passion which seems to underlie the calm course of the sentences. In his works on morals, ethics, and art, he had much the same message as Arnold—"Sweetness and Light." In the economic and sociological works, he betrayed a leaning toward socialism. He discarded the existing system of political economy because, he said, it took no note of the affections, and put his theories into practice by giving away his large private fortune in relieving social distress. It is likely that Ruskin will live in letters as the foremost essayist of this century. He survived the generation upon which he had the greatest influence; he was the last of the great Victorians. Blackmore's fame rests on his charming novel, *Lorna Doone*. His few other works were not nearly its equal. This story was written while he was still a young man and soon after he left Oxford. It was offered to nineteen publishers before it came to be accepted, and appeared in 1869 only to fall flat. An accident brought it to notice. In 1872, the Princess Louise married the Marquis of Lorne. The public, thinking from the title that this tale had something to do with the bridegroom, took the first edition from the book-stalls, and a steady success followed. Blackmore never reached this early height again, although *Springhaven*, which came out several years later, was a passing good novel. *Lorna Doone* is a story of adventure in the Devon forest, and is notable for its pure English, its romantic quality, and for the unique character of the hero, *John Ridd*. Blackmore was a market-gardener by vocation and a novelist only by avocation. He amassed a fortune in his business, and devoted only his spare time to literature.

Rev. Arthur Divine, a Passionist father and a recognized authority of orthodox Catholic theology, in his book entitled *The Sacraments Explained According to the Teaching and Doctrine of the Catholic Church*, advances the opinion that the telephone may be used in confession, though he says that the matter has not yet been officially decided by the pope. His opinion is that "a priest might give absolution by telephone, under condition, to a person taken suddenly ill, so as to be in imminent danger of death."

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Justification of Wealth.

THE New York *Times*, and others of the metropolitan dailies have been discussing the "Justification of Wealth," the "Dangers and Advantages of the Concentration of Wealth," with much fervor but to little purpose, as one may readily imagine. The toilers who built the pyramids no doubt, discussed this selfsame subject during the pause for noon-day meals. But the world is no nearer solving the problem of poverty or restricting the acquisition of wealth. To make every man in the world rich would not solve the difficulty. Universal wealth would beget a condition quite as uncomfortable as universal poverty. All being rich, no man would care to labor, and menial work would fall to the lot of the millionaire. Even under this scheme of things, poverty would soon put in an appearance. Some men have a genius for making money, others a strongly developed faculty in a different direction.

There are but comparatively few healthy men in this world who are approaching the evening of life with poverty for a companion, who can't look back over their career and discover wasted opportunities, money ill-spent in luxuries and idleness, which, if husbanded, would have insured at least a competence. You can no more eliminate waste, shiftlessness, and consequent poverty from human nature by legal enactment than you can smother ambition, thrift, and resulting wealth. All men are equal before the law, in the sense that each is entitled to the same protection of life, liberty, and property, but they are not born equal. The puny infant whose shrunken frame holds the ineradicable seed of disease, is not, in the struggle of life, on an equality with the lusty offspring of health. Set the extreme of imbecility beside the other extreme, the quick-brained, well-balanced head of the most successful man of the day, they are not equal. Between these two extremes are manifold modifications of each, the innumerable and varying degrees of human intelligence from a business point of view. Between the imbecile and the scientist or the man of learning are other and different degrees of intelligence. The world and mankind will always exhibit their mental inequalities. Men do not all measure up alike in natural intelligence, or in any other human attribute. It is scarcely wise to attempt to pull mankind down to a common mental or financial level, nor is it possible to build it up to the highest. In the nature of things inequality must and will exist.

The mere possession of great wealth in the hands of a given individual cannot *ipso facto* work harm to the man of poverty. A division of the wealth of fifty of America's greatest millionaires among the citizens of America would only afford temporary relief to the very poor. Such a useless distribution would throw thousands of men out of employment and bring unmerited poverty to deserving men. The citizen who gives the beggar at his door something for nothing commits a crime against society. He has taught the recipient that he may live without work when he might better have shown him a way to work that he might live. The discussion of this subject in New York grew out of an editorial in the *Times*, referring to Mr. Carnegie's splendid gift to the Cooper Union. The article contained this paragraph:

"Riches justify themselves against all accusers when they are wisely employed by their possessor for the raising up of his fellowmen."

Among the criticisms of the very rich came the following, and it offers a fair sample of the tenor of the expressions from that side of the controversy:

"Now, I admire with all my heart the noble benefaction on the part of Mr. Carnegie to the Cooper Union. No institution in this city, the result of charity, has, so far as I have been able to observe, accomplished so much for the deserving poor, and no gift could be made more wisely than this one made by Mr. Carnegie. But when you attempt to proclaim the doctrine that 'riches justify themselves against all accusers when they are wisely employed by their possessor for the raising up of his fellowmen,' you announce a doctrine which cannot be sustained and ought not to be sustained for one moment.

"The pirate Admirals of Elizabeth ravaged Peruvian cities and returned with their ill-gotten spoils, to gain fame which you would seem to afford to riches, by using a portion of them to found monasteries and religious institutions. The Baron robbers of the Rhine, two centuries ago, robbed the wayfarers along that river, and then consecrated their plunder to establishing monasteries with a portion of it. The footpads on Houndslow Heath, two hundred years ago, robbed the traveler of his watch and pocketbook and trinkets, and then curried favor with the poor by their generosity; but our modern highwaymen put Dick Turpin to the blush, for they bribe a board of aldermen and steal the very highway itself, and then, having attained great riches, a portion of which they wisely employ in charity, they justify themselves in your language, 'against all accusers.'

"Mr. Carnegie, you say, 'justifies his wealth by this disposition of it.' No man can justify his wealth by the disposition of it, if he has obtained it through wrong or injustice, and, though Mr. Carnegie, more than any man of great wealth in this country, probably, has achieved a considerable proportion of his wealth through great energy, intelligence, and business enterprise, still, you know, and every man who is acquainted with the facts knows, that a great proportion of that wealth is the result of special legislation, obtained through high protective tariffs. How has such legislation been obtained? The process is known to all men. Its possessors contribute enormous sums of money to campaign disbursements, and many of them do not scruple, if necessary, to buy legislators."

That this campaign is eminently unfair must be apparent on its face. The "special legislation" of which the writer complains benefitted not only Mr. Carnegie but every American engaged in the iron trade as employer or employe. It built up cities and states, it developed coal and iron mines besides manufactures, it represented the doctrine of the greatest political party in America. It was not special legislation in the sense that it gave a monopoly to Mr. Carnegie, for any and every American citizen might take advantage of the benefits which it conferred on American manufactures.

Henry George, Jr., in his contribution on this subject says:

"What then is the cause that so augments the few fortunes on the one side and deepens general need on the other? For obviously that which produces the multiplying result also produces the counter result."

Is this deduction true? Does the fact that "A" is thrifty, increase the poverty of "B." The fact that Mr. Huntington is rated at thirty millions of dollars has not subtracted a dollar from the savings of thrift, or a penny from the purse of poverty. Take the example of Mr. Huntington. He left school at the age of 14 and commenced to battle with the world a poor boy. His wealth today is not represented by money stacked up in guarded vaults and withdrawn from general circulation—no man is poorer because this ambitious boy developed into a millionaire. His wealth is represented in real property and the products of labor. His enterprise has given employment to tens of thousands of men. Cities, towns, and states have been developed through the instrumentality of his enterprises, and such development has enriched others. That men have been made comfortably rich through the enterprise of his wealth is capable of demonstration, that the poor have been made poorer thereby is not true. Of course, if one proceeds upon the assumption that the millions of money credited to our multi-millionaires is represented by coin locked up, secreted and withdrawn from circulation, it is not difficult to discover harm that must follow. But it is patent that such money, turned into the field of labor and production, works more good to mankind than will all of the socialistic doctrines devised by well-meaning but misled mankind. If the advocates of restricting wealth were to come together tomorrow, and be vested with power to act, they could never agree as to the maximum amount a man should be permitted to acquire. To one man a hundred thousand dollars would seem the desirable limit, to another a million. The ten thousand dollar limit would have its advocates and the individual advocating the smallest sum would be just as wise as he who advocated the largest sum. It is not likely, however, that the time will ever come when this question will be seriously discussed in America. It belongs to a people of mediocre talents, who confess their inability to succeed through their own exertions and wish to cure their natural defects by artificial laws.

The Roberts Case.

THE case of Roberts, the polygamous Congressman from Utah, forms an episode which serves to illustrate the danger and evils that may and generally do flow from our unfortunate habit of allowing the thoughtless, emotional, and sensational elements of organized society to exercise too potent a voice in the direction of grave public affairs. The agitation against Roberts was, from the start, designed and conducted along sensational lines and largely by people whose unclean lives demonstrate that they care nothing for the principle of public morals in behalf of which they professed to be acting. Neither the cause of good social order, nor of pure morals, nor of any other public interest would have been in anyway menaced by the unchallenged admission of Roberts to the seat to which he was elected. Polygamy, like slavery, is a dead issue—except in our new possessions in the Orient. The battle over those twin evils has long since been fought and won. Both, however, left marks behind that only time can efface. Slavery left social, racial and political conditions that give great trouble even now, nearly forty years after the abolition of the "peculiar institution." But, from a point of time placed—say—five years after the civil war closed, there never was room for an intelligent doubt but that even the people of the South, if left to themselves, would have refused to restore the evil that had been destroyed in blood and hardship. In the same way, while a belief in the righteousness of polygamous marriages has not been destroyed in the Mormon mind, there has been a general acceptation of that new order of things which recognizes monogamy as the keystone in the social structure. There are, doubtless, and will continue to be for years to come, many isolated cases of the evasion of the law, more particularly in regard to old marriage relations. But, little by little, the old system and its memories and habits will die away and the new moral standard be woven into the warp and woof of the Mormon life. There was, therefore, no need for the hysterical outcry that has been made against Congressman Roberts. It was not an intelligent outcry that voiced a reasonable alarm. The Congressman's election was not a test case or the *avant courier* in a movement looking toward the restoration of polygamy. Nor was it an outcry that has been made in good faith. One of its leaders is a man who has violated even moral law in a short life of lecherous profligacy that has been Oriental in its sensual extravagancies. Outcries against the comparatively clean institution of plural marriages cannot come in good faith from dirty throats like that.

But, no matter what its motive or inspiration, the outcry has been made and heeded. It has been taken up and re-echoed across the continent by a crowd of cackling geese, who make up in volume of voice what they lack in brain power. And Congress in an evil moment has regarded it to the extent of refusing to allow a member who, upon the face of the returns was legally and undisputedly elected, and is fully qualified, to take his seat until a Special Com-Committee had examined into the case. That committee has just submitted two reports—a majority and minority—one of which recommends that the member be refused his seat, while the other advises that he be given his seat and then expelled. And now, as Boss Tweed once remarked: "What are you going to do about it? If the Congressional leaders had acted wisely, they would have made an unofficial investigation into the case before the House met and then seen to it that they seated the member in the most unostentatious manner possible. In that way they would have avoided the dilemma they are now compelled to face. But that course is no longer feasible. Evidence has been taken and it seems to be conclusively established that Roberts, while he has respected the Edmunds' law in so far as further marriages is concerned, is still living in the polygamous relations he had already assumed when that law was passed. The issue having been raised, however, to admit the man to his seat now and take no further action would be equivalent to a recognition of polygamy. Upon the other hand, the man has been elected, and as he possesses all the qualifications prescribed by the Constitution for Congressmen, he can only be excluded by establishing some qualification that is not in the Constitution. Congress has no right to do that, and if it does it for one purpose it may do it for another. Thus the wearing of some particular style of dress that is objectionable to a large number of people might be arbitrarily made a qualification for Congressmen; religious test might be established and a thousand and one other objectionable things done without the consent of the people. No member of Congress can vote for a proposition of this kind without violating his oath of office, and, in addition to becoming a perjured scoundrel, making himself a traitor to the institutions of his country. Clearly, therefore, the only course that can now be pursued is to let the Congressman take his seat and then expel him because of his immoral and unclean manner of life.

Lessons of the Boer War.

It is perhaps just as well for Great Britain that the Boer war came on just when it did. It is a severe struggle, a much harder one than any observer on the Anglo-Saxon side anticipated at the beginning, but after all it is not a war which need unduly tax the resources of the Empire. A serious European conflict would have proved the weakness of the British army under conditions infinitely more serious; as it is, the reorganization to follow the conclusion of the Transvaal war ought, in all conscience, to bring the British army up to the standard modern strength. Certain of its weak points have already been shown in the disastrous campaigns on the Modder and Tugela rivers and in the Ladysmith affair, others will doubtless be revealed in that decisive battle for which Buller is now preparing his division.

The chief fault manifested is in the weakness of the English artillery. The soldiers under Methuen and Buller have been sent up against quick firing guns such as the French and German armies are equipped with, and have had to reply with ordnance ten years behind the times. The holding out of Ladysmith is due to the use of five naval guns brought from a battleship before the investment of the town had been completed. The other cannon of the defenses are over a thousand yards short of the Boer range. This is not the only surprise in connection with the artillery, however. The Boers have proved themselves competent to handle modern ordnance. Their marksmanship, their estimation of ranges, and the smartness with which they serve and move their guns has evoked the admiration of the critics, who, however, ascribe their facility, perhaps correctly, to German and French artillerymen.

No less obvious than this is the inferior mobility of the British commands as compared with that of their opponents. With the marksmanship and discipline of civilized troops, the Boers shift and cover ground with the ease of savages. They need no baggage-trains When a corps gets ready to move, the soldiers pull up stakes and travel as swiftly as independent horsemen, living on the country or on supplies carried by individual soldiers. On the other hand, the British, unused to giving up the comforts of civilization for campaigning purposes, advance "on their stomachs," encumbered by huge commissary-trains, which hold the army back from any quick movement. It was this inferior mobility that held back our own troops in the Filipino campaign, until the late General Lawton showed the men how to live off the country. In short, soldiering being now a trade and including the knowledge of living well in the field, as well as of drill and tactics, the Boers have proved themselves the superior craftsmen. Of course, the comparison is not entirely a fair one. The Dutch are fighting under conditions which suit the peculiar conditions of this warfare. Nevertheless, transported to Europe, their mobility, combined with their marksmanship, would still render them dangerous antagonists to any European army. And, by the same token, put British soldiers in a European war and their bravery and *esprit de corps* would avail them nothing against the ease of movement and practical campaigning taught to the German and Russian armies.

The fault does not lie with Landsown or Woolesley or any one of half a dozen men. It lies in the system which has been built up by successive generations of ministries and generals. Secure in the protection afforded by a mighty and excellent navy, and under no strain from an unfriendly nation close to their borders, they have let the army fall behind the pace cut out by the other European nations. The equipment is behind the times; rapid movement, accurate and efficient artillery practice, and smart campaigning have been made subservient to mere drill. It is the military ideal cherished in the sixties, before the results of the Franco-Prussian and Russo-Turkish wars taught Europe the modern method of extended warfare.

THINGS & PEOPLE

Juggled Statistics.

THE publication of recent statistics on the comparative physical development of girls in the eastern and western colleges has attracted a rather undue amount of attention throughout the country. The figures, such as they are, go to show that the western girl has greater strength and vitality, as shown by a bigger neck, deeper chest, and broader shoulders, and that her eastern sister is taller, more slender, and more graceful. The "story" growtng therefrom makes excellent copy for the Sunday supplements, but to one familiar with statistics and the manner in which they can be juggled, it is only an example of the fact that figures do lie. In the first place, the college girl, recruited as she is from a special class, is a very unfair standard by which to judge the young women of the entire country. A second consideration wrecks the whole "story," pen-decorations, outlines, half-tones, tables, and all. In this western country nearly as many college girls go east as stay at home. As is the case with their sons, people of the wealthy class prefer to educate them in expensive eastern institutions rather than in the cheaper ones nearer home. Beyond this, people of wealth and culture have a feeling—call it prejudice if you will—against placing their daughters in co-educational institutions, preferring, if the choice has to be made, to school their boys near home and their girls in the East. In short, the college women of the East are composed of average young women of the section, plus a large body of girls from the wealthier and more cultivated class of the West. The college women of the West, on the other hand, are made up of average young women of that section, minus the same body of girls from the aforesaid wealthier and more cultivated class. No one doubts that, as people mount in the social scale, the men and women both become taller, less strong, and more refined in physique—which is all that these so-called statistics go to prove. They serve only as an example of the process by which Bryan builds silver arguments.

***

University Athletics.

NOW that the football season is over, the enthusiasm of the undergraduate turns to the lighter forms of athletics which prevail in early spring. At this distance, it seems as though the chances for baseball are about even, while in track, California is likely to retain the championship. Although Berkeley won in the national game last season and although she has lost fewer men by graduation than Stanford, she will miss Joe Corbett, whose coaching was responsible for the victory in 1899. Corbett is one of the best coaches in the country, while Borchers who handled Stanford, is notoriously weak in "head-work." This year conditions are reversed. It is not known who will have control at Berkeley, but it will not be Corbett. At Palo Alto, "Doc" Murphy, a coach and trainer of long professional and amateur experience, will have control. His ability ought to offset the longer experience of the U. C. men, and make it anybody's series.

* * *

In track, California, with nearly all the old tape-crackers who walked away last spring, has an initial lead which nothing but a phenomenal team from Palo Alto can touch. Wisely for herself and fortunately for the Coast, Berkeley has gone in to encourage the athletic talent of the preparatory schools. In the past three or four years this policy has worked wonders. A few seasons since, only Oakland High School, the San Francisco High Schools, and one or two academies on the bay region ever thought of track athletics. Now all the secondary schools of Northern California are enthusiastic supporters of this branch of sport, and the Interscholastic Field Day is only second in importance to the Intercollegiate. All this, or most of it, has been due to missionary work from the University of California, and the students and graduates who did it have had their reward in the supremacy of their college on the track. And inasmuch as this goes to the encouragement of amateur athletics, which are better in nearly every way than professional sport, the Pacific Coast is the gainer. Everyone concerned is benefited—except Stanford, which is too far away from the center to take much part in the movement, and has had to permit the rival college to capture the pick of the young athletes developed under the new regime.

***

Clubs for Working Girls.

CURIOUS that among the innumerable devices of California charity there should be so little effort towards the assistance or protection of the better class of girls. There must be in San Francisco thousands of young women—typewriters, saleswomen, milliners, dressmakers, and clerks of varying degree who, subsisting on their own earnings, and denied the comforts and restraints of home life, lodge in the rooming-houses, eat in the restaurants and in their houses of leisure, and are thrown on their own resources for entertainment. It is but natural that a day of labor should give rise to a desire for relaxation, and, left to their own initiative, what wonder is it that many fall by the wayside? In other cities the welfare and amusement of this type of young womanhood is the favorite undertaking of fashionable society. There are hotels and lodging-houses to which women alone are admitted, and clubrooms comfortably fitted up for them in which entertainments are given several times a week. Sitting rooms with pianos and musical instruments, reading-rooms equipped with the best current literature, and educational facilities—all tend to engage and improve the leisure of the workingwoman. Whoever knows aught of the temptations that beset the paths of girls, homeless and unprotected in a large city, will agree as to the wisdom of organizing on a broad scale institutions of this character. They should not be undertaken in any narrow, sectarian spirit, but with the defined purpose of supplying certain material and intellectual necessities, such as, in a different way, the Young Men's Christian Association does. For the education and entertainment of young men there are in all the Coast cities ample facilities; for the young women—none. I am firmly persuaded that a well constructed rooming-house for women only, close to the business quarters, equipped with some facilities for amusement in the shape of general reading and sitting rooms, would prove a satisfactory investment, besides subserving an admirable purpose. The California Club, which is composed of women of character and energy, could hardly do better than engage in so admirable a cause, and I commend it to their attention.

***

The Municipal Election in Seattle.

SEATTLE will soon be in the throes of a municipal campaign. The election occurs early in march, and Republicans, Democrats, and Populists have called meetings of their city central committees, preparatory to entering upon the contest. This time it is difficult to predict the outlines of the engagement, because there are two reform parties in the field, and the feeling is general that regeneration is badly needed. The Democrats declare they will enter the field on a straight ticket, but they are not strong enough to meet the Republican majority without the assistance of the Populists and Silver Republicans, so that coalition is probable. Among the Republicans proper there exists considerable confidence of success, though the question is, what figure will the reform party, which proposes to nominate a citizens' ticket, cut? The second reform party is composed of single taxers, whose natural affiliations are populistic. However, it is the purpose of all concerned to confine the fight to issues purely municipal, though this laudable intention may be defeated, not by the imminence of the national campaign, strange to say, but by the Boer war. Seattle is close to the British Columbian line, and among its population are many naturalized Englishmen, whose sympathies are, naturally enough, with the mother country. But opposing them are Scandinavians and Irish, together with many Americans, whose partiality is for the Boer side of the controversy. Between these elements, feeling runs high. Nowhere in the country are the war bulletins scanned with greater eagerness than in Seattle, and throughout the day little groups are gathered round the newspaper offices, eagerly arguing the merits of the issue. Time and again the physical test has been resorted to, with such satisfaction as usually follows a resort to nature's weapons.

***

Seattle and the China Trade.

WHEN President Hill of the Great Northern road speaks his mind, he generally means what he says, being a man not given to wild or extravagant statements. Therefore, his program for the Northwest, as outlined in a recent speech at St. Paul, has attracted more attention in Seattle than anything since the discovery of Cape Nome. A line of freighting steamers whose individual capacity exceeds the greatest ever attempted in ship-building, a through connection with the Atlantic ports, an outlet to the Orient for the farms of the northern prairie region—all this brings the vision of Eastern trade very close to us. It is a fact that these great and sudden periods of expansion in a section of the United States have always been the result of the labors of some industrial leader. Astor opened the Northwest originally; Carnegie was the founder of the Pittsburg steel industry; Huuntington and his associates, by building a railroad, made possible the agricultural development of California. Immense riches in the hands of one man may be—sometimes is—a public calamity, but much more frequently the interests of a section become coincident with the advancement of one wealthy individual in the section, and both develop together. This is the case with the city of Seattle and the empire to which that city is the port of entry. They will advance together.

* * *

As for the statement that Seattle is nearer to China by eight hundred miles than San Francisco, and is therefore bound to take the overland trade, this need not be a question at issue between the Queen City and the City of the Golden Gate. This is a big country and China is no hamlet. The great wheat yields of the prairie states will probably go to the Orient through Seattle, but the products of the South, the Southwest, and much of the East will go to China by way of the docks of San Francisco. The Interoceanic canal is coming in the next twenty years, to change the whole aspect of affairs, to alter the situation, no one knows just now. Meanwhile, I think the two ports will ship from different fields and will cross one another very little. There is enough for both.

BOSWELL, JR.

3rd D. STEPHENSON — 1st H. A. RAWLINS — 2d ALEXANDER SMITH

WINNETS OF THE PROFESSIONAL GOLF TOURNAMENT AT THE OAKLAND CLUB LINKS.

FIGHTING THE PLAGUE IN HONOLULU.

THE NATIONAL GUARD ENFORCING THE QUARANTINE.

BURNING INFECTED HOUSES IN THE CHINESE QUARTER.

In spite of all the precautions in the way of quarantine, burning of infected buildings, and fumigation, the bubonic plague continues to spread in Honolulu. It is a terribly insiduous disease, this Oriental scourge, being slow but persistent. The germ seems to possess great vitality, and the almost absolute failure of scientists to discover either a preventative or a cure forces them into dealing with it in a fashion almost medieval in its crudity. The infected town is now closed almost completely from the outside world; shut in alone, they are fighting with the disease.

The situation is not so alarming as might be thought from a pure statement of facts. To begin with, the attacks have been confined, with one exception, to the Oriental part of Honolulu's population. While from a theoretically philanthropic point of view a Caucasian may consider one human life as good as another, in practice it is quite different. We are selfish enough, all of us, to restrict our wishes to the hope that it may not get beyond Chinatown.

The troops, regular and volunteer, who have braved the dangers of contagion in enforcing the quarantine and burning diseased districts, are the heroes of this plague-scare. If the disease spreads to the whites it must take them first; they know this, and it is to their credit that they go on regardless of the fact. Whenever a suspect is discovered, the patient is removed to the detention hospital at once. The house is closed and a strong guard placed around it until it can be destroyed. Then, the torch is applied, and the fire department, always brought out for such an emergency, watches to keep the fire from spreading. Where the building is one of a series, as is the case with many Chinese rookeries, the whole district is burned. Already, some of the closest sections of Chinatown are in ashes.

M. Benard, winner of the University of California architectural competition, has returned to Paris and in his studio will re-create his design for a university plan. It is explained now that the original *concours* was rather a trial of strength intended to disengage a man sufficiently able to undertake the great task of fittingly housing the university rather than what it was commonly regarded, a device to obtain a satisfactory and practical design. M. Benard is now to formulate a practical scheme within certain distinct limits, but is at liberty to change the original as his judgment dictates. We shall await with interest the reconstructed plan. It seems a pity the creation of the University is not to be entrusted to an American architect, but as that is out of the question we must hope that M. Benard will give us his best.

* * *

The most important modification the life of the university town of Berkeley has ever known is due to the presence there of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst. Hitherto the social life of this beautiful burg has been amazingly formal, stilted and angular. There is a university set and a society set, the one presided over by the celebrities of the faculty, the other of residents engaging itself in all the average diversions. The great events were receptions at the president's mansion, minor dinners at professoial villas forming the incidents. With Mrs. Hearst on the scene a change has come over all the components. In her home they have met on a common ground; the learned have been lured out of their shells; and the students have been gathered in as guests irrespective of fraternity affiliations. Altogether the gracious hospitality of this lady has done more to infuse interest and charm into the life of Berkeley than all the influences combined of Regents and Faculty have achieved in the past. To have accomplished this, to have created this atmosphere of urbanity, culture and kindliness in Berkeley is an end Mrs. Hearst could never have attained with her millions, and is a tribute to her womanhood that she must be grateful to receive. The new era in the University is to owe more to her than mere material aid. The virtue and value of such an influence as she wields in the development of that homogenitry and *esprit de corps* which Berkeley has ever lacked is hardly to be computed.

A French naturalist asserts that, "if the world should become birdless, man could not inhabit it after nine year's time, in spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects. The bugs and slugs would simply eat up all the orchards and crops in that time."

CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS

KING SOLOMON'S mines were rich beyond description, but it is doubtful if they were richer than the Cape Nome diggings. Less than a year old, these fields in far away Alaska have produced nearly three million dollars in gold, and when it is taken into consideration that the climate permits of only three months' work, this is a pretty good showing. Nearly all this gold was taken from the sand on the beach. The placers on the various streams near by were scarcely touched and the quartz mines, which undoubtedly will be found in the mountain range which runs along the coast, have not even been prospected.

It is truly a wonderful country, and the ground is literally paved with the precious metal. Whether the gold came from the mountains in Alaska and was washed down by the rains, or whether the vein is a continuation of that which has been so long worked in Siberia on the other side of Behring Straits, will probably never be known. At any rate, there is gold there and plenty of it. It is in the sand and on the beach; it is in the beds of the various creeks and rivers, and even the mud just under the moss which covers the tundra beyond the beach produces the yellow metal.

The country, thus far, is a dream. Its possibilities cannot be estimated. Even the most sanguine are appalled at the vast amount of wealth that indications show is in the ground there. In a few months the three thousand people who have spent the winter there will see a vast army of gold-seekers come in. They will come by steamer from Seattle, San Francisco, and Portland, and by dog-trains from Dawson down the Yukon. Several hundred men have already left for the new gold fields by way of Dawson. Thousands have engaged passage on the steamers which will sail for Nome early in the spring, and berths are at a premium, too. To those who do not know, it might be well to say here that the waters surrounding Cape Nome for miles and miles are frozen solid in winter, and it is only in the spring and summer that a ship can get within landing distance of the beach. So now the only means of ingress and egress are over the ice to St. Michaels, and along the frozen Yukon to Dawson. The ground freezes in winter and very little work can be done. In fact, there are only three months during the year when work can be carried on in these extraordinary diggings. These months are the latter part of May, June, July, and a part of August. However, the ground is so rich that it is not an uncommon thing for a fortune to be realized in this brief space of time. So much for the richness of the country. Now for a little about the history of these wonderful discoveries.

The first news that there was gold at Cape Nome was received at Seattle and San Francisco almost simultaneously last July. Charles D. Lane brought to Seattle $10,000 in gold dust. On the same steamer which carried him down were any number of returning prospectors who had failed in their search for the precious metal. Lane said that he gathered his dust from a claim on Anvil creek, which runs into the ocean near Nome. Every other one of his companion passengers denied that there was any gold there. They insisted that he was in the employ of the transportation companies, and that he and these concerns had plotted to bring a lot of men to an inhospitable and barren country for the purpose of profiting by carrying them north from the states and back again.

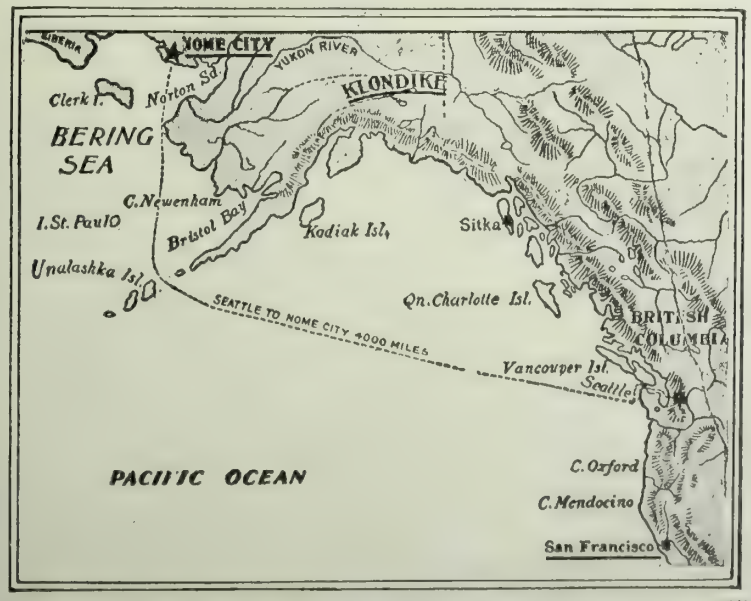
This was before gold had been discovered on the beach. Almost the very next ship that came down brought the news that hundreds of unfortunate miners who had failed in the Klondike and had come down the river were taking out from twenty to a thousand dollars a day from the sands of the Nome beach. Each ship that followed brought down reports corroborating the wonderful richness of the beach. In a month the fame of the camp was established. It is estimated that at least 30,000 people will go in this spring. Seattle, San Francisco, and other Pacific Coast points will be the embarking places.

The richness of the district was first made known to the world by N. O. Hultberg, a Golovin bay missionary. He found gold on Anvil creek, and not long afterward locations on the same creek were made by E. O. Lindbloom, Jafat Lindeberg, and John Brynteson. They were the pioneers and were followed by W. H. Price, Dr. Gregory, William Kjellman, and two Laplanders. Mr. Lane came later. The news spread to St. Michaels and there was a rush to the camp, with the result that every favorable location was pre-empted.

While the gentlemen mentioned captured the first fruits of the diggings, there are others who are really responsible for opening them to the world. They are: D. B. Libby, H. L. Blake, A. P. Mordant, and Lewis Melsing. They provisioned a ship at San Francisco and left for Golovin Bay on September 17, 1897. Cold weather prevented them from doing any prospecting that year, but during the following season they found colors on Ophir creek in the Nome district, and all made good locations. On April 25, 1898, a miners' meeting was held and the Eldorado district was organized. It covers an area of thirty square miles. Since then, however, it has been discovered that the beach as far north as Cape York is lined with gold, and the possibilities of the district cannot be estimated.

Cape Nome is situated on the eastern shore of Behring Sea, or the west coast of Alaska, about one hundred miles northwest of St. Michaels Island, which itself is sixty miles north of the mouth of the Yukon river. The center of the mining camp was originally called Anvil City, but Nome being better known than Anvil, it was selected as the name for the town, and now it is known as Nome City. As already announced, very little work has been done on the placers. Nearly all the gold taken out has come from the beach diggings. The placers along the streams, however, are so rich that they are beyond estimation. These streams are named Snow, Anvil, Glacier, Dexter, and Buster. Nuggets averaging in value $150 each have been taken out of claims on these streams. The claims are 1320 feet long, and very few of them cover an entire stream.

But the beach is free to all. No locations can be made upon it, and anybody is at liberty to dig where he pleases. During the past year only the most crude appliances have been used to extract the dust. At the present time any number of schemes have been floated to send north machinery to force the earth to give up its wealth. A company to put in a water plant has been organized; another concern will dredge the ocean near the beach, and other companies will put in hydraulic machinery. At least fifty steamers and sailing vessels will leave Seattle for Nome during May, and there will be regular lines running from the Pacific Coast ports during the rest of the season.



In Switzerland's six universities there are 937 women students, of whom 555 are matriculated regularly. The greatest number, 353, comes from Russia; 65 are Swiss, 53 Germans, 25 Bulgarians, and 7 from the United States.

WE are told on unimpeachable authority that "Heaven is paved with gold." Cape Nome, on the Behring Sea, Alaska, is not heavenly, from an atmospheric or climatic point of view, all the year round, but for nature's gold paving it is a heaven on earth. The very sands on the seashore are yellow with the precious metal and the under stratum is dotted with nuggets of more than ordinary size.

I have seen most of the gold-mining regions on this mundane sphere and can truthfully say that none compares with Nome. It is the most remarkable gold-mining region at present in the world, if not in the entire history of gold-mining. It is about 225 miles north and west of the mouth of the Yukon River, or 133 miles from Healy, St. Michael's Island.

Regarding the description of the Cape Nome mining country, I have no hesitation in saying that as far as discovered the sands of the seashore carry more or less gold from a point 250 feet out to sea and beyond low tide, thence inland to the tundra, a distance of about 500 feet. I have prospected these sands, at intervals, on the beach for thirty-five miles; the values, I found, were singularly uniform. The tundra, or Siberian marsh, will probably average about eight feet higher than the beach, that is, above high tide. The tundra is a mossy, tufty morass, containing water on the surface in summer, and ice to an indefinite depth. It has not been prospected to any great extent, but a quantity of thawing machines were sent up there on the last boat, and undoubtedly before this time they have gone deep into the frozen depths of the tundra. My theory is that the tundra contains more or less gold, which will be gotten at when the sand is reached, and will probably be from eight to ten feet below the surface of the tundra. This, when found, will be in places on the ancient beach of Behring Sea, where gold was deposited in vast quantities previous to the receding of the sea. This tundra runs from high tide back to the foothills with a very gradual slope; reaching the foothills I found the undoubted evidences that once the tides reached this point. Again, regarding the tundra, I found evidences of the creek and river beds of ancient days. These creeks are now named Penny, Snake, Nome, and there are numberless unnamed swales and gullies, now dry, whose waters have been diverted into other channels. The gold in the tundra unquestionably came from the various gulches, which are now being worked for placer in the foothills and mountains, from seven to fourteen miles from the beach.

Now, again, regarding the beach, I might add that all the gold taken from it up to date has been extracted from the sand by means of the rocking process. In no place have the lower grade sands been worked, miners preferring to work nothing that paid less than twenty-five dollars a day. As the work of a rocker and two men does not, in ten hours, exceed the washing of over two good-sized wash-tubs of sand, it is easy to imagine how little of the country has been disturbed. I panned many times the tailings of the rockers, and in no instance were the results less than about $20 to the ton. I made these deductions by weighing the gold and allowing thirty pounds of sand to the miner's span. By the rocking process I am certain it is impossible to extract over fifty per cent of the gold values.

Perhaps the following record and memorandums, which I made in my travels through the placer mines near Nome and up and down the beach, here and there, for thirty-five miles, would be about as interesting a description of the country as any. Apropos the beach deposits the New York *Sun*, October 1, 1899, says:

"This beach deposit of gold is as yet an unsolved problem. By some it is claimed that the gold in the sand, which is entirely dust, has been washed out from the tundra by the waves at high tide and deposited through hundreds of years in the sand. It is found here now from two to five feet below the surface in the drifts, and so plentiful that the miner who does not find it in paying quantities is the exception. On the other hand, there are some who claim that the gold is washed in from the sea, and that the real field, or mother lode, so to speak, is to be reached and developed by dredging."

"The following are my personal experiences, jotted down in my own book as I traveled through the country on the

beach and in the gulches every day for more than a month: "Aug. 10th.—Earl Hyde, Tough Nut Jack, C. Briggs and Lon Chapell, on beach seven miles from Anvil City, rocked out 150 ounces in four days. Aug. 10.—J. H. Wilson, two miles below Anvil, on beach, showed me a sack containing $912, out of about seven days. He afterward took $130 out of four pans of sand. Aug. 11th—Macomber and Levy, about a mile and a half from Anvil City. Here I got a nugget weighing $4. The nugget was found in the sand about 250 feet from low tide. Jim Dunsmuir and William Bates told me that they had averaged about $40 per day rocking. They were about eleven miles south of Anvil. Price, on No. 8 Anvil, Sunday, 20th of August, sluiced out $6,400 in seven hours with six men. Lindblom took out $18,000 in eighteen hours with six men, August 14th.

"Aug. 10th.—Snow Gulch Claim, No. 3, took out $12,000. They now clean up twice daily. Man named Loss, Aug. 15, rocked out $240 in two hours on Dexter Creek. Billy Walton rocked out $80 in less than an hour on Dexter. Man named Leo, crossing on No. 9 Dexter, took out 19 ounces in one day. E. M. Walters panned $120 off No. 5, on Dexter. He also took $54 out of one pan on Anvil. A man on Bangor Creek told me that he had got as high as ten dollars to the shovel in bed rock.

"Aug. 24th.—Two men on beach cleaned up $600.

"Aug. 29th.—Leidey made a wooden caisson and sunk it about 250 feet beyond low tide and got from fifteen cents to fifty per shovel. I did not see this experiment, but I believe firmly that the richest part of the beach is beyond low tide."

"A new district called Cripple Creek has been found. It starts in about fifteen miles from Anvil, on Penny Creek. The beach is wide and pays good."

There will be more money come out from Nome next year than from the Klondike. I estimate over $1,000,000 from the beach alone this year.

First discovery of the Golden Beach was made May 22, 1899 by William C. Slade and J. F. Thornwait, at mouth of Jess Creek, about six miles west of Anvil. These men have been in the country three years, and report October as a beautiful month. The beach can be worked about eight months. It rained up there January 27th.

Benjamin J. Becker, of 38 Montrose avenue, Brooklyn, has a high opinion of the riches of Cape Nome fields. He is enthusiastic over the place. He has staked eight claims. He returned East this month, but is going back when the season opens. In describing the place he said in an interview:

"When we reached Cape Nome, you could see the gold glittering along the beach, which is covered with thick moss. If you walked along the beach you could wash gold from your boots when you returned to your hut. Two partners near us, a Laplander and a man from San Francisco, had the best paying claims. They never took out less than $7,000 worth of gold a day, and I have seen $10,000 worth taken from a single claim in one day."

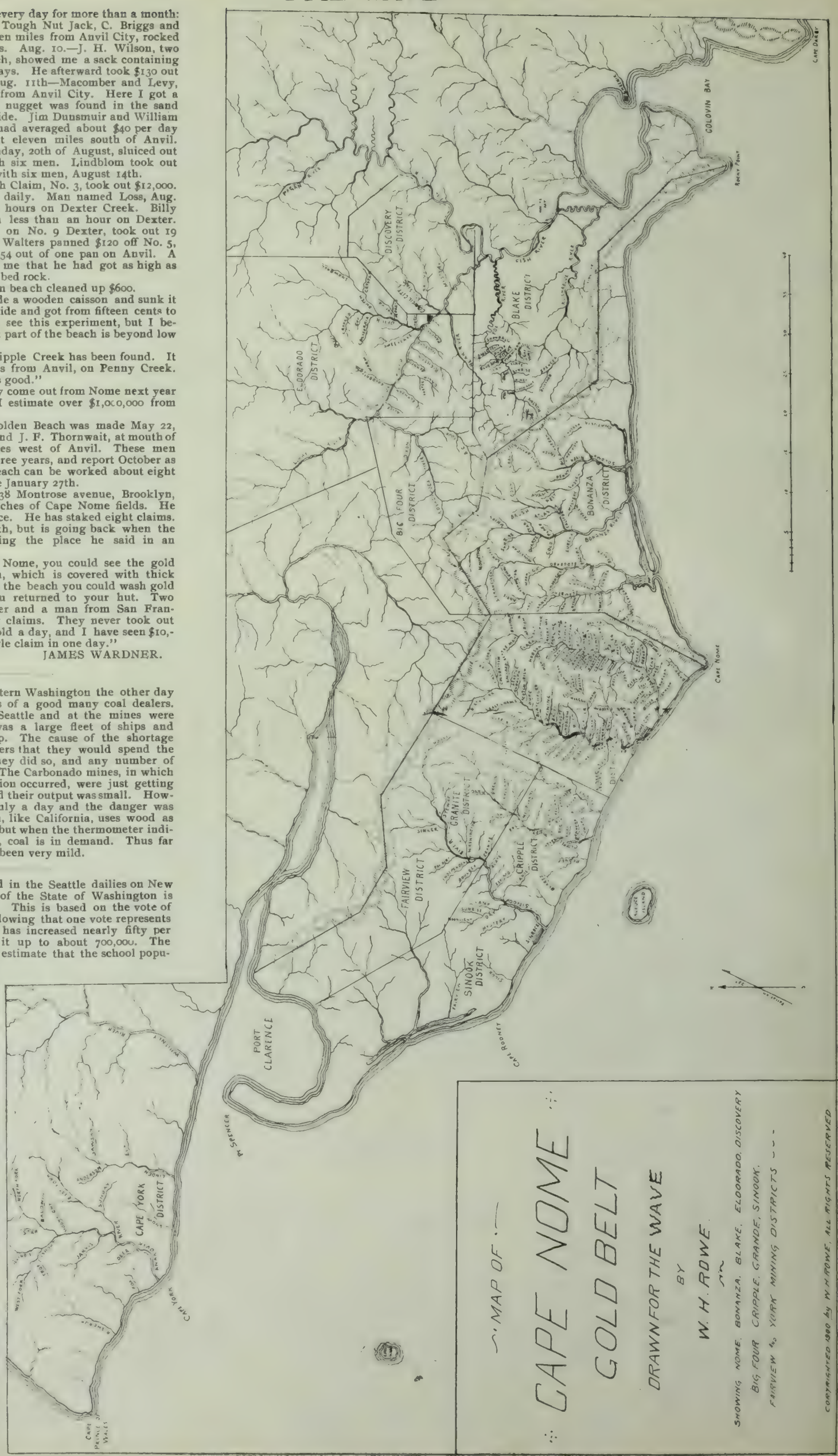
JAMES WARDNER.

A slight cold snap in Western Washington the other day sent a chill down the backs of a good many coal dealers. It seems that bunkers in Seattle and at the mines were nearly empty and there was a large fleet of ships and steamers waiting to coal-up. The cause of the shortage was the decision of the miners that they would spend the holidays above ground. They did so, and any number of collieries were shut down. The Carbonado mines, in which the recent disastrous explosion occurred, were just getting into working order again and their output was small. However, the cold snap lasted only a day and the danger was over. Western Washington, like California, uses wood as fuel whenever it is possible, but when the thermometer indicates something near zero, coal is in demand. Thus far this season the weather has been very mild.

In the statistics published in the Seattle dailies on New Year's day the population of the State of Washington is estimated at about 700,000. This is based on the vote of 1896, which was 93,500. Allowing that one vote represents five persons the population has increased nearly fifty per cent., which would bring it up to about 700,000. The school authorities of Seattle estimate that the school population of the state is 127,366. This would give the state a population of 1,146,294. This is undoubtedly too large; 700,000 is nearer the figure.

The revenue cutters in the waters about Puget Sound have been kept busy since the great storm that caused so much havoc along the coast, hunting up missing vessels and ships in distress, provisioning them, and caring for helpless crews. A good many people who had an idea that these craft were simply for ornament have learned a lesson, and their crews have received much deserved praise. They have gone out in the face of the most severe storms when other vessels hunted sheltered bays.

The quantity of lumber required to supply the demands of the Cape Nome trade can hardly be appreciated at the moment. Houses are constructed with two to five thicknesses of lumber, with double windows and storm doors. In the building of Dawson twenty million feet of sawn timber was used though half the buildings were made of logs. At Nome there is not a stick of lumber.



Along The Beach At Cape Nome

THOMAS D. CASHEL, MAYOR OF NOME.

TENTS OF THE GOLD SEEKERS.

WILLARD EDDY, NOME'S CHIEF OF POLICE.

NOME'S FUTURE.

BY HERBERT MURRAY.

BEFORE twenty-four months from the date of discovery of the Cape Nome mining district, Nome will have a population of 30,000 souls and be the greatest commercial center north of Seattle; within three years Cape Nome will be the greatest mining center in the world. Why? Because Nome has all the features that go to make a great mining camp.

To become great a gold field must be easy to reach; there must be a large extent of ground rich in gold; the claims must be shallow; there must be water to work them and the gold must be in such a condition that a large per cent. of it can be saved.

Nome possesses all these advantages and will become great because she has immense stores of gold that can be extracted without much of a loss, quickly and cheaply, consequently the gold will be divided among a large number of men, and the result will be prosperity to all.

It is not alone how much gold a claim contains that determines its value, it is how much of the gold that the claim contains can be saved, and how much it is going to cost to save it. What is left after paying the expenses of working the claim is profit. Nome gold has been pronounced by all mining men as exceptionally pure. It is bright, very clean and amalgamates perfectly on plates.

Nome being on the coast can be reached easily and directly by large vessels; consequently men, supplies and machinery can be shipped here speedily, cheaply, and safely. There will be no tedious transfers and costly freighting overland on men's backs at $400 a ton, as has occurred at other places.

Nome is under our own government, which imposes no unjust royalties, and our officials have been free from the corrupt practices which have characterized the Canadian officials in the Klondike.

The most valuable feature the Nome placer possesses is its similarity to the early California placer. They are shallow, hardly ever exceeding five feet to bedrock. This means that the ground can be easily and rapidly prospected; and that the gold can be extracted quickly and at small expense, there being very little non-paying dirt to remove and to get rid of before reaching the pay-streak.

Nome's beach diggings alone have produced about $2,000,000 already and will produce many millions more before they are exhausted. This beach, which runs from 75 to 200 feet wide, has been prospected for over sixty miles and every mile of it will pay.

Every one of the hundreds of men who rocked has averaged an ounce of gold a day. Numbers of expert old timers have made from $50 to $300 a day, and occasionally a clean-up of from $1,000 to $1,500 has been reported. The pay streak runs down to the water's edge and how much further no one has been able to work to find out.

These beach diggings, a small part only of which have been worked, make Nome the superior of any mining camp in the world, because between high and low water mark no title can be had to any claims, consequently anyone at any time can work anywhere on the beach; and, if everything else fails, the Nome miner can always go to the beach and make a grub stake.

The resources of the beach are so vast, that, notwithstanding that the camp is a year old and has contained more than 3,000 people, neither the tundra, creek nor quartz claims have been given any attention save in isolated cases, and these few cases have proved bonanzas.

The tundra diggings, which prospect as rich as the beach diggings, extend from the beach three or four miles to the foot-hills; but so far no work has been done save to prospect, owing to the richness and to the proximity of the beach diggings to water, rendering them the easier to work.

Three or four miles from the beach lie the foot-hills, containing many rocks and streams. That many of these streams are immensely rich has been proved beyond a doubt by the little work already done on them. Of the few claims already worked, numbers have paid over $100 a day to the man, and one claim has a record of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for two months' work. On these, as on the tundra claims, work has been postponed, everyone turning his attention to the beach, where only a rocker was needed with which to work. Besides the placer diggings, numerous ledges of high grade quartz have been located, but as yet no one has prospected systematically for lode claims.

Next year, with the big inrush of people which is bound to occur, there will be enough men to work not only the beach but tundra and creek claims. Hundreds of men who left at the end of the season have gone out for the purpose of purchasing mining machinery with which to return and work their claims next summer, and in 1900 Nome will produce more gold than has ever come out of any camp in a year since '49.

Besides the Nome district there are other districts which have been discovered recently in adjoining territory which promise as well as Nome. This winter, when the ground gets hard enough to enable traveling, there will be hundreds of men out exploring new regions with the result that, undoubtedly, other rich districts will be discovered.

HERBERT MURRAY.

Nome, Oct. 28, 1899.

A BEACH CLAIM.

A PROOF of the assertion that you cannot, in a republic, force upon the people at large any law which they are not minded to obey was furnished by the recent trials in Seattle of violators of the Sunday saloon law. Rightly or wrongly, the concensus of public opinion in the State of Washington is against Sunday closing, the anti-saloon league and the reform people generally being its only supporters. The late trial in the Queen City was a test case; a saloon-keeper was arraigned for violating the State statute. Although any number of reputable witnesses swore to the violation of the law, the jury returned a prompt verdict of "not guilty." It would seem that the best method for the reform people to use in dealing with these cases is the education of public opinion. Until the people of the section really want Sunday closing, no statute against it will operate as a preventive.

BEACH MINING.

BY T. D. CASHEL, MAYOR OE NOME.

WHEN I first came to Nome on June 27, from Dawson, some men were working on the beach to see what they could get out of it. They worked quietly at first, but pretty soon the richness got out. Business men quit their business in town and went to the beach to work. The whole shore became an attraction.

As regards the gold, there are two, and sometimes three pay streaks. In the first the gold is almost always found in a stratum of ruby sand, especially when found above bed-rock. This bed-rock is really a false rock, for it consists of a stratum of clay or sand. It varies. I think that below it is another bed-rock.

When gold is found on this so-called bed-rock, it is sometimes deposited with a sediment of the character of ruby sand, and sometimes otherwise. This ruby sand is nothing more than iron.

The water that runs over the tailings is the color of blood. The redder it is the richer the deposit.

I don't like to theorize as to where the gold comes from, but the gold is nearly always coarser near the shore than at the edge of the tundra, giving the impression that it comes out of the sea, because the finest particles are found deposited at the furthest point from the present surf action. Within a radius of two miles on the beach—from the spit to the northwest—I counted, personally, about August 15,280 rockers. There were at least two men to each, and away beyond these rockers, below the Indian village for seven or eight miles, was an almost continuous line of men.

Taking it as a conservative average I should think 2,500 men were working on the beach between the mouth of the Snake river and Cripple river. I judge very few men made less than $10 a day and the average was at least an ounce a day, or $16. I know, personally, two men who took out $13,000 between July 15, and October 1. These were Cummings and Missouri Bill, and there were others that I know in a short space of time took out lots of gold. J. W. Logan, a San Francisco newspaper man, and three associates, took out $7,000 in thirty days and left the country. They just worked one little draw. This is conservative.

I made, myself, under unfavorable circumstances, $100 a day for a time. Any man who went on the beach and would work ten hours a day made big money. Most men didn't work hard and in a great many instances they rocked overand lost more than they saved. The appliances were crude and the men were inexperienced.

But after the introduction of copper and silver plates better results were obtained. I estimate that an average of 1,000 men were working on the beach and that they made $1,500 each. I believe that at the least the product was from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000. They worked nearly thirteen miles of this beach.

There will be a good deal of prospecting along the beach this winter, to determine the distance of the gold towards the sea, and to determine whether there is another gravel deposit below this false bed-rock. The work depends altogether on what is found. They are very likely to find the same deposit in the tundra.

The Bering sea is a shallow sea, and in consequence the tidal action is greater than in deeper seas. Because of this there is greater erosion, or segregation of mineral from ledges that may be exposed at the bottom of the sea. This gold is very much worn. There is no instance where it has been found adhering to quartz, although pieces of the value of eighty cents have been found.

Nowhere else in the world has there been discovered such a beach as this. Where the facilities for saving the gold have been at hand the beach mines have outranked the

richest placers of Gold hill, Adams hill and other celebrated benches in the Klondike.

Nome owes its prosperity to the beach. Before its richness was discovered wages on the creeks were $4 a day. Afterward they jumped to $12 a day and board. If the miners were not allowed to go on the beach the town would not be anywhere near so prosperous as it is. The beach mines assure to every man who desires it work and pay beyond anything heretofore known.

EXPERIENCES OF PIONEERS.

PROBABLY as remarkable a discovery as has ever been made in the history of the world was the finding of gold in the sands of Cape Nome beach. When the first reports were brought down from the north, people were skeptical, andit was not until the actual gold dust was deposited in the assay office at Seattle that he reports were believed. W. G. McHardy of Chicago has the honor of being one o the discoverers of this strange and extraordinary deposit. He left for Nome on the first boat that sailed north last season. Hundreds of disappointed prospectors had come down, bringing with them the reports that there was no gold at Nome or in its vicinity. McHardy, however, firmly believed that he would find the precious metal there. He experimented on the beach and was gratified to find rich results. Afterward he prospected on the tundra, and he now owns some of the richest claims in the vicinity of the treasure camp.

In his first experiment he sunk a hole nine feet and took out one hundred pans from the surface to the bottom, and ascertained that it ran in pay dirt from $2.68 to $3.00 a cubic yard. At that time he was able to use only the most crude appliances,but he is sure now that with proper machinery the ground will yield good returns.

Later he sluiced on the tundra and excavated to a depth of eight feet. Four hours' work resulted in twenty ounces of gold being taken out. Mr. McHardy said he had seen as high as twenty-six ounces taken out in four hours by one man. He considers the camp unusually rich, but owing to the difficulties met with in prospecting, it will be hard to determine for some time just how valuable the ground is. He believes that there will be room for a large number of people to mine, but advises that all who go to the North should be prepared to sustain all the hardships of a miner's life.

MR. O'HARA has written a very interesting sketch of the gold diggings at Nome and in the vicinity of that great camp. It is full of valuable information for the prospector, and gives some details of the things that one is likely to encounter in the search for gold in the bleak north. Mr. O'Hara started on his search for the precious metal from St. Michaels some twenty months ago. With a number of others he made a voyage on a sloop to Norton Sound, and afterward visited nearly all the rivers and creeks in that part of Alaska. He was on the Teeductoolik river Fish river, and Golovin bay, and there is probably not a stream between St. Michaels and Port Clarence which he did not explore. He prospected everywhere, and in nearly every place with good results. The country below Cape Darby, he said, is gold-bearing, full of quartz and schist slates, which is a good indication that there is gold there. He was enthusiastic over the Bonanza and the Big Sandy Solomon river districts. Very little prospecting, however had been done on any of the streams. He was in Nome for three weeks, and in nine days of that time took out $860 with an old-fashioned rocker.

Afterward he visited Dexter, Buster, and Anvil creeks' Snow gulch, and Glacier, and was suprised to find that the ground had been thoroughly prospected. He would not say, however, that these prospects were any better than those he saw on the Bonanza and in the Fish river districts. The surface indications on the Cripple river were the best he had seen anywhere in the North. He also visited Smook, journeying along the coast to Port Clarence. The formation of the ground was the same as in the well known paying districts, and Mr. O'Hara believes that it is the richest placer ground in the world. The beach extends about forty-five miles from Nome, and everywhere men were making good returns. About fiften miles above Smook there is a remarkably rich piece of ground, probably as well lined with gold as the land between Cape Nome and Penny river.

A valuable hint to those going north is given by Mr. O'Hara. He advises that proper machinery be brought with which the ground can be worked to much better purose than with rockers. He met prospectors from Cape York who showed him three and one-half ounces of gold they had panned from the different creeks. Personally, however, he did not know anything about the district, but he had reason to believe the men he spoke with were perfectly reliable. He also conversed with four miners who had been working on the Siberian coast. They declared that the ground was just as rich there as it was in the Nome.

Mr. O'Hara expresses surprise over the richness of the quartz found in the Nome district. Assays have shown that it is richer than anything ever found in Southeastern Alaska. He believes that after the country is properly prospected and developed, it will prove to be the richest district in Alaska.

A STREET SCENE AT NOME.

BETTER THAN KLONDIKE.

The following will give an idea of the value of gold dust taken from Nome sand:

J. M. DAWLEY & CO., Assayers.
Seattle, Washington.
December 27th, 1899.

To JAS. WARDNER, Esq.,
Seattle, Washington.

Dear Sir:—I have treated the sample marked "Nome Sand," left by you for analysis, with the following results:

Treated for free gold by amalgamation showing the amount and value of gold that will save on plates or in sluice boxes—

shows ounces of Fine Metal 30 oz. per ton
" " " Gold 26.8 " " "
" " " Silver 3.2 " " "
Total value of Gold and Silver $555.87 per ton
" " " " " " $830.00 " cubic yard.

The residue (or tailings) after all the free gold has been extracted

shows Gold $95.08; Silver 2-10 oz. per ton.

Calculations—18 cubic feet of dry sand per ton.

Nome Gold Bars *av.* Mint Value per oz. of Gold and Silver—$18.50.

J. M. DAWLEY & CO.,
Assayers.

EXPECTS GREAT THINGS.

An extract from a letter of F. A. Wing, assayer, in charge of Seattle U. S. Assay Office:

"The comparative average values per ounce of Klondike and Cape Nome gold are as follows: Klondike, $16.50 per ounce; Cape Nome, $18.50 per ounce.

"In my judgment the output for 1900 will easily double that of 1899. In my preparations for next season I am anticipating at least twenty millions for this office alone, on a basis of thirty millions as the entire output of Alaska and the Northwest Territory. All indications lead me to believe that Cape Nome and its immediate vicinity will equal the Klondike in amount of production."

WHAT TO TAKE WITH YOU IN GOING TO CAPE NOME

Equip yourselves with substantial wearing apparel; the best is none too good. The following detail will be found to be about the correct thing to take:

2 suits clothes; 3 suits underwear; 2 pairs hip boots, rubber best; 1 sou'wester; 2 overshirts, cloth, dark color; 2 pairs blankets; 1 mackintosh or rubber coat; 1 tent; 1 medicine case; 2 mosquito head nets; few yards cheesecloth for protection from mosquitos in your tent and some canvas for bunk; 1 small pillow.

In matter of grubstake, cooking outfit, and mining tools, they can be purchased at Nome or at a small freight cost may be taken with you.

The diamond trade in Amsterdam shows the effect of the war in its inactivity. Prices of rough diamonds, which for some time have been noted as rising at intervals of two months, have been marked up twice within the last eight days. The main reason for the great scarcity and high prices is the unusual demand from the United States and continental buyers. The whole output of the De Beers mines is sold in March of each year; this year, the syndicate had to consent to an advance of 35 per cent. There is great difficulty in obtaining supplies, scarcely any parcels of less value than £5,000,or $25,000,being sold.

The conviction of the Nationalist conspirators marked the end of the disturbances arising in France from the Dreyfus trial. Now, the Chamber of Deputies has shown that the crisis is over by passing, rather unexpectedly, a vote of confidence in the Waldeck-Rousseau. ministry. This cabinet, it will be remembered, was a compromise. Ministry after ministry had fallen on account of the Dreyfus disturbance, when President Loubet commissioned Waldeck-Rousseau to choose a cabinet for the public safety. The latter put aside party considerations and selected men of every shade of opinion, such radically different parties as the Socialist Democrats, the Conservative Republicans and the Royalists being represented. It was not supposed that this body would hold together after the Dreyfus case was settled. On the contrary, the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry has worked in harmony, and gives promise of being permanent, while the vote of confidence, passed by a good majority, affirms their hold on the people. A severer test may come after next month, when 110 new members will be elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and when their proposal for extension of the Navy will come before that body. The most important contest in the new elections occurs in the district of Loire, where General Mercier, the merciless enemy of Dreyfus, comes up against a Radical candidate.

A proof of the general prosperity the country is now enjoying is furnished by the recent increase in wages. The Carnegie Steel Company at Pittsburg has increased the pay of common laborers to $1.50 per day, and that of its skilled laborers proportionately, an average of seven per cent. all around. In New England, 150,000 operatives in the cotton mills have had their pay advanced ten per cent., a yearly gain for this class of operatives of about ten million dollars. Not since 1892, when the cotton industry was at its highest point, have such wages been paid, and there are indications that the figures of that year will be passed by the end of 1900. The South has followed suit, notwithstanding the fact that by keeping down salaries they might injure the business of the New England mills, running at the increased rate, by holding expenses down for a time. The first move was made on Jan. 1 in Atlanta by an agreement of the manufacturers, and is to be followed in other places. In the woolen industry, the 26,000 employees of the American Woolen Company are enjoying a ten per cent. raise. Last spring, woolen goods reached the lowest point known under the protective tariff, but general prosperity, high prices and strong demand have offset this, so that the woolen industry is at the highest point known for years. There has been a notable rise in charges, both for raw material and cloth. The jump in prices in other branches of industry cannot be accurately reported as figures are not so exactly kept as in the case of iron, steel, cotton and woolen manufacture, but it is a well-known fact that the scale of wages paid in these industries is a sort of economic barometer, indicating the condition of laboring men in other employments.

The latest statistics from Franch show that the number of deaths last year in that country exceeded by 50,054 that of the previous report, and the number of births has decreased by 15,174, showing a net loss of 65,228. The population of France is 38,517,975, so at the rate given above it will be some years before the last Frenchman will disappear; but the figures given show that France needs new blood in some form, either by immigration or intermarriage.

It is reported from Indianapolis that a rigid enforcement of the curfew law in that city has caused a decrease of eighty per cent. in the commitment of the young to reform schools.

NOME CITY FROM SNAKE RIVER.

Copyright, Pillsbury and Cleveland.

PANORAMA VIEW OF

NOME CITY TY

THE NOME COAS

VIEWS O

Copyright Photographs b

ATERFRONT, NOME CITY.

D MONTHS OLD.

S FROM OFF SHORE.

OF NOME.

Pillsbury and Cleveland, Seattle.

In BooKdom

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, whose Little Lord Fauntleroy turned out to be a football player after all, has just added another very interesting story to her list of titles. She calls it *In Connection With the De Willoughby Claim*, and it is published by the Scribners. The De Willoughby Claim, it must be understood, was a war claim against the United States government for damage done by Grant's army, De Willoughby having been a Federal sympathizer. He had two sons, one a drunken wretch, but outwardly a gentleman; the other outwardly awkward and uncouth, but sound at heart. This latter was Tom De Willoughby. Tom is driven from home when a young man and settles in the heart of the Tennessee mountains. There, fate throws into his arms a baby girl of unknown parentage. He adopts the child and raises her as his own daughter. In the end her parentage is straightened out, she falls in love with Rupert De Willoughby, Tom's nephew; they win the war claim, and the wedding follows.

Tom De Willoughby is one of Mrs. Burnett's most successful characters. He is a man worth speaking to on the street, a man fit to be the hero of a book. Physically he is a giant. The troubles he has with his baby, his imperturbable good humor, the effect of his new interest upon his generous character, the new and sweet companionship as the child grows older, the blossoming into womanhood from girlhood—all this is well told by the author. Other chapters of the story may lag a little. Let them lag. Tom and Sheba alone would hold the tale together. The New England crowd, with its rather overdone mystery of relationships, may go plumb to Coventry. For not even Mrs. Burnett can hope to hold the attention of the reader upon the heroine's mysterious ancestors until within twenty pages of the end of the book. That is suspended interest with a vengeance. The heroine's mysterious ancestors are not so very mysterious after all. And they have nothing essential to do with the story. So let them slide. Only, as they are thrown in gratis, without extra expense, it is too bad to waste them.

Eckermann, who was Goethe's private secretary, tells how, one day in 1828, the stately old man took him aside into the privacy of a deep bay-window and began talking with him. "Dear boy," he said, "I will confide something to you, which will at once give you a lift over many puzzles, and which may be an assistance to you throughout your whole life. My writings cannot become popular; anyone who thinks they can, and strives to make them so, is in error. They are not written for the masses, but only for individual men who themselves desire and seek something analogous, and who are pursuing similar lines of thought." One can imagine Matthew Arnold, fifty years later, making a similar confidence to one of his young friends. And with infinitely more justice; for Goethe's songs at least were essentially popular, whatever may be said of his *Tasso*, of his *Sphigenia*, of his *Faust*. A vast deal of Goethe's writings did appeal directly to the people, and appeals to them yet. He did write for the masses, and did not write "only for individual men" who thought. In that sense he was and is a popular poet.

But neither in that nor in any sense is Matthew Arnold a popular poet. There is scarcely one of his songs that strikes the note of popular grief or joy. His poems, drawing their ife entirely from the "proud self-conscious zone of modern experience," as one of his critics has it, are austere and aloof from the life of the people. Hazlitt once wrote of Wordsworth's "Laodamia" as having "the sweetness, the gravity, the strength, the beauty, and the languor of death—calm contemplation and majestic pains." The criticism will apply supremely to Arnold's poems. He feels continually that he, the poet, stands aloof from the created world and sees that it is good. His art is a magical mirror that reflects unwaveringly all that is flashed upon it. Here, for example, is a picture of nature from "Thrysis," written in memory of the poet Clough.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May
And chestnut flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry
From the wet field, through the next garden trees,
Come, with the volleying rain and tossing breeze—
"The bloom is gone and with the bloom go I!"

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
And the full moon and the white evening star.

Unfortunately "Thrysis" is not included in the recent *Poems by Matthew Arnold* (John Lane, New York), the subject of these remarks. It is unfortunate, because there is nothing about the volume to indicate that it is an abridgement. The book is beautifully illustrated by Henry Ospovat, and contains an introduction by A. C. Benson.

The old problem, what are we to do with our cowards, is answered once more to our dissatisfaction by "Zack," who tells us to put them in our books in lieu of heroes. The hero of *On Trial* (Charles Scribner's Sons) was placed there by this "Zack." He is frankly a coward. The book is definitely a study of cowardice, and cowardice in low life, at that. The story is of a young Devonshire infantryman, who, when ordered to India, writes a letter to his sweetheart informing her that he will probably be killed. She, in terror for his safety, steals the money to buy his release. The theft is discovered and the girl disgraced; but it is not known what she did with the banknotes. The yokel, her lover, returns in due season. Instead of proving to be a man, he lies about his relations with the girl, and once he gets the devil behind him with his cat-o'-nine tails he finds it impossible to be honest any more. One lie leads to another, one cowardly act to another. The reader will be pardoned if he throws the book at the cat along toward the last, when he discovers that in the whole *dramatis personæ* there is not one lovable character—not one. From first to last they are a lot of despicable louts, dizzards, oafs, lowns, sawneys, clot-polls, dunderpates, joltheads, nizys, loobys, gawks and jobbernowls—a good list. The question is, has "Zack" or anyone else the right to create a bookful of jibbering muffs, such as are these. The characters are exasperatingly well drawn. No doubt psychologically they are perfect. But a novel is not a textbook of anthropology. All humankind hates a coward, in or out of a book; the more perfectly drawn, the more hated. And the mere accident that "Zack's" coward dies at the end, thus bringing the action to naught, while it may be a graceful concession to human nature, is at its best inadequate compensation for having the acquaintance of such a picaroon forced upon one in the beginning.

From such a book it may be a relief to pass into an atmosphere of culture and refinement, such as lingers round Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor's *Moods and Other Verses*. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, are the publishers. It is hardly too much to say that this book is the most beautifully printed volume ever gotten up on the Coast. Its retail price cannot represent its cost. Dr. Taylor would seem to be a poet of equitble moods and of perfect technique. His poetry is the poetry of repose and calm. Almost all of it betrays the sincere personal note. In this book no one poem rises mountain-high above its fellows. Rather, the book as a whole is a plateau, from which there is no falling-off. Serenity, calmness, the thin blue air of the veldt; little of life's passion; nothing whatever of poetical abandon; an inspiration drawn chiefly from books: these are not popular qualities in a poet. Dr. Taylor will be content to please his friends and let the world go its way. I quote at hazard the sonnet "Now":

Oh, do not wait until in earth I lie,
Before thou givest me my rightful meed;
Oh, do not now in coldness pass me by,
And then cry praises which I cannot heed.
If I have helped thee on thy weary way,
Or lightened in the least thy burden's weight,
Haste wi h love's tokens ere another day
Shall pierce thee with the fatal words, "Too Late,"
The present moment is thy time to live;
The Past is gone, the Future may not be;
If thou has treasure of thy heart to give
To hungry souls, bestow it speedily;—
For sweet Love's sake, let not tomo row's sun
Tempt thee to wait before thou see it done.

We have had negro stories and white stories, Chinese stories and again white stories. Strangely enough, the dramatic possibilities of the line where race clashes against race, interest against interest, civilization (in many cases) against civilization, have been exploited hardly at all. In the case of the life of India, the South Sea Islands, and other parts of the globe where white meets brown, the novelist has been quick to seize upon contradiction and contrast. America has plenty of frontier stories, but not a great many stories dealing with her racial frontiers. At least, not a great many good ones.

Charles W. Chestnut, in his latest book of short stories, *The Wife of His Youth* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) has attempted, and with considerable success, to seize upon the dramatic possibilities of that life which is neither white nor black, the life of the mulatto in America. The dramatic possibilities are very great, of this life. Commonly the mulatto is almost white, so far as color goes, and of intelligence much greater than that of the pure-blooded Basuto negro. He is precluded both by pride and by attainments from associating with his blacker brothers. In many cases he would regard his marriage with a black woman as a backward step. On the other hand, between him and the white man there is an impassable gulf. No matter how slightly he may be tinged with colored blood, the taint is an effectual bar to any social intercourse with whites. Mr. Chestnut has used this dramatic situation of the mulatto as a foundation for his stories. Take the title story. A mulatto gentleman of culture and wealth is about to marry the woman he loves, a woman his equal in every respect, when his black slave-wife appears on the scene. Although she does not recognize him, and although she is very ignorant, and although many years older than he, he nevertheless acknowledges her to be his wife. Another story is of a girl ignorant of her birth, but who has a dash of colored blood in her veins. Her white lover discovers the fact, but keeps it from her and marries her notwithstanding. And so on.

A sea-story of considerable interest, though none too carefully written, is a late romance of the war of 1812, by Cyrus Townsend Brady. It is entitled *For the Freedom of the Sea* (Charles Scribner's Sons). There are two half-brothers, one British, the other American, both of them being naval officers. There are also some fair ladies to be won, both British and American. It is only necessary to say that the American half-brother proves to be a red wonder at fighting, and that in the end he defeats his brother's ship with his own. Mr. Brady's Englishmen, for all that they cannot fight for sour apples, are bad, cruel men. The Americans, fortunately, are just the reverse of that. They are good men. And when bad men fight with good men in story books, everyone knows what happens to them. The good men kill them off. Patriotism is all very well, and we are glad that we whipped the British once more (bad cess to 'em), but it looks as if Mr. Brady may have been a bit too strenuous. A milder partisanship might have carried more conviction with it.

And now comes Stephen Crane, of England, who will prove that Americans can be well treated abroad, however they treat foreigners at home. *The Monster: and Other Stories*, is the way the title lies, and the Harpers are the publishers. Mr. Crane happily now is in a position where he doesn't have to write poetry for a living. "The Monster," of course, will be remembered in this country from its having had previous magazine publication and discussion. "The Blue Hotel" and "His New Mittens" are not so well known. They are both of their author's best work. "The Blue Hotel" is the story of a Swede who became overfrightened in a frontier town, then drank a little and became overbold. When he asked a gentleman to drink with him, and began to choke and beat him when he refused, he was killed. The analysis is keen and unfaltering. The book is well illustrated.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone Main 429. Blanco & Brun, proprietors.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Jesse Moore Whiskey has been the Kentucky standard with which all others have been compared since 1853.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

DR C.W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market street, Phelan Building.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 40 J. Spaulding & Co.

For more than half a century the famous Jesse Moore whiskey has been the standad brand of the world.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

"Ouch!"

That is about the mildest form of outcry a man makes when rheumatism suddenly tweaks him. In its worst forms rheumatism is a living death. The victim, incapable of moving hand or foot, has no part in the great procession of life, on which he gazes with hopeless eyes. A great many sufferers from rheumatism, who had given up hope, have been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. A medicine which will cleanse the blood from uric acid and other poisons, will cure rheumatism. "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal in its power to cleanse the blood and to enrich it. "Discovery" contains neither alcohol nor narcotics.

"I had been troubled with rheumatism for twelve years," writes Mr. R. J. McKnight, of Cades, Williamsburg County, S. C., "so bad at times I could not leave my bed. I was badly crippled. Tried many doctors and two of them gave me up to die. None of them did me much good. The pains in my back, hips, and legs (and at times in my head), would nearly kill me. My appetite was very bad. Everybody who saw me said I must die. I took five bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and four vials of 'Pellets,' and to-day my health is good after suffering twelve years with rheumatism."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper binding, *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

INSURE IN...
.....THE.....
TRAVELERS
of Hartford, Conn.

OLDEST, LARGEST, AND BEST.

Life, Endowment, AND Accident Insurance

OF ALL FORMS.

Health Polcies.
Indemnity for Disability caused by Sickness

Liability Insurance.
Manufacturers and Mechanics, Contractors and Owners of Buildings, Horses and Vehicles, can all be protected by policies in **The Travelers Insurance Company.**

Paid-up Cash Capital	$1,000,000.00
ASSETS	26,499,822.74
Liabilities,	22,708,701.82
EXCESS, 3½ per cent. basis,	3,791,120.92

GAINS: *6 Months, January to July, 1899.*

In Assets,	$1,184,380.28
Increase in Reserves (both dep'ts),	1,478,549.62
Premiums, Interest, Rents, 6 Months,	3,782,423.85

J. G. BATTERSON, President
S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary
E. V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies

Babblings of a Belle

I HAVE just succeeded, my dear Diary, in breaking my last good resolution for the new year. I feel so much better for it. You see, after twenty-six days, the constant curbing of one's tongue, temper, or feelings becomes very annoying, so with a great bound I decided to give it all up. I am once more just what I was a year ago. I do like myself so much better too.

Of course you are very much interested in the progress of my little love affair. It is really delightful. I am getting so much more careful of making engagements, for my well-to-do suitor likes to drop in several times a week. I've told most of my really "good friend steadies" about it. They are awfully anxious to help me along. One offered the other day to "rush" me hard if it were desirable, in other words, were my suitor not as prompt as I should like. I do not think that such measures will be at all necessary, for he is exceedingly earnest, and I am beginning just in a small way to take myself seriously. I wrote to mama, telling her in as vague a manner as possible of the affair. I was so afraid papa might see the letter and disapprove of my actions. Leila says it is very quiet now down at Coronado, as the great part of the amusement consisted in having so many nice navy men around, and as you know the *Philapelphia* and *Iowa* have been at Magdalena Bay. They are expected back very shortly and the guests at the hotel will begin to live again.

We girls are all very much interested in the new engagements. Two of the sisters of girls who have recently announced their's are talking of the charm of double weddings. Both have used a great deal of judgment in their choice, and should two families have double weddings I think every one connected would be very pleased. There is also a good deal said about one of our prettiest debutantes marrying a young man who has made himself quite prominent in Chicago in business circles. Then there is the engagement of Mrs. Berthe Welsh Russell to Mr. Eugene Lent. There are several others at which I should like to hint, but I must be discreet a little while longer. I believe we have sixteen weddings to look forward to right after Lent. It seems almost too good to be true. I do not wish to be married until I have had one more summer free, for there are lots of things I'd like to do before I settle down to a life of dire monotony, and, after all is said and done, that is what marriage really is.

I've had a pretty good deal of fun this week. Ed Greenway's dinner on Tuesday night to Ethel Hager was awfully nice. The red room is beautiful. It was charmingly decorated, and the light effects were wonderful for the complexion. I think Mr. Greenway might write a book on "How to Give a Dinner." His never drag; they are well cooked, well served and not too long. Most people have not the executive ability for entertaining. So few realize, too, the value of knowing how to do things. But, first, I must tell you how nice some of the girls looked. Ethel was guest of honor and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wilson were the chaperones. Edith Stubbs looked winsome and Mamie Thomas looked beautiful. It was not one of Helen's best days; she is as variable in her appearance as the weather. Edith McBean looked very nice, so did Virginia Jolliffe, but I really think Virginia looked prettier as a baby at the Hagers than I have ever seen her before. Edna Hopkins looked charming, but the other girls and Therese Morgan all looked tired. Knox Maddox is an awfully nice fellow at a dinner. I really got to know him. Bert Cadwalader I am very fond of, and, of course, my old flame, Nat Wilson, knows just where he stands. After the dinner was over we danced a bit and then a few of us girls went home together and talked of life in general and particular and all agreed we really went out because we had nothing else to do.

Edith Stubbs' luncheon was much larger than I anticipated and was awfully well cooked. I was so glad, for I really enjoyed myself. There were stunning American Beauty roses on the table, which made it look very beautiful. All the girls I know had a good time. I like Beulah Stubbs particularly well; she is my favorite in the family. Ethel Cooper is a nice girl whom I am beginning to know better, and Mamie Josselyn, I believe, receives more invitations than any other debutante. She is a fluent talker and one is quite sure that she has no enemies amongst either girls or men, so it does not matter in the least by whom she sits. That evening we went to Bernie Drown's dinner. I think Leila Voorhies was the best looking girl there. Bernie is a good hostess, and I found myself in a very jolly, bright crowd at dinner. The Drowns have an excellent house for dinners; I think they could canvas the entire first floor and give a very jolly dance there. I wish I could induce some of the girls to give a lot of things before Lent. Elizabeth Huntington will give an informal dance in the near future; there are to be two out at the Golf Club, one on Monday night and one on the following Wednesday. I am having a hard time to get Aunt Sybil to let me attend both of them, but I think I shall succeed. Charlotte Ellinwood is talking of a "Tissue Paper" dance, and then with two more Fortnightlys and "La Jeunesse" we shall have some sport for the next few weeks.

This week's Fortnightly was led by Mamie Joselyn and Mr. Duperu. The figures were nothing wildly exciting, but I had a very fine time. I do like the Fortnightlys, though I am generally ravenously hungry when I get home. Still I never crave *oyster poulette*. How I do wish that the "La Jeunesse" patrons would change their menu. One gets so mortally tired of one sort of food. A long way the stunningest looking girl in the room was Miss Jeanette Duperu. She is Mr. Duperu's niece and has the loveliest eyes possible. I did not meet her but Arthur is simply wild about her. He thinks she is just as interesting as she is good looking. The other girls I admired were Margaret Salisbury, Alma McClung, Katherine Dillon, Alice Hager, and Daisy Van Ness. Caro Crockett too looked very well; so did Mrs. Keyes. Mamie Josselyn and Mr. Duperu made excellent leaders, but I do hope the next ones will introduce entirely new figures.

The Stanford reception, Saturday afternoon, was most interesting. The flowers were beautiful, so was the music by the Hawaiian band. The house is fine and big and contains numerous works of art, beautiful and hideous. I'd like to learn a lot of the things in it, so that one could really spend all one's time with those of really great artistic worth. I met so many nice men, mostly professors and instructors. I really had a great deal of fun, for they showed so plainly they were not accustomed to so flippant a person as myself. One man told me he thought that co-education would really make a girl like me quite worth while. When I asked him what he meant, he introduced me to his wife. I found her the most demure, unsophisticated person I had ever met. Another fellow told me she led him a life. I have very little regard for David Starr Jordan, owing to his absurd speeches about the Boers, so declined to meet him; I also treated Benjamin Ide Wheeler very cooly for the same reason. Those men cannot be friends of this young maiden's until they see the Boer question through her spectacles.

This coming week Julia Buckbee will have twelve of us to her baby dinner. Some of the girls are to come in baby-carriages. Mrs. Maurice Casey gives a dinner before "La Jeunesse," so does Mrs. Homer King. This "La Jeunesse" is to be a beautiful affair; the preparations are really as great as for a private ball. I shall tell you all about it next week—until then I am your

MISS CRICKET.

An engagement recently announced is that of Miss Florence Sharon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sharon, one of the prettiest and most charming of Oakland's constellation of belles, and Mr. Peter C. Allen. The betrothal is of more than passing interest as it unites two young people who are bound to be heard from in the future. Thus far, Miss Sharon's prominence has been in society, but she possesses a very fine voice, which, under the direction of her husband-to-be should make her notable in a musical way. Mr. Allen is really one of the most thorough musicians in the West. He is a talented conductor and has written a number of compositions of real merit and value. As a teacher he has been very successful, but beyond all this he is a man of strong character and principle and has won his place by earnest and intelligent work. Among other organizations he is director of the Young Ladies' Orchestra, in which the cleverest amateur musicians in the ranks of San Francisco and Oakland society are enlisted. The engagement of Mr. Allen and Miss Sharon was announced at a dinner given in honor of Madame Emma Nevada at the Sharon residence in Piedmont.

A Champagne Triumph.

Unsurpassed quality and unprecedented importations—109,303 cases in 1899, or 72,495 cases more than any other brand, are the features of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry, whose vintage of 1895 now imported is unusually fine.

BROWN'S Bronchial Troches
the popular cure for
IRRITATED THROATS.
Fac-Simile Signature of John L. Brown & Son on every box.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.
—FOR—
Nome, St. Michael, Dawson
AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.
FOR NOME DISTRICT.

From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,
From San Francisco, S. S. "St, Paul," May 20th, 1900
A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fourtnight Thereafter

For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak and all Intermediate Points:
From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.

For new folders, maps and further particulars, as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

At One Dollar per share stock in either the California Standard Oil Company or Giant Oil Company can now be secured. Controlling, as they do, 1300 acres patented land in the heart of the McKittrick district, and their first well producing 150 barrels per day, with a record of over 250 barrels under increased pumping pressure without apparent diminishment of the supply, the directors will now offer a limited number of shares at the above price, the money thus received to be expended in further development. The California Standard and Giant Companies are fully equipped with all necessary machinery, having three Standard rigs of their own, oil and water pipes, and immense storage tanks directly at the depot. Twenty-two men are employed on the three new wells, which are now down close to the Oil Sand, and with others being drilled, it is safe to say the production will soon rival that of the largest companies in the State. WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY—only a limited amount of stock will be sold at $1.00 per share. Permits to inspect the wells and property of the company can be had at any time. Daily trains commence Monday, January 15.

California Standard Oil Company,
Giant Oil Company.
OFFICES:
Room 16, 2d Floor, Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
460 Eighth Street, Oakland, Cal.

FORTUNES IN OIL.

The Continental Oil and Development Co.
[INCORPORATED]

Only 6000 Shares of which 1,000 were put on the market and over hal sold the first 10 days. This is a genuine opportunity for an oil investment. The Company owns by United States patent 5 twenty-acre tracts in the

"Oil Basin," Kings County,

the richest oil bearings in the entire belt. We have made arrangements for the latest improved machinery and will shortly be boring for oil, at which time stock cannot be had at any price.

No Assessments.

Wm. CORBIN, Pres. A. E. RUDELL, Secy.

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

HEADQUARTERS FOR CAPE NOME DRUG OUTFITS, MONEY BELTS, GOLD BAGS, ETC.

G. O. GUY, PH. G., THE LEADING DRUGGIST. YESLER WAY AND SECOND AVE., SEATTLE.

The Seattle Transfer Co.

SEATTLE, WASH.

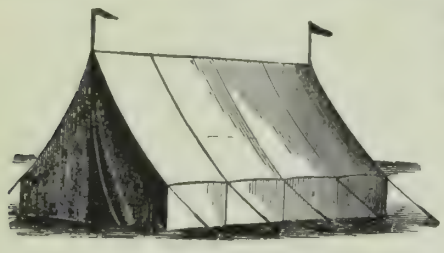
City Office, 623 First Ave. Foot of Cherry Street.
Freight Office, Second Avenue South and Weller St., Bet. N. P. & G. N. Freight Depots.

Transfer Freight, Passengers and Baggage.

All kinds of Freight hauled, Baggage and Freight Stored, Pool Cars distributed

TRANSFER AGENTS FOR ALL RAILROADS AND STEAMSHIPS.

Agents on all Trains and Boats. Your Baggage can be brought to our Warehouse where you can have Free Access for three days without storage charges, and then delivered anywhere for one Transfer charge.



Noms Wants

Tents, Tarpaulins Bags, Steel Ribbed Canvas Boats [folding,] Hand Made Mining Hose, Knock Down Canvas Cots [$1 each]

We are Headquarters

Seattle Tent and Awning Co.,

Marion and Western Ave. *Seattle, Wash.*

C. SUNDE Tel. Black 1911 K. ERLAND

SUNDE & ERLAND

SAILMAKERS AND RIGGERS

Alaska Outfitters in all kinds of Kanvas Goods.

Tents, Awnings, Flags, Tarpaulins, Mining Hose, Etc.

YESLER WHARF, Foot of Yesler Way.

SEATTLE, - - - WASHINGTON.

THE SCANDINAVIAN AMERICAN BANK

OF SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Corner of Yesler Way and First Avenue.

Interests paid on Time Certificates and Saving Deposits.

Drafts and letters of credit on Juneau, St. Michaels, Circle City, Fort Cudahy, Dawson City and all other Yukon River Points.

Railroad and Steamship tickets sold to and from all parts of the world at lowest rates.

Gold Dust received for delivery to the U. S. Mint, or U. S. Assay Office in Seattle and prompt returns made.

Drafts and Money Orders Issued on all parts of the World.

OFFICERS:

A. CHILBERG, President — E. L. GRONDAHL, 1st Vice-Pres.
A. H. SOELBERG, Cashier — O. O. SEARLE, 2d Vice-Pres.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Clark's Improved Camp Stoves

COAL STOVES FOR CAPE NOME TRADE.

WITH CAST TOP, LININGS AND STEEL BODY.

ALASKA STOVES A SPECIALTY.

Clark is prepared to make on the shortest possible notice any specialties in the stove line. Any old prospector will tell you that the best is none too good. If you buy a poor, cheap stove you will regret it before you reach Klondike or Cape Nome, Alaska.

CLARK'S AIR-TIGHT STOVE

HOLDS FIRE LONGER AND BURNS ANY KIND OF WOOD.

They have proven to be the best stoves on the market, or that have gone to Alaska. Workmanship first-class, Stoves will show for themselves. Our Specialty, Anything in General, Sheet Metal Work.

T. F. CLARK & CO.,

Corner Post and Maddison Streets, - - - - - SEATTLE, WASH.

KNOCK-DOWN HOUSES
KNOCK-DOWN BOATS

These or anything else in wood that you intend to use at Cape Nome can be prepared in Seattle for immediate use at one-tenth what it would cost you to prepare it at Cape Nome.

WE ARE ALASKA PIONEERS.

In Knock-Down Houses and Knock-Down Boats, in fact we are pioneers in the supplying of building material for the Alaska trade. Our early experience with yards located at Juneau, Skaguay, Dyea, Bennett, Tagish, White River and Dawson justifies us in saying to you that we are in a better position to figure an what you want, and to fill those wants, than anybody else on the Coast.

CALL AT OUR MILL.

Foot of Broad Street, Seattle, and see our facilities, or if that is too far for you, call at our down town office, Room C, Bailey Building, Seattle, and see our Mr. Kerry who has been through the mill from Skaguay to Dawson, and get a few pointers from him on your needs, in this line, and what they will cost you.

THE KERRY LUMBER CO.,

Mill Foot of Broad St. North Seattle. City Office, Room C, Bailey Bldg., Over Western Union Telegraph Co.
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

ESTABLISHED 1891

SEATTLE WOOLEN MILL.

MANUFACTURERS OF
WOOLEN GOODS
and BLANKETS

Pioneer Alaska Clothing Manufacturers and Outfitters.

OFFICE AND WAREROOM
1117 FIRST AVENUE
BET. SPRING AND SENECA.
SEATTLE - - WASHINGTON

We have no branch store, or agents in this city. Remember our number. One block below the U. S. Post Office.

CO-EDUCATION

II.

THE young professor sat in his library with two examination papers spread out before him on the table. One was in a raw, unformed masculine hand, and bore at the head the name of James V. Wheeler; the other was written in that high, vertical style taught to young ladies of the present generation, and was ascribed, as plainly as could be, to Eleanor Curtis. This was the main point of difference between the two. Taken alone, each was up to passing grade, barring the fact that the masculine one was sometimes expressed in shockingly bad grammar, though with considerable taking force, and was punctuated most vilely. But their resemblance, both in merit and in small errors, was beautifully consistent. Where Miss Curtis' paper stated that the chief characteristic of Shakespeare's art was in his knowledge of humanity, Mr. Wheeler said that "Shakespeare's main hold was his eye for people." Where the masculine paper held that the first folio was issued in 1630 and the second in 1642, the feminine paper also stated the dates at 1630 and 1642. The resembance, strong at the beginning, grew more pronounced toward the end, until at the finish the one was a verbal copy of the other. With a practiced but not utterly indifferent eye, the professor noted that it was the better style that prevailed. Plainly, the man had been the copyist, and in the hurry to finish inside the hour had grown careless about changing the language. It was very awkward work. The duty of the instructor was plain. No man could copy so closely as that unless the other party had handed over the paper. It meant expulsion for both of them.

Yes, his duty was clear; he should give his information to the proper authorities and wash his hands of the matter. They would act, and the university would be rid of a very idle, if popular, young man, and a very promising young woman, on whom his regard had been wasted—utterly wasted and thrown away. He had hoped so much, and now she was cheating like a common thief, and with that young ass of whom he had been jealous.

He went over by the window presently, and looked across the campus. It was a broad, clear afternoon; the thwack of bats and the sounds of applause broke through the trees. A half a dozen white-clad runners off for an afternoon trot, came loping over the fields, and a party of girls in summer clothes strolled up the path behind them. One of these, taller than the rest, turned up the board walk in his direction. He knew her, even at that distance, and turned away. She would ask for him, and he would not come. But, even as he said that to himself, he knew that he would come when she summoned him, in spite of everything.

There was a knock at the door. "A lady in the study to see Professor Gray." In his instant of hesitation between disgust and conscience, he picked up the two papers and crammed them into his pocket. Then he followed the maid down stairs. The girl was sitting in the corner when he entered. She did not rise. She had been crying, he thought. So she was trying to work the sympathetic. Very well. Man fights tears with brutality. He waited for her to speak.

"I came—I wanted—to tell you about something which has happened," she began. "I think—perhaps if you have looked over the last examination papers, you have noticed—that there was something wrong about mine."

He could not very well keep silence.

"I have noticed it," he said.

"You see, I didn't really intend to do it," she went on, after a time, "but I wasn't prepared, and when someone else——"

"Mr. Wheeler."

She nodded. "When he left his paper where I could see it, I—I cribbed——"

He stopped her there. "I suppose you understand what this confession means?"

"I think I do. I am preparing to leave."

"Go on."

"He didn't notice, because he was through, but I ran over his paper—I have a good memory, you know—and took it all down. That is all. He never knew."

The professor took the two papers from his pocket and laid them down, the one beside the other. He would have no mercy, now. She had not only been partner to a cheat, but she was lying to save her accomplice and his rival. He pointed to the last page.

"The expressions are identical, Miss Curtis, and they are yours. What is your object in shielding Mr. Wheeler?"

She went white at that, and huddled more closely in the corner.

"I don't understand you."

"Pardon me, but you do. It was not you that copied, but Mr. Wheeler. This is your language, and this, and this. I think I know it; I have had reason to study it this year."

She was the accuser now. "None of that, if you please," she said very quietly,

He laughed sarcastically. "You need not be afraid. You and Wheeler will be able to continue the affair—outside of college,"

She turned on him again. "You coward! When I am down!"

"Will you please forget me and continue your defense of Wheeler?"

"Thank you, but you seem to know so much more about the case yourself that there is no necessity of my going on."

There was silence for a time, then he spoke again.

"There is only one thing for me to do."

"That is what I am here for. There is another thing to do. You can report me alone and ruin one instead of two."

"Instead of three."

"Can you stop that? Have I not said that it was cowardly?"

He stood watching her with the papers crumpled up in his hands, and his conscience withered to a rag. "If you ask me," he said finally, "I will tear up these papers and hand in my resignation.'

"Give them to me," she answered.

Then she held them before him. "If you do not promise me that you will not, I will hand them both to the president and tell him what I have told you."

"Very well. I leave them in your hands."

"Oh," she said, "I hate you!" and was gone.

Two minutes more, the bell rang again, and James V. Wheeler, known to his associates as Jimmy, was shown into the study. Professor Gray did not rise to meet him.

"What is it?" he said.

"Did you see anything off about my ex. in English Nineteen?"

"Well, rather."

Jimmy swallowed once or twice.

"I suppose it's all off with me."

"Your two papers have gone before the president of the university. It is out of my hands, and I really see no use in your appealing to me."

"Our two papers——"

"Yours and Miss Curtis'."

"My God! you didn't send hers in, too?"

"Your work, Mr. Wheeler, was just a *little* too complete to have been done without her assistance."

"And she'll get fired, too?"

The professor, his back turned, only shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't give a—a damn, Prof., about myself, you know—I'm going to chirp for my walking-papers tomorrow—but she didn't do it, you know."

Still the man in the corner kept his back turned and made no sign. The other squared his shoulders and began talking in broken, stumbling sentences, as one talks of hard things when his listener gives no help.

"She was helping me, you know—she said I wasn't serious and didn't go in for anything—and she made me elect her courses so she could keep her eye on me. And—well, I didn't cram for this ex., and when I ran up against the questions I was paralyzed. And—well, you told me yourself that this was my last chance—I wanted to crib off of Nell's paper. And she wouldn't let me. That's the sort of girl she is, don't you know. Then it got near the end of the hour and I got rattled. I don't know why I did it, but I picked up her paper, and began to copy it. 'Give it to me,' she says, but I was scared, I guess, and I wouldn't. And then she talked to me pretty hard, said she wasn't going to hand hers in—just whispering, you know, so that you couldn't hear it—and I got mad and walked up and gave them both to you. You remember, I guess. That's all, only—can't you report on me and keep those papers away from Prexie?"

The professor turned on him.

"Miss Curtis has been here to see me. Either she is lying or you are. Which am I to believe?"

"Nell *hasn't*—what the deuce did she say?"

Then the professor told, not all, but enough. And standing with his face turned away, so that the other might not see his soul, the younger man swore to it, simply and quietly, as one swears to the truth.

The professor looked at his watch. A quarter to four. In fifteen minutes, punctual to the hour, the president would be in his office. Students, loafing in and out of afternoon classes beheld the unusual spectacle of a professor scorching on a bicycle as though his life depended upon it, down the road to the executive building and the president's office.

She was already there, waiting in the anteroom, when he was shown in. She looked up as he entered, and then turned away without speaking. The two papers, smoothed out and neatly folded, were in her hands. It was a long time before he could commence.

"I know the truth," he said.

"Oh, do you!" This with the finest sarcasm.

"Mr. Wheeler has been to see me."

"He didn't dare!"

"If I had entertained any idea that the affair between you had gone as far as it has, I might have been as dishonorable as you two wished me to be."

"What did he say to you—what did he dare say to you?"

"What did he need to say? When he comes to me and tells the truth to save you, and you come and lie to save him, what am I to expect? What else can I think?"

"Yes," she said, "I lied."

"To keep him in because you l——"

"Stop! It is you who are lying now."

Another pause, while she watched the low sunlight streaming through the trees outside.

"I don't know why I say this to you. I think it is to punish myself. I was trying to make a man out of him. I wanted to do something for someone, and I thought that he had it in him to—to be worth while."

"He apparently hasn't."

"No," she said, "he apparently hasn't."

"Then I fail to see why you tried to save him unless you care."

"If I cared for him, do you think that I would be telling you all this?"

He opened his watch. "The president will be here in just six minutes. Suppose I tear up those papers and forget that it happened."

"That would be a conscientious way of doing, wouldn't it?"

He went over and laid his hand, ever so gently, on her shoulder.

"I have already lost my conscience to find my heart. They are both yours. Do you understand?"

No more than that, but she looked up at him, and both understood. She half rose, then faded into his arms, as he leaned over her.

"Tell me," he asked, after a time, "why did you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Try to shield Wheeler?"

"Do you suppose that I could let you—*you* think that I would let anyone else suffer for me?"

Remembering, suddenly, the cause of it all, he reached down and was about to tear the papers.

"Don't, she said, "I want to keep them——always."

JOHN STOLLARD.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c
Hall's Family Pills are the best

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

The Frenchman likes his native wines,
The German likes his beer,
The Irishman likes his whisky straight,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Englishman likes his 'alf and 'alf,
Because it makes him frisky.
But they all go back on their favorite drink
For Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account October $2,365,968

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,2 3,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28 563,655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

Rates of interest on loans secured by improved San Francisco real estate, *six per cent.*
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

San Francisco Savings Union

632 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 210 067
Contingent Fund..... 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tagheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee. Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line
CUTS
For Catalogues Books Souvenirs Newspapers Letterheads Etc.....
Yosemite Engraving Co.....
24 Montgomery Street
San Francisco
We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

Seattle Business.

Nome Maps Free.
ALSO INFORMATION.

Messrs. Louch, Augustine & Co., 815-817 First Ave, Seattle, are the oldest and by far the largest outfitter of Miners and Prospectors in the United States, their staff numbering about 75 hands handling food stuffs exclusively. Write them for information of any kind regarding your proposed trip north and they will cheerfully supply you with the most reliable.

HEMRICH BROS.
Brewing Co.
Lager Beer and Porter.
SEATTLE, WASH., U. S. A.

STIMSON MILL CO.
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES.

Large stocks of all kinds constantly on hand. Mills well located for rail and water shipments.
OFFICE COR. BANNER AND JOHN STS.
SEATTLE, - - WASH.

ALASKA MINERS

Save your health and money by outfitting with us

We manufacture everything in the CLOTHING LINE.

SEATTLE WOOLEN HOUSE
903 FISRT AVE. Opp. Stevens Hotel.
SEATTLE. WASH.

WRITE US for information regarding **Seattle Real Estate Bonds, Warrants, Cape Nome** and other good Mining Properties.
For five 2 cent stamps we will send you a Map and Souvenir of Seattle.

NORDBLOMS
Nordbloms Map of Cape Nome, Cape York and Bonanza Mining Districts, Alaska.
PRICE 50 CENTS.
315 Washington Building, SEATTLE.

WILLIAM A. GILMORE
P. V. DAVIS
Tel. Red 131

DAVIS and GILMORE
Attorneys, Proctors, Notaries.
334-335 Pioneer Building, Seattle, Wash.

PRIVATE BATHS SUPERIOR CUISINE
AMERICAN, $3.00 UP EUROPEAN, $1 00 UP
250 ROOMS. 100 SUITES WITH BATHS
RAINIER GRAND HOTEL.
SEATTLE, WASH. C. A. HERRISON, Manager
American and European plan. Strictly first-class in all particulars. Special facilities for Commercial Men and Tourists.

R. Sartori and Company
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
WINES AND LIQUORS
Catering to fine family trade. Telephone 469.
115 James St., and 144 Yesler Ave., Occidental Block.
SEATTLE, - - WASHINGTON.

AT THE THEATERS

One of the dictators of San Francisco's dramatic opinion has it that Katherine Kidder is a failure as *Hermione* in the dual role of "A Winter's Tale," while she shines as *Perdita*. Another declares on his newspaper honor that she is a huge success in *Hermione* and falls flat as *Perdita*. Where doctors disagree, I will venture to decide. Miss Kidder is only a partial success in either role. The clear, cold classic is not her forte. The modern drama, Sardou's by preference, where personality is the great requisite is her particular hold. But her rendering is intelligent, and in her new field of endeavor she does not entirely sink that charm which won her the early success of "Madame Sans Gene."

The whole performance would be a charming one if Hanford could be eliminated. He belongs to an older school, and he has carried over into this generation its faults and not its excellencies. Those were the days of McCollough, when strength and physique and an impressive strut were the requisites. If an actor had that, he was forgiven for ranting a bit, and tearing a passion to tatters. Times change. The matinee girl reigns nowadays and we are softer and try to be more subtle. I make no doubt that Hanford's unmitigated bellow was tolerated once upon a time, because of his strength and his impressive size, but it is intolerable today. There is a good example in the last act of "A Winter's Tale," the famous statue scene. *Hermione*, in the flesh, has just come down from the pedestal. It is a pretty scene, well arranged, and, up to a certain point, well acted. Miss Kidder carries the part of the aged and wronged wife with a sweetly pathetic dignity. She steps down, advances slowly; the audience is moved, but breathless, and then—Hanford as *Leontes*, having been blessedly still for a few minutes, breaks out and in the language of Mark Twain "makes like a calf dat ees unwell." I cannot describe the sound in any other way. It is not a groan or a scream or an exclamation; it is simply an intoned bellow. Three performances of the play I saw, and each time this passage brought the audience not to tears but to laughter.

Let no man dream but that the performance at the Columbia is worth seeing. It is a very very pretty and tasteful rendering of a rarely-played Shakespearian drama. The rest are good, and even Hanford is subdued at times.

* *

The teachers of our dramatic schools, in imparting the art of make-up, should recommend their pupils to a study of Mary Van Buren. Her reputation is that of the beauty of the Frawley Company, and she more than justifies it—on the stage. Off the stage, it is a different matter. Not that I would be so ungallant as to assume for one moment that Miss Van Buren is not beautiful—always. But between her private self and her stage self there is a vast deal of difference. Get a front opera chair some time and study her with your glasses, and you will have an idea of how artistically she does it. The attraction of her stage face is its dimpled piquancy. The piquancy is put there, and so are the dimples. She has, naturally the faintest suspicion of a dent in her chin; a little rouge, applied with a master-hand, makes the dent a dimple and puts two to match it on her cheeks. A prominence of that little projection on the face, for which there is no English name—the little trench running from the nostril to the upper lip—goes with such a face. Miss Van Buren puts it there with some more rouge. Hairlines and a suspicion of grease-paint give the bewitching eyes which match the rest, and nature tip-tilted her nose—and there you are. Try it yourself, and you would fail, because this is more than make-up—it is Art. The form which goes with it came by nature, and would be better for just a *wee* bit less lacing, this being the one place where she permits vanity to overstep art.

It is obviously unfair to judge one actress by the favorite part of another. From Bernnardt down, each one has one role which comes nearest to herself, not always her own favorite, but that of the public. Such a combination was Ada Rehan and the title-role of "The Countess Gucki." Besides, Ada Rehan created that part, her very best, when she was a veteran and at the height of her powers, while Miss Van Buren, who has been trying it after her, is little more than a beginner. Therefore, it is unfair to make any comparison. Let me only say that in this, her first real chance of the season, the young actress proved that she will bear watching. There was none of the suggestion of suppressed passion and the bounding joy of living and loving with which Ada Rehan used to instil the role, but there was a lightness and warmth in the comedy parts which give promise for her future. Quite possibly Mr. Frawley has caught another prize.

* *

Joe Newman, who is singing his "crap-game" song and others of his own at the Orpheum, is a living witness of the fact that we are drifting back to the parlor type of monologue artist who appears in a dress suit and gets his effects from the face nature gave him Such was the original monologue entertainer whom we abandoned some years ago for stage tramps and impossibly dressed coons and painted Irishmen. Golden led us back to the blessed ways of old, and now this young man with a face like Bill Nye's and an engaging way comes along to demonstrate that simplicity and taste have a value, even in vaudeville.

Newman hails from the wilds of Colorado, where he was an enthusiastic amateur actor and began to write his songs. He had a local vogue only, and his published melodies never had, never have had since, any special success with anyone else singing them. It needs the personality of the author to make them go. He tried acting for awhile, and was then persuaded to go to London. Here he made a hit as a parlor entertainer, and continued his foreign success in his own country.

* *

To see Papinta whirling her yards of skirt in the fairy light showered upon her by her husband and his corps of expert electricians, one would suppose that she might enjoy the poetry of motion she puts into the fire-dance. But in very truth it is as hard as anything else in the exacting dramatic business. Those seemingly light and easy motions require the muscle of a skilled acrobat, for forty odd yards of skirts are heavy, even when they are made of diaphanous gauze. Hours are not long in Papinta's business, but while she is at it her work outdoes a coal-heaver's. In private life, the dancer is a modest, easy-going sort of person, who set no undue value on her talents, and hates publicity. She has only one ambition; that is to retire to a village and do housework the rest of her days and never, *never* see an audience again, which goes to prove that while some of the home girls are stage struck many of the stage girls are home-struck.

* *

Quite the cleverest of advance agent devices was the defense organization of the chorus girls at Morosco's, San Francisco. The truth is, the sensation was an advertising scheme from one end to the other and one of the most successful ever originated. The story went that the members of the chorus, angered and irritated at the attention of young gentlemen who are popularly supposed to haunt the stage doors of theatres, determined to discourage their alleged admirers with revolvers. Certain ladies of the company bought pistols and were interviewed by the dailies, denouncing persistent masculine adoration, of which they declared themselves the victims, as a nuisance. Then they were photographed, and obtained altogether page after page of valuable space. The majority of people not "in the know" took the affair seriously, as it was intended they should, but it was only "press-work" after all.

* *

After the second symphony concert last week all misgivings as to the success of the season were resigned. The director, Henry Holmes, had demonstrated his capacity and the immense audience was thoroughly satisfied. What it costs to have symphony concerts in San Francisco under present conditions is not appreciated by the public. The Musicians' Union, at the beginning of the winter, decided if those entertainments were to be had, they must be liberally paid for. The greed and arrogance which seems inseparable from organizations of this character was manifested when the old committee undertook to arrange for the new series. Last year the orchestra had cost about $520 per concert. This year the charge is $1036 per concert and $100 additional for a rehearsal. Now, at least five rehearsals are essential before each performance, so that a cost of $500 is incurred before the event. The idea of reorganization was at once dismissed and there would have been no concerts but for the generosity of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst. However, there are over 800 subscribers to the season and on last Thursday afternoon the Grand Opera was crowded.

* *

For the third and last week of their engagement at the Columbia Theatre the James-Kidder-Hanford Combination will present the following repertoire: Monday and Friday nights, "The Rivals"; Tuesday, "Othello"; Wednesday night and Saturday matinee, "The School For Scandal"; Thursday and Saturday nights, "The Winter's Tale"; Sunday night, "Macbeth"; and a special Wednesday matinee of "The Winter's Tale". The Bostonians presenting "The Smugglers of Bayadez"; "The Viceroy"; "Robin Hood" and "The Serenade" will follow.

* *

"The Cuckoo," a Frohman adaptation from the French, never before seen in this city will be the Frawley, next bill at the California. R. A. Stockwell has been specially engaged for this production.

An extraordinary attraction is billed for the California in March. Mme. Gadski, Walter Damrosch, and David Bispham will give a series of song recitals will be supplemented morning lectures on music and composers, delivered by Mr. Damrosch.

* *

The second of this winter's series of symphony concerts occurs Feb. 1, at 3.15 sharp at the Grand Opera. The programme includes selections by Tschaikowsky, Beethoven, Schubert and Cherubini.

* *

"Peaceful Valley" is next week's bill at the Alcazar.

Don't drink the first thing the bartender offers — call for Jesse Moore Whiskey and see that you get it.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Bruet and Reviere; The Holloways; Schlke's Pickaninnies; Irene Franklin; Papinta; James O. Barrows & Co.; Edna Bassett; Marshall & Co.; J. Newman;
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre
FRED BELASCO, Lessee .·. MARK THALL, Manager
WEEK OF JAN. 29th
Elaborate revival of the Beautiful Play.
PEACEFUL VALLEY
Elegantly mounted and magnificently dressed
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Columbia Theatre
BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JAN. 29TH
Third and Last Week of
LOUIS JAMES, KATHRYN KIDDER, CHARLES B. HANFORD.
Monday and Friday nights, The Rivals; Thursday night, Othello; special matinee Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, The Winter's Tale; Wednesday night and Saturday matinee, The School for Scandal; Sunday night, Macbeth.
Monday, Feb. 5, The Bostonians.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE
S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731
COMPLETE CHANGE OF PROGRAM.
COMMENCING SUNDAY NIGHT JAN. 28th, 1900.
THE FRAWLEY COMPANY.
In Chas. Frohmen's Great Comedy Success
THE CUCKOO
Adapted from the French by Charles Brookfield
IT'S A BIRD.
Popular Prices: Evening, 75c 50c. 25c; Matinees, 50c, 25c.
In preparation—The Heart of Maryland.

Grand Opera House
SPECIAL
Thursday afternoons, Feb. 1st, the second of
FIVE SYMPHONY CONCERTS
Under the direction of HENRY HOLMES
Orchestra of 70 pieces.
Now on sale Sherman Clay Co.'s. Remaining concerts Feb. 15, and March 1st and 15th.
Special prices for the Season.
Seats $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c and 25c

Racing! Racing! Racing!
CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.
Winter meeting, 1899-1900, beginning MONDAY, Jan. 22 to Feb. 3, 1900
OAKLAND RACE TRACK.
Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.
Five or more races each day.
Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.
Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.
Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

"UNION" Gasoline Engines

SPECIALLY MADE FOR

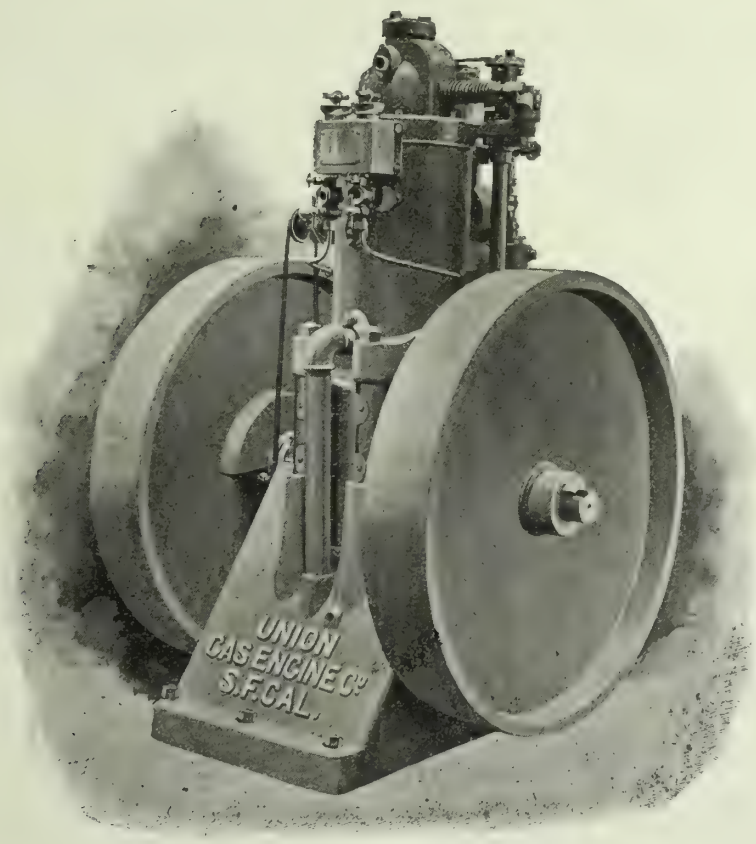
Centrifugal Pumps

Circular Saws

Electric Light Dynamos.

COMPACT AND EASILY PORTABLE.

"Union" Gasoline Marine Engines.



The above shows the 15 H. P. "Union" Stationary Engine, of latest design. The result of over 15 years practical experience.

When writing please state service required, giving full particulars. This will save time and prevent mistakes, thus saving you money.

UNION GAS ENGINE CO.

343 Howard Street, = = = = San Francisco, Cal.

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 224 Union street bet 2d and 3d ave. Tel Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Cloth s cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st Tel Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block.

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

OPTICIANS.

H. CLAY EVERSOLE, Specialist in Eyesight measurements for spectacles and eyeglasses, 720 First ave

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. FLEISCHER, Surgery Genito-Urinary and female diseases 201, 202, 216, 218 Washington blk

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco, Plaintiff, *vs.* James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More B. More, and C. More Defendants. No. 67,877.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

FRANKLIN K. LANE
City and County Attorney, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More, B. More and C. More, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after service on you of this summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

The object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of said Court adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in fee of all the real estate hereinafter mentioned, and to quiet plaintiff's said title as against each and all said defendants and to obtain other and further relief and costs, as specified in said complaint, which complaint is hereby specially referred to for further particulars.

The following is a description of the property affected by this action:—

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situated in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows to wit

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bay street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with said Fillmore street to a point at which the water of the Bay of San Francisco is twenty-five [25] feet deep at low tide, as the same existed April 27, 1863; thence at right angles easterly four hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [468 9-12] feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with the easterly line of Fillmore street to the said northerly line of Bay street at a point thereon distant two hundred [200] feet easterly from the easterly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [268 9-12] feet to the point of commencement.

And are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of March, A. D., 1899. [SEAL] WM. A. DRANE, Clerk,
By WM. R. A. JOHNSON, Deputy Clerk.

NEW YORK.

THERE is a real movement in New York society this season. It is drifting apart, segregating into separate sets. I trace five of these, all becoming more and more exclusive. There is the "natural" school, noted for its spontaneity and general cleverness in conversation. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is the leader here, with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont as her adjutant, and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. Sally Elliott, Miss Hewitt, Mrs. Stanford White, and others on her staff. This is probably the leading set, and is the most distinct and easily defined of all. Then there comes the school which goes in for breeding and repose. This is led by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, and Mrs. Drexel, with their ranks strengthened by the titled English who happen to come our way. The third set is splendid and gilded and numbers the Vanderbilts, the younger generation of Astors, Mrs. Morton, and Mrs. Whitelaw Ried. The fourth group is literary, with a leadership divided between Mrs. Edward Wharton and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Cadwalader Jones. The fifth set is just drifting away and grouping, but has not yet assumed definite form. Mrs. Ogden Mills is the nucleus. I fancy that this group will come to be famous for its gaiety.

Mrs. John R. Drexel has given her first ball and done it well. As a Quakeress from Philadelphia, she made expensive simplicity the standard, and gave an effectual rebuke to some of our gilded show of this and the past season. There were no gold and silver favors, only flowers, but these orchids of priceless quality. I hear that this new star caused some heartburning and jealousy by limiting the invitations to a hundred and fifty, thereby slighting some who believed they had claims. It is hard to do everything, and if you would be exclusive you cannot be popular.

Women stopped bleaching their hair a year or more ago, or at least the fashion reporters said so. But it is hard, I fear, for a woman to keep from doctoring the charms with which nature endowed her. So it happens that, when the peroxide blondes had been given just sufficient time to let the natural tresses grow out and obliterate the dull yellow of art, fashion took a sudden fondness for red hair. That was easy, for they who make their complections conform to the fashion, and the coiffeurs who had been having but poor pickings after blonde hair went out, are prosperous again. Artistically done, Titian red is not so aggressive as golden blonde; it doesn't quarrel with skins never intended to be framed in gold. Of course, it is inconvenient for those who have already made themselves golden blondes, but it is really easier on them than on the unchanged brunettes, for Titian hair must first be bleached yellow and then reddened. I have the word of a prosperous hairdresser to the effect that the product is smooth and glossy, without the "dead" quality which used to point the difference between bleached and natural golden hair. Of course, the work must be renewed often, once every month, at least, to keep the new growth underneath uniform.

When this fashion passes, as it will, the services of the hairdresser will still be needed to accomplish the transformation back to natural color. This is done by dyeing the transformed tresses natural color until the present growth comes out long again and the old can be clipped away. So that the hairdresser profits however you take it.

Maxine Elliott's way of wearing a riding-habit and taking to a horse is causing New York to say she must be a western girl. New York is wrong, she isn't, but a New Englander of the purest dye. Nevertheless, her full, animal beauty, which set us a-talking when we first discovered her, was never disposed to such advantage as in "The Lady and the Cowboy," her latest success. Nothing of the *spirituelle* New England type belongs to her there; her beauty seems all of the woods and plains and out-of-doors and all western. Ay de me! what a complexion she does exhibit! One would say that she, the night-blooming play-actress, never went to bed later than ten o'clock in her life. And what a form!

Her dresses for this engagement are quite simple and interesting because of the quiet tone of the colors. They are of those dull, uncertain shades which try any but the best complexions. Miss Elliott's comes through the ordeal glorified. There is no need to set it off by the conventional tones and colors; it shines by itself. The riding-habit is of a dull tan shade; the ball-gown is of a neutral tint, for which no one but a modiste can have a name. And her last appearance is as a not specially mourning widow in plain black tailor-made.

To look at her, one would suppose that Miss Elliott (pardon me, Mrs. Goodwin) is an athletic sort of a party. Quite the contrary, they tell me that she is not. On the Goodwins' English place, there are all thiings which conduce to sport, but she neither rides to hounds nor golfs. Her only exercise is an occasional walk with her dogs, of which she has an infinite number. Bull terriers are her favorites, with collies for second choice. The truth is, I fear that she is rather an inert person. It's sad, but it is so. The Goodwins have rented their English country-place, during their American engagement, to a bride—none other than the Countess Cromartie, who was recently married to Major Blunt.

New York, Jan 18. NETTA DYKE

MONEY

Cannot be more profitably invested than in

STOCK OF

Peerless Oil Company

which has 160 acres of patented land in the famous

Kern River Oil District

Oil has been struck on three sides and on the quarter section immediately adjoining its property. This, coupled with the fact that the strata are horizontal, is a guarantee that oil underlies its land.

A Well is now being Sunk.

Write for Information or Call and Investiga

DIRECTORS:
James G. Maguire, H. H. Blood, Jacob H. Neff, R. W. Hart, H. C. Park, John M. Wright

JOHN M. WRIGHT, Pres. Jacob H. Neff, Vice-Pres.
H. C. PARK, Sec y.

Office: Room 47, 8th Floor, Mills Bldg. S F

The Fresno Alpha Oil Co.

Owns 640 acres of oil lands in the exact center of the intersection of the two oil belts upon which are situated the only producing wells in the region. Here is an expert opinion: "After a thorough examination I have no hesitancy in saying that from the exterior formation of shale and oil sands and the coloring, the lands are equal if not superior to any that I have inspected and prospected during the past twelve years."—J. M. Fleming.

Our property has plenty of water, from never failing springs. A contract will, within a few weeks, be let for sinking our first well. Parties who contemplate investing in oil should investigate our proposition. We offer only

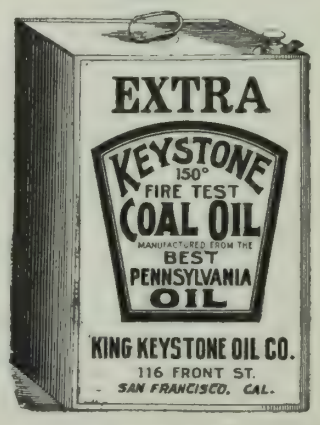
a LIMITED NUMBER OF SHARES FOR SALE ON VERY EASY PAYMENTS.

Will be pleased to see you and to give you all information in our possession. Call or address O. A. LANE, Secretary
Rooms 6, 7, Eighth Floor Mills Building.
S. M. GLEAVES, U. S. Surveyor-General, President

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST COAL OIL.

BUY



A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works

409 MARKET STREET

Thuringi Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.
RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues, and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited

Mention The Wave.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W. W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PATTERN MAKER.

G. F. BUSWELL, Millwright Engineer and Pattern Maker. Drawings and Specifications to order No. 10 Main St., S. F.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 848 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

1011 Washington Street, Oakland
603 and 605 K Street, Sacramento
143 South Spring Street, Los Angeles

MILTON J. GREEN

Attorney at Law

Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Office, room 94, Chronicle Building.

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

200 POST STREET

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore. MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

WAKELEE'S
MASERANG
HEADACHE POWDERS

A positive and immediate cure for sick or nervous Headache, Neuralgia and Nervousness.

These Powders contain no Morphine, Opium, Antipyrine, Chloral, Antikamnia, Phenacetine, or other drugs deleterious to the system.

J. W. MONROE'S SPARKLING APPLE CIDER

Made in Humboldt Co., California
John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, December 29, 1899. At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society held this day a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one quarter [3¼] per cent. per annum on all deposits, for the six months ending December 31 1899, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 1, 1900.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Jan 6 11 16. 21, 26, 31. Feb. 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Jan. 6. 11, 16, 21, 26 31, Feb. 5 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Jan. 9, 14, 19 24, 29, Feb 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Jan. 7 11, 15, 19 23, 27, 31, Feb.4 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Jan. 9, 13, 17 21, 25, 29, Feb. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change, steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 1 Market Street - San Francisco, Cal

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana, for Australia, Wednesday, January. 24, at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, February 7 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, at 1 p.m., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG via Honolulu, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Hongkong Maru..... Tuesday, January 16th
Nippon Maru.....Friday, February 9th
America Maru .....Wednesday, March 7th

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market street corner First. W H AVERY, General Agent

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 5:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast

No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Dec. 24, Jan. 3, 13, 23.
Columbia sails Dec. 29, Jan. 8, 18, 28.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.

Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

SUNSET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1899-1900.

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Fridays
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays and Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the travelling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5810 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

BANKRUPT NOTICES.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California

IN THE MATTER OF JAMES A. MAGUIRE, Bankrupt

Take notice, that James A. Maguire, bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 3rd day of February, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place the creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, January 20th, 1900.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisc

No. 11,194.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, NINTH CIRCUIT, NORTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA.

In the matter of the Insolvent, the California National Bank of San Francisco.

T. K. STATELER the Agent of the California National Bank of San Francisco, which bank was duly adjudged insolvent by the Comptroller of the Currency of the United States on the 14th day of January, 1889, pursuant to the provisions of an act of Congress entitled "An Act authorizing the appointment of receivers of National Banks and for other purposes," approved June 30th, 1876, having filed herein a petition praying for an order of sale of the choses in action and the unsold personal property belonging to said bank, now in his possession as said Agent, and which said choses in action and unsold personal property are fully set forth and described in said petition;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that said petition be heard before this Court in its court-room in the appraiser's building at the corner of Washington and Sansome streets, San Francisco, on Saturday the 10th day of February, 1900, at eleven o'clock a. m.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be served by said Agent upon all the stockholders of the bank, standing as such upon the books of the bank at the date of its adjudication as insolvent, either by personal delivering a copy hereof to each of said stockholders or by sending a copy hereof through the mail addressed to his last known place of residence, postage prepaid, at least ten days prior to February 10, 1900.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published in *The Wave* a newspaper printed and published weekly at San Francisco, aforesaid, at least once a week for three weeks prior to the hearing of said petition,

Dated, January 10, 1900.

JOHN J. DE HAVEN, Judge

ROBERT BRENT MITCHELL, Mills Building, San Francisco, Attorney for Petitioner.

The whiskey that touches the right spot veery time is Jesse Moore. To be found at all first-class bars and saloons.

Pride in the Pantry

An array of bright tins is the ambition of many housekeepers. To such we offer this hint: After the tins are washed clean, rub them with

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

It's the finishing touch that gives the gloss and saves much of the hard rubbing to make them bright. It's the quick and labor-saving way. Grocers sell it.

Trial quantity for the asking. Box, post-paid, 15cts. in stamps.

The Electro Silicon Company, 30 Cliff Street, New York.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.

WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.

American and European Plan.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

FOR THE

BEST BOOK-KEEPING, the SHORTEST SHORTHAND

Attend McLAREN & THOMSON'S

Acme Business College

College Paper Sent Free

Pacific Block SEATTLE, WASH.

Special Sale of Furs

At 25 Per Cent Reduction For the Next Ten Daps Only

Remodeling and Repairing.

AD. KOCOUR & CO. Fashionable Manufacturing Furriers.

FUR DYERS AND FUR DRESSERS.

121 POST STREET, ROOMS 7 TO 11

Telephone Black 3743.

Roger S. Green Pres. Austin E. Griffiths Sec'y

Invest Your Money in the

Sea • Breeze • Mine

The Richest Free Milling Gold Discovery in Southeastern Alaska.

A limited number of shares offered at Fifty Cents. Call or address

SEA BREEZE MINING CO.

Washington Bld., 1st Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Keep your Youth if you are young;

If you are old why appear so. Keep young inwardly and we will look after the outward appearance. CREME DE LIS entirely eradicates and prevents wrinkles, removes any trace of sallowness and creates a perfect complexion.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

AN OUTRAGE INDEED.—Trelawney, the sailor immortalized by Shelby, was a superbly picturesque figure and Millais, the English painter, was anxious to have him sit as the model for the seaman in his great painting, "The Northwest Passage." Trelawney agreed, after some demur, and all went well until the picture was finished and exhibited. The night after the private view, Trelawney rushed into the room of a friend of his who lived in London. "I want you to be my second," he shouted. "That fellow Millais has insulted me." "How's that?" asked the friend; "what did he say?" "You know I'm a teetotaler," shouted the excited sailor—"well, that scoundrel Millais has handed me down to posterity with a glass of rum and water in one hand and a lemon in the other."

x

THE PRINCE IS RE-ASSURED.—In spite of the immense dignity of his position, the Prince of Wales, in his tours through London, is almost invariably chaffed by his male subjects, particularly of the bus-driving and dinner-pail persuasion, to whom he is "Teddy" and nothing else. Recently, Mrs. Brown-Potter gave a tea at Claridges' Hotel, in aid of the wounded British soldiers and there was a large attendance of prominent American women. When the Prince of Wales drove up, the usual crowd of loiterers greeted him with a generous cheer and then came a voice from a lusty-lunged humorist of the pavement: "For 'Eaven's sake, Teddy, don't go in there, or one of them Yankee girls'll marry yer." But another lifted his voice in encouragement: "Don't you be afeared, Teddy. Walk right in. We all knows as you 'ave a missis, and we'll stand by yer, even if she's the sister of Jim Jeffries."

x

WHEN'S A MAN MARRIED?—The first thing that strikes an Englishman as strange on entering New York is the appalling list of questions which he has to fill up before landing. A prominent English lawyer, reaching New York, was confronted by the list, sighed and sat him down to fill it up, being in a way a law-abiding man. On the journey across the page of questions he struck the poser, "Are you married or single?" Now it happened he had left London for the sole purpose of being out of England during the days his wife prosecuted her divorce case. So he was compelled to write on the form, "Sorry, but I can't tell till I reach a cable office."

x

AN INAPT SIMILE.—The late Archbishop Benson, father of the author or *Dodo*, was not proud of the distinction. In fact, it was a subject that he carefully avoided and his associates were fully aware of the prejudice. Just after *Dodo* had taken London by story, the Archbishop had to make a speech at an intellectual gathering, his subject being the bygone customs of English public school life—"many of which," he said "are now as extinct as the———." The traditional simile was on his tongue. A smile went round the room, spreading until it burst into a laugh, which the Archbishop joined. He did not finish the sentence.

x

SO MUCH FOR HISTORY.—The battle between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* took place just off the Massachusetts coast, and a sailor in some way got ashore and hurried to Boston with the news. It was in the night, and he went straight to *The Sentinel* office, where he found the editor, Major Russell, to whom he told the story, including the death of Lawrence. "What were his last words?" asked the Major. "Don't know," said the man. "Didn't he say 'Don't give up the ship?'" "Don't know," said the man. "Oh, he did," said the Major, "I'll make him say it." And he did—so much for history.

x

NOT A PERFECT LADY.—At the New Year german in Baltimore, Harry Lehr the favorite german leader of New York was prattling in his gentle, girlish way to Mrs. Drayton, a rather substantial matron noted for her strength of character. She listened with some show of patience and then, tiring of the gentle youth, she snapped out: "Now, trot along, Mr. Lehr, you are entirely too ladylike for me." Whereupon Mr. Lehr replied: "I am sorry I can't say the same for you, Mrs. Drayton."

x

THE SILVER LINING.—One of the officers captured at Nickolson's Nek was Major W. R. P. Wallace, of the Gloucestershires. He has a little nephew at Borlose School, Marlow. When the account of the reverse of the British arms reached England one of the masters secured a newspaper and began reading the news out to the scholars. When the name of Major Wallace was reached, a sharp, clear voice rang out in high glee: "Then my old uncle is bagged, too. Hurrah!"

x

THE INROADS OF SCIENCE.—At a school commencement in Georgia the Superintendent of Public Instruction had explained the powers of the X ray to a gathering of darkies. After the meeting was over a negro called him aside. "Boss, I wants ter ax you ef er nigger et chicken, kin you look in him an' see chicken?" "Why, yes, Ephraim," said the superintendnet." Well, boss, I wants ter ax you one mo' question. Kin you look in dat nigge anr' tell whar dat chicken cum from?"

PALACE HOTEL SUPPER ROOM

The moderate charges, delightful orchestral concerts, and the undoubted luxury are the attributes that make the new Supper Room at the Palace Hotel the favorite place for after-theatre parties. Open every evening (Sunday excepted) from 9:30 to 12 o'clock. Entrance from main office and grand court.

JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

THE WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE

The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.

British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between

Skaguay and Lake Bennett.

Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY —TO—

Atlin, Dawson and Cape Nome Gold Fields.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.

S. P. BROWN General Agent 536 Market St., S. F.

E. C. HAWKINS General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

California State Exposition, 1899

One Honorable Mention

Six First Premium Awards

This brand of wine is sold at all first class hotels and restaurants

A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a Specialty.

NOTARY PUBLIC 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone 306

Metal Badges Metal Signs

PATRICK & CO. RUBBER STAMPS STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC. 318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Metal Checks Steel Stamps

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALPS & BRUNE, Agents 323-325 Market St., S. F.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST

BYRON MAUZY, 308 Post St.

All the latest Music-Books, etc., in our Sheet-Music Department.

A Popular Establishment.

THE misuse of the word *cafe* has been so general during the past few years that the word now, instead of meaning coffee house, conveys to the mind the fact that anything under it is a place where superior liquors are sold or lunches served. It is a better word than saloon, for there are any number of people who prefer to patronize a cafe to a place which is designated by the more common sense name of saloon. The California Cafe on Second avenue south, just below Yesler Way, was for many years the leading resort of its kind in the city. It gradually lost prominence however, until only old timers recollected its past record. Recently the place changed hands and now it is probable that it will not only regain its old reputation, but will surpass it. The new proprietor is J. J. Haggerty, formerly of Butte, Montana. Mr. Haggerty has studied the tastes of the public for many years. He has been one of the leading hotel men of the West, has operated the finest cafes in Butte and in other cities, and his places have always been the headquarters for politicians, business men, and others who like a little companionship during their leisure. Mr. Haggerty is a man possessed of much executive ability. One with such a gift, no matter in what business he may be engaged, is likely to make a success of it, and there is no doubt but that Mr. Haggerty will soon have one of the most popular places in the city. He knows how to cater to patrons and his stock consists of only the best goods. Jolly and pleasant, he is an ideal boniface.

His cafe has only been open a short time, but it has already attracted a large patronage, which is bound to increase as the public grows better acquainted with the genial proprietor. The store has been entirely refitted. First, there is a large room filled with cases of the best goods tastefully arranged, then comes a fine bar and buffet in light woods with an immense mirror. In the rear are a few handsomely furnished card rooms. There are a large number of rooms upstairs for men lodgers. The place has a very inviting appearance. It is well lighted; there is everything about it that will induce patronage.

BANKRUPT NOTICES.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF
MILTON GALE, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that Milton Gale, Bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California on Saturday, the 3rd day of February, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, January 23rd, 1900.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF
W. A. KEMP, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that W. A. KEMP, Bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 3d day of February, 1900 at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco January 23d, 1900.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

It will not be long before the Florence Oil Co. will be producing, for it is a certainty that the Kettleman hills are full of petroleum. On Thursday of last week the officers of the company, accompanied by F. de Miranda, the well-known oil expert, visited the property and located the sites for the well, on which boring operations begin at once. Next to the Florence property is the Espiranza, whose well is down over 600 feet. Indeed, the country round is being developed in rapid shape.

* *

San Francisco capitalists are taking a great interest in developing the commercial resources of Nome City, the metropolis of the new mining district at Cape Nome. The Cape Nome Electric Light & Telephone Co. has recently incorporated under the laws of California to construct and operate at Nome a modern electric plant and telephone system. The company is capitalized at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, divided into fifty thousand shares, at the par value of three dollars each. The Directory consists of the well known San Francisco business and professional men, viz.: David Rich, C. S. Benedict, Edward Holland, Eugene Folger and Charles S. Rossner.

The company is operating under franchises granted by the Municipality of Nome conferring exclusive privileges for selling light, heat and power, and operating a telephone service for the term of twenty years. It intends to install a thoroughly modern up-to-date plant calculated to meet the growing demands of the town and district, the development of which is now commanding the attention of the mining world.

Prior to the opening of books for subscription, applications for a limited number of shares at par will be received at the office of the company, No. 112 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Two Women.

SHE crept into the vacant church
Through empty aisles and bare;
A faint perfume hung o'er the gloom.
Vague as an unprayed prayer;
In robe and crown each saint looked down
And frowned to see her there.

Each gazed upon her from his place—
Peter and John and Paul;
She found nor peace nor pain's surcease,
So coldly looked they all,
As she faltered lone to the altar stone,
Where shone the candles tall.

And there enthroned, immaculate,
Tender and pure and wise,
She saw the grace of a woman's face,
The love of a woman's eyes;
And Mary's smile bent down the while,
Above her mute surprise.

Not hers to know the mite that lies
In throned majesty;
She could but guess the tenderness,
The sister sympathy;
She made her prayer to Mary there
With lowly heart and knee.

The tall saints watched her as she went,
Each in his gold and blue,
Aloof from her, a trespasser,
Stern men they stood, and true.
But Mary smiled, and the clasped Child
He understood and knew.

—Theodosia Garrison in *Lippincott's.*

When Clouds Hang Low.

WHEN clouds hang deep,
Dense, thick and fog-like o'er the sun,
We do not weep,
But say that when the day is done,
The clouds will vanish and the sad earth borrow
Fresh splendor from the sunshine of to-morrow.

When clouds hang deep,
Dense, thick and fog like o'er thy soul,
Thou shalt not weep,
But say that soon the sullen clouds will roll,
Forth and away, and thy sad heart its sorrow
Forget in the bright sunshine of to-morrow.

—*Bismark Tribune.*

In the Cathedral.

THE city's burning heart beats far outside
The dim cathedral, where the mystic air
Vibrates with voices of impassioned prayer
From generations that have lived and died.
Calm saints, despairing sinners, here have cried
To heaven for mercy; myriad lives laid bare
Their secret places, yielding to Christ's care
The burden, where his sacraments abide,
Soft from the jeweled windows falls the light,
Touching the incense-laden atmosphere
To glory, while a deep antiphony
Rolls from the organ to the arches' height.
To soul and sense a Presence liveth here,
Instinct with power of immortality.

—Katharine Coolidge in *Atlantic.*

Behind the Scenes.

BEHIND the scenes the kings and queens
Are merely mortals; Juliet leans,
A tired girl, against the screens,
Behind the scenes.

The final act is on, and lo!
The loving heart of Romeo
Must crack with misery and woe;
The noble Paris, too, shall die,
And tears spring up in every eye;
Then exit all, while rogue and saint
Are scrubbing off the mask of paint,
Behind the scenes.

—Robert Loveman in *Saturday Evening Post.*

Mater Severa.

WHERE the Lady Atlantic [illegible] heavy water eastward,
Ireland, square to meet it, shoulders off the seas;
Wild are all her coasts with stress of cliff and billow,
On her northern moorland is little sheltered ease.

Well is with the salmon, ranger of her rivers;
Well is with the mackerel shoaling in each bay,
Dear is all the land to the lonely snipe and curlew;
Ay, but for its manfolk—a bitter lot have they.

Thankless is the soil; men trench, and delve, and labor,
Black and spongy peat amid barren knowes of stone;
Then to win a living overseas they travel,
And their women gather, if God pleases, what was sown.

Harvesters, a-homing from the golden tilth of England,
Where they sweat to cope with increase of teeming years,
Find too oft returning, sick with others' plenty,
Sunless autumn dank upon green and spindling ears.

Or a tainted south wind brings upon the root-crop
Stench of rotting fibre and green leaf turning black;
Famine, never distant, stalks nearer now and nearer,
Bids them rake like crows amid mussel-beds and wrack.

Bleak and gray to man is the countenance of Nature;
Bleak her soil below him, bleak her sky above;
Wherefore, then, by man is her rare smile so cherished?
Paid her niggard bounty with so lavish love?

Not the slopes of Rhine with such yearning are remembered;
Not your Kentish orchards, not your Devon lanes.
'Tis as though her sons for that ungentle mother
Knew a mother's tenderness, felt a mother's pains.

Many an outward-bound, as the ship heads under Tory,
Clings with anguished eyes to the barren Fanad shore.
Many a homeward-bound, as they lift the frowning Foreland,
Pants to leap the league to his desolate Gweedore.

There about the ways God's air is free and spacious;
Warm are chimney corners there, warm the kindly heart;
There the soul of man takes root, and through its travail
Grips the rocky anchorage till life-strings part.

The *Review of Reviews* is as ever up-to-date, compassing the subjects of the hour, together with excursions into Co-operative Insurance, the question of pure food, etc. The *International Magazine* is a new publication published by the Macmillan Company, the object of which is to present in literary form more accessible to the general reader the progress of the several departments of knowledge. "The Theatrical Syndicate," by Norman Hapgood, is a noteworthy contribution to the initial number. Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly* has been reduced in price. Its January number offers a readable set of articles, including a review by Sir Robert Ball of the "Advance of Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century."

If you have never tasted Jesse Moore "AA whiskey, try it and be convinced that it is the best whiskey in the world.

SELBY Smelting and Lead Company,

416 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Smelters, Refiners and Assayers.

Special attention given to Refined Gold Dust and Bullion. Settlement made in 24 Hours after Receipt of Deposit.

This Company has Handled Large Amounts of YUKON and CAPE NOME GOLD Giving Entire Satisfaction to Depositors.

MADAM EMMY

AN INTERVIEW.

MADAME EMMY and her terriers are easily the star attraction at the Orpheum this week. She is a pretty little woman, of German extraction, with fine eyes and a vivacious manner—quite a French type, by the way—and those dogs of hers do everything but speak. There are eight of them, admirably bred canines—gymnasts, dancers, and tricksters—whose docility and obedience makes you wonder what manner of woman Madame Emmy is. Such an energetic, high-strung little person it is, you may at first be incredulous when she tells you the secret of her method is patience. She is not of those who believe in the whip, but rather trusts to constant reiteration of a lesson, invariable gentleness, and unvarying attention. The dogs are really her pets, her children. They are lodged and housed in a fashion that approximates real luxury, have an attendant feed, wash, and care for them, and actually are treated as if born to the purple of caninedom.

"That is why," said Madame Emmy, "they are never ill."

"Because you are so kind to them?" I suggested.

"No, just because they are sensibly cared for, properly and regularly fed, thoroughly cleansed, even their teeth washed every day. No, sir, I have never lost a dog." This with much emphasis.

One's first impression of the lady dog trainer is not that patience is her crowning virtue. On the contrary, she is vital, decisive, active, and exceedingly business-like. Things must be done quickly for Madame Emmy, but she never dreams of hurrying her dogs. That is not the way to win them. Every morning at 9 o'clock she arrives at the Orpheum, and out come the canines, gamboling and jumping and capering. Over and over again they perform their old tasks and then undertake new ones. No, they are not whipped, nor kicked—not even cuffed, but Madame takes each and every one of them through the motions, she would have them do, and by constant reiteration they learn. An infinite capacity for taking pains is the secret of her success. There is no royal road to a dog's brain. Just hard work. At noon they go back to their boxes, after the usual allowance of biscuit—dog biscuit, mind; or ale no cakes for these canines.

My original theory that Madame Emmy must possess some extraordinary magnetism enabling her to control dogs she ruthlessly dispelled.

"Nonsense. I never attempted training dogs until about five years ago. I've always liked them, but not until I took up the business did I dream I could teach them tricks."

However, she has been in shows most of her life, this brisk little woman, first in a circus, where she met her husband, who is known as Kara, the juggler. She was quite a brilliant equestrienne, leaped through hoops, dashed round the ring on a fiery bare-backed steed. An accident retired her from that pursuit and she became Kara's assistant in magic. Then her dog days set in. She started out on her own behest and, lo, she is to-day a celebrity of vaudeville. She has bowed to the applause of London and Paris and New York. The Prince of Wales has listened while she explained her system. She has engagements extending until the summer of 1903. She is wealthy, and all because Madame Emmey has concentrated her mind on dogs.

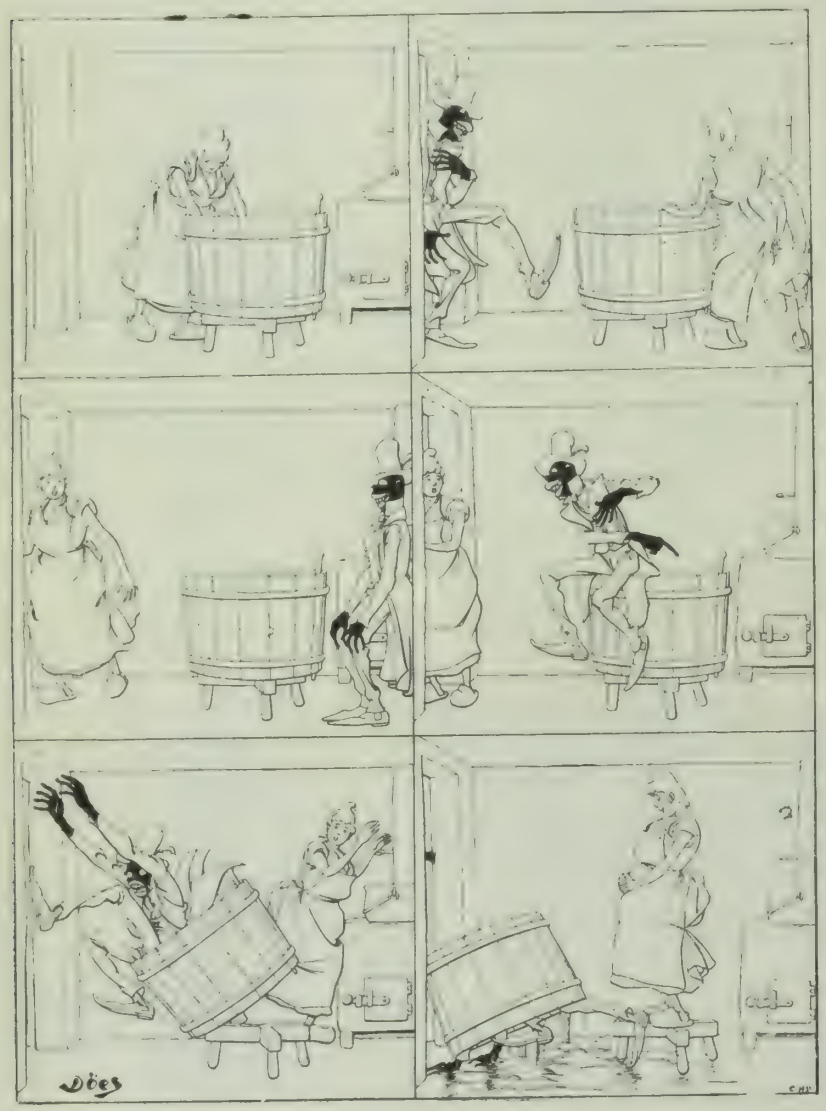
"I think of my act all the time," she exclaimed eagerly. "I wake up at night and I try to work out some new trick they can be taught. It was great when the idea to have those colored lights came into my head. That was on a wet night in London and I was eating some supper all by myself. I was quite lonely. Then the thought came. I said, 'Madame Emmy, that will double your salary.' And it has and I forgot to be lonely any more."

That is how a success is made, and absorption is the price of it. I suggested as much to the madame.

She nodded.

"When I first joined the circus there was a girl who turned what you call flip flaps, over and over like lightning. My! I thought. I'd just like to be able to do that. I soon found out how. Her mother got her up early in the morning and they'd go to work—tumbling hour after hour, just as I teach my terriers. It's the way we all must do; it's the price."

ROMEO AND JULIET UP TO DATE



1. This is a nice job they've given me.
2. Miss Molly, I [illegible]
3. 'Ow d'you think I'd 'ave a blackie like you?
4. Gahn, silly
5. Drat the man. Whatever is he up to?
6. Well, you 'ave made a fine mess.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth (5th) day of January, 1900, an assessment (No. 69) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth (9th) day of February, 1900 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the sebond (2nd) day of March, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses o sale. By order of the Board of Directors

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Absolutely the Best Evaporated CREAM on the Market.

Quality Guaranteed to remain unimpared either in the Intense Heat of the Tropics or the Extreme Cold of an Alascan Winter.

Recommended by the Medical Profession as an Ideal Food for Infants and Invalids.

HEADQUARTERS FOR ALASKANS

Commercial Hotel.

San Francisco, Cal.

CHANGED HANDS.

Entirely Renovated, Refurnished, New Elevator.

Rooms 50 cents to $2.00 per day.

ALL INFORMATION

Regarding Alaska can be obtained at the Hotel.

FRANK BRADFORD, Manager.

CAPE NOME GOLD SEPARATOR

Cut of Cape Nome Gold Separator. A machine especially constructed for separating the gold from the beach sands of Cape Nome, or the auriferous placer deposits. Capacity 25 to 30 tons of 10 working hours. Weight, 300 lbs. For prices and terms call on or address

C. P. TOPLIFF, Manager, Cor. Ninth and D Sts.

J. J FOLTZ, Sec. and Treas. 917 Pacific Ave., Tacoma, Wash.

S. S. "ABERDEEN"

[BUILT IN 1899.]

Capacity 1000 tons. Passenger accommodations, 220. All modern conveniences for comfort. Positively sailing from Tacoma direct for CAPE NOME

10th MAY, 1900.

This Company will have its own complete equipment for the safe and expeditious landing of passengers and cargo on arrival.

For Freight and Passage apply to

ALASKA TRANSPORT CO.,

114 NINTH STREET, - - TACOMA.

PACIFIC CLIPPER LINE.

E. E. CAINE, PRESIDENT,

STEAMSHIPS

Humboldt

Cleveland

Czarina

STEAMSHIPS

Chas. Nelson

Geo. W. Dickinson

Resolute

Steamers every Five days during May and June, 1900, for

CAPE NOME AND ST. MICHAELS.

.....Reservations Being Made Now. Secure Your Space.....

REGULAR SAILINGS FOR SKAGWAY AND SAN FRANCISCO.

GENERAL OFFICES:
ARLINGTON DOCK - - SEATTLE

CITY OFFICE:
622 FIRST AVENUE, - SEATTLE

Sailing for CAPE NOME About May 10th, 1900

LARGE AND MAGNIFICENT STEAMSHIP

CENTENNIAL.

Consider carefully the advantages in comfort and conveniences in travelling in a ship of this class as compared with steam-schooners and smaller vessels. Reservations for passengers and freight made now. Apply to.

NORTHWESTERN COMMERCIAL CO.,

201-202 PIONEER BUILDING, - - SEATTLE, WASH.

PACIFIC STEAM WHALING CO.

.....FOR.....

CAPE NOME.

Sailing from Seattle and carrying U. S. Mails

A1 STEAMERS

"JEANIE," April 25th. "EXCELSIOR," April 30th. "VALENCIA," May 30th,

The P. S. W. Co.'s Steamers are sheated with Iron Bark, and specially constructed to break ice, and will be the first steamers to reach CAPE NOME.

——For Freight or Passage apply——

PACIFIC STEAM WHALING CO.

313 First Avenue South, Seattle, Wash. 30 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SCHWABACHER HARDWARE CO.

—WHOLESALE DEALERS IN—

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Ship Chandelr, yetc.

Mining and Mill Supplies. Outfitters Supplies, Etc.

Powder, Caps and Fuse.

SEATTLE, - - WASHINGTON.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Schwabacher Bros. & Co., Inc.

SEATTLE, WASH. ESTABLISHED 1869

30 years of Fair Dealing has won for us the position of the LEADING WHOLESALE GROCERY HOUSE of the Pacific Coast.

The position so won, we are maintaining by selling reliable Groceries at the lowest possible price.

We have made special preparations for the Alaskan Trade, and carry the largest and most complete stock of Groceries, Cigars and Tobaccos on the Coast.

OUR PRICES ARE AT ALL TIMES THE LOWEST.

Galbraith, Bacon & Co., Inc.

WHOLESALE

HAY, GRAIN, FEED, AND FLOUR.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

DOUBLE COMPRESSED HAY.

FOR ALASKA SHIPMENT

Save money by economizing in space. Best goods at the right prices.

We also handle Lime, Cement, Plaster, Fire Brick, Etc.

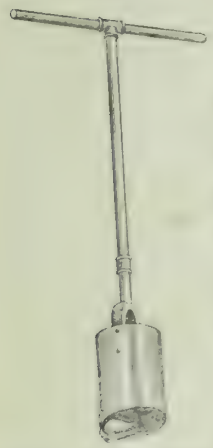
——OFFICE, MILL AND WAREHOUSES——

GALBRAITH DOCK, SEATTLE, WASH.

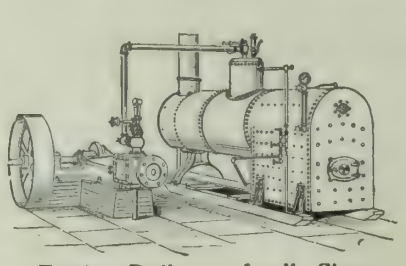
Foot of Washington Street.

MITCHELL, LEWIS and STAVER CO.

.....MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN.....

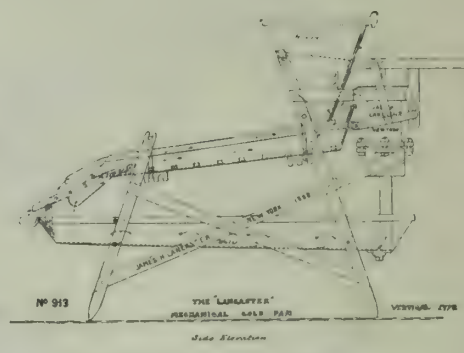


Klondike Prospector for Prospecting Under Water.



Engine Boilers of all Sizes and Styles.

Mechanical Gold Washer Takes the place of Ten Men with Rockers



MINING MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.

308-310 FIRST AVE SOUTH, SEATTLE, WASH.

If You Want to Know Anything About Cape Nome

Write us and we will gladly answer your questions, giving you only the latest and such information as we know to be reliable.

WHEN YOU START FOR NOME

Have your mail addressed in our care. You will receive it promptly while you are in Seattle and it will be forwarded to you promptly after you start for the gold fields.

To the right is a photograph of our store, showing a single shipment of Alaska outfits.

ONLY ONE

There is only one Alaska supply house that is older than any other; whose knowledge of the needs of the Alaska prospector has been gained by supplying his needs for the past twenty-two years.

It appears that our experience can be of use to you. It's yours for the asking. Write us freely for any information you may desire.

WHEN YOU ARRIVE IN SEATTLE

You will find us just a block from Union depot. Make your headquarters with us; you'll be welcome. We will cheerfully furnish you with all information you desire and consider you under no obligations to trade with us.

The MacDougall & Southwick Co.
717-19-21-23 First Avenue
Seattle-Wash.

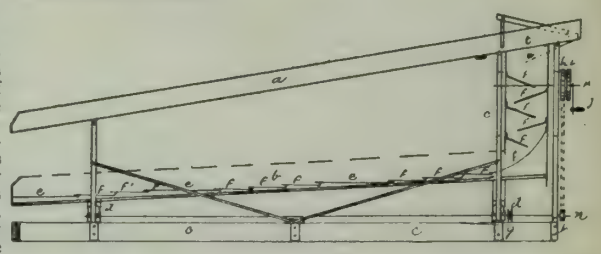
487 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

A GOLD SAVING MACHINE THAT SAVES THE GOLD.

SWAINS IMPROVED GOLD AMALGAMATOR. [PATENTED.]

HAND MACHINE WITH PUMP ATTACHED.

The lower sluice box B, containing silvered plates F and matting E, rests on ball-bearings D; and a side shake is imparted from one end to the other, thus breaking up and presenting all sides of the material to be amalgamated to the plates F. The machine is operated by a hand crank J which also operates an endless belt pump; thus one man furnishes the motion to the plates and water for amalgamation. The material is shoveled into a hopper and runs over a perforated iron plate, the gravel going over riffles in upper sluice box A, the fine sand passing through and over the plates F. Upper sluice box A is only used in power machines, or when water is obtained by sluice.



A PUBLIC TEST.

On January 5th, 1900, a public test of the machine was given. There were present many prominent mining men from Washington and Alaska and at the conclusion of the test, all united in saying that it was the best and most practical method of saving the gold in the peculiar sands found on the Alaskan Coast.

Two of the foremost assayers of the Northwest were also present and they both stated that the test was as thorough and complete as they could devise. The following is their official reports, which is characterised by mining men as marvelous.

ASSAYERS REPORTS.

C. E. BOGARDUS, Assayer and Chemist, City Chemist, 60 Columbia street.

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 5, 1900.

THE NOME MINING AND DEVELOPMENT CO., Mutual Life Building, City.

Gentlemen:—The results of my tests on samples of sand taken by me at the trial of your Swain's Amalgamator, made January 3, 1900, are as follows:

The material used was the gray sand and gravel of Cape Nome. The gold was the fine placer gold of Golovin Bay, quite similar to the beach gold of Nome. I sprinkled the gold in myself and had the sand thoroughly mixed by shovelling and reshovelling. Three samples were then taken by me, each sample representing an average, the sand being remixed between the taking of each sample. The sand measured about a quarter of a ton, which took 15 minutes to run through the machine, one man shovelling in and one man running the machine. The tailings were shovelled into a box, mixed and sampled in the same manner as the sand was before the test, three samples were taken.

The results below are not of an ordinary fire assay, but the three samples of each sampling were mixed, making one sample before it went through the machine and one sample of tailings. On these large samples middling tests were made. The sample of the original being twenty pounds while that of the tailings was twelve and one-half pounds.

In the calculations the gold was valued at $18.50. Results, Original, 1.53 oz. per ton, value $28.30 per ton. Tailings, .013 oz. per ton, value $00.24 per ton.

This shows a loss of .85 of one per cent which indicates a very high efficiency. Respectfully, (signed) A. BOGARDUS.

J. M. DAWLEY & CO., Assayers, Mining and Milling Engineers, 1517 Third ave. Tel. Buff, 241.

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 4, 1900.

I have made an analysis of the sands left with me for treatment (said samples of sand being taken by F. A. Hill, Esq., at my request, and represent the sand before and after passing through the gold saving machine owned and operated by the NOME GOLD MINING AND DEVELOPMENT CO.) by H. E. Pratt, secretary.

The sand before treatment contained 2 and one-tenth oz. of gold and silver to the cubic yard of wet sand. This metal is worth by assay $18 50 per oz. equal to $38.85 per cubic yard of wet sand.

The sand after treatment contained but 9 cents to the cubic yard of wet sand showing a saving of 98.08 per cent of the precious metals in the sand by this machine.

Yours respectfully, (signed) J. M. DAWLEY & CO., Assayers.

A review of the assayers, figures shows an almost incredible result. In the report of J. M. Dawley & Co. the amount of gold lost only amounted to 20 cents in $100.. And in the assay made by C. E. Bogardus the loss was 85 cents in $100. Both assays proving that under the most unfavorable conditions that could be devised, that SWAINS IMPROVED GOLD AMALGAMATOR is truly the Gold Saving Machine that SAVES the Gold with the smallest precentage of loss of any device yet manufactured. On January 6th, a like test was made, of two tons of the real ruby sands taken near the warehouse of J. S. Kimball & Co. at Cape Nome beach, and was witnessed by 30 or 40 prominent miners and capitalists. The consensus of opinion was freely given by all, that the machine had fully justified the claims made for it. The plates were kept clean all through the operation and a careful panning of the tailings failed to show a single color of gold while the plates were well coated with amalgam not a particle being lost.

METHOD OF WORKING.

There are various plans by which the Amalgamators may be supplied with sand or gravel, commencing with the ordinary method of shovelling by hand labor—for the small machines this would naturally be the proper way; with larger or power machines the material to be worked may be supplied by horse scrapers, dump carts, centrifugal pumps, sluicing, dredgers or any plan that the conditions may suggest. No matter what plan of working is adopted, some method of saving the gold will be required and none give better results than this Amalgamator, whose merits have been fully tested.

We are prepared to equip plants of all sizes with a capacity of one to ten tons per hour, or by connecting several machines together, the capacity would only depend upon the quantity of material obtained. A machine is now on exhibition working Nome sand and will be shown to anyone interested. We make the above machines in all sizes either to run by hand, water or steam power. For prices and further information call on or address

THE NOME GOLD MINING AND DEVELOPMENT CO. . . . . 211-212 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

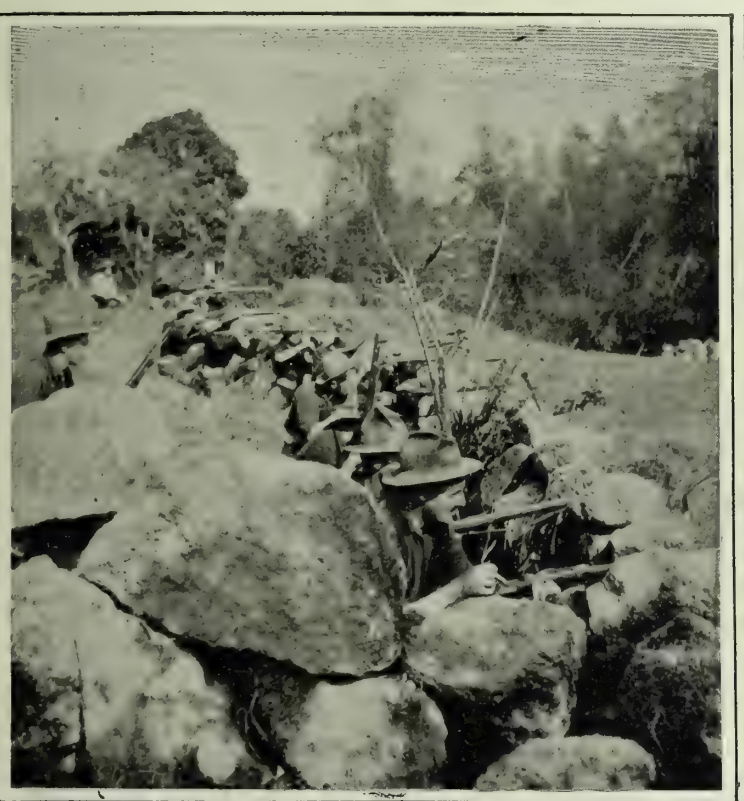
CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

To be taken from the Library

The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI, No. 5. SAN FRANCISCO — FEBRUARY 3, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS



"HIKING" THROUGH NEGROS.
FROM COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY D'AHMS, ALAMEDA.

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

[illegible] six months, $1.75; three [illegible] in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—February 3, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Supplying an Army 4
Transportation in the Philippines 5
The Rainier Club 6
An Exhibition of Bronzes, by Arthur Altschul 6
Things and People 7
Sad Days in London, by Spenser Masters 9
The Transvaal Secret Service, by Etienne Marcel 9
Review of the Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, by W. J. Neidig 10
Babblings of a Belle 11
The Confession of a Woman by Guy de Maupasant 12
Correspondenec 13
The Drama 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Plague Continues in Honolulu. More and more alarming grows the plague situation in Honolulu. The record is now forty deaths, an average of about one a day. Worse still, one of the late victims was a white, a well-known business woman of the city. When the news of her death was circulated, there was almost a panic, and the quarantine lines were drawn closer. Now, no freight is taken from the port or received there, and the same rule is kept regarding passengers. Even the other towns of the archipelago bar their ports against the capital. The inter-island mail is opened and fumigated before it is allowed to go ashore. The only exception to the rule against carrying out passengers is a concession from a small line running to San Francisco, which books tourists on condition that they will undergo two weeks' quarantine on arrival. On the 12th, the citizens of Honolulu decided to divide the city into sanitary districts patrolled by volunteer inspectors. Ten blocks of Chinatown have now been burned, and the whole district is to be destroyed. It goes without saying that trade is greatly injured. Sugar is piling up in the ports, and some of the island towns are suffering from a scarcity of the supplies generally sent from Honolulu. To remedy this, it is proposed to establish a temporary port just across the harbor from the city. About three thousand contract laborers have arrived since the port was closed. They are encamped in quarantine outside the walls. There seems to be a plague disturbance all around the shores of the Pacific. Australian advices state that it has appeared at New Caledonia, while the army authorities report several cases in Manila. Melbourne and Sydney have passed special quarantine regulations.

The War in the Philippines. We have heard so many times this winter that the organized Philippine insurrection is over, that the statement is likely to be received skeptically. Nevertheless, it is given out this week again, and there seems to be some ground for believing it. Early this month, the only organized insurgent bands known to be in existence were in Laguna de Bay, Cavite and Batangas provinces. These, the force under General Schwan has attacked and scattered, after a feeble resistance. The history of this campaign has been peculiar. The Americans would strike and disperse all the organized commands in sight. Then would follow a period of guerilla warfare wherein the insurgents would appear only in small bands. This would be followed by another outbreak of organized resistance at some unexpected point. But each burst has been weaker than the previous, and this last one was so feeble as to give hope that the insurrection is finished except for a little guerilla warfare. On the strength of this encouraging state of affairs, the President and the War Department are considering the advisability of issuing an amnesty proclamation, declaring the war over, and pronouncing all natives found in arms after a certain period bandits and outlaws. The advisability of taking such a course before Congress adopts a Philippine policy is seriously questioned. The more intelligent natives want a guarantee of good government before they abandon resistance; the rabble will continue to believe Aguinaldo's statement that the Democrats intend to free the islands, until Congress takes a firm stand. Meanwhile, an excess of murder and lawlessness and desultory guerilla warfare are to be expected.

Another British Reverse. Buller's advance across the Tugela River has been consummated and has resulted in another reverse for the British. The army gathered to relieve Ladysmith is resting South of the river, less over a thousand men killed, wounded and captured. The main body under Buller was never engaged at all, the enterprise being given up upon the defeat of Warren's flanking movement. This was commenced on Jan. 23 by a dash at Spion Kop, a hill which was supposed to be the key to the Boer position. General Woodgate and command seized it by a night attack and entrenched themselves. The following morning, a heavy fire from cannon, machine guns and small arms was opened upon the position. The point of attack had been ill-advised. Several small summits commanded it, and from these the Dutch poured in a heavy cross-fire. All day, the British held the trenches. There was no water on the summit; the sides were too steep for the passage of artillery. Warren tried to send in reinforcements, but the fire on the approaching road was too hot to admit of passage. Moreover, by some inconceivably foolish piece of mismanagement, the supply of ammunition gave out. The British fired their last cartridges toward night, and repelled the latest attack with bayonets. General Woodgate had been fatally wounded early in the day, and the officer who succeeded him withdrew during the night. Upon this, Buller drew off his forces to their old position back of the Tugela. The British loss is not fully known. The Boers say 1500, including 150 captured. Partial reports say that 912 men were lost in the two days' fighting before the Spion Kop affair. Buller says that in the latter fight 48 officers were lost, which, on "proportions" would make the total mortality in that fight about 500. Buller is now slated in London as a failure, and hope centers on Roberts and Kitchener, whose movements are not known, having been obscured through the interest taken in the Tugela advance. It is likely that Ladysmith will be left to its fate. The British abandoned the early plan of campaign—a dash at Pretoria—in order to relieve these places for wholly sentimental reasons. Now, good judgment would urge that they give up the attempt, concentrate their forces, and go straight on to the heart of Transvaal. So far, the whole number of British killed, wounded and captured comes to 10,000, of whom about two-thirds were lost in these relief expeditions. The feeling at London is again one of determination. The Yoemanry is off to the front. Whether any more troops will be sent is doubtful; it is felt that victory will lie in intelligent management rather than in numbers.

Guatemala in Financial Difficulties. Once again the Republic of Guatemala is in financial difficulties, being obliged to repudiate the payment of interest on her External Debt, held mostly in England. The treasury of this state is in a terribly involved condition, owing to bad financiering and to to short-sighted methods of meeting emergencies. The history of the present stringency goes back to such a crisis. In 1895, the outstanding debts, Internal and External, were consolidated into a new Four Per Cent. debt of $8,000,000. It was arranged that a sinking-fund of $45,000 per year was to be provided to meet the debt and, moreover, the bonds were secured by a special tax of $1.45 on every quintal of coffee exported, the rate to be fixed for the next ten years and to be paid regularly to the Guatemalan agent of the bondholders. But before the close of the year the government had made another change. A Hamburg house granted a loan for the construction of a railroad. In payment, they were given the revenue from the coffee tax, they agreeing to pay the interest on the Four Per Cent. loan for three years. This they did, but when the contract expired in June, 1898, and payment rested with the government once more the Guatemala treasury was unable to meet its obligations. As a temporary subterfuge, it was agreed to pay half the interest in cash, and the other half in certificates. One of the semi-annual payments fell due Dec. 31, 1899, but the treasury could not meet even that strain and the coupons were returned to the bondholders unpaid. The government has been promising to make an arrangement, like that of 1895, with another German firm, but up to date this has not materialized. The condition above all others which has gone to reduce Guatemala to this state is the low price of coffee. The exports of that staple are 95 per cent. of Guatemala's total exportation and, when hard times came upon the industry it paralyzed business throughout the whole republic. Morerver, a majority of the national legislature are coffee planters and they are naturally opposed to a heavy tax on that staple, notwithstanding the fact that the government looks to that tax for the bulk of its revenue. A rise in the price of coffee would go far toward solving the problem.

The Commercial Treaty with France. It is understood that, owing to the great number of agrarian members in the French Chamber of Deputies this year, the proposed reciprocity treaty between that country and the United States is not likely to meet with opposition on the other side of the water. Similarly, the measure encounters great objection in the United States. As provided by the law of 1896, it must be ratified by the Senate and approved by Congress before becoming valid. Lately, Mr. Kasson, the commissioner who first negotiated the agreement, appeared before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations in defense of the measure. He explained that the French tariff ranges from a minimum of 15 per cent. to a maximum of 75, and that while most of the countries of Europe, including Germany, generally receive a minimum rate for their products, we pay, with few exceptions, the maximum rate. France imports about $100,000,000 worth of manufactured products a year, taking $40,000,000 worth from the United Kingdom, $30,000,000 from Germany and only $3,000,000 from the United States. And it is in this item of manufactured goods that there will be the greatest reduction under the new arrangement. One thing which carries weight with the committee in charge, especially the Republican members, is the statement put forward by the sponsors of the treaty to the effect that certain rates in the McKinley Bill were purposely set high in order to allow for reductions under just such a treaty. This side issue has had all too much weight in making enemies for the measure. The Finance Committee and the Committee on Foreign Relations, within both whose provinces the measure falls, are conferring with a view to harmonious action.

The Emperor of China Deposed. Chinese politics are in a curious and tangled state. Just what has happened it is impossible to tell, since the Imperial Palace at Pekin is so shut off from the outside world that almost nothing filters through. All that is certain is that the young Emperor who has so long been held a prisoner is declared deposed and that Pu Chun, son of Prince Tuan, has been appointed his heir. The new incumbent is a boy of fourteen. His exact relationship with the ruling family is not known, but he is said to be a grandson of the old Emperor, who ruled before Kwang Su, the one just removed, though by another mother than the Empress Dowager. There is a persistent report that Kwang Su has committed suicide, and another that he has been murdered. The whole affair has to do with the Dowager Empress. She is a Celestial Catherine de Medici, and exerted supreme control over the former Emperor, her husband. Her own son died, and she had her nephew, Kwang Su, a weakling, placed on the throne. A few years ago, he came under the power of progressive advisors, and began to further their plans for the advancement of China. This was contrary to the will of the Dowager Empress, who plotted until, early last year, she accomplished the downfall of these ministers and, making the Emperor a prisoner, began an era of reaction. Now, she has disposed of the Emperor himself, and placed upon the throne a boy, in whose minority she may keep control of affairs. Europeans believe that conditions are nearing a crisis. She has disposed, temporarily, of the progressive element and has caused a return to the old system of government by literary examinations, but she has no hold with the masses, who hate her. At the very opening of the new regime she must show whether she favors Russia or Japan, the two powers most hungry for a slice of China. This decision may hasten the crisis, or it may be delayed until clamor from within and pressure of European powers without forces the control from her party. Whether the change will mean a reorganization of China on enlightened lines or a dismemberment of the Empire cannot even be guessed.

Roberts Excluded From Congress. The Roberts case in Congress was closed January 25, by the exclusion of the polygamous member. It was known after the special committee reported that there was no hope of his keeping his seat, the only question being whether the House of Representatives would follow the majority report and exclude him or would adopt the more justifiable course recommended by the minority in seating and then expelling him. The debate was a hot one and gave the Congressional orators an opportunity to display their love of virtue on the floor. The minority report was put and lost by a vote of 81 to 244. The majority report carried, 268 to 50, the votes in favor of the accused being cast mainly by Democrats. Roberts left for Utah at once. He is reported as saying that he has changed his previous intention and will not run for the House again. The other members of the Irreproachable House will continue to preserve their morals and those of the country.

Report of the Civil Service Commission. The annual report of the Civil Service Commission shows that there are employed in that branch of the government service 182,000 persons, 75,000 of them falling into the classified list, and the remainder into the unclassified. About 20,000 positions are permanently located in the District of Columbia. Of the classified positions, 72 per cent. are entered by an examination on the branches of knowledge embraced in an ordinary common-school education. Such is the qualification for clerks in the departments and in the post office and customs service. A registration test is required for 22 per cent. This includes no educational examination, only the satisfaction of tests as to experience, age, physical soundness and recommendations as to efficiency and honesty. Such is the test for firemen, watchmen, janitors, etc. Only 6 per cent. are filled by technical examination requiring special or technical knowledge. During the year, 47,956 persons were examined for all branches of the service. Of these, 35,682 passed, and 11,274 failed. During the year, 9,056 appointments were made, the largest number in the history of the commission. One striking fact noted in the report is the small number of removals in the classified service as compared with the unclassified. On the face of it, this speaks well for the classified system, and it calls out this comment from the commissioners: "If the removals from the unclassified positions were made because the occupants were incompetent, it was a condemnation of the system under which they were appointed. On the other hand, if the removals were made for other reasons than unfitness the welfare of the service could not have been the basis for such action." From the figures the conclusion must be drawn that either the persons brought in through examination are far more efficient than the others or the removals from the unclassified positions have been made for other cause than the good of the service.

Railroads Combining to Cut Expenses. The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission concerning the evasions of the law regarding charges by the railroads of this country came almost simultaneously with an announcement to the effect that the main lines of the country were planning a combination to reduce operating expenses, consolidate ticket-offices and harmonize passenger and freight charges. This was taken up by the sensational anti-trust papers, as usual, and was made much of. In reality, the extent of the movement and its importance were greatly exaggerated. Never-the-less, there was some truth in them. Never was there such perfect agreement between the various lines as now. Roads which were formerly persistent freight-cutters have been taken in hand by the big trunk lines. Some have been purchased, in some a controlling interest has been secured, others have been reached through pressure brought to bear on individual directors, but in every case the result has been the same; the management has fallen into the hands of persons in sympathy with the great systems. It has been stated that the big roads in the East were contemplating a combination of ticket-offices, all the ticket-selling in any one city to be in

the hands of one large, central bureau. This is not true, but it is true that several roads have agreed to combine their offices at smaller points and to abolish competition in certain lines of traffic, thus doing away with considerable expense for offices, employees, and advertising. Co-incident with this, is a disposition to consolidate. For instance, the New York Central has just bought over several smaller lines operating in the state.

A Banner Year For Commerce.

If this department has printed, ever to weariness, the statistics turned in by the government experts concerning this most remarkable year, it has done so through a conviction that they prove an unusual movement toward commercial expansion. There is little use in saying that the nation has been immensely prosperous, that we are reaching out, commercially as well as politically, unless the results are shown in plain dollar-and-cent figures. Such figures are given in the statistics lately furnished by the Treasury Department concerning exports and imports of manufacturing concerns for the year ending Jan. 1. To say that it was the record year for manufacturing is to put it mildly. The importation of raw materials for manufacturing increased 33 per cent. and the total exportation in the same class to 25 per cent. The fact that the importation of raw materials has increased faster since the return of prosperity than the exportation of finished products does not mean that our own producers are unable to meet the demand. There has not been time, since the return of industrial prosperity, to work over the raw material brought in and get it out of the country as finished product; that is all. In 1898, exports of manufactures averaged $25,000,000 a month; in 1899, they came to $31,000,000 a month, or just about $1,000,000 a day. Beginning with $25,806,870 for January, the figures rose to $35,652,053 in December. The grand total for the year is $280,000,000, and that for the fiscal year ending June, 1900, is almost certain to be $400,000,000. As might be expected, the chief increase was in the Oriental trade, which has nearly doubled in the past ten years. The total for Japan and China comes to over $87,000,000. Our imports from the two countries, while they have increased since 1889, have fallen off in the period since 1896, which has shown the greatest increase in exports. Cotton, refined petroleum, wheat, flour, and manufactured iron and steel are our great staples for the Oriental trade, while we receive from them mostly teas and silks. It is interesting to note in this connection that we are rapidly overhauling Great Britain in the race for commercial supremacy. The United Kingdom leads the world with an export record of $1,287,971,000 for 1899; the United States exported in that year $1,253,486,000, making a difference of 34 millions in favor of Great Britain. Since 1875, however, the British trade in domestic exports has increased only 19 per cent. while ours has increased 150 per cent. We are easily second and, if the increase continues at even a moderate rate, we will take the lead by 1910.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Extra Session.

TIME, and time alone, will enable the unprejudiced observer of passing events to form an accurate judgment opon the moot question of whether Governor Gage has acted wisely or unwisely in convening the Legislature of California in the extra session, which began on last Monday. Modern politics constitutes a game, rather than a science—and a game, at that, in which there are no fixed rules, and in which nothing succeeds like success. In this connection, however, it may profitably be borne in mind by those who are inclined to allow themselves the privilege of a speculative train of thought, that, since the present Constitution (which was drawn with the purpose of discouraging special sessions and limiting regular sessions) went into operation, there have been but two special sessions of the Legislature. Both were afterwards regretted by the executives who called them, and were followed by political disaster to the parties which were responsible for them. Since the days of Robert, the Bruce, however, there has been an adage to the effect that the third attempt generally carries with it the talisman of success; and that may prove true in this case.

The Governor's proclamation concerning the Legislature sets out sixteen subjects, which he desires the legislative branch to deal with at this time. The first, and, from the standpoint of the politician's politics, most important of these is the election of a United States Senator. This is simply a revival of the struggle of one year ago, which was one of the bitterest controversies that can be found in the history of this state; and since our commonwealth was first organized it has been prolific of personal politics and all the harsh antagonisms which naturally grow out of that kind of controversy.

The second and fourth stipulations relate to the Harbor Commission and its management. In this matter, as in others, the Governor has outlined in his proclamation the nature of the legislation he desires with a degree of detail that has presented his critics with grounds upon which to base the charge that he desires to usurp the functions of the legislative branch of the government. This phase of the matter, however, need scarcely be seriously considered. If Governor Gage has erred at all, his error has undoubtedly been occasioned by an over-anxiety to accomplish ends which he believes will produce good and redound to the public interest. The merits of the proposed legislation in regard to the Harbor Commission do not appeal to many of those who are deeply interested in harbor affairs as being worthy of support. Some of the suggestions are very radical—notably, that relating to the construction of new wharves at the cost of persons who have agreed to bear that burden in return for the privilege of occupying the structures for a specified term of years. This, obviously, would be a clumsy way of financiering state undertakings. California is surely rich enough to conduct the public business without a resort to pawnbroking expedients of that kind. Jobs have, before now, been concealed behind far less clumsy arrangements, and the Harbor Commission is a ticklish subject to even hint at the word "job" in connection with. The proposal to create a Commissioner of Public Works and an Auditing Board to keep tab on his doings is also one that raises a decided conflict of opinion. Yet, under the new charter, we have a Board of Public Works which promises to be an effective and valuable adjunct of the city government.

The Governor's proclamation suggests legislative action in regard to wagon-wheel tires, the location of mineral lands, the sale of school lands, and the suspension of the sale of public lands. Then he comes to the more important matter of amending the law relating to the State Lunacy Commission, the removal of asylum employes, and the government of state asylums. Comparatively recent events have projected the last mentioned matter into the front line of public importance, and the Governor's recommendations seem to be in touch with the general desire for a needed reform.

Those points in Governor Gage's recommendations in regard to legislation relate to the removal of public appointive officers and the suspension of appointive officers. In these directions, his ambitions seem to run in the direction of absolutism. Apparently he desires to concentrate in the hands of the Chief Executive of the state a degree of power that most people will regard as dangerous and as tending to lay the basis for building up a great gubernatorial machine. Yet, it must be remembered that the new charter vests just such capactiy in the hands of the Mayor of San Francisco, and the same process of reasoning that justifies confidence in the discretion and virtues of this functionary surely applies as well to the gubernatorial office. Governor Gage, then, asks only for the authority that the people have already given Mayor Phelan. It will be granted or withheld, according to the construction by the Legislature of the Governor's purposes.

The Woman's Kingdom.

IN a recent issue of a New York daily newspaper of the new, or, as it is generally termed, yellow type of journalism, there appears a page of printed matter consisting of some very short articles by a number of ladies, some of whom have gained distinction and others notoriety in various fields of activity. The page is captioned "What the century has done for women and what women have done for the century." The purpose of the page and the short, signed interviews or articles of which it is composed may readily be gathered from the following extract taken from its introduction:

> This century is essentially a woman's paean of victory. In the hundred years which will end December 31, 1900, woman will have become emancipated, felt her strength, asserted her rights and taken a place in the stirring events of the world which was looked upon as not only impossible but unwomanly a hundred years ago.

In that statement, and more particularly in the implications and insinuations which it conveys, and is designed to convey, there is as much misleading and fat-witted balderdash and buncombe as could very well be crowded into the short space it occupies. The woman of to-day is no more "emancipated" and has no more "felt her strength" than her sister of a century ago. She has advanced with the progress of the world, keeping step with her brother, the male tyrant, to the music of events and developments, just as she has through all the centuries since mankind, scantily clad in the skins of the beasts which it slew for sustenance, emerged from the caves of the primeval forest to clear away and cultivate the open field and build a hovel for shelter and storage and work a slow and burdensome way from the squalor and privation of abject savagery into the luxury and refinement and opulence of the great world with which we all find ourselves confronted to-day. In this long and wearing struggle the woman of the past bore her part just as thoroughly as the woman of to-day bears her part, and in every achievement of expanding and developing civilization woman has exerted a no less conspicuous and useful influence than man, for throughout the ages, as now, the hand that rocked the cradle ruled the world and fashioned its steady tendency upward and onward.

The assertion that the century, which is just closing, is "essentially a woman's paean of victory" and that during it woman has "asserted her rights and taken a place in the stirring events of the world" is picturesque enough and meaningless enough to pass for a plank in the platform of a woman's rights convention. It can hardly be intended to assert that during the century that is just closing any individual woman has gained any individual prominence or exerted any larger influence in "the stirring events of the world" than was gained and exerted by Joan of Arc, or by Cleopatra, or by Queen Mary of England, or by Queen Elizabeth of England, or by Queen Isabella of Spain, or by Katherine of Aragon, or by any other of the vast array of women that occupy conspicuous places in the history of the centuries that are past and gone. A close examination of the text of the published interviews or articles indicates, indeed, though it does not conclusively show, that the idea which it is desired to convey is that the opportunities for women to engage in the great, bread-winning occupations in life have been enlarged during the closing century. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton states this phase of the case in this language:

> In the face of leaders of Church and State they pushed back bolts and bars, walked the wards of the hospital, entered the courts of justice, expounded the commands of God in the pulpit and questions of government in legislative halls. In vain did men protest, as they saw the power slipping from their hands; vain were their thunderbolts of denunciation. Women began to fill an equal place, gradually taking possession of all the vantage points in the world of thought and action, crowding into the colleges by the thousand, pushing their way in the trades and professions, becoming the most popular orators, authors and actors, and rapidly coming into competition with the most distinguished musicians, scientists and philosophers, proving themselves the equal of man in every department where they have had equal opportunities for development.

All of the truth that is to be found in this fanfaronade may be summed up in the simple statement that, in many countries, what are termed the learned professions, and the scholastic institutions which lead into them, have been thrown open to woman. It is not true, however, that they have proved themselves "the equal of man in every department where they have had equal opportunities for development." Nature, or God, or whatever the creative power may be designated, has fitted the male and the female for the performance of different functions and while at long intervals male dressmakers, like Worth, and female soldiers, like Joan of Arc, may arise to confound the laws of creation, still such instances are but exceptions, and the general rule maintains its position as a controlling factor in the great battle of life that surges around us. The gasconading of the "strong minded," as they are pleased to term themselves, does not and cannot change all this or re-make what a greater power has created. At the bar and in the pulpit woman, as a matter of fact, has been a flat failure. In the medical profession, for some branches of which she is better fitted by nature, she has met with somewhat better success; but even there, she has never passed mediocrity and has only reached that stage of development in small numbers. The fields of literature, of art and of the stage (both lyric and dramatic) have always been wide open to woman. The dying century has brought her no "paean of victory" or "emancipation" in that direction. So far as concerns the trades, in which Mrs. Stanton asserts that women are "pushing their way" by reason of the increased opportunities which the "emancipation" of the closing century has brought, it may be pointed out that that of printing, or type-setting, is about the only one in which she has invaded. In that vocation woman has been a very qualified success. Commercially, her work is valued at much less than that of the tyrant, man, by those who purchase it as a commodity for the purpose of selling it again. Thus it goes all along the line. The iron jaw of the "strong minded" may clatter and clatter, but it cannot move the immutable laws of nature.

Perhaps if this "paean of victory" and "emancipation" were translated into more intelligent language it would be condensed into the simple statement that during the century that is just closing, and more particularly during the last third of it, the harsh exigencies of our complex civilization have driven large numbers of women out of home life, and the vocations they are adapted to, into the turmoil of business activity where they are struggling for a scanty pittance, and uncongenial surroundings, as well as limiting the opportunities and cutting the remuneration of the fathers and husbands and brothers who should be the bread winners. That, however, constitutes a strange "paean of victory" and "emancipation." Indeed, there are not wanting those who think that the American republic is founded upon the family hearthstone—a kingdom, if one may be allowed to employ a figure of speech, in which woman has ever ruled, with a sceptre of love, as Queen—and that this new order of things menaces both.

The Chief of Police controversy continues to concentrate public attention in San Francisco. The investigation into the charges of the *Bulletin* against Lieutenant Esola was concluded Saturday evening. Evidence in his favor proved what was said here last week, that he is an agreeable and respectable young man, who seems to have made many friends, but it was not proven that he possesses the knowledge or character required for so important a post as Chief of Police. His personality and record, however, are of secondary importance in the controversy in comparison with the intense feeling everywhere manifested against turning the department over to the *Examiner*. He is presented as the candidate of that newspaper; it has engaged itself in Esola's defense just as though its own reputation or that of its owner were at stake. Should this man be appointed, his selection would be due to the *Examiner* and to no other agency, and surely the Chief's first consideration would be for this journalistic friend and ally. It is hard to see how it could be otherwise. To place a paper in so powerful a position is a dangerous expedient and I imagine the commissioners will see it in that light. However, they are gentlemen of standing and position in San Francisco and are privileged to act as their best judgment dictates.

EQUIPPING AN ARMY

COL. O. F. LONG IN HIS OFFICE.

HOW much has the Spanish-American war profited San Francisco? Clear aside from humanitarian consideration, how much cold cash has it brought to the residents of the city? Stop before you read any farther, and make an estimate for yourself. I have put the question this week to all sorts and conditions of men and have been amused at their guesses. The average estimate was somewhere in the neighborhood of ten million dollars. One man put his figures high and made it twenty-five millions. All were away below the actual figures. In the year between June, 1898, and June, 1899, the War Department spent in San Francisco, on behalf of the Eighth Army Corps, fifty million dollars, of which over two-thirds, or fully thirty-five millions, went into the pockets of firms having headquarters on the Coast or of residents of San Francisco. This was for just one year, remember. In the two months before the opening of that year, there had been a heavy expenditure, since one military expedition had already been quartered, fitted out and dispatched. In the year from June, 1899 to June, 1900, it is estimated that the expenditure will come to thirty millions, of which the usual two-thirds will stop in San Francisco. Adding this sum, or twenty millions, to the figures for the busiest year, and allowing for money expended before June, 1898, and for the sums spent here from their pay by officers and soldiers encamped in the city en route, and you have a grand total of sixty million million dollars added to the trade of the city of the Golden Gate in two years by the army alone. How much the navy has disbursed in the port, I do not know, but while it is less than that expended by the army, it will add considerably to the total.

Rather startling, isn't it? Let us make a few comparisons. In 1898, California produced a little over sixteen million dollars' worth of the precious metals. Allowing that the production of 1899 equals that amount, still the war expenditures in San Francisco double the sum. We are having an oil boom of no small dimensions just now, yet the total output of the State's oil wells comes to just about one-fifth the sums circulated in San Francisco for the army. You can put oil on top of gold and silver and throw in a few manufacturing industries on top of that, and still not reach thirty-five millions in one year. Besides that, this money came in just when it was needed. It hauled us through a dry year. The whole country is paying for the war, while the war is paying only a few favored localities. The City of Saint Francisco is the most favored of these.

The agencies for the supplying of the Eighth Army Corps are divided into three departments—of subsistence, medical and Quartermaster's, the latter subdivided into the departments of clothing, supplies, and transport. The Quartermaster's Department has been the one with which San Francisco has had most to do. The other two draw a great portion of their supplies from the East. The Quartermaster's Department, on the other hand, does work of such a nature that most of the materials have to be purchased on the ground. Transports—coal—civilian employees—all these and a thousand other minor things are taken from California. It is on this department that the strain of the war came most heavily, and it is in this department that the emergency has been met most creditably.

CUTTERS AND TAILORS, CLOTHING DEP'T.

May 1st, 1899, Dewey took the harbor of Manila. At that time, the Department of the Pacific included about 3,000 men, scattered all over California and the southwest. Washington began to telegraph to Colonel Long, then, as now, at the head of the department, "Can you attend to five thousand men?" "Can you attend to ten thousand?" The number rose in a month to twenty thousand, and went up, by leaps and bounds in one year to seventy-five thousand. Long telegraphed back to the East for assistance, but they were busy then with the invasion of Cuba and had not a single tent or blanket to spare. It was "up to" the authorities here to provide, with their inadequate facilities, for the wants of this growing army, and to dispatch and equip them with the greatest possible speed, with transportation over the longest steamer route in the world. The government did not own a single military transport, and there were no supplies ahead. Yet within less than four weeks from Dewey's dash into Manila Bay, an expedition of three ships and two regiments, the first to leave our coasts for a foreign port, got away from San Francisco. More than this, they left thoroughly equipped and with adequate transports.

How much hard work and how much cutting of red tape this involved may easily be imagined. The government makes its own uniforms, purchasing other supplies by contract. Before the war, this took a force of about a dozen seamstresses with cutters to keep them supplied. Within two weeks from the first call, five hundred women were at work on uniforms. The regular officials had never had the slightest dealings with ships, yet three transports had to be secured, inspected and transformed into troop ships in four weeks. The demand for cloth, blankets, and underclothes, was greater than the available supply in all California. At times, as when the "Kansas dudes" came in clad simply in overalls and bandana handkerchiefs or when the Nebraska men arrived without blankets, it seemed as though the emergency were too great to be met. It *was* met only by a judicious dispensing with rules and by the hearty co-operation of San Francisco merchants. One or two examples will suffice. The red tape of the War Department requires that at least ten days' notice shall be given for bids on all supplies. A regiment would come in without blankets, and the stock in the store-rooms would be exhausted. To fulfil the rules, the Quartermaster's Department would have to keep the volunteers shivering at the Presidio for those ten days. The officials, in such a case, would put their positions in risk by accepting and opening bids at once. Such work was done many times in those lively days, and Washington has since approved the action. Again, certain manufacturing firms in the city found that their machinery was entirely inadequate to the demands. They telegraphed for new appliances at once, and had the raw material sent on by express instead of freight, paying the extra expense themselves. More money was given to the nation in those first days of the war than ever went into the Red Cross treasury.

FIFTY THOUSAND PAIRS OF SHOES.

The congestion passed, and the department was enabled to get back to rules once more. In the process of change, it had multiplied itself by about ten. This normal increase, calling, as it did, for an expansion of facilities all along the line, was not the least of the troubles of Colonel Long and his assistants. This movement is now complete, and they have been able to return to regular army routine and red tape methods. They are now supplying an army of about seventy-five thousand men, in the Philippines, Honolulu, Alaska, and California. They control ten transports owned by the Government, most of them purchased in the port since the war opened, and have used at various times some sixty vessels chartered for immediate needs. They have caught up on supplies, so that the storehouses are filled with clothing and equipment kept ahead, and there is no need of breaking the laws regarding contracts. They have moved the huge Eight Corps operating in the Philippines over a route nearly seven thousand miles long, and done it without a single fatal accident due to neglect of the department. The only casualty of any kind was the wreck of the *Morgan City* in the inland sea of Japan, and that was due to the carelessness of a German pilot. Compare this with the record of the English army in the present Boer war. They have moved a force about equivalent to our Philippine army over a route not quite half as long. In doing this, they have had about a dozen accidents, some with loss of life, and one resulting in the destruction of a troop-ship and several batteries of artillery. While it is true that the English had less time to get the entire force moved, it is also true that Great Britain owned transports and transport facilities previous to the war, and was not obliged to make them, as we were. The comparison here is all on our side. Even in our own Spanish war, the Pacific Coast, with more men to move, and a greater distance to cover, has come in for little of the hostile criticism aimed at the Eastern authorities.

INSPECTING UNIFORM CLOTH.

The business of the Quartermaster's Department centers upon the old, gray building on Montgomery street, the government dock, and the big storehouse, the building on Mission street once occupied by the *Examiner*. As the business now runs, it is hedged about by all the formality which goes into government affairs. Contracts for supplies are let on certain specifications furnished from Washington. Bids are made on that basis, and the award given to the firm whose price within the specifications is lowest. This done, the product receives the most rigid inspection. It is made especially severe in the case of woolen cloth for uniforms, in which a bigger business is done than *in* any other one thing. The material must be of a certain weight per yard, and must have just so many threads per inch in web and woof. It must endure certain tests for breaking, for wearing quality, and for color. Finally, the great bolts of cloth, as they come in, are run over a frame which looks like a printing-press and examined yard by yard for flaws. For holes and broken threads, a price is deducted from the contract, for other faults, it is rejected. Such articles as underclothes, socks, shoes, caps, hats, etc., are inspected one by

one before acceptance. The uniforms, made from cloth in the bolt by the government's own employees, have to undergo the same ordeal before they are packed and put away for shipment to Manila.

Although the matter of bids is hedged about by rules, yet there are opportunities for the officers to extend favors in the way of placing orders. Generally, partiality has been shown the Coast in this matter. This is partly because of the saving of time involved, and partly because of a feeling of gratitude for past favors. The Coast stood by them in the hard pull of '98; now they are standing by the Coast. The government has not suffered by this policy. I have the word of Lieutenant Lyman, of the Marine Inspection Service, that "the supplies we have bought in California are generally of high quality for the price, equal, and in many cases superior, to the best Eastern goods."

The acceptance and preparation of a government transport involves an immense amount of work, considering that it must always be done in a hurry. Following the acceptance and inspection by the Treasury Department's officials, comes an inspection by medical officers under the Quartermaster's Department. Even the best passenger vessel has to be changed in important particulars before she can be used to transport soldiers. The inspectors report on the alterations needed, sometimes involving an entire refitting, and stevedores and carpenters get to work. Such emergencies have sometimes raised the number of the Department's civilian pay-roll in San Francisco to 14,000. All this time, the problem of coaling must be solved, and in a region where coal is passing scarce.

The man at the head of this huge business, and the one who deserves the best share of the credit for the Department's present efficiency is Colonel Oscar F. Long, an old Indian fighter. Colonel Long is a native of Utica, New York. He graduated from West Point in 1876, and went into the Fifth Infantry, General Miles' old regiment. He saw line service against the Indians for sixteen years, mostly in Montana and Idaho. He was then transferred to General Miles' staff, and served there until nine years ago, when he entered the Quartermaster's Department at Washington. In 1896, he was transferred to San Francisco. The rest is part of the history of San Francisco's share in the Spanish-Filipino war.

Prologue to "The Two Noble Kinsmen."

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

SWEET as the dewfall, splendid as the south,
Love touched with speech Boccaccio's golden mouth,
Joy filled and thrilled its utterance full with song,
And sorrow smiled on doom that wrought no wrong.
A starrier lustre of lordlier music rose
Beyond the sundering bar of seas and snows
When Chaucer's thought took life and light from his,
And England's crown was one with Italy's.
Loftiest and last, by grace of Shakespeare's word,
Arose above their quiring spheres a third,
Arose, and flashed, and faltered: song's deep sky
Saw Shakespeare pass in light, in music die.
No light like his, no music, man might give
To bid the darkened sphere, left songless, live.
Soft, though, the sound of Fletcher's rose and rang
And lit the lunar darkness as it sang,
Below the singing stars, the cloud-crossed moon
Gave back the sunken sun's a trembling tune.
As when at highest high tide the sovereign sea
Pauses, and patience doubts if passion be,
Till gradual ripples ebb, recede, recoil,
Shine, smile, and whisper, laughing as they toil,
Stark silence fell, at turn of fate's high tide,
Upon his broken song when Shakespeare died,
Till Fletcher's light sweet speech took heart to say
What evening, should it speak for morning, may.
And fourfold now the gradual glory shines
That shows once more in heaven two twinborn signs,
Two brethren stars whose light no cloud may fret,
No soul whereon their story dawns forget.

—*In Saturday Rebiew.*

The lumber mills of Washington, which have been closed by mutual agreement during the past sixty days, re-opened on January 9th, and will continue in operation indefinitely, unless there is an over-production or some of the dealers outside of the breastworks attempt to cut prices. The mill men have formed a very strong association for mutual protection and those who have not become members are likely to have a hard time of it. The organization has kept up prices and has made such an arrangement with eastern dealers that, in case there should be a rise above the amount paid to Washington dealers, they are to share in the profits. It is a peculiar scheme, but both the local men and their Eastern connections like it and so all ought to be satisfied. One of the best features of the scheme is that it has kept wages up to the top notch.

The Roumanian minister of public instruction has sent a circular to the head mistresses of all girls' schools in Roumania to the following effect: "Experiments based on science and practice having shown that stays are hurtful to health, and interfere with the action of the organs of respiration, I decree that you strictly forbid the use of stays to the pupils of your establishment." A similar edict was not long ago issued by the Russian government.

1. A BREAK DOWN. 2. ARTILLERY GONIG TO THE FRONT. 3. A REST FOR THE WEARY. 4. THE REGIMENT'S BAGGAGE.

TRANSPORTATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BEN-HUR.

WHATEVER may be said of it from an artistic standpoint, as a spectacle and as a financial venture, the drama of *Ben-Hur*, as produced this season at the Broadway in New York, is the theatrical success of the year. It was a huge undertaking. Consider it for a moment, you who have read the book and know nothing of the play. No novel ever written was set in such a variety of splendid scenes. There is the desert with the single star in the heavens, the manager, Jerusalem the Golden, the galleys and the sea-fight, Athens in the days of her glory, the Groves of Daphne, the Mount of Olives, the Amphitheatre—these and a score of others rush to the mind in reviewing the book. It would have been impossible to present the play without bringing in these scenes, for the disappointment of readers, their imaginations filled with Wallace's splendid descriptions, would have ruined a presentation wherein this splendor was cut. The chariot-race alone was a great problem. It is the climax of the story; without it the play would have been like *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet scratched. Yet it seemed like a scene well-nigh impossible for the stage. Consider. In the book, Ben-Hur drives his chariot so as to follow Messala's for seven turns of the Amphitheatre. At one point, his rival fouls him on a critical turn by lashing his gently-bred Arabs. Then, on the very stretch, Ben-Hur brings his steeds to a great burst of speed and catching the Roman's chariott-wheel with the hub of his own as he passes, wrecks the car and goes on to victory. Two chariots with four horses each have to be thus manoeuvred on the stage, and, while keeping up the illusion of a race, all this action must be introduced.

This problem had to be solved first of all, and it cost fifteen thousand dollars a-doing. The mechanism was first planned and put under construction. For each chariot was built a cradle twenty feet long by fourteen wide. On this, is set a runaway or treadmill, so arranged that the horses may run at full speed and yet gain no advance. In passing, it may be said that the problem concerned in producing a running horse on the stage is not that of getting him to make speed, but of getting him under way in the narrow limits of a theatre. These cradles travel on a circular railroad, and the horses are fastened to them by invisible steel cables. Back of these cradles, is placed the scenery of the arena. As the race starts, this revolves in a direction opposite to the apparent course of the horses. Thus the audience has the illusion of moving with the racers. It took three months to train the eight horses used. It was found that the incident of smashing the wheel was not practicable for the stage, and it was therefore cut.

This solved, the production of the twelve other spectacular scenes was comparatively easy. But meanwhile, a problem just as serious as the mechanical ones confronted the adapters of the play. The production, like that of *The Christian* is, frankly stated, a "play" to religious sentiment. Stated in terms of the box-office, it is an attempt to induce a large body of people who generally shun the theatre to attend because of the high moral purpose involved. It would not do to shock their sensibilities by introducing the Crucifixion or the ministry of Christ as factors, yet the novel hinges on these two things. Especially is this true of the scene where the mother and sister of Hur are healed of leprosy. It was a vital point and must be met. Finally, it was decided to do this by throwing over them, after they had prayed for deliverance, a light from above. The other delicate passages were dodged by similar methods.

As may be imagined, the drama hampered by these fetters is not a great one, It could hardly be so under the circumstances. Moreover, the "speaking-parts" are subordinated to the spectacle at every point. With two elaborate ballets, and a number of spectacular features, like the sea-fight, the race, and the miracle, not much is left for the actors. No, it is only a mediocre play, fair, what there is of it, and acceptably acted, but its startling value comes in the wonderful scenes, the beautiful costumes, the ballets and evolutions, and the mechanical devices. It is in for a long run here and abroad, although it can never be a road piece because of the heavy machinery involved. The shot at the religionists has hit the mark. Clergymen and congregations have crowded the Broadway to bursting and made glad the box-office. At its best, it is only a series of living pictures—think of it, the clergy taking their flocks to see living pictures!

There is an almost complete failure of the olive crop in Southern Italy and in Sicily this season, owing to the ravages of the oil fly, which appeared in unusual numbers on account of the prolonged drouth of last summer and fall. The loss to the provinces of Bari and Lecce alone is estimated at 60,000,000 lire, or $12,000,000. There will be a corresponding scarcity of oil, of course. The country people are having their eyes opened to the consequences of their wholesale destruction of insect-devouring songbirds.

VIEWS OF THE RAINIER CLUB, SEATTLE.

AN EXHIBITION OF BRONZES.

BY ARTHUR ALTSCHUL.

THE loan exhibition of bronzes at the Hopkins Institute, which has just come to an end, was not remarkable for abundance in first-class works; it was rather a modest display, yet not without interest and attraction. For one thing, the hundred odd bronzes brought together showed instructively the great variety of treatment and effect which this noble material admits, both in the quality of the surface (which may be polished and shiny, or smooth and dull, or rough) and in color; the principal shades I noticed at the exhibition were: "bronze color," silver, silver with a tinge of gold, black, greenish black, brownish black, brown, green, greenish gold, greenish grey. The eminent fitness of the material for the elaboration of minute and clearly defined detail was also sufficiently well illustrated, and still better its fine effect when treated in a large and monumental manner.

The most imposing object shown, the gigantic dragon vase owned by Mrs. Hearst, did not possess the charm of novelty, as it has been one of the chief ornaments of the Art Institute for a long time. It is a most elaborate and complicated work, a marvel of craftsmanship, and perfect in style and taste. Among the smaller Japanese works were some simple and pretty flower holders, especially one (No. 73) shaped like a square pillar spreading out at the top and base. The remarkable skill of Japanese artists in the naturalistic representation of animals was illustrated by a small figure of a tiger crouching and ready to spring at an enemy (86). There was also a Japanese dragon, believed to be 500 years old (88; not of bronze, but iron), an interesting and really attractive little monster.

Among the European works two little objects of venerable age may be mentioned first. One (130) is a statuette only a few inches high, found, according to the label, in Herculaneum, and amusingly misnamed "Discobolus." It really represents Venus in her familiar attitude of balancing herself on one foot and removing the sandal from the other. The tiny figure is adorned with bracelets and anklerings of gold. A work of very different character is a small Byzantine triptych (129), representing Christ, the Virgin, and St. John the Baptist. It consists of three bronze tablets, each containing a figure in flat relief, the background being decorated with *champleve* enamel in black and white; the decorative effect is very fine. The most attractive exhibit in the collection consisted of reproductions of a number of Greek or Græco-Roman vases, drinking vessels, candelabra and tripods, mostly found in Pompeii (loaned by Mrs. D. Bixler). These are delightful works, possessing in large measure the refined charm and the ideal quality which Grecian art habitually imparted even to objects of every-day use. There were also some good copies (mostly much reduced in size) of antique statues: the Narcissus of Pompeii, the "Dying Gladiator," the Sleeping Ariadne, and others. Renaissance sculpture was represented by a copy of the famous Flying Mercury, by Giovanni da Bologna; the eighteenth century by two graceful nude figures: Houdon's Diana and Falconet's "Venus at the Bath."

Of the works belonging to our own century, the most important was Dore's "La Parque." Fate, in the shape of a tall, haggard old woman, with an expression of stern majesty and inflexible determination, is shown seated. Before her, and leaning against her, stands Love, a beautiful youth. Both hold a thread, the thread of life, and Fate is about to cut it. The meaning of the work is not quite clear. One receives the impression that the mere fact of love thwarted by fate is not all the artist meant to convey; but the deeper significance is not clearly expressed. The composition is very fine, chiefly through its perfect unity and concentration, and through the strong contrast between the two figures. The execution, on the other hand, as in most of Dore's works, lacks individual character and true artistic refinement.

Surprising and regrettable was the almost complete absence of good examples of the true modern bronze style. Even Van der Straeten, the Gibson of bronze, was represented by only one example, and that not a very good one (The Debutante, 23). Another very delightful class of modern French bronzes—vases, etc., decorated with remarkably graceful and

Continued on Page 11.

Things & People.

The Sun's Unpaced Poetical Contest.

SOME time ago, a gentleman of more optimism than experience offered, through the New York Sun, prizes amounting to a thousand dollars for poems in refutation of "The Man With a Hoe," Markham's *Examiner* masterpiece. The awards are now announced, and John Vance Cheney is the winner. After a perusal of the prize poem, I am obliged to confess that Mr. Cheney has not climbed very high up Parnassus. I regret it, for it is time that the illogical basis of the Markham poem was exposed. It is hard to present logic in poetical form, however, and poetry to order is stiff at best—witness the prize poems on set subjects at Oxford and Cambridge, which have never been worthy the printing, notwithstanding the fact that Tennyson, Arnold and a score of other famous poets have written for the contests. So Mr. Cheney's uerses are stiff and formal—but they are doubtless the best of a bad lot.

* * *

The final word has not yet been said about "The Man With a Hoe." Most of those who have "roasted" it have talked and written around the subject. They have assumed that it is a slur on the laboring man in general. To Markham's credit be it said that this is not true. It is aimed at the dulled and stolid peasant class of laborer, the man who is nothing but a bunch of brutalized instincts on legs. This, I take it, is the intention of the man who painted the picture and of the man who wrote the poem. So far, so good. The fallacy comes in when Markham blames it all on the "masters and kings and rulers of all lands." The blame does not rest there. Let us be concrete. Some fifteen or twenty generations ago, two laborers of equal powers in every respect worked together in the fields. One did his work well, the other ill. One raised himself in his lifetime a little above the peasant grade, the other stayed there. The sons of the first one rose still more, the sons of the other existed, ate, vegetated and died. The descendants of the one, even to the twentieth generation are the enlightened class of Europe, the pioneer of civilization, the officers in the industrial army. The descendants of the other are the Men with Hoes.

"Whose breath blew out the light within that brain?"

Not the rulers of all lands, Mr. Markham, but his own unprogressive ancestry. Unwilling from generation to generation, to make the best of that which was in them, they left the mark upon the peasant race. Incidentally, this is just what is the matter with Mr. Markham's friends, the Boers.

***

The Passing of the Thanksgiving Game,

ALTHOUGH it is doubtful if the students of the two universities favored the change, the faculties and athletic authorities of University of California and Stanford have decided that their athletic teams will exhibit no more in San Francisco. All games in future are to be played on the campus, and the Thanksgiving contest is to be set back two weeks. I said when the change was first broached that it was advisable and for the good of the two institutions. Ir hurts a college and it hurts, above all, the members of the college athletic teams, to make exhibitions of themselves before the general outside public. The English universities, which originated amateur sport, ought to be our pattern in this respect. Their games are not for the delectation of the multitude, they are for the students themselves. Sport is only an incidental thing in the life of the Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate, a part of the development of the sound mind in a sound body. For this reason, the two English institutions conduct their sports on a basis so purely amateur that juggling with rules or professionalism or protests are things unknown. The fact that restriction of games to the campus was long ago recognized by Eastern college authorities as the first step toward athletic purity and that it has worked toward achievement of the desired result ought to be sufficieut argument for the change out here. I realize that there are great practical difficulties in the way, and that they may hamper college athletics for the next year or two. But these difficulties would have to be met whenever the change should come, whether now or ten years from now, and the faculties were wise in choosing this time, rather than a later one, for the plunge. The abolition of Eastern coaches is the unwise feature of the new program. We of the Coast are not yet out of athletic leading strings, and provincialism threatens us if we shut ourselves out from the world in this manner. The other "minor" colleges have not done so; such football teams as Cornell, Carlisle, and Wisconsin were coached this year by experts from the leading universities. If they are not ready for the change, much less are California and Stanford, who meet a Trans-Sierran team about once in five years.

***

A Romance of the North.

ANOTHER story has been added to the romances of the golden North. Early in the month, the steamer *City of Seattle* went arcticwards with a number of prominent citizens of Seattle on the passenger-list. It was a gamble with death against gold for stakes. If the weather kept open the voyagers would reach the North in time to stake rich claims before the spring rush; if the Arctic winter shut down, they would have to face death by starvation, cold and shipwreck. Therefore, when the time elapsed and she was announced on January 22, six days overdue from Skaguay, there were anxious times in Seattle. She was reported as having passed Juneau on scheduled time, and six days between there and the northern port meant a serious accident of some sort. The offices of the steamship company were filled that day with eager friends and relations of the Seattle passengers. On the 23d the cloud was lifted. The steamer *Cottage City* reached Port Townsend with the news that she had overhauled the *City of Seattle*, disabled and drifting on the rocks, and had towed her into Juneau. The ill-fated vessel had broken her propeller and would have been wrecked in an hour but for the chance meeting, It was almost a miracle that she was saved, but miracles have been frequent on the Alaska run

***

The Rainier Club.

THE leading social institution of Washington is undoubtedly the Rainier Club. Its membership comprises most of the prominent professional and business men of Seattle, and it is housed in a handsome and commodious structure in the very center of the Queen City. From the pictures of the institution, interior and exterior, which are shown here, an impression may be gathered of the comforts it provides for its members. The building, three stories in height, of pressed brick, is one of the finest instances of modern architecture in the city. On the first floor are the reception rooms, office, billiard hall, and library. The directors' room, dining-room, and kitchen are placed on the second floor, while the third is arranged in suites of apartments, which are, as may be imagined, greatly in demand among the members. The Rainier Club is often the scene of banquets and receptions, and affairs held within its walls have the same cachet which is conferred on entertainments given within the precincts of the Pacific-Union Club of San Francisco. There are three hundred members, and a long waiting list. H. C. Henry is president; E. C. Neufelder, vice-president; E. W. Andrews, treasurer; J. M. Gephart, secretary. Basset V. Tremaine is the manager.

***

The City Hall of Seattle.

STRANGERS in Seattle have wondered why a city of her size and energy should be contented with the ramshackle little building which serves the city government for headquarters. An old frame structure, patched up like a crazy-quilt, it discharges the functions of a city hall, a police station, a jail and a stable. It is overcrowded, distressingly homely, and inconvenient in every way. A peculiar legacy of a private citizen explains this condition of affairs. James Osborne, an old and eccentric resident of the city, died in 1881 and left a tangled will. By its terms, the estate was to be sold and one-half of the proceeds given to the city for a municipal building, providing Seattle would give the other half. The remainder was to go to an old friend. But Mr. Osborne had ignored the fact that he had given a lease of indefinite tenure covering most of his property to this same old friend. The latter showed no disposition to release his claim, and there was no legal recourse. Only recently did he give up this lease and permit the property to be sold. Even then, the executors failed to report in time and had to be summoned into court. This had the desired effect, and the city has now $50,000 assured as the nucleus of a City Hall Fund.

***

A Water-Rights Feud.

A VENDETTA of long standing has broken out again in the Stuck River and White River valleys. It is the old question of water rights, which has provoked more murders and assaults in the West than any other one cause. Many years ago, a farmer built a dam on the Stuck River, thereby turning its waters into the White. Claiming that the water always ran that way, he sold his farm and left the dam, which was a flimsy affair, to the mercy of the winter freshets. Other farmers planted in the bed of the Stuck River. A heavy rain burst the dam, and flooded the Stuck valley, ruining crops all the way down. Since then, the embankment has been rebuilt by the residents of one section and blown up with dynamite by those of the other nearly every season. This year, the building and destroying process has occurred twice, so that the two sides have nearly come to arms over the matter. The commissioners of King and Pierce counties have now intervened and will guard the dam pending a permanent settlement.

***

A New Hotel in San Francisco.

NEVER has it been so difficult to obtain hotel accommodations in San Francisco as at present. Though the metropolis of California has often been spoken of as a city of boarding-houses, the truth is that the supply just now is below the demand. The first-class houses are nearly filled up, while the lesser places are thrning away patronage. This is all due to the immense expansion which is the result of the war and which promises to place San Francisco and Seattle among the great cities of the country. I noted with interest the announcement of a new hotel on Van Ness avenue, in which the Crocker estate expects to invest over a million dollars. There are boarding-houses by the score on the avenue, but thus far the great caravansaries of San Francisco have been "down town." It is difficult, of course, to institute reasonable comparisons between the Golden Gate City and New York, but one can not help recalling that the location of most of the best and most fashionable establishments there are is far removed from the business region. I imagine that the model which has furnished Gotham with the Savoy and the Netherlands will most commend itself to General Warfield, who, together with the architect and the builder of the projected caravansary, has gone East to study the best types of hotel structures. We are promised an eleven-story building, in masonry and steel, the woodwork fire-proofed, equipped with all possible conveniences and luxuries. Some three hundred apartments are planned, divided into suites and single rooms, but each with an individual bath. General Warfield, the lessee of the Hotel Crocker, has certainly proved his capacity to manage a first-rate hotel. The California is excellently handled, and though small, is very successful, while the direction of the Hotel Rafael made a reputation for Mrs. Warfield, who has ability and experience far beyond the average. I cannot see how the institution can fail to succeed, and, it may be said, its chances of prosperity are not lessened by the decision of James L. Flood to put up a business block on the Baldwin hotel lot, which he so recently purchased.

***

Failure of a Conspiracy.

THROUGHOUT San Francisco there was an honest feeling of relief at the failure of the conspiracy to appoint Lieutenant Esola Chief of Police. Here was an individual, simply and solely the creation of a newspaper—a man of no special talent, capacity, or endowment, to whom it was proposed to turn over the most potent influence of the city's government. Will the average man believe that this power would not have been used to reward and punish the friends and enemies of the *Examiner*? The mere fact of the demand and the earnest fight made for its achievement demonstrates the importance of the scheme in the eyes of its projectors. The refusal of the commissioners to execute its will is construed as a personal affront; W. J. Biggy, who, it seems, was to have been a party to the undertaking, because he has repented of his error, is held up as a public enemy. The whole journal bubbles over, froths, and gurgles with rage at the frustration of its plan to make private property of the police department. Indeed, if some one had stolen the funds of the city treasury, it would not have made half the outcry. It is making an asinine exhibition of itself and lessening such influence as may still remain to it after years of journalistic malpractice. As for W. J. Biggy, his open opposition to the Esola scheme has made him more friends than he ever before had, charges of broken faith and denunciations to the contrary. He was counted on for a ready tool in accomplishing the conspiracy, and he has shown that the safety of the community is of more value to him than the good will of the *Examiner*.

***

Outcry About Patronage.

THE clamor of the Democratic organization in San Francisco for patronage is still loud in the land. The Board of Public Works, which has many hundreds of appointments, shows no inclination to regard the source of its being, and is giving the bulk of its places to Republicans. I am told that recommendations even from the most important quarters have been overlooked. Naturally this arouses bitterness among the men who, having labored for Democratic success, are compelled to see their promised reward filched by strangers. Nor at this juncture does there seem any other recourse. It is understood that Commissioner Mahoney must retire in the early future from the Board, but as he was appointed as a Republican, it is hard to see how the Mayor may do otherwise than select a Republican in his place. Under present conditions, Marsden Manson figures as a Democrat and Colonel Mendel as a Non-Partisan. However, in all such disputes the public loses nothing, but rather gains in having experienced men attending to municipal duties. Already it begins to be realized what an immense change for the better will be made by the enforcement of the civil service provisions of the new charter.

***

What Is a Lie?

THE average man, he whose business it is to go up against his fellow-man in business and politics, cannot fail to be impressed by the definitions of a "lie" given currency by Ambrose Bierce. In the testimony evoked at the Clark investigation in Washington, two witnesses admitted having said "the thing which is not," but refused to agree that the lapse constituted a lie. One declared "a lie is a false statement made to one who has a right to know the truth." The other, "a statement is not a lie if made with the understanding that it is false," that is if both parties to the statement so understand it. Few men would have taken the trouble, if they had the skill, to so phrase their fairh, but the first states exactly the attitude the average citizen takes in communicating with his fellows. Most of us consider it wiser to evade than to be rude, and so wittingly mislead one who asks intrsiuve questions on topics he has no business to inquire about. The moral obligation begins when the inquirer has the right,—either as an employer or as a friend to be told the facts. This is not the finest or the most delicate construction of honor, but it is the rough code of daily life, and breaches of it provokes an immediate and earnest resentment to which the wrath of the church seems mild.

BOSWELL, JR.

As head of the Orleans family as well as of the house of France, the Duc d'Orleans has conferred the historic title of Duc de Guise on his cousin, Prince Jean of Chartres, who recently became his brother-in-law. The title went with the Guise inheritance to the house of Conde in the last century, and on the extinction of that line in the early part of this century, to the Orleans. The last person to bear the title was the son of the late Duc d'Aumale, who died young.

FROM THE DRAMA OF BEN HUR

W. S. HART AS "MESSALA" IN BEN HUR

ADELINE ADLER . . . AS "TIRZAH" IN BEN HUR

EDWARD MORGAN AS "BEN HUR"

BEN-HUR—ACT III, TABLEAU II. TEMPLE OF APOLLO, GROVE OF DAPHNE, REVELS OF THE DEVADISI.

SAD DAYS IN LONDON.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WAVE.

THE cloud is over London. When last I wrote, I said that, in spite of wars and rumors of more wars, the Londoners still found time to be gay, to marry and, to give in marriage with ceremony, to keep up the traditions of that race which loves stately functions, and whose young men and women danced in garrison before Waterloo. Alas, that is put behind us. Magersfontein and Colenso have been added to the list of black defeats, and the nation which has lost so many of her best in this bloody month is preparing to throw the rest into the struggle. It is more depressing here than it is down there, I fancy. There, even with the wounded rolling back to the cape every day, there is rush and hurry and excitement and hope of victory. Men are there with men, and men are the doers and not the sufferers of the race. But here, it is the women waiting. I was at the War Office with the crowd, yesterday, when the latest list of dead came in. It was quite too terrible and grand for me to write about; I know that I had rather see it in the trenches, when it is all glorified with the thought of heroism.

I remember standing on Newspaper Row in New York, on July 5, 1898, when returns came from Santiago. We had won two victories the day before, and the country was wild and exultant, but when the number of the dead was posted and the names began to straggle out, I felt, we all felt for the moment, that it was not worth it. What shall I say of the feelings called forth by this list of the dead, coming from a battlefield where the heroism of the race had been all in vain, where there was no victory to soften it? And the women—for in that crowd in New York there was probably not one who claimed kin to those whose names were flashed on the bulletin-boards, but here the sullen record brought tidings to their nearest and dearest. You could hear them sobbing through the crowd, now and then. I wish that some of the Boer sympathizers of our common race could have been there for their own shame.

The papers are full of stories about these pathetic incidents. How the news is broken in the cottage of the peasant, they do not say. With the true British bending to title, they are concerned mainly with the officers and nobility who have lost relations. There are enough of these. Admiral Pechal has three sons in the war. Two were killed last week; the third lies wounded in Mafeking. The death of Lord Roberts' son must have been told in America by cable, but I doubt if the story of the father's experience has crossed the ocean. Lord Roberts, who usually takes luncheon at the Service Club, was driven, by the questioning of inquisitive officers, to quieter haunts. He was sitting alone over his meal at the Athenæum, of which he is also a member, when some stranger at the next table said: "Sad news this about the death of Lord Roberts' son." The speaker and his party observed the agitation of the gentleman at the next table, who rose abruptly, and went into the hall. Lord Roberts, who knew that his son was wounded but supposed that he was in a way to recover, rushed to the tape-machine in the hall of the club. It gave him no news. Then he went to the man who had mentioned the news; the latter could only say that it was a rumor—he had no confirmation of it. Between hope and dread, the general searched for several hours before the news could be confirmed.

The wife of General Wauchope was in a shop in Edinburgh when a newsboy passed, crying the news of her husband's death—her first intimation that he was even wounded. It is said that Wauchope had a presentiment that this would be his last war. The same thing is told of Lord Winchester. He went into his last fight with a brooding feeling that he was to die before night. Still another story of a presentiment comes from Chelsea, where lives Colonel Goldie, a retired officer, who had a son in the war. One of the Modder River fights was on, and the colonel's family persuaded him to attend a political meeting, in order to divert his mind. Suddenly, he arose from his seat declaring that he must go home, for he had a presentiment that his son had been killed. It proved true; a telegram announcing the young man's death was waiting at his house.

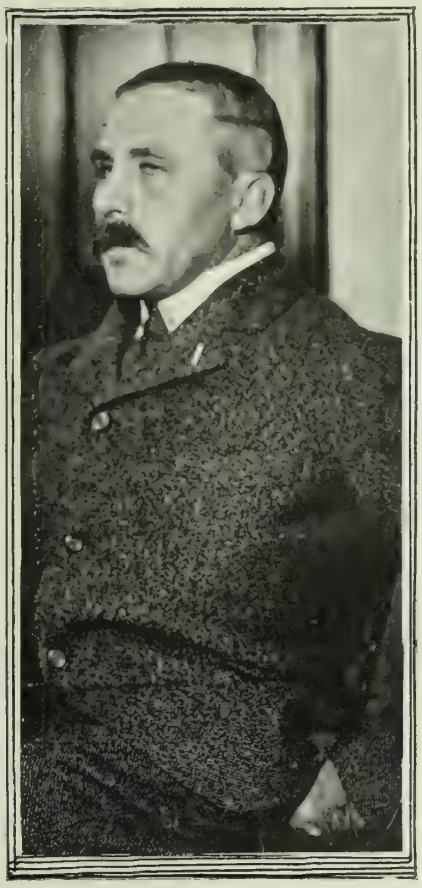
The list of titled dead and wounded is long, so long that I doubt if a respectable assemblage could be gathered for a reception or ball in any of London's grand houses, on account of the numbers in mourning. I shall mention only a few. The Earl of Durham has lost a cousin, killed at Magersfontein, a brother, Major William Lambton, wounded at Modder River, and another, Captain Hedsworth Lambton of the *Powerful* shut up in Ladysmith. The Duke of Devonshire has a nephew killed. Captain Marsham, killed at Mafeking, was a son of the Earl of Romney. Lieutenant-Colonel Keith-Falconer, grandson of the Earl of Gingore fell at Belmont. The war has touched the Queen's immediate family only once; her great-grandson, Major Count Gleichen, was wounded, although not seriously, at Modder River. These are some of the losses among the higher nobility. But as you go down the list to plain, "Lords and "Sirs," the number of the dead increases. It is no exaggeration to say that, if the war continues as it bids fair to do, and if the disparity of deaths between officers and men keeps up, there will be some such situation as existed after the Wars of the Roses, when half the noble lines in England ended, being without male issue.

Many more of the high nobility go out with the yoemanry now being enlisted. This change will put the war almost on a feudal basis, the landed gentry leading the foresters and tenantry of their own estates. These soldiers are furnishing their own horses, equipment, and clothing, which they take from the estate. It is rather a fine sacrifice that these young noblemen are making. They are giving themselves and their private fortunes for a chance at glory or the grave. Thus, Lord Chesham leads a regiment of his own tenantry, equipped with his own money and his two sons are lieutenants in the force. He leaves one of the most beautiful homes in England, Latimers, the castle of the family at Chesham, for the veldt and the rigors of campaign life. Lord Chesham, besides raising a regiment of his own, is the organizer of the whole yeomanry force. He has as assistant the Earl of Lonsdale, who is likely to be commissioned quartermaster-general of the new troops. Lonsdale is the holder of a string of titles. He is Viscount and Baron Lowther, a baronet, hereditary admiral of the ports of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and deputy lieutenant of two counties, but it is said that he now prides himself most of all on his colonelcy in the yeomany.

The Duke of Marlborough is better known to Americans than either of these two because of his marriage to an American woman. Besides paying for the equipment of his men, he will also pay for sending them on to Africa. The duke's military title it that of lieutenant in the Oxfordshire yeomanry, dignified with the title of the Queen's Own Hussars.

It is fitting that in this great feudal outburst, the Duke of Warwick should have a prominent place, since he is the holder of the title most famous in the old feudal system—of Warwick the "king-maker." The estate from which he draws his force is still the most beautiful country-place in all England. I is on the banks of Shakespeare's Avon, and was ancient when the "king-maker dwelt there. It endured countless sieges of old, but has outlived them all; Walter Scott called it "the fairest monument of ancient and chivalric splendor."

SPENSER MASTERS.



BRIG. GENL. LEONARD R. WOOD
GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CUBA.

THE TRANSVAAL SECRET SERVICE.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WAVE.

"THERE will be a new pro-Boer sheet in Paris inside the month," said my vis-a-vis at the *café*.

I followed his glance to a gentleman who had just paid his score and risen to leave the place. He was of a rather rugged Germanic type, muscular, easy-moving, and faultlessly dressed. Certainly, he did not square with my accepted idea of a Boer, and I mentioned the fact to my companion.

"No more is he a Boer, though he is one of their paid spies. Kruger's secret service goes further than that. He is a pure German, if you please. Others are French and Belgian and even—pardon me—American."

I saw the story on its way, and waited. For my companion was a French soldier of fortune, one of the glorious tribe of wanderers. Richard Harding Davis has led us to believe that the nomadic follower of adventure is always an Anglo-Saxon. But the type is as often French or Italian. This particular wanderer has built railroads and fought in wars all over Asia and Africa, and is still in his thirties. Every summer or so he comes to Paris and the delights of the boulevards for a few weeks, and then goes back to his adventures. Even as I write, he is on his way to attend to a contract in Abyssinia; this was one of his farewell nights in France.

"I was among them for two years," he said. "I saw Jameson tried and was at Pretoria when they let the prisoners go. I was down there last spring again. Because I am a Frenchman, they let me see many things which the English never knew. I kept them—then. I don't love the English. But it is all over now, and they are fighting.

"That Kruger, that old devil of a diplomat, saw what was coming a long time ago, and got ready to put his brains against the English force. He was the fox against the lion. The fox won. Do you know how he began? He took two Germans, who had been in the Emperor's secret service, and brought them over for managers of the Transvaal National Bank. They founded the secret service of the Republic, the completest detective bureau in the world. It is truly wonderful, the work their spies have done. You know how they have fooled the English, learned their plans, brought in guns, before their stupid eyes, all of Europe knows that. But there are some things very few people know. Cape Colony is full of people brought up to help the Boers. These men have directed the Afrikander party and influenced the Cape Dutch as they pleased. That is how guns and ammunition have been smuggled through under the high, stupid noses of the English. Ah, it was fine!

Does it cost? But yes. They say that last year it came to thirty-five million francs. Where did it go? Mostly in salaries—they pay well, you know—and then in bribes to British and to the Portuguese officials and to buying up newspapers. That is what our friend over there is doing in Paris, I suppose. Already, they have bought up *La Siecle* and some others. It is not every man they will take for a spy. He has to show why he wants to do it, and give recommendations and references. Then, if they like him, he goes on probation for many months. Other spies follow him and see how he does his work. If he shows bad faith, pouf! Out he goes. If competent, he is sworn in, and is put on good pay—two hundred to two hundred and fifty francs a week to begin, and more as he goes on, with travelling expenses if he goes abroad. Oh, it costs. Dr. Leyds has the spending of it all, and he is not parsimonious, I assure you.

"How do they work? In all sorts of ways. I could write a book about it. Some of them play with the German and French papers. And some have bigger plans. Do you know how they got their barbed wire for trenches to scratch the bare legs of those Highlanders? I will tell you. It was bought, last spring, to fence in the Netherlands railroad in Transvaal. Of course, the road was never fenced. The company had been bribed by Leyds, who was putting up the money for the whole scheme. That is not the only use he makes of his money. When business with the British is slack, he buys votes in the Volksraad. I knew the war was coming because Kruger and Leyds wanted it, and they would surely buy up the road.

"The English will win this war, and I am a Frenchman who say it and hate the English. But do they think they will govern the Transvaal after it is over? Not at all. Kruger and his hundred relatives and Leyds and all the others have fortunes of their own. Just as long as they live, these men will keep the trouble going. They say that one Boer is as good as three Englishmen in fighting. When you come to scheming one Boer is as good as twenty. Ah, they have more than they counted on, those English, and will have for twenty years!"

In fact, probably more is known of the Boer way of doing things here in Paris than in London or even Cape Town. In this cordial atmosphere, the friends of the Transvaal talk freely, rather too freely. Then, Dr. Leyds is close at hand, and Paris one of his centers of operation. For instance, I learned last week some new facts about plans and counter-plans over Delagoa Bay through two men who were active in negotiations concerning that point of active intrigue. The chief handlers of Transvaal corruption-money, outside of Leyds and his immediate cirle, make their headquarters there. One of them is General Pott, counsel for Holland and also for the Transvaal. Under him is a Jew, one Sammy Marks. The latter is Leyds' right-hand man in buying up the Volksraad whenever it is necessary. As a reward, he holds the spirits license monopoly. Together, these two have juggled with the corruptible Portuguese officials, and have supervised the entry of cannon and munitions.

When the talk of war first arose the doctor and Sammy, in conjunction with Dr. Leyds, plotted to get Delagoa Bay into the hands of the Boers. It was easy to import all they needed in peace, but Kruger foresaw the time when the British would make trouble by enforcing neutrality outside the port. The Transvaal authorities all but had the deal closed, when England awoke, for once, to what was going on and not only blocked the Boers but made an effort to get the port herself. Kruger had cherished ideas of a seaport and a navy, but when the British came into the game he knew that the chance was over, and devoted his energies to blocking the English.

The affairs of the Portuguese colony were tangled; Delagoa Bay was giving no revenue to the Crown, was, in fact, costing money. In 1890, when the Kingdom was in financial difficulty, she sold to one Colonel Andrade the right to the whole seaboard. Andrade fell short of cash, and carried his claim to the British foreign office, offering to sell it for ten million dollars. The British delayed, and Kruger, having received immediate notice from his spies at London, set about to block the scheme. The only course open was to get Delagoa Bay mixed up in international complications. The Portuguese, bribed by Leyds & Co., were induced to seize a railroad belonging to the American Colonel McWade, and the case went into arbitration. While the territory was in the courts, Great Britain could do nothing toward purchase. Therefore, Boer secret service money has kept it from decision for ten years. Even now, when the war is on, the English cannot buy the Delagoa Bay country because their title could never include the sea-coast. It shows better than anything else the subtlety of the Boer nature that they have played this dog-in-the-manger policy so long and so successfully.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

The prices for wheat are the lowest that have ruled in Washington in several years. At the warehouses east of the mountains thirty-seven cents per bushel is being paid and it is expected that even less will be offered next month. The explanation of the drop is that many of the grain carrying vessels have been pressed into the transport service by this country and England. There are few vessels available to carry wheat, and although there seems to be a good demand abroad it simply cannot be transported. Only half of the crop of 1899 has been disposed of. The rest of it is either held by farmers or else is stored. The impression is that prices will continue to fall until the supply in Europe gets so low that it will be absolutely necessary to increase it. Then vessels of some sort must be chartered and the prices will go kiting.

The division of statistics of the United States department of agriculture has undertaken the publication for wide distribution of lists of free employment offices and other institutions to which farmers may apply when in need of farm laborers. The co-operation of many charity organization societies, settlements, colleges, etc., has been secured, and it is hoped thus to facilitate communication between the farmers who want hands and those who are in need of work for the summer months, or for the entire year.

A REVIEW OF THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE *Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*, brilliant and fascinating, are at last in shape to be placed upon the library shelves, Mr. Stevenson's old publishers Charles Scribner's Sons, being printers of the same. The editor is Mr. Stevenson's lifelong friend, Sidney Colvin; and it must be said that Mr. Colvin's careful arrangement and luminous introductions have contributed in no small degree to the comfort of the reader. Other volumes of letters—the *Lowell Letters*, for instance—have been strung together on a chronological string, and the reader could go hang, so far as explanations were concerned.

It will not be possible in brief compass to trace through his letters the flowering of Stevenson's genius; but a few significant selections must be of interest. One of the author's early friends was W. E. Henley, also a poet, who occasionally exchanged manuscripts with him. The following letter was sent in reply to Mr. Henley's criticism of "Our Lady of the Snows".

"Clarify and strain," indeed? "Make it like Marvell," no less. I'll tell you what—you may go to the devil; that's what I think. "Be eloquent," is another of your pregnant suggestions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for that one. Portrait of a person about to be eloquent at the request of a literary friend. You seem to forget, sir, that rhyme is rhyme, sir, and—go to the devil.

I'll try to improve it, but I shan't be able to —O, go to the devil. Seriously, you're a cool hand. And then you have the brass to ask me *why* "my steps went one by one?" Why? Powers of man! to rhyme witn *sun*, to be sure. Why else could it be? And you yourself have been a poet! G-r-r-r-r!

Mr. Steveuson was not yet famous when he came to California in 1879. He was already sick nearly unto death with consumption; and he arrived at Monterey with no money to speak of, and with no friends. And yet in perfect good humor he wrote to his friend Colvin:

I am a reporter for the Monterey *Californian*, at a salary of two dollars a week! *Comment trouver-vous ca'*

And to his friend Henley this outrageous tale:

Yesterday I set fire to the forest, for which, had I been caught, I should have been hung out of hand to the nearest tree, Judge Lynch being an active person hereaway. You should have seen my retreat (which was entirely for strategical purposes). I ran like hell. It was a fine sight. At night I went out again to see it; it was a good fire, though I say it that should not. I had a near escape for my life with a revolver; I fired six charges, and the six bullets all remained in the barrel, which was choked from end to end, from muzzle to breech, with solid lead; it took a man three hours to drill them out. Another shot, and I'd have gone to kingdom come.

A few months later and the young novelist came to San Francisco. He, in a letter to Mr. Colvin, thus describes himself:

Any time between eight and half past nine in the morning, a slender gentleman in an ulster, with a volume buttoned into the breast of it, may be observed leaving No. 608 Bush and descending Powell with an active step. The gentleman is R. L. S.; the volume relates to Benjamin Franklin, on whom he meditates one of his charming essays. He descends Powell, crosses Market, and descends in Sixth on a branch of the original Pine Street Coffee House, no less; I believe he would be capable of going to the original itself, if he could only find it. In the branch he seats himself at a table covered with waxcloth, and a pampered menial, of High-Dutch extraction, and, indeed, as yet only partially extracted, lays before him a cup of coffee, a roll, and a pat of butter, all, to quote the deity, very good. A while ago, and R. L. S. used to find the supply of butter insufficient; but he has now learned the art to exactitude, and butter and roll expire at the same moment. For this refection he pays ten cents.

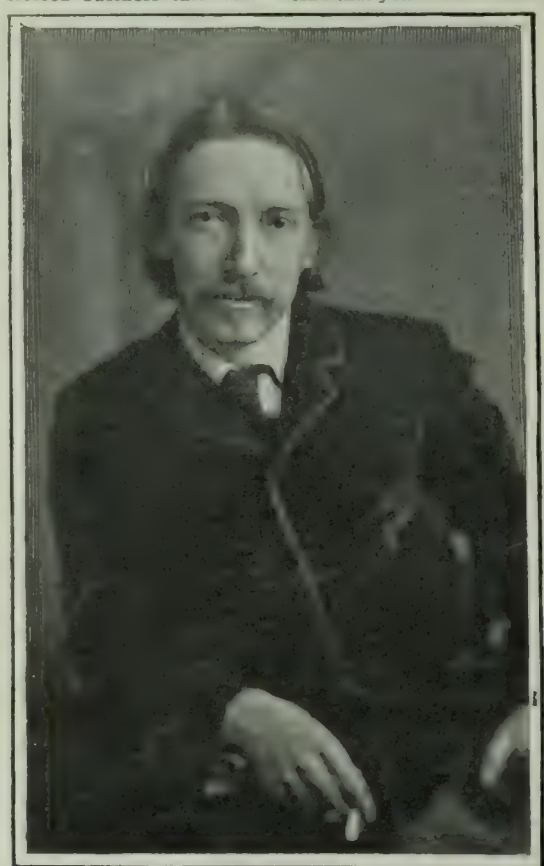
Half an hour later, the inhabitants of Bush street observe the same slender gentleman, armed, like George Washington, with his little hatchet, splitting kindling, and breaking coal for his fire. He does this quasi-publicly upon the window-sill; but this is not to be attributed to any love of notoriety, though he is indeed vain of his prowess with the hatchet (which he persists in calling an axe), and daily surprised at the perpetuation of his fingers. The reason is this: that the sill is a strong, supporting beam, and that blows of the same emphasis in other parts of his room might knock the entire shanty into hell. Thenceforth, for from three to four hours he is engaged darkly with an inkbottle.

His next appearance is at the restaurant of one Donadieu, in Bush street, between Dupont and Kearny, where a copious meal, half a bottle of wine, coffee and brandy may be procured for the sum of four bits, alias fifty cents. The wine is put down in a whole bottleful, and it is srange and painful to observe the greed with which the gentleman in question seeks to secure the last drop of his allotted half, and the scrupulousness with which he seeks to avoid taking the first drop of the other. This is partly explained by the fact that if he were to go over the mark—bang would go a tenpence.

As for coin, you see I don't spend much, only you and Henley both seem to think my work rather bosh nowadays, and I do want to make as much as I was making. The worst is my health; it is suspected I had an ague chill yesterday; I shall know by to-morrow, and you know if I am to be laid down with ague the game is pretty well lost. But I don't know; I managed to write a good deal down in Monterey, when I was pretty sickly most of the time, and, by God, I'll try, ague and all. I have to ask you frankly, when you write, to give me any good news you can, and chat a little, but *just in the meantime*, give me no bad. . . . Last night, when I felt so ill, the supposed ague chill, it seemed strange not to be able to afford a drink. I would have walked half a mile, tired as I felt, for a brandy and soda.

The end of it was, he had to give up his lodgings for cheaper, and was reduced to one meal a day. He fell sick indeed; but by this time he had friends in the city, and their devotion pulled him through. And then came good news from England. He writes:

My dear people telegraphed me in these words: "Count on £250 annually." You may imagine what a blessed business this was. And so now recover the sheets of the *Emigrant*, and post them registered to me. And now please give me all your venom against it say your worst, and most incisively, for now it will be a help, and I'll make it right or perish in the attempt. Now, do you understand why I protested against your depressing eloquence on the subject? When I *had* to go on any way, for dear life, I thought it a kind of pity and not much good to discourage me. Now all's changed. God only knows how much courage and suffering is buried in that manuscript. The second part was written in a circle of hell unknown to Dante—that of the penniless and dying author. For dying I was, although now saved. Another week, the doctor said, and I should have been past salvation.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"To have suffered, nay to suffer, sets a keen edge on what remains of the agreeable."

It is for this sort of personal revelation that the letters of a man like Stevenson are valuable; for such a man in his published works scrupulously avoids the slightest reference to his personal hardships. Some five years later we have, in a letter to William Archer, this:

I used myself to rage when I saw sick folk going by in their Bath-chairs; since I have been sick myself (and always when I was sick myself), I found life, even in its rough places, to have a property of easiness. That which we suffer ourselves has no longer the same air of monstrous injustice and wanton cruelty that suffering wears when we see it in the case of others. So we begin gradually to see that things are not black, but have their strange compensations; and when they draw towards their worst, the idea of death is like a bed to lie on. I should bear false witness if I did not declare life happy. To have suffered, nay, to suffer, sets a keen edge on what remains of the agreeable. This is a great truth, and has to be learned in the fire.

And again:

And here we come to the division: not only do I believe that literature should give joy, but I see a universe, I suppose, eternally different from yours; a solemn, a terrible, but a very joyous and noble universe, where suffering is not at least wantonly inflicted, though it falls with dispassionate partiality, but where it may be and generally is nobly borne; where, above all, any brave man may make out a life which shall be happy for himself, and, by so being, beneficent to those about him. And if he fails, should I hear him weeping? I mean, if I fail, why should I weep? Why should *you* hear *me*?

Stevenson's financial success came suddenly, as the result of American popularity. At the beginning of 1887 he was living, as usual, from hand to mouth. The success of *Treasure Island*, and *Dr. Jekyl* at once placed larger prices upon his work, and in September he could write: twelve articles in *Scribner's Magazine* on what I like; it is more than $2,000 (in reality it was $3,500), but I cannot calculate more precisely. You have no idea how much is made of me here; I was offered $10,000 for a weekly article—eh heh! how is that? but I refused that lucrative job.

Six weeks later he reported to his friend, Charles Baxter:

No likely I'm going to waste a sheet of paper. I am offered $8,000 for the American serial rights on my next story! As you say, times are changed since the Lothian Road. Well, the Lothian Road was grand fun, too; I could take an afternoon of it with great delight. But I'm awfu' grand noo, and long may it last!

Indeed, he became so well-to-do that he could afford to hunt up and pay some old London debts that were certainly not very pressing. He writes to Baxter:

I beg of you to consider my strange position. I jined a club which it was said was to defend the Union; and I had a letter from the secretary, which his name, I believe, was Lord Warmingpan (or words to that effect), to say I am elected, and had better pay up a certain sum of money, I forget what. Now I canna verra weel draw a blank cheque and send to Lord Warmingpan (or words to that effect), London, England. And, man, if it was possible, I would be glad to be out o' this bit scrapie. Mebbe the club was ca'd "The Union," but I wouldna like to sweir; and mebbe it wasnae, or only words to that effec'—but I wouldna care just exac'ly about sweirin'. Do ye no think Henley, or Pollick, or some o' they London fellies, micht mebbe perhaps find out for me? and just what the soom was? And that you would aiblins pay for me? For I am now on a salary of $2,000 a year for I thocht I was saedam patriotic jinin', and it would be a kind o' a come-doun to be turned out again. Mebbe Lang would ken; or mebbe Rider Haggyard; they're kind o' Union folks. But it's my belief his name was Warmingpan whatever.

Stevenson did not theorize a great deal upon his art. In comparatively few of his letters does he generalize; but these few generalizations may throw considerable light upon his methods. At the age of thirty-three he said:

Artistic sight is judicious blindness. Sam Bough must have been a jolly blind old boy. He would turn a corner, look for one-half or quarter minute, and then say, "This'll do, lad." Down he sat, there and then, with whole artistic plan, scheme of color, and the like, and began by laying a dation of foun- powerful and seemingly incongruous color on the block. He saw, not the scene, but the water-color sketch. Every artist by sixty should so behold nature. Where does he learn that? In the studio, I swear. He goes to nature for facts, relations, values, material; as a man, before writing a historical novel, reads up memoirs. But it is not by reading memoirs that he has learned the selective criterion. He has learned that in the practice of his art; and he will never learn it well, but when disengaged from the ardent struggle of immediate representation, of realistic and *ex facto* art. He learns it in the crystallization of day-dreams; in changing, not in copying, fact; in the pursuit of the ideal, not in the study of nature. These temples of art are, as you say, inaccessible to the realistic climber. It is not by looking at the sea that you get

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

nor by looking at Mont Blanc that you find

And visited all night by troops of stars.

A kind of ardor of the blood is the mother of all this; and according as this ardor is swayed by knowledge and seconded by craft, the art expression flows clear, and significance and charm, like a moon rising, are born above the barren juggle of mere symbols.

The painter must study more from nature than the man of words. But why? Because literature deals with men's business and passions, which, in the game of life, we are irresistibly obliged to study; but painting with relation of light, and colors, and significances, and form, which, from the immemorial habit of the race, we pass over with an unregardful eye. Hence this crouching upon camp-stools, and these crusts. But neither one nor the other is a part of art, only preliminary studies.

And again:

People suppose it is "the stuff" that interests them; they think, for instance, that the prodigious fine thoughts and sentiments in Shakespeare impress by their own weight, not understanding that the unpolished diamond is but a stone. They think that striking situations, or good dialogue, are got by studying life; they will not rise to understand that they are prepared by deliberate artifice and set off by painful suppressions.

Ten years later, he wrote to Henry James:

Your jubilation over *Catriona* did me good, and still more the subtlety and truth of your remark on the starving of the visual sense in that book. 'Tis true, and unless I make the greater effort—and am, as a step to that, convinced of its necessity—it will be more true, I fear, in the future. I *hear* people talking, and I *feel* them acting, and that seems to me to be fiction. My two aims may be described as: first, war to the adjective; and second, death to the optic nerve. Admitted we live in an age of the optic nerve in literature. For how many centuries did literature get along without a sign of it?

And then a homely old rule for J. M. Barrie, more in jest than in earnest:

You should never write about anybody until you persuade yourself at least for the moment that you love him, above all, anybody on whom your plot revolves. It will always make a hole in the book; and if he has anything to do with the mechanism, prove a stick in your machinery. But you know all this better than I do, and it is one of your most promising traits that you do not take your powers too seriously. *The Little Minister* ought to have ended badly; we all know it did; and we are infinitely grateful to you for the grace and good feeling with which you lied about it.

The *Letters* come in two volumes, well bound in buckram, and are illustrated by E. C. Peixotto and others.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

* * *

Saint Nicholas, which, since the discontinuance of *Harper's Round Table*, has held the field for high-class children's magazines, comes this month in an exceptionally fine cover, reminiscent of Boutet de Monvel. The little periodical is up to its former standard, which is saying a great deal, considering that some of the greatest juvenile stories ever written, "The Jungle Book" among them, have made a first appearance in its pages. The contents are well balanced between historical and descriptive articles and fiction, always, as is meet and right, with the balance on the the side of fiction. Probably the best of them in the current number is "Under the Headlight," a vivid railroad yarn by Albert Bigelow Paine.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat often results in an Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. For relief in Throat troubles use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple yet effective remedy. Sold only in boxes.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone. 3 5

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PATTERN MAKER.

G. F. BUSWELL, Millwright. Engineer and Pattern Maker. Drawings and Specifications to order. No. 110 Main St., S. F.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

J. W. MONROE'S SPARKLING APPLE CIDER

Made in Humboldt Co., California

John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

Babblings of a Belle

I DO not think that dear Miss Cricket will have to complain again for lack of gayety this season. Things this last week were very promising, and I can tell you I have had a number of very good times. I am becoming more deeply involved every day in my very interesting love affair. This will be very delightful news for you, and for all the girls I know, for the possibilities I suggested to you a few weeks past are almost becoming realities. My ardent admirer keeps our house a veritable rose garden, and the cigars Arthur smokes are the envy and admiration of all of his friends. He has of late taken to spending the evening with Aunt Sybil when I have gone out. That last step is of greater interest to me than all else in the world. Fancy what a man will do when he is in love. Of course, Aunt Sybil is a dear, sweet, old dear, but after she has told the story of her life with variations, in fact, made a regular symphony of it, her company is apt to become a little monotonous to both Arthur and me. But my precious angel seems to find her very congenial. Aunt Sybil told me the other night it became somewhat wearisome talking evening after evening about so frivolous a personage as myself.

Monday evening last we went to hear Nevada sing. I enjoyed her very much. She is a person who has a real charm about her and the exquisite tenderness of her voice made me feel very much as I used when mama sang me to sleep, when I was a wee, sweet baby. You will note I have a memory. I saw any number of people I knew, all of whom were delighted with her. Strange to say, she is not particularly appreciated by men. Tuesday morning I spent at the Golf links. Dear me! the more I try to learn to play golf scientifically the greater the impossibility seems. Why it should be the case, I do not know. I get to the third hole and then gaze plaintively at our beautiful bay and hills. After I have been urged by the caddy to try again, I take particular pains to lose the ball, and then decide to finish my game the following day. I, of course, am the exception. Most of the girls are playing a surprisingly good game. I heard an Eastern man say the other day that he saw more girls who played really well out here, than in any other place in America. The men, too, are progressing, but I really believe a great number of them only play because they desire the exercise. I do not know of any other that is more beneficial.

MISS BEATRICE TOBIN,
whose engagement to Charles Raoul Duval, has been announced.

On Tuesday evening twelve of us went to Mrs. Buckbee's to a Baby dinner. It was awfully good fun. The table decorations were very pretty and right in the center was a huge affair full of toys to amuse the youngsters. Jennie Blair looked too sweet for anything. She was a big Dresden doll, with her exquisite skin and pretty curly hair. Julia and Jennie came in baby carriages. Therese Morgan wore her fire cracker-dress, and the other girls, Bernie Drown, Florence Josselyn, Katherine Dillon and, I all wore muslin dresses with baby waists and full skirts. I make a sweet baby, being so little, but the big girls are not at all baby-like. I do not think I'd play baby were I one of the big ones. Ed Greenway was very amusing, and I think looked more like an attempt at a joke than any of the others, but Sam Buckbee, in his little sailor suit, was very cute. We had flashlights taken afterwards, and then played games, sang, and danced. The dinner was excellent, and, as we had part of the Hawaiian band we really had fun and were well entertained. The rest of the band was contributing to the amusement of Mrs. Irwin's guests. She had a very elaborate dinner that same evening. Mrs. Irwin's parties are always carried out with a great deal of real elegance. She has some of the most absolutely stunning "place plates" in San Francisco, and beautiful glass, china and napery. I am glad to know her sufficiently well to go into her house, if I happen to be passing, just before dinner, to see how very fine the table looks. I like to look at her new house, watch its development and think of the jolly parties that will take place there, when it is finished. Saturday afternoon Aunt Sybil went to the Irwins to a euchre party. There were quantities of roses everywhere, but when Aunt Sybil brought forth from the folds of her cape a dainty little Dresden vase, I forgot to inquire further about the decorations. She said she was sorry not to have won one of the bronzes, but as I am insane about Dresden, I am glad she was so fortunate. Most of those present were married people, and, as they are exceedingly fond of cards I am sure they had a jolly time.

Aunt Sybil was at two other of the older people's affairs last week. The first was to meet Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Tevis's sister, and the other was to bid "bon voyage" to Mrs. Parrot, who has started for Scotland to spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. Douglas Dick, whose husband has gone to South Africa to aid in the very meritorious extermination of the Boers. Aunt Sybil met about the same people at each place—Mrs. Salisbury, Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Smedberg, Mrs. Coleman, Miss Garber, Miss Gevin, and several others whose names I have forgotten. Florence Breckenridge particularly attracted Aunt Sybil. She has become an exceedingly distingue looking girl with a beautiful forehead. She told Aunt Sybil her great ambition was to play as well on the piano as her mother does. She took some lessons, I believe from De Pachman when he was here. He was very much impressed by her technique and the real depth of poetry in her playing.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels' house, the other day, was really a delightful representation of "things Japanesque." The effect was awfully well executed in every particular, and appreciated by her guests. It is so nice to have something new in the way of an entertainment, for these sterotyped teas, luncheons and dinners do become somewhat monotonous unless one may happen to be beside a very congenial spirit. I was delighted to have been invited to Miss Flood's house on California street. She gave a reception to her sister-in-law, Mrs. James L. Flood, who is a very handsome girl, I think. She has a beautiful figure, and is altogether exceedingly attractive. It is so nice to add another young married woman to our acquaintances, who is sure to entertain lavishly, and give us all a very good time. The Flood house would suit me to perfection. It is really magnificent inside. The frescoing especially won me. I do so love beautiful things. I was so carried away by admiration that Miss Flood told me to come up the following afternoon and spend just as much time as I liked enjoying the works of art and other things she owns. The girls and fellows at the Woods on Monday night had a jolly dance and dinner. In the afternoon there was a tea, and those who helped to receive remained to dinner. Some of the girls told me they had one of the very best times of their life.

Mrs. Ed Dimond had a most enjoyable afternoon, Thursday last, at her home. It was one of the few affairs this season at which one met all the younger married people. I looked at each one in turn, and thought to myself—Cricket dear, you will most likely be one of these next year. I cannot imagine myself at all looking upon myself as a bride. Think how many real brides there will be! Now Beatrice Tobin has announced her engagement to Charles Raoul Duval. I met him some little time ago at Burlingame and found him the quintessence of politeness. He has that subtle faculty, possessed by so many foreigners, of making one feel absolutely at one's ease in his company even before one gets to know him. Of Beatrice it is hardly necessary to say very much. We all know the Tobin girls well, and know they are fine girls whatever way you take them. Beatrice is interesting and sweet and rides as well as any girl I know. This year at Del Monte she was noted for her beautiful figure and gracious manners. I only hope she will not go to Paris to live for all time. I believe she is to be married after Lent.

Mrs. Maurice Casey and Mrs. Homer King each gave a dinner before this last "La Jeunesse." They were both jolly affairs, I really had a hard time making up my mind which invitation I should accept, as the two arrived the same morning. Arthur went to the King's, at which he had a splendid dinner and altogether fine time, and I went to Mrs. Casey's. The Worns decorated the dining room in greens and red and white flowers. The big oval table was adorned with a flag to carry out the effect of an army and navy dinner, and the flowers were brilliant crimson poinsettas and white azelias. After the dinner, which was very jolly, we all went down to the nicest party of the season. Many, many thanks to the "La Jeunesse" patronesses. I am merely echoing the sentiments of all young people I know. Lieutenant Haines led. Jackie is at his very best in his uniform and medals, and led so well. I felt so proud of him, for he is a very good friend of mine. The sabre figure was my favorite. I just adore the brightly shining steel, and the martial atmosphere of the whole ball brought me back to the stories one reads about the first balls in America. The cannon that shot forth the buttons was jolly fun and I am having mine mounted for a pin. The hall looked beautiful and has a floor that makes one dread the hour of leaving it. The girls all looked particularly well. Leila Voorhies, Katherine Dillon and Elizabeth Huntington wore red dresses and were as strikingly handsome girls as any in the room. Grace Spreckels, too, looked stunning, so did Katherine Warfield and Leontine Blakeman. Edith Preston was lovely in yellow and Alyss Latham sweet and charming in white. Charlotte Ellinwood had an exquisitely dainty gown that just suited her. I particularly liked the manner in which the lilies-of-the-valley were put on. All the girls, in fact, looked well, so it is difficult for me to mention more of them. I felt sorry for the army officers, but they do look so well in their uniforms they can afford to stand the heat and discomfort of it. I think most of us missed the navy. Poor fellows far away in Magdalena Bay, which I hear from David Sellurs, is very uninteresting, especially after hearing that a ball is being given half in their honor in San Francisco.

Well, Diary dear, I think I have told you all of last week's news. Monday night is the Golf ball at the Presidio Golf Club, and Tuesday we are to have a luncheon at Lillian Follis', in honor of Mrs. Flood. Other things of equal interest, I am sure, will keep us going until you hear from me again.

MISS CRICKET.

OAKLAND.

The event of this week was certainly the "Children's Party" that Mrs. Tucker gave at the Golf Club House. Everybody was in costume. Virginia de Fremery led a "Kinder Symphony" very well indeed, and Carrie Haven, Carrie Little, Horace Miller and Howard Veeder danced and sang the Mother Goose Lancers. It was an awfully amusing spectacle, exceedingly well carried out, and enjoyed by both those who took part and the spectators.

Mrs. Smith is giving a dance for her daughter Marian, on her birthday on February the 2d. She will also give a series of evening entertainments for older married people, where there will be cards, dancing, billiards and bowling.

The last meeting of the Monday afternoon whist club took place at the Browns, Floy Brown has exquisite taste in decorating and the fruit blossoms which formed banks in every corner were perfectly beautiful.

The Golf Cotillion a week ago went off splendidly. The rooms were most effectively decorated and all those who danced were in costumes. The red coats and pique skirts were exceedingly pretty and the gayety that prevailed was charming. Mrs. Bowles led admirably, notwithstanding the great crowd present.

An Exhibition of Bronzes.

Continued from page 6.

spirituelle little figures of nude nymphs—was likewise represented by but one little work, "The Moth and the Candle" (66). The "Dog playing with a crab," by Barye fils (65), is excellent. Finally a small Russian bronze of a Cossack mounted on his horse and in full marching order, bending down to his sweetheart for a last passionate farewell kiss, must be mentioned as a thoroughly satisfactory and pleasing little work.

Jesse Moore Whiskey has been the Kentucky standard with which all others have been compared since 1853.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival, and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

"A Bright Little Boy"

Would be sure of a welcome in almost any home. But what a welcome he would have in a home where the hope of children had been extinguished. What a welcome this particular "bright little boy" did have in such a home, may be judged by the closing paragraph of his mother's letter, given below. There is no room for the whole letter, which recounts a story of fifteen years of suffering and a perfect cure by the use of "three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, two bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and some of the 'Pellets.'"

In many instances childlessness is the result of conditions which are curable. It has often happened that when "Favorite Prescription" has cured a woman of female weakness and the nervous condition attending it, her return to health is signalized by the birth of her first child. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well.

"I cannot tell half that Dr. Pierce's medicine has done for me," writes Mrs. T. A. Ragan, of Norris, Watauga Co., N. C. "It will do all that is claimed for it—prevent miscarriage and render childbirth easy. It has given me a bright little boy, and I would not have had him had it not been for your wonderful medicine. I cannot say too much in praise of it; I think it is worth its weight in gold. I thank God for my life, and Dr. Pierce for my health."

"Pleasant Pellets" clear the complexion.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Pique.

"Of all the men about town,
I hate that Adolphus Brown,
He is so sweet to that girl on the street,
She said with a peevish frown."

When later she tripped down town,
Her face wore never a frown,
As she chanced to meet, and joyfully greet
That good-looking Mr. Brown.

—*Plint.*

A child in Arkansas recently having died at the age of ten months, a coroner held an inquest over the body and, in making out the certificate of death, stated that the subject was unmarried, and that its occupation was "keeping its parents awake o'nights."

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE NAME THUS ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE
Stewart Hartshorn
HARTSHORN

The End of the Nineteenth Century

witnesses the unprecedented success of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry; imports in 1899 being 109,303 cases, or 72,495 cases more than of any other brand. These facts speak, not misleading figures bid at auction sales.

A well known teacher, (English, German, French) going to Europe beginning of May, wishes to chaperone ladies going abroad. Highest recommendations.
Address CHAPERONE, this office.

For more than half a century the famous Jesse Moore whiskey has been the standad brand of the world.

THE CONFESSION OF A WOMAN.

By Guy de Maupassant.

YOU, my friend, have asked me to relate to you the most vivid recollections of my life. No longer young, without relatives or children; I feel free to confide in you, as you wish, only promise me that my name, shall remain a secret.

I have been loved many times and, as you know, have often loved in return. A beautiful woman in the past;—I can say it now without egotism, as the charms I once possessed are vanished, leaving but faint traces behind them.

To me, love was the essence and life of the heart, as the air we breathe is the vivifying principle of the body. I should have preferred to die than have existed without tenderness. Many women pretend to love but once with all the fervor and strength of their hearts; yet often, I have cherished so violent a sentiment that I believed it to be the crowning passion of life, but the flame died a natural death, as a fire that lacks wood to feed it.

I am about to confide to you the first of my love affairs, of which I was wholly innocent, though its influence was the motive power of the others that followed, wherein I played a leading role.

At the time of this episode, I had been married about a year, to the Comte Herve'de K., a Breton of good family, but to whom I had never given my heart.

Tall and well proportioned, he carried himself with an air of "grand seigneur," but he lacked intelligence. You felt his mind to be stocked with ideas placed there by his father and mother, inherited by them from their ancestors. On every subject he possessed an immediate and narrow opinion, which he never hesitated expressing without the least embarassment or comprehension that possibly there might exist other ways of viewing the question. Here was a head, sealed as it were, against those ideas which circulate, regenerating and freshening the mind, as a breeze passes through a house, whose doors and windows have been left open.

The Chateau, where we passed most of the year, stood in the midst of a wild uncultivated region. It was a rambling, gloomy structure, surrounded by enormous trees, whose huge branches, hung with long festoons of moss, recalled to one the white beards of old men. The park, almost a forest, was enclosed by a deep ditch, or haw-haw fence, and at the extremity of the moor, lay two large lakes, filled with reeds and water plants. On the banks of a small stream which united them, my husband had had erected a hut from which to shoot wild ducks.

Besides one ordinaty servant, we kept a game-keeper, who, though a stupid, brutish sort of a creature, was absolutely devoted to my husband; also a maid, almost a friend,—passionately attached to me. I had brought her with me on my return from a trip to Spain, five years before. With her dark skin, melancholy eyes, and heavy black hair tumbled about her face, you would have mistaken her for a gypsy. At this time she was sixteen years of age, but appeared fully twenty.

Autumn had just begun; the hunting season was in full swing, sometimes on the neighboring preserves, but more often on our own. From time to time, I noticed a young man, the Baron de C., whose visits to the Chateau became singularly frequent and then ceased entirely. I thought nothing of it at the time, but I noticed that my husband's manner toward me had undergone an entire change. He appeared reserved, preoccupied, never embraced me, and in spite of the fact that he left me entirely alone, often in the middle of the night, I would hear a stealthy step pause ouside my bed-room door and, after a few moments, steal away. My rooms were on the ground floor, the windows looking out on the park, and sometimes in the night I fancied I heard someone prowling in the darkness outside the Chateau. I repeated my fears to my husband, who would look earnestly at me for a few seconds and then with a shrug of the shoulders reply, "It is nothing, you heard the keeper."

* * *

One evening just as we were finishing dinner, Herve, who had appeared unusually gay throughout the meal, said with a laugh that seemed to me to be somewhat forced, "Ma Chere, how would you like to go with me to kill a fox, that sneaks through the park each night and eats my grouse?"

I was surprised, and hesitated a moment, but, as he was watching me narrowly with a singular intentness, I finally answered, "Why certainly, if it will please you."

Doubtless you already know that I could hunt the wolf and wild boar like any man, so that there was really nothing unnatural in this proposal except in the manner in which it was made. My answer seemed to make my husband strangely nervous, and during the rest of the evening he was restless and uneasy, getting up to wander feverishly around and then reseating himself for a short time. About ten o'clock he suddenly said, "Are you ready?" And as he handed me my gun, I asked whether I should load it with bullets or buck-shot. This appeared to surprise him, but he replied, "Oh! buck-shot will do the work you may be sure!" After a little he added in a singular tone, "You can certainly boast of a wonderful amount of sang-froid.

I commenced to laugh, "I? How so? Why should I *not* be cool over the prospect of merely killing a fox? What is the matter with you to-night monami?"

We crossed the park in silence. The whole household slept. The old Chateau lay sombre and still, bathed in the silver sheen of the full moon; not a sound disturbed the silence of that night so clear and melancholy. Nature seemed dead, not a breath of wind, not the hoot of an owl broke the heavy inaction that hung over all. As we passed under the trees of the park, a freshness in the air struck me and the dank smell of fallen leaves met my nostrils. My husband did not speak, he was on the alert, listening for the least sound, peering in among the trees, seeming to scent the very shadows, possessed from head to foot by the eagerness and passion of the chase. We quickly reached the margin of the lakes. Their fringe of reeds was without motion, but in the water below were almost inperceptible movements. Sometimes a tiny silver point stirred on the surface, and from this center started light circles, like shimmering ripples, that widened without end.

When we had reached the hut where we intended to lie in wait for the game, my husband made me enter first. As he slowly loaded his gun, the sharp click of the hammer produced in me a strange feeling. He felt me shiver and exclaimed, sarcastically, "Oh! I see you do not enjoy the prospect! Come, let us go back!" I answered gaily, "No, my friend, I did not come here, to turn around and go back without some kind of sport; how strangely you act to-night!" He only muttered, "As you will," and again silence fell between us. At the end of half an hour, during which time not a sound had disturbed the tranquility of that peaceful autumn night. I ventured, under my breath, "Are you sure it will pass by here?" Herve started as if he had been stung, and, with his mouth close to my ear, whispered, "Too sure! Listen!" Again the silence.

I believe I had commenced to doze, when suddenly my husband seized my arm and in a changed, breathless tone he almost hissed "Look, there it is, out under the trees." I strained my eyes into the deep shadows, but could distinguish nothing. Herve slowly brought his gun to his shoulder, though his eyes were fixed upon mine. I, too, got ready to fire, when suddenly, not thirty feet away, a man appeared coming towards us out of the shadows, with bent body and rapid steps, as if he were being pursued. It was so unexpected that I screamed, but before I could turn around a flash passed before my eyes, followed by a loud report, and I saw the man roll over on the ground, like a wolf struck by a bullet. In horror I uttered a piercing cry, when a fierce hand, that of Herve, grasped my throat, choking me into silence. Then I felt myself lifted into the air by his strong arms. He ran with me towards the lifeless figure on the grass, throwing me brutally upon it, as if he wished to break my neck. I felt that I was lost, that he was about to kill me, too. Already his heel was raised to strike my forehead, when in his turn, he was clasped about the middle and flung to the ground, before I had hardly time to realize what had happened. Staggering to my feet, I saw kneeling on his chest, Paquita, my little maid, clinging to him like any wildcat, in a frenzy of passion, tearing out his hair by the roots, and scratching his face with her furious nails. Then, as if suddenly seized by another idea, she rose and throwing herself on the corpse, (which I now recognized as the young Baron de C.) she clasped it in her arms, frantically kissing the hair, the eyes and the dead lips, lingering there, as if seeking the answering caress, which had never been denied before.

My husband, having risen, stood watching her. At last he understood, and, falling on his knees before me, he cried, "My darling, forgive me, I suspected you, and in my unjust rage, I have killed the lover of this poor girl. It was my game-keeper, who so completely deceived me!"

As for me, I watched those strange, impassioned kisses showered on the lips of that dead man, by the half-crazed girl whose despairing sobs had now died to low moans of deepest anguish; and in that moment I realized that indifference had turned to hatred for the man whom the world called my husband.

Translated by Daisy C. Page,

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

If you have never tasted Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, try it and be convinced that it is the best whiskey in the world.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

—FOR—

Nome, St. Michael, Dawson

AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.

CARRYING U. S. MAILS.

FOR NOME DISTRICT.

From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,

From San Francisco, S. S. "St, Paul," May 20th, 1900

A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fortnight Thereafter

For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak, and all Intermediate Points:

From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.

For new folders, maps and further particulars, as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

Absolutely the Best Evaporated CREAM on the Market.

Quality Guaranteed to remain unimpaired either in the Intense Heat of the Tropics or the Extreme Cold of an Alaskan Winter.

Recommended by the Medical Profession as an Ideal Food for Infants and Invalids.

THE Keeley Cure ALCOHOL, OPIUM, DRUG USING

Communications Confidential Write for particulars.

F. H. NIXON, WEST SEATTLE, WASH

FORTUNES IN OIL.

The Continental Oil and Development Co.

[INCORPORATED]

Only 6000 Shares of which 1,000 were put on the market and over half sold the first 10 days. This is a genuine opportunity for an oil investment. The Company owns by United States patent 5 twenty-acre tracts in the

"Oil Basin," Kings County,

the richest oil bearings in the entire belt. We have made arrangements for the latest improved machinery and will shortly be boring for oil, at which time stock cannot be had at any price.

No Assessments.

Wm. CORBIN, Pres. A. E. RUDELL, Secy.

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Fresno Alpha Oil Co.

Owns 640 acres of oil lands in the exact center of the intersection of the two oil belts upon which are situated the only producing wells in the region. Here is an expert opinion: "After a thorough examination I have no hesitancy in saying that from the exterior formation of shale and oil sands and the coloring, the lands are equal if not superior to any that I have inspected and prospected during the past twelve years."—J. M. Fleming.

Our property has plenty of water, from never failing springs. A contract will, within a few weeks, be let for sinking our first well. Parties who contemplate investing in oil should investigate our proposition. We offer only

a LIMITED NUMBER OF SHARES FOR SALE ON VERY EASY PAYMENTS.

Will be pleased to see you and to give you all information in our possession. Call or address O. A. LANE, Secretary

Rooms 6. 7. Eighth Floor Mills Building.

S. M. GLEAVES, U. S. Surveyor-General, President

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST COAL OIL.

BUY

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works

409 MARKET STREET

Thuringi Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

WAKELEE'S

MASERANG

HEADACHE POWDERS

A positive and immediate cure for sick or nervous Headache, Neuralgia and Nervousness.

These Powders contain no Morphine, Opium, Antipyrine, Chloral, Antikamnia, Phenacatine, or other drugs deleterious to the system.

SOCIETY IN VAUDEVILLE.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WAVE.

WELL, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish has started her salon, and society still stands. The wave of intellectual culture which is to sweep over smart society if you believe the society reporters, has begun in a gentle ripple. For it would not have done to begin *too* heavily, so Mrs. Fish opened with a vaudeville show. The diversions of the new Intellectual Set are to grow heavier and heavier as time goes on, until by Lent they may be expected to be listening to lectures on Maeterlinck. But vaudeville of a very light variety was the initial feature. Not amateur vaudeville, if you please. The players were well-known performers in the concert halls, and the sketch, a clever one, which bound them together, was arranged and mostly written by Frank Keeble.

The arrangements were kept a profound secret up to the time the curtain rose. The two hundred guests found, on entering the Venetian palace of the Fishs, that the ball-room was hung with great yellow posters announcing in red letters: "Vaudeville To-night. An Original Fish Story; Little Puddle but Big Fish, By Those in the Swim. Tickets Purchased on the Sidewalk of No Avail. Beware of Speculators; Free List Suspended." On taking their seats, the audience were handed a program folded inside of a little paper goldfish. This announced a skit entitled "A Fish Story." The characters all had fishy names—*Shad*, *Rowe*, Tim *Perch*, *Abe Pike*, etc. The curtain rose on John Saunders, dressed as an old plantation darkey, who recited a clever little prologue, and the event was on. I cannot say that it differed much from the vaudeville shows of humbler houses, except in the local hits, which were kind and yet clever and aimed at the audience direct. The one which took the house concerned Miss "Daisy" Post—"When is a Post not a post,—When it is a Daisy." Mrs. Oelrichs was picked as referee for a dispute "because she used to be Fair." And so on, as local hits go, nothing to tell about afterward, but full of the wit of the unexpected at the time.

This vaudeville was the big success of this season, but Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's dance to the winter's debutantes challenged it. This ball, an elaborate one, was for the season's debutantes, but particularly in honor of Miss Mary Crocker, who comes from your region of the earth, and is one of the most promising of the buds. Her mother and Mrs. Reid, you know, were cousins, and she will spend a part of the season with Mrs. Reid. The guests were received in the marble drawing room by the hostess and guest of honor. This is a wonderfully beautiful apartment, ornate, but tasteful. The walls are hung with gray tapestries, rare and old, matched in tint by marble columns of Louis XVI pattern with gilt capitals. Hangings of deep red and gold brocade make effective color contrast. The decorations for the dance were palms and orchids. Dancing commenced near midnight and continued until supper, or rather until the first supper, for there were two collations, one before and one after the cotillion. By the time this was on, the younger people alone were dancing, mostly the debutantes, and it made a pretty dance, as debutantes' cotillions always do. Worthington Whitehouse led with Miss Crocker, who wore white satin and tulle, simply made, as becomes a bud. The hostess was also dressed in white, trimmed with lace and pearls. The cotillion included seven figures, and the favors were brocaded silk sachet bags, old prints, scarf-pins vinaigrettes and fans.

I think that I have said already that immoral plays—or "spicy" ones if you like the word better, which I hope you don't—are not well received by New York society. I added, on that occasion, that our upper set has its faults, but that love of the salacious is not one of them. The opinion was confirmed by the reception given "The Degenerates" on its first week's run at the Garden. The smart set came sparsely the first night, and then left it severely alone. We have not lived down to the level whereon we can appreciate this thing, and much do I thank Heaven therefor. It is still running, and may run indefinitely, but the patronage comes through the attraction of Mrs. Langtry's name, sensational advertising, and through its popularity with the unmentioned class.

Let us pass over this weak imitation of Oscar Wilde and look at the Lily herself. Were it not trite, I should say with the critics that it seems impossible that this woman was an actress of many years' standing in the early eighties. Voice, form, face, all keep the fresh appearance of youth. It is marvelous. The interviewers are saying that she does it by a system, that she has made the saving of beauty a study and lives according to a regular course of life.

The Lily is a better actress than when we saw her last. She was never a Siddons, but application to her art has made her an intelligent player if not a great one. Those increasing years, which have passed her beauty, have brought to her mind a depth she used to lack. Really, the slimy part Mr. Grundy has made for her is well played.

I more than suspect that those representatives of high society, who attended the first night, came to see Mrs. Langtry's new Worth gowns. If they did, they discovered nothing especially overwhelming in importance. The Lily's costumes have more skirt and less corsage than we are accustomed to see here. The bodice of the evening gown was startlingly low before and worse behind. The tails of the skirt (no, I am not "making a break" when I say "tails;" it is the latest from London) dragged many a yard behind, so that she became involved in it more than once.

The gown in the first act is pale green satin, brocaded with clusters of Easter lilies in pink. The skirt had no ornaments except these clusters of lilies; it was plain and straight with one wide box plait. The bodice was built of a few inches of satin, a bunch of lilies at the shoulder, and diamond and pearl ornaments. The second gown is voted by critics of those matters the best of the lot. It is sky-blue satin, brocaded with stars in a paler shade of blue, and the skirt is bordered with a row of crescents in a shade still lighter. Princesse in form, and perfectly fitting, it has a V-shaped bodice filled in with creamy lace, sewn with brilliants so that it is one blaze of light. The whole dress is thickly strewn with brilliants. The chief triumph, however, comes in the fit. The lines are perfect. NETTA DYKE.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

ASK THE TICKET AGENT

to send you from Chicago to New York, Boston, or other Eastern cities over the **Nickel Plate** (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) Quick time, satisfactory service, and no extra fares charged passengers.

JAY W. ADAMS, Pacific Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker bldg., San Francisco Cal.

The Frenchman likes his native wines,
The German likes his beer,
The Irishman likes his whisky straight,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Englishman likes his 'alf and 'alf,
Because it makes him frisky.
But they all go back on their favorite drink
For Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephone South 40 J. Spaulding & Co.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth (5th) day of January, 1900, an assessment (No. 69) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth (9th) day of February, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the sebond (2nd) day of March, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses o sale. By order of the Board of Directors

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet. 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block.

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

OPTICIANS.

H. CLAY EVERSOLE, Specialist in Eyesight measurements for spectacles and eyeglasses, 720 First ave

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. FLEISCHER, Surgery Genito-Urinary and female diseases. 201, 202, 216, 218 Washington blk

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco, Plaintiff, *vs.* James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More B. More, and C. More Defendants. No. 67,877.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

FRANKLIN K. LANE
City and County Attorney, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More, B. More and C. More, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after service on you of this summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

The object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of said Court adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in fee of all the real estate hereinafter mentioned, and to quiet plaintiff's said title as against each and all said defendants and to obtain other and further relief and costs, as specified in said complaint, which complaint is hereby specially referred to for further particulars.

The following is a description of the property affected by this action:—

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situated in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows to wit

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bay street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with said Fillmore street to a point at which the water of the Bay of San Francisco is twenty-five [25] feet deep at low tide, as the same existed April 27, 1863; thence at right angles easterly four hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [468 9-12] feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with the easterly line of Fillmore street to the said northerly line of Bay street at a point thereon distant two hundred [200] feet easterly from the easterly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [268 9-12] feet to the point of commencement.

And are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of March, A. D., 1899. [SEAL] WM. A DRANE, Clerk,

By WM. R. A. JOHNSON, Deputy Clerk.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher; Cyrus Dare; The Funny Michelo; The Holloways; Bruet and Riviere; Sohlke's Pickaninnies; Irene Franklin; The Partie Trio; Papinta.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee .·. MARK THALL, Manager

WEEK OF FEB. 5th

First appearance at this Theatre of
MISS MARY HAMPTON
When will be presented Milton Royle's comedy

"FRIENDS."

With special scenery and and a great cast
Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
OH SUSSANNAH, Next.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, FEB. 5TH
Engagement limited to 18 nights, 3 matinees.

The Famous
BOSTONIANS
Presenting for the first time here the light opera

The Smugglers of Badayez

By Minkowsky and Ranken.
In preparation, THE VICTORY.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers.
[Tele. Main 1731

COMMENCING SUNDAY NIGHT, FEB. 4th, 1900.
THE FRAWLEY COMPANY.
In Chas. Frohmen's Great Comedy Success

THE CUCKOO

Adapted from the French by Charles Brookfield

IT'S A BIRD.

Special engagement of R. L. Stockwell
SPECIAL, Sunday May 11th—
Welcome home from London of California's most distinguished actress,
KEITH WAKEMAN.

Popular Prices: Evening, 75c, 50c, 25c; Matinees, 50c, 25c.

Sherman & Clay Hall.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEB 6, at 3:15.
Concert given by

Mrs. Adelaide Lloyd Smith,

Dramatic Soprano.
Assisted by THE MINETTI QUARTETTE and CANTOR E. J. STARK.
ROSCOE WARREN KING, Accompanist.
Flute Obligato by ELIAS M. HECHT.
RESERVED SEATS $1.00.
On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

Western Turf Association.

INCORPORATED
Member American Turf Congress
TANFORAN PARK, South San Francisco
Main Office Parlor "A" Palace Hotel San Francisco

W. J. MARTIN, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Manager.

Second Meeting Feb. 3rd to 17th inclusive.

Six high-class running races every week-day rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb Grand Stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 4:45 P. M. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking. Valencia street ten minutes later.

San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.

Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to Grounds, $1.25.

Racing! Racing! Racing!

CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

Winter meeting, 1899–1900, beginning MONDAY, Jan. 22 to Feb. 3, 1900.
OAKLAND RACE TRACK.

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.

Five or more races each day.

Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President,
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

AT THE THEATERS

The latest newspaper ebullition over the Frawley Company at the California *wasn't* a press-agent story. As stated in the papers, Mary Hampton has declared that the Frawley's, including the other Mary, are horrid, and has gone away, so there! Mr. Frawley is giving Miss Van Buren leading parts to her satisfaction, meanwhile, and has sent abroad for another leading lady.

The trouble with Miss Hampton is that she has not learned the fountain-of-youth secret held by Langtry and Bernhardt, and that she won't acknowledge it. That time of life comes to most actresses, and nine out of ten have a long struggle with their vanity before they give in and abandon themselves to parts of the Phosa McAllister order. Miss Hampton deserves all the sympathy due to one who is fighting against a disagreeable certainty. True, some the things she said about Tim and his people were not pleasant, but then, we have the word of the greatest of all play-folk that, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

In the interval, Frawley has adopted the doubtful policy of filling in a space between stars with two "tobasco" comedies. Doubtful, because, while they draw crowded houses for the time being, they will not be good for the company's reputation when they settle down again to melodrama and clean comedy. It is said that the Metropolitan Opera House in New York is going to be abandoned because of a plague of fleas which infested it after the Pet Dog show. The management fumigated the house and ran out the parasites, but people who remember have a disposition to shun the place because of what was there before. The same process of disreason spoils the business of a company which descends to *risque* plays. They have done it once, and when they fumigate and return to the old ways, the reputation sticks.

Last week, I had occasion to remark on Miss Van Buren's artistic use of rabbit's foot and grease-paint. I notice that, in her make-up for "In Paradise," she omits the dimples upon which I dwelt with such loving emphasis. Is there any connection between the two facts? If so, I have to thank her for proving what I said—that she is a consummate artist in making up. It was hardly the same Mary Van Buren this time. She had replaced the usual tip-tilted picquancy by a beauty of a different sort—the *chic*, smooth charm of the Parisian *demi-mondeine*. Incidentally, she would have pleased us all better if she hadn't worn a particularly unbecoming gown. Perhaps this fitted her as well as the part; this apparent slur is really intended as a compliment. Miss Van Buren was not made to play the salacious.

* *

Mlle. Trebelli comes forward to the edge of the stage, a round little body without make-up, mannerisms, or further pretension than lies in an effective bow and smile, and a delightful voice. At no time during her concert are you distinctly moved; instead of enthusiasm there is the restful feeling of quiet enjoyment. For Trebelli's repose is remarkable. Only her face is stirred by the changes of her song, and it will repay watching. She is an uneven singer—her trill, for instance, is never sufficiently clear cut—but her delicacy has an unfailing charm, and when she chooses, she can produce a ringing volume of tone. Trebelli has not a special selection for which her seating herself at the piano is a signal. At each concert she accompanies herself in three or more songs, and the combination of voice, manner, and graceful accompaniment complete her conquest of her audience.

For Antoinette Trebelli's personality is her dominant charm, and when you have heard her laughing song, you have the key to it. Back of the delicate art that can blend laughter into the staccato scale, is the jubilant disposition that blesses this unspoiled young singer. Her laughing song is a part of herself and the purity of her daily life. She has no sorrows, no regrets, no cares. Behind the dark red curtain at the back of the stage, watching eagerly while the applause is sounding, and flowers are passed up to the gratified artist, stands a slender woman, in invariable black. This is Mme. Voudour. On her shoulders falls the burden of contracts and business details, worries of which her charge is permitted to know nothing. These two women, who are the greatest friends, travel across the world together, in thorough Bohemian enjoyment of an artistic life. If fortune smiles, the most luxurious hotel is their home, while if for some reason the concerts are poorly attended, the two are equally happy housekeeping in cheap lodgings. They make their clothes, practice, discuss programs, and see the few chosen friends that Trebelli never fails to find in the cities she visits. Recently she spent the day among the hills of Marin county, and no meadow-lark was more joyous than she over the fresh green of the land and the various beginnings of spring.

* *

One of the peculiar features of this vaudeville season is the continued popularity of "The Holy City." There has been hardly a week when this has not been dished up at the Orpheum in some form or other, and it has never failed to carry the audience. The great Australian Baritone sang it, the Tramp Musician played it on the slide trombone, and now we have it in a woman's voice. Edna Bassett Marshall claims to be not only the only woman rendering the song in vaudeville, but the person who first brought it into the variety theatre and started the craze.

Speaking of Edna Bassett Marshall reminds me of the two small boys, Tommy Colleron and Wright Campbell, who do the tumbling act with the company, and this suggests a fact which will probably be unknown to western audiences. It is that Scranton, Pa., the town from which they hail, sends out more acrobats than any other town in the country. Just why it is, no one knows, except that it is the favorite form of sport there, almost to the exclusion of all others. The small boys practice tumbling instead of playing ball. The youngsters who play at the Orpheum this week were practicing in a vacant lot, when the Marshalls saw them, saw their value as a "feature," and snapped them up. They are just ordinary American boys, off the stage, and a pretty good sort at that. It is written in the annals of the Orpheum that they went to church last Sunday with "Joe" Newman, who holds the vaudeville record for piety.

The Orpheum has an excellent bill this week First and foremost is Papinta, whose act grows in beauty with each visit. The Pantie trio are individually clever, and so are the Sohlke's with their troop of five little pickaninnies. The ladder performance of the Holloways is really wonderful; Irene Franklin is rather second rate; Bruet and Riviere give their songs with true Gallic esprit; "Tactics" is undeniably clever, but the gem of the performance is Papinta.

* *

At the Columbia Theatre next week we are to hear the Bostonians, who open in the new opera, "The Smugglers of Badayez," by Minkowsky. Besides the old favorites, the company includes some excellent new people, and is said to be as strong as at any time in its history.

* *

"Friends," Edward Milton Royle's popular play, will be produced at the Alcazar this week, with Mary Hampton in the role which Selina Fetter Royle is identified with. Miss Hampton is to be the Alcazar's leading lady in future.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account October $2,365,968

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President
CHARLES R. BISHOP ..... Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH ..... Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON ..... Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY ..... Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York ..... Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore ..... The National Exchange Bank
Boston ..... The Tremont National Bank
Chicago ..... Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia ..... Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis ..... Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev. ... Agency of the Bank of California
London ..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris ..... Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin ..... Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies ..... Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand ..... The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus $2,2.3,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash 1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899 ..... 28 563,655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

Rates of interest on loans secured by improved San Francisco real estate, *six per cent.*

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900 ..... $26,110,681
Paid Up Capital 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 210,067
Contingent Fund 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

GIANT OIL COMPANY

Location of Wells, McKittrick, Kern County, Cal.

Capitalization, $500,000.

600 acres of land, U. S. Patent in the heart of the now famous McKittrick district, selected by experts and proven to be one of the best Oil properties in the State.

WILLIAM J. DINGEE, President. J. M. MERRELL, Vice-President.

OFFICES:

Room 16, 2d Floor, Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 460 Eigth Street, Oakland, Cal.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✻ THIS SEASON'S ✻

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Jan. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Feb. 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Jan. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26 31, Feb. 5 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Jan. 9, 14, 19 24, 29, Feb 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Jan. 7 11, 15, 19 23, 27, 31, Feb. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Jan. 9, 13, 17 21, 25, 29, Feb. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, February 7 at 2 p.m.

S. S. Alameda, **for Australia**, Wednesday, February 21, at 8 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, at 1 p.m., for **YOKOHAMA** and **HONGKONG** via Honolulu, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Hongkong Maru..... Tuesday, January 16th
Nippon Maru.....Friday, February 9th
America Maru.....Wednesday, March 7th

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market street corner First. W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast

No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE **$12 First Class** / **$8 Second Class** } Including Berth and Meals

Columbia sails Jan. 28, Feb. 7 17 27.
State of California sails Jan. 23, Feb, 2, 12, 22.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

SUNSET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1899-1900

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Fridays
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays and Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the travelling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5810 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

Roger S. Green, Pres. Austin E. Griffiths, Sec'y

Invest Your Money in the

Sea • Breeze • Mine

The Richest Free Milling Gold Discovery in Southeastern Alaska.

A limited number of shares offered at Fifty Cents. Call or address

SEA BREEZE MINING CO.

Washington Bld., 1st Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

No. 11,194.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, NINTH CIRCUIT, NORTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA.

In the matter of the Insolvent, the California National Bank of San Francisco.

T. K. STATELER, the Agent of the California National Bank of San Francisco, which bank was duly adjudged insolvent by the Comptroller of the Currency of the United States on the 14th day of January, 1889, pursuant to the provisions of an act of Congress entitled "An Act au horizing the appointment of receivers of National Banks and for other purposes," approved June 30th, 1876, having filed herein a petition praying for an order of sale of the choses in action and the unsold personal property belonging to said bank, now in his possession as said Agent, and which said choses in action and unsold personal property are fully set forth and described in said petition;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED [illegible] before this Court in its court-room in the appraiser s building at the corner of Washington and Sansome streets, San Francisco, on Saturday the 10th day of February, 1900, at eleven o'clock a. m.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be served by said Agent upon all the stockholders of the bank, standing as such upon the books of the bank at the date of its adjudication as insolvent, either by personal delivering a copy hereof to each of said stockholders or by sending a copy hereof through the mail addressed to his last known place of residence, postage prepaid, at least ten days prior to February 10, 1900.

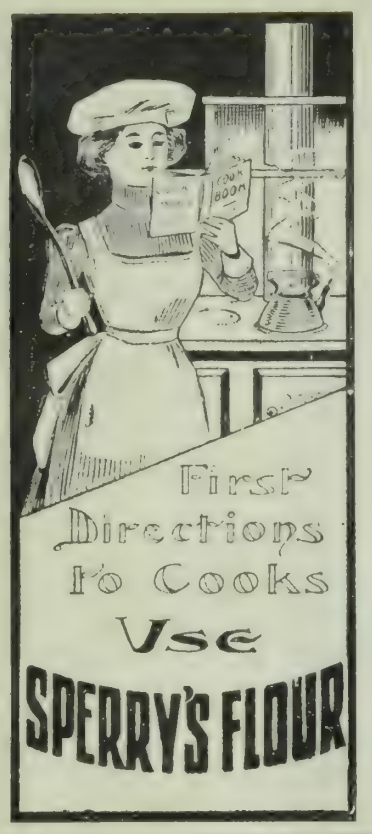
IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published in *The Wave*, a newspaper printed and published weekly at San Francisco, aforesaid, at least once a week for three weeks prior to the hearing of said petition,

Dated, January 10, 1900.

JOHN J. DE HAVEN, Judge

ROBERT BRENT MITCHELL, Mills Building, San Francisco, Attorney for Petitioner.

The whiskey that touches the right spot veery time is Jesse Moore. To be found at all first-class bars and saloons.



Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, Prop.
American and European Plan.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

FOR THE
BEST BOOK-KEEPING,
the SHORTEST SHORTHAND
Attend McLAREN & THOMSON'S
Acme Business College
College Paper Sent Free
Pacific Block SEATTLE, WASH.

Special Sale of Furs
At 25 Per Cent Reduction
For the Next Ten Daps Only
Remodeling and Repairing.

AD. KOCOUR & CO.
Fashionable Manufacturing Furriers,
FUR DYERS AND FUR DRESSERS.
121 POST STREET, ROOMS 7 TO 11
Telephone Black 3743.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters
'Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.
NABER, ALPS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

Ladies Do Not
Seek assistance from new and untried preparations, but use the old, time-tried and reliable CREME DE LIS. It removes every trace of sallowness and other cutaneous defects and the skin regains that softness and purity of color so rarely possessed by adults. Blackheads, freckles, muddy skin, wrinkles, and red nose, or face. acted upon as if by magic.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

ENCOURAGEMENT INDEED.—A small but plain young woman, whose ambitions have kept her unmarried, went to the farm of a girl friend to spend the summer vacation. The girl had a brother, an industrious young man, who worked day and night to lift the mortgage on the property. The ambitious young woman watched him and sympathized with him, even going so far as to turn a grindstone for him, while he was trying to put an edge on the family axe. About the time she was ready to go home, he took heart and proposed. "Marry you," said the damsel. "How could I think of marrying a man with neither money nor prospects?" "You do not love me?" he asked sadly. "Then why did you encourage me?" "What encouragement have I ever given you?" she asked, in genuine surprise, for she did not forget she was a practical woman. "No encouragement?" he whimpered. "Then why did you turn the grindstone for me?"

x

THE BEAUTY OF THE HOUSE.—Representative John W. Gaines, of Tennessee, is vain of the reputation of being the handsomest man in Congress. There is a division of opinion, however, as to whether Congressman Foote of New York has not somewhat the advantage of the Apollo-like Tennesseean and the subject has been the topic of considerable controversy. One afternoon Gaines was found by a colleague pacing the cloak-room, his brow knit in thought, his face very red. "What's the matter?" asked the other. "You look excited." "Excited?" said Gaines. "I am not excited, but indignant, sir, indignant! What do you think I heard just now? That Mr. Foote, of New York, was the handsomest man in the House?" Then, standing back, striking an attitude and pounding himself on his chest with closed hands, he said proudly, "And look at me, sir, look at me!"

x

THE VERITABLE MACREADY.—Macready, the tragedian was a nervous man and intensely irritable. At the Park Theatre, he was playing Macbeth with Mrs. Sloman, who enacted Lady Macbeth in black velvet, point lace and pearl beads. In the murder scene, a point of Macbeth's dress caught on the tassels of her pearl girdle, so the string broke, precipitating the beads on the floor. They fell one by one and, in the intense silence prevailing, the sound was heard through the house. Macready, almost frantic, hurried the scene to an end and with the words, "Wake Duncan with the knocking, Oh! would that thou couldst," he threw the unfortunate Sloman off the stage with a "d——m you and your clothes ma'am. String your beads with wire next time."

x

TRUE GRATITUDE.—Soon after the first distribution of committees in the House of Representatives, Representative Foster, of Chicago, was introduced to Speaker Henderson. He had received but one committee appointment and that an obscure one. He remarked: "I am on a fine committee, Mr. Speaker." Mr. Henderson beamed. "I am very glad, Mr. Foster, you like your appointment," he said. "I always like to please the gentlemen of the House." "Oh," said Mr. Foster, solemnly, "I refer to the Committee of the Whole. You know, I am a member of that." While the speaker was gasping for breath, the new member from Chicago added: "At the same time, if you are very anxious to please, I would not object to being in your debt for some other good committee." And the Speaker passed his box of Philippine cigars.

x

MARRIAGE A LOTTERY.—In Cripple Creek, a sturdy miner drove up to the minister's house with a young woman to whom he desired to be married. When the ceremony was concluded and the minister's fee came up, the happy man discovered he had left his money in his other trousers. "What's your usual fee," he asked. "Sometimes we get $2, sometimes $5." said the parson. "Then ther ain't no usual about it," decided the Happy Man, quickly adding: "Tell ye what I'll do, mister; I'll gamble with yer. I'll wait a year, an' if this pans out O. K., I'll give ye ten, an' if it doan't"—— He smiled.

x

MILLAIS' PREFERENCE.—The first meeting between John Millais the artist and Mrs. Jopling, a pretty society woman of London, occurred at a private view of the old master's at Burlington House. Mrs. Jopling was walking with a well known artist when Millais approached: "A good show of old masters," remarked the artist after they had exchange greetings: "Old masters be bothered! I prefer looking at the young mistresses!" said Millais, with a humorous glance at Mrs. Jopling.

x

A SUBTLE COMPLIMENT.—The most subtle compliment ever paid Sir Henry Irving was by a working lad a few months ago on Hamstead Heath. Sir Henry was walking with a friend, and some youths of the laborer class were following him about curiously. At last one was heard to say, "Oh, I know 'oo it is, it's that bloke what keeps the theatre—it's Shikespeare."

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS
For nearly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.
Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate charges.
The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.
JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

THE
WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.
Two first class trains daily between
Skaguay and Lake Bennett.
Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.
SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
Atlin, Dawson and Cape Nome Gold Fields.
FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN General Agent 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND
California State Exposition, 1899
One Honorable Mention
Six First Premium Awards
This brand of wine is sold at all first class hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

GREENBAUM'S
White and Dark Violet
The Most Fashionable Perfume Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets
200 POST STREET

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line
CUTS
Yosemite Engraving Co.
24 Montgomery Street
San Francisco
For Catalogues Books Souvenirs Newspapers Letter-heads Etc.
We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS.
308 - 314 Post St.
Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. All the Latest Books in our Sheet Music Department.

This Paper is not to be taken from the Library.

The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI, No. 5. SAN FRANCISCO — FEBRUARY 10, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

STATE

MAJ. GEN. HENRY WARE LAWTON.

DVLCE ET DECORVM EST PRO PATRIA MORI

OBSEQUIES OF MAJOR GENERAL H. W. LAWTON,
SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 1st, 900.

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—February 10, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Views of the Klukwan Potlach 4
Burial of Maj. Gen. Lawton 5
Episode in the Life of Cecil Rhodes 5
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 7
The Fire in Honolulu 7
Dawson City 8
The Potlach at Klukwan by John Stollard 9
In Bookdom 10
Babblings of a Belle 11
The Downfall of Brown 12
Correspondence 13
The Drama 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

The War in South Africa.

The South African war has rested in *statuo quo* the last week. It is the lull between storms. After the defeat of Warren's division at Spion's Kop, Buller withdrew, not across the Big Tugela river to the first base, as reported in the early dispatches, but to an advanced position between the Little Tugela and the Big Tugela. There, he rests just in touch with the Boer outposts. A report that he has advanced again is being circulated. If this is true, it means that the British will set themselves to relieve Ladysmith before they concentrate the army of South Africa for the advance into the heart of Orange Free State or Transvaal. The War Office at London will neither confirm nor deny this rumor. Later lists of killed and wounded show that the British loss in the late action across Tugela was fully up to the original 1500 estimate. Although the Boers as usual claim a small loss, reports from reliable sources state that they lost as heavily at Spion's Kop as did the British. Transvaal and Orange Free State have now put every available man in the field. They are at the extent of their resources. This fact signifies that from now on the balance of the war must swing to the British side—a prophecy which requires explanation. Admitting that the British have lost two men to the Boers' one, and admitting that this will continue to be the proportion in the rest of the war, the proportionate loss falls heaviest on the republican forces. The English can continue to give two one for in that manner until the army of the Transvaal is practically exterminated and still have forces at command large enough to take and hold both republics. This is a bloody solution, but it seems the probable one. The temper of the English people is such that the war will never be abandoned so long as there is even a remote hope of winning. On the other hand, reports from Americans and others with the Boer forces show that the forces of the two republics are already reduced materially by losses in battle. The Spion's Kop victory was of the Bunker Hill order. It will be remembered that in that fight the British, while the victors, lost so heavily that it was said "two more victories like this and we must give up the colonies." Warren's defeat was just such a victory for the Boers. It seems likely just now that Buller's campaign against the besiegers of Ladysmith will resemble, in essentials, Grant's movement on Richmond—a steady hammering wherein, although defeated again and again, the attacking force rallies and comes on once more until the enemy is worn out. Once Ladysmith is relieved by such a campaign, the Boer army will not have the strength left to repel a general invasion.

The African Question in Parliament.

The British Parliament assembled last week and was opened, as usual, with the Queen's address from the throne. Like the President's annual message, this address never means very much, being simply a resume of events and conditions known to everyone. The moving of the usual address in return, however, precipitated a warm debate. The Liberals offered an amendment criticising the government's conduct of the war. This was ably supported by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Liberal leader in the House, and by the Liberal minority in the Lords. The debate is still going on, but is so nearly concluded that the position of all parties is made clear. The supporters of the government side, while admitting that mistakes have been made, defend the policy and procedure of Secretary Chamberlain and the War Office. The Liberals attack this policy and the war record of the Tories with great vigor. Most of them are also of the opinion that war should have been avoided. Now that the war is on, they stand for fighting it out to the end. The Irish members, as usual, have no policy except an obstreperously hostile one, and content themselves with blocking proceedings, denouncing everything in sight, and applauding the Boers. Colonial Secretary Chamberlain has just concluded in the House of Commons an able address in defense of his party and his policy. In the main, he takes the position of the other Tory leaders. The government has made errors, but most of them were unavoidable. They entered the war unprepared; even so, this was because they had tried to shun conflict and were afraid of provoking it by open preparations. "Let the government bear the brunt until the time comes when, under happier auspices, we can see how far the blame is to be apportioned between this system and those administering it. . . . It is premature, to think of terms of settlement, but speaking for the government, there will never be another Majuba Hill agreement." Twice in the week, statements of the forces at the front have been made. Chamberlain holds that in a few weeks 200,000 men will be in South Africa. Wyndham, Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for War, gives the official count of forces at the front as 145,000. He adds that the government can state with authority that the Boer troops number 58,000.

Britain Releases Her Hold on the Canal.

The Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which has long stood as a barrier to our building the Nicaragua Canal, has been abrogated by Great Britain in return, it is said, for free port privileges in Alaska. This means that the last legal barrier against our control of the Isthmian water-way is removed. This treaty has hampered operations for years. It was entered into by Great Britain and the United States in good faith, and bound them to a joint construction and control of the canal. As time passed, however, it became more and more apparent that the canal was logically an affair of the United States, and that Great Britain was not ready to go to the expense of meeting us half-way on the construction. Should we proceed to do the work alone, the British would still have the right of joint control under the treaty, thereby gaining a half-interest in the water-way without paying anything for it. Negotiations have been pending for a year and were only just closed. Great Britain will modify the treaty so that her only demand is neutrality on the Suez principle. In return, it is said, she expects the surrender of a free port in Lynn Canal, or at least the right to construct at Pyramid Harbor piers by which British goods may be shipped to the interior, duty free in bond. When this trade is submitted to the Senate, strong opposition is expected from western Senators, as the surrender of a free port in Canada is held to injure western interests. Nevertheless, the measure is expected to go through, since it is a small price to pay for the free right to the canal.

Report of the Philippine Commission.

A few weeks ago, this department outlined the report of the Philippine Commission from advance reports given out to the correspondents at Washington. The first volume of the report, the one dealing with political conditions and making recommendations to Congress, is now submitted, and a point touched lightly in the advance statements is brought into strong prominence. This is the opinion of the Commission concerning the relative merits of colonial and territorial government. The decision is all in favor of the latter. The Commission announces itself unqualifiedly in favor of a government of the Philippines analogous to that of a territory of the United States with a Governor appointed by the President. They say it is desirable that the inhabitants of the archipelago should enjoy a large measure of home rule in local affairs, their towns to enjoy substantially the rights and privileges of towns in a territory. The provinces should be vested with substantially the functions of a county in a territory. This system might be applied to Luzon and the Viscayan islands at once, and a beginning might be made on the coast of Mindanao. The Sulu archipelago, calling for special arrangements with the Sultan, the Commission says, need not be considered in this connection. The Filipinos could manage their own town and county affairs through their own officers whom they could elect with no help from American officials, except such as would be involved in control from the central government at Manila. The suffrage should be restricted by educational or property qualifications or both. This system would necessitate a small body of American officials of great ability and integrity and of patience and tact in dealing with other races. The chimerical scheme of independent government under a protectorate and the British plan of free colonies are both discussed and condemned, the former because the United States would have to be responsible for the acts of the Filipinos while having no legal right to check them, the latter because the native colonists would differ from us in every respect and could not be expected to fit the British system wherein the colonists are presupposed to be homologous to the governing power. The scheme of territorial government is mapped out to the minutest detail.

Legislation for Alaska.

In the great mass of legislation which must be handled in this crowded session of Congress, it has been feared that the changes of legislation demanded for Alaska would be delayed. Anxiety on this point has been in a measure relieved by the introduction in Congress of three bills bearing on the subject. These measures provide a new schedule of licenses for gold claims, federal control and regulation of salmon fisheries and protection of big game. The first bill readjusts the schedule of licenses to fit new conditions brought about by the influx of gold seekers. All moneys paid in for licenses are to be set apart for the Alaskan Public School Fund. The salmon fisheries' bill is designed in accordance with the ideas of the Fish Commission, and is, roughly, similar to the law now in force in Washington and the Northwestern States. The game bill provides for an open and closed season for big game, which season is to be relaxed in the case of Indians hunting for food. These bills, of course, comprise only a small part of the legislation necessary for Alaska, but their introduction proves the territory will come under consideration. John P. Hartman of Seattle has been in the city of Washington in the interests of the Alaskan measures. He reports that affairs are moving smoothly. It is probable, in his opinion, that a general bill providing for the expenditure of more than half the revenues of the district will pass this session. Alaska is also to have a code of laws and a land law, giving landholders title of fee simple to their real estate. It is also likely that three judicial districts, each with its judge, marshal, clerk and deputies, will be provided.

Political Anarchy in Kentucky.

There has been a reign of lawlessness in Kentucky, as a result of the election controversies in that state. It culminated last week in the assassination of Goebel, the Democratic candidate for governor of the state, and in a general arming of the commonwealth. For a time, civil war was expected, but better counsel prevailed, and, although Kentucky politics are not out of the woods, it is probable that bloodshed will be averted. The trouble goes back to the last election. Goebel, Democratic was defeated for governor in a very close fight by Taylor, Republican. The Democrats contested the election, claiming that fraudulent votes enough to influence the result were cast for Taylor. The Republicans entered counter claims and Taylor was seated. The Democrats had a majority of the State Legislature and announced their intention of unseating Taylor and declaring Goebel the rightful incumbent. This caused immense excitement, and armed men of both factions poured into Frankfort, the capital city. On Tuesday, Jan. 30, Goebel was to have been declared elected by a party vote of both houses. That day, as he was proceeding to the State House, he was mortally wounded by a shot fired from an upper window of a building nearby. Four days later, he died. The assassin has not been found. Governor Taylor at once called out the militia, while the Democratic factionaries armed and assembled. The soldiery took possession of the State House and prevented the Legislature from meeting. Upon this, the Democratic majority signed a paper declaring Goebel legal governor of Kentucky, and J. C. Beckham, his running-mate on the ticket, lieutenant-governor. The oath was administered to the dying man at once, and he issued a proclamation ordering the militia to disperse. Some of them obeyed, but the majority stood by Taylor, who got out a counter proclamation, ordering the General Assembly to meet at London, Ky., in the heart of Republican districts. The Democratic majority met in a hotel and ratified the election of Goebel, adjourning thence to Louisville. The Democrats issued an injunction preventing the proposed transfer to London. Goebel died on Friday, Feb. 3, and the oath of office was administered to Beckham. Thus the situation stood over Sunday—two legislatures, divided on party lines, meeting in different places, and two sets of state officials. Meantime, there had been all possible show of arms and threats of violence, and only the most careful handling prevented riot and battle. Monday night, the leaders of both sides held a conference, and practically agreed on the unseating of Taylor. If this arrangement is not carried out, the case will have to be fought out through the injunctions obtained in the courts. The chances of bloodshed are not yet past, but the atmosphere has cleared considerably.

The Trust Situation.

The Industrial Commission has finished its labors in taking testimony and gathering statistics, and is weeding out the enormous mass preparatory to submitting its report to Congress. It is now admitted that much of the work done by this body is valueless. The sole department which has achieved any results of interest to the country or of use to Congress is that charged with investigating trusts. Even here, no recommendations will be made; the attention of Congress will be called to certain passages in the report, that is all. It appears that at one time the Commission spent considerable time in discussing the universal panacea now exploited by W. J. Bryan as his own original idea. This is a scheme to bring all trusts and industrial combinations under the control of the General Government, through the enactment of a law by Congress authorizing a bureau at Washington which should supervise trusts exactly as the Controller of the Currency controls the National Banking associations. The impracticability of this plan was disclosed, and the Commission gave up the idea. Then came the decision of the Supreme Court upholding the Sherman Anti-Trust law, the provisions of which are more potent and far-reaching than most people had believed them to be. That decision called a halt in the investigation, and the Commission closed its labors with testimony to begin the preparation of reports. Fragmentary and unconvincing as the results submitted will be, the Commission can hardly be held to blame. They have been handicapped from first to last by the fact that they could not compel the attendance of witnesses. They were granted no authority for that; their summonses amounted only to requests. The members of the Commission have, however, reached one conclusion. One and all, they are of the opinion, that, since the Sherman law can and will be enforced, Congress ought to hesitate before going any further with anti-trust legislation. Meanwhile, the Republican majority in Congress is planning a trust measure which will have its reason for being in political expediency. It is recognized that the trust howl is now the main hold of the Democratic party. Free silver is a dead issue. In all parts of the East except New England, public opinion is for expansion. With these two issues killed, Bryan and others have been directing their ante-campaign oratory at the trust evil. The passage of an anti-trust measure by a Republican Congress would take the ground from under their feet. If such a bill were put through in the spring or summer, it could not be ratified by the various state assemblies—a condition necessary to its legality—until after the election. All through the campaign, therefore, the Republicans could point to their trust record whenever the Democrats raised the howl. It would be a clever flanking movement, but it is too early to make any prophecies as to its chance of adoption.

German Intrigues in Venezuela.

Following close upon the decision of the Tribunal of Arbitration in the controversy between Great Britain and Venezuela over the boundaries of British Guiana comes another controversy over the turbulent little republic, and one that is likely, in the end, to give rise to serious trouble. Germany is preparing to squeeze Venezuela

for an old debt. In the late eighties, the republic decided to build a trans-Andean railroad, and raised the capital in Germany. It was believed at the time that the profits of such a venture would be enormous; therefore, the government pledged itself to the two German banking firms which lent the money for seven per cent. interest on the total amount of the loan. The road, being solidly and well constructed, cost much more than the original estimate; nevertheless, the banking firm held Venezuela only to payment on the first estimate. This seemed fair, but the money was not forthcoming. A long diplomatic correspondence followed, as a result of which a German squadron was ordered to La Guayra with instructions to demand an immediate settlement, failing which, the customs-house was to be seized and held. Then came President Cleveland's famous message warning Great Britain against her designs on the Guiana boundary, and the Germans substituted diplomacy for war. As the first step, a banking firm in Berlin, backed, it is supposed, by the government, loaned Venezuela $10,000,000 at usurious interest. Out of this principal, interest on the loan of the railroad funds and on the loan itself were paid for some time. Then came the Andrade revolution and payment stopped. Now, Venezuela is indebted to Germany for the loan on the railroad and the accruing interest thereon, for the time-serving loan of $10 000,000 and the interest thereon, for damages inflicted on German property in the Andrade rebellion, and for munitions of war purchased in Berlin. She has no way to make cash settlement. The country is on the verge of starvation, and is producing nothing, as all the able-bodied men are in arms. Germany takes this time to press for payment, not because she expects it, but because she wants a coaling-station in the Carribean and Venezuela has such a station, the island of Margarita. This is a point of great strategic value, being in the path of vessels passing in and out of the Isthmian Canal and in easy striking distance of both North and South America. It is admirably adapted to fortifications, has several good harbors, and possesses pearl fisheries second only to those of Ceylon. Germany is now the only great power which lacks a station in the West Indies. The demand for payment will be made immediately, and when the refusal comes, the Kaiser will show the real object of his game by demanding this island.

The French Educational Bill. Owing to the fact that it furnishes sensational "copy," the personal feature of the late French political tangles has been exploited in the American press to the exclusion of weightier matters. The educational bill now being debated in the Chamber of Deputies is a thing of more importance to France than the Nationalist conspiracy, yet very little is known of it on this side. The measure is the work of the Radical party, and was drawn up at the instigation of pronounced Socialists. Briefly, it is intended to do away with all denominational schools. Should it become a law, every French youth must be educated in state institutions up to the time he enters a university or technical school. Every applicant for a government position and every matriculate at a special school or university must show a certificate proving that he has been educated in the public schools. Thus, the students of denominational schools are shut out from government appointments and from institutions of higher learning. M. Aynard, representing not so much the clerical party as the conservative Republicans, has led the fight against this measure. In the name of the Commission of Public Education he has entered a strong protest. The bill, he says, goes to the extreme which is charged against the Roman Catholic Church. It is directly subversive of liberty of conscience and of action. Outside of that, it encroaches upon the liberty of the parent, a thing which is a tradition of French law. He points to the admirable school sytems of England and America as examples of the moderate and sane theory of education, wherein free schools are opened wide for those who will make use of them, but where no objection is made to an alternative system of independent denominational schools. M. Aynard's protest is said to be a remarkable document and has had much influence upon the French people. An immense amount of discussion on the subject is going on among serious thinkers in all sections of the press.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Conclusion of California's Senatorial Contest

THE election of Thos. R. Bard to the United States Senate reflects great credit upon the Legislature of the State of California. Mr. Bard was not even a candidate for the office in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Early in the session Senator Flint, who was the original Bard supporter, with several of his friends united in a telegram to that gentleman inviting him to come to Sacramento. Mr. Bard arrived at the capital late Friday morning; at 4 o'clock the same day he was declared the choice of the anti-Burns conference; at 8 o'clock p. m. he was unanimously chosen by a caucus of fifty-two Republicans, and on the following Tuesday was elected Senator without a dissenting Republican vote.

The political history of the state offers no parallel to this senatorial fight just ended. In it *The Wave* has cut a prominent figure. This journal was the first to begin the crusade for a Governor from the North and a Senator from the South. The Governorship was sent to the South by the Northern politicians, so as to elect a Northern man to the Senate. The reelection of Mr. Bard, strangely enough gives both the Governor and the Senator to the South. The deadlock of last year was fought out along these lines. In all, one hundred and twenty ballots were cast and the last vote was almost identical with the first.

After the close of the regular session, the probability of an extra session became a subject of general discussion. Men who knew the game of politics believed such a session unavoidable. The opponents of Mr. Burns almost conceded that should such a session be called, it would mean his certain election. When the call was issued a few stout hearts gathered together for the purpose of organizing the forces in both houses that had at the previous session refused to vote for Mr. Burns. There were in all fifty-four such members. How many had been won over to the support of Burns, no one knew, but an organization of the remnant, whatever it might be, was imperative. Everyone conceded this, yet no member took the initiative until Assemblyman Joseph R. Knowland of Alameda, at his own expense, hired room eleven at the Lick House, and through the influence of Senator Flint and Assemblyman Dunlap, was able to secure the presence of not quite a dozen members, who agreed to stand together for an organization of the "antis." From this small beginning grew the conference that nominated Mr. Bard. Mr. Knowland, young and modest, did not thrust his own personality to the front, but those who know the "inside" know he was first to take the initiative.

Irving M. Scott, up to the coming of Mr. Bard, was certainly the most prominent candidate in the field. When the Republican conference took place Mr. Scott held enough votes to prevent a choice. He could by remaining stubborn or withdrawing his supporters have defeated the Bard movement, and so given Mr. Burns another chance at the general caucus. The situation was laid before him. If he was obstinate and selfish his action would have kept the other smaller candidates in the field also, and a reelection would have been prevented. He had been a candidate before Mr. Bard entered the field; had given six or eight months of his time to making the fight, but these considerations did not move him. He sunk all personal ambitions for party good. In an interview in the Sacramento *Bee* of December 29, when announcing his candidacy he said:

"If any good Republican shows more strength than I when the legislators get together, and my retirement would aid in uniting the party and electing that Republican, I will gladly, for the good of the party, withdraw my name and take my coat off for that man, whoever he may be. Our party is too great to be made to suffer on account of the ambitions of any individual."

Mr. Scott religiously lived up to this declaration. He might have broken up the conference that selected Mr. Bard, and so secured his own selection. What he did is but told in the Morning *Call* of the following morning.

Early this morning the independent candidates all recognized that the victory was surely drifting into the camp of Bard. There were hurried conferences and a quick decision. After careful consideration it was seen that Bard would have 29 votes, and Irving M. Scott might count upon 22. It was a critical situation for Scott, whose highest ambition was to be a United States Senator. But he saw that his ambition stood in the way of the accomplishment of the deepest desires of the people of the State. He saw that by remaining an aspirant he jeopardized the success of the organized opposition to Burns. So he withdrew, throwing his strength to Bard. And in his defeat Irving M. Scott has won a splendid triumph. He has won the triumph of unselfish patriotism, and deserves the commendation and well wishes of the people of California for an act that has been seldom paralleled.

His unselfishness and self-sacrifice inspired the independent Republicans with an enthusiasm that, with all their confidence, they had not yet felt. So when they met this afternoon they did so with the firm conviction that the great battle was nearing its end and that one of the greatest triumphs in the history of California politics was soon to be registered. At the afternoon conference, which forty-one men attended, it was unanimously decided to vote for Thomas R. Bard for United States Senator.

In another interview in the *Bee* after he had made this sacrifice, Mr. Scott said:

"My position has never varied from that which was announced in the *Bee* of December 29 in an interview with me. That position was a perfect willingness to support any man acceptable to the people of the state. As soon as the people of the South got rid of the various claimants and consolidated on Mr. Bard, I cheerfully assented to make that result a certainty. I am well satisfied and feel that the work I have done for the past year on that line has brought forth good fruit, and insures the elect on of the electoral ticket named by the friends of McKinley next November."

Mr. DeYoung is another gentleman entitled to commendation in this connection. Member after member tendered their support to him and urged him to enter the contest. Although an ambition to be United States Senator has been long cherished by him, and although the offers of support were of a most flattering character, well calculated to turn the head of an aspiring man, he set them to one side, and only urged that they unite on some strong Republican leader, and leave his own name out of consideration.

Mr. Bard strikes us as being evenly poised, conservative, and intelligent. His manner is pleasing, he is polite to all, and has the unmistakable stamp of a well bred gentleman. He listens with attention and then decides for himself. His words are carefully weighed, and he will not be found pursuing erratic ways or giving voice to convictions he is not prepared to support with facts and with arguments. He is a strong man and will ably and fitly represent California and do her honor in the United States Senate.

The Pro-Boer Howl.

A FEW weeks ago, the writer had occasion to treat of the attitude of the American people toward the British-Boer war. The statement was then made that, although the American people had exhibited a strange and undignified inclination toward the Boers, considering the favors extended by England in our Spanish-American war, the government of these United States could be trusted, in view of England's support in the turbulent times of 1898, to stand by our one foreign friend in this her hardest crisis. Congress has convened since that time, however, and has disappointed that expectation. The South African war has been made the occasion of a storm of Congressional oratory, and all of it on the Boer side of the question. The supporters of England in that body have been swamped, their utterances amounting to very feeble protests. Only the fact that considerations of international courtesy make the recognition of one belligerent a direct insult to the other, has prevented our National Assembly from passing resolutions recognizing the absolute independence of the Transvaal. In view of this fact, it is fitting to consider the motives which actuate our legislators in their fervid zeal for "liberty."

In every country, and in the United States in especial, there is an enlightened class of people capable of feeling, thinking and acting on their own ideas. These people are not swayed by the foolish utterances of frantic politicians or of professional mob-leaders. They form opinions, take sides, vote, on their own judgment of the case. If one of this class is a free-silver supporter, which does not happen very often, he is so because he believes from his study of the subject that free silver is the best thing for the interests of the country at large or for his own interests, not because William Jennings Bryan says that gold is crucifying mankind. Frantic oratory, loud mouthed "arguments," brass bands and torchlight processions have little or no influence or this class of the voting population. The shrewd politicians know this, and they turn their campaign work to the other class—the uneducated and unintelligent voters, the ones to whom "grand-stand plays" make the direct appeal. It is at them that the oratory of Bryan, the tracts of Atkinson and the showy fallacies of "Coin" Harvey are directed. It is for them that the great parties spend millions in parades, shows and spectacles. It is for them that our vote-seeking Congressmen are pounding the air in their efforts to show friendship for the down-trodden Boer.

For our experienced politicians know that nothing is so effective in drawing the unintelligent vote as empty names. For a century, freedom, republican ideals, love for the downtrodden, have been the stock phrases of this type of statesman. And the Transvaal side of the question is supported by these empty names. The Transvaal is a Republic. Note that. It does not matter that it is really an oligarchy more strict and hide-bound than that of Russia herself. It does not matter that the interior administration of Transvaal is a system of licensed thievery. It does not matter that one-third of the government revenues go for a secret service fund used to bribe and corrupt accomplices of the gang in control. It is a Republic. The unenlightened voter will take down the geography which he studied in the little red school-house and show you the map of Africa. There it is, as plain as print can be, "Transvaal Republic." Can anyone answer that argument? No indeed. Our Congressmen, with an ear over the Great Heart of the People, whose every pulse-beat circulates a million votes, do not try it. Instead, they howl with the mob, each one trying to out-do the other in the clamor for popularity.

In the previous editorial on this subject, it was shown that from the sentimental side our sympathies should be with the British and not with the Boers. It needs no argument, only a careful study of the facts, to prove that the justice of the cause lies with the English—that Great Britain and not Transvaal has been the agent of civilization in South Africa, that the government of Cape Colony is just and equable while that of the Boer Republics is corrupt and tyrannical; that Great Britain has in past time saved Transvaal from extinction by the savage tribes and has been rewarded by the most absolute ingratitude. So much for sentiment and justice. Throwing these aside, where does our best interest lie?

Rightly or wrongly, Philippines or no Philippines, this nation is committed to a policy of expansion. We have Cuba and Porto Rico on our hands, we are soon to build and control the Nicaragua canal. We are increasing our trade yearly with the far points of the Orient. We are no longer a hermit nation; we have outgrown our infancy and are about to take our place among the Powers. Unless we expect to stand alone, with our small army and puny navy, against the powers of the earth, we must seek alliances abroad from time to time. Where shall we look for alliances? To Teutonic Germany? To Latin France? To Slavonic Russia? Or to Anglo-Saxon Britain? It may be objected, and with some grounds, that we are not an Anglo-Saxon nation. In blood, indeed, we are not entirely. But in other and more important respects we are. We speak the language of the English. Our laws are founded upon the English common laws. Our minds, our opinions, our sentiments, are moulded by English literature. We are educated in schools modified from the English plan. It has been said that the man of the second generation of foreign immigrants becomes thoroughly American. What does this mean? Since American methods and ideas are Anglo-Saxon, it means that he becomes thoroughly Anglo-Saxon. Is it not natural, then, that we should link our destiny with the nation with which we have common ideas, common methods, common laws? To anyone not blinded by the sort of buncombe now being circulated by Congress, the decision is inevitably for England.

The Kluk Kwan POTLACH

1. RECEPIENT OF A POTLACH BLANKET. 2 ARRIVAL OF THE STICK INDIANS. 3. THLINGIT DANCERS.
4. DANCE OF THE STICKS, THE ONLY FLASHLIGHT EVER MADE AT A POTLACH. 5 DANCERS AT THE POTLACH.
6. DANCERS WAITING TO ENTER.

PHOTOS COPYRIGHT BY A. C. PILLSBURY.

BURIAL OF MAJ. GENL. H. W. LAWTON, U. S. V.

SAN FRANCISCO has seen the best and the worst of the Filipino war, since that spring day, two years ago, when her own sons went on their long and uncertain journey to the Island of Luzon. She has cheered for the glory of departing regiments, she has watched the wreckage of war roll back to find rest at home. There have been sad days when the hospital-ship brought in the dead and wounded, or when the worn, sick regiments brought back their tattered flags. There was a glorious day when her own sons came home. From time to time, she has given the bodies of our heroes a temporary rest on their homeward journey. And now at last she has given refuge to all that is left of the hero of our later wars, the one general of the day who bore his title without fear and without reproach.

It was a simple ceremony, this transference of General Lawton's mortal remains from the ocean to the soil of his own land. I imagine that it was as Lawton would have wished it, that it would have fitted the views of the simple, manly American that he was, better than the elaborate ceremony that marked the departure of his body from Manila, or that will mark its consignment to the soldier grave at Arlington. He was the one commander of the American forces who despised rank and title, who dispensed, when he could, with the distinction between private and officer, who would leave a group of officers to shake hands with a common soldier of his own command. Decidedly, San Francisco saw the most fitting ceremony. The coffin was carried to a private establishment pending the arrival of the special train. Then, on Thursday last, it was borne through the streets of the city to the ferry on an artillery caisson. There was no music, no ostentation, no unnecessary display, only an escort of his comrades in arms and his fraternal order. This was all there was to show that the remains of the chief figure in our Philippine struggle had passed through the city to their rest.

The true story of Lawton's death was told for the first time on American soil by the officers in the escors. It will be told again, for his name, in a double sense, was one "not born to die." Every war has its popular heroes, personages remembered not for what they have done, but for their personality. They are made the heroes of romance, immortal when the doers of greater deeds are forgotten. Others than Roland of the Horn led the Frankish advance across the Pyrennes, others accomplished, doubtless, greater deeds, but Roland lives in song and story, while the others are forgotten. Greene and Gates were greater generals than Putnam and Ethan Allen, yet the last two will be the subjects of poems and tales when the first two are remembered only by specialists in history. What this lasting personal quality is, no one can explain; it consists, most probably, in a mixture of attractive and heroic personality with a romantic career. Lawton had this quality. His is the name of the Spanish War which will live in romance and poetry, when the others merely exist in history. And romance and poetry are the departments of letters which preserve names and keep them close to the people.

The Pioneer Movement of early days undoubtedly furnished California with many types of eccentric personalities. Of late years death has made stern havoc in the ranks of the Argonauts, but there still remain many men of marked and peculiar individuality, whose character gives color to the life of San Francisco. Take the career of the late Captain Friedman who died at the Palace Hotel recently. A silent, studious, reserved person, careless in dress and economical in habit, he was regarded by many as a miser. Some time ago he retired from membership in the San Francisco Verein because of his reluctance to pay dues, but the same day he was seen leaving an envelope containing several hundred dollars on the counter in the office of a sailor's relief fund. He was accustomed to do good by stealth, but balanced his charities by personal abstinence. His will devises an estate of nearly a million dollars to charity, the chief bequest being one of $300,000 for the benefit of the "Home and Hospital for the Hebrew Aged and Disabled." The majority of people were, of course, ignorant of the existence of Julius Friedman and only the real estate sharps and his old business associates knew of him as a millionaire. There are still living among us many men of his type whose style of living bears no relation to their wealth. They are members of the unknown rich.

Paris takes the lead in the campaign against spitting in public. A committee of the Town Council has recommended the putting up of enamelled signs in the principal streets and parks with the inscription- "In the interest of the people and to avoid the spread of contagious diseases you are requesfdd not to spit on the sidewalk."

A woman hanged for child murder in Vienna a few days ago was the first woman executed in that city since 1800, and the first in the Austrian monarchy since 1867.

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF CECIL RHODES.

CECIL RHODES is besieged in Kimberley, and Kruger sits in Pretoria, directing the war. Of these two great personages so much in the public eye when the struggle in Transvaal was only a remote probability, we hear little now; Buller and Roberts, Cronje and Joubert come in for attention. Yet one or the other of these two—Rhodes and Kruger—is to be the dominant force in South Africa after the war is over. In the improbable event of the Boers winning out, Kruger will dictate the course of affairs in South Africa as long as he lives. If England wins, Cecil Rhodes will have as much to do with the destiny of the South African states from Pretoria to Cape Town, as he has had to do with the destiny of Rhodesia. Two uncrowned monarchs face one another. The only title of the first is that of President of a small state in the wilderness; the other has not even so much addition to his name as a patent of nobility, yet he is the greater of the two. Carlyle has shown how kings make themselves by virtue of the greatness that is in them. Such a king is Cecil Rhodes, known to his enemies as Cecil I of South Africa. Other millionaires there are who pile up wealth and fortune, but Rhodes is unique in that he acquires money only for the power that it will bring. His diamond operations, his formation of the Chartered Company, his extension of Rhodesia, were all done for power. Of other millionaires the word "money king" is used in a figurative sense, but of him alone may it be said literally.

Meanwhile, what of his personality? The Yellow Press had delighted in describing him as a stolid, cold-blooded machine, a man without personality, a brain and body without a soul. We hear anecdotes about his shrewdness at a bargain, his coolness under strain, his indifference to women. The truth is that Rhodes has a personal and social side, a strong one, but it is subordinated, as in the case of every strong, efficient man, to his purpose.

To begin with, there is a strong sense of humor in the man, and a ready wit. He likes a joke, and can turn one himself. Then, he is a lover of ease and pleasures of the body; also, he loves sport with the love of your true Englishman. If he does not yield to all these desires, if he is retiring, grave and stern in speech, ascetic and energetic in life, it is because he realizes that he has no time for such things. He admits himself that he is lazy, that he would rather ride than walk, yet he travels over the veldt day after day in a dusty khaki suit. Good eating and good drinking appeal to him, yet he must keep up the machine through which the mind must work, and he abstains. It has even been suspected that his traditional aversion to women comes from the same source; he is afraid to marry, lest domesticity should take some of his energy.

His wit is of the direct and ready kind. Two instances illustrate this and another point as well—his love of "gall." Absolute cheek is the surest way to his favor. On one of his visits to London, the interviewers sought him in vain. At last, one reporter who had been dodging about for a week trying to reach him, pushed by the servant at the door and up to the great man's apartments. Rhodes was taking a bath. The reporter brushed his valet aside and pushed on

Continued on Page 8,

AFTER THE SERVICE.

FLORAL OFFERINGS.

THE FRATERNAL ESCORT.

THE FUNERAL ON THE FERRY.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN.

THE U. S. TRANSPORT THOMAS.

Things & People.

The Book Deluge.

THAT much-debated topic—the reception and consideration of new manuscripts—is adverted to in the February *Ladies Home Journal*, in which a significant statement is made in regard to the number of manuscripts read and accepted. A bureau is maintained in the *Journal* office and Editor Bok is authority for the statement that 000 stories, essays and articles submitted were perused by experts. Out of that great number but 80 were accepted. The cost of MSS. secured by this winnowing process is far above the remuneration paid the most expensive authors, but it is said four new writers have been discovered and the "find" warrants all the trouble and expense of the investigation. This statement must not be taken to mean that only one per cent. of the submitted articles were of value. A large proportion must have been rejected because of unavailability. Every publication has a policy, a plan of work, marked out for itself, and it will buy articles that suit its purpose. Most of the published material is ordered from well-known writers and is prepared along certain stipulated lines. A new man realizing the character of a paper, sends it matter of fresh interest within its province. He at once becomes a "find." Literary discoveries, however, are oftener made in the direction of fiction, the great aim of the enterprising publisher being to be the projector of the next literary sensation. This honorable ambition makes manuscript reading a responsible department, and so an expensive adjunct of the business.

***

The Police Commission.

THE controversy in the Police Commission is supposed to be ended. It is understood that the Mayor's secretary, Colonel W. P. Sullivan, will be appointed Chief and that Mr. Biggy will gracefully resign in his favor. Colonel Sullivan is an agreeable and accommodating gentlemen with an excellent knowledge of the city's affairs and a ripe acquaintance with military matters. For many years he was connected with the National Guard and as Colonel of the old Third Regiment was a popular commander. He organized the Cadets of the Cross, whose chief officer he is. Professionally he is an expert accountant, was connected with the Pacific Rolling Mills for years, became interested in Democratic politics, co-operating with Gavin McNab in the reform movement, which resulted in the first election of James D. Phelan. Appointed secretary to the Mayor he has proved a competent executive and in a difficult post has kept all his old friends and made many new ones. I regret, however, that the Esola row has lost the city the service of Commissioner Thomas, who resigned in disgust, and avows avoidance of politics for the term of his natural life. Mr. Thomas, I feel sure, had the same impression of the Esola conspiracy as the other citizens of San Francisco, but being a lawyer and a stickler for judicial procedure, was quite determined to preserve impartiality and to give the defendant the benefit of the laws of evidence. He is the last man in the world to be "bulldozed" into taking an action of which his judgment and conscience did not approve, and would have made his position manifest later on. Politics is a rough and tumble business and not governed by any well-defined rules. He who enters as an amateur is liable to get the worst of it, especially if attacked before time to get his bearings has been given him. Mr. Thomas, a man of first-rate brain and great organizing capacity, would have proved an admirable commissioner and I regret that circumstances have robbed the city of his ability.

* * *

Now that the controversy seems ended, what a wild-eyed entertainment it was while it lasted. Yet the audacity of the scheme as it unfolded itself, was staggering. In the minds of most Californians is a well-defined sense of the *Examiner's* characteristics—its reckless aggressions, its unscrupulous prying and wanton disregard of both truth and private feelings in its search after sensation. Imagine it in the stronghold of inquisitorial power in San Francisco. On this page is a portrait—rather a character study of the man it proposed to make chief. Physiognomy abounds in surprises, I am well aware, but I think most people will agree with me, he does not look the part. I trust the *Examiner* will accept its defeat with such grace as it can command and spare the community further displays of its anger at Commissioner Biggy. Its wrath but helps its erstwhile friend and only makes the paper ridiculous.

***

A Journalist of Dawson.

THE journalist who would be free with his pen had better avoid Dawson City. No censorious criticism of the powers-that-are is tolerated in that environment, and the arm of the law is as long as its hand is heavy. This is a logical deduction from the experience of one D. W. Semple, editor of *The Gleaner*, who has had a specimen of Canadian justice which proved both costly and unsatisfactory. *The Gleaner* is a Sunday publication and is characterized by that breeziness of style to which the prevalence of yellow journalism in this country inures us. The proceedings of the High Court of Dawson were displeasing to Editor Semple and frankly he said as much in his paper. He was arrested and fined $1,000. Ten minutes were given him to pay it. He paid. He proceeded, then, in a subsequent issue, to tell succinctly what he thought of the Judge, and a warrant was issued arresting him for contempt of court. This meant a long term of imprisonment if he was caught, so he took flight. To give the impression he had gone to Forty-Mile, he set off down the Yukon, but doubled back to Dawson and lay *perdu* until the vigilance of the pursuit had relaxed. In the meantime the mounted police scoured the country for him, but he managed to slip out of town and headed down the Canadian trail to Bennett, thence to Skaguay over the White Pass railroad. After various narrow escapes Editor Semple got to Seattle and breathed again the blessed air of freedom. After a brief sojourn he went to Victoria and delivered himself to the authorities there, who will investigate his case and mete out a better class of justice than seems available on the Klondike.

***

Honor Among Thieves.

WHAT the reformers of Seattle have failed to do, a single disgruntled gambler has accomplished. One Clancy, the proprietor of a prosperous house, was not satisfied with the ordinary profits on faro stud poker and roulette, but must needs add the imported luxury of a Chinese lottery. The innovation proved popular and more than doubled his profits. This the other gamblers noted with jealous eyes. Clancy was making entirely too much money; also, he had violated the thieves' code of honor. Therefore, some of them drew on the "pull" and had the offendor arrested for conducting a lottery. He demanded that he be arrested for gambling also, but the police said that they had orders to close only the lottery game. Upon being released on bail, Clancy shut up his own house and swore out warrants under the state law for the arrest of every other gambling proprietor in town. Being entirely too wise to entrust this work with the police, Clancy had special constables serve the warrants. As a result, every den in the city is now closed tight. By this means, Seattle is saving some $50,000 a week, and the tinhorns and blacklegs are losing just that amount.

* * *

Had Clancy been disposed to hit the business "on the mark," he could not have chosen a better time. Election is one month away. As a fighter and an expert politician, Clancy must have known that the games will be closed during campaign time as a matter of policy, since no party known to favor gambling directly can hope for success—in so much does vice render homage to virtue. During the month before election, at which time perfunctory police raids could be expected, the "sure-thing" men hoped and expected to tide them over the spasm of election virtue. Then they expected to crawl out of the cyclone-cellar and resume operations on the accustomed scale. The action of Clancy takes away this season of heavy profits. As gamblers are improvident and keep nothing ahead for a rainy day, the magnates of the "profesh" are leaving town in droves, while the hangers-on are haunting free lunches and adding strength to the vagrant population. A few arrests in this quarter would do a vast deal of good—only the gamblers love and trust the police with a touching faith. They know their friends.

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE CHIEF

A Photographic Study of Frederick A. Esola, by Thors.

***

The Boer Character.

WITH considerable interest I note a movement among sympathizers with the Anglo-Saxon end of the South African controversy to aid the families of killed and wounded British soldiers. A dollar subscription list has been started in San Francisco, and signatures are being affixed at the rate of fifty a day. When one considers the fact that the Boers have about as much tolerance for Catholicism as had the Roundheads of Cromwell, the vast outpouring of sympathy from Irish Catholics is hard to understand. It is, of course, based on ignorance of actual conditions in the Transvaal. In the land of Kruger they have as little use for priests or papacy as they have for the Jews, and, being a stiff-necked generation, rarely hesitate at expressing their feelings. Someone has spoken of the Boer as a blend of Puritan and Apache. It is a fitting designation, especially when one remembers the treatment meted out by the followers of Kruger to their unfortunate Kaffirs. We, who are accustomed to shudder at the suggestion of violent punishment, would be rather shocked at the ineffable cruelty of chastisement with a sjambol as practised in the South African Republic. That element of the patriotic Boer character is touched upon by Olive Shreiner in her *South African Farm*, and, as her sympathies are entirely with the Transvaal, the authority should be good. However, as to Boer intolerance, ignorance and greed, ask any American mining man who has spent time in the Transvaal.

***

On the Northern Route.

A FEW days ago, the steamer *Excelsior* took a party consisting of seven men and one woman on a perilous trip to the frozen North. The men are going to face death by an overland journey to Nome City; the woman's destination is Unga Island, one of the distant specs of the Aleutian chain. She is a Mrs. Nelson, wife of a store-keeper at Unga, and she has spent three months in trying to get home from Juneau. Mrs. Nelson was born on the Aleutians, and took her first journey to civilization last summer. Returning in the fall she made the passage from San Francisco to Juneau in safety. At Juneau she took the steamer *Golden Gate*, bound North. This vessel struck a heavy gale and was blown and beaten half way across the Pacific and had to make for Cape Flattery. Thence, she put into Seattle. Mrs. Nelson's was the only ticket which read "Juneau to Unga." Accordingly, she was transferred to a boat bound for San Francisco, in the hope that she would find there a steamer bound for her home port. In this, she was disappointed, and had to return to Seattle. Now, the owners of the *Excelsior*, who also own the *Golden Gate*, on which she made her first trip, say that she must go through to Unga if it takes every vessel in the fleet. Her attempt is comparatively easy, as her route, rough as it is, lies all on sea. The seven men who accompany her are taking big, almost foolhardy, chances. They will land at Mount Carmel Mission and travel over an uninhabited, unexplored country to St. Michaels and thence, by ice, to Nome City—that is, if they ever get to St. Michaels alive. Old miners predict that they will not. An ancient sage named Virgil once had something to say of the lengths to which lust for gold will drive mankind. He could have found no better illustration.

***

A Coup in Elevators.

AN interesting episode in the career of Jeremiah Mahoney, of the Board of Public Works, was his purchasing the electric elevator patent devised by an engineer named Fraser, a resident of San Francisco. Fraser formulated the principle on which the electric elevator works and protected it the usual way. Jeremiah Mahoney, who is a very keen man, at once appreciated its merits and bought an interest in the device, and subsequently, after trial had proved its practicability, obtained control of it. The investment cost him a good round sum, but he could well afford it in view of the profits he foresaw in its development. About this time the Elevator Trust had been formed including the Otis, Crane and other patents, and its projectors imagined they had the situation, so far as elevator construction was concerned, in their own hands. Several big buildings were in process of erection by one firm of contractors in Chicago when Mr. Mahoney arrived there and twenty-two elevators were required for their equipment. The Trust had asked an exorbitant sum for its appliances and Mahoney found no difficulty in obtaining a hearing. The news of competition, however, at once reduced the Trust's bid $22,000, at which price it got the contract, but in extinguishing the Fraser Elevator they had lost their profit on the transaction. Mahoney was not put out, but went to the Trust's headquarters in New York, showed them his elevator and explained that he proposed to compete on all contracts throughout the country. There followed a period of negotiation ending in the relinquishment of his ownership for a quarter of a million dollars.

BOSWELL, JR.

Five tons of mail matter lie in the basement of the Seattle post office, destined for points in the Klondike and Alaska. This vast accumulation may never reach its direction unless the U. S. Postmaster succeeds in making necessary arrangements with the Canadian government. The mail consists of packages and newspapers which would be forwardable under ordinary circumstances, but as the government has to pay from twelve to twenty cents per pound for its transportation, it decided to hold it until better facilities have been created in Alaska. At present an effort is being made to have the Canadian service carry this mail as far as the railroad goes and then send it North on steamers when the ice breaks up. No agreement has been reached on this proposition, and many miners will wait until late in the summer for packages that were posted to them last year. It is hard, but it cannot be helped. As the mail is carried now over the trails only very small loads can be taken.

RUINS OF KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT AT WORK.

The loss of the fire which will be most regretted was that of Kaumakapili Church, the place of worship of the royal family of older days, and much venerated by the natives. It was one of the ancient landmarks now passing away from Hawaii only too fast.

FIRE AND PLAGUE IN HONOLULU.

IT is too early to say whether or no the sudden and wholesale destruction of Chinatown by fire is to be a blessing or a danger to plague-stricken Honolulu. The district was doomed and marked for destruction, of course, but it was intended that it should be done slowly, building by building, so that the inhabitants could be removed and isolated gradually. Now, while the whole district has been swept off the face of the earth and the filth in which the germs breed has been purified by the flames, the infected population has been thrown together in one mass. Persons developing the disease have mingled with healthy persons, and the consequences are feared. Up to the time of going to press, no additional news is in, and those interested in the islands can only hope.

To the white residents, this removal of the infected Oriental population is probably a blessing. The one case developed among the whites had not spread at latest accounts, and now the region of infection has disappeared, while the diseased part of the population is in quarantine far out of town. If there is any more bubonic plague, it is not likely to go beyond the native and Asiatic population. To the selfish Caucasian, this is equivalent with saying that the plague is at an end, so far as he himself is concerned.

Meanwhile, three thousand hungry, houseless, and almost starved natives have been added to the quarantine station. Of course, the facilities for attending to these people are limited, and there is likely to be much suffering. To this must be added the business depression brought about by a month's isolation from the outside world. It would be strange, indeed, if the Islands of Plenty had to appeal to the people of this country for assistance, but such may be the news which comes by the next boat.

Lyrics.

BY W. B. YEATS.

The poems of W. B. Yeats have recently been collected in book form. Cf the following lyric Dr. Robertson Nicholl says that it will outlast anything Rudyard Kipling has ever written.

"I dreamed that one had died in a strange place
Near no accustomed hand;
And they had nailed the boards above her face,
The peasants of the land,
And, wandering, planted by her solitude
A cypress and a yew:
I came, and wrote upon a cross of wood,
Man had no more to do:
'She was more beautiful than thy first love,
This lady of the trees';
And gazed upon the mournful stars above,
And heard the mournful breeze."

Another poem by the same hand is selected for high commendation by Richard Le Gallienne.

"We who are old, old and gray,
Oh, so old!
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
If all were told:

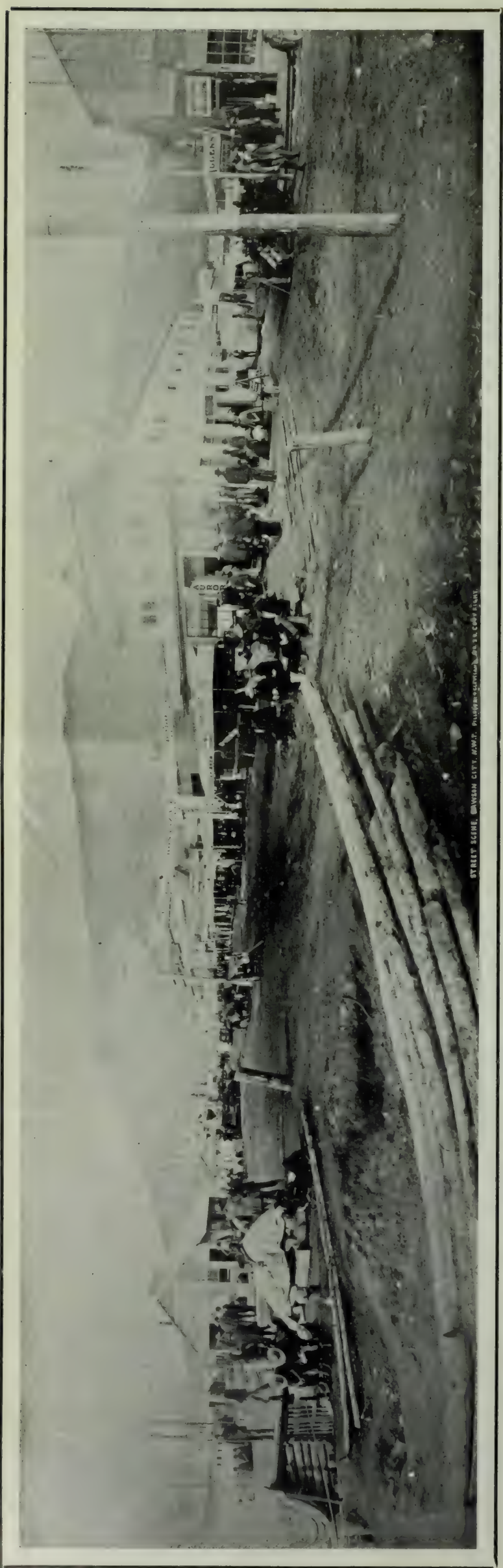
Give to these children, new for the world,
Silence and love;
And the long, dew-dropping hours of the night,
And the stars above:

Give these children, new from the world
Rest far from men.
Is anything better, anything better?
Tell it us then:

Us who are old, old and gray;
Oh, so old!
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
If all were told."

THE CONFLAGRATION IN HONOLULU.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVEY.



SCENE OF THE LATE CONFLAGRATION IN DAWSON CITY—CORNER OF FIRST AVENUE AND SECOND STREET.

COPYRIGHT BY PILLSBURY AND CLEVELAND, SEATTLE.

Dawson City.

SUDDEN and destructive fires are the scourge of new mining camps. These towns are always slung together in a hurry, the buildings being designed for temporary use only. Therefore, they are erected without regard to the ordinary fire regulations observed in established burgs. No one looks upon the ordinary mining camp as a final place of residence; the inhabitants are there to get what they can out of the ground and then vacate to do their spending in more comfortable regions of the earth. If this is true of the ordinary camp, it is doubly true of Dawson City. The frozen North is not an attractive place for a permanent stay. Moreover, it is so far from sources of building material that it is put together out of the materials closest at hand. These materials happen to be inflammable, hence the disastrous fires which have visited the place from time to time. The last one was the worst of the lot, and, coming in the dead of winter, caused much suffering. An over-heated stove started it, and the fire department was powerless to check the spread of the flames. The total loss figured over half a million. In any other town of Dawson's size, it would be advisable to rebuild with substantial and non-inflammable stock. This is impossible in the present case. One thing can be done, however. The new buildings can be placed in such a manner as to prevent a sudden fire from spreading.

The conditions of life in Dawson City have materially changed—naturally for the better. To commence with, the extravagant prices that used to rule are of the past. Good meals may be obtained anywhere for a dollar to a dollar and a half and the best hotels supply twenty-one dinners or luncheons for $25. Cow's milk is, at last, an adjunct of coffee, and though rooms cost from four to six dollars per day, a capacious hotel is being reared which will change all this. In the condition of society there has been an immense advance. Dawson now numbers many virtuous and cultured women among its residents. Actually one reads in the society news of the *Daily News* and *The Gleaner*, of musical soirees; even literary recitals are not exceptional. There is a new opera house with a seating capacity of about 8 o people, and the season's repertoire included "Michael Strogoff" and "Camille."

Two telephone lines connect Dawson with the mining camps, but there is yet no electric lighting plant to relieve the darkness of the long arctic winter. A telegraphic line supplies direct connection with Skaguay and when a cable is laid between that thriving burg and Vancouver we shall be able to have daily communication with the metropolis of the Klondike.

As to its gold resources, the Klondike seems to keep up its record. The deposits are now being worked with the assistance of steam thawers, drills and pumps, and much territory has been added to that originally believed to be gold bearing. Though quartz locations have been staked by the thousands, no mother lode has yet been discovered, though doubtless this remains to reward some lucky prospector of the future.

It is interesting to note that the administration of mining laws is much more just than formerly and though many grieveances are still registered access is comparatively easy to the records of claims, while individual cases are quickly heard. On the whole the Klondike is a quiet community for the Northwest Mounted Police are both vigilant and efficient in maintaining the peace, so robberies and murders are few and far between.

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF CECIL RHODES.

Continued from Page 5.

into the undraped presence.

"What the devil do you want?" said Rhodes.

"I came to interview you."

Rhodes looked at the intruder for a moment, and the beauty of it dawned on him.

"Get out of here!" he said. "Go down to the breakfast room and we'll talk it over at our ease."

It was the only interview he granted on that trip.

Another time, a young Boer, who had been, by-the-way, a beneficiary of Rhodes, having been given a farm for his services in subduing a native uprising, pushed into his study and addressed him.

"I have a farm, Mr. Rhodes," he began.

"Yes? And I suppose you want another one?"

"Not just yet sir. I just want to build a dam."

"I don't see anything to prevent you."

"Well, sir, I am short of the cash to build it. About eighty pounds."

Rhodes smiled and reached for a pen.

"Take it," he said, as he wrote a check for the amount. "Not for your dam but for your damn cheek."

In the Lobengula war, Dr. Jameson telegraphed down to Rhodesia that the chieftain must be crushed. Rhodes answered: "Read Luke, xiv, 31." When this found its way into the newspapers, all South Africa turned to the Bible. The verse reads:

"Or what king, going down to make war against another king, sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand."

A woman hater himself, he is against his employees marrying. It is a business proposition. In that hard rough country, an unmarried man is of the most service. On this point he is brutally severe. Not long ago, a subordinate who has stood high in his service brought out a wife from England. The day of her arrival, Rhodes called the bridegroom to his office.

"I hear that you are married," he said, "and I have come to the conclusion that South Africa is a poor place for a woman to keep her beauty."

Lover of comfort though he is, Rhodes does not care for splendor. His palace in Natal is kept up mainly for the entertainment of official guests, while its owner dwells mainly under palm-thatches on the veldt. From one to another of these habitations, he travels in rough working costume. Recently, he found himself on a street car in Cape Town in this garb and without a cent.

"I am afraid that I have not a penny about me," he said to the American conductor, "can't you trust me? I am Cecil Rhodes, you know."

"The —— you are," said the conductor, "Dusty Roads, I guess!"

Only a loan from someone who *did* know prevented the magnate of South Africa from being dropped into the street for non-payment of a six cent fare.

This is a little of the personal side. But even on the business side, the last word has not been said about Rhodes. His quality is that of the general, the talent for moving operations in masses. No other millionaire of the present century would have undertaken a border war or pushed a railroad into the heart of a savage country without hope of one penny of immediate returns. He sees farther, things larger, than any of the others; that is why Barnato and his associates and every other big operator in South Africa have had to give in when his will crossed theirs. Barnato has told how he squirmed in Rhodes's grasp, and gave in to the master-mind in the end.

"The deuce of it was," said Barney, after Rhodes had carried him into some of his schemes, "what he said was so blooming true, don't you know."

That is the one secret of his power. He sees farther than the others, he knows whither he is going, and to convince others that he is right he has only to tell the truth as he sees it, which is so much bigger than the truth as they see it that their smaller minds can form no answering argument.

THEO. LOWE.

The war between the Great Northern Railroad and the Northern Pacific for supremacy in Seattle is being waged with resistless energy by both sides. President Hill, of the Great Northern, played a trump card recently in presenting to the city council a petition for permission to occupy some of the streets on the tide flats for depot and freight purposes. Accompanying it was a plan for a new depot which will rival many in the large cities of the country. Some months ago the Northern Pacific asked that certain streets on the water-front be vacated to permit it to build a $400,000 depot, freight sheds, etc., and to give passengers a roadway to the docks over a bridge. As has already been explained in these columns the water about Seattle is very deep and it has been found almost impossible to utilize the entire water-front for wharfage purposes. Now, the ground which the Northern Pacific requires is in the very heart of the shipping district and although it disclaims any intention of interfering in the traffic of the port, to grant its petition would be a free gift of the best part of the water-front. President Hill, of the Great Northern, has declared that he will move the terminus of his line to Everett if the opposition line is so favored, and citizens' meetings have been held to protest. However, the Northern Pacific petition was presented to the council and has been denied.

President Hill offers to make the new structure a union depot and is willing it shall be used not only by the Northern Pacific, but by any other road that may build into Seattle. His proposition is very fair on the face of it, but it must be remembered that the Great Northern owns a good deal of land on the tide flats south of the city and more blocks north thereof at Smith's Cove. At the latter place he has immense warehouses and docks that will accommodate a dozen of the largest ocean liners. It is from these docks that he proposes to send his new steamers to the Orient. With the Northern Pacific having a depot and freight yards between President Hill's terminals his road would be practically cut in two.

According to the Kaiser's new naval programme, Germany will have 40 battleships in 1910 instead of the 17 she has now, 20 large cruisers instead of 11, 48 small cruisers and gunboats in place of 32 and 114 torpedo boats instead of 84 as at present.

THE POTLACH AT KLUKWAN.

BY JOHN STOLLARD.

WHEN a white man, cognizant of all the conveniences of civilization, gets filled with the love of man and the blessings of life so that he has a desire to express his feelings externally, he does one of two things. He falls in love or goes on a jag. Rare beings of another stamp meet this emergency by going to church or holding a revival. When a Piute of our Western reservations feels the joy of life swelling up within him, he gets out his Winchester and takes to the warpath. The same principle again. But when an Alaskan Indian comes into a similar state of being, he falls back on an institution of his own. He gives a potlach.

A potlach is a jag of generosity, and consists in giving away everything in sight. It affords pleasure to the untutored savage, or it wonld not have lived as a custom all these ages, for the Indians of Alaska have been addicted to these social functions back to the earliest days of their tradition. Rightly understood, there is nothing peculiar about it. There is no people known to history which has not numbered among its customs the hysterical performance of some religious or moral act. In Babylon, people went through the fire to Baal. In Greece, Bacchus was worshipped by frenzied dances. In Rome, the women went temporarily mad in their devotions to the goddess of motherhood. Coming down to Christianity, the Crusaders threw down life and fortune to rescue the Holy Sepulchre. Still later—and here I am treading on dangerous ground and must crave pardon of both sides—the miraculous cures of Lourdes and St. Anne's fall in the same list. It is a good thing to do; performed in the ordinary way and with the ordinary spirit it is a duty and irksome, wherefore let us lash ourselves into a frenzy and perform the act at white-heat of zeal, so that it becomes a joy—that is the principle.

I do not know if I make quite clear this relation between the potlach and the crusades or the southern revivals. An Alaskan Indian has no religion except a crude ancestor-worship. He has no great burden of moral responsibility. As in all cases where the love o' woman has not yet entered into sexual relations, chastity is not considered part of the code. Neither is forgiveness, nor honesty. But it is a hard life he leads and an uncertain one, and charity of man to man is necessary or the race could not continue. In the long, barren winters, when he has wasted his supply of provisions, the native must depend upon his neighbor or die; the neighbor has learned that he himself is likely to come to the same pass, and he gives that he may be given unto in his own hour of need. Morals always go back to self-interest. Therefore, this one virtue which is set above all others in the Indian code becomes the basis of his particular form of religious hysteria. This explains the joy of the potlach.

It is true that that this crude donation-party, with the donations flowing the wrong way, has been perverted to another use, being made an adjunct to native politics. This also has a parallel in our effete civilization. A millionaire who desires a "pull" with his fellow-citizens has been known to build a hospital or a church to further that end. Only there is this difference: the white millionaire gives in a measured manner and keeps the bulk of his goods for himself, while the philanthrophist of Indian Alaska gives all his worldly property to his neighbors, leaving himself a voluntary pauper. A chief will save for years and years, trading with his own people and cheating the whites, until he has riches in provisions and blankets, and then, some fine day, he will gather his people from far and near and give it all away. It is the great occasion, the supreme moment of his life, like being elected to the Senate or having your play staged.

There is another kind of potlach, however. This one is a payment of accounts. Indian conscience is a curious thing, and is not tender, at least not at the moment of action, about stealing. If you find your neighbor's cache and need anything therein, take it—if he is an Indian. If he is a white man, take the whole thing, whether you need it or not. But after the necessity is past and there comes a return of prosperity, the good Indian holds a potlach for those of his people from whom he has stolen. An Alaskan Indian does not steal from his guest or those of his own totem, remember, nor from another Indian except when he is in need. But having done so, he saves up the recollection along with others of the same sort, and has a day of reckoning every few years. Such functions might be called "minor potlaches" in distinction from the "major potlaches" given for holy charity by capitalists and chiefs.

At a potlach of this sort, but a rather more extensive one than the usual run, I was privileged to be present in the fall of 1898. It was given at a town of the Thlingit Indians at Klackwan. The direct occasion was the completion of a house by one of a branch of the Crow phratry or totem-group, ten families in all, and passing rich. Having finished their new home, they had determined to give away the rest of their property in payment of old debts, incurred in their days of adversity. It was to be a swell occasion, a regular Bradley-Martin ball, with chiefs present from the Sticks across the lakes, Siwashes and Kakas from Wrangel Island, and others of the foreign nobility. Wherefore, having secured a priceless invitation, I rowed twenty-six miles up the river to see it, with the help of two ugly native princesses handling sculls and of a young buck who pulled us across the rapids by a rope flung from the bank.

The new house was built of planks and clapboards. It was a square structure about forty feet to a side, and meant to accommodate all the ten families of its owners. Being brand-new, it was then beautifully clean; it got over that later. Around three sides of the single room stretched a board counter; the center of the room was floored with clean, fresh dirt, where squaws were busy cooking. An American flag swung from the roof, for the Indians are very proud of the Star-Spangled — whether because of what it stands for or because the colors are good and crude, I cannot say; at any rate, it was conspicuous in all the decorations.

The guests from down the coast were there when I arrived, loafing around the banks, and enjoying themselves in a quiet, Indian way. The Sticks, however, were late. Time passed, and still there was no sigh of the missing guests; this was a dreadful annoyance, because the dancing was not to begin until they arrived. The Crow phratry, one and all looked as unhappy as the white hostess who has to keep dinner waiting. Then a runner came along the bank; the Sticks were just around the bend, he said, with many boats. Then they hove in sight, a dozen canoes fairly ablaze with color. Each boat held about a score of people, each clad in his or her brightest shirt, blanket and leggings. Some bore staffs, with gaudy streamers, some maces carved with totem symbols. Every boat carried an American flag at the bow. The canoes swung up to the bank. Their voyagers met a welcome which, for an Indian, amounted to wild enthusiasm.

As when the guest of honor arrives in feast-lit halls and the hostess gives the signal to the conductor, the music strikes up and the gilded youth who leads begins the grand march, so did the head of the Crow phratry give the signal for the grand opening by an outlandish yell—a squall, a screech of torment. All eyes turned to a structure built of blankets strung on poles standing near the new house. His yell was answered from within, and the noise that ensued was like that of souls in Hades. Suddenly, a cord was cut and the screen of blankets fell, revealing a body of about thirty Chilkat Indians in the throes of their tribal dance. The yells dropped into a monotone, which was taken up by the crowd. The dancers swung on and on until they dropped from utter exhaustion. Whether or no there are any set movements to a Chilkat dance I do not know; to the uninitiated, it seems to consist in all the contortions consistent with keeping balance. They tell me that there is method in it, but I could not see it.

The dance of the Chilkats over, the different phratries of the Thlingits took their turns in "doing stunts." Dressed in the gaudiest raiment possible, their faces smeared with native pigments, with red clay, with stove-polish, with any substance of good, solid color, they cavorted and capered to the limit of endurance. The other dancers waiting their turns joined in the low, wailing drone of the chant; by the time the last number was on, the crowd was lashed to a Bacchante frenzy.

How they saved any energy for the potlach in the evening, I do not know, but they were all on deck. It occurred in the new building. In the center of the hall was heaped a great pile of blankets—currency among the Thlingits. Some were of regular native manufacture, woven by the women out of goat's hair and dyed in all the colors of the rainbow with bands and totem signs; some bore the mark of San Francisco woolen mills. Beside them lay another pile of cotton goods and white sheeting in bales. The room was crowded to suffocation. Six hundred people were packed in that comparatively small apartment. The overflow peered through the windows, the doors, the cracks in the walls, like small boys outside a baseball game.

At this stage of the game, ancient Thlingit custom used to decree the sacrifice of a slave or two. But the laws of Russia and the United States have changed all this; instead, an old squaw of the tribe arose and exhorted the company at length. Finally, with an impressive gesture, she tossed the feathers of her head-gear toward the door, and Tish Yek, lord of the newly-made house, made a solemn entrance. He was glad in a wolf-skin, with head, tail and claws intact. Two female attendants in gaudy head-dress attended him; their clothes were a curious mixture of Indian ceremonial garb and white improvements. Under the blanket of the one escorting him to the left peeped the toes of a pair of high-heeled French shoes!

The chant arose again, mingled with wolf-snarls. Tish Yek strode to a place beside the blankets and made a speech. He was glad, he said, that so many of his friends were present, that he had seen some potlaches in his day and given one or two on his own account, and hoped to give many more. He hoped that they were all enjoying themselves. Then, the attendants began to wind the cloth and blankets around him, until he was hidden in their folds. The air was stifling; when, at length, he threw off the huge pile, he was steaming like a man just out of a Turkish bath. He arose and began to tear the calico into strips, a piece for every woman. Next, to every man came a blanket. It was all done decently and in order. Names were called, and the recipient stepped forward to take his share. Many present had, I was told, helped to put up the new house. This was the manner of their payment. Strangely, many of the beneficiaries responded in kind by giving back their gifts; mine host had about four hundred blankets returned to the pile, I noticed that the outsiders, Sticks, Chilkats and others were the leaders in this. Perhaps this is a point of etiquette.

The ceremonies of the night ended with this. As many as the house would hold rolled up in their blankets on the floor; the others found shelter where they could—indiscriminately.

The potlach feast came at noon next day. The girls of the party had spent the morning gaffing fish beside the river. They cooked these at the camp-fires, and they were the staple. To this was added a bountiful supply of crackers, pilot bread, cakes, sugar in lump and bulk, candy, and canned fruit. When the sun was high, the clans crowded around the counter inside the new house, the buffet of the occasion. Each individual carried a sack, and sunk his portion therein, to eat it at his leisure. This was all right, and pleasing to the Caucasian taste, but they dressed this food with salmon-head oil. If you have never seen or smelled salmon-head oil—no white man has ever tasted it—a description of the method of its making should be enough. When the big run comes, the squaws throw the heads of the salmon they are drying into pits. These they close up with wet moss and leave for ten days or two weeks to ferment. Then, when the smell rises to heaven and they deem the mess ripe, they throw it into great kettles and draw off the oil. With what an aroma a potlach feast is surrounded, I leave the imagination to judge.

At this feast, I sounded the length and breadth and depth of Indian generosity. I knew most of the village. I had packed and boated and hunted with their young men, I was there as their guest of privilege. Yet no one offered me any of the food passed around so plentifully. Finally, to test it, I went to the counter and asked for a share. A brown hand went out, palm up. I must pay or starve. The Thlingit code of morals does not stretch to cover the white man.

I have tried to draw a parallel between this custom and some of our own. Let me go farther and translate a big chief potlatch into terms of our understanding. Suppose that Chauncey M. Depew, for example, were smitten with a frenzy of giving. Then he would gather about him the Vanderbilts and the Astors and the Mills, the Stuyvesant Fishes, and the rest of the *haut ton*, and would pile up in his house all his stocks, bonds, deeds, mortgages, and ready cash, to the last farthing of his possessions. Then let him give a cotillion and a supper, and at the end of the festivity let him give away, piece by piece, his worldly goods, a block of New York Central to this one, a bunch of U. S. 4 per cents to that, a gilt-edged mortgage to another. Then, to complete the comparison, we will suppose that he retires to a cheap boarding-house to live on the bounty of one of his beneficiaries, and that his fellow countrymen, struck by his noble generosity, reward his virtue by electing him President. This is the American version of a potlach.

BUREAU OF EXHIBIT
of the Southern Pacific Company During the Paris Exposition at 29 Boulevard des Italiens.

An organization has lately been formed in Boston among unmarried working women to prevent the competition of married women who are partially provided for. They include workers in restaurants, department stores, and factories, and their methods are to secure the promise of employers that they will employ none but unmarried women, with such exceptions as may be offered in favor of women who have lost their husbands or are otherwise needy.

Germany's new civil code, the "Burgerliches Gesetzbuch," which was taken in hand twenty-seven years ago, came into force for the whole Empire on January 1 of this year.

French painters should have room enough at the 1900 Salon, as the architect of the building has provided them with nearly four miles of hanging space.

In BooKdom

THE reviewer of books is the only man in these days that can properly be called travelled. He alone it is that possesses the thousand-leagued boots, to be worn day in and day out, even to bed with him when he retires at night to continue in his dreams the wonderful adventures of some would-be Aladdin. Back and forth, hither and thither, now in Siberia, at the turn of a page in tropical Africa, thence descending into the maw of the earth even to its center, or being hurled at the moon from a gigantic mortar, this is his daily life. He goes everywhere, tries everything, falls in love with every kind of woman, hazards his physical existence in every variety of perilous adventure, his moral integrity in every variety of intrigue. And all for what? In order to tell his betters how it feels. For that is his business. He is a sort of itinerant tea-taster, wandering about the universe testing other people's wares. Only, he is not so well set up in life as his fellow critic. He is not paid so well for his work; he has not the leisure of the tea-taster in which to make faces; and he has to eat his samples, if he be an honest epicure, not taste them merely, since tasting is no test of a book. In short, since authors are pitiless fellows, regarding neither time, place, nor singleness of action, if they can but find some lithe-limbed Latin Mercury, some vagabond Greek Hermes, to serve them for a hero, or for a heroine some modern Cook's Venus, with her list of new cities in her hand and scalps of old ones at her belt—in short, the literary reviewer has to have india-rubber wits, that will stretch indefinitely in any direction and automatically snap back into place with their loot, and the digestion of an ostrich or of an artist to get it all into his blood, that which his wits have brought him.

Very few book reviewers, unfortunately, are equipped thus well. Most of the genus have hands and arms and heads and feet like ordinary men. Their wits, whatever else they may be made of, are not made of anything so stretchable as india-rubber. Their literary stomachs are apt to trouble them when they gorge themselves with wooden books, or with any other kind of books selected for them in advance. Other men eat too liberally of meats and viands that do not agree with them, and put their livers out thereby, or come off with the dyspepsia. Other men say to one another, let us throw our troubles out of the window; let us have no mercy upon our tormentors. Other men say, come, we will dine where we will, upon what we wil', from this day on. The reviewer cannot yet say these things; but he answers in his heart, tomorrow I too will take pity upon myself. And then he throws some poor book smash against the far wall of his cell with all his strength, and alas! another adverse criticism is registered against publishers and authors.

If you will listen you will hear a stiff slap against the partition. It is merely *The Princess Xenia*, by H. B. Marriott Watson (Harpers). If you will bear with your ear a little longer, you will hear excuses, reasons, perhaps even an apology for the outrage. The dyspepsia again, you will say. Like enough. Call it the dyspepsia.

But let us see. Perhaps the author is at fault, too. Perhaps the author's demands upon the critic were such that the bibliocide was justifiable. We take up *The Princess Xenia* once more and examine it. The book is plainly a romance of adventure. The hero is a young Englishman with a Van Dyke beard, a type familiar enough in fiction since the success of the *Prisoner of Zenda* some three or four years ago. The action is placed in Weser-Dreiburg, a petty principality lying between Prussia and Austria, or thereabouts, likewise familiar in the *Prisoner of Zenda* and its successors. The Princess Xenia herself is a queen-heroine, just as is the heroine of the *Prisoner of Zenda*. We have the usual intriguing diplomats, the usual word-play between them and the omnipresent and omniscient and omnipotent Englishman, the same dungeons and secret doors, plots and counter-plots, personal peril, gallant work of rescue, and so on, at the rate of about two adventures to each three pages. The Princess Xenia of course falls in love with the young Englishman; but instead of sacrificing herself to her country she at the last renounces her throne and becomes simply Mrs. Xenia Josefa Geisenthurm Lambert. It was at this departure from the *Zenda* type that the book went to the wall; so that the author was clearly to blame; for he did not follow copy, as he ought to have done.

There are, indeed, some few points of difference between *The Princess Xenia* and its predecessors in adventurous romance. For one, the Englishman has more money than any of his compatriots. He begins with £4,500,000 that he has inherited. Then, too, he has a unique way of making love; or rather, the author of his being has a unique way of making him make love. Not a word is said or plainly suggested about a love match between the Princess and Mr. Lambert until within five pages of the end of the book. Which shows that it is never too late to mend.

Another point of difference suggests itself in the author's literary style. He has a queer way of qualifying his verbs. No one ever does or says anything, and lets it go at that. He always speaks blandly, or gently, or with nonchalance, or with some bewilderment, or suavely, or stupidly, or calmly. If I may be allowed the indulgence in rhetoric, let me quote from the book:

"I am obliged that you promise so much," said Christopher, coldly.

"I wsa about to suggest," said Christopher, smiling.

"It's a toy, it's a toy," replied the Major, indifferently.

"You did not recognize me?" she asked, triumphantly.

"You speak," said Katarina, somewhat impatiently.

"My dear young lady," replied Christopher, smiling.

"Why, of course," she said, laughing.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Lambert, is it you?" he said, heartily.

"I came to-day from Paris," answered Katarina, graciously.

Prage waved his hand airily.

Christopher rubbed his chin reflectively.

Prage wagged his head pleasantly.

Christopher regarded her gravely.

Enough of *The Princess Xenia*. And now for a little jump over the Atlantic, in order to go picnicing with *The Other Fellow* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a new book by F. Hopkinson Smith. Eleven short stories comprise the collection—stories that are picturesque and full of feeling, rather than dramatic. They are sketches from life, incidents, episodes, told as simply as possible, and told objectively. Mr. Smith begins in the Rocky Mountains, takes his readers (and reviewers) with him to Kentucky, thence to Venice, back again to America, to Holland, and then to America for the rest of the volume. There are many who will maintain that the short story as an art form has no future. It may be that it has not. The author of the present collection would be the last to claim for it precedence over his previous successes with the novel. It is none the less worth reading for that.

The hitherto unidentified *Contributions of W. M. Thackeray to Punch*, compiled by M. H. Spielman and published by the Harpers, lies upon this desk. It must be said that the editing is not all that could be desired, the matter being less conveniently arranged than might have been expected; but the contents are of great interest. I am tempted to quote from Thackeray's burlesque catalogue-entries of the Academy Exhibition, held early in 1844, in which the artist Turner is caricatured. Those who remember Turner's sometime fondness for meteorological phenomena, and his habit of attaching to his titles scraps of poetry—chiefly his own, from "The Fallacies of Hope"—will appreciate these burlesques:

"34. A Typhoon bursting in a simoon over the whirlpool of Maelstrom, Norway, with a ship on fire, an eclipse, and the effect of a lunar rainbow.

"O Art, how vast thy misty wonders are,
To those who roam upon the extraordinary deep;
Maelstrom, thy hand is here.

"1311. The Duke of Wellington and the Shrimp [suggested by the Napoleon picture, 'The Exile and the Rock Limpet'], Seringapatam, early Saurian.

"We must protest against the Duke's likeness here; for though his grace is short, his face is not of an emerald-green color; and it is his coat, not his boots, which are vermilion; nor is it fair to make the shrimp (a blue one) taller than the conquerer of Assaye; with this trifling difference of opinion, we are bound to express our highest admiration of this work. It is the greatest that the English school of quiet landscape has produced. The comet just rising in the foreground, and the conflagration of Tippoo's window in the banyon forest by the sea-shore, are in the great artist's happiest manner."

Thackeray in the same article also banters Maclise for his numerous pictures from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and satirizes Landseer for his realistic accuracy in small things.

Another book that ought to be better than it is, good as it is, comes to me in *Recollections, 1832–1886*, by Sir Algernon West, K. C. B. (Harpers). Sir Algernon West was for many years private secretary to Mr. Gladstone: and he has had a long and intimate association with the public men of his day. Apparently a book by such a man ought to be of the greatest significance in the new lights thrown by it upon politics and politicians, men and measures. The *Recollections*, whether from life-long habit or by virtue of intention, is careful and discreet always. It is also entertaining, with a fund of good anecdotes and stories. Here is one about Thackeray:

"Lord Broughton had a peppery temper. One day Thackeray had at his dinner a special bottle of Madeira. There was one glass left, and Thackeray, patting Lord Broughton on the back, said, 'There, my dear old boy, you drink that.' 'I am not your dear boy, I am not old, and damn your wine,' said Lord Broughton."

In the years 1856–58 Sir Algernon West became well acquainted with John Delane, then editor of the London *Times*. He calls him "one of the most astonishing men of my day," and continues:

"How he ever obtained a position so peculiar to himself in political and social society was a wonder; for it was not only being the editor of the *Times* that gave it to him. Editors of the *Times* have existed before and since Delane, but none, I will venture to say, ever filled the place in society that he did. He was in the confidence of everybody of both political parties, and this confidence he never betrayed. No Minister would have thought it odd if Delane had sent in his card and asked to see him at any hour of the day or night. In society he was sought, of course, for the power he had more than for personal charm. He had a genius of some sort, but it did not show itself on the surface. He became editor at the age of twenty-three, and held the post for thirty-five years, when the influence of the *Times* was at its height."

Any professor of ethics may split this hair, whether it is all wrong to sin *en voyou*, and all right to sin *en prince*, as Mr. W. J. Locke confidently asserts in his late novel *Idols* (John Lane); also, whether a good woman's reputation is worth more or less than a man's life. There are other problems, chiefly ethical, involved in this book, but most of them can be settled without professional advice. It seems that a man who is something of a rake (*en prince*, be it understood), finds himself accused of murder. A good woman, the wife of his best friend, seeing that the case is black against him, swears to a false alibi in order to save his life. Her husband, strangely enough, sues for a divorce on the strength of her sworn testimony, he not having sufficient nobility of soul to understand her sacrifice for his friend. In the end she finds her ideal in the friend she had saved and weds him. When she discovers that he is already married she censures him for his deceit, not for her situation, which would have been the same, we are told, in any case. The first wife, however, dies opportunely, the husband is forgiven, and we hope that nothing more will ever be said about it, since he becomes a good man. It is a trifle mixed, but the author has thought it all out. He knows, of course.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

Check that Cough
with BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
Fac-Simile Signature of John S. Brown & Son on every box.

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

Don't drink the first thing the bartender offers — call for Jesse Moore Whiskey and see that you get it.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a riva and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 29th day of January 1900, an assessment (No. 50) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of March, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 26th day of March, 1900, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Life insurance is good for your family. Health insurance is good for both YOU and your family.

You collect health insurance by living. You have to die before life insurance can be collected.

If you knew your health was threatened you'd insure it if you could. You can insure your health.

The stomach is the vital center of the body. The whole body is nourished from the stomach. The blood is made in the stomach. A disordered stomach means disordered blood, disordered body, disordered brain. You never heard of a sick person with a sound stomach.

Make your stomach sound and you insure your health.

How? As thousands of others have done by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's the one sure medicine for the stomach. It heals. It strengthens.

"Words fail to express what I suffered for three years, with cold chills, palpitation of heart, shortness of breath, and low spirits," writes Mrs. A. C. Jones, of Walterboro, Colleton Co., S. C. "I could not sleep and really thought I would soon die. Had a peculiar roaring through my head all the time. Was so emaciated and weak I could not feed myself. My aunt induced me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I did, only to please her, and *six bottles cured me*. To-day am sound and well. During the three years I was sick I had five different physicians."

Consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

INSURE IN...

.....THE.....

TRAVELERS

of Hartford, Conn.

OLDEST, LARGEST, AND BEST.

Life, Endowment, AND Accident Insurance

OF ALL FORMS.

Health Polcies.

Indemnity for Disability caused by Sickness

Liability Insurance.

Manufacturers and Mechanics, Contractors and Owners of Buildings, Horses and Vehicles, can all be protected by policies in **The Travelers Insurance Company.**

Paid-up Cash Capital	$1,000,000.00
ASSETS	26,499,822.74
Liabilities,	22,708,701.82
EXCESS, 3½ per cent. basis,	3,791,120.92

GAINS: *6 Months, January to July, 1899.*

In Assets,	$1,184,380.28
Increase in Reserves (both dep'ts),	1,478,549.62
Premiums, Interest, Rents, 6 Months,	3,782,423.85

J. G. BATTERSON, President
S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary
E. V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies

Babblings of a Belle

WHAT a dining week I have had, my dear Diary. I have had even Aunt Sybil, who never makes odious remarks about too much gadding, remonstrate gently with this sweet child on the foolishness of overdoing it. But I look at it from my own point of view. I flatter myself too, that it is the point of view of a person with a great deal of real genius.

Get in all you can in one week, and stay at home every evening the next. You see when one starts in on Monday night with a gay ball, one has had the start, so if one keeps at it, there is no difficulty in finishing. Whereas, if one remains home on Thursday and then has a mild, small and early Wednesday, when Thursday comes one is dead tired and feels as though Lent could not come too soon.

I have been out so much that honestly I find a great deal of difficulty now in telling you that I am still absolutely interested in dancing. In the first place, my ideal lover has gone South for a short trip. I have accepted him, and the next thing I hope to do is to duplicate the Irwin house on the hill, from which I think one gets the best view in town. Where it is I shall tell you later. I shall be like Doctor Barkand, and have all my lamps and globes of Tiffany glass, and all my colored glass windows made by Bruce Porter. My dining-room furniture will be bought in England, the rest of the house the ideal lover says will be under his supervision. I think it very unreasonable, for though his taste in jewels and flowers is excellent, I have qualms about it with regard to furnishings. Still, I am living in hope. The great event is to take place in the autumn, so I can have our house a forest of autumn leaves. If I can induce him to be married in the Swedenborgian Church I will have things even more effective, for my religion is like the politics of the Vicar of Bray, all things to all people. The "ideal" is a Baptist and believes in immersion. Has never yet missed a Sunday from church. The girls say it is just the irony of fate that a maid who has at five different times joined different churches should meet with such a man. Of course he is not exacting enough to demand that I should be married in his kirk. I leave matters that hinge on the disagreeable and strong-minded to dear mama. She flatters herself on her ability to convince anyone that her view on all subjects is the only one. In a letter the other day, she said that when she first went to Coronado the feeling against the British was positively wickedly unjust. Now the Boers are the worst in the world. Mama has raised two thousand dollars to send to South Africa for the British soldiers, and most of it has been collected in Southern California.

I wish I had just a little of her strong character. Neither Leila nor I have been endowed with anything but a rare beauty, happy dispositions and a capacity for finding rich husbands. Arthur is plain looking, and has brains. I am so glad I have not; they must be so tiresome, especially if one only meets as many clever people as I have in the two years I have been out. Men do not really like clever girls, nor the kind of girls who are always trying to get something out of life. Such a funny thing happened to me last week. I told my French teacher of my engagement, and that probably I should go to Europe via China and India. Next day I received a bundle of "Baedaeker" guide books. I looked at them, and then came to the conclusion it was a mistake. At my next lesson I spoke to her of it. "Why Cricket dear," she said, "you cannot enjoy a trip around the world unless you first know all the points of interest in each town." I opened one after she had gone, and decided then and there to forego the t ip rather than read up about it. I love the sea; I am never seasick; I shall enjoy being wined and dined, meeting new people, but sight-seeing would bore me to extinction. I shall contrive to be dead tired if such a thing should even be suggested. Just fancy the irrelevancy of me gazing with admiration at the old masters. I believe they would come from their graves and scoff at my audacity. Upon my return, I shall tell you about it all, however.

You want to know all about the golf ball. It was a great success. The best fun was that so few of the debutantes were there. The golf girls just asked their particular friends. Of course it was select in the true sense of the word. The girls who were not invited are so spiteful about it. But I did have such a very good time. The girls gave it, the Morgans, Mary Scott, Edith McBean, Caro Crockett, the Carolans, and I've forgotten the others. There were awfully charming decorations, the work of the girls, most artistic too, and then the whole effect of the lights on the outside, the big fireplace and all, was beautiful. We danced until 12 and had a gay time, then supper. I do hope we shall have another soon, but I expect it was a good deal of trouble, and as the girls are working hard at golf, they will not have much time for dancing. Every morning a number go out to practice. Some of the girls keep right at it from early morn to dewy eve, and then go out to dine, to dance or to the theatre. The contest, from all I have seen, is undoubtedly between Alice Hoffman and Mary Scott. I love to watch them play. Mary is an out-and-out English girl. She has the British indomitable perseverance, and looks better in her golf suit than in her handsomest ball gowns. Alice is masterful and strong and plays with tremendous force, and from the manner in which she handles her clubs, one can be sure she is going to make an excellent score. We each have a wager on our favorite girl, and are getting a great deal of fun from it all. On Tuesday, Lilian Follis gave a jolly lunch at the University Club in honor of Mrs. James L Flood. It was a delightful affair and I don't think I've ever seen Lilian looking prettier. Mrs. Flood looks ever so young and really is awfully nice. There were a few married people there—Mrs. Robt. Oxnard and Mrs. Keeney, but all the others were of the set. The eating was capital, as you might expect, and the tables were beautifully fixed up—one in lilies-of-the-valley, another yellow jonquils, a third roses—I forgot the rest. The music, too, was excellent, and we all had a good time.

There was a big dinner that evening at the Hopkins'. Such a jolly fine dinner, too; a very amusing crowd who really did not seem to need entertaining, but afterwards we had a vaudeville show. Then there was the dinner given by Mrs. George Pope to Helen Hopkins and Gus Taylor. I like her dining room so much, and as Charley Felton was beside me, we had great fun together. The Popes have an excellent cook and beautiful silver and glass. I shall have all those things in my house, it helps entertaining so much. The table was lovely. I forgot to ask Mrs. Pope who decorated it. Thursday afternoon there was a sweet tea at Mrs. Berody Stone's house far out on Washington street. It is so picturesque and commands a view of the bay that makes it look just like pictures I have seen of Italian lakes. First I went to the Symphony. Aunt Sybil is so musical, she will not permit me to miss a concert if she wishes to go. I enjoyed it very much, especially the "Funeral March" of Beethoven's "Eroica." I really did not think there was sufficient volume to Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet," but one cannot expect too great things, Aunt Sybil says, from so young an orchestra. Friday there was a tea at Mrs. Pillsbury's and one at the Moores. I went to each, though it was my day at home, and had an excellent time. I am one of the few who really love teas. Then I forgot to tell you that the John D. Spreckels gave a dinner to Gertrude and Mr. Brander. I like him better each time I meet him; he is an awfully clever fellow, and Gertrude and he seem so very happy. It was jolly. There were only sixteen of us, so we all sat at one table. What fine entertainments the Spreckles can give when their new house is finished. It is such a huge affair, I often wonder how Mrs. Spreckels can look upon it with pleasure. It must be a fearful responsibility to have such a large house.

On Friday evening Mrs. Wakefield Baker invited a few of us to dine with her to meet Miss Rose of Chicago. She is a nice girl and has a very charming personality. We afterwards went to the Fortnightly. It was a jolly dance. Therese Morgan, in the stunningest gown I have seen her in this winter, led. She makes a fine leader, and was most ably assisted by Percy King. Percy is one of the nicest fellows; I really am very fond of him. The usual Fortnightly girls were in the first set and looked fine. Sara Collier, however, was the belle. She is a beauty. I watched her the entire evening. She reminded me of a beautiful, graceful swan. Miss Marie Louise Sussman was one of the girls who attracted especial attention. She is very dark with a classic face and beautiful figure. Therese Morgan was at her very best; I like her so much with her hair parted in the middle. Edith Preston, Margaret Salisbury, Linda Cadwalader, Caro Crockett, Katherine Dillon and Bessie Ames were all very attractive and had an exceedingly good time. I was much attracted by Howard Veeder; I got to know him quite well the other night, and have decided he can be one of my favorites. Will Page, Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Lewis, and the Kings, Percy and Frank, all added to my enjoyment very considerably.

I was deeply amused the other evening watching the girls and men who are enamored of each other, as they think unknown to the world. Each made it so obvious, I could not help remarking to several fellows with whom I danced, how funny it was. I do not think I should have allowed my "ideal lover" to make it quite so conspicuous had he been at the dance. It must be tremendously satisfactory to Mrs. Salisbury and Mrs. Collier to see these dances so well attended and the source of so much real enjoyment to all of us young people.

Next week the Huntingtons have an informal dance. Invitations are out for a cotillion to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey to their daughter, Katherine Dillon, on the 21st. Charlotte Ellinwood's invitations are also out for her Valentine Tissue Paper party. A card party is to be given to the older people Saturday, by Mrs. Morgan, and we are all awfully interested in the Mardi Gras, at which I for one hope to have a great and glorious time. I shall be able to tell you more about the costumes next week.

On Saturday I went down to Burlingame as the guest of Mr. Frank Carolan who is now Master of the Hounds of the San Mateo Hunt Club. The riding was fine. I would have given a lot to have followed the hounds, but Aunt Sybil said nay to all my entreaties. The only ladies who rode were Mrs. Harry Howard, who has a fine seat. Miss Spoivalo also rides well. The two Brittan girls were conspicuous by their habits. They wore plain waists and Lincoln green bloomers and rode astride. It is the really sensible way at a hunt, infinitely less dangerous than riding in the old fashioned way. As there was not real fox we did not have much fun when it was over except at luncheon. It was a big affair but most of the people were married. The other girls beside me were Manie McNutt, Genevieve Carolan and Carrie Taylor. We had a great day altogether, but next time I do hope they will have a real fox.

MISS CRICKET.

A well known teacher, (English, German French) going to Europe beginning of May wishes to chaperone ladies going abroad. Highest recommendations.
Address CHAPERONE, this office.

An Extraordinary Record.

109,203 cases of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry, imported in 1899, or 72,495 cases more than any other brand was never before approached. Its quality can not be excelled at any price, and their vintage now imported was seldom equaled.

Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is called fo everywhere. It is the drink of the people, no of the select few.

Cantrell & Cochrane
are the only manufacturers of
GINGER ALE
that were Awarded a Medal for their production at Paris Exhibition, making a grand total of
32 Gold and Prize Medals Awarded
at the various International Exhibitions held all over the world for the superiority of their manufactures.

COPY OF ROYAL WARRANT.
Messrs Cantrell and Cochrane,
You are hereby appointed Manufacturers of Mineral Waters to His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales
Given under my hand and seal at Marlborough House this First day of June 1885
Comptroller.
Export Orders Packed in a most Superior Manner for all parts of the World
Wm. Wolff & Co.
Pacific Coast Agents
329 Market Street

The Fresno Alpha Oil Co.
Owns 640 acres of oil lands in the exact center of the intersection of the two oil belts upon which are situated the only producing wells in the region. Here is an expert opinion: "After a thorough examination I have no hesitancy in saying that from the exterior formation of shale and oil sands and the coloring, the lands are equal if not superior to any that I have inspected and prospected during the past twelve years."—J. M. Fleming.
Our property has plenty of water, from never failing springs. A contract will, within a few weeks, be let for sinking our first well. Parties who contemplate investing in oil should investigate our proposition. We offer only
a LIMITED NUMBER OF SHARES FOR SALE ON VERY EASY PAYMENTS
Will be pleased to see you and to give you all information in our possession. Call or address O. A. LANE, Secretary
Rooms 6 7 Eighth Floor Mills Building.
S. M. GLEAVES, U. S. Surveyor-General, President

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

ELECTRIC
SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS
California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

Thuringi Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY
Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

A Toilet Necessity.
WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM
of Roses.
Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

THE Keeley Cure
ALCOHOL, OPIUM, DRUG USING
Communications Confidential Write for particulars.
F. H. NIXON, WEST SEATTLE, WASH.

THE DOWNFALL OF BROWN.

"ONE of my recreations for many years has been to discover and classify certain mental failings which cannot properly be diagnosed as diseases," said a physician at the Lotos Club, "and as the result of my deductions along a special line of investigation a young acquaintance of mine worked out a revenge that was unique and married the girl of his choice.

"Business called me to San Francisco eight years ago and necessitated my staying there for two years. In my boarding house the star guest was easily Miss Sally Gilt, the only daughter of a Forty-niner, and a young woman with some beauty as well as wealth. Her devoted admirer was C. Knickerbocker Smith, who wrote society news for the *Chronicle*. Smith had come to the Coast from New York and failed in a business venture. He was a conceited, well-dressed, rather good-looking little fellow, and the strongest point in his favor was his undoubted attachment for Miss Gilt. I was very much interested in watching the progress of his suit with Miss Gilt, when it was interrupted unexpectedly by the advent of a young lawyer named John Fred Brown. Brown had inherited some money, and had worked hard at the law, but apparently had enjoyed no social advantages. Probably he had been too busy. At any rate, he was a man of some little importance in his way, and when it was evident that he also admired Miss Gilt the other boarders said: 'Poor Mr. Smith! He is out of it now. Mr. Brown has lots of money.' Miss Gilt was just an average girl, and was mercenary and ambitious. I half-suspected that Smith first attracted favorable attention by running in her name in the list of 'among those present' at some fashionable reception.

"She became very kind to Brown and correspondingly chilly to Smith. The affair interested me. I had concluded that Brown was a cold-blooded selfish chap, when one fine morning he announced to us his engagement to Miss Gilt. Smith came to my room that night very much broken up.

"'If Brown were a more decent fellow, Doctor, I wouldn't mind it so much,' he said, 'but I know that he has made careful inquiries about Miss Gilt's fortune before proposing. I am very fond of that girl and I had reason to believe that she was fond of me until Brown arrived. I don't know what I am going to do.'

"'Perhaps I can help you out and at the same time demonstrate one of my pet theories,' said I.

"'I don't see how it is possible,, he said.

"'If you wanted to could you make Brown's name well known in the fashionable list without exciting his suspicion or that of your editor?' I asked.

"'That would be easy,' he replied. 'I have been on the paper so long that my lists go as I write them. I don't like his name though. John Fred Brown would look queer. Anyway, such notoriety as that would simply please the beast. What are you driving at?'

"I explained my theory and after some debate Smith said that he was inclined to believe in it.

"'It sounds all right,' he said, 'and it is worth trying. If Brown isn't susceptible we can give it up. I'll change his name after it has been published two or three times to J. Fred Brown.'

"That was the way the plot was planned and two nights later Mr. Brown announced that he was going to take Miss Gilt to the opening performance of a New York theatrical company. The night after this performance Brown turned up for dinner looking just a little bit haughty. His haughtiness was increased when two or three of the boarders said they knew by their papers that Mr. Brown had been at the theatre the night before. It was the first time his name had ever been published in the fashionable list and he passed it off by saying carelessly that it was impossible to avoid the reporters in these days. I happened to know that he bought every daily in town and cut out the paragraph of names which included his own. Smith had asked the other society reporters to run in the name of John Fred Brown and that was how the deed was accomplished. I studied my subject closely during dinner and when Smith came to my room was able to assure him that in my opinion he could not fail.

"Brown was so pleased with the notice from the newspapers that he decided to court it again. He attended another performance, and the morning after his name was printed among the first nighters as J. Fred Brown. Miss Gilt's name was omitted. Brown patronized her a bit the following night. He was also rather supercilious with the rest of us and hinted that his social engagements might interfere with his being present at dinner during the season.

"Smith then settled down to work in earnest. He not only printed Brown's name among the list of those present at all first nights, but introduced it in gatherings where J. Fred Brown was unknown. Brown got extravagant. He never missed an opening night. He went to all semi-public dinners when he was permitted to buy tickets. One night he came down to dinner so haughty that he would hardly notice Miss Gilt. Smith explained it later. In return for a favor which he had been able to do for a woman she had sent an invitation to J. Fred Brown for the opening reception in her big house. She never had heard of the man before, but was on the outer fringe of society and was quite willing to entertain him. Brown spoke of the invitation casually at the table and said the hostess was an old friend who was very ambitious socially. He supposed that he would be bored to death, but he felt it a duty to go. I happen to know he bought a new frock coat for the occasion and he was so excited about it that he never went near his office that day. He was neglecting his practice and was spending lots of money on clothes.

"He was not quite so attentive to Miss Gilt.

"This reception gave Brown an opportunity to meet other people who entertained. His name had been printed so frequently that these people had a vague idea he was a social swell and some of them invited him to call and others invited him to receptions.

"J. Fred Brown was now socially launched and C. Knickerbocker Smith worked like a beaver to keep Brown's name before the public. It appeared in every list of fashionable names, and had he gone to one-quarter the places where the newspapers reported him at, he would have broken down.

"Brown took all this notice from the papers as his due. He joined two second-rate clubs. He even gave a little dinner at the Palace Hotel, and, thanks to Smith, all the details appeared in the next morning's papers. The game was very interesting. Brown was neglecting his practice and he was attending every affair that might tempt the papers to print his name. He kept all these notices in a scrap book. The more conspicuous he became the less devoted he was to Miss Gilt. The man was badly afflicted with what I have diagnosed as Newspaper Mania. I had observed it in other people and I felt a proprietary interest in Brown's case. Brown had it badly. He snubbed Miss Gilt two or three times before the other boarders, and she didn't like it. Brown's conversation was almost exclusively devoted to the society news of the day.

"Finally Miss Gilt announced that she had broken her engagement with him. It was not a surprise to the other boarders. Two weeks later she announced her engagement to Smith. Brown did not seem to be very much dejected then.

"Curiously enough from that date his name ceased to appear in any of the lists of those present. Brown went to the same old places and he examined the newspapers eagerly the next morning, but his name was not used. He sent anonymous notices to the papers and they were thrown into the waste basket. Then he tried to make up with Miss Gilt, but she wouldn't consider him at all. I had no sympathy with him. He had brought it on himself. Miss Gilt became Mrs. Knickerbocker Smith three months later, and her husband brought her to New York where her fortune supports them both comfortably.

"I was perfectly satisfied with the case. It had demonstrated my theory than an itch for notoriety was a disease with certain people, and I have always considered it a case worthy of being preserved in medical annals."

N. Y. Sun.

A College Graduate.

ALTHOUGH a beggar clad in rags,
Refinement on his features sate;
"Pray lift me from the mire," he said,
"I am a happy graduate."

I thought of all the kicks of life,
The bitter blows of unjust fate;
The thousand stings of tortured pride,
That plagued this college graduate.

I thought of these; and then I said,
"Friend, take this coin; it is not great;
But with it goes the blessing of
Another college graduate."

He took the coin, and I could see,
How bitterly desire and pride
Were struggling in the bosom of
The beggar standing by my side.

I clasped his hand, "Comrade," I asked,
"What college gave you your degrees?"
He brushed a tear away and sobbed,
"A barber's college, if you please!"

W. A. IRWIN.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

If you have never tasted Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, try it and be convinced that it is the best whiskey in the world.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

—FOR—

Nome, St. Michael, Dawson

AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.

CARRYING U. S. MAILS.

FOR NOME DISTRICT.

From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,

From San Francisco, S. S. "St, Paul," May 20th, 1900

A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fortnight Thereafter

For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak, and all Intermediate Points:

From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.

For new folders, maps and further particulars, as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

GIANT OIL COMPANY

Location of Wells, McKittrick, Kern County, Cal.

Capitalization, $500,000.

600 acres of land, U. S. Patent in the heart of the now famous McKittrick district, selected by experts and proven to be one of the best Oil properties in the State.

WILLIAM J. DINGEE, President. J. M. MERRELL, Vice-President.

OFFICES:

Room 16, 2d Floor, Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 460 Eighth Street, Oakland, Cal.

FORTUNES IN OIL.

The Continental Oil and Development Co.

[INCORPORATED]

Only 6000 Shares of which 1,000 were put on the market and over half sold the first 10 days. This is a genuine opportunity for an oil investment. The Company owns by United States patent 5 twenty-acre tracts in the

"Oil Basin," Kings County,

the richest oil bearings in the entire belt. We have made arrangements for the latest improved machinery and will shortly be boring for oil, at which time stock cannot be had at any price.

No Assessments.

Wm. CORBIN, Pres. A. E. RUDELL, Secy.

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW YORK. & PARIS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE TWO CAPITALS

YES, I believe that they are giving operas this year at the Metropolitan. I have attended a few times, and Mrs. Astor's toilets were superb. She went away at 10:30 the last time and would not take an encore; there was an Assembly that night. Remarkable, how Mrs. Jack keeps her hold on the social leadership. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish looks well; she is drawing the men to her box. I notice that the management have been a little indiscreet in assigning boxes; more than one has been admitted to the big horseshoe without meet and just claim. This is a distinct drawback to the performance. The opera, did you ask me? Oh, yes, very good. What did they play? How the deuce should I know?

Which is not the way I myself would describe the perfomance, but it is about the view of the average opera-goer this season. In "crank row," down in the front of the pit, and in the remote fastnesses of the gallery, it is said that they listen to such snatches of the performance as drown out the conversation; also, the critics—some of them—listen in a bored sort of way. But the bulk of the audiences go this season for a very different purpose since the management began to print on the programs lists of the boxholders with a diagram showing the location of their boxes, and decreed that the lights should remain bright while the curtain is up, instead of dark, as before.

It was very clever of the management to think of it. You remember, perhaps, how Ole Bull's business manager once defined music. "Music," he said, "is the art of getting as many people as possible into one place and making them pay the highest price to get there." Very well. Now the Metropolitan management have taken counsel with themselves. Why do the bulk of people come to the opera? The box-holders come to be seen, and the chair-holders to see—the boxholders. Then, if additional facilities for seeing and being seen are furnished, won't the opera be more popular? Won't more people come? The sequence is as plain as the nose on your face. Hence, the receipts have never been so large and, incidentally, the attention has never been so little directed toward the stage. The last night I was there, Mrs. John Jacob left before the beginning of the last act. Most of the box-holders followed suit, and the theatre began to empty. There was a whole act of the greatest music written yet to be rendered by the greatest singers in the world; that mattered not. The prima donna was gone; the performance was over. Had "Mrs. Jack" been anxious to expose the vulgarian humor of the whole thing, she could not have chosen a better way.

Of course, it is hard on the singers, those player people who live on admiration, and they are complaining bitterly. In years past, the audience used to rise to a great passage and the curtain-calls were genuine. That is put behind us. The "cranks" who yell "bravo!" after a solo of Alvarez become the target for well-bred opera glasses. They give curtain-calls nowadays in a subdued, well-bred fashion—at least, they are taken for curtain-calls by the man who operates the machinery. This is part of the performance and is expected. But it doesn't make any real difference. So long as Mrs. Astor stays, the house is enjoying itself. For very decency, the management is thinking of renting a claque. It would save the audience the trouble. Unblushing, isn't it? But it pays.

Perhaps because adversity has drawn them together, the singers at the Metropolitan, who furnish the punctuation for the conversations, are remarkably harmonious in private life, a rare and unusual thing in New York, where Grand Opera is synonymous with a half-a-dozen feuds. Life among the singers, according to all reports, is one long-continued love-feast. The whole cast, on the night of the first performance, went to supper together! Such a millenial state of affairs has not happened in New York since Father Knickerbocker began to remember. Cynics are saying that it is because the renowned Jean de Rezske is absent. This would account for the tenors, but not for the sopranos and the bassos, who join in the general harmony.

They are a lot of happy family groups this year. Eames and her husband live in exclusive privacy at the Marie Antoinette, where he makes a bluff at painting to pass the time. Most of his artistic work, however, comes in the designing of his wife's costumes. In the same retirement, Mme. Nordica and her husband dwell at the Waldorf. He is studying to be a great tenor and practices daily under her tutelage. Both are beset by that strange species of woman, the prima donna worshipper. It is said that some of these have moved into the Waldorf and the Marie Antoinette in order to be near their idols. If so, they get no nearer than an occasional glimpse, for the doors are guarded most jealously.

Herr and Frau Schumann-Heink, in their apartments at the Belvidere, are a typical German couple. They dwell in an atmosphere of sentimentality and German cookery most beautiful to behold. It takes Germans to do that sort of thing; 'tis a fine art with them. The only regret of this couple is that the little Schumann-Heinks, who are legion, cannot be with them. They ought to be there, to complete the picture.

Calve and Sembrich live the single life, the former at Sherry's, the latter at the Savoy. They are the two most approachable people in the business, which is a cause of great grief to their maids and managers. Left to themselves, they would fritter away strength and energy on chance visitors. Each has a "steerer." It is the attendant of her private apartments, bribed by her manager, in Sembrich's case; in Calve's, it is her maid. To see the latter get rid of an enthusiastic visitor is to behold a work of high art.

NETTA DYKE.

A NEW IDOL.

PARIS must have an idol; this is an axiom. That idol must be a military man; if there is anything more axiomatic than an axiom, "this is that." General Gallifet, had he yielded in the smallest possible particular to the popular pressure against Dreyfus, might now be occupying that position. But Gallifet is a hero of the real stripe, not the tinsel sort described of Mr. Dooley and loved of the French, and has held himself square to his duty. So Mercier, who led the van in the attack on poor Dreyfus, has stepped into the place. "Vive Mercier!" Oh, memory! Ten years ago, and it was "Vive Boulanger!"—and now, there is the plain name, "Ernest Boulanger" on the tombstone of a suicide. Had I a personal grudge against any French officer, I could wish him no worse fate than the elevation to this doubtful height.

You must know by this time that Mercier has won his election to the Chamber of Deputies from the district of the Loire. Nominally, he was supported by the conservative Republicans; really, the Royalists backed him and secured his majority, and he is now the head and front of their hopes. Just how far he has sold himself to them, God and the Duc d'Orleans know, but the government suspects a great deal, for Mercier is continually tracked by spies. One incident in this espionage throws a pecular light on the General's thriftiness. The head spy is a cabman who has his stand just in front of the Mercier mansion. The general is "onto" this man. Therefore, he uses that cab exclusively for his official visits. When he has driven around Paris for a whole day and has mounted up fares to the sum of some fifty francs, he hands the detective-driver a franc in payment! Loth to lose the means whereby he draws his salary, the spy takes the coin without complaint, and Mercier economizes thereby. I hear that he gets good servants cheap on the same basis.

It may not be generally known that Madame Mercier is English by birth and a cousin of General Sir William Penn Symons, the British general who was killed at Glencoe. She has numerous nephews fighting with the British at Glencoe. But the party of a good wife is her husband's party, and Mme. Mercier is a good wife in that. She is a devoted French woman in opinion, and hates the Radicals, the Dreyfusites and the powers that be just asfervently as her husband. They tell a story which illustrates the extent of her feeling. An English friend was complaining of the infamous Parisian caricatures of Queen Victoria.

"Yes," she answered, "but remember how the English papers insulted the General."

It is a business arrangement, through and through. Mercier needs a political boost, and he needs money. The Orleanists can give him both of these. The Orleanists need a hero, since the Duc is what my countrymen would call "n. g." and his family have never, not a man of them, smelt powder. Mercier can give them that. The deal is an advantageous one for both sides, and is really of no harm to France, as the Royalist cause is mainly a joke. If harm comes of it, 'twill be through the elevation of Mercier, who is a man of more than a little real ability, not through that of Orleans, who cannot harm anyone, being half-idiotic and wholly lazy.

By-the-way, the mouthpiece of the Royalist cause has been changed. It was the *Gaulois*, edited by Arthur Meyer, a Jew. Meyer took sides against Dreyfus in the days of his trial, and the French people, much as most of them hated the Jews, did not honor him for his defection. His fellow religionists rank him with Judas, the Christian Dreyfusites put him several stages below, and the Catholics and Nationalists, to whom his defection was calculated to appeal, refused him delivery of the thirty pieces of silver. Orleans saw that the new recruit was unpopular, and repudiated him utterly. He did this in a strictly private letter, intended for publication, to the Duc d Luynes, with injunctions to keep it absolutely secret and get it the front column in the newspapers. The worthy descendant of white-plumed Henry of Navarre fell into a towering rage at the thought that the dirty press had stolen his burning words, and had his picture taken in the position. This may not be exactly what happened, but it describes the Orleanist way of doing business.

The letter stigmatizes Meyer as a dirty traitor and annouces that *Soliel*, Edouard Herve's old organ, is the official publication of the Orleanist party. That paper took up the Mercier campaign at once, and steered him through into the Chamber of Deputies. It was a campaign of blood and fire, of course, one of the finest ebullitions of Gallic yellow journalism ever seen even in this favored land.

There is a lull in the theatres just now, pending the storm and stress of the Exposition. Bernhardt is filling in with "Camille" and "Hamlet," and saving up "L'Aiglon" for the year of big receipts Coquelin is using "Les Miserables" for a filler pending the revival of "Cyrano" for the Exposition. Rejane is saving up "Madame Sans Gene" and "Zaza." Mounet-Sully, somewhat feeble and almost blind, has as great a vogue as ever. He will present a Shakespearian repertoire for the Exposition. There are no new concert-hall favorites; perhaps they, too, are being saved for the summer. Since Guilbert recovered from her operation and went back to work, it has become apparent that her vogue is over. The latest novelty in the concert-halls is the wrestling-match, which has attained the importance of a star feature. One of the latest matches has lasted over two weeks and bids fair to keep going as long as receipts come in. The principals are Kara-Ahmed, a Turk and World's Champion, and Paul Pons, a Frenchman and World's Champion. The winner is to contest with Jack Careek, a New Yorker and World's Champion. Twenty other World's Champions are waiting to challenge the winner of this match. Championships are as common now as the Legion of Honor.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

The Hot Baked Bean.

O! a dainty thing is the hot baked bean,
And it creepeth right to the spot
In the wintry time, when the fresh and green
Of garden truck is not.
He must be dyspeptic and victim of bile
Who scorneth its ruddy brown
As it comes to the table, all smoking the while,
With a slab of rich pork for its crown.
Food for an emperor, king, or a queen;
O! a dainty thing is the hot baked bean.

The lumberman droppeth his shining axe,
When he heareth the whistle blow,
And straight for the shanty he maketh his tracks
Through the pine woods o'erladen with snow;
On the prairie, the cook climbs the mess wagon, yells,
And the cowboy, with appetite keen,
Spurs his bronco amain, for there, wind-borne, he smells
Assurance most sweet of the bean.
Quickest of all moves of that day, I ween,
Are moves at the call of the hot baked bean.

Whene'er there occurreth a fierce vacuum
In the maiden of Boston's interior,
Full well doth she know the correct pabulum
And scorneth all viands inferior.
Though Ibsen and Browning et al. have a zest,
And give her a pleasure serene,
There's naught fills the vacancy under the vest
Like the browning on top of the bean.
Food for an emperor, king, or a queen;
O! a dainty thing is the hot baked bean.

—Chicago Record.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c
Hall's Family Pills are the best

The Frenchman likes his native wines,
The German likes his beer,
The Irishman likes his whisky straight,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Englishman likes his 'alf and 'alf,
Because it makes him frisky.
But they all go back on their favorite drink
For Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Truasses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block.

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

OPTICIANS.

H. CLAY EVERSOLE, Specialist in Eyesight measurements for spectacles and eyeglasses, 720 First ave

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. FLEISCHER, Surgery Genito-Urinary and female diseases 201, 202, 216, 218 Washington blk

DR G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco, Plaintiff, *vs.* James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More B. More, and C. More Defendants. No. 67,877.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

FRANKLIN K. LANE
City and County Attorney, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More, B. More and C. More, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after service on you of this summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

The object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of said Court adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in fee of all the real estate hereinafter mentioned, and to quiet plaintiff's said title as against each and all said defendants and to obtain other and further relief and costs, as specified in said complaint, which complaint is hereby specially referred to for further particulars.

The following is a description of the property affected by this action:—

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situated in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described, as follows to wit

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bay street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with said Fillmore street to a point at which the water of the Bay of San Francisco is twenty-five [25] feet deep at low tide, as the same existed April 27, 1863; thence at right angles easterly four hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [468 9-12] feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with the easterly line of Fillmore street to the said northerly line of Bay street at a point thereon distant two hundred [200] feet easterly from the easterly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [268 9-12] feet to the point of commencement.

And are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of March, A. D., 1899. [SEAL] WM. A DEANE, Clerk,
By WM. R. A. JOHNSON, Deputy Clerk.

The Theatres

A STOCK situation of the comic illustrator is that of the small boy who, walking over an icy pavement at the head of a line of people, slips and tumbles the whole line backward like a house of cards. Such a thing happens sometimes in the realm of the mind. Someone makes a "break," and the contagion spreads. It happened Monday night at the Alcazar, with humorous results.

The play was "Friends," and, be it said, before we go farther, it was well played. In the third act Mary Hampton as *Marguirite Otto* has a stormy scene with George Webster, playing *Harold Hunting*. At one place the lines read—I quote from memory—"I command you to let me pass, Mr. Hunting!" That is what Miss Hampton ought to have said. Now whether her mind was filled with the new beauties Ernest Hastings has acquired since he was written up as a matinee favorite, no one knows, but this is what she did say:

"I command you to let me pass, Mr. Hastings!"

The gravity of that scene was wrecked for several moments.

Hastings himself was a party to the next gambol of the imp of confusion. He is cast in "Friends" as *John Paden Jr.*, who is at outs with *Paden Sr.*, as played by Jeffrey Williams. The old man is trying to force a marriage on his son. He says, or should say: "You are young, good-looking, have money—besides, you are my son."

This is what Mr. Williams said: "You are yonng, etc.—besides, you are my father!"

The audience was just recovering from this, when Miss Emily Wakeman as the maid of *Marguerite Otto* came in to announce a visitor. In the play, *Marguerite* is an orphan unmarried and sought by two or three lovers. I do not know who is down in the playbook as the visitor, but Miss Wakeman announced blithly.

"*Mr.* Otto to see you, Miss!"

Whether there was laughter or tears back of the Alcazar scenes Monday night, is known to the company alone. But the audience enjoyed it, which was what they came for.

* *

The new bill at the Orpheum will be an almost entire change, few of the present people being retained, and these will change their program. Cushman, Holcomb, and Curtis head the list with an operatic comedy, "The New Teacher." Monroe and Mack are singing and talking comedians. Deets and Don bring a musical novelty. The Romale Brothers do an acrobatic turn, and Frank Coffin returns with a number of new songs. Holdovers are Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher, Irene Franklin, Papinta, and the biograph.

* *

Following "Friends," which has had a most successful run at the Alcazar, "Oh, Susannah," a howling farce of the style of "Charlie's Aunt" will be the bill.

* *

Monday night we have a new and untried play, a genuine "first night," at the Columbia, when the Bostonians present Herbert and Smith's new opera, "The Viceroy." It promises to be one of the most elaborate productions ever given a comic opera in the West.

* *

The Frawleys will present for their last week in San Francisco "An Unconventional Honeymoon," one of Augustin Daly's comedies. It is a modern rendering of "The Taming of the Shrew," and the Katherine of the cast will be Miss Keith Wakeman, who has just returned from Europe. The piece was produced here by the Frawleys two years ago under the title of "The Transit of Leo," and at that time made an immense hit.

* *

The third of the series of Symphony Concerts under the direction of Henry Holmes will take place next Thursday afternoon at the Grand Opera House at 3:15. An interesting program has been provided. It includes: 1. Overture, "Coriolan," op. 62 (*Beethoven*). 2. Symphony, "Fraternity" in F No. 4, op. 48 (*Henry Holmes*). 3. Variations upon a Theme by Jos. Haydn, op. 56a (*Brahms*). 4. Overture, "Tannhauser" (*Wagner*).

MARCIA VAN DRESSER
who takes the place of Jessie Bartlett Davis as leading contralto with the Bostonians.

Since success of "The First Born" and "Only the Master Shall Blame" and other native plays at the Alcazar, that house receives on an average one new play a week for consideration.

The Bostonians come this time without Jessie Bartlett Davis, the Alan-a-Dale of tuneful memory. She should not be allowed to pass without some mention of an incident of her last visit but one, which was unnoted in the papers at the time. It was the last night of "Robin Hood" for the season; it had been a record-breaking run at the Columbia, and on this final night the applicants for tickets would have filled two houses. At the end of the final act, the audience refused to leave and gave them curtain-call after curtain-call, until Barnaby came forward and suggested that the audience join the company in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

As the singing began, a cat came running up the aisle, pursued by an usher who was trying to eject her. Thoroughly alarmed by the noise she went over the orchestra at a bound and onto the stage. Mrs. Davis stood there in her boy's costume. It was any port in a storm for puss. Straight up the tights she went, and on to Mrs. Davis' shoulders, where she turned, spitting and growling, to face her pursuers. The singer took the cat in her arms and petted her into quiet. But just then the song reached the high note in the chorus—"*We'll* tak a cup o' kindness." The shriek was too much for puss. With a yowl that could be heard in the audience, she wriggled loose and fled.

In time of peace: in time of war
The favorite drink is Jesse Moore.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny — Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

Rates of intnrest on loans secured by improved San Francisco real estate, *six per cent.*
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.
RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 365.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO
Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account October $2,365,968
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary
CORRESPONDENTS
New York..... Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago..... Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 California Street
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,2:3,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28 563,655 41
OFFICERS
President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER
DIRECTORS
B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union
532 CALIFORNIA ST
Deposits Jan. 1, 1500.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 210 067
Contingent Fund..... 407,391
E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.
DIRECTORS
George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.
Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum
Cushman, Holcomb and Curtis; Monroe and Mack; Deets and Don; Romale Brothers; Frank Coffin; Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher; Irene Franklin; Papinta; Biograph.
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre
BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254
WEEK OF FEB. 12th
Another New York Success from the Lyceum.
OH SUSANNAH,
With full strength of the Alcazar company
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Columbia Theatre
BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, FEB. 12th
Second week of The Famous
BOSTONIANS
An event of importance, First time on any stage, Smith and Herbert's latest work
THE VICEROY
A magnificent production, the most pretentious comic opera presentation ever seen in the West!

California THE POPULAR HOUSE
S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 731
COMMENCING SUNDAY NIGHT, FEB. 11th, 1900.
Farewell of THE FRAWLEY COMPANY.
First appearance of California's distinguished Artiste MISS KEITH WAKEMAN.
The Late Augustin Daly's Charming Comedy
An Unconventional Honeymoon
IMPORTANT
Friday afternoon Feb 16th, special performance of
MME. SANS GENE.
Coming the Funny Farce, "WHO IS WHO."
Popular Prices: Evening, 75c 50c, 25c; Matinees, 50c, 25c.

Grand Opera House
SPECIAL
Thursday afternoon, Feb. 15th, at 3:15 p. m.
THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT
Under the direction of HENRY HOLMES
Orchestra of 70 pieces.
Now on sale Sherman Clay & Co. Remaining concerts March 1st and 15th.
Special prices for the Season.
Seats $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c and 25c.

Western Turf Association.
INCORPORATED
Member American Turf Congress
TANFORAN PARK, South San Francisco
Main Office Parlor "A" Palace Hotel San Francisco
W. J. MARTIN, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Manager.
Second Meeting Feb. 12th to Mar. 3rd inclusive.
Six high-class running races every week day rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.
The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb Grand Stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.
Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 4:45 P. M. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking. Valencia street ten minutes later.
San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.
Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to Grounds, $1.25.

Racing! Racing! Racing!
CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.
Winter meeting, 1899-1900, beginning MONDAY, Jan. 22 to Feb. 10, 1900.
OAKLAND RACE TRACK.
Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.
Five or more races each day.
Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.
Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.
Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President,
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✻ THIS SEASON'S ✻

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Feb. 5, 10 15, 20, 25, March 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Feb. 5, 10, 15, 20 25. Mar 2 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Feb. 3, 8, 13 18, 23, 28, Mar. 5 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Feb 4, 8, 12 16 20 24 28 Mar. 5 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Feb. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, Mar. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change, steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Alameda, **for Australia**, Wednesday, February. 21, at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, March 7 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at :30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast

No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class / $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb, 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7 17 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

J. W. MONROE'S SPARKLING APPLE CIDER

Made in Humboldt Co., California
John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

SUNSET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1899-1900.

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Fridays
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays and Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the travelling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5010 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

Roger S. Green, Pres. — Austin E. Griffiths, Sec'y

Invest Your Money in the

Sea • Breeze • Mine

The Richest Free Milling Gold Discovery in Southeastern Alaska.

A limited number of shares offered at Fifty Cents. Call or address

SEA BREEZE MINING CO.

Washington Bld., 1st Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

No. 11,194.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, NINTH CIRCUIT, NORTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA.

In the matter of the Insolvent, the California National Bank of San Francisco.

T. K. STATELER, the Agent of the California National Bank of San Francisco, which bank was duly adjudged insolvent by the Comptroller of the Currency of the United States on the 14th day of January, 1889, pursuant to the provisions of an act of Congress entitled "An Act authorizing the appointment of receivers of National Banks and for other purposes," approved June 30th, 1876, having filed herein a petition praying for an order of sale of the choses in action and the unsold personal property belonging to said bank, now in his possession as said Agent, and which said choses in action and unsold personal property are fully set forth and described in said petition;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that said petition be heard before this Court in its court-room in the appraiser's building at the corner of Washington and Sansome streets, San Francisco, on Saturday the 10th day of February, 1900, at eleven o'clock a. m.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be served by said Agent upon all the stockholders of the bank, standing as such upon the books of the bank at the date of its adjudication as insolvent, either by personal delivering a copy hereof to each of said stockholders or by sending a copy hereof through the mail addressed to his last known place of residence, postage prepaid, at least ten days prior to February 10, 1900.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published in *The Wave*, a newspaper printed and published weekly at San Francisco, aforesaid, at least once a week for three weeks prior to the hearing of said petition,

Dated, January 10, 1900.

JOHN J. DE HAVEN, Judge

ROBERT BRENT MITCHELL, Mills Building San Francisco, Attorney for Petitioner.

The whiskey that touches the right spot every time is Jesse Moore. To be found at all first-class bars and saloons.

Up Stairs at Night your Silverware is reasonably secure from midnight dangers. The only absolute security against the daylight danger of scratching or wearing is by using

SILVER **ELECTRO-SILICON** POLISH

that insures the highest degree of brilliancy without the least detriment in any form.

Trial quantity for the asking.
It's Sold Everywhere.

The Electro Silicon Company,
30 Cliff Street, New York.

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.
American and European Plan.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

FOR THE
BEST BOOK-KEEPING,
the SHORTEST SHORTHAND
Attend McLAREN & THOMSON'S
Acme Business College
College Paper Sent Free
Pacific Block SEATTLE, WASH.

Special Sale of Furs

At 25 Per Cent Reduction
For the Next Ten Daps Only

Remodeling and Repairing.

AD. KOCOUR & CO.
Fashionable Manufacturing **Furriers,**
FUR DYERS AND FUR DRESSERS.
121 POST STREET, ROOMS 7 TO 11
Telephone Black 3743.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters
"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.
NABER, ALPS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

Ladies Do Not
Seek assistance from new and untried preparations, but use the old, time-tried and reliable CREME DE LIS. It removes every trace of sallowness and other cutaneous defects and the skin regains that softness and purity of color so rarely possessed by adults. Blackheads, freckles, muddy skin, wrinkles, and red nose, or face, acted upon as if by magic.

Jesse Moore Whiskey has been the Kentucky standard with which all others have been compared since 1853.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

THE MULE A TOTAL LOSS.—A Copperhead correspondent who had made himself obnoxious to General Rawlins applied to that leader at Vicksburg for news. To a member of his staff the General consigned the journalist with orders that he be taken to the trenches within a stone's throw of the enemy and, if possible, lost there. The two set forth, but the moment the newspaper-man's hat and his mule's ears showed over the ridge which he had climbed to get a view, there came a volley of musketry ten yards wide which shied the top of his hat off. He slipped to the ground in safety, but the mule was literally filled with lead. When the two returned to headquarters Rawlins hailed his aide: "I thought I told you to lose that Copperhead reporter, somewhere," he said. "I did the best I could," was the reply. "He came back, but I have the honor to report his mule a total loss."

x

HIS SIX SHIRTS.—A punctilious Southern lady was married to a happy-go-lucky Carolinan with a notorious disregard for all matters of dress. He was going off on a trip and his wife packed in his satchel six shirts, exacting a promise that he would wear a fresh one every day. He returned home in due course and the good housewife proceeded to unpack the bag. Lo, not one of the shirts was there. "What's the matter, John," she asked in great perturbation; "where are all the shirts I gave you?" John protested that he had followed orders and had put on a clean one every day, but what had happened to them he did not know. He retired downstairs to think out the problem. Ten minutes later an excited face was thrust into the room and a happy voice rang out: "I've found 'em, my dear; I've found 'em! The whole six shirts are safe! I've got 'em all on!"

x

REVERSED THE PRAYER.—On a Louisiana plantation soon after the war one of the oldest darkies got religion, but in a rather hazy fashion. As Christmas approached his family clamored for a turkey. So he prayed earnestly for one, saying: "O Lord send a turkey to this poor sinner," but no turkey came. Day after day he kept up this petition, without bringing the coveted prize any nearer. Then on the morning before Christmas he changed the wording of his prayer to "O Lord send this poor sinner to a turkey," and about midnight his prayer was answered.

x

A FAIR TRIAL.—Congressman Evan E. Settle came to the front in Congress in the contested case of Aldrich vs. Plowman. "The situation reminded him," he said, "of a poor fellow who had been brought before a Dutch magistrate on some petty charge. The Justice wanted to impress him with a due sense of the fairness of the trial he was about to receive at his hands. 'Mine frent,' he said, 'dis court she vill hear all the vitnesses mit you; she vill hear all the lawyers mit your side of the cases; und she vill dook it unter advisement for dree tays; but after that time she vill geef a chutgment against you.'"

x

A NOBLE RETORT.—Haliburton, author of *Sam Slick*, while a member of the House of Commons, felt called upon, while attacking the policy of the Gladstone government, to denounce one of its younger members, whose speech had contained not argument but caricature, which he declared was entirely out of place in so august an assembly. "Wonders will never cease," said Gladstone, on rising to reply. "Here is the author of *Sam Slick* declaring caricature has no place in the House of Commons, though he himself has found a place here."

x

A NATURAL QUERY.—Among the congregation at a service of song in a Washington church was a mother with her little daughter *aetat.* five. One of the selections was "I Love to Steal a Awhile Away." It was drawled out in the good old-fashioned way to the end, and the little miss after the first line seemed to be lost in study. In the midst of the prayer that followed she climbed up on the seat beside her mother and in a stage whisper asked: "Mamma, what are 'whileaways,' and what do good people want to steal them for?"

x

HAD NOT MOVABLE TEETH.—A North Columbus woman has a charming little daughter who is very indiscreet. The other day in the midst of a reception the little girl cried on account of the toothache. Her mother tried to console her. "There, my darling, don't cry. Your toothache will pass away." "How will it go away?" replied little Edith, her voice broken with sobs. "I can't take my teeth out like you can, mamma."

x

INS AND OUTS.—While Richard Croker was in London recently he and an American friend passed the magnificent structure on Fleet street, known as the Inns of Court. "I wonder who they all are—that endless crowd which pours out from the Inns?" asked the friend. "Oh, they are the outs," replied the Tammany chief."

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

For nearly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate charges.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

Famous FOR ITS **Purity!**

Seattle U. S. A.

THE
WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between
Skaguay and Lake Bennett.
Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
Atlin, Dawson and Cape Nome Gold Fields.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

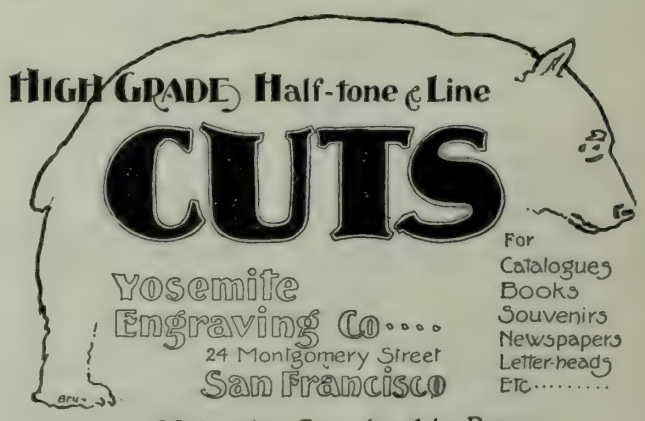
California State Exposition, 1899
One Honorable Mention
Six First Premium Awards

This brand of wine is sold at all first class hotels and restaurants

A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

GREENBAUM'S
White and Dark Violet
The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets
200 POST STREET

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.



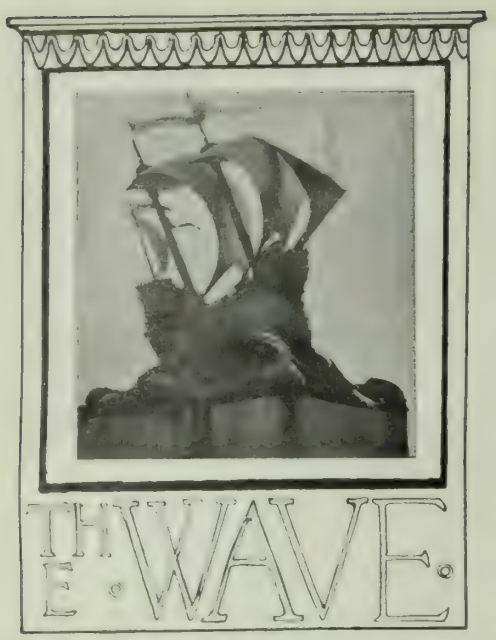
We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST
BYRON MAUZY, 308 Post St.
All the latest Music-Books, etc., in our Sheet-Music Department.

KERN COUNTY OIL EDITION.

VOL. XXI, No. 6 SAN FRANCISCO — FEBRUARY 17, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

A PRODUCING WELL IN KERN RIVER OIL DISTRICT.



Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—February 17, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Execution of Bandits, Negros Island 4
Negros Island and its Bandits 5
New York s Underground Railway 5
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 6
The Kern County Oil Industry 7-14
Correspondence 15
Babblings of a Belle 16
Mrs. Dobley's Strategy 17
New Stories Re-told 20

EVENTS CURRENT.

The South African War.

For the third time, General Buller has crossed the Tugela River, and for the third time he has given it up and retired to his original base of supplies. The circumstances of this third failure read much like those of the Spion Kop affair. On Tuesday, Feb. 6, this third attempt was begun by a feint at the center of the Boer position. This movement was successful in drawing the Boer fire, and under cover of it engineers threw a pontoon across the Tugela to the right of their position. A flying column crossed this bridge and seized Val Kraantz, a hill which commands the approach to Ladysmith on the Boer left. They held this all night, and there was rejoicing in London. The following day, however, the Boers came back at them with a heavy attack. It was discovered that several long-range guns controlled the elevation enough to call for all the best artillery in Buller's command to defend it, leaving none to assist in the advance. Moreover, scouts reported that a dozen masked batteries were concealed along the road; to advance would be to run into a trap. Buller accordingly fell back again, having added 250 to the total of British losses. The news of the week next in importance regards General Roberts and a projected move against the Orange Free State. The whereabouts of Roberts has been a mystery all along. It is now known that he is in command of Methuen's old force on the Modder River, and that this army is on the move. The interior of the Orange Free State is reported to be his destination. If this is the case, Buller will still continue to hammer at the Boer force on the Tugela, in order to prevent Joubert from forming a junction with the Orange burghers. Ladysmith, however, is regarded as doomed, and the generals in command are now sharply criticised for wasting four months and thousands of lives in trying to relieve the garrisons at that point and at Kimberley, instead of proceeding to the heart of the enemy's country at once. The total British loss now foots up to 12,000 killed, wounded and captured. 165,000 men are now at the front, with 15,000 on the way. The temper of the British people remains firm. Certain correspondents hold that a large element of the English are ready to give up the whole thing and make another Majuba Hill settlement. This may be so, but if it is, neither the press nor Parliament show any such disposition. A resolution introduced in the Commons by the Irish Nationalists, to grant entire independence to the Transvaal, was defeated last week by an overwhelming majority. Parliament and the Cabinet are deeply concerned with plans for increasing the army. One such scheme, the revival of the old militia act, which would give about 600,000 available troops, is sure to be fought energetically by the Liberals.

The Insurrection in Luzon.

The most important recent news from the Philippines is the announcement that General Otis is soon to be relieved of his command. The change will be made at his own request; he is worn out with the long campaign and the climate, and his health demands a rest. He will be succeeded by General McArthur, who will take full command in both military and civil matters. It should go without saying that this will bring about improved conditions. Otis, the careful, methodical, clerk-like, civil governor was no soldier, and botched pretty badly all the campaigns of last year. The insurrection has subsided, partly of its own weight, partly through the vigorous campaigning of the late General Lawton, yet strenuous direction is needed even now. McArthur can be trusted to take such a course. The only operations reported lately are a series of guerrilla attacks in the province of Albay, Luzon, where the Americans have garrisoned several of the towns. The insurgents are harassing our troops by night attacks and by burning fields and buildings. They always scatter before the American advance, but return as soon as our troops are back in quarters. When these towns were captured, the inhabitants fled. Although our officers have offered them every inducement to return, they have not done so. The cause of this is said to be the fact that the insurgents have them "rounded up" and guarded in the mountains. In a general way, this is Aguinaldo's policy. If he persists, it may be far more troublesome than the open warfare of last spring.

Territorial Government for Hawaii.

Representative Knox, chairman of the House Committee on Territories, has just submitted to Congress his report on the bill for the territorial government of Hawaii. In introducing his resolution, he states his reasons for believing that the change should be made as soon as possible. Many doubtful questions of admirality and marine jurisdiction have arisen, as well as of criminal procedure, rendering it uncertain whether there is now any tribunal for the decision of important questions affecting property and any legal method by which criminals may be indicted or juries impanelled. There is also grave doubt concerning the legality of the franchises now granted by the Hawaiian government, and the Homestead Act, which should bring a very desirable class of citizens to the islands, is not yet in operation. The plan of government recommended is exactly like the territorial plan now in force within our own boundaries. By this method, the standing Hawaiian laws, when they do not conflict with those of the United States, remain in full force. The class of citizens who would thus be admitted are fully up to our standards. The major portion of the population is made up of Chinese and Japanese, but these would rarely be eligible to the franchise. Most of the Chinese are only temporary residents, intending to return to China. Chinese exclusion would go into effect at once, thereby shutting off the supply. The same is true of the Japanese, who are mainly contract laborers, and intend to return home when their contracts expire; the application of United States laws, which forbid contract labor, would prevent continuance of the system. The Portuguese and native Hawaiians are industrious, and amenable to our institutions, while the controlling class is American. A few minor provisions, including one which states that the governor shall be a Hawaiian, were inserted at the request of the citizens of the islands. The population of Hawaii is estimated in the document at 130,000, the majority being Orientals.

Settlement Delayed in Kentucky.

When, last week, leaders of both the warring factions in Kentucky agreed to settle their differences by retiring the Republican officials in office and seating as Governor the Lieutenant-Governor elected on the Democratic ticket, it was thought that the trouble was over. The refusal of Governor Taylor to sign the agreement prevented this settlement, and affairs are now in the state which existed on the day following Goebel's assassination, excepting that there are two full sets of state officials and two state legislatures meeting and pretending to govern in remote cities outside the state capital. The agreement made by the joint committee was presented to Governor Taylor early last week; he delayed a decision for several days, until the impending crisis of Goebel's funeral had passed, and then announced his refusal. Meanwhile, the troops were retained at Frankfort, the capitol, and the Republican and Democratic sections of the Legislature were meeting separately, the one set at London, the other at Louisville. Following his refusal to sign, and urged by hot-headed Republican partisans, Taylor announced his intention of sending officers to Louisville in order to arrest enough Democratic legislators to make a quorum. Better counsel prevailed, and this plan was abandoned. The Governor came to a final decision Saturday, when he definitely refused to sign the peace protcol and announced his intention of remaining in office until the matter could be settled in the courts. Injunction suits instituted by the two sides are pending in both Federal and state tribunals, and the first step in unraveling the tangle will be to settle the question as to where jurisdiction lies. There seems to be no further danger of bloodshed; that was averted in the period just after the murder and at the funeral of Goebel, two occasions when public feeling was intense and when the outbreak would have come if it is coming at all. The assassin has not yet been caught, although the police have arrested several persons who are supposed to know something about the case. At the time of the funeral, which occurred on Friday, the Democratic leaders of Kentucky vied with one another in paying tributes to the dead man, and the opposition press was silenced through force of circumstances. Nevertheless, the truth must be told. Goebel, while he died under such circumstances that he became a hero to his adherents, was an unscrupulous politician of the most dangerous variety.

Prospects Favorable For Canal Agreement.

The Hay-Pauncefote agreement, by which England agrees to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer canal treaty, providing the Nicaragua Canal is kept neutral, comes up for ratification by the Senate at an early date. The Committee on Foreign Relations has been considering the measure and will, it is admitted even by the opposition, report favorably. Ratification is practically assured, and the action is endorsed by a majority of the newspapers throughout the country. Nevertheless, that section of the American press which denounces the administration on principle has been making more than a little noise. The head and front of the opposition is directed against the neutrality declaration, which declares against fortifying the canal. The anti-administration organs claim that this practically hands the waterway over to England, since in the event of hostilities it will belong to the power having the strongest navy. Moreover, the Anglophobiacs assert that there is no need of abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer agreement, since it had practically lost all binding force—a contention which has no facts to support it. In spite of all this, the Committee on Foreign Relations will report the fortification clause and will make no substantial changes anywhere in the treaty. Abroad, there is no likelihood of any protest except from France, where capital is interested in the Panama scheme.

The Pacific Cable Question.

The question of the Pacific cable, which is one of the important matters to come before Congress at this crowded session, is in such a tangled state that it may not be settled this year at all. Two courses are open to our legislators,—direct government ownership, and subsidy of the Pacific Cable Company, the one being provided for in the Corliss bill, the other in the Sherman bill. The measures are before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce and the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, and both are about equally divided on the question. J. A. Scrymser, president of the Pacific Cable Co., is maintaining an active lobby at Washington. He himself has introduced testimony in the investigation of such character as to weaken his case. He gives the lie to the estimates of Admiral Bradford and other naval officers by setting his estimates of cost $200 per knot higher than theirs, and this without shadow of proof. It is on the basis of this estimate that his company asks $400,000 a year subsidy for the transmission of government messages. Moreover, he has all along made the assertion that no other government would permit a cable owned by the United States to land on its shores. This has been entirely disproved; it is shown that at least four of the world's great government-owned cable lines are given this permission freely. A thing which carries weight with the advocates of the government plan is the fact that the operators on most private cable lines are British subjects. In the event of war with Great Britain, operation of a private line by Englishmen would be a serious danger, whereas, were the government to own the line, a school of native experts could be trained with a view to exclusive American operation. The Pacific Cable Company estimates the cost of construction at $25,000,000, while the Navy Department sets the figures at $10,000,000. As can readily be seen, all these inaccuracies and widely-varying statements do not make the task before Congress any easier. The balance of opinion seems to lie in favor of government control.

Passing of the Boycott.

On February 1, this year, the boycott, as a weapon of organized labor, ceased to exist. On that date, the American Federation of Labor decided to abolish this doubtful means of enforcing the rights of labor. This action was accelerated by the recent tie-up of the street-car lines in Cleveland, Ohio, an action which paralyzed all traffic in that city, and which only resulted in bringing the cause of organized labor into disrepute among peaceable citizens. Moreover, the committee which has been investigating the matter discovered that this method had degenerated into a system of blackmail. Fakirs and crooked labor agitators have been using it all over the country to extort money and gain influence. This has brought the system into such general disrepute that the rank and file of labor unionists generally refused to enforce a boycott. Boycotts, while voted "as easily as motions to adjourn," remained ineffective on the union slate. It is only in rare cases, as in the Cleveland affair, where there has been strong feeling on both sides, that any enforcement was possible, and then the strong feeling which brought it about resulted in riots, disorders and troubles of every variety. One case was revealed where an employer bribed corruptible leaders of a trades-union to declare a boycott against other employers in the same line of industry. In view of these revelations, the Federation was almost unanimous in opposition to the wornout farce. Charles E. Hawkes, representing the unions of San Francisco, has been working for some time to the desired end, and has been the leader in this new movement.

Hypnotism as a Moral Agent.

A paper by J. D. Quackenbos on "The Moral Value of Suggestive Hypnotism," published in the current *Harpers*, is a distinct contribution to the literature of this little-known subject. The author has for some time been engaged in curing mental delusions and bad habits by the hypnotic method, and he summarizes his results in this article. He attributes the action of hypnotism to a theoretical sub-consciousness, acting under the ordinary consciousness and largely independent of it. This submerged consciousness is brought to the surface in the somnambulistic state induced by hypnotism. And, very strangely, this ordinarily sleeping self controls the conscious self, so that, once it is conquered, the other part of the mind is under control. In curing perversions and bad habits by hypnotic suggestion, the operator, after gaining the confidence of his patient, puts him in the somnambulistic condition by ordinary methods, and conveys to him suggestions of moral control. Upon awakening, the recipient of the suggestion has no remembrance of what has happened, but the tendency toward the habit is greatly lessened. Nevertheless, this will, in time wear away unless treatment is kept up. If the sittings are continued long enough, however, it ends in an entire change of character. Desire of the patient to be cured and faith in the operator are an absolute necessity. It has been found that a patient will not accept a suggestion totally at variance with his character. An honest man cannot be made to steal in a cataleptic condition, nor can a person naturally vicious and degraded be persuaded to high ideals or moral acts. The victims of habits, who are victims in the sense that they are held by a tendency of which they wish with their higher selves to be rid, are the ones whom hypnotism cures. A patient can never be treated while the controlling consciousness is in paroxysm; for example, it is of no use to treat a drunkard while he is on a debauch; the period of depression following an excess is the best time for the work. Hypnotic treatment is frequently enforced by what is called auto-suggestion. In this, the patient, through his conscious mind, himself conveys to his unconscious mind the suggestion of improvement. The author is inclined to believe that this auto-suggestion plays a much greater part in life than most people believe. He has used a combination of the two methods for correcting all manner of habits, vices

and delusions, and where the patient has sincerely wished to be cured he has been almost invariably successful. A few cases, however, have baffled all attempts, and he believes that they indicate the presence of some disturbing factor utterly unknown to us at present.

Popular Election of Senators.

The popular election of Senators is a matter sure to come up in the present session of Congress. There has been considerable agitation on the subject throughout the country, especially in the South and West. Representatives from these two sections will have pressure brought upon them looking toward immediate action. It will require a constitutional amendment to bring about the change, and before such an amendment becomes a law it must win a two-thirds vote from Congress and be submitted to the people. The House would probably pass such a law, but the Senate is most certainly opposed. The Committee on Privileges and Elections, in whose province the matter comes, is professedly against it, five out of nine members having declared adversely. The New York *Herald* has been collecting opinions from the Governors of the various states. From this very imperfect straw-ballot, it would seem that only New England favors the system as it now stands. Most of the Western and Southern Governors stated they believed the popular election of Senators to be the wish of the majority. The arguments for the change were exploited in the last National campaign by the Democrats. It is held that election by a small gronp of state Assemblymen gives an immense opportunity for corruption and bribery, that through this means rich men and not able ones are chosen. Support is afforded to this theory by the fact that most United States Senators are rich. Against this, is the argument which guided the founders of our government, that the two houses should be chosen from different classes of the population so that one might check the other and thus prevent hasty class legislation. No better way was known to Washington and his associates, no better way is known now, than the election of one body by the people direct and the other by the representatives of the people. Between these two, there is a third opinion, that advocated by Congressman Kahn of California. The state conventions of the two parties, in nominating Assemblymen, might agree on Senatorial candidates, and pledge their men for them. This seems, however, only a clumsy device, with no advantage over direct election. One thing is certain; the opposition of the Senate, which must be overcome before the constitution can be amended, can only be conquered after a long, hard fight. Elected by the old method and mainly dependent on it for their hopes of re-election, the Senators will not yield save to great popular pressure extending over a term of years. While the majority of voters are possibly in favor of the change, the desire is not nearly great enough, at present, to force the Senate's position.

The Extra Session in California.

The extra session of the State Legislature of California came to an end on Saturday, February 10, after being assembled thirteen days. The real object of this session was the election of a United States Senator, a thing which failed of accomplishment at the regular session. In this the state legislators succeeded, electing Thomas Bard of Ventura. There were, however, other reasons given by the Governor as an excuse for calling the session, and after the close of the senatorial contest the House and Senate disposed of a fair amount of legislation. Most of the bills passed or killed were unimportant and had to do with the machinery of the Houses, but a few are worth mention. A law providing for the extension of wharves in San Francisco for more than the legal 600 feet from the bulwarks was passed. This is a necessary change, as the city's wharfage is now inadequate. In the same line is a bill enacting that the anticipation of revenue of wharves for construction and repair be permitted for a period of five years instead of one and allowing the leasing of new wharves, the revenues to be applied to construction. The defective wide-tire law was repealed; a new and sound law presented as a substitute was defeated. Finally, and perhaps most important of all, Governor Gage's pet scheme of unchecked gubernatorial power was wrecked, the Senate defeating the bill to give the governor unlimited power of removal, as well as the one providing that he should have greater control in matters connected with the State Lunacy Commission. The cost of the session was a bit above $32,000.

COMMUNICATION.

A Novel Suggestion.

EDITOR WAVE:—Will you permit me to make a suggestion with respect to the selection of United States Senators? A movement is on foot to transfer the right and power of selection from the Legislature, elected by the people, to the people themselves. All this we believe in the interest of the public welfare. The opponents of the present system insist that the use of money is responsible for the selection of United States Senators under the present scheme of things; and they charge that the National Senate is merely a millionaire's club.

Of course you know and we all know there is some truth in this charge. It is very seldom a man secures the office of Senator, as Mr. Bard did, without the use of money. But you know and I know that the use of money will secure party nominations. You know and I know that, as a rule state conventions of both parties are usually controlled by the worst elements of both parties. It sounds very fine to say, "Let the people elect the Senator," but bless your soul you know and I know that the people will have mighty little to do with nominating the men for whom they are to vote. The bosses will do that for them.

I have a suggestion to make. Let the Legislature put up the Senatorship at auction whenever there is a vacancy. Doubtless bidding would run high. One hundred thousand dollars might be gained to the State. Let this money be used to educate growing youth and grown youth in the details of government. Let the people be taught what honesty means in public life, and what dishonesty will lead the Government to. Let this money be gathered in and so employed until the people have been educated up to a point where they heartily rebel against such a proceeding. Let the proceeds from the sale of office act like the scorpion's tail, let it sting the scorpion to death. It sounds cold-blooded, does'nt it? But it strikes me an exploiting of such a plan would bring a lesson home to the average citizen.

Yours truly,
A LEGISLATOR.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Senator Bard's Traducers and Party Reorganization.

AMONG decent Democrats, particularly among the Democratic members of the legislature who are cognizant of the facts, the infamous attacks of the *Examiner* on Senator Bard have been commented on with supreme disgust. Turn loose the tongue of any fallen drab and she at once proclaims all womankind lacking in virtue. Like the *Examiner*, prototype nothing save scandal plays upon its slanderous tongue, but, fortunately, only the ignorant and vicious give credence to the tales. Mr. Bard was elected squarely and honorably. He was the one man under whose standard all of the Republicans opposing Colonel Burns might unite. His decided supporters could have been numbered on the fingers of one hand, but the hour had come when political and personal differences had to be buried and a selection made that would leave after it no heart burnings, no sores, no wounds. Thomas R. Bard filled the requirement admirably. He had created no antagonisms, and besides all this he was known and recognized the length and breadth of the State as a Republican of life-long standing, as a man of high and honorable purpose, and a gentleman in the strictest sense of the word. It was but natural after the long and hard-fought contest of last year that too much bitterness had been engendered to give any hope of the members uniting on any candidate who had been prominent in that contest. It was early apparent that the easiest solution of the problem was a general uniting upon a man of the Bard type. This was the natural, logical solution of the fiercest and bitterest senatorial contest ever witnessed in California. Men who had long cherished this ambition, men who, perhaps, according to all of the rules, were better entitled to the office, laid down their arms, set aside their personal ambitions, and with apparent cheerfulness withdrew for the sake of party harmony. This is what elected Mr. Bard. But now comes the *Examiner* basely insinuating that the sum of one hundred thousand dollars had been expended by the sugar trust to secure the election of Mr. Bard. It is a lie: a willful and deliberate lie, intended to blacken a name unsullied and a reputation that is spotless. Doubtless the lie has traveled eastward to be heralded by the *Journal* in New York, and so to be copied and repeated by other Democratic journals, ignorant of the truth. This may be journalism, it may be good Democratic politics, but we doubt it, and doubt it strongly.

The sending of the senatorship south must end the senatorial ambitions of Governor Gage, if, as it is reported, he cherishes any such ambition. The South was entitled to the senatorship, and despite all the trickery and cunning employed to defeat that end the prize has been unexpectedly secured to it. Setting aside the motives that impelled Mr. Gage to convene the Legislature in extra session, the happy outcome of the senatorial question has had a most salutary effect upon his party. A grave and threatening issue has been solved—and solved so advantageously that even the *Wave*, which has said some "severe things" of the Governor, is inclined to congratulate him upon his course in convening the Legislature. Another campaign is close upon us. Internal party differences must be healed. Still one thing is manifest: there must be a retirement of some party leaders.

The general situation is very much as it was at Sacramento. A new man or a new set of men are needed to lead. Party antagonisms must not be carried over into the coming campaign. If the retirement referred to does not take place naturally, peacefully and voluntarily, then it should be brought about forcibly. The attitude of the best Republicans should be that of the Irishman who notified the participants of a quarrelsome assemblage, that "he would maintain peace and order if he had to lick every man at the meeting."

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, president of the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, recently expressed to the representative of an eastern magazine his disbelief in technical education for men in his line of business. Briefly stated, his opinion is that trade itself is a school and that it is more important to master the practice at the outset than to become versed in the theory. Of forty heads of departments under Mr. Schwab, only three are from technical schools; the rest have come up from the ranks like himself. Hence he concludes that the time spent in education keeps a young man out of the active struggle too long, in an age when so much depends on beginning early.

These remarks of the great steel maker open the way for an interesting discussion on the value of technical education. Certainly three out of forty is a very small proportion for the technical schools to show, especially since the lower ranks at the Carnegie Company are crowded with graduates of such schools, anxious to put into practical use their technical training. On the other hand, other lines of employment and other professions do not show the same results at all. Taking the law for an example, in this day of the world few who are at the top of the legal profession are of the old sort of lawyer who studied law nights as a hardware clerk. The higher in the profession one goes the more thorough has been the preparation. In this business, surely, it is proved that an early plunge into life does not pay. Some other consideration must, doubtless does, enter into the relations of technical graduates to the trades. The writer can venture to select some of these. In the first place, all colleges and schools of higher instruction are softeners of customs and manners. After four years at a school that is more or less fashionable, it is hard for a young man to accustom himself to overalls and dirty work—conditions which do not move the lad who was apprenticed to it as a boy. Another reason is that the technical schools, being still comparatively new, are not yet teaching the useful arts in the same practical manner in which a university teaches law or medicine. And it may be urged in favor of the technical schools that they are comparatively young and that, in the youth of such men as control the Carnegie works today, the schools were not offering courses in practical work. The decision for and against cannot be settled until the present generation is grown up and in charge of great industries in its turn.

Automobiles vs. Street Railways.

TIME and the progress of invention is destined to solve one phase of the question of municipal ownership in a most unexpected manner. The future of street railways may lie in the direction of municipal ownership, but if it comes to that the deal will be promoted by the owners of street railways, who will take advantage of the popular cry to work off upon this municipality something that promises to be obsolete within the lives of men now living. The omnibus constituted first means of transportation within thickly settled communities. Streets and highways under government care were not always smooth—indeed not always passable. The comfort of passengers, the economy of operation, led to the construction of iron railways along which the omnibus might be hauled. The primitive street car was but little more than a "bus" on wheels. The ease and comfort of the rail highway beside the rattling, rocking, rolling "bus" soon drove that primitive conveyance out of use. The plodding horse and mule have been supplanted by the electric motor and cable rope, but this car is still the "bus" of old. Iron rails were made necessary because of bad highways. In these days of asphaltum and bituminous rock they are no longer a necessity. With the progress of the automobile—and the everyday citizen has no conception of the progress that has been made with this new motor-vehicle—the ordinary street car as we know it, with iron rails laid along the highway, will disappear and become obsolete. We will, with smooth highways, go back to the omnibus of old, but propelled by electricity and gasoline. Passengers will be landed at the curb, exclusive franchises will disappear, "bus" lines will spring up, and the citizen will be offered any one of a dozen lines out and along the principal streets of large cities. We will look back with something of contempt upon the methods now in vogue. The more you study them the more primitive they seem. Cobble stones, plank roads and basalt blocks alone make street railways possible and necessary. Smooth streets and the automobile will solve the question of municipal ownership of street railways, unless, as we have said, the railway owners themselves shrewdly work off their properties upon the municipalities.

FEDERAL courts are construing the law of copyright in its application to photographs much nearer the original meaning than has formerly been the case. The first intention of this law was to enable a person photographed to retain control of the negative and to prevent unauthorized use of it in publications, etc. The law provides that for every unauthorized reproduction the offender is liable to the injured party in the sum of one dollar. It will be readily seen that this rate is ruinous to a newspaper of large circulation. Photographers who owned the copyright on certain photographs would find half-tone reproductions of them in current newspapers—since it is often impossible to tell whether or no a photograph is copyrighted—and sue them for a sum equal to one dollar for every unit of circulation. Such cases grew frequent, the photographers winning in almost every instance.

The first break in the system occurred last month, when the Supreme Court in the case of *Bolles* vs. *Outing*, ruled that the plaintiff could collect damages for a per capita rate only on the copies found and seized at the time the writ was issued, not for papers already placed in circulation. This, of course, reduced the enormous damages which could formerly be collected in such a case.

Just before that, a case tried in Denver, Colo., established legally that a photograph of natural scenery cannot be copyrighted, even when the photographer has colored the print. A still later decision, rendered in New York, rules that no photographs can be copyrighted unless they are made with a view to art—unless they are an attempt at artistic work. Just what constitutes artistic work, the decision does not define; that will probably be left to intelligent juries.

THE CONDEMNED AWAITING EXECUTION.

THE FIRING SQUAD.

PRISONERS DESCENDING FROM THE FILIPINO QUARTEL.

AWAITING THE ORDER.

THE EXECUTION.

AFTER THE EXECUTION.

EXECUTING BANDITS IN NEGROS.

PHOTOS BY J. L. DARMES.

NEGROS ISLAND AND ITS BANDITS.

THE Spanish of the Philippines have a proverb about the Island of Negros. Freely translated, it runs about like this:

"Six continents and many isles
Of nothing, God made all those;
Then of selected, hand-picked stuff,
The good Lord God made Negros."

In fact, Negros Island is the garden-spot of the Philippines, and the region in all the group which will best pay for American cultivation. Luzon is rich and fertile, but it is thickly populated and pretty well under cultivation and has a climate which makes trouble for Caucasians. Negros, on the other hand, is sparsely settled and mainly wild, while the climate is superior to that of any other region about the Indian Ocean. The wild state of the country is due to the bandits who inhabit the upper mountains. The Spanish never conquered them, so from time immemorial they have kept the interior absolutely wild and made farming on the coast a dangerous venture. As soon as an agricultural community became prosperous, they would sweep down on it, destroying cane and rice fields, murdering the defenders of the ranches, and driving off their flocks into the hills. The Spanish soldiery usually arrived at the scene of these raids after the robbers had safely escaped, and joined pursuit as a mere formality. In a year's occupation, the Americans have done more to check these raids than did the Spaniards in three centuries of control.

In the matter of health, the experience of the Sixth Infantry, who have occupied the island since the Californians returned, is a case in point. They have "hiked" all over the island, until every man in the command is sore. They have chased bandits day after day through a jungle so dense that native guides have had to cut the way. They have bivouacked in mud and rain, tempting fever had there been any to tempt. Yet they are one of the healthiest commands in the service. They are reported at Manila as strong and robust and actually growing fat on native delicacies and captured bandit beef. The experience of the First California is to the same effect. They had a hard time, along with the rest, in the spring campaign around Manila. Then they were sent to Negros for a few months, and came back the heartiest, healthiest lot of volunteers who left the islands for home. Yet their life at Negros had not been restful; they did their share of bandit-chasing. An officer of the Sixth wrote to me awhile ago that he would be willing to wager that nowhere in the United States could a command undergo the hardships which his regiment has seen and have so small a percentage of sick and disabled. It rains heavily as in all tropic lands, but the rain brings no fever.

Geologically, the island is of volcanic formation. A strip of lowland around the coast is under partial cultivation and contains all the settled towns. Beyond this, rise foothills, fertile beyond description, with plantations dotted here and there. Above that, the mountains, thick with valuable timber, culminating in the active though orderly volcano of Canlaon. The range of which this is the summit is the backbone of the island, and is inhabited only by the bandits. Rumors of deposits of gold, silver and coal come fast from this region, but no one knows for certain or ever will know until Uncle Sam finishes the cleaning-out process. Of the treasures hidden in the soil, more can be said. Scratch the earth with a stick, and it blossoms. The crops of rice and cane secured by Spanish planters with comparatively primitive means, are remarkable. Were it placed as near the United States as Porto Rico, it would be a market-garden beyond compare. As it is, the absence of a suitable market limits the demand for everything but the two easily-handled staples—rice and sugar. Others will follow, for it has been said that Negros will grow anything except a mortgage.

GOING TO MARKET IN NEGROS.

As for the insurrection, there isn't any, and never was, any more than there was a civil war in Missouri when the Jesse James gang was running wild. It is simply a matter of the Papiecio robber bands I mentioned before. From time immemorial they have terrorized the planters, levying tribute in money and cattle when it is not paid. As I also said before, the Spaniards lived on easy terms with this system, while the turbulent Americans went in to suppress it. Then Aguinaldo sent down a few Tagalos of his own stripe to persuade these lewd savages of their opportunity. They were not asked to rise in defense of Tagalo liberty; they would not have understood. The emissaries simply told them that the Americans had troubles on hand in other parts of the archipelago, and that there was a good chance for plunder. Most of the agents joined the bandits, and kept things interesting. The Americans, in squads of ten or a dozen, followed up each of these raids by a pursuit into the hills. Sometimes the robbers escaped them, sometimes whole bands of them were wiped out. More than once, a corporal's guard was rushed by a company of naked bolo men and escaped death only by the superiority of their weapons. The policy adopted was one of extermination, root and branch. Barbarous as it seems, this is the only way of dealing with these people. For generations, they have followed the trade until it is their only conceivable mode of life. The rifle and lynch law must deal with them.

There is an interesting prisoner held by the Sixth Infantry just now. He is a chief of these Papiecios and was caught red-handed in a raid on a hacienda. With his feet in stocks, he sits under the guard of an American regular and curses him in choice Spanish. He has been plying his trade for ten years. The Spanish criminal records of the islands devote about fifty pages to his career. The murder of a ten-year-old girl is not the worst of his deeds. Now the point comes in this: when captured, this cut-throat carried a gold-mounted sword and major's commission from Mr. Aguinaldo, the Washington of the East. Just what will be done with him eventually is not known, but if he were turned over to the soldiers or to the townspeople he would not last long.

Negros does not want American laborers. Native day labor of the best quality costs fifty cents, Mexican. Steady work brings $1.50 per week. A good cook comes for $6.00 a month; skilled mechanics, as native skill goes, can be had inside of $1.00 a day. Japanese and Chinese clerks come for next to nothing at all. But there is room for Americans, nevertheless. Overseers are in great demand and, just now, guards for the fields against the bandits. The Spanish are too easy and forceless to make good superintendents. An American with force and "go," who can act decisively and quell riots with his own hard fists, is the man for the place. Discharged regulars have all the work they can do acting as guards at high prices. When a bandit heaves in sight of an Anglo-Saxon gentleman armed with a Krag in guard of a plantation, he takes himself elsewhere, and the Spaniards and the peaceful natives put a childlike faith in the prowess of these guards. Above all, men with small capital and some experience in tropical farming have a splendid opening. The bandit region is being pushed further and further back into the hills, and great areas of rich, virgin soil have thus become open for the planter. It is a great opportunity.

Above and beyond that, Negros is a wide field for American manufactured products. They want our goods, in which they have a firm faith. Plows, agricultural implements, nails, hardware, boilers and machinery for the sugar factories, cotton goods, all these and many others would sell like the proverbial hot cakes. All that is needed is a few enterprising commercial travelers.

NEW YORK'S UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

YOU have all heard of the Irishman who won the sewer contract, or the garbage contract, or the pipe contract, and moved his family up-town on the proceeds. Mr. Dooley, if no one else, has made him famous. The Irish are a nation of politicians and of contractors. Now, an Irishman has broken all records for contracts. John B. M'Donald, of New York, a Celt and a Tammany man, has just closed the biggest contract ever undertaken. He has agreed to build the new underground railway which is to furnish rapid transit to Greater New York for $35,000,000. He binds himself to complete the work in four and a half years. Moreover, the terms of his agreement are such that the work will not cost the city one cent, while at the end of fifty years the municipality is to own the road. He makes the agreement on his own behalf; he has no partners.

The new road, with branches and all, will be twenty miles long. The main trunk line runs from a point in front of City Hall and will extend to Harlem. There will be two systems, one of local trains, making frequent stops at way stations, the other of through express trains, covering the distance between the two localities in fifteen minutes. City business men who reside in Harlem may go home to luncheon when the road is completed, making the trip in an hour. Between the extreme termini at Bronx Park and City Hall the schedule time will be twenty-six minutes, the express trains running at from thirty to forty miles an hour with several stops. The whole system will be operated by electricity on the third-rail plan. Possibly, some new appliance for increasing the speed of electric trains may be invented before the road is completed. In that case, the running-time will be reduced. The twenty-six minute schedule is calculated on present conditions.

The financial basis of the contract is peculiar. Mr. M'Donald agrees to build the road for a sum of $35,000,000. He deposits with the city treasury a sum of $1,000,000 as a guarantee and a bond for $5,000,000 to insure faithful performance of his work. From time to time as sections are finished, bonds bearing interest at 3½ per cent. will be placed on sale to cover the proportionate cost of these sections. M'Donald is to pay the interest on these bonds, adding thereto one per cent. to be applied as a sinking fund for their eventual payment. When the work is done, he will have the right to the use of the road, leasing or operating it as he desires, for the term of fifty years. By that time, the accumulations of the sinking fund will have been sufficient to pay off all the bonded indebtedness, and the road will revert to the city. Theoretically, the city does not pay one cent for the road. Practically, of course, the inhabitants of the city do pay for it, since the sum comes out of the pockets of those who use the line. Nevertheless, this a more enlightened method than the issuance of unlimited franchises to private corporations, and is in line with the policy of the European cities beside which our cities are as infants in the science of municipal control.

Within thirty days, work will be started, the Mayor of New York turning the first shovelful of earth. Workmen will then begin the excavation at forty points from City Hall to Harlem. The work will be pushed forward as rapidly as is consistent with the exacting specifications furnished by William Barclay Parsons, the engineer employed by the Board of Rapid Transit Railroad Commissioners. Mr. M'Donald has stated that he will employ an army of ten thousand men, sub-contractors and the laborers under them. So far as possible, the work will be done without disturbing traffic. Openings, similar to those made for laying pipes, will be sunk in the streets. They will be covered with planking during the day and while the delving is going on. At night, the planking on one side of the street will be removed and derricks with long lines of hanging buckets will carry away the earth and rocks. Blasting will also be carried on at night. The mountain of surplus earth thus removed will not be Mr. M'Donald's smallest source of revenue in connection with this work. It will probably be used for the reclamation of waste lands along the Jersey shore.

From the city terminus over the first mile or two of the way, the course is through sand and loose dirt, and the excavation is comparatively simple. There will be some extra outlay here for bracing to prevent the tunnel from taking the bottom out of New York, but even this will be comparatively simple. The roof in this section will be of steel, square, not arched as is the case with most tunnels, and supported by steel pillars braced between the quadruple tracks. There are no exceptionally high or heavy buildings in this region, so that there will be little trouble. On the other hand, the rest of the way must be cut out of solid rock. While this is slower and more costly, it also obviates the necessity of heavy bracing, as there is no danger of buildings being disturbed. The rock on which they stand makes a foundation no tunneling can disturb. Twice the course will emerge from the tunnel and cross sunken portions of the city on enclosed viaducts, and once it will sink by a gradual grade to go under the Harlem river. This portion will be lined throughout with tight steel cylinders, so that it is really a great pipe, water-tight.

A disturbing factor which the layman would not be disposed to consider is the interference of the road with water-mains, sewers and underground telephone lines along the way. These have to be reckoned with, and in doing so the contractor must spend sums which go far into the millions. In certain business districts, the underground area is a network of crossing pipes. These have to be sunk or lifted above or below the line of the road, and that without disturbing their normal action. In some places, old sewer systems will be replaced by new ones as the cheapest way out of the difficulty; in others, new pavements will have to be laid. All this goes in the cost, and must be done without expense to the city or to the companies owning the mains.

For the way trains, there will be fifty stations, beginning on the level of the street and going down to the roadbed by a wide stairway, faced with enameled brick and lighted by electricity. At the terminal stations, special galleries will lead to the tracks of the through trains. At each of these stations, except those crossing the boulevard, the course must be widened to admit of waiting-rooms and galleries. This, also, is a big item of expense.

John B. M'Donald, the contractor who takes up this gigantic task, is a native of Cork, Ireland, and is about in his father's business, for the latter, in his time, did much street work for the city of New York. M'Donald the younger came to this country as a child and was educated in the common schools. He went into the business early, and has been concerned with big schemes all his life. In 1880 he completed a large harbor contract for San Francisco. He built a long tunnel in Baltimore for the Baltimore & Ohio, has constructed many miles of railroad, and was the chief constructor of the nine-mile tunnel under Lake Michigan of the Northwestern Elevated of Chicago. More recently, he has been engaged in excavating the Jerome Park reservoir in New York, a $7,000,000 job. He is said to be worth upward of $10,000,000. Although not exactly a politician, he stands close to Tammany and is a staunch friend of Richard Croker. Just how much this had to do with the awarding of the contract, it is hard to say, but it will make Tammany responsible, in a sense, for the whole deal. If the system by which it is financiered proves faulty or if M'Donald fails to keep the terms of his contract, the Wigwam will be held to account.

This is not to be New York's only venture in underground railways. If all goes well, the contract for such a line between Brooklyn and Manhattan under East River will be let inside of two years. SPENCER MASTERS.

Although the name "boycott" came into existence only twenty years ago, the institution is an old one. The first instance is recorded in 1327, when the citizens of Canterbury, England, having a quarrel with the monks of Christ's Church, declared in mass-meeting that "no one, under penalties to be imposed by the city, should inhabit the prior's houses, that no one should buy, sell or exchange drinks or victuals with the monastery, under similar penalties."

THINGS & PEOPLE

The Old Journalism in San Francisco.

HOW very different the journalistic field in San Francisco is from what it was a decade ago. The celebrities who were then being starred in the dailies have all either passed over the divide, or are glowing in other spheres. In the late eighties Harry Bigelow was leader in the newspaper Bohemia, and with him were Arthur McEwen, Eddie Morphy, Will Hart, H. R. Haxton, Ed. Hamilton, and a score of lesser note. Newspaper headquarters were then on lower Montgomery street, the *Call*, *Examiner*, *Bulletin* and *Post* being clustered in the region between Sacramento, Clay and Sansome streets. Every night between 7 and 8:30 at the adjoining rotisseries one found the various groups dining with such luxury as their exchequer or their credit permitted. The Frenchman's on Merchant street, just opposite the Clay street market, was the favorite gathering place for the wits. A stout, dark-browed Frenchman was its host and familiar spirit and alas, he suffered in pocket by a too keen appreciation of the brilliant spirits who flocked nightly to partake of his provender. His specialty was duck, and he served the delectable canvas-back and the juicy sprig cheaper than anyone in town. Soup, fish and a sprig duck, with salad and cheese and fruit, cost 75 cents. The fine art of cooking the birds he certainly had and for his friends he always superintended the process. There was a round table at which Bigelow and his crowd invariably sat. The chairs were squeezed around it as tightly as possible and the conversation was not only loud, but general. The gossip of the editorial rooms, which forms so large a share of journalistic talk, was retailed there with great gusto, but in addition, one heard all the inside comment on the politicians and men of affairs who happened at the time to be prominent, delivered with that indescribable frankness characteristic of that disillusionized guild. Beside the newspaper crowd, the artists from their Latin quarter studios came there. Emil Carlsen, Joullin, Theodore Wores, when he was in San Francisco, Chas. Rollo Peters, Willis Polk and many more were to be found there at dinner. Sometimes Joaquin Miller stamped in and was gleefully greeted by Bigelow, who invariably did the honors for such celebrities as happened to appear on the scene. He would rush forward, clasp the visitor by the hand or round the neck and greet him as though he were his dearest friend just back from South Africa or Samoa, and then it was "Sit down with us, old fellow, and have a duck."

* * *

At intervals there were field nights. On one occasion I remember a big gathering over which Bigelow gleefully presided. Ambrose Bierce was there that night, and Arthur McEwen; also Will Hart, recently returned from Samoa; H. R. Haxton, coolly appraising the gathering; Emil Carlsen, Morphy, Joe Ward, city editor of the *Examiner*; Patsy Brady, just arrived from New York and a great success with a string of stories which were never added to, and snatches of gossip about celebrities with whom he pretended to have been on terms of intimacy. Half a dozen others, less notable, were of the crowd and the talk was excellent, dominated, of course, by McEwen, whose best stunt was a brilliant monologue irridescent with verbal brilliants. Morphy had a knack of interrupting at intervals with dry witticisms delivered in an inimitable brogue for which McEwen never forgave him. Bierce was always a sympathetic listner, though he would occasionally interpose a disclaimer or an objection in a mild kindly tone, so very different is his personality from that of the bitter and ironical Prattler. Every one had a duck that night and Bigelow insisted on providing a higher grade of claret than was ordinarily dispensed at a 75 cent meal. The session was protracted well into evening and it was told with great gusto next day by what expedients several men had managed to cover assignments that they had neglected. Nothing delighted Bigelow so much as escorting some visiting Englishman or Frenchman to these gatherings, and he never failed to have the patter of Picadilly or the gossip of Paris to exchange with them. It was a wonderful memory that of Pete's—it grasped the externals of an infinity of subjects. He never forgot a face or a name and his personal charm of manner enabled him to get news that no other man in town could touch. He fell a victim to the very facility and attractiveness of his character and his sad degeneration put an end to Bohemian days in San Francisco. It is a new generation that occupy the editorial rooms of the dailies—thus far it has developed no great writers—none at least who focus public attention as their predecessors did.

***

The Carnot Debate.

FOR the fifth successive time the Carnot debate has been won by the University of California from her old opponents of Stanford. Willsie J. Martin, who gains the right to the coveted medal this year, presented one of the best speeches ever delivered in an intercollegiate debate on the Pacific Coast. It was a forceful, logical and eloquent address, and well deserved the honor. In fact, the whole contest was on a high standard, and showed, in comparison with those of former years, a decided advance in college debating. The speeches of Marrack and Springer of Stanford would have taken the medal in any of the earlier years. The decision was placed where it deserved to be, a thing which has not always happened in previous intercollegiate debates, but the losing side has nothing to be ashamed of.

* * *

Listening to the young speakers last Friday night, I was reminded that oratory, or at least that the William J. Bryan sort of oratory which depends upon thrill and "spell-binding," is passing in our colleges, and, since one usually applies in life what he learns in college, it is passing in the world. I suppose that it was the rise of Daniel Webster and the impetus it gave to spell-binding in his *Alma Mater*, Dartmouth, which originated the college oratory I used to hear in the days of my youth—which means pretty well before the war. In those days, the Sophomoric style of oratory involved spouting as though the speaker were commanding the applause of listening senates. Contests and debates were won by frantic appeals to liberty and justice and the spirit of free institutions. The direct style of these six young men, who spoke easily and fluently and appealed to common sense and reason and not to the feelings, would have stood no chance at all. Time has changed all that, and the change is a reasonable one. In only one section of this country does the spell-binder idea still linger; in the Middle West, the home of Philistinism and William Jennings Bryan, they still go in for rolling periods and stirring appeals. This exception only proves the rule.

***

The Manuense Affair.

OF COURSE the *Examiner-Journal* has orders to "roast" the administration whenever opportunity presents; that goes without saying. Also, the Monarch of the Dailies has long waited for a chance at the Quartermaster's Department of the Pacific Station. The first opportunity has just arrived; there was trouble of some sort on the last round trip of the *Manuense*, and the *Examiner* seized the occasion to scourge Shafter, Secretary Root, the Transport Service and everything else in sight. Now, personally, I am not so strong an admirer of Shafter's that I squander my monthly stipend sending him flowers, but I believe in giving the devil his due. And I am a strong admirer of the men who have directed the Quartermaster's Department and the Army Transport Service during these trying times. They have moved a large army over the longest transport route in the world under the most adverse circumstances, and this slip, if it can be laid at their doors, is the first serious mistake they have made. But an impartial study of the affair ought to convince anyone that they are no more to blame than any other employers who hire, upon good recommendations, an employe who proves incompetent. The *Manuense* left this port after being inspected and pronounced seaworthy by officials of the Treasury Department. Even if she was not fit to sail, the responsibility does not lie with the army authorities, who have been so careful about this matter that they have obtained permission to have the transports inspected and overhauled every trip instead of once a year, as is required by law. If, therefore, she left port crippled, the Treasury people are to blame. It is charged that she was undermanned; this also is untrue. The records show that she carried seventeen men over and above the number required by law. After the ship was on the high seas, the chief engineer proved himself drunken and incompetent; with him and with the volunteer officers who plied him with liquor, rests the blame. This man holds a regular chief engineer's certificate from the English authorities, and came well recommended by the vessel's owners. There was absolutely no way of foreseeing that he would conduct himself as he did. Employes fail at times to live up to the expectations of their employers; this was one of the times. This and this alone is the basis of the *Manuense* howl.

***

Fusion is in Confusion.

IN Seattle, the forces fusion are split up. Unless differences are patched before the appointed day the Republicans must score a complete victory. An entire city ticket is to be elected in March. The number and variety of candidates for nomination is beyond all precedent and so clamorous are they that the fusionists will never be able to agree on one ticket. The Democratic convention was first announced for February 7th. Thereupon the Citizens' League decided to meet on the night of February 6th, in order to get a ticket in the field before the Democrats could act. Now the Populist City Central Committee has advised its followers to attend the League convention and has issued instructions that their presence will not interfere with the faithful taking part in the Populist convention set for February 12. The plan of the Democrats was to nominate their candidates and then confer with the Silver Republicans and the Populists. The formation of the Citizens' League, however, has upset this. Members of all the reform parties have joined this organization, and, if it does not accomplish its ends it will probably succeed in defeating any ticket that may be run against the regular Republican nominees. The object of the League is to kill the franchise that the Council recently reported favorably on for the new Consolidated Street Car Railway Company. This concern owns almost the entire street car system of Seattle and the franchise asked will give it a thirty-six years' lease of life. The League also demands municipal ownership of lighting and other plants. Present indications seem to portend the indorsement by Populists of the citizens' ticket; subsequently an effort to bring Democrats and Silver Republicans into line. If this fails there will probably be three tickets in the field: Regular Republican, Citizens, Populists and Democrats and Silver Republicans. A peculiar feature of the campaign is that a number of broken down politicians from the East are pushing themselves to the front in the hope of obtaining office. It is to be hoped they will be turned down by whatever party they may affiliate with.

The Passing of Dawson.

DAWSON, the golden, Dawson, the mushroom city of great and sudden wealth, is passed. From a mining town, whose name was synonymous with wealth, to a deserted village—this change is in process of accomplishment as a result of the Cape Nome rush. The adventurers and gold-seekers who thronged the Canadian town in the early days are packing up their belongings and their wealth for the overland trail to Nome. Even in this, the dead of winter, sleds and dog-teams leave Dawson hourly, carrying some of these hardy souls on their adventures. The theatres, dance-halls and gambling-houses of the metropolis are being taken apart for transportation to the new fields; in six months, all the large buildings spared by the recent fire will be set up at Nome. The breaking-up of the Yukon ice will be the signal for a general exit of those who have not already dared the dangerous winter journey. These conditions are causing great anxiety to the owners of Dawson claims. While there is now an overstock of labor in the town, the first rush will take away with the surplus most of the miners working as employes in the claims of others. The diggings are growing poorer, and have degenerated to the point where they cannot be worked with profit at any advance on present wages, so the owners can offer miners no inducement to stay. It would seem as though mining would be suspended pending the return of the Cape Nome surplus.

***

The Slot-Machine Craze.

THE seductive slot-machine is crowding the gambling-houses as a reducer of Seattle pocket-books. In no other town of the country have these little gatherers of inconsidered trifles so strong a hold. From the ordinary poker-machine, which returns cigars or drinks—sometimes—for value received, the mania has spread to those machines which pay money to the winner. There is the "color" device, which lets out a shower of nickles into a cup when the player happens to catch the red or the yellow on the polychrome wheel, the automatic roulette machine, and, last of all, the attractive device known as "Klondike"—the Klondike in this case being for the man behind the wheel. I have a little suggestion of my own for any reformer who wishes to demonstrate the folly of trying to beat a nickle-in-the slot machine. Line up before an ordinary poker-machine with, say, ten nickles. Then make an agreement with the bar-tender that, instead of drink-checks, he is to give you two nickles for every drink you win. Play out your ten nickles, and then continue to play the nickles you win. In nine cases out of ten, you will have lost both the original investment and winnings within forty plays. I know, because I have tried it.

***

The Removal of Biggy.

SOMETHING of an *impasse* has undoubtedly been enacted by the removal of Police Commissioner W. J. Biggy. Under the charter appointive officers may be removed for cause the mayor being required to immediately notify the Board of Supervisors and furnish it with a statement of the *cause*. The question is what ground will be assigned in this instance. So far as the public is concerned Commissioner Biggy has done his duty and in refusing aid in the election of Lieutenant Esola he offended the *Examiner*, not the community. Unquestionably, public sympathy has been with him in his stand, and it will be hard to convince people that his decapitationt is due to any other reason. The result will be to make a martyr of the ex-chief—a pose which he will undoubtedly live up to. 'Twould have been better politics for Mayor Phelan to have let the commissioner alone. As one member of the Board he could hardly prove a disturber, whereas now he has been put in a position to make trouble. The majority of purists who have engaged themselves in censuring the Mayor over this police esclandre seem to forget in it all his motives and all his brilliant achievements. No man in American politics who has to campaign and conduct fights on a broad scale can quite avoid entangling alliances. Mr. Phelan is the most active, most industrious and most effective executive San Francisco has ever had, but, like other human beings, he is liable to error. Recent biographies show that even President Lincoln, who stands now for what is highest and best in American history, had, at times, to succumb to political exped ency. While I objected strenuously in the Esola affair, the final selection of Colonel Sullivan should put an end to further detraction, and while I am sorry that Mr. Biggy should have been removed, I predict that six months hence the whole business will be forgotten. It is not easy to exercise power to the best advantage, but in criticising Mr. Phelan, let us not forget his honorable victories: Mr. C. P. Huntington, than whom there is no wiser man in America, says, "The man who makes no mistakes makes nothing." I know that but one end and motive animates the mayor—the public good—and I have no hesitation in declaring this talk about him having forfeited public confidence as unmitigated buncombe.

BOSWELL, JR.

The Labor Department's annual report states that 230,000 men lost 10,000,000 working days last year on account of strikes. The strikes won in one case out of five. In the last five years 60,000,000 working days have been lost and wages amounting to $100,000,000. The capitalists lost more than the workers, in that they rob the workers of three-fourths of the wealth produced.

THE KERN COUNTY OIL FIELDS

THE J. B. TREADWELL WELL.

THE petroleum industry is opening a great period in California's history. The rocks of the Golden State have a second provided notable chapters in its story, and the later one to be provided by its bedded sandstones and blanketing shales promises an industrial romance that will be one of its leading glories.

People are not in the habit of taking a romantic view of the dark and dirty stuff that they are getting from a strange laboratory of nature, but down in the rocks it is one of nature's romances and mysteries. To the quicker fancy the theme may easily be, "The Mystery of the Anticline," or perhaps, "Hydrocarbons in Death and Life." Suppose Kipling should write, "What the Drill Said." From what millions of living things of what millions of years ago and by what wondrous art nature distilled the peculiar and complex creation, men of science are still disputatiously inquiring.

An oil field is picturesque everywhere—in canyon, desert, city streets, or the ocean surf. What petroleum is and what things are made from it and done with it is an interesting story of science and art. An oil "rush," with its peculiar pranks of human nature, with winged feet and flaming hopes and nimble wits, is a novel, and there is another novel to be read by him who can see the larger meaning underlying this petroleum industry when it is projected into the future of the life and growth and the commercial and industrial greatness of California and seen in its place in the sweeping course of a state's destiny.

California mineral oil is and will probably remain chiefly valuable as fuel, and its great significance lies in the development of a cheap fuel supply, which has been from the beginning the chief industrial need of the state. Steam coal must be imported under payment of duty and has cost about $6 a ton at tidewater,and more at interior points, such as in the San Joaquin valley, where raw materials from forest and mine, from mountain and plain, invite scores of valley towns to become flourishing hives of industry. Electric power is furnishing one solution of the problem, and now petroleum is rushing to this field with an effect that will be revolutionary.

In the great number of tests which have been made in comparison with coal, the results show that from two and one half to three and one half barrels of oil are equal to one ton of superior coal. Two barrels of some oils would be equal to one ton of a cheap steam coal. California oil is now sold at varying prices, chiefly to large consumers who effect long contracts at confidential prices, but the cost is about $1 per barrel, or a little more, varying with cost of transportation. The development of this fuel supply is thus equivalent to supplying coal at from $3 to $4 per ton. The advantage to manufacturers and the encouragement of industrial progress is evident.

One encouraging feature of the situation is that while production is increasing rapidly and promising nearly to double in the near future, the demand advances even faster and promises to keep on increasing. This very increase in supply has been an important element in increasing the demand, because during recent years large consumers were unwilling to change their steam plants when it was not certain that the supply would be adequate and permanent. The oil industry may look forward to a market that will tax its production, though it should reach 10,000,000 barrels a year, and there need be no fear that the discovery of new fields will produce an oversupply.

Probably one half of the present production of petroleum is now being consumed in San Francisco and the bay region. The total product in 1898 was about 2,250,000 barrels,and it was probably 3,000,000 barrels in 1899. The sugar refineries are the largest consumers, the Western Sugar Refinery using 35,000 barrels a month. At the Selby Smelting Works 6,000 barrels are used, the gas companies take 15,000 barrels, and powder works, potteries, and other establishments,consume varying quantities. As large as is this consumption about the bay, it could be and undoubtedly will be multiplied several times if the supply is developed. The railroad companies are the largest consumers in the state. The Santa Fe is now using oil exclusively in its engines in Southern California, and when its extension to San Francisco is completed, it will abandon coal north of Tehachepi as we l. The Southern Pacific is following the example of the Santa Fe, having equipped many of its engines in Southern California for using oil, and it will increase its consumption as fast as an advantageous supply can be secured. Both companies have developed oil fields of their own and are seeking new fields. They also buy largely, and the Sante Fe has contracted for most of the supply that may be developed in the Kern river field. The railroads of the San Joaquin valley alone provide a great additional demand. The people of the valley will dig the oil that hauls their wheat and pears to market. So extensive is the market open to the oil miner, that should another Coalinga or Los Angeles field be discovered and suddenly add a million or two barrels a year to the supply, oil prices, in this time of prosperity, would be but slightly affected, and any reduction of price would quickly stimulate additional consumption.

The demand for fuel oil will steadily increase, too, with the development and cheapening of transportation, by tank lines, tank steamers, and tank cars. The oil produced in the San Joaquin valley is practically all shipped to the bay, which stands ready to take vastly more, but with the development of the supply in the valley wiil come a growing home demand. A cheap fuel near at hand will invite the establishment and enlargement of valley industries to the building up of the property of the valley counties. There is thus, from many points of view, an unlimited market for the oil producer, and no other industry in the state can look forward to a larger and more certain period of prosperity. And every other industry has in this one an ally and a support, to the upbuilding of the state's greatness and prosperity.

California was a long time finding its o'ly riches. Seepages and other indications were numerous all through the coast region, and there was a wild oil excitement in the early sixties, but oil in paying quantities was not found and production did not become important until ten years ago, when it was about 300,000 barrels a year. It grew steadily as the Southern California fields developed, until it exceeded 2,000,000 barrels; but there was no oil boom until about a year ago, when returning prosperity brought greater demand and rising prices, and when remarkable gushing wells flowing 1,000 barrels a day were discovered a few miles from Coalinga. This strike and the new demand for oil at better prices started prospecting for oil, and soon the movement, fed by the luck of Messrs. Canfield and Chanslor in suddenly becoming millionaires, and the increasing talk about oil on every hand, had the familiar but no less strange psychological effect on the public mind which resulted in an "excitement," with its storm center in the San Joaquin valley. The "rush" is still on and is largely made up of fools and rascals, wise and honest men, and enterprise. Hundreds of wells are being drilled in Fresno, Tulare, and Kern counties along the great belt where the geological formation warrants prospecting, and in several districts developments have already demonstrated the existence of oil in paying quantities,and of a legitimate basis for the industry. There has been much "wildcatting," but even this increases prospecting and hastens real development.

In the Coalinga field in western Fresno county, where the production is about 100,000 barrels a month, new wells are being bored with every prospect of increasing the yield of the known productive area and of extending the field. This oil is the lightest and most valuable found in the state. Most of it goes to the bay in tank cars.

Next to this field the one most favorably talked about is the Kern river district, a short distance north of Bakersfield, where several wells from 200 to 600 feet deep have developed yields of a very heavy but valuable oil. Reports of the yields of wells here are very conflicting, but the Kern river district will unquestionably be a great one, and as the oil-yielding strata are not steeply tilted, it is likely to cover a large area. The McKittrick region in the foothills across the valley west of Bakersfield will also be an important district.

It is likely that but a beginning has been made in oil discovery in this valley and that the branch railroads and tank lines already resulting from the progress made will be multiplied. Developments have been limited to the edges of the valley, where the unaltered sandstones and shales lie nearer the surface and in steeper folds, but there are vast possibilities in these strata where they underlie the whole valley at great depths. There are few geological data to go on as yet, but it remains a possibility that valuable stores of natural gas and oil are collected in buried domes of these deep-lying beds, and will be tapped some day. Then men will look again to the great stores of iron and base ores just up in the mountains, and in many ways enterprise will rush to greet nature's fuel where it comes to the light.

There is much in this field to learn and to tell, and the joint future of this industry, valley, and state is a large one. The oil business is today adding a new feeling of life and enterprise to those valley counties and quickening courage and effort. The oil fields are in arid plains and hills which await water and its blessing of green things and blooms. The oil industry needs water and so water wells and pipe lines are being developed, and when the oil is gone the water will remain and be in some degree another indirect benefit from the oil boom.

J. O. DENNY.

GEOLOGICAL FORMATION.

KERN COUNTY is one of Nature's great laboratories with the roof off, and the sections in which are found the oil-bearing sands bring the observer closely in range with the processes attending the wedding of hydrogen and carbon as typified in petroleum, present in large areas.

Agassiz once said to me that California seemed like a fragment from another world which had been hung like a pendant on the western coast of America. Certainly no section of this continent offers greater opportunities for the study of stratigraphical geology than we find along the Pacific coast, and Kern county, with her diversified mineralogical resources gives us a wonderful gamut in the metallurgical scale.

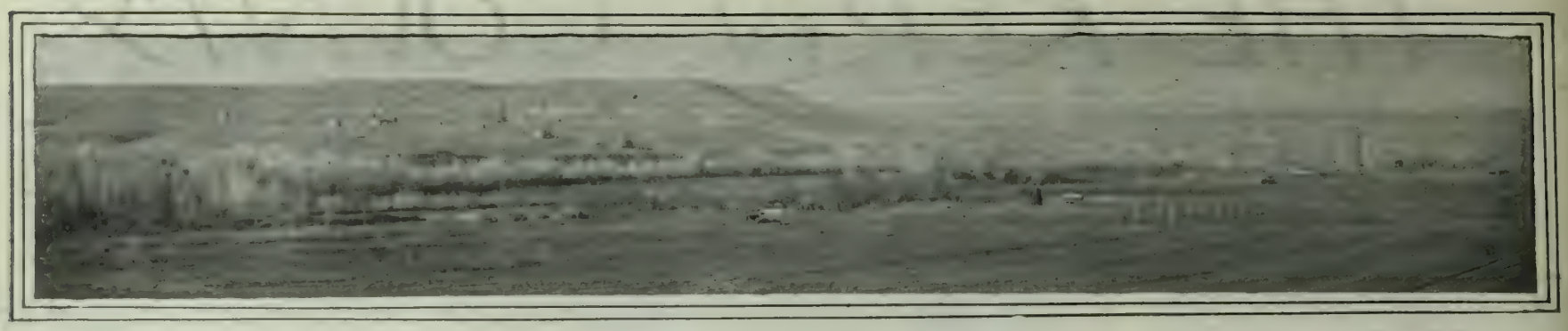
A lifetime could be spent in the study of the fossils to be found in the hills and vales of Kern county, and it is rare indeed, that one will find such immense deposits of sharks' teeth, both of the *Carcharodon augustidens, Lianna elegans,* and even of the immense *Carcharodon megalodon.* The infinite seas of prehistoric time, in their majestic drift and flow, gave to Kern county the prolific deposits of gypsum, and the diatoms laid their skeletons as the fundamental base of the great beds of infusorial earth. The intermediate hills shorn of much of their alluvium in the pathways of resistless glaciers bring us nearer to the measures of unaltered sandstone; and blue-clay hills, by their curious physiological presentiment, attract even the attention and excite the interest of the most casual observer, covered as they are in many cases with selenite, carbonate of lime, and anhydrite.

In my investigations along the oil belts in this county, I have frequently found those brilliant masses of coloring, staining the earth's surface, which have been forced up by gas, after being released by the action of oil in the lower chambers of the geological workshop, and which can always be accepted as typical of oil and gas territory. In common with other oil sections in this state the strata in certain parts of Kern county have been uplifted and cover in degrees of the dips of the anticlinals nearly the entire arc. The district known as the Kern River district, lying almost within the limits of the city of Bakersfield, is in many respects unique among the oil sections of California. In a report submitted some months ago I called attention to the fact that the famous Township 28–28 was a table which had been subjected to but slight disturbance, and that all the conditions were to be met with here for the making of a most prolific oil field. While there are many contiguous sections that have been disturbed, it would seem that some great series of cushions intervened to break and soften the force of seismic and volcanic strains, and left this locality intact. North of this township there are varying conditions, but sufficient indices to trace the oil belt between fairly certain lines for many miles. This belt zigzags its way according to local conditions from NW to SE and NE to SW, along the western line of the San Joaquin valley.

There is a medial oil belt extending through Kern county on northerly lines, which crosses the western range in the vicinity of the Kreyenhagen district in the northerly abutting county, which deserves attention as the oil movement grows. Along the western boundaries of the county we find another oil belt, with great anticlinals running in from San Luis Obispo county. In this locality much of the drilling has been done near the point of atmospheric contact—where the oil-bearing sands have been uncovered by the erosion of the southeasterly dips of the anticlinals. A number of wells have recently been sunk farther away from these exposures, and larger producing wells and oil of a lighter specific gravity, by reason of the presence of more hydrogen, will be the result of this line of development here. I am satisfied that there are locations along the oil belts in Kern county which, when developed, will yield 1000-barrel wells, for the Oil City belt continues down into this county.

The story of the growth of the oil industry in Kern county is being optimistically told by the drill, day by day, and the contrast today presented by the Kern River field with its forest of derricks, with the vision in my mind of the one solitary rig standing on the occasion of my first visit there, is a striking one. Where experience and judgment have guided the development, in the matter of land selections and well locations, producing wells have been found. Where blind guesswork and overweening trust to the hazards of accident have been the ruling factors, the results have been costly to the tyros; but taking the operations as a whole, the average of producing wells to the number drilled is much greater than in the Pennsylvania oil fields, where, too, the line of experience has been more marked. Kern county will yet make us many new millionaires. It has already added to the wealth of California.

N. M. OGDEN.



WHERE OIL WAS DISCOVERED IN KERN COUNTY.

THE OIL FIELDS.

A TRIP THROUGH THE KERN RIVER AND McKITTRICK REGIONS.

THERE is a down-East Yankee saying to the effect that "seeing is believing." I had heard reports and rumors of the oil fields of the Kern River District, most of them conflicting I determined to see for myself. Accordingly, on the first of January, this year, I started on a pilgrimage of inquiry.

At the breakfast table of the hotel in Bakersfield, I had the good fortune to meet an old friend, who has an extensive acquaintance with oil men. Through him, I was introduced to some of the prominent operators in the city. One of them, Mr. W. F. Bryant, a well-drilling contractor, was kind enough to include me in his day's journey of inspection. It was my first sight of active drilling in the district. We stopped on the way to visit three or four derricks in operation, making our final halt on Sec. 8–28–28, where we witnessed the drilling of a well for the Petroleum Center Oil Co. of San Francisco. The workmen had reached a depth of nearly eight hundred feet, and were in the act of screwing on another section of casing. We watched them sink it to the level of the derrick floor. I was impressed, here as elsewhere, with the interest the men take in the work. They were as eager and energetic as though they themselves were the owners. Mr. Bryant informed me that well-drilling is a trade which, owing to the large property interests involved, amounts almost to a profession and cannot be trusted to careless workmen. The men work in continuous shifts of twelve hours each, and earn from six to ten dollars. Their assistants known as "tool dressers," are paid from three to four dollars. The whole force was working eagerly, pressing on toward the strike, which they all expected within a week. In fact, they have "struck it" since.

In the afternoon drive back to Bakersfield, Mr. Bryant gave me volumes of information concerning oil-drilling, a process too technical to be easily understood by a layman. If he had only known it, my interest in the talk centered not in his technical description but in his own unbounded faith in the Kern River country. He shows a reason for the faith that is in him, since he "takes his own medicine" by investing heavily in Kern County location.

The next day, I hired a rig and was off on a voyage of my own. With me, I took Mr. Aston, a local photographer. We drove to a bluff over-looking the river and selected a spot for a view. It was a clear day, without fog or haze. Along the course of the river, we could count forty derricks. The new industry has changed the whole aspect of the country, scattering what was bare, gleaning desert two years ago with a scanty, scattering of lofty derricks. Close at hand, an oil-plant is not a beautiful thing, but at that distance detail is lost, and the long pyramids produce the stately effect of ships.

That same afternoon, we visited and inspected the wel's of the San Joaquin Oil Company, in charge of John A. Bunting. The men were at work on two "holes"; both had already showed oil. The first was capped, the other was still in the hands of the drillers. Later, we went on to the famous 28–28 district, the site of the Petroleum Development Company's wells, the Means property and the Elwood well where oil was first discovered on Kern river. Four wells of this company are producers, and the Santa Fe Railroad takes the entire output. We closed that busy day by a visit to the Mack and Keith interest, known as 33 Oil Company. Mr. Mack, who is a prominent capitalist of Bakersfield, was a party to the first Kern county deal in patented oil land. The company has five producing wells. They are investing heavily in new machinery, notably a large and powerful pumping outfit. It is a close corporation and has contracts ahead for the entire production.

I had scheduled the next day for a visit to the McKittrick district, forty-eight miles away. The single train to that point is supposed to leave at five a. m. from a station a mile out of Bakersfield. An alarm clock hauled me out at four; I threw down a hasty breakfast and went outside to find the hotel bus gone. With two or three fellow-victims, I telephoned for a hack; there was none to be had; then someone brought the news that the hotel's carriage of state would return for us. It was after train-time then; two of the other left-overs started to walk, but I, with the faith of experience in way trains, stuck it out. The bus came in about dawn, and we picked up the pedestrians on the way. One of them was fished out of an irrigation ditch, into which he had stumbled in the darkness. We reached the station at six, an hour late, and waited for the train an hour at that.

That was not the end of my troubles with transportation in McKittrick. With the time-allowance, the train gave us a four-hour stay, too short a time by far to make the circle on foot. The passengers broke for the only livery stable; I, being but a slow traveler, was distanced, and lost my chance. I would have spent that day in the town but for Fred Knewing, who gave me a place in his four-seated rig, the last carriage available.

The exterior of this famous district is as barren as its interior is rich. No vegetation except a wisp of sage-brush here and there; only bare, broken desert. But all along "the break" lay black patches of oil seepage; one small canyon we crossed several times was lined with it. In some places it had formed in pools of two or three barrels.

Oil is everywhere in McKittrick. Not only does it lie open to the soil, but it is poured out around the wells in apparent wastefulness. The Kern river gusher has two great tanks, holding 1,000 barrels each, for storage, and both full to the very brim. Yet from the well to a canyon hard by a stream ten inches in diameter was running to waste. I was told by the superintendent that this was unavoidable. The pressure is so strong that it has blown away the cap several times; this stream is a sort of safety-valve. The first time old Kern objected to being confined, he sent a stream higher than the derrick straight up into the air and all but wrecked the plant. Some days, this well has flowed 1,500 barrels. Besides the two tanks in use, another and larger one is going up.

The next important attraction on our list was the California Standard Oil Co.'s well. This well is only a short distance from the depot and the company has shipped several carloads of oil to Oakland and other points. They pump about 150 barrels per day, which is all they can conveniently handle with present facilities. They own three standard rigs with which they are drilling new wells, and have the fullest equipment of any company in the field, including a seven-mile water-pipe line. Near by this site are the three producing wells of A. B. Treadwell, an oil pioneer who owned the first pumping plant installed in the district.

A hasty visit to the El Dorado property, and then the inner man became clamorous once more—for we had breakfasted early. There was no time for a visit to the company boarding-house, so we spread a box back of the derrick with the provender at hand, mostly beer and cheese, and feasted. Good appetite served to make us forget the unenticing smell of fresh oil, and we made a hearty meal. The scene impressed the photographer's artistic soul and he "snapped" us on the spot. Hardly had the last cork popped, when we heard the whistle of the train, on schedule this time, and I knew that my visit to the Kern county fields was over.

To summarize. I had seen, and I came back believing in the future of the district. Where one or two derricks stood a few months ago, there are now nearly two hundred. With my own eyes I have seen twenty producing wells along Kern river and eight in the McKittrick district, and I know from others of several more. I have found that the business men of Bakersfield, the town nearest at hand, are showing substantial faith by their large investments. Moreover, my observation of the companies forming and operating leads me to believe that there is very little "wild cat" speculation. It is an easy matter to lease good grounds near producing wells, and to get favorable terms if promise is given that drilling will begin at once. I am certain, also, that the infant business has a future beyond prophecy.

W. H. S.

KERN COUNTY COURTHOUSE.

BAKERSFIELD REALTY.

RISE IN VALUE OF KERN COUNTY PROPERTY.

ALTHOUGH Bakersfield has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best business towns in the state from a merchandise point of view, it has at the same time time been one of the quietest from the realty point of view. Yet, while the real estate market has been sluggish and transfers have been few and far between, prices for property have never fallen so low as in most of the other parts of the state. Bakersfield has never had a boom in real estate and has consequently not experienced the inevitable reaction which follows a fictitious inflation.

Another cause of the small number of transfers in the past has been that, while enjoying the reputation of doing a large amount of merchandise business, the citizens of Bakersfield have also been noted for their backwardness in the matter of public improvements and lack of interest in the matter of developments which would affect the appearance and subsequently the transfers of realty.

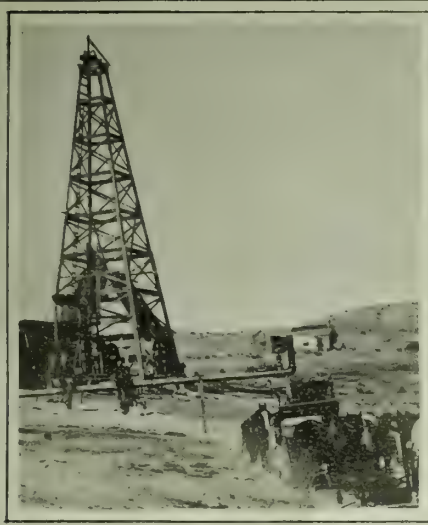
In the past eighteen months, however, there has come a mighty change over the conditions of life in Bakersfield. It is a clearly recognized fact among realty operators that the most potent influence affecting movements of property is active advance in public improvements, such as new pavements, sidewalks, grading, better lighting and better water service. Two years ago Bakersfield awoke to a realization of her position in such matters, and since that time her progress has been unparalleled. The effect has begun to be felt in a very decided manner in real estate circles. Prices during the period of torpidity which preceded held only for the reason that the very large bulk of salable property was owned by resident property owners, all of whom were well able to hold on, especially as they were placed at no expense in the way of developments. Now that extensive improvements have been begun some of these owners have begun to let go and at figures which stimulate business. It must not be inferred that a boom in the usual sense of the term has set in, but with conditions for solidity in the realty market, business is assuming that steady, healthy tone which is so encouraging to the growth of a community.

Spread over a large amount of territory as Bakersfield is, there is still much desirable property close to the business center and in the best residence part of the town that may be bought at reasonable prices. Completed dwellings, however, are hard to buy at any price, but during the past several years of the writer's experience there have never been enough good residences for sale or rent to meet the demand. Since the beginning of the present winter this condition has been accentuated, so there is a veritable need for homes. I take this great and constantly increasing demand to be one of the best indications for the future of Bakersfield, and regret that capital is so slow in meeting the needs of the town in this respect. Newcomers complain that rents are high as compared with other parts of the state, but every observant realty operator knows that high rents are a good indication of the general prosperity of the community.

To us who are familiar with the influences now at work which assure Bakersfield such a great commercial future, the importance of her citizens' rising to take advantage of the splendid opportunities so suddenly thrust upon them, is most apparent. Bakersfield is really at the crossing or junction of two great transcontinental railroads, and it is here at its first entrance to the San Joaquin valley that the wonderfully progressive influence of the Santa Fe begins to make itself felt. Here it will have its largest western shops and here there must be a great railway center. The reversal by this road of the traditional policy, "all the traffic will bear," especially on local freight, has opened the eyes of the rest of California to the great possibilities of the country surrounding Bakersfield for producing cheap foods, such as hay, grain, pork, beef, and dairy products, which are now drawn from across the mountains. Here there is an abundant area of land available for raising these staples, and there is every reason for its development.

The next great factor in Bakersfield's future, and the one which has poured more than a million of outside dollars into our laps in the last few months, is the oil industry. This has undoubtedly passed the experimental stage and no one familiar with oil matters doubts for a moment, after an inspection of what has really been done, that we have the largest and most easily worked field in the United States, if not in the world. With the army of consumers that this industry creates and the products to supply them right at our doors can there be any uncertainty about the future of Kern county and its capital?

J. M. HUNTER.



PETROLEUM DEVELOPMENT CO.

PART OF "HAZELTON" CAMP ON PROPERTY OF JEWETT & BLODGET, SUNSET DISTRICT.

PETROLEUM DEVELOPMENT CO.

THE ELDORADO OIL CO., McKITTRICK.

SAN JOAQUIN OIL CO., KERN RIVER DISTRICT.

RIGS OF KERN RIVER OIL CO., McKITTRICK.

VIEWS IN THE KERN RIVER OIL DISTRICT

Panoramic View of Kern

Echo Block and Post Office.

Redlick Brothers Building.

Kern County Foundry

Bank of Bakersfield Building.

Dinkelspiel Brothers.

Kern River Oil Company's

BAKERSFIEL
KERN RIVER

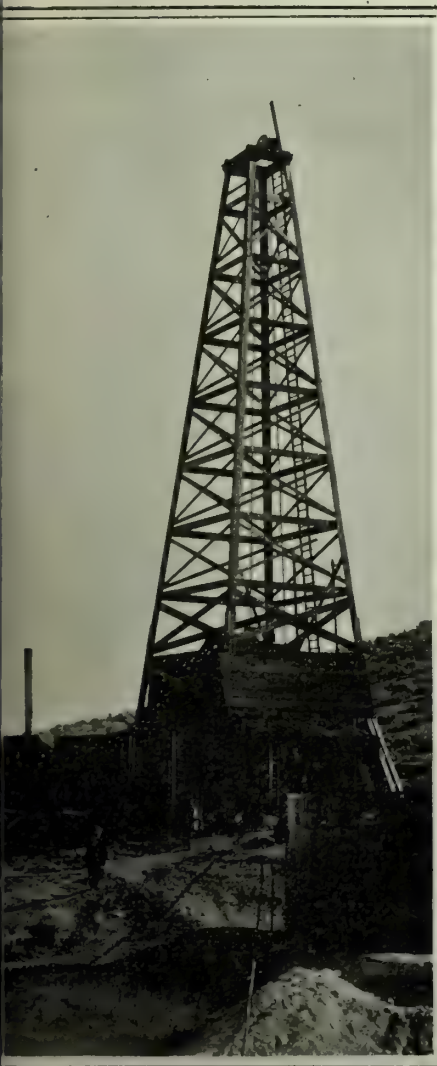
PHOTOS BY

River Oil District.

nd Machine Works.

Odd Fellows Building.

Weil & Alexander Building.



amous Well at McKittrick,

AND THE
IL DISTRICT.

. ASTON.

The Southern Hotel.

Kern County Hospital.

VIEW OF 33 OIL CO.'S PROPERTY, CONTROLLED BY MACK & KEITH.

THE LARGEST IRRIGATED FARM IN THE WORLD.

THE largest irrigated farm in the world, the greatest diversity of products in any one section of the country—these are the boasts of Kern County, California. For the first, Bakersfield and the empire of which it is the capital shows the Kern irrigation system; for the second, the farmers of the region have proved by practical test that every agricultural product which can be raised within the limits of the United States proper will thrive in some portion of Kern County. Beyond this, are the rich Randsburg gold deposits and the wealth in asphalt and petroleum which has astonished the country in the past few years.

The soil is a rich, alluvial loom, deep and fertile. Very little clearing is necessary; in the beginning, it was desert land, without trees or bushes, without rocks. When water, the one thing necessary, was brought to this land, it stood ready for the plow. Much of the other valuable land in this country has been won from rocks or forests; this wilderness alone needed but water and labor to make it blossom. Over this is a mild, healthful climate, hot in summer, but not enervating because it is a dry heat. Frosts are rare and light; the rainfall comes mostly between November and April. Happily, Kern County, like other farming sections which use a well-supplied system of irrigation, is mainly independent of the fickle skies.

As stated above, this soil supports the greatest variety of products. Wheat, barley and other cereals grow luxuriantly and the quality is unsurpassed. Over 100,000 acres of alfalfa of highest quality grow in the limits of the county. Vegetables of every variety flourish. Mostly, these are grown between fruit-trees while the latter are coming into bearing, and in many districts for years afterwards. All varieties of temperate and semi-tropical fruits and nuts flourish here, and add their quota to the total production. Stock-raising was one of the first farming ventures made in the section, and is still growing in importance; horses, mules, sheep, and especially cattle graze on the broad up-lands. More lately, and since farms began to encroach on the pasture domains, feeding and fattening Mexican and Arizona cattle for the San Francisco market has been practised with profit.

There is scarcely room here to treat of that system of irrigation by which Kern County and all that empire of which Bakersfield is the capital obtains its water supply. It is a wonder to all who inspect it, being one of the largest and most complete in the world. Kern River is the main artery of the system, and Mt. Whitney is its heart. For over a hundred miles of its course, Kern River runs through the Sierras, its two forks splitting the mountain-chain. Then it turns at right angles and empties into the valley. This gives the stream a tremendous contributing water-shed of over three thousand square miles, with natural reservoirs in the lakes and streams of the higher valleys and meadows. This is an important advantage; it means that dry years have little effect on the flow. Furthermore, these valleys will some day be dammed across for storage. No other river is so admirably placed as this; consider, it begins its course in lofty mountains and plateaux, where the supply is perpetual, and then flows its main length through a rich farming region, where it waters a land of plenty. Not only that, but Kern River is brother to the Nile in that it is rich in fertilizing material and when used for irrigation supplies plant life with those chemical constituents which are most needed. At the same time, such is the valley's surface grade that it is an impossibility for the water to run so rapidly as to carry away the surface soil.

About thirty miles along the river from the point where it leaves the foothills, is the head of the Kern River irrigation scheme. It is just below Buena Vista Lake, a natural reservoir utilized in the system. This point is high enough cover or make irrigable about 600,000 acres of land in the delta, having a gentle slope of from five to eight feet to the mile to south and west. There are twenty-seven main canals in the system, with an aggregate length of more than 300 miles. Cross and lateral ditches from this main channel come to 1,100 miles more. Neither do these figures include the arms of ditches used to convey the water to each twenty-acre lot in the system.

Besides the river itself, which makes a steep descent, the canals furnish sufficient water-power for hundreds of manufacturing industries. Already, the electricity generated for the Power Development Company from this source lights the city of Bakersfield. In the new towns of the new empire, streets will be lighted and tramways run in the same manner, and power will be left over to turn thousands of spindles. Moreover, this resource has already been linked with another, and the welding will continue in future. Cold storage plants for the keeping of meat have been instituted in several places along the line of the valley. In future, the meat raised in the luxuriant pastures of the Kern River Valley will be kept fresh for market by power generated at home. Add to this the growing oil industry, which puts a cheap and certain source of power close at hand, and it will be seen that the manufacturing possibilities of the region around Bakersfield are unlimited.

OIL MEN IN THE OFFICE OF THE SOUTHERN HOTEL, BAKERSFIELD.

THE OIL CLUB.

BAKERSFIELD has an oil club. It is true that it has no directors or standing committees or ladies' nights or posting of new members or any of the thousand and one familiar institutions of the regular and ordinary club. To join it, you only have to deposit your baggage and valuables with the clerk of the Southern Hotel and affix your signature to the register, and you are a regular member in good standing. To gain a visiting membership, you simply drop in on the parlors of the hotel in the evening and contribute your knowledge or ignorance of oil to the conversation. Just now, it may be added, regular membership is a little hard to secure, because the house is generally packed from top to bottom, and the management is contemplating an extension of facilities.

Meetings occur every evening and lap over into the daytime. Dinner over, the guests and visitors pack the office. Men of standing in the industry who have made their piles and are reaching out for more, capitalists who have come in to try their luck, speculators with a hundred good things up their sleeves, mingle on common ground. There are visitors and guests who have nothing but prospects, and there are such well-known operators as Captain C. A. Fuller of Oakland, one of the early purchasers of patented oil lands in the Kern River district, J. J. Mack of Bakersfield, C. A. Canfield, the oil king of Coalinga, who has invested $100,000 in Kern oil lands and is building a $20,000 machine-shop in Bakersfield, A. B. Butler, the Fresno vinyardist, W. E. Knowles of Samuel & Knowles, San Francisco, Attorney Maurice V. Samuels of San Francisco, P. E. Bowles, the Oakland capitalist, W. T. Sesnon, C. E. Worden, J. A. Bunting, the Berrys of Klondike fame, who are said to be making more hard coin out of oil than they ever did out of gold, and hosts of other well-known men.

Membership in this unique club is self-regulating. If you know the meaning of "scrippers," "stove-pipe casing," "oil sand," "fishing job," and the rest of the jargon of the business, you belong there; if you do not, there is no reason for your coming, unless you are an observer of human nature and are studying a very interesting class of men.

The common characteristic of all oil men is a great, Attic calm. A strike involving hundreds of thousands may have been made during the day, or a deal involving millions may have been closed; you would not suspect it from the quiet air of the assemblage that evening. Perhaps one of these big transactions is closed on the spot. The parties thereunto draw up their agreement on the hotel paper, blot it on the register, and call upon the clerk, Mr. Chaney, to witness the same. That worthy, who is interested in oil himself and would be a Rockefeller did he own all the properties whose transfer he has witnessed, will affix his signature with the reigning matter-of-fact air, and drinks conclude the ceremony. Fortunes pass from hand to hand in this unceremonious manner.

In time to come, when Bakersfield is a big city, she will have other oil clubs and exchanges, but the Southern's fame will live as the stamping ground of the pioneer oil men.

In the recent discussion as to the merits respectively and relatively, of white and brown bread, there appears to be a weighty leaning, on the part of professionals, in favor of the former. They are firm in their belief, after having made elaborate investigations, that white bread is more nutritious than the brown variety. No denial is made that the latter has its merits, namely, that it tends to remove the torpidity of the digestive system, so frequent in persons of sedentary habits, supplying also mineral matters, especially phosphate of lime, so important for bone building. The white bread also, it is claimed, supplies mineral matter, and as regards fat, is said to afford a larger proportion of this essential food than the brown bread.

Every locomotive that is built in the West nowadays has the new anti-bandit attachment. On all the new engines of the D. and R. G. Railway are iron pipes extending along the roof of the cab and connecting with the boiler. Through these pipes, without making a perceptible motion, either the engineer or fireman can send, under 200 pounds pressure, a jet of steam and boiling water that would effectually cook anything living that happened to be on the front end of the baggage car. The diameter of the pipe is one and a half inches and a single second would drop any man who tried to stand before it in action. The steam leaves the pipe at a temperature of about 750 degrees, hot enough to have the toughest of outlaws cooked by the time the train could be brought to a standstill.

A householder in London recently noticed that his cook had stuck up in her kitchen a map of South Africa, with the British possessions colored red, the Transvaal brown, the Orange Free State yellow, and Portuguese territory green. "Do you take an interest in the war, Mary?" he asked. "No, sir," replied the cook, "but I mean to 'ave a skirt like that brown bit, and blouses like them other colors; and I'm just keepin' the map to match the patterns with when I get a hevenin' hoff, sir!"

THE GIANT OIL CO.
AND THE
CALIFORNIA STANDARD OIL CO.

Two corporations which have attracted considerable attention by the Rigor with which they have begun the development of their properties are the Giant Oil Company and the California Standard Oil Company. Together the two control some 1300 acres in alternate 40 acre tracts in the best portion of the McKittrick district. They are in Sections 11, 12, 13, and 14, Township 3 S., R. 21 E., and Sections 19, 20, and 28, Township 30 S., R. 22 E. The California Standard was incorporated early in August, 1899, with a capital of $500,000, at $1 per share. Its officers are—J. M. Merrell, president; W. J. Dingee, vice-president; M. J. Laymance, secretary. The Giant Oil Company was incorporated later in the year with the same capitalization and directorate. Both concerns have been actively at work and make an excellent showing for the few months of their existence. They own five standard rigs, four of which are in operation drilling night and day with a crew of some twenty men in attendance. They are really the best equipped companies in the field.

One of the California Standard's wells is producing from 150 to 200 barrels per day, and for some time it shipped a carload per day. Pumping has been temporarily suspended, however, owing to the wearing out of the pump cups by the sand, something that invariably happens with fresh wells. A new pump is ready, so constructed as to overcome this trouble as soon as it is set in. The shipment of oil will be resumed. The Oakland Gas Company has placed an order for one car load per day, to be filled as soon as possible. If this corporation should cease development at this juncture, it would still be earning seven per cent on its capital stock, from the profits accruing from this one well.

The Giant is drilling a well within 200 feet of the Kern River Oil Company's well that produces between 500 and 1000 barrels a day. They should duplicate this strike within thirty days. In addition to owning all their derricks and rigs, these corporations have a seven mile pipe line, through which a splendid supply of fresh water is derived for their wells near McKittrick station. This water is also a source of revenue, as they sell the precious fluid to other companies in the neighborhood at reasonable rates.

The offices of the California Standard and Giant Oil Companies are in the Mills Building, rooms 15 and 16, second floor, and at 460 and 462 8th street, Oakland.

DISMANTLED DERRICK ABOUT TO BE MOVED TO MAKE ROOM FOR PUMP.
CALIFORNIA STANDARD OIL CO., McKITTRICK, KERN CO., CAL.

R. H. HERRON & CO.

—DEALERS IN—

OIL WELL SUPPLIES

San Francisco, Los Angeles, Bakersfield, Coalinga, Hanford.

LARGEST HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Reading (Iron) Casing, Line Pipe, Etc.

The only house on the Pacific which handles and carries in stock exclusively the most up-to-date and latest improved **Machinery and Oil Well Tools**

Manufactured by the OIL WELL SUPPLY CO. OF PITTSBURG

All Kinds of Fishing Tools Carried in Stock for Sale or Rent. . . . . .

MAIN OFFICE

212 North Los Angeles St,

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

KERN RIVER AND McKITTRICK OIL COMPANIES.

Petroleum Center Oil Club.

This company controls 660 acres in Township 28-28 and 80 acres in Township 29-28. On January 27th, they struck oil in Section 8-28-28 at a depth of 802 feet. This being only the first sand, they sunk their drills lower yet in the direction of the second or primary stratum, which is generally reached about one hundred feet below the first. At present, the company is drilling its second well on Section 28-28-28, in

full confidence that oil will be struck at a depth of 500 feet, as producing wells on all four sides have made finds at that depth. It is the present intention to drill 23 wells on the holdings in this section. Furthermore, on February 9th, stakes were set and lumber ordered for five wells on Section 8-28-28, where operations will be pushed as rapidly as possible.

The El Dorado Oil Co.

The El Dorado Oil Company has a history. The corporation is now working on 160 acres of the best oil land in the McKittrick district and have a well that on its initial test showed a capacity of one thousand barrels per day. This location is part of 640 acres leased from the Buena Vista Oil Co., which some eight years ago set about boring for oil. They drilled down 392 feet and struck oil in such quantity that it shot 30 feet into the air. Sand followed and choked up the casing. They drilled 20 feet deeper, but strange to say, did no more. In March, 1899, Clarence J. Berry and F. M. Keller of Klondike fame, together with W. J. Roberts, W. M. Spencer, W. J. Berry and M. McWhorter, began investigating oil possibilities and leased 640 acres from the Buena Vista Co., then organized the El Dorado Oil Co., leasing the 160 acres on which the old well was situated. They commenced cleaning out the old well, but the stovepipe casing telescoped, so they began ten feet away and struck oil at the same depth. They continue to a depth of 600 feet, but failing to secure a landing, plugged and perforated the casing. Oil came spouting up in great quantity and as a test 300 barrels were pumped at a ratio of 1,000 per day. The oil gained 165 feet in the well in one day. This occurred January 4th ultimo. Mr. A. B. Campbell, who was present, took a sample of the oil to be analyzed by State Mineralogist A. S. Cooper, who pronounced it of a high grade and worth $4.50 per barrel at current market prices. This well was finished January 12, and the company is drilling another well 300 yards from the first. It is proposed to go down twelve to fifteen hundred feet, where they should strike a gusher. The members of this company control individually 3200 acres of the choicest oil lands in the McKittrick district.

Three Strong Companies.

Among the many concerns organized in the past few months to develop the petroleum resources of Kern county, the tripartite composed of the Berry Oil and Development Company, the Dominion Oil Company and the Fuller Oil Company take high rank. The parent company, the Berry Oil Company, was organized August 9, 1899, with W. J. Berry, president, John Heenan, vice-president, and Alfred Fuhrman, secretary, and with W. J. Berry, John Heenan, Alfred Fuhrman, C. A. Fuller, W. H. Berry and J. E. Farnum as board of directors. The properties of this company are situated in Sections 21 and 29, T. 28 S., R. 28 E. Practically the same incorporators founded another concern, the Dominion Oil Company, November 1, 1899, with George W. Terrill as president, and Joseph King and W. E. Hale added to their board of directors. Their holdings lie on Section 21, T. 28 S., R. 28 E. On January 20, 1900, the Fuller Oil Company, with some of the best holdings on Poso Creek, was organized. Captain C. A. Fuller and Alfred Fuhrman are respectively president and secretary of this company, and the directors are C. A. Fuller, D. B. Donahoo, W. J. Berry, Alfred Fuhrman, C. H. Dunsmoor, Carl W. Mueller and Joseph L. King. These companies have explored and prepared their lands; rigs are ordered, and by the end of the month extensive drilling operations will begin. Stock is not on the market; the companies were organized for the benefit of the shareholders. Several of the incorporators are heavily interested in outside oil lands, notably Captain Fuller and Alfred Fuhrman and George W. Terrill, who is president of the Home Oil Company in the Coalinga country.

The Bachelor Oil Co.

This company is attracting attention among oil experts as one of the most active in operation. Its holdings comprise valuable tracts in the Kern river, Poso Creek and Summit districts. Acknowledged experts believe that the investors in this stock will not regret their venture. Already, shares have advanced seventy-five cents and will not be long offered at that figure. Considering the low capitalization of the company and its choice properties, an investigation should persuade the most skeptical that this stock would be a wise buy even at a much higher figure. The directors are anxious that prospective investors should visit their offices and look into the condition and prospects of the company. Their first well is now down about 300 feet, with indications exceedingly satisfactory. This rate of progress in development and the steady sale of stocks will soon enable them to withdraw shares from sale, since they have been placed on the market for development purposes only. Tyree M. Bell, president of the company, and Ambrose Harris, secretary, may be found from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. daily at the offices of the company, room 612 Examiner Building, and they will be glad to give full information to any and all investigators.

The Kern River Oil Co. is one of the most substantial and progressive institutions in the field. In the McKittrick District it has one well yielding 600 to 1,000 barrels daily and two more in course of development. Its second derrick was up and drilling commenced January 22nd, and the third is well under way. The company is amply provided with tankage, the company having 2,000 barrels tankage at the well and 1,200 barrels at the station.

In its Kern river territory the company has one well drilled on Sec. 4-29-28, which yields about 50 barrels daily, and has machines drilling on Sec. 4-29-28 and on Sec. 28-28-28, which should prove big producers—at least if indications count for anything.

R. H. Herron & Co.

This enterprising firm has shown its confidence in the permanency of the Kern county oil fields by opening a branch house, which is in charge of Mr. W. W. Nellis. They carry a twenty thousand dollar stock in their Bakersfield warehouse, consisting of all kinds of oil well supplies. This is the only house on the coast that deals exclusively in oil well supplies. Mr. Herron was for many years engaged in the oil industry in Pennsylvania and he possesses a thorough knowledge pertaining to every requisite of the oil business. The parent house is located in Los Angeles, with branches in San Francisco, Coalinga, Hanford and Bakersfield.

Sterling Oil and Development Co.

The Sterling Oil and Development Co. will commence drilling on the northeast corner Section 31, Township 28-28, in a few days. This property is right in the heart of that famous township, and thirty-one producing wells surround them. All of their neighbors have struck oil at a depth of from 350 to 460 feet. Mr. John A. Bunting, president of the San Joaquin Oil Co., is vice-president of this corporation, and he will superintend the operations of the Sterling with the same careful attention to details as characterized his successful development of the former company's producing wells. No stock will be sold after Feb. 12th.

The Century Oil Co.

The Century Oil Co. of California is developing the southern half of Sec. 24-28-27. They have drilled through two oil-bearing strata and are near the main body. Extensive preparations for further development are under way. The officers and directors of the company, all residents of Oakland by-the-way, announce that they have no shares on the market. Of the capital stock of 100,000 shares, 75,000 are subscribed and 25,000 reserved in the treasury for development purposes. Messrs. W. W. Whitman, E. Bishop, W. A. G. Mackenzie, W. P. Todd, J. Benson Wrenn, J. F. Smith, E. B. Browne, Henry Newton and E. Lehnhardt compose the board of directors.

The Kern county illustrations in this number of *The Wave* are reproduced from photographs furnished by Mr. Frank C. Aston of Bakersfield. Copies from the original negatives and view work of any description may be procured from him at a reasonable price.

The Colorado Pacific Oil Co.'s well is now down over 500 feet and the company is very well pleased with present indications.

BAKERSFIELD BUSINESS HOUSES.

Bakersfield's Big Store.

John Wanamaker, the originator of modern department stores, used to boast that a person might enter his vast Philadelphia establishment, entirely naked, and in due time emerge dressed completely from head to foot, and, if required, a wagon load of provisions, household furniture, carpets, crockery, etc. could follow. Dinkelspeil Bros. of Bakersfield go still further, for they not only sell articles of wearing apparel, provisions, household furnishings, etc., but they will sell you a wagon—and at a pinch—possibly a horse—to take the goods away.

This firm has been located here since 1889. Its members are both comparatively young men, and have no old fogy ideas. They occupy and own an ornate building on 19th and I streets, and its three floors—including the basement—measuring each 106 by 122 feet, are laid out and arranged similarly to department stores in cities ten times the size of Bakersfield. The grocery department carries a full line of teas, coffee, canned goods, imported delicacies, etc. The dry goods department is no less complete and the Bakersfield ladies who are noted for their taste in dress find no difficulty in being suited. The men's clothing and furnishing department is equally well equipped, and anything from a pair of overalls to a fashionable Stein-Bloch suit of clothes may be found. Farm wagons, carriages, hardware, crockery, carpets, oilcloth, in fact almost every commodity or article used by man or woman, is on sale. It is a common saying in Bakersfield: "It ought to be good, for I bought it at Dinkelspiel's." Of late the house has been very busy making oil and water tanks—for they have a factory as well as a store—and do all kinds of tin, galvanized iron and plumbing work.

Kern Co. Foundry and Machine Works.

Messrs. A. J. Webster and Wm. Busse conduct the Kern Co. Foundry and Machine Works at Bakersfield. They make light and heavy castings of every description. Horse powers are always ready; castings for standard and other rigs are carried in stock. Any length of stems can be made to order on short notice; castings, all sizes, cut and threaded to order; damaged and worn out taper pins and boxes recut. They also do all kinds of repair work. Their business has largely increased of late and they contemplate the erection of a new building as soon as arrangements can be made for construction.

A Popular Boniface.

Running a country hotel is by no means an easy task and if one does not give his personal attention to the details things are bound to go wrong. Mr. W. F. Coulter has followed this rule ever since he purchased the Southern Hotel, and notwithstanding the crowded state of the house during the present oil excitement he conducts it in an admirable manner. The best in the market is always demanded and expected from the local butcher and grocer, and woe betide them should they fail to come up to the mark. The office is in charge of Mr. H. B. Chaney during the day and he is succeeded at night by Mr. E. W. Bishop. Both gentlemen are popular and attentive to the wants of the guests. The dining-room is in charge of a lady who possesses the happy faculty of pleasing everybody, even the exacting, fault-finding drummer, who grudgingly admits that "the Southern is pretty fair for a country hotel."

BELAUS PIONEER STORE.

A. C. Wroot, Plumber and Tinsmith.

Mr. Wroot has a fully equipped shop and is prepared to do all kinds of plumbing, sheet iron and tin work. He makes a speciality of building oil and water tanks and is prepared to do anything in that line on short notice, at a figure as low as can be quoted by any firm in town. Mr. Wroot was for many years engaged in business in Chicago before coming to Bakersfield three years ago.

One of the best established and most reliable firms in the oil country is that of Hunt and Hunter, stock and real estate brokers, of No. 1805 Chester Ave., Bakersfield. They enjoy the reputation of listing only reliable oil stock; therefore, purchasers may feel safe in entrusting business to them. Oil companies who entrust stock to their handling will find their methods square and above-board in every respect. Their reputation in real estate circles is equally good. This class of business Hunt & Hunter handle on commission only.

The Oil Land Syndicate.

One of the most intelligent institutions connected with the newly developed oil business in California is the Western Land and Oil Syndicate which owns lands both east and west of Bakersfield and in the McKittrick district. Boring for oil is not a part of its business, but it offers oil lands for sale or lease and will take stock in boring companies as part payment for its properties. It has expert reports on all its properties and is in position to afford valuable information in regard to oil land.

LOS ANGELES FIELD.

THE WEST LAKE OIL CO.

The West Lake Oil Company, which was incorporated in January, 1900, owns the valuable oil-bearing properties of Messrs. Clark & Bryan and their associates, San Francisco capitalists being heavy investors. This concern holds a large territory, a portion of which is highly developed. The remainder was pronounced at the outset to be oil-bearing land. Further developments in the adjoining region have proved this to be a fact, properties on all sides having yielded oil to the drill. With the whole tract developed, the West Lake Company will have a greater production than will any six companies now operating in the Los Angeles field. The plant, which is owned by the company and upon which there is not one dollar of debt, includes two pumping jacks upon concrete foundations, two complete drilling rigs, tools, casings, storage, settling and supply tanks and pipe lines, forming one of the most complete and modern outfits in California. Two wells are in process of drilling, while $20,000 has been placed in the treasury to insure continuous developments and the sinking of fifteen or twenty more wells in all.

At present, the West Lake Co. is producing about 400 barrels a day, the various wells giving each from 25 to 75 barrels a day from wells about 400 feet deep. Experts say that there is a secondary source of supply in a lower stratum of oil-bearing sand. Good dividends are paying monthly, and will increase with further development.

The names of local men in the company should be sufficient guarantee to investors of the stock, but with the added weight of M. L. Gerstle, capitalist, and Mr. W. H. Gerstle, member of the Alaska Commercial Co. of San Francisco, Ira Meek and E. B. Stone, capitalists of San Francisco and Oakland, and part owners of the Oakland, Haywards and San Leandro Electric Road, the McCarthy Company of San Francisco, Charles W. Allen and F. M. Thomas of Los Angeles, Charles McCarthy of New York, Edgar D. Peixotto, of San Francisco, J. H. Hubbard, Boston, Mass., and others, will make the West Lake Oil Co. the strongest oil company yet organized, both from point of merit of the holdings, and production, and men back of it.

The company is capitalized for $500,000, with shares at a par value of $1. Stock is non-assessable, and the officers of the company draw no salary. The office of Clark & Bryan at 127 W. Third St., Los Angeles, is headquarters for this concern.

The Wilson Oil Company.

A solid concern of the sort that appeals to the hard-headed man of business is the Wilson Oil Co. of Los Angeles. This company was incorporated Jan. 17, 1900, under the state laws, with a capital stock of $250,000. It holds nearly two blocks of land in the heart of the new Los Angeles oil field and seven acres one mile west of present rich locations, a tract which is directly in the line of development and which shows every prospect of riches. All these tracts and all the tanks and machinery in use are owned—not leased—by the company. Eight wells are already down, and now in full operation; each averages 25 to 75 barrels a day, making the company's total output about 300 barrels at $1.10 every 24 hours. The oil-bearing stratum on this property is only 400 feet down, rendering boring a comparatively easy process. Development is to be pushed as fast as materials can be procured; from now on, the company expects to sink two wells per month. From calculations made on the present output, the company expects that, beginning with February, dividends of from 2 to 2½ per cent. will be paid monthly on all shares. Chas. W. Allen is the secretary and the offices are at rooms 125-126 Hellman Block, corner 2d and Broadway. Officers and Board of Directors of the Wilson Oil Company: M. L. Gerstle, San Francisco, president; W. D. Wilson, Los Angeles, vice-president; Charles

Continued on Page 15.

A PARISIAN FORTUNE TELLER.

Special Correspondence of The Wave.

SHE dresses, when off duty, in gowns "just as good as" Worth's. She may be seen any evening in one of the more fashionable of Paris's gay resorts in company with a fashionable acrobat from the Folies. She is a handsome woman, with extremely shrewd eyes, when she is not being observed. Look at her for more than a passing moment, and she drops over those eyes that gauze veil of concealment, the mark of the swindler. Her hours are from ten to four, her office is in a dingy little den away off by the river, and in its squalid ante-room duchesses and demi-mondaines, countesses and actresses, all who can pay ten louis-d'or for a single sitting, await her pleasure. But she doesn't wear her pseudo-Worth gowns in business hours. She is gotten up to the part in a gypsy rig besprinkled with strange amulets and Eastern jewels and with a fine, Oriental complexion worked in. It is Madame Angot, gypsy fortune-teller and fortune-gatherer, chief of a brood now infecting Paris. You might judge from all this that the lady has some peculiar and fascinating style of mummery which she uses to delude. Not at all. She employs only the plain cards of the Irish servant-girl.

Madame Angot has worked wisely by confining her gains to the money of fools which crosses her palm in the shape of regular fees; hence she is regarded as "safe," and keeps her clientele. It is something to have a reputation, even in swindling. Others, more greedy and less wise, combine fortune-telling with blackmail. It is easy for a smooth operator to twist secrets out of anyone so "easy" and gullible as to run to fortune-tellers. These secrets once obtained, blackmail is the inevitable result. The widow of a French admiral is even now prosecuting one of these necromancers who has been sending her threatening letters on postal-cards. Hundreds of others lack the pluck to bring the matter into the courts.

It is only the fashionable fortune-tellers who levy blackmail, because they alone have their clientele among the rich. There is another class which preys upon the credulity of servant girls, poor demi-mondaines "and sich." The fee amounts to a few francs, yet with frugality and humble, upright living a fortune-teller may amass a competence on even these pittances. Paris is infested with them now; it is a craze, a mania.

To change the subject, let me write you about that all-absorbing feminine topic, dress, and beneath this head let me say something about the Frenchwoman's indoor garment, "robe de l' interieur," as she herself would call it. 'Tis a copy of that all-adaptable American garment, the tea-gown, and spread over a wider range of usefulness than we would dream of. Be she wife of a workman or wife of a duchess, the Frenchwoman wears that gown indoors for every sort of daylight use. No daughter of France but changes her street dress the moment the door closes behind her. That is the one secret of French charm in dress, by-the-way—adaptability to circumstances. For bicycling, knickerbockers; for the street, tailor-mades; for church, the same with sober suggestion of piety; for the automobile, the long dust-coat; for the house, the loose, easy, flowing, tea-gown, with a loose, short and easy corset beneath.

There is a simple variation on this indoor robe in the *saut de lit*, that dress which madame la Parisienne of elegant society wears in the morning to lounge in her boudoir. It is cut on straight lines and without seams, and fastens in front by a jewelled brooch. I saw one in a boudoir the other day. Never mind who wore it or what I was doing there. Cream liberty satin was the ground-work; over all was a veiling of finely accordeon-plaited cream chiffon, and the lining throughout was of ermine. The bedroom slippers to match were of white satin, lined and edged with the same fur. Think of it—ermine on a gown that is only half-sister to a tea-gown.

An exquisite "robe d' interieur" was worn at the Comedie this week by Mlle. Lara. It is of simple cream taffeta, and clings closely to her lithe, svelte figure. From the round, decolette bodice to the feet falls an overdress of plated accordeon chiffon; at the bottom is an edging consisting of five graduated rows of narrow, cream satin ribbon. At wrist and bosom is a mass of transparent Venetian lace. The sleeves are full and of the accordeon-plaited chiffon, and around the neck is a frill of the same material edged by a band of rich fur. A sash which is finished in a big bow just behind the shoulders completes this costume.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

Continued from Page 14.

W. Allen, Los Angeles, secretary; Edgar D. Peixotto, San Francisco, director; H. G. Meyer, San Francisco, director; Judge Jas. A. Gibson, Los Angeles, director; J. A. Anderson, Jr., Los Angeles, director; Los Angeles National Bank, treasurer.

THE BURLINGTON OIL CO.

The Burlington Oil Co. of San Francisco is one of the most prosperous of the moderate-sized concerns doing business in the Los Angeles region. On their property, situated within the City of Angels and Oil, they own fifteen producing wells, which yield a steady flow of 1800 barrels a month. The company has been incorporated upon a $60,000 basis, with shares at $1 each. At the present market value of oil, it can be seen how well these shares will pay, especially in view of the fact that the operating expenses are low. The wells owned are all producing, it having been the company's policy to invest in these and no other. Stock is listed with the Producers' Exchange of San Francisco and with the Los Angeles Oil Exchange. The officers are: J. Gerstle, pre ident; E. Avery McCarthy, vice-president, and Harry Francis, secretary-treasurer; the officers, together with E. B. Holden and E. D. Piexotto, make up the board of directors. The McCarthy Co., 646 Market St., San Francisco, and 410-411 Henne Block, Los Angeles, are agents for the Burlington Co.

Oil Lands Should be Protected.

The Interior Department has decided in numerous cases that oil lands cannot be located under the placer mining law, until there has been an actual discovery of oil, and that surface indications however strong and convincing to an expert, are not sufficient evidence of mineral character, on which to base a withdrawal of the land from other appropriation. Hence, it is advisable for all persons holding mineral claims to undeveloped oil lands to have the same located in some manner that will protect them in their possession while they are developing their claims.

Parties desiring this protection are invited to correspond with me.

Terms, cash. I do not locate any lands on shares or on any contingencies whatever.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS ADDRESS

F. A. HYDE, 415 Montgomery St. - - San Francisco, Cal.

Western Land and Oil Syndicate.

OFFICE, 308 PINE ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

15,000 Acres of Oil Land in Kern County. Sales of Land on Easy Terms to Actual Developers.

A. G. GURNETT, President GEO. F. BEVERIDGE, Vice-Pres.

JOHN HEENAN, Secretary.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.'S BANK, DEPOSITARY.

Full Details. Maps on File at the Office.

Cable Address, "Westland." Telephone Main 402.

THE COLORADO-PACIFIC OIL CO.

Room 2, 4th Floor, Mills Building, San Francisco.

TELEPHONE No. 5802.

Capital Stock, $1,000,000.00. Par Value of Share, $1.00 Each.

This Company is organized under the laws of the State of Colorado, having its main office in Colorado Springs, Colo., and its stock is full paid and non-assessable. It is now operating on Section Ten (10), Township 28 | 28, in the Kern River Oil District, Kern County, California, where it has a favorable twenty year lease on the entire Section with an option to purchase same. It owns a standard rigging on the premises and is now putting down its first well on the Southeast Quarter of the Northwest Quarter of that Section. The Company also has ample funds in the treasury for prosecuting its prospecting and development work, and is now making investigations through its expert with the view of acquiring additional territory in this and other producing districts. The Company's expert, who is the leading oil expert on the Pacific Coast, states:

"I am thoroughly satisfied that the producing wells of the Kern River district will be found upon the table covering the North half of Township 28 | 28; here I consider one of the most promising localities for oil I ever saw. The mother source, so to speak, of the district is here. The conditions are perfect. Put your big standard rigs to work and watch results, at the depth of 1000 or 1200 feet. You will see big producers equal to the best of them. You will understand that the oil formation makes a turn here, and that where that is you will always find a table or straight formation. In my opinion, the oil being struck down next to the river is only the drippings from this table. One proof that such is the case is, that the oil taken from the wells further on up the hill is a much better quality. I made an examination of Section Ten (10), Township 28 | 28, and find that the highest point in the Township located in this Section is 900 feet above the water line of the Kern River. Wells drilled in this Section would naturally be much deeper than in the lower sections of Township 28 | 28, but I feel certain that these wells will be very large in production capacity, and the oil of light specific gravity, in other words, fulfilling all the conditions for flowing wells."

The Directors of the Company are as follows:—Irving W. Bonbright, of the Banking house of William P. Bonbright & Co., Colorado Springs, Colo., and London, England; J. R. McKinnie, President of the Exchange National Bank, of Colorado Springs, and President of the Moon Anchor Consolidated Mines Company, of Cripple Creek, Colorado Springs; Percy Hagerman, Treasurer of the Pecos Valley & North Eastern Railway Company, Colorado Springs; R. C. Thayer of the law firm of Hall, Babbitt and Thayer, of Colorado Springs; R. G. Hanford, mining, San Francisco.

Information with reference to this Company, its present status, and prospects, can be obtained at the office of its Vice-President, R. G. Hanford, Room 2, Fourth Floor, Mills Bldg., Tel. No. 5802, or of Emile E. Kahn, Asst. Secretary, 218 California St., Tel. No. 5908.

Its officers are:—

IRVING W. BONBRIGHT, Pres. and Treas. R. G. HANFORD, Vice-Pres.

R. C. THAYER, Secretary. EMILE E. KAHN, Asst. Sec.

Kern County Foundry and Machine Works.

A. J. WEBSTER. WM. BUSSE.

Light and Heavy Castings of Every Description. Horse Powers Always Ready. Castings for Standard and Other Rigs in Stock. Stems any Length Made to Order on Short Notice. Casing all Sizes Cut and Threaded to Order. Damaged and Worn Out Taper Pins and Boxes Recut.

REPAIR WORK A SPECIALTY.

TEL. BLACK 81 P. O. BOX 463

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

SAMUEL & KNOWLES

Real Estate Brokers,

—AND DEALERS IN—

Dividend Oil Paying Properties.

Rooms 39 and 40

Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco.

Or "THE SOUTHERN," Bakersfield, Cal.

Babblings of a Belle

THE person who said Dear Diary that "the course of true love never did run smooth" should have been discouraged or suppressed. I really believe that a great many of those silly old proverbs and axioms have done a great deal of harm. Now, if no one had ever said anything about the inability of true love to run smooth perhaps it might have run along quite unruffled, and I saved a great deal of trouble. I foolishly allowed my "ideal lover" to take a trip to Coronado. He wanted to get papa's and mama's consent to our engagement. Parents are so difficult to understand. I labored under the hallucination that they would be overjoyed at my choice. Fancy my surprise when papa wrote me that he would not dream of allowing me to marry a man of the "ideal lover's" type. He was not the sort of man to thoroughly understand his little daughter. Of course I was exceedingly annoyed, and wrote and explained to papa and mama that I had made up my mind that the "ideal lover" was to be my husband; that he thoroughly understood my idiosyncrasies, and that as I was doing the marrying, they might just as well comply to my wishes. But they were most unjust to the "ideal." They told him I was a frivolous little being who did not know her own mind. The consequence is he talks of taking a trip to the Hawaiian Islands. Poor fellow, I suppose he is heart-broken, while I am actually telling my best friends of my engagement; but have not gone into the cup business yet. Fancy parents as well brought up as mine taking so much upon themselves.

Notwithstanding the fact that I am living under the "ruffled true love stage," I have not made my grief the subject of conversation in highways and byways of my young friends. Monday night last I invited a number of girls to go to the theatre with me to see the Bostonians. There were twelve of us and we had a jolly time. I saw several theatre parties in the house. Elizabeth Huntington gave one to Della Mills, who left Sunday morning with her family for a trip to Europe. They are to stay abroad for six months and are to be in Paris throughout the Exposition. What luck. I quite enjoyed the "Smugglers of Badayez." The singing was fairly good. As the opera was light, it took my mind, to a great extent, off my own trials and tribulations. I noticed the Hopkins girls, Mary Scott, Caro Crockett, Katherine Dillon, Carrie Taylor, the Popes, George Newhall, the Taylor boys and several others in the house. All seemed to enjoy themselves very much. After the opera most of the parties adjourned to the Palace. I like that supper room more and more all the time. As for the music, it is most delightful to my ears.

Tuesday I spent at the golf links. I find I cannot stay at home and read, or write, or sew these days. I have to live in a whirl of excitement. It is exciting, you know, to watch the girls practice golf who are going in for the cup. I went around the links with one after another, and am surprised at the numbers of wild flowers growing out there. One would really believe spring had heard our calling and come to us. There are any number of meadow larks, too, whose exquisite song made me forget my own troubles and feel glad that I was living and able to enjoy nature in all her moods. I love the Presidio links—in fact I am getting quite interested in the game. As Arthur says, if I would only go in for it I should beat all the other girls, for I have never yet tried anything that has not been a wonderful success. Tuesday evening I went to the McNutts to dinner. It was only a small affair but awfully jolly. Mamie is so entertaining and Ruth looked lovely. I find I am getting very interested in Isobel Kittle. She is the sort of girl that would be a fine friend and I am thinking seriously of cultivating her. Georgia Hopkins and Mary Scott were the other girls. The men particularly met with my approval. Sam Boardman, Gerald Rathbone, Harry Stetson, Nat Wilson and a Mr. Berry, whom I am predisposed to like. I do not know him well, but Arthur has promised to cultivate him for me. That same evening Leah Shingleberger gave a dinner at which euery one had an excellent time. Flossie Deming looked particularly pretty. She has such beautiful hair and a complexion that suggests the bloom of a peach.

Wednesday a number of us went out to a luncheon at the Spreckels. The table was most charmingly decorated with roses. The Spreckels can have me to luncheon or to dine with them whenever they like, for they thoroughly understand the art of cooking and setting a table. I had a very jolly time and again forgot my serious "Ideal Lover" trouble in the brightness that surrounded me. I think most of the luncheons this season have been very successful. Still all the girls I know infinitely prefer any other form of entertainment. It is so difficult for girls who have as little time as the society girls of the world to have an opportunity to become really interesting as talkers. Were entertaining really made worth while, I suppose one would meet the cleverest men and women in the social whirl, but I fear that will not be for many years in San Francisco. Fancy the bliss of sitting through a dinner at which one was beside a man who put himself out to give one a good time. I, for one, would have my appetite taken away by the surprise. In San Francisco the real art of giving a dinner lies in the point of trying to get jolly girls to entertain the men who have so little that is interesting to say. Still we manage to get a certain amount of pleasure out of it all, and make the best of life. Thursday noon Ruth McNutt had a few of us to an informal luncheon at her home on Pacific avenue. She seems to be gradually becoming stronger and is one of the jolliest girls, I think, of the younger set.

Saturday evening Elizabeth Huntington gave us such a jolly dance. I love these informal affairs. Everyone entered into the spirit of youthful gayety that pervaded the house and had a capital time. I wish the people who have these ball rooms would give little dances more frequently. It is really but little trouble and a tremendous amount of pleasure is derived from it by the young people.

This coming week is not to be so bereft of entertaining as this last week has been. Therese Morgan will give a luncheon. Wednesday evening will be Charlotte Ellinwood's tissue paper party, and then we have the dear good Fortnightly to look forward to on Friday evening. MISS CRICKET.

Fainting Spells

Are peculiar to women. Men rarely faint. Many women are liable to what they term "fainting spells," and this liability is always most marked at the monthly period. This alone is sufficient to connect the "fainting spell" with a deranged or diseased condition of the womanly organs. The use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures irregularity, heals inflammation and ulceration, and stops the drains which weaken the body. It builds up the nervous system, increases the vital powers, and so removes the common causes of faintness in women. There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription;" neither does it contain opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic.

"It gives me much pleasure," writes Miss Ella Sapp, of Jamestown, Guilford Co., N.C., "to thank Dr. Pierce for the great good received from the use of his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I had suffered for three years or more at monthly periods. It seemed as though I would die with pain in my back and stomach. I could not stand on my feet without fainting; had given up all hope of ever being cured, when one of my friends insisted upon my trying Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. With but little faith I tried it, and before I had taken half a bottle I felt better, had better appetite and slept better. Now I have taken two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and am happy to say I am entirely cured, and all done in two months' time, when all other medicines had failed to any good."

A well known teacher, (English, German, French) going to Europe beginning of May, wishes to chaperone ladies going abroad. Highest recommendations.
Address CHAPERONE, this office.

If Buller can cross the Tugela
And capture the slippery Boer,
He'll find that his name
Will be equal in fame
To that of the old "Jesse Moore."

ASK THE TICKET AGENT

to send you from Chicago to New York, Boston, or other Eastern cities over the **Nickel Plate** (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) Quick time, satisfactory service, and no extra fares charged passengers.
JAY W. ADAMS, Pacific Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker bldg., San Francisco Cal.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

A Tribute of Dream.

"Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet;
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams." W. B. YEATS.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL.} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

Marvelous Champagne Figures.

109,303 cases of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry were imported in 1899, being 72,495 cases more than any other brand. Carrying an immense stock of choicest wines, its quality will always be maintained. Its 1895 vintage now imported is exceptionally fine.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

How can the British trooper bold
Defeat the wily Boer,
Unless he tones his system up
With good old "Jesse Moore?"

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block.

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

OPTICIANS.

H. CLAY EVERSOLE, Specialist in Eyesight measurements for spectacles and eyeglasses, 720 First ave

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. FLEISCHER, Surgery Genito-Urinary and female diseases. 201, 202, 216, 218 Washington blk

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

—FOR—

Nome, St. Michael, Dawson

AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.

CARRYING U. S. MAILS.

FOR NOME DISTRICT.

From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,

From San Francisco, S. S. "St, Paul," May 25th, 1900

A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fortnight Thereafter

For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak, and all Intermediate Points:

From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.

For new folders, maps and further particulars, as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

MRS. DOBLEY'S STRATEGY.

Mrs. Dobley appeared unexpectedly at the office just as her husband was preparing to go out for luncheon.

"I knew I'd just catch you," she exclaimed delightedly. "I just thought I'd enjoy surprising you! Now I want you to take me to one of those funny places where you get all the queer things to eat!"

"I suppose you mean a French restaurant?" said Mr. Dobley.

"Yes. Where you can get snails and mussels and things they don't have at American places, and cook coffee at the table and make salad dressing. I think it's lots of fun!"

"All right," assented Mr. Dobley, never suspecting his wife's deep-laid plans. She knew that a luncheon such as she had briefly sketched was calculated to put Mr. Dobley in first-class humor, when she might suggest anything wild, from a music hall matinee to a slumming trip in Chinatown. Dobley always walked into the trap blindly, although he had been worked in this way many times before. But French luncheons prepared as they were at Bignon's put him in a reckless mood. So they secured a pleasant table by a window, from which they could see the afternoon throng on the avenue, and Mrs. Dobley ordered luncheon.

"It's such a lovely day," said Mrs. Dobley, nibbling at a caviar sandwich, "that it seems a shame for you to go back to the old office. Suppose you telephone them you won't be back today."

"And what do you propose?" asked Mr. Dobley as he extracted a snail delicately from its shell. His accents suggested an amiability that would consider the purchase of a steam yacht or a trip to Europe.

"Oh, we'll think of something," said Mrs. Dobley, passing him a dish of stuffed olives, of which she knew he was particularly fond. "Aren't you going to smoke, dear?"

It was an understood thing that when the Dobley's lunched at Bignon's, Dobley was to smoke cigarettes all through the repast. Mrs. Dobley said it made her feel as if she weren't married.

"How is it," asked Mr. Dobley, "that we can't have cooks who know how to give this delicate flavor to soup?"

"We never can until we live in Paris," said Mrs. Dobley. "We shall some day. We shall go to Paris and take an apartment and live just as they did in 'Trilby.'"

"But until then," said Dobley, "must we continue this humdrum existence here in New York?"

"Do you know what I think would be great fun?" suggested Mrs. Dobley, insisting on the smaller half of the cold lobster, as she knew Mr. Dobley particularly favored it with Tartare sauce; "the next thing to Paris, in New York is——"

"What, my dear?" asked Mr. Dobley, with some alarm.

"The French shops on Fifth avenue," said Mrs. Dobley, sipping an absinthe *frappe* with the air of an habitue.

"Oh," said Mr. Dobley, "I've never heard of them."

"No!" said Mrs. Dobley, regretfully, "because you only see the bills from the big department stores where I have to trade and where any one can go and buy the same thing."

"Who has the price," put in Mr. Dobley.

"But I never feel that I can quite afford to buy at the French shops, for, of course, everything is imported and hand-made and high-priced! But, oh, they have the loveliest——" here Mrs. Dobley leaned across the table and whispered confidentially to her husband. "You simply can't get them anywhere else! And you go around in those little shops and see the things and you can quite imagine you are in Paris. Mrs. Van Ripper got a lot of things and she showed them to me yesterday when I called. Some beautiful——" Mrs. Dobley whispered once more.

"Really?" said Mr. Dobley.

"Yes—polka-dotted—all silk. You can't get them except in one shop. I tell you what we might do. We could go around and look at some of the things. We need not buy any unless we wanted to. There are a few little things I must get—have you any money with you?"

"Some," said Mr. Dobley, "but I have my check-book, anyway."

"Oh, that will be perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley, radiantly. "First we'll go Mme. Fittem's. I want you to help me select a pair of those new French corsets. I can't decide which pattern to take.

Mr. Dobley paid the bill, and complimented the waiter on the excellence of everything. Then he and Mrs. Dobley went out to a hansom cab, looking so gay that a bald-headed man by the window said: "These pretty typewriters have the most luxurious luncheons of any people in New York."

The corset shop was a bewildering place to visit. It was dim and perfumed and filled with fascinating wax ladies in startling negligee with small waists and a noticeable lack of limb. But Mr. Dobley, fortified by his French luncheon, entered almost blithely. The saleswoman looked after him admiringly. They were accustomed to men who sneaked in sheepishly to make purchases without looking round. Mme. Fittem greeted Mrs. Dobley like an old friend.

"I want to see some of those new Paris girdles," said the latter; "I want to order some, but I can't quite decide on the pattern."

"Do you mean the eighteen-dollar ones?" asked Mme. Fitttem.

"The black brocade with violets and pansies and rosebuds. Which do you think I ought to have, Mr. Dobley?"

"Violets, or pansies, let me see?" said Mr. Dobley. "This is rather nice; don't you think so?"

He was gazing admiringly at a beautiful wax brunette clasped in a gorgeous lacy creation and ending in a ruffle and a marble pedestal, like a mermaid from a marble yard.

"Those have the real lace edge and solid gold clasps," said Mme. Fittem; "they are really one of the finest pairs ever made!"

"Oh, I am sure they are too expensive," said Mrs. Dobley; "these simple eighteen-dollar ones are all I can afford!"

Mr. Dobley gazed at the pansy brocades with a scorn bred of French cookery. "Those look positively mean beside these," he said, decisively.

"But these are really too fine for ordinary use," said Mrs. Dobley.

"Why not have both?" said Mr. Dobley, as though the idea had suddenly occurred to him, as indeed it had. "How much are these?" He indicated the brunette mermaid.

"A pair to order like those would be $60," said Mme. Fittem.

"They are beautiful," said Mrs. Dobley.

"Both pair," said Mr. Dobley, taking out his pocket book.

"And a box of assorted silk lacings?" said Mrs. Dobley with a cheerful smile. "Good morning, Mme. Fittem—good morning."

As the Dobleys made their exit, the expression of the saleswomen had changed from mere admiration to hero worship. Mrs. Dobley rustled her skirts ostentatiously, something as a hen clucks its pride in its chickens. She felt prouder of Mr. Dobley at that moment than if she had seen him presented with a medal. "And now," she said: "to the hosiery shop?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Dobley, with his most debonair manner. "Do you know I can never imagine why some men object to go shopping with their wives? I would rather select hosiery than play poker, any time. Do you have to try 'em on? Don't mind me, you know. After that corset place I can go through anything!"

"Oh, certainly not!" said Mrs. Dobley; "they only have samples on those wooden—"

"Limbs?" suggested Mr. Dobley.

"Blocks—I was going to say," said Mrs. Dobley, "and you order a dozen of this kind or a dozen of that."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Dobley; "you don't get 'em by the crate or the keg?"

"Here it is," said Mrs. Dobley; "you see those dark blue with small white dots—those are like Mrs. Van Ripper's—only three dollars a pair—I am going to have some of those."

"And those black ventilated kind?" said Mr. Dobley, "they look rather giddy?"

"Those are open work," explained Mrs. Dobley; "those are five dollars a pair!"

"That's nothing," said Mr. Dobley; "we must keep above the Van Ripper standards!"

Mr. Dobley insisted on adding a box of embroidered handkerchiefs and a dressing-coat with lace butterflies inserted over its surface. A blonde saleswoman with blue eyes stated that it was just off the French steamer, and Mr. Dobley wanted two, but there was only one in the shop.

"These French shops are positively the most charming places I have ever been in!" he said, enthusiastically. "They seem so appreciative when people buy a few little things. Haven't you a few more on the list? The next time I go out to get you a present you won't catch me going to stores where they have grinning dudes for salespeople."

"Oh, you couldn't exactly go alone," said Mrs. Dobley in some alarm. She realized that Mr. Dobley would be the most popular man in New York with the proprietors and saleswomen of the shops they had just visited.

"Why not?" said Mr. Dobley.

"Oh, it wouldn't look just right," said Mrs. Dobley. "You couldn't very well select things yourself, could you?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Dobley. "After to-day's tour I feel that I could select outfits for female seminaries. I know all about the plain-ribbed and the silk and lisle mixed. I am an authority on the sudden-hipped model and the long-waisted medium. You couldn't palm off any plain plated hooks on me and I know that baby ribbon is not exclusively for infant's wear. I don't see why you should bother about shopping any more, Mrs. Dobley. I will relieve you of that annoying detail. Why, those saleswomen are too obliging for anything. Take that Titian-haired peach——"

"What?" said Mrs. Dobley.

"That demure-looking blonde girl in the glove store," said Mr. Dobley. "She seemed to me to have a beautiful disposition—so kindly—and—where is the next place you wished to stop, my dear?"

"I don't think we will stop at any more places to-day," said Mrs. Dobley, carelessly, "except, perhaps, the florist's."

"And then," said Mr. Dobley, "where do we go? I am just beginning to get in the spirit of this thing. Suppose we go——"

"Home," said Mrs. Dobley, with some decision. "Dinner will be about ready by that time, and the Van Rippers are coming. But we have had a lovely time, haven't we?"

"Lovely!" said Mr. Dobley, emphatically. "I'm going to take Van Ripper to-morrow."

—*N. Y. Sun.*

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore. MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

THE **Keeley Cure** ALCOHOL, OPIUM, DRUG USING

Communications Confidential. Write for particulars

F. H. NIXON, WEST SEATTLE, WASH.

GIANT OIL COMPANY

Location of Wells, McKittrick, Kern County, Cal.

Capitalization, $500,000.

600 acres of land, U. S. Patent in the heart of the now famous McKittrick district, selected by experts and proven to be one of the best Oil properties in the State.

WILLIAM J. DINGEE, President. J. M. MERRELL, Vice-President.

OFFICES:

Room 16, 2d Floor, Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 460 Eighth Street, Oakland, Cal.

FORTUNES IN OIL.

The Continental Oil and Development Co.

[INCORPORATED]

Only 6000 Shares of which 1,000 were put on the market and over half sold the first 10 days. This is a genuine opportunity for an oil investment. The Company owns by United States patent 5 twenty-acre tracts in the

"Oil Basin," Kings County,

the richest oil bearings in the entire belt. We have made arrangements for the latest improved machinery and will shortly be boring for oil, at which time stock cannot be had at any price.

No Assessments.

Wm. CORBIN, Pres. A. E. RUDELL, Secy.

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

TRY THEM FOR **Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and Sore Throat.**

Fac-Simile Signature of on every box.

Representative Business Houses of Bakersfield, Cal.

We All Do It
WHAT?
Drink Wieland's
Beer in
Bakersfield, Cal.

R. J. White, Pres. B. A. Hayden, Vice-Pres.
J. W. Crosland, Treas. F. S. Benson, Sec.

Bakersfield Hardware Co.

OIL WELL SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY.

Hardware, Farming Machinery, Wall Paper, Glass, Stoves, Tinware, Guns and Ammunition.

1813 Chester Ave. Bakersfield, Cal.

F. T. CARY

—DEALER IN—

All Kinds of Fresh and Salted Meats.

SOUTHERN HOTEL BLOCK, 19TH STREET
—BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

HUNT & HUNTER

Stock and Real Estate Brokers.

Non-Resident Business Given Special Attention. Oil Lands and Leases. Reference, Bank.

BAKERSFIELD, - CALIFORNIA.

— THE PLEASANTON —

MRS. M. J. CALDWELL, PROP.
1424 19th Street, Bakersfield, Cal.

Furnished Rooms, Transient or by the Week. Terms Reasonable. Centrally Located.

C. H. QUINCEY

BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA.

Plumber and Tinsmith.

Tanks of every description. All kinds of galvanized sheet iron work. We carry the largest stock of iron pipes in town, and buy in car load lots.

A. P. EYRAUD

Wholesale Liquor Dealer.

1131 19th Street, Bakersfield, Cal.

* * *

EYRAUD & CO., OIL EXCHANGE.
McKITTRICK.

H. L. PACKARD
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Kern Valley Bank Building,
BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

N. Y. Office, 360 Broadway | Henry Redlick
San Francisco Office, | Joseph Redlick
119 Bush Street | S. B. Redlick
Branch Store, Fresno, Cal. | A. L. Redlick

REDLICK BROS.
Big Department Store

All Pay Cash Here.
All Save Money Here.

BAKERSFIELD, - CALIFORNIA

TELEPHONE MAIN 161

Belau's Old Reliable Pioneer Store

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise
Oil Camp Supplies, Etc.

1918 to 1924 Chester Ave., Bakersfield, Cal.

BARNARD'S MACHINE SHOP

General Machine Work.
Oil Machinery a Specialty.

Shop on K St. Bakersfield, Cal.

FRANK C. ASTON,
PHOTOGRAPHER

Views of Kern River and McKittrick Oil Fields for Sale.

CHESTER AVE., South of K. V. Bank.
BAKERSFIELD, - - CALIFORNIA.

PHONE BLACK 165
D. FLYNN
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
WINES & LIQUORS
BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA.

W. BROOKS JONES, President. M. M. FISHER, Secretary.

The Kern County Abstract Company

19TH ST., BAKERSFIELD, CAL
INCORPORATED, CAPITAL, $100,000.

Complete Abstract System of Land, Water and Mining Titles.

A. C. WROOT

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

Wire, Iron and Brass Work, Plumbing and Tinning, TANKS.

COR. CHESTER AVE. AND 20TH ST.
TELEPHONE RED 103.

"The Hermitage,"
PALMES & DURNVAL
Tel. Black 44. Bakersfield, Cal.

THE TURFF
Saloon and Restaurant

AL. ARMSTRONG, PROP. OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
19th Street. Private Entrance, Wall Street.

E. H. LOVELAND
Shipping and Commission Merchant

—WHOLESALE DEALER IN—
Grain, Hay, Potatoes, Dried Fruits, Honey and Farm Produce.

BURNAP BLOCK, BAKERSFIELD, CAL.
TELEPHONE BLACK 264

J. B. HEWITT, Searcher of Records. H. P. BENDER, Notary Public.

Kern Valley Abstract au

BENDER & HEWITT, PROPS.

Real Estate, Insurance. Loans, Conveyancing. Complete Abstract of Land, Water and Mining Titles of Kern County.

BAKERSFIELD CAL.
County Seat of Kern Co.,

WM. F. BRYANT & CO.

Contractors for Oil Well Drilling

1805 Chester Ave., Bakersfield, Cal.

TELEPHONE RED 175.

L. C. ROSS H. P. ANDERSEN
—PHONE RED 234—
ANDERSEN and ROSS,
Wholesale Liquor Dealers
BAKERSFIELD, CAL. 1521-1523 19th St.

TELEPHONE BLACK 231
W. C. MOSS,
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER.
Prompt attention to night and day calls. Finest Funeral Cars in the Valley.
Office and Parlors HARDING BLK. BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

A. ALEXANDER A. WEILL
WEILL & ALEXANDER
General Merchandise.
BAKERSFIELD, - - - CALIFORNIA

J. NIEDERAUR
FURNITURE DEALER

Funeral Director Undertaker and Embalmer
—TELEPHONE BLACK 73—
Opera House Block COR. 19TH AND K STS.
BAKERSFIELD, - - CAL.

New Walter Hotel

JACOB WALTER, PROPRIETOR.

First-Class Accommodations. Meals 25 Cents. Rooms 25 Cents to $1. Everything New and Clean.

19TH STREET, BET. L AND M.
BAKERSFIELD, - - - CALIFORNIA

UNION LUMBER COMPANY

Proprietors of the Saw Mills on

MOUNT BRECKENRIDGE, KERN COUNTY.

Dealers in all kinds of Redwood, Oregon and Mountain Pine.
Also Doors, Sash, Shingles, Shakes, Etc.

BIG TIMBERS and DERRICK LUMBER A SPECIALTY

Yards, Chester and Railroad Avenues, Bakersfield, California.

McWhorter Oil Co.

—DIRECTORS—

Milton McWhorter, President and Manager; Bakersfield
John B. Rader, Secretary and Treasurer; Kern
John A. Bishop, Vice-President; Tulare
J. H. Moss O. B. Phelps

General Office, BAKERSFIELD.

Producers of Petroleum and Refiners of Crude Oil.

McWhorter Development Co.

—DIRECTORS—

Milton McWhorter, President and Manager
John A. Bishop, Vice President
John B. Rader, Secretary and Treasurer
J. H. Moss O. B. Phelps

—OFFICES—

McKITTRICK and BAKERSFIELD

Contractors and Oil Well Borers.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO

DEL MONTE

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p.m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Feb. 5, 10 15, 20, 25, March 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Feb. 5, 10, 15, 20 25, Mar 2 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Feb. 3, 8, 13 18, 23, 28, Mar. 5 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Feb. 4, 8, 12 16, 20, 24, 28, Mar. 5 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Feb. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, Mar. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.

No. 10 Market Street - San Francisco, Cal.

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Alameda, **for Australia**, Wednesday, February. 21, at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, March 7 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast

No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class — Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb, 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7. 17, 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

J. W. MONROE'S SPARKLING APPLE CIDER

Made in Humboldt Co., California

John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

SUNSET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1899-1900

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Fridays
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays and Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the travelling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5610 . 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

Roger S. Green, Pres. — Austin E. Griffiths, Sec'y

Invest Your Money in the

Sea Breeze Mine

The Richest Free Milling Gold Discovery in Southeastern Alaska.

A limited number of shares offered at Fifty Cents. Call or address

SEA BREEZE MINING CO.

Washington Bld., 1st Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

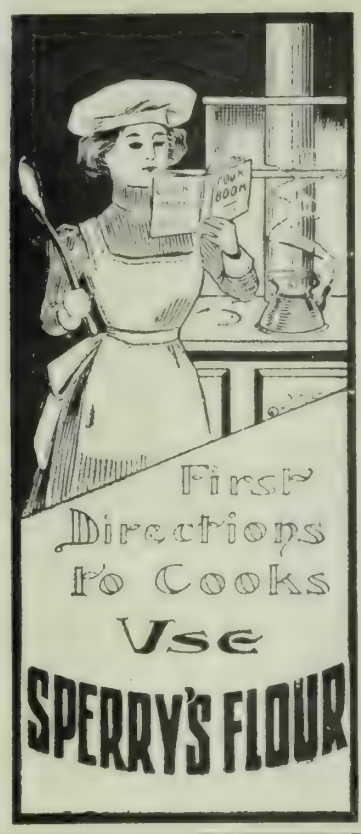
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 3rd day of January, 1900, an assessment (No. [illegible]) of [illegible] per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable [illegible] to the secretary of the office of the company, Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of March, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 26th day of March, 1900, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.



Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, Prop.
American and European Plan.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

FOR THE
BEST BOOK-KEEPING,
the SHORTEST SHORTHAND
Attend McLAREN & THOMSON'S
Acme Business College
College Paper Sent Free
Pacific Block SEATTLE, WASH.

Special Sale of Furs

At 25 per Cent Reduction
For the Next Ten Daps Only

Remodeling and Repairing.

AD. KOCOUR & CO.
Fashionable Manufacturing Furriers,
FUR DYERS AND FUR DRESSERS.
121 POST STREET, ROOMS 7 TO 11
Telephone Black 3743.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters
"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.
NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

Ladies Do Not
Seek assistance from new and untried preparations, but use the old, time-tried and reliable CREME DE LIS. It removes every trace of sallowness and other cutaneous defects, and the skin regains that softness and purity of color so rarely possessed by adults. Blackheads, freckles, muddy skin, wrinkles, and red nose, or face, acted upon as if by magic.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—Private Dempsey, of the "Dublins," had done a few odd jobs at his Captain's quarters, for which he was duly rewarded in coin. His Captain then said apologetically, "I'd give you a glass of whiskey, Dempsey, only the mistress has gone out, and I don't know where she put the keys. The only liquor left out is this bottle of Benedictine, and I don't think you'd care about the stuff, although it was made by the Benedictine Monks." "I'll try it, av ye plaze!" replied the soldier. A small liqueur-glassful was handed to him, which he swallowed with evident relish. "Ah, sir," said he as he smacked his lips, "Heaven bless the Holy Fathers for makin' the drink, but hang the man that made this glass!"

x

TAK'N PRISONER.—Some Army Reserve men, before leaving for the Cape, were entertained at a farewell supper by their fellow workers in Dundee. "Now, boys," said the chairman, after an appropriate speech, "treat what is on the table as you would the Boers." As the feast ended one of the Reservists was observed stowing away a bottle of whiskey in his pocket. "What's that ye're daein', Tam?" shouted the chairman good-humouredly. "Oh," replied Tam, "I'm only obeyin' orders! Ye telt us to treat the supper as we would the Boers, and, ye ken, what we dinna kill we tak' prisoners."

x

A SICK FAMILY.—In a Pennsylvania town the Health Office was notified of a case of malignant typhoid fever in a dwelling house on a side street. A messenger was sent to paste labels on the doors. This functionary found himself short of fever labels, so he placed his last on the front door and going around to the back gate pasted a diptheria label there. This circumstance nearly caused a panic among the hucksters who work both the fronts and rears of the houses. "Gee!" commented a big huckster, "dat's de sickest fam'ly I ever seen. It's lucky dey ain't got a side door. Dey'd have smallpox on dat, sure."

x

VARIATIONS IN SWELLED HEAD.—At the Cosmos Club in Washington a certain official belonging to the present Administration, noted for his egotism and pomposity, cautioned one of the scientific members of that exclusive body about mixing his drinks. "Don't," he exclaimed, "don't, old man, drink champagne and whiskey together. You will have a swelled head in the morning." "Well," replied his friend, "if I do I will get over it in twenty-four hours at most, but you—you won't get over your swelled head until the end of this Administration."

x

MADE UP FOR THE PART.—A certain little fellow had his picture taken, and when the family got the negative of it they were horrified to see the face of the boy all puffed out and the eyes bulging, and exclaimed in a body: "Why, what on earth did you do to make your face look like that?" "Didn't do a thing," said the innocent little fellow, "but just see if I could hold my breath until the man got through takin' my picture."

x

A DISTINCTION—John I. Blair in his earlier days owned a western railroad, along the route of which he established a series of lunchrooms at which employes of the road were to be charged 50 cents and all passengers 75 cents. Mr. Blair once dined at one of these places, and, concluding his meal, laid down a half dollar. "Hold on!" cried the cashier, "you don't belong to this road." "I know that," replied Mr. Blair; "the road belongs to me."

x

NOT THE POET'S STYLE.—Walter Scott and Morritt were once in Galgate, Barnard Castle, where was situated the inn the "Burns' Head," which had a portrait of the bard as a sign. Morritt showed this to Scott, and asked if it was like the poet. "How long has it been there?" asked Scott. "Two or three years," was the answer. "Then it's not like Robbie," said Scott; "Robbie would never have stayed so long outside a public-house!"

x

A PROPHET AT HOME.—Soon after his nomination as Postmaster General, Hon. Frank Hatton paid a visit to his home town, and, wishing to know how people who knew him as a boy were impressed with his progress in life, asked an old fellow who didn't know him: "Well, what did the people about here say when they heard that Frank Hatton was appointed Postmaster-General of the United States?" "Oh! they jest laughed."

x

A WESTERN VERDICT.—"We find," said the foreman of a Western jury, "that if, as the prisoner says, the shootin' was accidental, then he ought to hang, fer in these gun affairs a man oughter know his own mind. It oughter be shoot to kill or no shoot. A man who has accidents happen to him with a gun is dangerous to our society, an' oughter be put out of the way for the safety of respectable folks."

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

For nearly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate charges.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently-added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

THE WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between
Skaguay and Lake Bennett.
Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
Atlin, Dawson and Cape Nome Gold Fields.

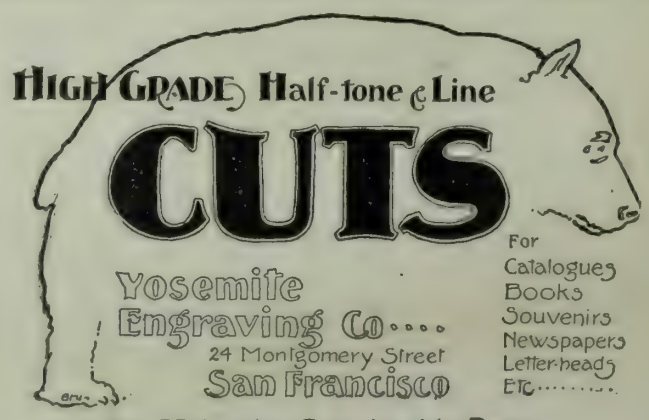
FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

California State Exposition, 1899
One Honorable Mention
Six First Premium Awards
This brand of wine is sold at all first class hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

GREENBAUM'S
White and Dark Violet
The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets
200 POST STREET

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.



We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS.
308 - 314 Post St.
Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. All the Latest Books in our Sheet Music Department.

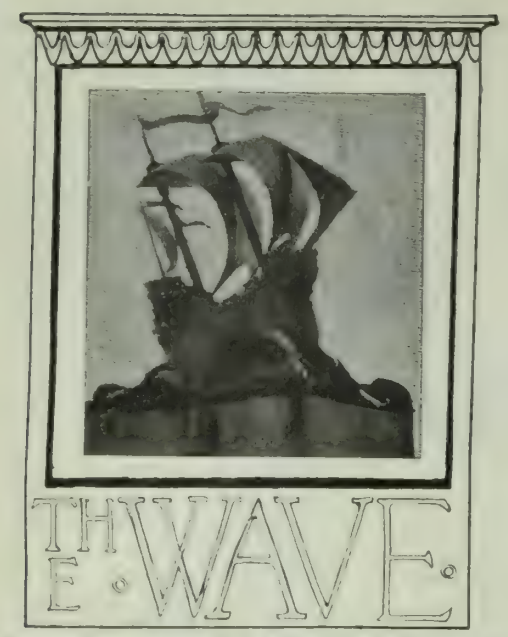
The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI. No. 7 SAN FRANCISCO — FEBRUARY 24, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

HON. THOMAS R. BARD,

ELECTED U. S. SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA AT THE EXTRA SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURE, FEBRUARY 6, 1900.



Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—February 24, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
The Bubonic Plague 4
Scenes in Manila 4
Fortunes in Oil, by Reuben Francis 5
Late Literary Lights, by Spencer Masters 5
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 6
California's New Senator 7
A Fleet of Transports 8
The Transport Service 9
London Theatricals 10
Babblings of a Belle 11
Tank No. 3. Wins Out 12
In Bookdom 13
The Drama 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

British Success in South Africa.

At last the tide has turned in South Africa. Kimberley is relieved, Cronje's force, which had held the town in a state of siege, is driven back and is fighting on the defensive, this being the first time the Boers have been in this position since the war broke out; Buller, in his steady, persistent hammering, has crossed the Tugela for the fourth time and captured positions which, it seems likely, he will be able to hold instead of abandoning under pressure as in his former advances. His chances there are problematical, however; the real success of the week and the only considerable British victory of the war was in the brilliant operations around Kimberley. As usual in this war, there are few details, and we will not understand how it was accomplished until the mail comes through from the front. Early last week the fact that Generals Roberts and Kitchener were in command at Modder river and had concentrated an army there leaked out through the censorship. The next thing heard of Roberts, he had departed on a mysterious movement with General French's cavalry command and a division of mounted infantry, about 10,000 men in all. The curtain dropped again; the next news that came in was a dispatch from Roberts stating that French had reached and relieved Kimberley. The astonishing feature of this news was the list of casualties—only twenty in all. On Monday, Feb. 19 still more puzzling news came over the wires; General Cronje, in command of the Free State forces around Kimberley, was then in full retreat, with Roberts pursuing and Kitchener, in command of Kelly-Kenny's cavalry, marching to intercept the retreat. Too late for confirmation this week comes the report that Cronje is hopelessly surrounded and must surrender unless he springs a surprise. The mysterious feature of the whole affair is the accomplishment of this end, for which Methuen fought three bloody battles ending in disastrous defeat, with almost no fighting. Either Cronje is leading General Roberts into a trap, or—and this seems the more likely—the great English general has entirely out-manœuvred the Boer commander and rendered his situation so hopeless that he has accepted defeat without engaging in a useless battle. If this is the true situation, it proves that England's need is for generals who know their business rather than for more men or long-range guns. It is too early as yet to say whether or no General Buller has any great chance of success in his fourth advance against Ladysmith. He has taken a strong Boer position on a range south of the Tugela, and has thrown a force across the river. It remains to be seen whether or no this will be another Spion Kop. Fighting is now going on at that point, and Ladysmith is again hopeful. Unofficial advices have it that the Boers are falling away from their positions in front of Buller. This is explained by Dr. Leyds, the Transvaal agent in Europe, who says that the Orange Free State forces with Joubert are going home to defend their capital against Roberts. If this is true, Roberts's brilliant piece of generalship has not only relieved Kimberley, but has assisted Buller to relieve Ladysmith.

Building Strike in Chicago.

Long-expected trouble has broken out in Chicago between the Building Trades Union and the Building Contractors' Council. The Building Trades Union has been considered one of the strongest labor organizations in this country. It has been in a position to dictate to employers of labor, and has done so to a tyrannical degree. It has even gone so far as to prescribe to contractors and architects what materials should be used on their structures, and had reduced hours to the lowest possible limit. Finally the union, urged on by walking delegates and professional agitators, passed a rule that Saturday afternoon should be given to the workmen as a half-holiday with full pay. The contractors, under pressure, yielded to this demand at first, for already building operations were almost paralyzed because of the high price of labor and the preposterous exactions its leaders found themselves able to enforce. A Contractor's Council, with 2,200 firms represented, was organized to resist these encroachments and it was decided to make the Saturday half-holiday a test question. Accordingly they announced that full time would be required on Saturday, Feb. 10. The agitators went to work at once, and the laborers left their work and walked out on strike at noon of that day. Ten thousand men were involved in this movement; twenty thousand more were already out of work as a result of paralysis of building activities, brought about by labor troubles. The strikers seemed to expect sympathy and sympathetic strikes, but they failed in this. Even the most non committal newspapers of Chicago took sides with the contractors, and the expected strikes in other industries have not materialized. As it is, the strike is a large one. Half a million dollars in wages per week is the loss to the laborers, while the contractors have been obliged to stop all work on seven big office buildings and scores of smaller ones. The value of buildings in course of construction is figured at $5,000,000 and contracts amounting to $15,000,000 are held in abeyance pending settlement. Further, $5,000 000 worth of contracts under consideration will not be submitted to contractors until the present struggle is ended. Some work is being done by non union laborers, but in the main, building has stopped. The workmen have not tried to interfere with these so-called "scabs," realizing that public opinion is against them and that it will be further alienated by any show of lawlessness.

The Conservative Reaction in China.

The Chinese Empress Dowager, now the virtual ruler of the Empire, seems to have taken a firm stand against foreign encroachment. A late imperial edict issued from the palace at Pekin ordered the viceroys and governors of the maritime provinces to resist, by arms if necessary, all aggression of outside powers. The language of the edict on this point is unmistakable: "It is our express command that, should any high official find himself so hard pressed by circumstances that nothing short of a war would settle matters, he is to set himself resolutely to work out his duty to this end." Further, if they find that their ancestral homes need to be "protected from the invader," they may take up arms at once without asking instructions from Pekin. The dethronement of Emperor Kwang Hsu and the passing of power into the hands of the old Empress is confirmed by the latest advices. The former Emperor is not dead, as was thought at first, but is held a prisoner at Pekin. Shortly after his deposition it was believed that the edict would be revoked in deference to popular pressure, it being the first time for two thousand years that public opinion had accomplished anything in China. This belief was set at rest by an edict issued January 25, wherein the Emperor formally announced his abdication and, "thanking the Empress Dowager for her kindness," gave into her hands the choice of a successor. European intrigue has something to do with this movement. The Chinese papers assert that the Russians and the French are backing it with a view to downing the British. Color is lent to this statement by the fact that the Russian and French legations had notice in advance of the Emperor's deposition, while the British were taken by surprise. The former Emperor was a friend to England, America and Japan, and was therefore feared and disliked by the French and Russian diplomats.

Russia Active in the East.

The Russian armies on the borders of Afghanistan have been unusually active of late, and the movement has caused more or less uneasiness in England. The first intimation of such a movement came in the early days of the Boer war. The matter was mentioned diplomatically to the Russian Ambassador at London; he passed it over lightly, claiming that the supposed movement was only a part of the autumn maneuvers, and was so positive in his denials of hostile intention that the British were forced to believe him, especially since Russia had, a few weeks previously, assured the Chamberlain Government that she had no intention of taking advantage of the British embarrassment. News from Central Asia comes in slowly, but now it is known that the first information was more or less correct and that the Russian Ambassador was misleading the government at London. Lord Salisbury and his advisers are on the horns of a dilemma. If they ask the crafty ambassador for information, they will get the same reply as formerly, while if they send to St. Petersburg a note asking for an explanation they will cast aspersions upon the truthfulness of her ambassador and upon her good faith of the protests of friendliness made early in the war. Two reasons other than designs upon Afghanistan and Northern India may be back of this advance. The Czar is intriguing for the control of Persia and the Persian Gulf, and this may be only a blind to turn attention away from the real objective. Again, the knowledge that the Russians hold a position close to the gates of Herat may be of use to Russia should she ask of England any small diplomatic favors in connection with China or Persia. It is a bluff, most probably, and if so, it has accomplished its object by scaring the diplomats of Great Britain.

Favorable Report on Canal Bill.

The House Committee on Inter-state and Foreign Commerce has submitted a favorable report on the Hepburn Bill for the early construction of the Nicaragua Canal. The report covers the objections made to the plan, the probable cost and the estimated returns, and dwells at length upon the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 and its bearing upon the subject. Practical details are first discussed. Estimates of cost have ranged from forty to one hundred and forty-five million dollars. The lowest is undoubtedly too low, as it is based on calculations designed on the shids of forty years back when draught and tonnage were small. On the other hand, the highest is also exaggerated. Estimates of the tonnage which would pass through the waterway are also variable. One authority has placed it at only three hundred thousand a year, while some estimates go up to eleven million. Making a conservative estimate at four million tons, the profits, on the Suez scale, would come to over six million dollars a year. This would pay interest on the loan, cover running expenses, and leave over one million dollars a year for profits on the original venture. Besides this, if the United States decided to use the canal for encouraging American shipping, a reduction of rates on vessels owned in this country would be the greatest possible stimulus to the American ship-building industry. It is admitted that certain persons claim to hold concessions from both Nicaragua and Costa Rica for the building of an interoceanic canal. The committee has investigated them all and believes that they are inoperative. We should control the canal, for the additional power it will give to our navy if for no other reason. As for the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the committee believes that Great Britain has violated its provisions and that it has therefore no more binding force. Its spirit was transgressed when, after agreeing that America and Great Britain should have joint control of a waterway to the East, the British built and held for themselves the Suez Canal. The British violated the treaty in 1860, when they contracted an alliance with Nicaragua permitting the landing of troops in that country. We ourselves were parties to this when we made a similar treaty with Nicaragua in 1868. But above all, conditions have so changed that, in the judgment of the best authorities of international law, the treaty may be considered to have lapsed. This is, of course, a partisan view. Others, the English in particular, do not hold the old treaty so lightly. Nevertheless, there is a strong feeling in both the House and Senate against recognizing it as a factor. The Hay-Pauncefote agreement, which recognizes and then abrogates the Clayton-Bulwer agreement and binds the United States not to fortify the canal, is now looked upon as a loser when it shall come up in the Senate for ratification. It will be laid on the table for the present, in the hope that some other way out will present itself, but it is almost certain to fail of ratification in the end.

Legislation for Cape Nome.

The affairs of the Cape Nome mining district are before Congress in the shape of three bills all more or less conflicting in tone and intent. The whole matter hinges on the definition of the beach claims. It is a new problem in law legislation, for never before has gold in paying quantities been discovered on the sea beach. As is well known, the beach diggings have been controlled, up to this time, by the United States army, being given out by the army officer in sixty-foot widths to individual miners. A bill before the Military Committee of the House provides for permanent control in this manner, while another one now before the Committee on Public Lands grants the Interior Department full authority. Neither of these bills was prepared by actual members of the committees; they have been originated by Congressmen under pressure from individuals directly interested in the diggings. A third bill which bears indirectly is that of Senator Nelson, called "a bill to preserve rivers and harbors." This favors the leasing system for tide-lands, and, if passed, will permit of a monopoly of beach claims by chartered companies. The members of the committees have reached no agreement. Even the law on the subject is obscure. Good Alaskan lawyers claim the statute now in force establishing a sixty-foot reserve does not apply to land containing gold or to cases where land adjacent to the beach has not been taken up under the homestead law. If they are confused on this point, the authorities are wholly at sea regard ng rights of dredging submerged sand for gold. Many applications for dredging rights are now before the War Department; almost without exception, the army men have refused these, pleading that Congress ought soon to act on the question. This may not happen, however, during the present crowded session, as it will take much time and labor to unravel the law and precedents of the case.

The School System of Manila.

The Government now maintains thirty-nine public schools in Manila, and is making a mild attempt at enforcing universal attendance by children of school age. The main reason why the attempt is not pushed with more energy is the fact that there are not nearly enough houses to accommodate the school population of the city. The system as it runs at present is patched up from the old Spanish plan. In the days when Dewey was blockading the town, the entire Spanish educational system was suspended. Shortly after the city was occupied by our troops, Chaplain McKinnon of the First California began a search for teachers and pupils, and, with the help of the military authorities, soon had several schools in operation. They ran along somehow until the opening of the Tagalog rebellion, when several of the institutions were deserted by the pupils, and the Provost Marshal had to issue a proclamation announcing that, unless the attendance increased, the buildings would be closed. This had the desired effect, and the system dragged on until June 1, 1899, when McKinnon was relieved by G. P. Anderson of Oregon, a Yale graduate and the present superintendent. Now the educational system is in three divisions—the primary schools, the high schools and the normal. The two last-named are left, for the present, in the hands of the Jesuit Fathers, who conducted them under Spanish rule. The primary department is non sectarian in character. In each of the twelve districts of the city there are at least two schools, one for boys and one for girls. In the teaching force there are eighty-five mestizos and natives, forty Spaniards, and twenty-one Americans. The curriculum is about like that of an American primary school, except that instruction is given in Spanish, with English added as a special study. The old religious instruction of the Spanish schools has been judiciously dropped. The attendance is about 5,000, out of a school population of 25,000; this does not include the attendance at private and parochial institutions. The high and normal schools are in the hands of the priests, and are granted a subsidy until the Government plans can be extended. Just now there is urgent need for more buildings. In general, the natives take kindly to our school system, and are disposed to send their children. This is believed by the army authorities in Manila to be one of the surest means of winning over the Tagal population.

American Fruit-Growers and German Laws. The late announcement of Herr Von Bulow, German Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the effect that the rigid examination of American fruit is to be modified in future, is of great importance to American fruit-growers. The cable dispatches do not state just how the change is to be made, except that it will be to our advantage. The discrimination against American fruit in Germany dates back two years. At that time, German growers awoke to the fact that our farmers were crowding them out in their own market. In 1897, our annual exports of fruit amounted to about four and a half millions; one-half of this consisted of apples and more than half went to Germany. American apples were superior to the German and were sold at least as cheaply. There was a howl from the agrarian party; the government responded by prohibiting the importation of plants, slips, fruits, dried fruits, or even the boxes or packages in which they are shipped. Subsequently the embargo on fruit was removed, with the provision that it should be given a rigid inspection at the port of entry. The German cry of "wolf" caused other nations to take similar steps; Austria, Switzerland and Canada have since passed laws directed against our fruit trade, while other nations took the matter under advisement. The fruit men appealed to the State Department at Washington, and the matter was investigated and placed before the German government in its true light. Careful experiment showed conclusively that the San Jose scale does not spread from fruit to tree. This fact was submitted to Germany, together with the recommendations of the State Department, and had the result noted above. It may be added that the failure of the German apple crop, causing a famine in this staple, may have something to do with this change of heart.

Slow Work on the Paris Exposition. According to the latest reports, work on the Paris Exposition is proceeding very slowly, and it is doubtful if the buildings can be finished and the exhibits installed in time for the scheduled opening. Heavy rains and snow-storms and labor troubles have seriously retarded progress. Of the sixty-two days of December and January fifty have been stormy, and 1200 carpenters, the most important body of men employed at this stage of development, have been out on a strike for some weeks. It was promised in advance that several important buildings would be done by Feb. 1, but these still lack a good month's work of completion. The Chicago Exposition was behind specifications on Feb. 1, 1893, and was prepared for the opening day only after the most strenuous exertions, yet the French are even farther behind at the corresponding date, and are much slower builders than the Americans. The Alexander Bridge alone is in a satisfactory stage of completion. Barring this, the prospects for the big fair are excellent. The political situation has cleared, and the managers are certain that the hatred of France engendered by the Dreyfus affair and anti-English feeling will not injure attendance to any great extent. They have issued orders for 65,000,000 tickets of admission, 20,000,000 more than were issued for the Exposition of 1889.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Backbone of Reorganization.

WHAT does the Republican party of California need of re-organizing or harmonizing? Having decided which of these two shall take place the question naturally arises, "Who shall lead in the movement?" There lives in the interior of the State, among Republicans who come to state conventions, a fine spirit of rebellion against the domination of the solid boss-ridden boss-controlled vote of the San Francisco delegation. In both Democratic and Republican state conventions a solid delegation from San Francisco, in the hands of a single man, is all-powerful in compelling country delegations with a "favorite son" to toe the mark for the boss programme. There seems to be no place for a reform movement to gather the basic strength necessary to do battle with the San Francisco boss. A solid South represents some 150 votes in a Republican state convention. The solid delegation from San Francisco is within one or two of that number. In matters of politics the South is usually a unit—but unfortunately not for a principle. They consolidate on candidates—and are as willing as any one of the several counties of the North to trade principles for their "man." The county that sends an assemblyman or senator to the Legislature for the purpose of procuring the enactment of some special pet measure, commits a political crime. As soon as it becomes known at the capital that the constituents of Jones or White from this or that county expect him to pass any given measure for the benefit of his county, every crooked member of the Legislature is against that measure until Jones has bartered away his honesty and agreed to support a multitude of iniquitous measures in return for support to his bill. The county that sends a "solid delegation" to state conventions seeking the nomination of some popular "favorite son" to a given place on the state ticket, renders that delegation easy prey for the manipulator. While the boss may have a large block of delegates at his command, he needs more votes to place corrupt or complaisant men upon the ticket, and if the "favorite son" has a large enough following, and if the position he aspires to is not one where he can accomplish any particular harm, his shouting, half-blind followers are taken into the camp of the boss and programmed for the boss slate. When the delegation that has betrayed its party for the "favorite son" returns home, a brass-band and steam-beer reception follows, the county glows with pride, because her favorite has been chosen to such high honor, and so the farce is played out until the final act.

Probably it will never be possible to eliminate this evil of selfishness from politics, but perhaps it may be mitigated as the masses grow more intelligent politically. An instructed delegation to a state convention or an instructed legislator is, to use a slang expression, simply "a pudding" for the manipulator who represents the corrupt side of politics.

In the coming "reorganization" the party has this to fear. Aspirants for the gubernatorial nomination to succeed Mr. Gage will not be likely to find much that is commendable in any plan that does not have for its ultimate object their nomination at the head of the ticket. Reorganization to one candidate means the elevation of his particular friends and his own nomination; while to another equally "prominent" reorganization, it means exactly the opposite thing.

It requires time, money, patience and constant effort for an individual to accomplish much in state politics. There are young men in the Republican party who, with less effort than others, might put themselves to the fore front, and lead the party to victory. But the public must prepare itself for this, that the principals in the movement which seems inevitable will be men ambitious to lead—not as politicians, but as seekers after high political preferment. Even though these leaders be respectable what does it matter, if the ambition of one or more of them is to become governor.

Within the large cities the reorganization movement will hardly be felt. In Sacramento, San Jose, Oakland, and Los Angeles, too, probably, there will always remain the taint of the boss, to plague the mixed and thickly settled community. These delegates, though in the minority, will make themselves felt, and will demand concessions. To the country the party must look for the backbone of any movement that is intended to break down the strength of bossism.

Settling Water Rates.

THAT the newly-installed Board of Supervisors of San Francisco is made up of honest, intelligent, well-meaning men, willing and anxious to serve the municipality to their best ability, no one doubts. Consider each member as an individual or the body as a whole, and the tax-payer must extract some satisfaction from the process. Neither small jobs, demagogic posing, corrupt practices, nor any of the unholy vices, large or small, that usually creep into such boards, will be likely to find encouragement among such men, unless all signs fail. If the impulse of the charter and new civic life is responsible for this refreshing novelty in municipal politics, then God bless the charter!

Just now this body is considering the question of water rates. No blatant demagogue has appeared among them to shout vain invective into their ears, nor has the thrifty corruptionist yet made an appearance among them. These twin evils of decency seem not to abide among the members of this Board. In an orderly and businesslike manner they are proceeding to ascertain the cost and value of the water plant for the purpose of establishing a basis upon which to prepare a schedule of rates. The corporation itself, represented by its agents, engineers, accountants and attorneys, is laying before the investigators the cost of acquiring and maintaining its property, in a manner quite frank and unobstructed by technicalities or dilatory tactics. The entire proceeding is at once proper and businesslike, and over it all prevails a spirit of frankness and fairness upon both sides. Politics is entirely eliminated and the confounded and confusing clap-trap that demagogy usually injects into such proceedings is happily absent. The matter in hand is a business proposition and is being so treated.

If the municipality owned the works, its legislative officers might meet in just such a frame of mind and discuss in just such manner the cost, the value, the expenses of maintenance and operation, the fixed charges of interest, sinking fund, etc., preparatory to fixing water rates for the ensuing year. In such a discussion, the best business principles alone should govern deliberations. In fixing the rates which the water company may charge, no one but a rascal would permit unfairness to creep into his judgment. The power to regulate is vested in the Supervisors to prevent extortion on the part of the corporation. But the Board may not enforce an unfairly low rate any more than can the corporation enforce an unfairly high rate. This is elementary. The corporation is entitled to live. It cannot be arbitrarily crushed out of existence or compelled to conduct its business at a loss. If a fair profit is obtainable the corporation is entitled to it. What are the profits of such a corporation—the sum of money earned by it *over and above* operating expenses, repairs, betterments, interest on bonded and floating indebtedness? It is essential for the corporation to earn all of these to survive, and it is quite as essential that the owners of such property—the stockholders—should receive a fair interest on their investment. It has been conceded, we understand, that five per cent. shall be considered a fair dividend to stockholders, and, having reached this point, we are somewhere near a place where this water regulation will be lifted out of our politics. The power to regulate earnings is the next thing to ownership itself, indeed it is one of the chief functions of ownership. This power has been woefully abused by preceding Boards of Supervisors, and if the present body can but succeed in settling the question as completely as our unfortunate laws will permit, they will confer a lasting benefit on San Francisco. But they must bring their own good intelligences to bear on the subject and permit no one, not even Mayor Phelan, to dictate or foist his own ideas and theories upon them. Unfortunately, the mayor is possessed of an ambition to score off corporations, to utilize their necessities as the opportunity for his own political aggrandizement. This tendency must not be forgotten when the final decision must be come to.

Year in and year out, it has been charged that Spring Valley water company has interfered in municipal politics for self protection; year in and year out it has been charged that venal and corrupt Supervisors have extorted large sums of money from it under threats of abusing the sacred power lodged with them. Year in and year out it has been charged that political bosses and Supervisors have made violent raids upon this corporation for the purpose of depressing the value of its stock upon the market, driving timid and helpless holders to sell at a loss so that the politician might buy at a low figure and sell at a profit when the attack inspired by him was suspended. The members of this Board know that this water question has been prolific of scandal ever since the unfortunate "new constitution" was adopted. We do not claim that truth is behind the scandals in question, nor do we deny them, but we do know, and every good citizen knows, that true or untrue, the community at large is harmed by their constant and regular reiteration. If this Board could put this water question out of politics, could settle it fairly and honestly so that no aspiring demagogue or thrifty Supervisor of the future could again profit by it, we would all heave a great sigh of relief. Of course this Board cannot amend the constitution, but it may settle this question in the minds of all honest men. Frankly we believe this, we believe this water company that has been charged with corrupting our politics will be encouraged to work for honest Supervisors if this Board will but demonstrate that honest men dare to do right.

There are others.

COLONEL DONAN, whom the Seattle *Times* describes as "one of the most entertaining men who has ever been connected with journalism in the United States," some years ago settled in Portland, Oregon, which place after a few years' trial he determined to quit. Writing to a friend at Seattle before leaving Portland, he said:

"I am sorry I did not go to Seattle, instead of coming to Portland. Everything indicates that you are to have the second city—if not ultimately the first—on the Pacific Coast. This place had the chance, but its d——d 'Old Pioneers' and 'Native Sons,' its mossbacks and pullbacks and miscellaneous mulligrubbers have killed it, in spite of all its natural advantages and its hoarded money. I think the Union Pacific system will build to the Sound during the coming year; and that will put the finishing touches to the competition of this metropolis of sluggards."

And while the *Wave* reader at the San Francisco end is reading this extract let him ponder over the query as to how far it is applicable to San Francisco as well as to Portland. If we had a Colonel Donan about to quit San Francisco for Chicago, he would not vary his tone in referring to the shameful way in which the natural advantages of the western city had been permitted to languish and go uncared for by those who in the nature of things should have given them their best attention.

Errors of British Warfare.

Apart from the undoubted individual superiority of the Boer over the British for the style of fighting now going on in South Africa, it is an undoubted fact that the British officers have made some terrible mistakes in the work in hand. This is admitted not only on neutral ground but in London, where public opinion is united in condemnation of certain officers and commanders. The main points of failure are enumerated by the experts of the principal English magazines. The expert of the *Fortnightly Review* maintains that the first blunder was in the failure of the War Office to make ready in advance, the military considerations being overruled by political expediency. Among the generals, all have blundered. This, remember, was written before Roberts took control and before the Spion Kop disaster. Gatacre at Stormberg broke the commonest rules of tactics. White blundered by halting at Ladysmith to be shut in. Methuen failed to follow advantages. Buller has the least blame to bear; the officer who advanced the artillery without adequate reconnoisance is the one responsible for the Tugela defeat. When all is said, however, he believes that the heavy blame should rest on Lord Lansdowne and the other civilians of the War Office, who are responsible for the unpreparedness of the army.

The expert of *Blackwood's Magazine* accuses all the commanders, especially Methuen, of gross stupidity. They have failed to follow whatever advantage they had gained, they have been foolish in the handling of the men, bringing them into action when they were in bad physical condition; they have fought without scouts in a style of fighting where good scouting is half the battle. The great mistake of the War Office is in the furnishing of antiquated artillery. More cavalry and mounted infantry, better cannon and intelligent generals are the great needs

The writer for the *Contemporary Review* is less caustic and more hopeful. He, too, harps on the stupidity of the generals, and criticises their poor strategy in dividing their armies when they should have massed them, and omitting in their plans of campaign all consideration of what the Boers might do. Writing a month before the relief of Kimberley, he recommends that Generals French and Gatacre combine with Warren's reinforcements and advance in mass to crush Cronje and relieve Kimberley. Strangely enough, this is just what has been done this week.

DRILL OF THE BRIGADE. ONE OF THE TWO FIRE ENGINES.

THE PRIMITIVE FIRE BRIGADE OF MANILA.

PHOTOS BY J. L. DARMES.

THE BUBONIC PLAGUE.

ORIGIN AND VARIETIES OF THE DREAD DISEASE.

MUCH as we have heard of the bubonic plague since it began its spread around the Pacific, it is doubtful if many people understand with any degree of accuracy just what it is and is not. Science itself can not tell over-much about the scourge, for it is a peculiar disease, with many features still unexplained. Yet, the known facts are little disseminated in this quarter of the globe. It may be that we will have occasion to know more of it before long, for it has appeared on all the coasts of the Pacific except the American side during the past two years. Beginning with Northern China, it has shown successively in Southern China, in Japan, in the Straits Settlements, in Manila, and in Honolulu. It is one of the characteristics of the disease that it travels slowly. One year, it devastates a town, runs its course and disappears; the next, it shows up in some village say, fifty miles distant, or in some seaport visited by vessels from the infected district. The Black Plague, the name by which the disease was known before modern science named it, shows in three forms, the bubonic, the enteric and the pneumonic. The bubonic is the most common and fatal form. In this variety, besides the fever and delerium which marks all three forms, the characteristic symptom is a swelling of all the glands in the body, especially the bubuoes, which break just before death. The enteric variety attacks the intestines and is, strange to say, least fatal of all; in an epidemic, the great majority of cases which give recoveries are of this form. The pneumonic variety is least understood; in this, the lungs are attacked. Pneumonic cases are almost without exception, fatal.

If we are to rely upon the statements of the French scientists, who have made the plague a special study, we must admit that many precautions taken by towns infected with the plague-scare are misdirected. In Hilo, recently, the shot-gun quarantine was especially strict against mail and goods coming from Honolulu. Yet it is doubtful if the disease is ever carried far in this manner. The germ can not live long away from organic life. In the bodies of men and animals, in the organic life in heaps of filth, it grows and thrives; removed from these, it perishes in a short time. Dogs, cats, rats, mice and snakes are the chief carriers of the disease, which never attacks cattle or other herbiverous animals. Rats, especially, are dangerous in plague time. Wherever there is an epidemic, one of the first signs is the discovery of dead rats. The mortality among these creatures harks back to one of the mysteries of the disease; it is believed, in some unknown way, to infect the soil of a district where it appears. This is the more inexplicable because of the fact noted above that, when removed from organic life, the germ lives only a short time. It may be that it finds in the soil elements of nutriment, or it may be that the presence of filth containing maggots or other low organic forms accounts for it. At any rate, the disease always disappears suddenly and unaccountably after one season's ravages, as though the infected earth had taken it and let it run its course. This peculiarity, as well as the filth theory, would account for the mortality among rats, as they run close to the ground. As these rodents infest the holds of vessels, they are believed to be the most active disseminating agents, and it is likely that they, and not Chinese immigrants, brought the disease to Honolulu. If we have bubonic plague on the Pacific Coast, it is probable that the rats will bring it here; while the authorities of San Francisco or Portland or Seattle are quarantining goods and passengers, some of the dangerous vermin will slip ashore and precipitate the infection. This is not idle speculation, but a strong possibility. The first white victim in Honolulu, with the exception of a degraded woman who lived among the Chinese, caught it from a rat.

The one saving grace in this terrible plague, and the one thing which ought to prevent it from claiming any great number of white victims, is the fact that it is not communicated by direct infection like small-pox or other epidemic diseases. It must enter the system through some cut or abrasion in the skin. In India and China, the natives die like sheep while the whites are almost immune, because the natives go barefoot, thus making cuts and sores frequent. As the germ infects the soil, cuts and bruises on the foot are brought close to the source of infection. Even when the disease takes the enteric form, that is, when it attacks the intestines, it does so through the intestinal canal. In experimenting with the disease in the laboratory, scientists have proved all this beyond doubt. Animals confined with plague bacilli do not take the disease until it is communicated to them. In travelling from person to person, direct contact is not necessary, but it is necessary that a sore or scratch shall give entrance. Nevertheless, an abrasion no larger than a pin-prick is sufficient. It is not certain whether insects, such as mosquitoes, gnats and flies, carry the germ, but it is sure that they are a fruitful source of contagion through their skin-piercing bites.

Once contracted, the disease is the most fatal known. In the Honolulu epidemic, now partially arrested, eight cases out of forty-eight recovered, but this is an unusually low rate of death. The rule is that ninety-five out of a hundred die, the recoveries being generally among those who contract the enteric form, this bearing the same relation to the bubonic as varioloid to small-pox. When the disease has a hold on the system, there is no known cure; the only thing to be done is to nurse the patient and hope. There is, however, a preventive. An elixir discovered by French physicians and now used universally by doctors and nurses dealing with the plague, renders the subject immune in the same degree as vaccination against small-pox. That is, the person thus fortified may take the plague, but only in a very mild form, from which he is almost sure to recover. Applied in the very early stages, this preparation will cure, but when the disease has made any progress it only hastens the end. The injections of this fluid must be renewed every few days, as it fortifies the system for a short time only. This, together with elimination of the filth which furnishes a breeding-place, forms the only good method of fighting Black Death.

Seattle is making an earnest effort to have the headquarters of the Department of Alaska of the regular army located in that city. General Randall has been placed in command of the Department and directed to remain in the Queen City until the season opens in the north. In support of the claim that Seattle is a better place for the headquarters than some of the Alaska towns suggested, it is pointed out that none of them can be reached during the winter without considerable difficulty, and in addition the cost of building storehouses in Alaska would be great, while there are plenty of buildings in Seattle available for the purpose at a moderate rental. The fact that Seattle is a more desirable place of residence is also pointed out. A memorial has been sent to Congress on this matter. Another memorial has been sent to the same body asking that Pacific coast ship-builders be given the same opportunity to bid on the construction of government vessels as is given to the builderson the Atlantic coast. The Chamber of Commerce and several other of the industrial associations of the city are behind these movements.

In recent years nettle fibre has come greatly into favor in the manufacture of fine yarns and tissues. Many factories in Germany use these fibres for spinning and other purposes. Nettle fibre produces one of the finest tissues obtainable from any known kind of vegetable fibre. In view of the importance which this seems likely to attain in connection with the weaving industries, it is intended to introduce the cultivation of nettles, if possible, into the Cameroons.

The difficulties in the way of housing and feeding the 20,000 students in Boston who can afford to pay but a small sum for board and rooms have suggested the idea of erecting a ten-story building, in a central location, where some eight or nine hundred of these young people may live at an expense of from $2.50 to $4 a week. Besides the 411 rooms in the proposed building, there will be a gymnasium, reading rooms, bowling alley, billiard room, and a concert hall capable of seating eight hundred people. The cost is estimated at $750,000, and this amount it is proposed to raise by subscription.

INSURGENT PRISONERS PLAYING PELOTA IN THE COURT YARD OF BILABAD PRISON.

FORTUNES IN OIL.

BY RUBEN FRANCIS.

TO the outsider, whether in Europe or the East, California is the land of a thousand booms. The California millionaire is a figure in literature. When the author of *L'Abbe Constantin* wanted a husband to account for the wealth of his American heroine, he made him hail from the Golden State. Take any French novel which introduces a rich American heiress, and it is ten to one that before you have gone fifteen pages you find that she comes from the same favored region. Even Kipling, looking for a rich father to *Harvey Cheyne*, the hero of "Captains Courageous," made him the magnate of a railroad on the Pacific Coast. And so it goes. California and large fortunes occur together in the public mind.

Where there is much smoke, there is usually some fire. Sudden and unexpected booms, with the accompanying accumulation of fortunes, have been a feature of the history of California, which has been a peculiarly favored region for short cuts to wealth. First, there was the big '49 gold boom, which made history in its day. Then came the quicksilver excitement of 1857 and 1858. This was dying out when gold and silver were struck at Washoe and Virginia City. When the Pacific railroads were finished to the coast, a real estate boom followed in San Francisco, and thousands made fortunes or "went broke" in speculating on locations. This merged into the great Comstock speculation. Then, in the early eighties, the extension of the Atchison, Topeka, & Sante Fe to Los Angeles brought a real estate boom to Southern California and the San Joaquin valley. When this excitement ran its course and died away, to be followed by "land-poor" times, it seemed as though we were at an end of our booms. People have talked these twenty years about "stable prosperity," "steady development," and all that, but there has been no more thought of booms.

Now we are at the beginning of another excitement that has every chance of outfooting most of its predecessors. It is hardly six months old now, but it is already running wild. Citizens of San Francisco who have heard of the new oil fields now being opened and exploited are inclined to be a little skeptical. No such skepticism prevails in the South, where the results have been observed first hand. Los Angeles is as excited over oil as Seattle is over Cape Nome. Those who have not oil stock already are saving and borrowing to invest, and men are throwing up their positions to rush to the fields exactly as the residents of the Northwest gave up their places last year to get into the Klondike. New companies are being organized by the hundreds, and their stock sells with great readiness. Four corporations organized in Orange County for $150,000 each sold out their stock in Pennsylvania within a week. All the local workmen who know anything about oil drilling were snapped up at high wages long ago, and others have been rushed on from the East. Dealers in drilling appliances have orders for months ahead.

Although the possibilities of the industry have only just come into public notice, the mining of oil did not come up suddenly, but as a gradual development. For many years the state has produced petroleum. In 1893 thoeutput was 303,400 barrels. By 1898, when the first rumblings of the coming boom were apparent, the yield had risen to 2,240,058 barrels. Then, in 1899, it reached the neighborhood of 4,500,000 barrels, valued at about $6,000,000. In 1893 there were less than 200 active wells in the state. Now there are 2300, with more spouting up every day, 1200 having been sunk last year alone. The present average daily production of 12,000 barrels will, it is estimated, be raised to 25,000 by the end of the year. Dr. Lyman Gardner of the United States Geological Survey has made what experts consider a conservative estimate in stating that the fields now discovered ought to be yielding 60,000 a day within a few years. When the strata of asphalt rocks at great depth are understood, he believes that the yield will be increased beyond that figure—how far beyond he does not venture to say.

Santa Paula in Ventura county and Puente in Los Angeles county are the oldest fields in the state. They have been operated for nearly twenty years and had a good market near at hand, until the discovery of greater fields lowered prices. The Los Angeles field was, until this year, the heaviest producer in the state. The Westlake Park district is in the city proper, and has transformed what used to be a choice residence district into a forest of derricks. The residents of this district have temporarily checked development by enjoining the oil men. Even at that, the field gives 80,000 barrels per month. Last year the Coalinga fields took the lead, and are now yielding 105,000 barrels a month. The Kern county field, where one well alone spouts steadily 760 barrels a day, had the most rapid development of any opened last year. But Coalinga still holds the lead, both for total production and for average per well. The entire product of this field comes from eighteen wells. The Fuller and Whittier fields in Orange county are also wonderful producers. The Summerland field, located near Santa Barbara, is unique in that some of the wells are out in the ocean quite a distance from shore. The machinery is operated from piers, and the companies engaged are doing a lucrative business.

There are the usual stories afloat concerning poor men grown suddenly rich by fortunate investments in oil. C. B. Canfield of Los Angeles is an example. A few years ago he was engineer for a mine at Randsburg. He went to work as a laborer sinking wells, and learned the business. Then he took in as partner Joseph Chanslor, a young grocery clerk of Los Angeles. Together they sunk wells on wild land in the region of Hanford, Tulare county. Whether it was luck or judgment that brought them success no one knows except themselves, but they have just made a contract with the Southern Pacific Company to furnish 100,000 barrels a month for two years, and have refused an offer of $900,000 for two wells at Coalinga.

Samuel W. Beel came to the Coast as a commercial traveler for a factory at Cleveland, O. He had been an oil driller in Pennsylvania, and he pricked up his ears when, at Bakersfield, they told him that crude oil oozed from the foothills a few miles away. He went to see next day, and as a consequence gave up his situation and raised $2,000 to sink wells. Now his company pays him $30,000 a year in salary and $6,500 a month dividends on stock. Besides that, he has just sold 700 acres of undeveloped oil land that cost him $12,000 for $230,000.

In 1895 W. W. Porter was a ranch hand in Kern county. Finding evidences of oil in a foot-hill canyon, he got an option on seven acres of the land and paid for it out of his savings. Two years later he persuaded a San Francisco capitalist to pay for a well. It spouted at once, and he sold his find for $145,000. He kept on investing, and has made in all $425,000, with accumulations still coming in. He has a contract with the Santa Fe road to furnish 20,000 barrels a month at $1.20 per barrel.

These oil discoveries mean more to California than an addition of some ten million dollars to the annual output of the state. From the very first, manufacturing industries on the Coast have been handicapped by the scarcity of fuel. That is just where the usefulness of the Pacific Coast product comes in. Only five per cent can be refined for illuminating purposes, owing to the fact that the base is asphalt, whereas petroleum with a paraffin basis, such as is mined in Pennsylvania and the East, is the only kind suitable for lighting. It is fuel oil, heavy and dense, and it furnishes the article California manufacturers have been seeking. Already the locomotives of the Santa Fe railroad are using it on the Southern California division to the exclusion of coal. So are the beet sugar factories of Chino and the southern counties. They have taken 400,000 barrels for the purpose this year. In the same period the manufacturing concerns of San Francisco have used 100,000 barrels. The time is near at hand when every wheel in Los Angeles and vicinity will have native petroleum back of the motive power.

The suitability and cheapness of oil fuel was proved by a series of experiments conducted on behalf of the Santa Fe railroad when its officials were debating on the change. The decision was all on the side of the new fuel. It was found that a train would run on a ton of coal 26.07 miles, and on a ton of oil 38.46 miles—a gain of 12.39 miles per ton. But a ton of coal costs about $7.25, while a ton of oil, at present prices, comes to $6.90. Thus, price for price, oil was found to be fifty per cent the more efficient. Beyond this, it is more cleanly and more easily handled, considerations not to be overlooked. Similar tests made by other railroads and manufacturing firms have had analogous results. The Santa Fe, as heretofore stated, adopted it exclusively, and the Southern Pacific has followed, and will probably end by making it standard fuel for its great system.

DAVID BISPHAM. MADAMA GADSKI WALTER DAMROSCH

INTERPRETERS OF WAGNER.

See Page 11

LATE LITERARY LIGHTS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE WANE.

THE position of a literary man or a journalist in the English capital is a paradoxical one. Here, entirely contrary to the American custom, the wielders of the pen and pencil are eligible to the highest society; literary celebrities are, in fact, sought after—'tis one of the moves of the social game. The lucky hostess who could entice the unenticeable Kipling into her drawing-room would score a checkmate on all rivals. Yet, in spite of this—here comes in the paradox—the feeling of *cameraderie* among all men and women who dabble in letters, from the highest to the lowest, is very strong. They stick together, they associate one with another, they realize, in this monarchy, something of the meaning of the term, "republic of letters." That is how it happens that I have known men whose names are great in English letters; that is how it happens that I cherish some slight personal reminiscences of two literary celebrities who died the other day—W. D. Blackmore, the novelist, and G. W. Steevens, the young correspondent killed last month in Natal.

My experience with Blackmore was limited to one visit which I made with a mutual friend some years ago. I had expected to find this novelist-gardener a rather forbidding personage; the facts proved how far was my idea from the reality. He was as near John Bull in appearance as he could possibly be, but his manners were the simple and pleasant ones of the higher type of country gentleman. He met us with quiet cordiality and conducted us to the low-roofed Devonshire house which was his home and in which he died. It is a plain and picturesque house, simply furnished, with an air of country neatness about everything. We chatted for awhile, about men and things. His dialect had a touch of Devonshire breadth, his words were straight and homely Anglo-Saxon. I noted an aversion to speaking on literary matters; market-gardening, his vocation and his hobby, seemed to interest him mainly. After a time, he invited us to stroll over his domain with him. It is one of those highly-cultivated gardens peculiar to Europe, where the greatest possible yield is gotten out of the smallest area. There are only eleven acres in all, and cultivated to the very limit.

As we walked along, I found myself forgetting that this was one of England's foremost novelists and remembering only the expert gardener. From time to time, he stopped before a tree or vine which showed some signs of overbranching and pruned it to his own satisfaction before proceeding. Most of his peaches, of which he made a specialty, were grown in the English fashion over walls, but just at this time he was experimenting with some American peach-trees which he was trying on the English climate. It was with genuine regret that I learned, some months afterward, that the climate had proved too severe for the changelings. Although he had amassed a competence from his eleven acres in past time, he was complaining just then that the business was losing money. He laid it at the door of the middlemen, but anyone could guess that the failure of his own powers had much to do with it. Even then, he was carrying his arm in a sling as the result of a paralytic stroke, and the disease which ended his life had set in. As we left him, waving us good-by from a peach-laden wall, I was ready to renounce the world and all its ambitions to prune and graft and delve in Devon with old Blackmore. It was a very happy life, I have no doubt; to him was given his meed of earthly success, together with much of "that peace which the world cannot give," and which rarely falls to the successful man.

Blackmore lived to the allotted age and went his way after a life full of good things; surely, no one who was not among his intimates finds the heart to grieve for him. With Steevens, it is different. He was only thirty, and was entering upon a splendid career when death cut him off. Perhaps he was less known in America than in England, although his first success came in his splendid descriptions of the Chicago Exposition for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, strong, brilliant articles which formed the most complete and masterly comment on American politics ever appearing before the British public.

These articles assured him a position in journalism, and paved the way for his assignment to the *Mail's* staff in the Omdurman campaign. The letters he wrote from Kitchener's army gave him a world reputation. In all war correspondence I have ever read, I never remember a more vivid and sympathetic account than this of Steevens's.

Probably you are picturing him in your mind by this time as a six foot stalwart, bronzed by sun and exposure, as a soldier of fortune of the Harding Davis type. The facts are entirely different. Steevens carried through all his short life the physique, the air, the manner, even the fresh complexion, of an Eton schoolboy. How he ever got together the materials for his surpassingly great correspondence, I could never even guess, for he lacked entirely the faculty of approaching men. Introduced to one, he blushed like a schoolboy.

I saw him first six years ago, when he had just come down to London to find his fortune. He was introduced to me as a young journalist recently from Oxford, who had just joined the *Pall Mall Gazette* staff. Having Yankee ideas on what constitutes a newspaper-man—for I was then fresh from San Francisco—and believing that "brass" was the *sine qua non*, I put him down in my mind as a predestined failure. The next time I heard of Steevens, it was as the famous correspondent whose American articles were the talk of all journalistic London. Our second and last meeting was at a dinner. I had expected to behold him transformed by success, what was my surprise to find the most awkward, boyish simplicity, the same blushing demeanor. He went out with the Kitchener expedition after that, and I never saw him again.

Steevens was married to a woman somewhat older than himself, and was devoted to her. With her, his step-children, and a dozen adopted waifs, he lived, while in England, on a modest estate in the Midland counties. These same little waifs, his adopted children, stood for a side of Steevens's character which was never known until his death. It had been his custom, it appears, to keep in the family a few homeless urchins, rearing them as his own and giving them the affection of a father. As one grew old enough to go out and shift for himself, Steevens and his wife would cast about and find another to fill the place. I said awhile back, I think, that Blackmore was a happy man. So was Steevens, perhaps the happier of the two; he had lived his life to the full in his thirty years, he had tasted love and success, and it was cut short before disillusionment came. The world, not he, is the loser. S. M.

THINGS & PEOPLE

Changes in the Benard University Plans.

SENSIBLE counsels have prevailed in regard to the new buildings at Berkeley. The regents of the University and the backers of the plans have recovered from their early frenzy of enthusiasm, and, realizing that the hundred million dollar idea advocated at first would be impossible in a State which can with difficulty be made to grant a one hundred thousand dollar appropriation for new University buildings, and which is almost the only one in the Union that taxes her private universities, have brought down the estimates to a moderate and sensible scale. Mrs. Hearst and her advisers have now reduced the fancy frill-work of the plans, which were their most expensive feature, and have dispensed with unnecessary buildings until her estimate of fifteen millions looks feasible and practical. Architect Bénard is to have the sketches for his revised plans in by April 1, and the finished scheme is to be handed in Oct. 1. A considerable reduction of expense will be made by the employment of students in the architectural department as assistants and by the use of brick and stone made and quarried in State institutions, thus saving the cost of transportation. Furthermore, it is expected that owners of stone quarries will make liberal terms in consideration of the advertising involved. In the revised plans there are about twenty-five buildings, all reduced in grandeur from the original scheme. The intention is to erect the president's house and the mining buildings first, followed by the administration building, the auditorium, the library and the gymnasium. It will take about ten years to finish these in stone; ten years more will be required for the complete plans.

* * *

I hope that in the revised plans M. Bénard has placed some other building than the gymnasium in the central position. That eminent Frenchman had evidently taken his ideas on American colleges and American students from the yellow journals, so that he planned that building as the heart and center of his dream of a University. Football—and the things that thereto pertain is not the leading activity of our modern colleges, the newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding. The library should occupy the central position, as it does at Columbia and Chicago. Stanford has made a similar mistake in giving the chapel central place, but even that is better than to have this undue prominence put upon the things of the flesh by the placing of the department of physical culture before that of mental culture. In the revision of the Bénard plan this should not be overlooked.

***

Railroad Franchises in Seattle.

FOR some time negotiations have been under way to reorganize and consolidate the street car system of Seattle. The claims of the several parties have been adjusted, but there remains the necessity of acquiring from the city a new franchise covering lines in existence and providing for lines to be constructed. The City Council seemed satisfied to meet the requirements of the street railroad managers, and there is little doubt but that these demands would have been conceded. At the last moment, however, a number of prominent citizens composing a committee of one hundred interposed and obtained an injunction preventing the board from taking action. Now it is up to the aldermen to appear in court and show cause why the franchise should not be sold to the highest bidder instead of being donated to the promoters of the consolidated scheme. At the fateful meeting of the Council it seems that two bids were submitted—one by the corporation, the other offering a high percentage of fixed charges tendered by a well-known lawyer behind whom the One Hundred stand as backers. Further proceedings will be of deep interest, but, in the meantime, the public grows impatient, and seems satisfied that the consolidators be given their way. They offer a first rate system, new cars, fast service and polite direction, and these are desiderata in Seattle.

***

A Journalistic Dilemma.

DEEPER and deeper the wonder grows as to the positions to be assumed by the *Call* and *Examiner* in the coming national campaign. Here is the *Examiner*, the dear defender of our liberties, which has been whooping for William Jennings Bryan with one breath and the retention of the Philippines and expansion with the other, while the *Call*, always a sound Republican paper and a hater of the Boy Orator of the Platte, is wild against expansion. And now, Bryan and his party are being slowly pushed into making anti-expansion their issue for 1900. The free silver bubble has burst, and William Jennings, in his efforts to inflate it, is blowing into empty air. The Republican majority in Congress is likely to knock the ground from under the trust propaganda by passing an anti-trust amendment. Anyone who has followed the course of Bryan's stumping tours must realize how he is hedging on silver and trusts and bringing the expansion issue into prominence. And, since the Democratic party is a one-man power just now, the one man being Bryan, the national campaign is likely to be fought on his line of policy. This brings us back to the issue in San Francisco. Will the old, staunch Republican *Call* bolt? Will the *Examiner* go Republican? As a Republican, I devoutly hope not.

Another Architectural Outrage.

THOUGH the Ferry building differs in several important directions from the original design—the tower being lower and less gracefully proportioned and the two wings designed to finish off the ends having been omitted through economy—still the effect is good. It is a graceful structure, and is generally admired by visitors. The requirements of the Post Office necessitate the erection of a new structure, and the accepted design was published recently in the dailies. It is an abortion. Ample space would be available if one of the wings of the original scheme were added, but I imagine this would be less profitable to projectors and executants than the creation of a distinct habitation. So, next to the fine lines of the Ferry will rise a squat, ugly, low-browed building utterly out of harmony with its alignment, and a mar and blot upon the approaches to the city. The Architectural Institute should take some action in this connection and attempt to stop the commission of what veritably constitutes an outrage upon taste.

***

A Discredited Prophet.

SNOW fell in Seattle last week to a depth averaging between one-eighth and one-quarter of an inch. The thermometer dropped nearly to the freezing point, and the old residents of that warm-weather pampered city commenced to talk about the "blizzard." What hardships that passing spell of cool weather worked on the people can never be fully described. Seeming to mock their sufferings an item appeared in a morning paper simultaneously with the snow, in which the weather observer triumphantly informed his readers that his bookings for the season included no appearance of the Ice King. That ruler of the Polar regions would shun Seattle the rest of the year, and the balmiest weather that ever delighted an inhabitant of the fields of Elysium would hereafter prevail. Had not this optimist resided far out in the suburbs, making necessary a long tramp through the quarter-inch of snow, no one can say what dire vengeance a maddened mob of shuddering Seattleites would not have taken on him.

***

A Generous Millionaire.

THE exquisite satisfaction of unlimited wealth is best appreciated by the offspring of the thrifty millionaire who has enforced at home those dictates of economy to which he ascribes the upbuilding of his fortune. One of this ilk died some months back leaving a most respectable heritage to be disposed among half a dozen brethren. Of the sons the first had a business "down town"—quite a business, too, but with rather better expectations than results. The young heir had gone into it largely to gratify his parent, and its exactions failed to interest him, as its results did not gratify his ambitions or wants. Well, when the blow fell, he went back to his desk, but a day or two later he threw his pen down, and with a "Old man, you can have this whole thing for yourself" to his partner, he marched out, and the other fellow now owns the whole concern. The survivor is certainly to be congratulated on the good fortune which befell him so suddenly, though the donor could well afford to be generous in the new condition in which he found himself.

***

Municipal Politics in Seattle.

THE political situation in Seattle grows more complicated as the day of election approaches. The Populists have adopted the Citizens or Non-Partisan ticket, and the two are endeavoring to bring the Democrats into line. Overtures have also been made to the Silver Republicans to come into the fold, but as the best offices have been gobbled up by Non-Partisans and as a desire for office does play a part in the making up of tickets, even of reform parties, these overtures are not likely to be accepted. So with two or three tickets in the field against the Regular Republican nominees, the latter have the best chance of governing the city for the next two years. Many differences have arisen among the fusionists. They accuse each other of double dealing and of playing into the hands of the Regular Republicans. That the election will be bitterly contested is indicated by the controversy between the fusion leaders and also by the fact that the registration this year has been the largest in the history of the city. Just 10,500 voters have qualified to cast their ballots. This number indicates that the city has a population of about 80,000.

***

Gallant Medical Men.

THE stories that come from the Transvaal relating the coolness of British army surgeons in performing their functions under the Boer fire are paralleled by many instances of a similar form of heroism on the part of the American forces in the Santiago and Philippine campaigns. Two well known physicians of San Francisco are among the men who have won reputations for courage on the firing line. Surgeon-Major Geo. F. Shiels was mentioned by General King for distinguished bravery, which consisted not only in performing his functions in the field hospital, but also in utilizing his skill as a rifle shot in attacking the enemy. His brother-in-law, Dr. Ernest K. Johnstone, attracted the attention of General Lawton, who in the last despatch dictated a few hours before his death states that "the exceptional daring and high sense of duty exhibited by him during this expedition, particularly at the battle of Zapote river, when he gave the immediate first aid to the wounded along the river bank and on the bridge, deserves material recognition." He adds a recommendation that "this gallant young surgeon be commissioned either major or brigade surgeon, or major and surgeon of volunteers. Dr. Johnstone, who is now in San Francisco attending to the practise he abandoned to take service in the U. S. army, has no immediate intention of returning to the Philippines, though Dr. Shiels is still in service there.

***

GRAVE OF CAPT. FORTSON IN LAKE VIEW CEMETERY, SEATTLE.

Obsequies of Fortson and Fletcher.

THE obsequies of Captain Fortson and Private Fletcher, two members of the Washington Regiment of Volunteers who met death in the Philippines, was made the occasion of a public ceremony in Seattle recently. The remains were brought from Manila in a transport, and all Seattle turned out to do the memory of her departed heroes due reverence. On the day of the funeral flags flew at half mast all over the city; business houses were closed and in many instances hung with mourning, and an immense concourse followed the funeral to the graves in Lake View Cemetery. The several military organizations turned out in full force, all the officers of the regiment were present, together with Governor Rogers and his staff. The ceremonies were performed in the Armory, which had been decorated by the Red Cross Society and Fortson Relief Corps, Rev. J. P. D. Lloyd officiating. Tributes were rendered the deceased by several distinguished clergymen—indeed, every honor that friends, comrades and countrymen could render was paid the dead heroes. Both graves were magnificently adorned, being lined with flags and covered with evergreens and flowers.

***

A New Use for Waste Land.

SOME land is valuable for the cultivation of crops, some as a site for buildings, some for its mineral contents. But it has remained for Seattle to show a new productive use for land. There are ten hillside lots in the business section of the city which raise damage suits. Every few months, these lots change their location, spilling over into the street, into the surrounding property, anywhere in the neighborhood. Whenever this happens, the owners collect damages from the city. With almost human intelligence, these lots move often enough to render themselves as profitable as though they were leased at water-front rates. The city grew tired of the drain on the treasury recently, and decided to condemn this property. The city attorney assessed their value at $500 each, but the jury before whom the condemnation suit was tried thought differently; such valuable producing land, in their opinion, ought to bring $1,500 a lot. The city cannot pay this price, and the owners hold their paying location. Meanwhile the land, having been quiet for a while, shows signs of preparing for another profitable move.

BOSWELL, JR.

The Boer war has given rise to a new journalistic specialist—the war expert. Each London daily has one or more.

CHARACTERISTICS AND CAREER OF CALIFORNIA'S NEW SENATOR

THOMAS R. BARD IN 1870.

THE man California has chosen, after a trying experience with deadlocks and political chicanery, to represent her in the Senate, is rather out of the ordinary run of political leaders. Indeed, prior to the Senatorial fight just past he could hardly be called a political leader at all. True, he stood for Congress away back in the seventies, was a figure-head presidential elector in 1892, and has held a few offices in his own county, but he has never appeared before the public as being connected with the "machine" in any way whatsoever. This is not the only point of difference which distinguishes him from the ordinary Congressman. He is a business-man and something of a rustic, a strong "church member" and a Prohibitionist in a mild sort of way. These are not attributes which obtrude themselves in the average United States Senatator, certainly. A man may generally be judged by the estimates of his neighbors, and in Ventura, where he has lived and worked for thirty years and grown up with the country, Thomas Bard is respected and admired by all classes and all parties. In that region, his name is a synonym for commercial honesty. At one period of his business life he had to furni h a bond of over a million dollars in his capacity as trustee of an estate. It was obtained inside of a week by a subscription circulated among the business and professional men of Hueneme, only two refusing to sign the list.

Thomas R. Bard was born in Chambersburg, Pa., in 1841 of the efficient old Scotch-Irish stock which has given so many statesmen to this country. His father was a leader of the Franklin county bar and was a candidate for Congress when he died in 1851. The present junior Senator from California attended the Chambersburg Academy, graduating in 1858, and studied law for a time in his native town. His health failing, he went into the Cumberland Mountains and practiced surveying for a time. When the Civil War broke out, Bard was a member of a forwarding firm in Maryland. He was at this post during the heaviest part of the fighting and occasionally participated himself as an unenlisted Union scout. On an expedition in this capacity, he had a very close shave. He got too near the Confederate lines and was captured. His story of his presence did not tally with that of others in his party, and he was taken out to be hanged as a spy. By good fortune, a detachment of union cavalry rushed the camp just then and rescued him. But the rope was round his neck and that of his companions.

Mr. Bard's chance for fortune came in those war times. His firm had some dealings with the government, and the ability of this quiet, steady young man came under the notice of Colonel T. A. Scott, then an assistant to the Secretary of War. Scott had heavy interests in Southern California lands. He needed a manager, and he offered the position to young Bard. In 1864, being then but little over twenty-three, Bard came to the Ventura district and took up the work. There were not over a dozen Americans on the 277,000 acres of the Scott holdings, yet he proceeded at once to development. Scott believed that the land was rich in oil, and gave directions for the sinking of wells. It was the beginning of the oil industry in California.

With his removal to California at the age of twenty four years begins the story of Bard's active life. The property that he was to manage consist d in 277,000 acres of land, mostly non-producing, in Ventura, Los Angeles, and Humboldt counties. He was to develop, to farm, to barter this land at the best advantage to his employer. The first venture was with oil, and went wrong. A well was sunk in the Ojai country, but it turned out entirely non-producing. From this, Bard turned to the development of agricultural possibilities. He ran on to a series of dry years at this point, but persevered and demonstrated that farming could be made to pay in Southern California—a fact which was strongly doubted in those days. This success had to be followed by another period of struggle. There was some question about Scott's claim to a portion of his land—a boundary line was hazily defined. A lawyer in Ventura knew this and got squatters to settle on the disputed area. For years Bard fought them in the field and in the courts until, in Cleveland's first term, he obtained a decision absolutely reaffirming the Scott claim. In all that time he was frequently in danger of his life from roughs among the squatters, but he fought it to the end and won.

Bard's political activity began in 1868, when he was a supervisor of Santa Barbara county, in the days before Ventura was carved out from that district. Later he was one of the commissioners who made laws for the new county, and he was on its board of supervisors for two years. In 1877 he ran for the State Senate from his own district, but lost by a small majority. From that time until the office of senator sought him he refrained from seeking place, but was always an enthusiastic Republican, supporting the party with money and influence. Bard has always been a religious man, being a member of the Presbyterian Church and an elder of that communion, and he leans rather to the Prohibitionist sentiment. Therefore much of his activity has been directed toward securing local option in his own and surrounding towns. From time to time the nomination for governor or senator was urged upon him, but his refusals were consistent. In 1892 he took a figure-head position as Republican presidential elector. It was a year of a hard-fought Democratic victory, and he had the somewhat peculiar honor of being the one Republican elector who succeeded.

Meanwhile Mr. Bard had been making a quiet, steady business success, in the line of all his other successes, not sudden nor brilliant, but gradual and stable. With his earnings in the Scott employ he had been acquiring interests of his own. He had been extending his property gradually until it included rich holdings in oil, in agricultural lands, and in city property. He has money invested in the banking business throughout the southern country, and has a good sum out in mortgages, which, it is said, he never forecloses. Once, chance to double his wealth by unfair means came to him, but he resisted the temptation. It was in 1882, when Colonel Scott died. Before his death the Colonel had become embarrassed financially and had put his California interests in Bard's name. Legally, the trustee could have claimed every acre of the property. The Scott heirs never expected to receive anything. To their great surprise Bard turned over the whole property to the last penny. It footed up well over a million, and pulled the estate out of debt. A man who gives up a million dollars for principle is a good man to elect senator.

Briefly, let us see what sort of man this is whom California has chosen to represent her. Solid, rather than brilliant, methodical, stable, he has yet a mind of great grasp and force. It is the force of the growing oak tree which splits rocks rather than that of the lyddite shell, however. That sort of force labors, and endures, and pushes on, quietly but irresistibly. Bard is a religious man, an earnest Presbyterian; religious conviction goes, somehow, with steady strength of that sort. When he first came up to the Legislature and opened headquarters, he presented a contrast to the regular Sacramento crowd; his quiet, his evident earnestness, his sober calm stood out so that he was a marked man. The qualities which brought him a fortune and which prevented him from laying violent hands on another are the qualities which will make his reputation at Washington; he will not be a brilliant, spectacular senator, but he will be an honest and an able one.

BERYLWOOD, SENATOR BARD'S HOME IN HUENEME.

The appetite of the people of the Far East for Puget Sound canned salmon is a tradition of the First Washington regiment. The "folks at home" used to send salmon by the ship-load to the regiment at the front, until it palled on their taste, and they began to give it away to the natives. Then a new use was found for the home presents. It was found that the most ardent disciple of Atkinson became a meek and mild amigo in the presence of a can of salmon. Similar results ensued when, in Japan, they presented the last of their stock of canned salmon to the little yellow people. "If we'd a' had a few loads of canned salmon," said one of the Washington boys lately, "we could have taken the whole blamed Orient!"

There is now a prospect that many cargoes of salmon, both canned and fresh, may go to the Orient before long. A representative of the Japanese government has just been touring the Northwest, looking over the salmon industry with a view to encouraging shipping to Japan. It appears that the Russian government has just placed restrictions on Japanese fishing on the coasts of Siberia, and cut short the supply in Japan, where fish is was a important food. The Japanese gentleman stated in Portland that he believed the Japanese market to be good and that he considered the venture of sending salmon to the open ports of the islands a paying one. Some time ago, the agent of President Hill of the Great Northern reported the same thing from Japan, but salmon men in Washington and British Columbia laughed at the idea. It is now likely that these same dealers will send a portion of their next season's catch to Yokohama and Nagasaki.

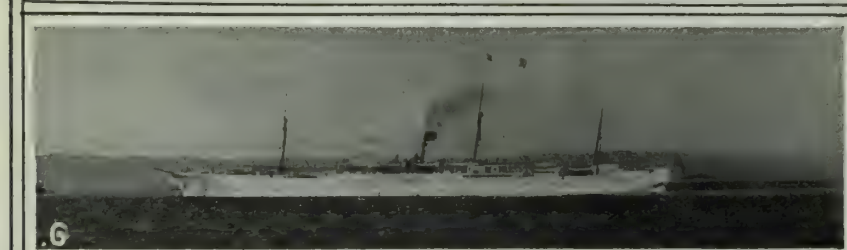
President Hill's experience with these scoffers recalls his part in the beginnings of cotton shipping on the Pacific Coast. Learning that all manufacturers of the island were buying their raw material from English firms, which brought the cotton from the Southern States and shipped via Liverpool, he tried the experiment of carrying a cargo across the continent and Pacific. It was proved that this was cheaper than the Liverpool-Suez route, and now most of the cotton used in Japan goes in American vessels and via Portland and Seattle. Yet the exporters of the Sound ridiculed Hill's cotton ideas at first, as they have just finished ridiculing his fish ideas.

Lady Tama Arnold, the Japanese wife of Sir Edwin Arnold, has just published in London a little birthday book which she calls *Golden Pages*. She justifies the title with the lines, "For golden gleams the pages where names of friends do shine."

Pietro Mascagni has finished the score of a new opera, "The Maskers," which he has dedicated to himself. The dedication runs: "To myself, with my distinguished consideration and unchanging esteem."

England having no Academie has to fall back upon her journals to appraise and crown the works of the year. Appropriately enough, this again has been done this year by the *Academy*, which awards six sums of twenty-five guineas each, as follows: Poetry, to W. B. Yeats, or *The Wind Among the Reeds*; fiction, to "Zack," nom de plume of Gwendoline Keats, for *On Trial*; biography, to Hiliare Belloc for *Danton*; history, to G. M. Trevelyan, for *England in the Age of Wycliffe*; translation, to Mrs. Garnett, for her translation of the novels of Turgénev.

A FLEET Of TRANSPORTS



1. U. S. TRANSPORT THOMAS. 2. SHERIDAN. 3. LOGAN. 4 SHERMAN. 5. GRANT. 6 MEADE. 7 MISSOURI. 8. WARREN. 9. HANCOCK.

THE TRANSPORT SERVICE.

BY JOHN STOLLARD.

LIEUT. CHAS. LYMAN, U. S. A.
Assistant Marine Superintendent.

HOW many of those who look at the pictures on the opposite page and are lured by the heading into reading this article, know anything about the constitution, government, and working of the United States Transport Service? From the cities of the Pacific Coast we have watched the great, black ships fade out in the mist many and many times the past eighteen months. We saw the first troop ships depart, loaded from topmast to gunwales with volunteers, and sent off by all the noise-machines in the harbor; we see the transports in their white peace-paint slip in and out as quietly as liners, now that the first parade and glory of war is done and it has become simple business. The plain, blue uniform with A. T. S. on the collar has become a familiar sight on the streets of San Francisco and Seattle. Yet how many can tell, without stopping to figure it out, what part in the government machine is occupied by the transport service, how it is governed and conducted, or how it happens that this whole new department has been constructed out of nothing and put in perfect running order in the short space of a year and a half?

The transportation of troops is as new a thing in this country as the idea of foreign colonies. In the War of 1812 some few regiments were hauled in haphazard fashion back and forth over the Great Lakes. Again, in the Civil War, Grant used the Mississippi to a very limited extent for the movement of troops. But this had nothing in common with modern army transportation. Grant's men traveled in old-fashioned paddle-wheel steamers down an inland river. At its longest the journey took little over a week. If anything went wrong the boat would be run ashore for repairs. The problem that presented itself to the army authorities at the beginning of the Spanish War was a vastly different proposition.

Let us study the factors of that problem as it presented itself to the officers of the Quartermaster's Department of the Pacific Coast, where the strain came the heaviest. An army of unknown proportions was to be sent seven thousand miles by sea. The advance-guard was to be gotten away with all possible speed. An empire might be lost by a week's unnecessary delay. During the voyage the troops must pass from a mildly temperate climate to a fiercely tropical one. Ships for transportation had to be dredged from the shipping of a coast which has, in proportion to its population and importance, fewer good sea-going vessels than any other civilized part of the world. Gravest of all, there was not an officer in the Pacific station and hardly one in the whole United States who had the first idea of transport construction or management. West Point and the students of the War Department had passed that subject by—it was a part of the general unpreparedness of the country and the army.

The burden was thrown upon the Quartermaster's Department, under which the new branch of the army was placed. The other day I asked Colonel Long, chief quartermaster of the Department of the Pacific, how he managed to do it all.

"God knows," was his laconic answer. In fact, when the officers in charge had time to think, after the first rush, they were all amazed, not so much at the fact that it was done well, but that it was done at all. The first step was a general investigation of the transport service of other countries. The city of San Francisco was scoured for retired officers and non-coms. of the European armies. A few of these were found and they gave valuable assistance. Still more information on the subject was obtained by writing and telegraphing to English officers who happened to be acquaintances of Colonel Long and his associates. The information thus obtained was one of the quiet helps given by England to this country in the time of trouble.

But before this information could come in, the officers of the Transport Service were obliged to act on their own meager knowledge and experience in securing and fitting up vessels for the first expedition. By great good fortune the Oceanic Line happened to have available two passenger vessels, the *Zealandia* and the *Valencia*. They were pretty well adapted for troop-ships already, needing only a certain amount of overhauling in the hold and the addition of bunks and conveniences to make them available. To these was added the *City of Pekin*, which had been previously chartered by the Navy. In three weeks time these vessels were prepared and off to sea, and the first battle was won. It is not pretended by even the most enthusiastic admirer of the army that these were model transports; unavoidable mistakes were made, but they served the purpose. The fine points of the system had to be learned later.

The crush was not over by any means. For many months the coast was scoured for transports. Every tramp steamer looked for the Pacific Coast was held up on arrival, with a view to bargaining for transportation. Once or twice it seemed as though expeditions would have to be delayed, but luck favored the service in these emergencies, and they pulled through somehow.

At the present time there are twenty-nine transports connected with the Pacific Service, of which seven are government-owned and the rest are chartered for temporary use. The Philippine army is now complete, it being almost a certainty that no more troops will be sent to the front, except recruits to keep the various commands up to their full strength. When the war is ended, the returning troops will be brought out gradually, a command at a time. Therefore the number of ships in service will be greatly reduced by the release of leased and chartered vessels. Possibly a few will be retained as freighters and animal transports. The bulk of the freighting, however, will be done by government-owned transports—the *Sherman*, the *Sheridan*, the *Meade*, the *Warren*, the *Hancock*, and others—in the regular bi-monthly trips now instituted. This piling up of chartered vessels waiting for release has caused a congestion of transports in San Francisco harbor. Last week there were eight, the greatest number assembled here since the war broke out. On February 17 the number was reduced one by the sailing of the *Sherman*, called the model troop-ship of the American service. Before this is in the hands of its readers, the eight will be made complete again through the arrival of the *Warren*, the pet and darling of the Pacific station.

The chartering of a hired transport for government use is hedged about by certain formalities. A board meets to consider the business end of the arrangement and set a fair price for the hire of a ship. This is settled on a basis of the percentage on the ordinary earning capacity of the vessel, the owners furnishing and paying the officers, crew, and engineers, and the government paying earning expenses. Upon an agreement being reached and approved by Washington, an inspection is at once made, first by the Treasury Department, and then by a board from the Marine Inspection Service, a sub-department under the Transport Service, and finally by Lloyd's special agent. After that comes the medical inspection, to determine what changes are necessary to insure the comfort and health of the men and to ascertain how many passengers may be carried in cabin and steerage without unhealthy crowding. This done and reports made, the ship is turned over to the refitters. If the vessel has been a passenger steamer, this is not so great a task; here, only wider steerage room and additional facilities for cooking and sanitation, have to be provided. Tramp steamers, regular freighters, are more trouble. Some of them need almost entire rebuilding of the interior before they are fit to carry troops. When the government has finished with the transport and she is to be returned to the owners, a board of survey is appointed to adjust the matter. This body consists of two officials from the Transport Service and one representative of the owners. They inspect the vessel thoroughly in order to determine what must be done to restore her to her former condition. This done, the report is sent on to Washington, where the necessary alterations are ordered. No allowance is made for ordinary wear and tear on hull or machinery. The government is responsible, however, for damage to the ship, while the owners must stand for any injury to passengers or cargo not caused by the "perils of the deep, or the acts of God or the enemy." The agreement in this respect is like any other charter, except that the leasing party has the right to take the vessel to any destination, instead of one or more specified ports.

The *Sherman* is an example of a modern troop-ship in the United States service, and is more or less typical of all. As she lay in port last Saturday loaded for the voyage, she shone with white paint and polished brass—the neatness which appertains to all things used in the government service. She is a steamer of 5780 tons burden, and was formerly a fast freighter on the Atlantic Coast, having a traveling speed of thirteen knots. She was purchased for a Cuban transport in war time, and was entirely refitted by the Cramps last year, just before starting on her famous around-the-world voyage—New York to Manila to San Francisco. The Treasury certificate states that she is built to carry 1876 steerage, deck, and cabin passengers, with a crew, all told, of 157. On her latest voyage freight was the main consideration, only some 350 recruits in the steerage and a few nurses and officers in the cabins going as passengers. About 4500 tons of stores went in the hold. Thus a great part of the equipment for ordinary transport purposes had been taken out; enough remained, however, to show how the system works. The troops are housed in the lower decks in bunks three tiers high and two wide. These are made by frames of iron tubing on which canvas hammocks are slung. They are comfortable beyond belief of a landsman—I tried one myself on the day of my visit and can make certificate to the fact. They are narrow, of course, but no one, steerage or cabin, expects a double berth on an ocean voyage. Above are the cabins and the cabin accommodations usual to ocean-going steamships. On the lower deck are the ship's hospital and general mess-room and a well-appointed lavatory, with ample conveniences, including stationary washstands and mirrors. Except for its plainness, this apartment is as near like a lavatory in a modern hotel as can well be imagined. Throughout there is electric lighting and artificial ventilation by electric fans, which keep either cold or warm air circulating through the ship. There is also on this and every other government-owned transport a cold-storage plant which provides fresh meat and cold water through an entire voyage.

Technically, the transport is under control of a quartermaster appointed by the War Department, and an officer. On the present voyage Captain James Read, who brought the ship around the world, holds this position on the *Sherman*. He is responsible to the government for the vessel, and the sailing-master who navigates her bears the same relation to him that the sailing-master of a yacht bears to the owner. Besides his aides, there are no other army people among the officials who attend to the ship's business. The transport clerks are civilians; the crew, from master and engineer to cabin boy and stoker, are hired under the Merchant Shipping Act.

How do our transports compare with those employed in Europe? A basis for this comparison was afforded at the time of the *Sherman's* long voyage mentioned before. The vessel made a four days' stop at Gibraltar, where she encountered some English troop-ships and where she was inspected by the officers of the garrison. Later she ran into a Russian transport at Singapore and a Japanese in the Indian Ocean. The English vessel was crowded to the limit, with only about two thirds the individual space given our own soldiers. There was no artificial ventilation and no cold storage plant. In fact, this feature of our ships is the wonder of European officers. No other government has dreamed of it. Sanitary accommodations were the most primitive imaginable. When the English officers saw the lavatory of the *Sherman*, it is recorded that they broke their calm reserve and laughed. "Mirrors!" said one. "Why, she's a regular hotel!" In the same way, the Russian ship lacked all the comforts provided by our own government, and was crowded beyond the limits of health into the bargain. She carried double the number of men allowed on a United States ship of the same tonnage. The Russian officers are said to have been disgusted at the thought of granting such favors to mere bayonets. It savored of luxury.

CAPTAIN JOHN BARNESON,
Marine Superintendent.

It is undoubtedly true that American soldiers require more of these comforts, having been reared in a country wherein the standard of living is the highest in the world. But even allowing for that, the Transport Service, with a yellow press to watch its every slip, has gone far over the margin of requirements. It has not all come at once; it has been an evolution. The officials have been ready to listen to suggestions coming from the ranks and have heeded them whenever practicable. The unnecessary features have been eliminated, and the service is now on a permanent and substantial working basis.

"Honor to whom honor is due." In a previous paragraph mention was made of the services of Colonel Long, chief quartermaster of the Department of the Pacific. The problem of expert help faced him at the outset. Army officers with no practical knowledge of ships and shipping would not do as heads of departments. He saw this and cast about for expert civilians. Captain Barneson, an old skipper, one of the most experienced sailing-masters on the Pacific Coast, was installed, and has had charge at the government's Folsom street dock ever since. For engineering superintendent, Mr. Mathews, a former chief engineer of the Pacific Mail Co., and a man of great executive ability, was chosen. Captain Dunn was made chief stevedore; and to Mr. Bissell, in the capacity of port steward, was given the duty of purchasing stores for the stewards' department. These are all civilians, but two army officers were given places of strong responsibility. Captain Batchelder, U. S. V., in the capacity of assistant quartermaster, is Colonel Long's right-hand man at the dock, while Lieutenant Lyman, known on the coast as aide to General Ruger in former days, acts as assistant marine superintendent under Barneson, and is Colonel Long's chief assistant at headquarters.

Dawson is again enjoying the yellow and golden beams of the sun. The great orb, which has been absent from the view of the people of the Klondike metropolis and of the surrounding country, has come back after six weeks, and there is "day all day, for there is no night in Dawson." It must give the newcomer there a peculiar sensation to notice this to him unnatural condition of things, but like other strangers in other places he probably gets used to it in time. Old Sol disappeared from the view of Dawson people about December 1st and again made his appearance late in January. A high range of mountains south of Dawson hides the king of light from view for several days after he should make his appearance, but allows him to bathe the city in a gentle twilight. So now the Klondikers and those who are rushing to Nome may operate in view of each other and their tasks.

All the lumber mills in Washington are in full blast now and everything points to a promising season for all industries and products, unless the cold snap of the past week should injure the fruit crop. There was such a spell of warm weather before the frost appeared that trees began to bud and their owners feared for just what happened. However it is possible that they may have escaped serious injury.

Certain German schools have an annex in which girls are taught housekeeping. They are gathered in families of from six to ten, under the care of a teacher, and all the work of the house is done by the inmates. At stated times receptions are held, to which the pupils may invite their friends, and they alone are responsible for the entertainment provided. It is said that these "housekeeping schools" have proved remarkably successful among the home-loving Germans.

Four diet kitchens are maintained in New York to furnish nourishing food to the sick poor. In the year 1899, 111,945 quarts of milk were distributed, at a cost of $1,907 32, the total expenses of the association being $7,536.91.

The postal authorities are considering the proposition to place two-cent postage stamps in books of twelve to sell for twenty-five cents. The stamps are to be separated by a sheet of waxed paper, and the book will fit in the waistcoat pocket.

The annual report of the superintendent of the New York institution for the blind calls attention to the steady decrease in the number of children who become blind in New York after birth. This decrease he attributes to the rapidly increasing knowledge of sanitary science; the careful medical inspection of the public schools; the recognition by the ignorant poor of the danger of diseases of the eye, and their effort to cure, if not prevent, them; the increased knowledge of the medical profession about the eye and its treatment.—*Outlook.*

LONDON THEATRICALS.

THE "BELLE'S" SUCCESSOR AND "A MIDSUMMER'S NIGHTS DREAM."

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WAVE.

AMERICANS who are talking and writing about the dearth of native plays and the need of encouragement for American playwrights ought to look over the situation in London, where three of the four top-notchers are the work of Americans. The four are "San Toy," a sort of sequel to "The Geisha," "The Masked Ball," "The Wrong Mr. Wright," and "The Belle of New York." Of these, the three last mentioned are Transatlantic. It is hardly fair to mention the last one in the list, for "The Belle," as it is now called for short, has been withdrawn after a money-making run which excelled all records. The success of that slight play has been a three-years' wonder in London. It came here with only a fair New York record ; it was but a venture at best. Behind it were the ruins of "Hotel Topsy-Turvy" and a dozen others of the same sort which had fallen flat on London audiences. Besides that, one of the leading actresses had retired just before its appearance and the part had to be filled from the chorus. It was a doubtful venture at best, yet the play took the town from the first week. The little chorus-girl who was taken from a "fifteen-a-week front" to fill in, proved to be the actress of the season ; the money came in so fast you had to dodge it, and receipts kept up until the last night. On that occasion, the box-office took £330, the largest sum ever recorded at the Shaftesbury Theatre, probably the largest received, outside of benefit performances, by any London house. They say that Musgrove, the enterprising manager, has cleared $300,000 out of it.

Edna May, she who came from the chorus to take the town by her Salvation Army "stunt" and her naughty, awfully bold song, likes London as much as London likes her. She goes back to New York with Musgrove because of a contract which does not expire until April; then, she returns to the city of fogs, although she is offered in America once and a half the price—$500 a week—which the London managers are willing to pay. Her new play is "The Whirl of the Town," by Morton and Kerker, authors of "The Belle."

The very prettiest and most elaborate production of the year, however, is not American at all, though there is an American woman in the cast. It is Beerbohm Tree's staging of "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Her Majesty's Theatre. Even for these days, when the dramatist can command all arts to minister unto his own, I do not believe that any classic comedy ever had such a setting. Stage fairies are generally most unsatisfying, an insult to the intelligence of a child nurtured on Grimm and Anderson, but Mr. Tree has worked so artistically with the means at his command that he has produced the illusion and charm of fairyland. The flock of little people who make up Oberon's train are not of the usual set kind ; they are real, sure enough fairies, little tots who enter into the fun of the thing. So, too, the scenery is not the glittering, splendid, hard affair of a burlesque transformation It is made dim and strange, full of suggestions of mystery.

Some of the most famous stage beauties of London are in the cast. Here again Tree has chosen well. His women are picked for their fitness to the *mis en scene*. Miriam Clements as Queen of the Amazons is a tall, strong woman of the American prairies, with a classic beauty that is mostly animal. Dorothea Baird, the Trilby of the English production of that play, is also of the classic type, but with a spirit and *verve* that adapt her to the part of *Helena*. Sarah Brooke as *Hermia* is a bewitching little brunette of the mignonne variety. But Julia Neilson as *Oberon* carries off the palm. She looks the regal boy in her shimmery, evanescent robes, and she puts a fantastic witchery into her rendition of the King of Faerie. Her singing of Mendelssohn's setting of "I Know a Bank" is beyond all praise. Mrs. Tree as *Titania* has the same entrancing grace. Her dressing of the part is the talk of London. She wears a series of delicately luminous robes typifying the gradations of the morning hours and varying from the faintest blush to the rosy hue of the aurora. *Puck*, as rendered by Louie Freer, is the only failure. Miss Freer looks the part until she speaks, and then a pronounced Cockney accent spoils the illusion.

Apropos of actresses, it is interesting to note what charming homes they do make for themselves in London. I was at the beautiful residence of Ellaline Terriss, who plays the part in "The Masked Ball" which Maude Adams did so charmingly. In private life she is the wife of Seymour Hicks, the well-known actor, and they have a large and beautiful place in Gloucester Terrace, near Hyde Park. The drawing room has scarlet striped empire walls, with elaborate white wood decorations, and the most inviting ingle nooks formed each side of the china-tiled fireplace. On the mantelshelf is a collection of rare china cups and saucers. A beautiful life-size bust of the late William Terriss stands on the piano, and endless signed portraits are scattered about the tables and walls. Miss Terriss is passionately fond of flowers, and as she has no garden, she devotes all her energies to the window boxes and the conservatory. For pets she has a valuable cat—a present from Mrs. W. S. Gilbert—and a pair of dogs, a Scotch terrier and a lovely little spaniel.

This Mrs. Hicks is a wonderfully energetic young person, and has a variety of accomplishments. She writes songs, photographs, drives, and mothers a dear little six year old girl whom the twain have adopted. In addition she is a capital housekeeper, at least if the delightful little supper that was served us indexes her talent.

There have been no end of shows, bazaars and the like, in aid of the South African warriors, and all feminine England is sewing and cutting and packing to provide creature comforts for Tommy Atkins out at the front. An English lady expressed it the other day—"We would be ashamed to be idle when the men are doing so much." Bazaars and concerts and ordinary things are worn threadbare, and they have taken to strange and *outre* things. The latest was a cat show, given by Lady Marcus Beresford at the Aquarium. Five hundred aristocratic pussies were on exhibition, and a half as many aristocratic ladies, including Lady Maitland, Lady Hood, and pretty little Lady de Trafford, who, together with Lady Beresford and Lady Claud Alexander, managed the affair. And now, the children are in the movement. The proprietors of *Mellin's Food* have opened a children's fund for the worthy purpose. How much of this is charity and how much free advertising, I leave the American reader to judge. Incidentally, I am advertising them myself by mentioning the fact. Let the business manager collect his regular rates for "mention in reading columns."

KATRIONA.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES

IN the February magazines there is a variety of excellent material, but no contribution of distinguished note save that of Dr. Quackenbos on the "Moral Value of Hypnotic Suggestion" in *Harpers*. This has already been alluded to in another department, but, it may be added here, that the subject is of intense interest and this is a noteworthy addition to it from a source which is above suspicion. In his *Sleeper Wakes* and *Tales of Space and Time*, H. G. Wells lays special stress on the astonishing utilization of hypnotic force in the days to come, but the investigations of Dr. Quackenbos indicate that the time is not far distant when its value as an agency for the cure of crime and the correction of certain phases of perverted mentality will be generally recognized. Mere allusion is all that may be attempted here so the curious are referred to the magazine. Therein, also, I should advise that Julian Ralph's "True Flavor of the Orient" be read. About the stories he tells of faithful guidance through India which certain letters of introduction obtained for him, there is a charming quality of the mysterious. He inspected palaces that were fairy-like in their beauty, and in one place was shown a collection of jewelled presents, the list of which might be an extract from the "Arabian Nights." "Russia in Central Asia" is historical in this number, but next month Mr. Colquohoun will doubtless bring the narrative so it will bear on the forthcoming invasion of Afghanistan. The description of the Marine Biological Laboratory in Naples and Poultney Bigelow's article on Singapore are also worthy of attention.

To pass on to the *Century*. For a feature it has reverted to Napoleon, a series of whose talks with Dr. O'Meara it publishes. O'Meara was a physician in attendance on the great exile with whom he formed a friendship. This extended over several years. The Doctor had the excellent habit of keeping a note book wherein he recorded memories of the talks with his patient. A gleaning from these was published many years ago, but the bulk remained and really constitute a priceless document. At least they ought. The first installment, however, is full of trivial details and show Napoleon in an unworthy light. "Paris of To-Day" is very clever and readable—good descriptive comment done in a smart way. "Midwinter in New York" is a series of admirable pictures by Jay Hamblin. The text is unimportant. *Scribners* is as successfuly compounded as ever. No magazine is more skillfully composed. It presents a poem by George Meredith, an episode of a spider web, the first of a series of articles on the Boer war, a study of Ike Marvel, and the proper installment of Oliver Cromwell, with some superb illustrations by F. C. Yohn and a number of delicate little drawings by Peixotto, who, in this number, quite excels his master, Pennell.

Herbert Putnam's contribution to the *Atlantic* is a history of the creation of the congressional library and an exposition of its accumulations. It is also a catalogue of its shortcomings. In startling contrast to the munificence of Great Britain to her British Museum is the niggardly apportionment of funds to this national collection. To this must be attributed the absence of literary treasures that should certainly be found therein. "Journalism as a Basis for Literature" is rather smart writing than the logical treatment of an interesting subject. In James Ford Rhodes' paper on "History" there is an admirable adjusting of the qualities and pretensions of the great historians. R. L. Harte on "The Mormons" seems unnecessarily vehement. He charges the sect and polygamy as though he were a British regiment assaulting a Boer outpost. The most helpful article in the number, though it be but a summing up of the facts is "Science in Philanthropy," by C. R. Henderson, in which the progress of scientific relief of the poor is most succinctly treated. It is full of hints to the thoughtful mind acquainted with the characteristics of our far western jails and alms institutions.

The extraordinary colored prints which *McClure's* is so proud of strike me as rather ludicrous. One cannot help comparing these chromatic extravaganzas with the charmingly refined pictures the *Century*, *Harpers* and *Scribners* gave us at Christmas and which the *Studio* submits every month. There you had delicate effects, exquisitely toned and modulated—here grotesque daubs. "The Race for the Pole" is fair stuff though one can have too much of icy exploration ; the inside of the earth instructs. The stories are better than usual, at least brisk though not one has any revelation. "From Ore to Armor-Plate" is a first-class idea in the *Cosmopolitan*, but as usual, is better pictured than explained. W. T. Stead presents a gossipy article on the Czar of Russia, in which he strenuously denies that his Majesty is a figure head or an invalid. The Saltus article is literary acrobatics. The stories, however, are fairly entertaining.

Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly* has some excellent contributions, and an extraordinarily strained effort at humor by David Star Jordan. "South Sea Bubbles of Science" is decidedly interesting, while the articles on the trolley in this number and its predecessor are most instructive. Since its reorganization *Lippincotts* has not failed to be worth reading each month. "The Bread Line" in the January number was a capital story, original in scheme and exceedingly well done. Mrs. Hudson, who is doing the Mormon stories, has material she does not know how to use. She makes a series of awful examples out of what should be artistic incidents. An incident will carry a moral much better than a framed precept, though most writers seem unable to realize as much.

C.

IN a recent interview James H. Pierce, Superintendent of the Peerless Oil Co., gave some interesting information regarding operations on the 160 acres of the corporation's property in the Kern River field. One well is finished and two more are under way. The first is 415 deep, and will be used as a water well; well No. 2 is down 728 feet, of which 196 feet is in prolific oil sand and 30 feet in indifferent sand. This well at a trial was pumped six hours at the rate of five barrels an hour without reducing the oil level, which stood 500 feet in the casing. It is good for 100 to 150 barrels a day of the finest kind of oil. Well No. 3 is down 400 feet. It is proposed to sink 160 wells altogether, and preparations are now being made for the establishment of a pumping jack to pump all the company's wells as fast as they are completed.

Mis' Mawnin'

SO softly cum Mis' Mawnin'
Dat yo' hardly know she cum;
En she set de worl' to yawnin',
En de hummin' bees to hum,
En de bowahs!
En de flowahs!
Nod along de line "welcum!"

On de eas' yo' see her veilin'
Spreadin' laiké a line ob lead;
Den yo' spy her skirt a-trailin'
Wid its flounce ob fiah red,
En she flushes!
En she blushes!
Laike a lub wurd had been said.

Every dewdrop lub dis lady,
En foh her it turn a blaze;
Down among de meddahs shady
Ebery songster sing her praise.
En Mis' Mawnin'!
Smile her dawnin'!
When yo' see de new sun rays.

Look about, Mis' Mawnin' Glohy,
Open up en staht to climb;
Dar might be a purty stohy
In yo' velvet heaht sublime
En Mis' Mawnin'!
Ah's a-yawnin'!
Kase yo' whispah breakfas' time.

If Buller can cross the Tugela
And capture the slippery Boer,
His name will be almost as famous
As that of the old "Jesse Moore."

1900- 36th -1900

Annual Statement

—OF THE—

TRAVELERS

IN URANCE COMPANY.

Chart red 1863. (Stock.)

Life and Accident I·surance

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

Paid-up Capital, = $1,000,000.00

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2 049 222.72
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,8.0 269.96
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate	5,9·1,842.52
Interest accrued but not due,	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security,	1,497.175 51
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1.305 307 27
Deferred Life Premiums,	3.0 597 04
Prems. due and unreported on Life Pol.	259 449 36
Government Bonds,	789,016 96
County and municipal bonds	3.114 997 64
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819 225.19
Bank stocks	1,2.6 674 00
Other stocks and bonds'	1.288 350 00
Total Assets,	$27,760,511.56

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 3½ per cent, Life Dep't.,	$20 406 734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accd't. Dep't	1,500,369 :2
Present value installment Life Policies,	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment,	219 833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance,	73,178 11
Special Reserve for unp'd taxes, rents,	110.000 00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000 00
Total Liabilities,	23,739,827.61
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	4,020,683.95
Surplus,	$3,020,683,95

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	17,165,686.00

Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	1,522,417.06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	16,039,380.95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	15.386
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	339,636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	$1,227,977.34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	23,695,539.94

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	$ 2,750,394 40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	39,734,920.89

S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary
E. V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

Babblings of a Belle

THIS last week, my dear Diary, I have been having quite an unpleasant time at home. Mama and papa have not been very nice to me. Somehow, they do not seem to be able to realize the necessity of letting me severely alone. They talk by the hour, day in and day out, of my foolish desire to marry my "ideal lover." It does not do them a bit of good, and is decidedly irritating to my nerves. It really is bringing out the worst side of my nature, and I do think parents should make it a sacred duty to use a generous amount of diplomacy when their small daughter is undergoing the painful operation of being in love. They may do their worst; I am quite determined to marry, even though it may necessitate a severe family row. Arthur and Aunt Sybil are my friends in this affair, and will stand by me until the very end.

I often think how different things are to what I anticipated when I used to write to you, Diary dear, of what I should do when I married. Nothing was further from my mind then than marrying against my family's wishes. Of course I anticipated a big wedding, a gorgeous trousseau and all the accessories of one of the marriages of the year. Perhaps now I may be joined in a tailor gown, with none there but my best friend and Arthur and dear old Aunt Sybil.

I spend half my days writing to the "ideal" and half my nights in tears. Several fellows have told me they believed I was beginning to take myself seriously, but it really is not that. It is being in doubt as to what will come of all this. I accept every invitation and endeavor to be very cheerful when I am out with girls or boys. But to say the very least, it is at times an arduous task. I do not mind the dances so much, but the hours one spends luncheoning and dining are simply awful. Yet I am the jolly little Cricket, and my favorite song now is Punchinello. Half of those who hear it only partially understand the depth of pathos contained in it. Most people object to the sorrows of others, so Diary dear lest, you be one of them, I shall cease my moaning and tell you of my doings since last I wrote. We have had a gay week, for there were two dances—Charlotte Ellinwood's on the 14th, and the last Fortnightly. Every one is doing her best to get in some sort of an entertainment before Lent. I for one am against Lent unless one packs one's trunk and gets away. There are a good number of girls going away to Coronado. Leila writes to say that Bertha Dolbeer is the most striking looking girl down there. She has some very stunning gowns. Sara Collier is also there; so are Mrs. Avery McCarthy and Helen Wagner. Owing to the number of officers now on hand, the girls are having a pretty good time. The Kanes, Mrs. Gibbs and the Huntingtons went down last week, and the latter expect to go to Mexico. I should have been glad to have gone with them but I could not bear the idea of letting the remaining dances and dinners take place without me. I had a very good time at Cora Smedburg's dinner the other night. She put me near fellows I really enjoy, and as a general air of happiness obtained during the affair, I really felt sorry when it was over. That same evening Mrs. Henry Scott had quite a large dinner party. Most of those were married people, however. As I am not yet one of them, and was having fun at the Smedburgs, I can not tell you how great a success it was.

On Thursday Therese Morgan had sixteen of us to luncheon with her. Therese has excellent taste in the arrangement of flowers, and the table was, I think, prettier than any I have seen this winter. We were all very lively, even more so than usual with our crowd, and we had such a nice time. I think that Anna Voorhies looked prettier than any other girl there. Mary Scott too looked nice. I think Helen Hopkins, Mary Scott, Katherine Dillon and Caro Crockett are in every sense of the word day girls. They always need hats to set off their faces to the best advantage. After the luncheon I went to the Symphony concert. It was such a beautiful day, I really wanted to drive out to the Presidio, but I feel it a sacred duty to attend every Symphony concert. I of course was very disappointed in Holmes's Symphony. Mama does not think I have any right to criticise music, not knowing so very much about it, but I can tell you, Diary dear, the last concert did not once rouse me to my usual enthusiasm. In fact it did not make me forget where I was.

Wednesday night Arthur and I went to the Ellinwoods. Their fine big house was decorated with palms and ferns and flowers and was exceedingly pretty. It is one of the finest of houses for a big dance or entertainment of any kind. All of us girls went in tissue paper costumes with masks. No one recognized me for a long time. I went as an orchid and was, I thought, very picturesque, but the fellows said they considered the girls who looked best were Lottie Cunningham who appeared as poppy in black and yellow, Katherine Dillon, a scarlet poppy, Edith Preston and Bessie Ames as American flags, Charlotte Ellinwood and Leontine Blakeman as pink poppies, Grace Spreckels as night, a black gown with moon and stars on it, and Addie Murphy and Florence Josselyn as the ace of spades. Ethel Hager as a sport was inimitable. She wore a scarlet coat, a bright yellow waistcoat with hearts on it, green kilts—the real green—and a red wig with a black Derby hat placed on her head in the true sport fashion and a blue tie. Ethel has the prettiest hands and feet of any girl, I think, in town. A great many girls just wore wigs and ball gowns. Of these, Manie McNutt looked the handsomest. Marie Wilson was awfully sweet in grey and pink. None of us kept on our masks very long, for they are such hot, uncomfortable things. It was an awfully successful affair and I really love to see girls in costumes. They were all so well made, and the effect of these gay and unusual looking gowns was exceedingly pretty. I really like Valentine parties. I received any number of flowers as valentines, but I think that may have been on account of my telling all the fellows I know the Sunday before, when they were calling, that I should feel very disappointed if I was not remembered on that day. It is really now only a day for the children. They are tremendously enthusiastic about it too. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave her two small boys a party. It was most interesting to see the youngsters amuse themselves; they, for the most part, were absolutely at their ease, and before they went home were each given a souvenir of the occasion, and the really right sort of a repast for youngsters. The Spreckels house will be about ready for occupancy in May or June. I believe it will be furnished from New York.

Friday night we all mourned, for it was our last Fortnightly. As we were to have a supper and were to dance until one o'clock, we did not arrive quite so early. Georgia and Edna Hopkins and Caro Crockett led the German with the aid of Bobbie Eyre, Fred McNear and Mr. Hart. We had a fine time for we had favors. Being a popular person I went home laden with all sorts of baubles. I really love "favors." These leaders have not the executive ability of Therese Morgan, but they did very well, and we had one or two new figures. Frances Moore, who is at present staying with the Josselyns, looked very nice. She is a bright, interesting girl and exceedingly popular with all the men. Charlotte Ellinwood looked particularly well, so did Margaret Salisbury and Beulah Stubbs. I could hardly keep from weeping when I bade Mrs. Salisbury good-night, and thanked her for the fine time I have had at each of her dances. I am so sorry we shall not have any more until next year. It seems so very long to look forward to, but then, of course, time flies.

We were all rather surprised to hear of the engagement of Hubert Gee and Ellita Redding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Redding. Lita is an awfully nice girl, bright, vivacious and exceedingly popular.

The Pi Delta Kappa Fraternity gave an awfully jolly party at Cotillion Hall the other evening. These enthusiastic young people had their Fraternity pin outlined in electric lights over the stage. The girls who seemed to have a particularly good time were Olive Middleton, Emma Brown, Lola Davis and Gertrude Dutton. The boys who managed the affair so successfully were Du Val Moore, Sheldon Potter and Robert Craig.

We are to look forward next week to several theatre parties, to the Irving M. Scott dinner and dance on the twentieth, the Maurice Casey cotillion on the twenty-first, a luncheon at the Josselyns in honor of Frances Moore the same day and La Jeunesse on Friday evening.

A number of the girls went down to Palo Alto Friday of last week to a dance given at the S. A. E. house. They had a great time and I'm ever so sorry I was not with them. The house is really pretty and the boys had it decorated with great taste. They were awfully nice and put themselves to endless trouble that their guests should be perfectly comfortable. Mrs. McClung and Mrs. Warfield chaperoned the party, and the girls who went from here were Bessie Mills, Alma McClung, Eleanor Morrow, Edith Stubbs, Azelia Keys and Miss Van Wyck. The dance went off splendidly. There were men in abundance, including some interesting young professors, who I think should be persuaded to make more frequent visits to town. I told the girls I should be willing to have any of them call on me, for I do like intellectual men, for a change. There were some very pretty co-eds at the dance, so maybe they find entertainment enough without going so far afield.

I hear from Berkeley that they are to have no more meets of the Cotillion Club until after Lent. The last is to be given April 18th.

The Mardi Gras this year is to be an event of special importance. The preparations are tremendous and I think every girl I know is going. The new gallery, "Mary Frances Searles" will be opened on this occasion and the grand march and dancing will take place there. The students are decorating the entire house in carnival colors and I really believe we shall have very nearly as magnificent an affair as they do down in New Orleans. Any number of people have secured the boxes that have been built in the upper gallery.

I received the announcement cards of the wedding of Jeanette Black and Frank Norris, which took place in New York, February the twelfth. I think now, Diary dear, I have told you all the news of this week.

MISS CRICKET.

The Sketch Club at its charming new house, 1308 California street, is to have an exhibit of Oriental fabrics and curios on Friday and Saturday of this week. Under its present direction the club is flourishing like the green bay tree and excellent work is being accomplished by its members.

A well known teacher, (English, German, French) going to Europe beginning of May, wishes to chaperone ladies going abroad. Highest recommendations.
Address CHAPERONE, this office.

If Buller can cross the Tugela
And capture the slippery Boer,
He'll find that his name
Will be equal in fame
To that of the old "Jesse Moore."

Champagne Record Smashed.

109 303 cases imported in 1899 of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry was never before approached. Carrying an enormous stock of choicest wines, its fine quality can not be excelled, regardless of price. Its remarkable 1895 vintage now imported equals its best predecessors.

J. B. HEWITT, Searcher of Records. H. P. BENDER, Notary Public.

Kern Valley Abstract Bureau

B NDER & HEWITT, PROPS.

Real Estate, Insurance. Loans, Conveyancing. Complete Abstract of Land, Water and Mining Titles of Kern County.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL., County Seat of Kern Co.

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

Sylvain Salomon

MEMBER OF

Producers' Oil Exchange

AND

S. F. Produce Exchange.

INVESTMENTS.

207 Montgomery St.,
Phone, Main 5775.
SAN FRANCISCO.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

FOR

Nome, St. Michael, Dawson

AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.

CARRYING U. S. MAILS.

FOR NOME DISTRICT.

From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,

From San Francisco, S. S. "St. Paul," May 26th, 1900

A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fortnight Thereafter

For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak, and all Intermediate Points:

From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.

For new folders, maps and further particulars as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash

TANK NO. 3 WINS OUT.

"ONE morning I turned over drowsily and woke up in a bug-ward that I couldn't exactly place," said ex-Tank No. 3, the Secretary of the Harlem Club of Former Alcoholic Degenerates. "Before I had a chance to look around and try to study the thing out, I found myself fixed by the gaze of the man in the bunk on my right. He was resting on his left side, with his head in his hand, and he was regarding me with a curious grin. Maybe it was his steady gaze that woke me up; I've often been awakened out of a sound sleep that way. This man in the bunk on my right had a big, good-natured, smooth-shaven face and twinkling Irish eyes. His grin deepened when he saw that I was awake. I wasn't feeling cheerful.

"'Funny, ain't it?' said I, sarcastically.

"'Kind o',' he replied, still grinning.

"I looked around the bug-ward wonderingly.

"'Is it a new one on you?' asked the good-natured chap in the bunk on my right. 'If it isn't, put me next to where it is, what town it's in, and a little stuff like that.'

"'Search me,' said I. 'I am in-no-cent. Don't you remember breaking in?'

"'Nope,' said the man with the twinkling Irish eyes. 'Don't remember anything. If this zebra-shack's in Chicago, then it's one that I've missed. Don't you recall when you butted in here?'

"'Nay, belike, sorry the day,' said I.

"'Just touch that button there and we'll have a couple of those things with cherries in 'em,' said my bunkmate facetiously.

"'Is Chicago the last you remember of it?' I asked him.

"'Yep,' said he. 'Last thing I remember before I got into this hop-trance was shaking dice for pints at the Auditorium bar. This outfit may be in Chicago, for all I know. Don't remember leaving Chicago, anyhow.'

"'Same here,' said I. 'Last thing that stands out in my recollection is matching quarters for high-balls in the House of David.'

"Just then a big bruiser of an Irish attendant sauntered by.

"'Hey, there, Hugo,' said the man in the bunk on my right, calling after the Mulligan attendant, 'tip us off on the name of the cave and the town it's in, will you? We're twisted.'

"'Oh, yees two Injuns has come to, has yees?' said the ward man, wheeling around and walking up to our bunks. 'This is th' dizzy-ward o' th' Moonisippal Hoshpit'l o' St. Paul, if yees wants t' know, an' th' divil's own pair yees are, t' say th' laste.'

"'St. Paul, hey?' said the man in the bunk on my right, wonderingly. 'Now, how the devil did I get to St. Paul, I'd like to know?'

"'Hand me an easy one,' said I. 'The same one's got me going about how I did it myself.'

"'How long have I been in here, Mike?' asked my bunkmate of the wardman. 'Two days, ye and yees pardner,' said the Mulligan, indicating me with a nod of his head when he said 'pardner.'

"'Why, did the two of us land here in a bunch? Was it a dead heat?' asked my bunkmate.

"'Yees finished roight on th' wire t'gither,' said the wardman. 'Yees came here in a cab t'gither, an' no cop along wid yees. Yees must ha' made up yees moinds at wan an' th' same toime t' bale yeezselves out.'

"Then the Mulligan wardman went along about his business.

"'So we landed here linked-arms,' said my bunkmate. 'Queer deal, ain't it?'

"'May have met on the train,' said I. 'May have run into each other in Chicago, for that matter. The game now's to get out.'

"'They won't stand for it,' said my bunkmate. They'll hang on to us for a week, anyway.'

"Just then the young doctor in charge of the ward came in. Seeing us awake and engaged in conversation, he walked over to our bunks.

"'Oh, you two have got around, have you?' said the young doctor. 'How do you both feel?'

"'Well, speaking for myself, I've got a hunch to go home,' replied my bunkmate.

"'The same dog's biting me,' said I.

"'Impossible!' said the young doctor. 'You're both in a condition of prostration. If I were to turn you loose now, you'd both be back here before night.'

"'Well, you don't want to stand to go broke on that proposition,' said the man in the right-hand bunk. 'Henceforth and forever I abjure the Flagon.'

"'I won't take a drink out of a Pompeiian tear-jar as long as I live,' said I.

"'Oh, I've heard that kind of stuff before,' said the young doctor, jauntily. 'If I signed your release, the both of you'd be spiflicated by noon, and then when you came back the Super would hound me for letting you go.'

"Well, we both started in to con that young man, and we made it stick.

"'You both belong in Chicago, you say?' asked the young doctor, yieldingly. 'Well, that's a long walk from St. Paul. I think there were 17 cents between you when you got in.'

"'Touched, all right,' said my bunkmate and I, together.

"Well, anyhow, we got out all right by noon. When I saw my bunkmate togged out he proved to be dressy and a good-looker. I had a front of my own at that. The young doctor had under-estimated our joint wealth. I had 85 cents in change, and my bunkmate had 28 cents.

"We went to the barber shop to get shaved and think it over. It was a hotel barber shop. The man who had the chair next to mine was beefing to his barber about the lack of shorthand and typewriting facilities around the hotel.

"'It's a jay outfit, right,' he was saying. 'I've got twenty letters to get off in the next mail, and not a darned key-puncher around the place.'

"I cut in right there.

"'You can dictate 'em to me,' I said to the man, 'and I'll dig up a machine somewhere and transcribe the notes.'

"'I'll go you,' said the man, and when I had my shave I went up to the writing-room within, and he dictated his letters to me. I went to a typewriter agency, and, on pretext of trying the different machines, ran off the letters in an hour, telling them that I'd reserve decision as to which machine I'd select. The man I did the work for handed me a ten-dollar note, which I showed gloatingly to my pal, who was waiting for me.

"'Well,' said he, 'it's not up to you to do all of the hustling. I guess I'd better run out and tackle a turn at carrying the hod.'

"'Wait'll I run this button up to a billion,' I said. 'You stay here in the writing-room and keep warm.'

"I noticed my ex-bunkmate of the bug ward looking at me shrewdly out of the tail of his eye, and I was rather tickled to have a chance to exhibit my hustling abilities before him.

"'You've done some winning-out before, chum,' said he, eyeing me craftily.

"Henry Irving was playing in St. Paul that night. I hustled down to the box office. There was a line in front of the window about a block long. I skinned up the line, beginning at the rear, and quietly suggested to a lot of the swell ducks that were shivering and stamping their feet—some of 'em had been in line for hours—that I could get 'em their seats inside of five minutes for a bonus. I picked up fourteen customers. I made a list of the number each wanted, and where, and they handed me their money freely. I hustled into the box office and tackled the manager.

"'I'm the Board of Aldermen's messenger,' said I to him, 'and they've sent me down with a list of the seats they want. Can you dig 'em up before the good ones are all gone?'

"It went with a whoop. The manager was only too tickled to oblige the Board of Aldermen. I got the seats, turned 'em over to my people in the line, and yanked out $2 on each deal, which made $28. That made me $38 to the good altogether.

"I could see that there weren't going to be half enough seats for the people who wanted to see the Irving show, and so, with the $38, I hustled back to the box office and shot one into the manager about being delegated by the City Hall employees to get them seats, too. He sort o' passed me the searching look then, and I prepared to edge out backward when I saw him making a move toward the telephone. But he reconsidered and gave me nineteen good balcony seats for $2 per.

"Well, at 4 o'clock that afternoon the box-office people turned the box on the big line of people still standing in front, waiting for a chance to buy, and the 'No More Seats' sign was hung out. I was right there at the time, and it was like taking a candy cane from an infant to pass up and down the line and offer to purvey my $2 balcony seats to the disappointed bunch for $5 a throw. They ate 'em up at that figure, and I cleaned $57 on the job. That made me $95 strong, and Chicago was right across the street for my ex-bunkmate and me.

"I flashed the roll on him in the writing-room of the hotel where he'd been waiting just when the shades of early dusk were falling.

"'We'll take a mild eat,' said I, 'get in a night's sleep, and join the varnished-car-caravan Chicagoward to-morrow morning. When we get to Chicago we can respectively find out why and how we ever left there.'

"'Say,' said my bunkmate of the bug ward when we were at the table in the hotel supper room, 'what I want to know is, where do I cut into that wad you've picked up so scientifically? You don't know me. I've got no claim on you. How do you happen to count me in on this ride back to Chicago? I've done none of the hustling. I don't know how to hustle that way. Consequently, why should I let you pick me up on your shoulders and pack me back to Chicago?'

"'No reason, particularly,' said I, 'except that you speak the language of my tribe, that you're the same sort of an irresponsible idiot that I am, and that you're up against it. Isn't that enough?'

"'Oh, you'll do,' said my pal, looking at me in the peculiar way I'd noticed during the afternoon.

"The next morning we took the train for Chicago.

"'Well,' said I to my ex-bunkmate when we pulled into the station there, 'here's where we break apart. I suppose you're going home? I am. Hope I'll run in with you some other time,' I wound up, at the same time trying to slip him a ten-spot.

"He looked at me, and then at the ten, and smiled.

"'Let's get into a cab and take a little ride first,' said he, hustling me into a roller. Then he ordered the cabman to drive to the swellest club in Chicago. I was mystified, and looked him over to see if he was all there.

"'You'll be waking up presently,' I said.

"'Oh, I guess I haven't been expelled,' said he, coolly, and then the cab pulled up before the club. We went in. Twenty swell geezers were around my bunkmate of the bug ward in half a minute, shaking hands with him, asking him where he'd been, and making much of him. It got me going. Then he introduced me to the whole mob as his old friend and guest. Next he went to the club treasurer and had a personal check for $500 cashed. This he handed to me.

"'You'll do all right,' said he, with a smile. 'Make a raid on the haberdashers in the morning, get out what stuff you've got in, and come around to my office about noon,' handing me his business card, that of a building contractor, with offices in the topnotch office building of Chicago.

"Well, I did see him at his office at noon the next day. He certainly was a Prince Charlie to me. He was worth about a million, that's all, and he put me on his staff as his confidential man.

"'I've needed a resourceful, hustling man in my business for some time, and you're it,' said he, while I tried to hide my blushes behind my hat.

"'Why didn't you make the wires sizzle when you were broke in St. Paul day before yesterday?' I asked him.

"'There was too much fun in studying the win-out methods adopted by a man just turned loose from a bug ward,' he said.

"That's when I became good and learned the building contracting business," concluded ex-Tank No. 3.—*N. Y. Sun.*

COUGHS

Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat Effectively Relieved.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

John I. Brown & Son, Boston.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Catarrh Cannot be ured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free,

F. J CHENEY & CO., Props, Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

How can the British trooper bold
Defeat the wily Boer,
Unless he tones his system up
With good old "Jesse Moore?"

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to-lunch.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account October $2,365,968

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,2 3,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28 563.655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1500.....$26,110 681
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....210 067
Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tarheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee. Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

Rates of intnrest on loans secured by improved San Franci co real estate, *six per cent.*

Interest paid on d posits.

Loans on approved secusities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.
RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 3'5

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, north east corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

In BooKdom

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, whom Californians remember as one of themselves in the long ago, when the little colony of Arcadian dreamers from Poland were trying to raise chickens and bees on their co-operative ranch in the South, is again before the American public with a historical romance. This time it is *The Knights of the Cross*, a tale of medieval chivalry. Jeremiah Curtin, of course, is the translator, and the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., have been intimately associated with the name and fame of Sienkiewicz from the beginning as the publishers of *Quo Vadis* and company.

Chivalry is "the unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise," says Burke in a celebrated passage in his *French Revolution*. "Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive even in servitude itself the spirit of an exalted freedom"; and he adds, "that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." It is Burke, the poet, who speaks these things, as it is the poet always who gilds and idealizes and makes beautiful what comes under his hand. But it is a very different estimate of chivalry that obtains from the hard-headed and unpoetical historian. "The chivalrous spirit," says Mr. Freeman, "is above all things a class spirit. The good knight is bound to endless fantastic courtesies towards men and still more towards women of a certain rank; he may treat all below that rank with any degree of scorn and cruelty. The spirit of chivalry implies the arbitrary choice of one or two virtues to be practised in such an exaggerated degree as to become vices, while the ordinary laws of right and wrong are forgotten. The false code of honor supplants the laws of the commonwealth, the law of God, and the eternal principles of right. Chivalry, again, in its military aspect not only encourages the love of war for its own sake without regard to the cause for which war is waged, it encourages also an extravagant regard for a fantastic show of personal daring which cannot in any way advance the objects of siege or campaign which is going on. Chivalry, in short, is in morals very much what feudalism is in law: each substitutes purely personal obligations, obligations devised in the interests of an exclusive class, for the more homely duties of an honest man and a good citizen."

It is between this Scylla and this Charybdis that Pan Sienkiewicz steers his boat. For his romance would be no romance worth the reading were he to stand off and throw snow-balls at the manners and customs of the time, as the author of the *Norman Conquest* is allowed to do by virtue of being in the snowballing business; and he would be untrue to historical facts, and therefore unconvincing as a historical novelist, were he resolutely to close his eyes upon unpleasant things as he knows them. He does neither. Instead, he presents, simply and graphically, a picture of that life when knighthood was just past its zenith in Poland—apparently towards the end of the fourteenth century, somewhat later than the flowering of chivalry in other European countries—and he paints this picture with the utmost feeling and sympathy. This old Poland is his Poland. It is the reader's Poland also, if he will allow himself to be borne off to it, with a shield on his arm and a spear in his hand, to do battle "for God and the Ladyes."

Whatever may have been the inherent vices and defects of chivalry, it was at least the great inspiration of the time to noble deeds. It animated poetry and art; it determined individual ethics, modified the policy of states, and, under ecclesiastical teaching, came to be regarded from a judicial standpoint, to use the words of Bacon, as "the highest trial of right when princes and states that acknowledge no superior on earth shall put themselves upon the justice of God for the deciding of their controversies by such success as it please Him to give on either side." Even when locked in mortal combat Christian knights obeyed the dictates of honor. Prisoners were safely released on their parole to pay ransom, and never failed to return to captivity if their ransom could not be raised. Thus it is in the customs of medieval chivalry that the most humane portions of the laws even of modern war must look for origin.

Mr. Sienkiewicz has got into the spirit of all this. And he supplies in addition a vivid account of the wrongs committed by the Knights of the Cross—an insolent and powerful religious order of the time—upon the people, and the righting of some of those wrongs by the knightly hero. It need not be said that the weaving of his materials has been most dextrously done, nor that the resultant cloth is brilliantly colored and pleasing. Only the first half of *The Knights of the Cross* is as yet from the press. The remaining volume will be published as soon as translated.

There used to be published not so many years ago a useful series of brochures "for the edification of females," under the generic title, *Advice to Young Ladies*. The brochure always contained a chapter entitled, "What to Read," the beginning and the end of which was that "novels are lies, and lies are the invention of the devil; and since there is no way to tell a good novel from a bad one, see that ye do not put your head in the noose prepared for the entanglement of your soul, but eschew all novels, as beseemeth young ladies of breeding." I hold in my hand *The Crown of Life*, by George Gissing, published by the Frederick A. Stokes Co., and I repeat over and over again, "novels are lies, novels are lies." Stupid lies they are, many of them, not overmuch worth the telling or the reading. There was an ordinary young man, who fell in love with an extraordinary young woman. This young woman refused Members of Parliament and other geniuses because she did not love them. The ordinary young man hoped and despaired for five or ten years, and then the extraordinary young woman discovered (we are told this lie) that she loved him. For the light, aimless reading of a summer day, hit or miss, this will do well enough; but it is an invention of the devil. Young men do not wait ten years while a chance acquaintance is experimenting with the other strings on her bow, and any young lady that thinks that they do will wish before she is through with it that she had followed the advice of her grandmother's brochure, and eschewed all novels, "as beseemeth young ladies of breeding."

A much better book by the same publishers is *The Light of Scarthey*, by Egerton Castle; although the self-conscious preface might not lead one to suspect it. The author seems to think that he has found a new problem to solve. "The haunting thought," he says "round which the tale of the sorely tempest-tossed dreamer is gathered is one which, I think, must at one time or other have occurred to many a man as he neared the maturity of middle life: what form of turmoil would come into his heart if, when still in the strength of his age but after long years of hopeless separation, he were again brought face to face with the woman who had been the one passion of his life, the first and only love of his youth? And what if she were still then exactly as he had last seen her—she, untouched by years even as she had so long lived in his thoughts: he, with his soul scarred and seamed by many encounters, bravely sustained in the battle of life?" Well, what? Any one of a number of things might happen. The man might adopt the girl as his daughter, or he might remember her in his will, or obviously, if his heart had been so badly crushed in the first place that he had remained single, he might marry her.

The author seems to think that such a problem is interesting of itself. It is not. Nobody cares a whit about the problem. Least of all the reader, after he has read the tale. Any problematical newspaper puzzle-column would supply better cuttle-bone to whet one's beak upon; and besides, the romance is no place for a problem to live, even a good problem, a church-going problem, a problem that is respectable. Let the problem stay where it belongs, in the large-domed novel of ethics.

The Light of Scarthey, however, would not be suspected of having such a thing as a problem concealed about its person, were it not for the introduction; and the introductory pages are the very ones that the reader will skip to begin with. The book is a romance, pure and simple. There are thrills, and adventures, and narrow escapes; there is a good brother, who is the honorable hero, and a bad one, who is the honorable villain; there is a gentlemanly sea-pirate, who is a sort of sub-hero, in love with the sister of the girl the hero marries, hanged at the end for killing the villain and others; and finally there is a black-eyed heroine, "Murderin' Moll," no less, so dubbed because of her heart-conquests. The characters are well-drawn for their kind, and the book is interesting.

The great English literary review, the *Athnaeum*, two or three weeks ago reviewed the English edition of *David Harum* to the extent of the following curious paragraph:

David Harum, by Edward Noyes Wescott.—Mr. Wescott has the makings of a good novelist. He has the gift of appreciating and portraying character. His people are real and vivid, and he does his love scenes very prettily. In the art of narration he has a good deal to learn. He is too full of detail and does not know what to omit, he is too ready to let his characters relate anecdotes, and he is apt to introduce irrelevant anecdotes. It requires a patient reader to find out the good parts of his work, and he should bear in mind that there are not too many patient readers."

The spectacle of the *Athnaeum* advising Mr. Wescott, who has been dead a good while, that "he has a good deal to learn," and "should bear in mind that there are not too many patient readers," will interest the people on this side.

Mr. Wescott died of consumption, that scourge of writers. A great deal has been done, even since his death, in the way of scientific treatment for this disease, and were he alive today it may be he might hope for complete recovery from what has heretofore been hopeless tuberculosis. One of the best accounts of modern methods of fighting consumption is the late book, *Consumption and Chronic Diseases*, by Emmet Densmore, M.D. (Stillman Publishing Co., New York). The book is especially intended for the lay reader. It tells, simply and without technicalities, of the best methods for treating tuberculosis, and especially of the modern "open-air" treatment, which, combined with the modern system of nutrition, has accomplished some seemingly miraculous cures. "The object of this book," says Dr. Densmore, "is to make known the methods and the success of this treatment; and that it can be followed by the patient at his own home." And then he quotes Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes: "I cannot help believing that curative medical treatment will, by and by, resolve itself, in great measure, into modifications of the food swallowed and air breathed. Food and oxygen—the body and breath of life—are before all, through all, and back of all vital action." That is the basis of the modern treatment. The patient is made to eat proper foods in great abundance, and to live hygienically. He is made to accustom himself to open windows. Treatment is even possible, in the case of those dependent upon themselves for their livelihood, at the factory and workshop, without prejudice to the [illegible] wages. That is bringing the matter [illegible] practicability; for the poor man cannot always change his climate, merely because he is [illegible] The book apparently is of the greatest [illegible]tical value.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

The Frenchman likes his native wines,
The German likes his beer,
The Irishman likes his whisky straight,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Englishman likes his 'alf and 'alf,
Because it makes him frisky.
But they all go back on their favorite drink
For Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

THE Keeley Cure
ALCOHOL, OPIUM, DRUG USING
Communications Confidential. Write for particulars.
F. H. NIXON, WEST SEATTLE, WASH.

GIANT OIL COMPANY

Location of Wells, McKittrick, Kern County, Cal.

Capitalization, $500,000.

600 acres of land, U. S. Patent in the heart of the now famous McKittrick district, selected by experts and proven to be one of the best Oil properties in the State.

WILLIAM J. DINGEE, President.
J. M. MERRELL, Vice-President.

OFFICES:

Room 16, 2d Floor, Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
460 Eighth Street, Oakland, Cal.

FORTUNES IN OIL.

The Continental Oil and Development Co.
[INCORPORATED]

Only 6000 Shares of which 1,000 were put on the market and over half sold the first 10 days. This is a genuine opportunity for an oil investment. The Company owns by United States patent 5 twenty-acre tracts in the

"Oil Basin," Kings County,

the richest oil bearings in the entire belt. We have made arrangements for the latest improved machinery and will shortly be boring for oil, at which time stock cannot be had at any price.

No Assessments.

Wm. CORBIN, Pres. A. E. RUDELL, Secy.

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Frank Trio; Trevelle; Pauline Moran and Pickaninnies; The Dancing Passparts; Kathryn Osterman and Co.; Harris and Fields; De Witt and Burns; Happy Fanny Fields and Cushman, Holcombe and Curtis.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

WEEK OF FEB. 26th

Elaborate production of Joseph R. Grismer and Clay M. Greene's beautiful drama

THE NEW SOUTH.

A story of the North and South dramatically illustrated by the Great Alcazar Stock Co.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Next week the howling farce, "Never Again."

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, FEB. 26th

DENMAN THOMPSON

and an entirely new production of

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"

NOTE!—Mr. Thompson will positively appear during this engagement (for the first time here in over 12 years), presenting his original creation of Joshua Whitcomb.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

ONE WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE FEB. 25th, 1900.

MAGGIE MOORE, Presents her Australian Company, including Mr. H. R. Roberts. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights in his great creation

The Silence of Dean Maitland

Wednesday, February 28th, and 3 following nights, and Saturday matinee, Maggie Moore's re-appearance in Clifford Robertson's famous musical Irish Comedy

MRS. QUINN'S TWINS.

Specially written for and played by her.

Next Attraction "Darkest Russia."

Popular Prices: Evening, 75c 50c, 25c; Matinees 50c, 25c.

Grand Opera House

SPECIAL

Thursday afternoon, March 1st, at 3:15 p. m.

Fourth SYMPHONY CONCERT

Under the direction of HENRY HOLMES

Orchestra of 70 pieces.

On sale at Sherman Clay & Co. on and after Saturday morning, Feb. 24th.

Last concert Thursday afternoon March 15th.

Special prices for the Season.

Seats $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c and 25c.

Western Turf Association.

INCORPORATED

Member American Turf Congress

TANFORAN PARK, South San Francisco

Main Office Parlor "A" Palace Hotel San Francisco

W. J. MARTIN, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Manager.

Second Meeting Feb. 12th to Feb. 24th inclusive.

Six high-class running races every week-day rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb Grand Stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 4:45 P. M. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking. Valencia street ten minutes later.

San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.

Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to Grounds, $1.25.

Racing! Racing! Racing!

CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

Winter meeting, 1899–1900, beginning MONDAY Feb. 26 to Mar. 10, 1900.

OAKLAND RACE TRACK,

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.

Five or more races each day,

Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President,

R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

AT THE THEATERS

THE Bostonians are at an interesting stage of their career. With the exception of Barnaby, the original standby of the company, the old, tuneful guard is gone—Cowles, Jessie Bartlett Davis, MacDonald the first, Alice Neilson. In their place is a body of beautiful women and handsome men, but there is not a voice in the company. Nor, saving Barnaby, is there a passable actor. There is no doubt about Barnaby; he is a genuine comedian with a style all his own, but he is with the rest of the company in his lack of voice. The thing in which the Bostonians, as they go at present, shine pre-eminent, is in stage pictures. The costuming is elegant, and the scenic effects all that could be asked of a traveling company; and Marcia Van Dresser, one of the most beautiful women on the stage today, is one of a number of principals who are more than pretty. This, then, seems to be the policy of the management—to slight voice and dramatic ability in the make-up of the company, to fill out the repertoire with such saccharine harmonic operas as "The Viceroy" and "The Smugglers of Badayez," and to make it up by elegant costuming, setting, and stage pictures. It remains to be seen whether this policy will hold the immense houses which have greeted the Bostonians in all the prosperous ten years of their stage career. Myself, I doubt it.

* *

And now little Edna May, the Salvation Lassie who charmed New York and enthused London in "The Belle of New York," has set her foot down hard on her manager, George Lederer. Just after "The Belle" came back from a triumphant three years' run in London, an article concerning Edna May came out in a New York "Sunday supp." In it, Lederer told how he "made" Edna May; how he found her a little, demure chorus-girl in the back row and, being suddenly in need of a principal, put her into the part of the Salvation Lass and trained her, with much toil, into a success. It was an excellent newspaper "story."

Edna May looks demure enough in her photographs, but the manner in which she answered the aspersion that George Lederer or anyone else "made" her was anything but demure. "I never was in Mr. Lederer's chorus and he knows it. He never saw me 'in the line,' besause I wasn't there. He never 'called me out,' because I was not there to be called. . . . . When he engaged me for 'The Belle,' I had been playing a small part in 'A Contented Woman,' and was a pretty good ready-made actress already."

Furthermore, she has it that Lederer never taught her anything, although he tried to, and that he is trying to make a reputation for himself as a genius of a stage-manager, when his chief talent lies in advertising and in holding down the wages of the company. She doesn't care if she is under contract to play in his company until April, she is going to leave him then, so there!

Miss May's reply closes with this beautifully feminine bit: "Something was said by Mr. Lederer about the brevity of my conversational powers. The resources of conversation are usually within the limits a woman desires them to be. My manager says: 'Talk with her all day and you will find her conversation limited to Yes and No!' Perhaps my manager is correct about this. I *do* find conversation with some people rather hard."

* *

The Alcazar this week is presenting "The Prodigal Father," a farce-comedy that is full of funny situations. The test of a farce, I suppose, is the volume of cachinnation that is elicited from pit and gallery; and judged by this test the week is a success. Our old friends the stage butler, the stage parson, the stage tragedian, the stage head-of-a-family, and the stage adventuress, were in evidence, and mixed things beautifully. Mary Hampton as *Dollie Bonde* allowed herself to work a little too hard. The rest of the cast got into the spirit of the thing with greater ease. As for the farce itself, in plot it is curiously suggestive of Gillette's "Too Much Johnson" and the comedies of that class, wherein a respectable gentleman goes to the city on a spree and deceives his family with tales of travel in distant parts of the world. He has to lie pretty hard to get out of it, and the harder he lies the further he gets into it. Therein lies the fun. Next week "The New South," by Clay M. Greene and Joseph Grismer, the former an old San Francisco man, will be presented.

* *

Maggie Moore, the old San Francisco favorite, comes back to us next week, bringing as leading man H. R. Roberts, an Australian actor who is said to be one of the most versatile leading men on the stage. On Sunday afternoon and Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," a dramatization of Maxwell Gray's story, will be produced for the first time in San Francisco. The rest of the week the company shifts to farce-comedy, in "Mrs. Quinn's Twins."

Beside the fact that musical performances in San Francisco are almost exclusively patronized by the feminine section of the population, there is another reason for the partiality for afternoon recitals. In San Francisco today there is but one concert hall available for important musical performances—the Metropolitan Temple—and that is undesirable for two reasons, location and construction. The public seems prejudiced against it on the ground that egress would be difficult in case of fire. The other halls—Golden Gate, Sherman & Clay's, and Native Sons'—are all too small. Consequently important attractions are compelled to use the theatres, and as they are occupied at night the afternoon alone is left. Little doubt exists that a large concert hall would prove a profitable investment. Therein the symphony concerts would be given and it would be available for lectures, balls, and all extraordinary entertainments. I am persuaded that a structure on the lines of Carnegie Hall, New York, would prove profitable to San Francisco. There the prominent music teachers of the metropolis render it the headquarters for all musical events. In San Francisco, music has no center and it needs one.

* *

The Orpheum bill this week is a good average somewhat on the even tenor of the bill of last week, and that of the week before. The acrobatic work was clever, but for that matter all such work has become so. The first to gain any strong appreciation were Monroe and Mack in color sketches and dialogue. The second awakening was due to the comedy sketch called "The Editor," in which Kathryn Osterman is especially strong in comedy, and perhaps the interest was not entirely in the play.

* *

The fourth and next to the last of the series of Symphony concerts, under the direction of Henry Holmes will take place at the Grand Opera House next Thursday afternoon at 3:15 sharp. The programme, the strongest yet offered and is as follows:—1. Overture—Fingal's Cave, Mendelssohn; 2. Symphony in C, op. 61, Schumann; 3. Symphonic Poem, Dause Macabre, Saint-Saens; 4. Overture, Oberon, Weber. The sale of seats will begin this Saturday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The last concert of the series will take place Thursday afternoon, March 15th.

* *

The Orpheum's new people for next week include the Frank Trio, acrobatic comedians, in a sketch called "Pastimes in the Dark," Trovalle, a ventriloquist with some original automatons of his own invention, Pauline Moran, a clever singer with two dancing pickaninnies, and the Passparts, two Italian dancers.

* *

There are to be two new faces at the Grand Opera House in the near future—Hanford A. Cleves, a comedian from the East, and Edward Adams, a descriptive singer whose specialty is coon songs.

* *

Denman Thompson and his ever-popular "Old Homestead" follows the Bostonians at the Columbia in a two weeks' engagement.

If Mr. Forbes Robertson, the English actor, had not wandered into a Parisian bookseller's in London to while away an idle hour, he would be much lower in the profession than he is now, and a French playwright of the first rank would have remained in obscurity, at least for the time being. In the bookstall, Robertson picked up a bunch of yellow-backed play-books, a bargain lot going for a few pennies. He bought the lot, and, in turning them over, came upon one whose title struck him. He read it to the end, and was impressed with the strength and originality of the leading role. He decided at once to have the play translated and adapted. It was the wisest move he ever made. "The Sacrament of Judas" became the hit of his career; indeed, it stands with "The Tyranny of Tears" as the production of late years that has the clearest road to lasting favor. The author, M. Tiercelin, was dragged out of obscurity and came to London to superintend the production. He proved to be a Breton gentleman of the old school, and a lawyer, but he has abandoned the brief for the pen—for critics are saying that the man who could write a play like "The Sacrament of Judas" has great things in him.

The kopje smote the blithergong
And scrooned the trencherloon;
And trekked the busy day along,
And veiled the wintry moon.

The kopje caught it in the Nek,
And froomed the laagers all,
Then calmly flimmed a quart of sec,
And dodged the lancers tall.

The kopje is a frumous sight
That's rarely seen by men;
It's here at dawn, its gone at night—
And then it's back again!

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Cloth s cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block.

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

OPTICIANS.

H. CLAY EVERSOLE, Specialist in Eyesight measurements for spectacles and eyeglasses, 720 First ave

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. FLEISCHER, Surgery Genito-Urinary and female diseases 201, 202, 216, 218 Washington blk

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks

From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works

409 MARKET STREET

If you have never tasted Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, try it and be convinced that it is the best whiskey in the world.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO

DEL MONTE

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✻ THIS SEASON'S ✻

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Feb. 5, 10 15, 20, 25, March 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Feb. 5, 10, 15, 20 25, Mar. 2 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Feb. 3, 8, 13 18, 23, 28, Mar. 5 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Feb. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Mar. 5 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Feb. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, Mar. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, March 7 at 2 p.m.

S. S. Mariposa, **for Australia**, Wednesday, March. 21, at 8 p.m.,

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast

No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb, 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7. 17. 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

J. W. MONROE'S SPARKLING APPLE CIDER

Made in Humboldt Co., California
John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

SUNSET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1899-1900.

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Friday
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays and Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the travelling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 6610 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

Roger S. Green, Pres. Austin E. Griffiths, Sec'y

Invest Your Money in the

Sea • Breeze • Mine

The Richest Free Milling Gold Discovery in Southeastern Alaska.

A limited number of shares offered at Fifty Cents. Call or address

SEA BREEZE MINING CO.

Washington Bld., 1st Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 29th day of January 1900, an assessment (No. 50) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of March, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 26th day of March, 1900, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Tarnished Silver

like a dirty face reflects little credit on its owner. Remove the blemish and its beauty and brilliancy appear—if you use Electro-Silicon.

It simply beautifies precious metals. It's unlike others.

changes the "complexion" of tarnished Silver—making it brighter than ever—and altho' its beauty be only "skin deep" never mars it in the least. The thinner the plating the greater need of its use.

At grocers and druggists.

The Electro Silicon Company, 30 Cliff Street, New York.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.

WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.

American and European Plan.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

FOR THE

BEST BOOK-KEEPING,

the SHORTEST SHORTHAND

Attend McLAREN & THOMSON'S

Acme Business College

College Paper Sent Free

Pacific Block SEATTLE, WASH.

Special Sale of Furs

At 25 per Cent Reduction

For the Next Ten Daps Only

Remodeling and Repairing.

AD. KOCOUR & CO.

Fashionable Manufacturing **Furriers,**

FUR DYERS AND FUR DRESSERS.

121 POST STREET, ROOMS 7 TO 11

Telephone Black 3743.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents

323-325 Market St., S. F.

Ladies Do Not

Seek assistance from new and untried preparations, but use the old, time-tried and reliable CREME DE LIS. It removes every trace of sallowness and other cutaneous defects, and the skin regains that softness and purity of color so rarely possessed by adults. Blackheads, freckles, muddy skin, wrinkles, and red nose, or face, acted upon as if by magic.

The whiskey that touches the right spot every time is Jesse Moore. To be found at all first-class bars and saloons.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—The wife of a little country church sexton had died rather suddenly, and the vicar went to condole with the bereaved husband. "Now, tell me how it happened," said the vicar. "Well, sir, she was bad, and I went off for the doctor, four miles away, and when I gets there he was gone off somewhere else; so I turns back, and in coming home remembered I had a bottle of medicine which he guv me last year, so says I, 'That will do for the missus'; so she takes it and dies." Then, lighting up his pipe, the old sexton added: "Wasn't it a good job I didn't take it myself?"

x

A READY SOLUTION.—A Baptist and a Methodist minister were by accident dining at the same house. As they took their seats there was an embarrassed pause, the hostess not knowing how to ask one minister to say grace without offending the other. The small son quickly grasped the situation, and, half rising in his chair, moved his finger rapidly around the table, reciting: "Eny mene miny mo, catch a nigger by the toe." He ended by pointing his finger at the Baptist minister and shouting "You're it!" The reverend gentleman accepted the decision, and said grace, but it lacked the usual solemnity.

x

A BIBLE FOR OCCASIONS.—A woman in a small Welsh farmhouse being taken very ill, a neighbor went for the clergyman, who said he would come directly. The neighbor, going back to the farmhouse, said they had better get out a bible, as the parson might ask for one. The farmer thereupon told the woman she would find one, he thought, at the bottom of an old chest, "for, thank goodness," he added, "we have had no occasion for them sort of books for many a long year—never since the old cow was so bad."

x

WAR A PERSONAL MATTER.—Elliott Hook was cooking a beef-steak at Caloocan when a Mauser bullet hit the pan in which the steak was sizzling, knocked it about a rod and sprinkled Hook with hot grease. The disappointed soldier immediately loaded his rifle, and watched all day long to get a shot at the rebels, saying to his comrades: "I went into this war at the call of my country, but since that fellow spilled my meat it has become a 'personal matter.'" And he so regarded it until he sailed away from Manila.

x

DEPEW'S STATION.—At a recent banquet in London, Embassador Choate sat next to a distinguished nobleman, who during the course of the conversation had occasion to inquire: "And to what station in your country does your Mr. Chauncey M. Depew belong?" "To the Grand Central Station, My Lord," replied the diplomat, without a quiver. The Englishman's face clouded for a moment with uncertainty. "Ah! I see, I see, Mr. Choate!" he exclaimed, "Mr. Depew belongs to your grand, great middle class."

x

A VERY TRIFLING INCIDENT.—A clergyman was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony for a couple in middle-life. "Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the bridegroom. "No, sir." "Have you?"—to the bride. "Well, yes, I have," replied the bride laconically; "but it was twenty years ago, and he was killed in an accident when we'd been married only a week, so it really ain't worth mentioning."

x

GODS TO BURN.—Father Enright, a good priest of Bernice, Penn., was teaching catechism to a class of youngsters whose ability to understand theology is not commensurate with the holy man's desire for their advancement. On a recent occasion he asked the first boy, "How many gods are there?" The lad promptly responded, "Three," and the good father boxed his ears. "Now," said the angry urchin, "I wouldn't tell you if I knew where there was a whole field full!"

x

A REASON FOR VIRTUE.—The chaplain of an English regiment had been striving strenuously with a full private who had a perverse way of falling from grace. Expostulating with him once and suggesting the necessity of his turning over a new leaf, the soldier replied to the Chaplain: "Yes sir; I know that I ought to be good, for my mother is cook to General Booth!"

x

THE INFALLIBLE PRESS.—Professor Palmieri, of the Vesuvian Observatory, had been misquoted in a Neapolitan daily paper about some seismic matter, and he wrote to the editor to protest; but the only consolation which he received was a communication from the editor to the effect that, "We have made you say it and you must now stick to it!"

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

For nearly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate charges.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

Famous FOR ITS **Purity!**

Seattle U. S. A.

THE

White Pass and Yukon Route

The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.

British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between

Skaguay and Lake Bennett.

Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY

—TO—

Atlin, Dawson and Cape Nome Gold Fields.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.

S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S. F.

E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

REPSOLD

Select Vintage Wines For Your Home Dinner

This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants

A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

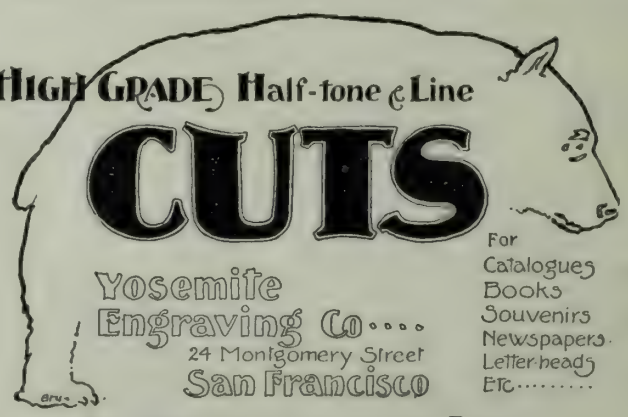
200 POST STREET

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.



We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS.

308 - 314 Post St.

Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. All the Latest Books in our Sheet Music Department.

The Wave

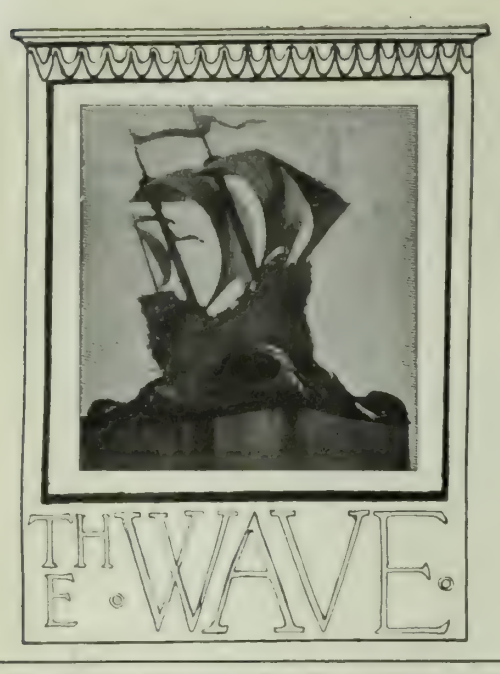
1900

VOL. XXI, No. 8 — SAN FRANCISCO — MARCH 3, 1900 — SEATTLE — PRICE 10 CENTS

CALIFORNIA STATE

MEET OF THE SAN MATEO HUNT CLUB AT MOORMEADS.

WALTER HOBART ON ROYALITY.



Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—February 24, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Giant Redwoods in the Calaveras Grove 4
Alaskan Dogs, by J. V. Stetson 5
Intervention, by Etienne Marcel 5
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 6
The Mardi Gras Festival 7
Plays and Players 8
Two Generals, by Stuart Prentiss 9
Sapho, by John Dalton 9
In Bookdom, by W. J. Neidig 10
Babblings of a Belle 11
Their Conversation 12
The Langtry Enterprise 13
A London Letter 13
At the Theatres 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

Roberts Captures Cronje's Army.

From a British point of view, the situation in South Africa grows brighter with each succeeding day. Kimberley has been relieved, Buller has forced the passage of the Tugela and is near Ladysmith, General Cronje and a Free State army of at least 4,000 men have surrendered, the Boers have been placed on the defensive, and all within ten days. This complete transformation—for the period just preceding the relief of Kimberley was the most discouraging one in the whole war—has been brought about by the military genius of Generals Roberts and Kitchener, who have proved that the need of Great Britain in South Africa has been generals rather than reinforcements. Immediately after General French made his unexpected dash into Kimberley, General Cronje, with a force numbering somewhere between 4,000 and 8,000, withdrew from his position at Magersfontein, where he had been holding Methuen at bay, and headed eastward toward Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State. Roberts started his main body in pursuit, and dispatched Kitchener, with cavalry, mounted infantry and artillery, to cut off the retreat. The Boers fell backward for two days, their rearguard fighting splendidly. At the end of that time, Kitchener accomplished his flanking movement and drove the van back upon the main body of the British. It was a trap, in which Cronje was caught fast. Either Roberts laid his plans very wisely as regards the topography of the country or else fortune favored the British, for Paardsburg, the place where Cronje was forced to halt, is an almost untenable position. It is on the banks of a river, with hills rising abruptly on either side, and the British anticipated the enemy by seizing these elevations. The Boers held one or two kopjes on the first day of occupation, but were driven out, until the whole force lay entrenched on the river bank. Roberts posted all his available guns on the hills, and prepared to shell Cronje out. The Boers, realizing their situation, tried to escape in small parties along the river, but French's cavalry was posted at the outlet for that very purpose, and took 500 prisoners before Cronje realized the futility of this course. Shut in beyond all chance, Cronje waited for relief from the outside. Small detachments of Boers coming from the force around Ladysmith made several desultory attacks on Roberts's rear, but were beaten off. To the repeated demand for surrender, Cronje returned a curt refusal. Deserters reported in the British camp that the Boer general wished to give up, but was held back by the young burghers from Transvaal. Thus the situation stood until Feb. 27, the nineteenth anniversary of Majuba Hill, when the Republican force surrendered unconditionally, after a week's resistance. Roberts's next battle will be somewhere in front of Bloemfontein, to the defence of which the detached commandos of both republics are now hurrying. Particulars of this whole campaign are lacking, and will be until letters come in, as the censorship over telegrams is strict. Certain it is that Cronje was badly outgeneralled, first in the flanking movement by which a British force of inferior mobility was permitted to get into Kimberley without substantial opposition, and again in the maneuvers by which he was surrounded in an untenable position.

Buller's Campaign against Ladysmith.

While General Roberts has been operating in Orange Free State and has succeeded in gaining the first substantial British success of the Transvaal war, the situation about Ladysmith has brightened considerably. Buller's fourth advance was conducted with more care and caution than the others, and he already held two important positions, one on each bank of the Tugela, when Roberts relieved Kimberley and began to press Cronje. This resulted in a movement of the Transvaal forces at his front; some of them seemed to be leaving their entrenchments and retiring. Ladysmith, also, reported that the siege was being lightened and that small parties of Boers were seen limbering their guns and packing their belongings as though to retire. It was thought that this meant the abandonment of the siege, until Buller found, upon advancing, that the remnant was resisting as stoutly as ever. The real significance of this move is probably a march of the Free State burghers to defend their capital, menaced by Roberts. At no time during the war has there been full co-operation between the armies of the two republics, and this explanation seems a natural one. After throwing his army across the Tugela for the fourth time and fortifying the positions already taken, Buller began a slow and steady advance. The first line of defense, a series of low kopjes, was taken on the second day of fighting. It is now ten days since the British army moved forward, and, after continuous fighting, they have hammered their way to a point which lacks only two miles of being in touch with Ladysmith and just outside the third and last line of defense. This is likely to offer the hardest obstacle Buller has yet encountered. The attack has been cautious and well advised, artillery supporting the advance in every case. In his three former advances, Buller has never gained a foothold more than a mile or two beyond the Tugela; in view of present conditions, London has every hope that the relief of Ladysmith will be the next piece of good news.

The Yaqui War in Mexico.

At latest advices, Mexico seems to be having no easy time with the rebellious Yaquis in the State of Sonoma. Within two months after the opening of the war last fall, Mexican reports stated that the Indians were pushed back into their higher strongholds and that General Torres was gathering his forces to rush them out. Very little information has emerged since then. A censorship which is, in effect, more drastic than that enforced by the British in South Africa, operates over the whole affair by the absolute inability of the Mexicans to tell the truth. The only reports which emanate tell of Mexican victories in small skirmishes, yet now, when the war is six months old, we find the army of the southern republic shoved back on the seaport of Guaymas, and barely able to hold the town at that. An engagement which was remarkable for the proportion of losses to the numbers involved took place before that town on Feb. 23. The Indians were intrenched along the hills above a river which flows into the ocean near the town. The Mexican general, with 700 troops and a gunboat, attempted to drive them out. The natives replied with small-arms and a Maxim gun, and not only decimated the Mexican troops, who seem to have attacked with great bravery, but disabled the gunboat. General Torres fell back on the town, pursued by the Indians; later, a flanking force from his army surprised the enemy and drove them back in time to save a siege. The Indian loss is not known, but is supposed to be heavy. The Mexicans lost 227 men out of 700 engaged. It is claimed that the Yaquis are led by Americans, and that two veterans of the Rough Riders smuggled in the Maxim gun which played such an important part in the fight and operated it during the engagement. This is not at all unlikely, considering that the Americans of the border States are anything but friendly to the Mexicans.

Plague Spreads in Hawaiian Islands.

While there have been no new cases of bubonic plague in Honolulu for ten days, and residents of the town hope that the disease passed with the passing of filthy Chinatown, the scourge has broken out in two of the other islands—Hawaii and Maui. On the former there has been one death, and on the latter seven. On Maui, the disease has been confined to the town of Kahuihui, where the first death occurred Feb. 4. The disease was at first classified as malarial fever, but the fact that several persons in the same house died in quick succession aroused suspicion. The authorities, becoming suspicious, quarantined the infected Chinese district, cremated the bodies, and sent cultures from them to Honolulu for microscopical analysis. The experts pronounced it plague, and sent physicians at once. The very day of their arrival a Chinaman dropped dead of the disease on the streets. This was just before the departure of the latest boat, and further news is awaited with great anxiety. The case on Hilo was a white woman, the wife of a Portuguese merchant, and cultures from the body proved that there was no mistake about the diagnosis. Both the islands are enforcing a strict quarantine. At Honolulu, most of the Chinese and Japanese held in quarantine camp have completed their term of detention and will be released. The care of these people, rendered homeless by the big fire, will be a serious question for the provisional government. Industry has been temporarily paralyzed by the quarantine, so that there is no work for most of them, and they will have to be fed and sheltered by State or private charity. The citizens of Honolulu have contributed large sums, and a government appropriation will be added. Two large camps for temporary occupation are to be opened, pending the rebuilding of Chinatown.

End of the War in Luzon.

It seems as though the war in the Philippines were practically ended. This statement has been made and disproved by events so many times, that it should be taken with a reservation. Nevertheless, there is a strong basis in fact for the present statement. It has been several weeks since the United States troops now scouring Luzon have met an organized body of insurgents. In his last campaign, which is probably the final one of the war, General Bates met with no organized resistance. The time has come, according to General Otis's opinion, when the rule declaring all Tagalos found in arms as bandits should be put in operation. It is presumed that he has issued an order to that effect. Just what will be done with these captives is a mooted question. Even if they have employed their arms to kill American soldiers, to execute them for the offense would be a little too much like the Spanish practice. Probably a distinction without a difference will have to be made between fair fight in the open and assassination. The army of the Philippines will now be reorganized for police duty on a system somewhat resembling that of the Canadian mounted police. Acting on the advice that our force has reached the end of its functions in the islands, President McKinley is paying special attention to the creation of the Philippine Commission, in order that civil government may be established throughout the archipelago as soon as practicable. They will be charged with the important duty of setting up local municipal control on the plan outlined in the report of the first Philippine Commission.

The New Financial Bill.

The Republican majority of the Conference Committee appointed to draw up the new financial bill have agreed on terms. They will report the measure to Congress, and it will without doubt pass as it stands. The changes in the present system are not very important. Although the new measure does not declare unequivocally for the gold standard any more than does the one now in operation, it leans to the gold side of the question and is correspondingly distasteful to the Democrats. As the law now stands, there is no single coin or metal designated as the standard or unit of value. The Secretary of the Treasury has always been allowed to redeem silver dollars in gold, heretofore, with discretion to refuse to do so if he wished. In the new law, this is apparently unchanged. The United States Treasury Notes representing the cost of the silver bullion purchased under the act of 1890 are, by the proposed law, made payable in gold coin instead of in "coin," as heretofore. The silver certificates issued for deposits of that metal made in the Treasury are hereafter to be issued in denominations of $10 or less, unless the Secretary of the Treasury, at his own discretion, decides to issue not over 10 per cent. of the total in larger denominations. This will result in confining the use of silver and silver certificates to small transactions. To assure the prompt redemption of all legal tenders and treasury notes, a surplus of $150,000,000 must be kept on hand, segregated from all other moneys. Two new bureaus, one of issue and one of redemption, are created in the Treasury Department to take care of redemptions. If at any time the gold reserve is reduced to $100,000,000, the secretary is authorized to sell 3 per cent. one-year gold bonds to replenish it, the proceeds to be applied to no other purpose. The secretary is authorized to refund outstanding 3, 4 and 5 per cent. "coin" bonds into thirty-year 2 per cent. gold bonds, redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after thirty years. The rates of payment are fixed by the bill, and are such that there will be a large saving of interest for the time which the old bonds have to run. The tax on the circulation of national banks remains at 1 per cent, except in so far as the new 2 per cent. bonds are deposited for security, and on circulation based on these bonds the tax is reduced to one-fourth of 1 per cent. National banks may issue currency to the par value of bonds deposited instead of upon 90 per cent. thereof as heretofore. National banks with not less than $25,000 capital may, at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, be established in towns having a population of not over 3,000. There are a number of minor provisions, but these are the really important points. The act closes with a sop to the silver advocates, as follows: "The provisions of this act are not intended to preclude the accomplishment of international bimetalism whenever conditions shall make it expedient and profitable to accomplish the same by concurrent action of the leading commercial nations of the world and at a ratio which shall insure permanence of the relative value between gold and silver."

German Commercial Activity in China.

In spite of the conservative reaction in China and the anti-foreign stand of the Empress Dowager, German capitalists are now building a railroad from the seaport of Tsing-Tan to the commercial metropolis of Shan-Tung, with a branch line running to Po-Shan. In all, the road is to be 280 miles long, and is to connect important coal-bearing districts, while forming, at the same time, a way of entry to a thickly-populated district with heavy needs for European goods. The company in charge is capitalized for over twelve million dollars, with about three million dollars paid in. It is under contract to put the main line through in five years. The German government reserves the right to buy the line and all its appliances at the end of sixty years. Contracts for material are let far ahead, and thousands of tons are already on the ground. The Chinese government grants the right of free entry for all materials. The Germans are said to be more energetic in their efforts to spread their commerce in China than any other nation holding a "sphere of influence." The latest plan is an Oriental Commercial Museum in Berlin, operated on precisely the same lines as the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, but relating to China. A sample warehouse shows the industrial and agricultural products of the Oriental countries and the principal articles of export and import, while a library attached has a full supply of reading matter, and the management of the concern acts as an unincorporated Chamber of Commerce. Great results are expected to follow the establishment of this museum.

Present Conditions in Cuba.

January 1st, 1900, marked the first anniversary of the withdrawal of Spanish rule from Cuba. In that one year the provisional government inaugurated by the United States has been put into operation and has wrought a great change in conditions on the island. At the time when the United States army assumed control, the island was reduced and devastated by a long war, the population had been cut down by 800,000 souls in the space of two years; hunger and want were universal. In this one year so much has been done that the island people in general are more happy and contented than they were at any time during the last half-century of Spanish rule. There is no more hunger, the cities are clean and orderly, the industries are rapidly getting on their feet. Political conditions are equally satisfactory. The people seem satisfied of our good faith in promising withdrawal as soon as institutions can be put into good running order, and meanwhile are con-

ented with the provisional government. There is one set of malcontents, the "Patriotic League," a union of place-hunters formed just after the close of the war. Disappointed at their failure in obtaining government appointments, they have taken revenge by stirring up some opposition, but it has been mild. General Wood declares that the "League" could not muster over 500 men for a revolution. The trouble between the Spaniards and Cubans so much feared before Spanish withdrawal has never material zed. The truth is that all parties are too busy rebuilding the island's industries to stop for quarreling. If a vote were taken on independence *vs.* annexation, the majority would doubtless favor independence, although the property-holders would be overwhelmingly for annexation. President McKinley has announced that intervention will be withdrawn when a stable government is secured. General Wood interprets this to mean when a condition has been attained in which money is cheap and mortgages are easily affected on real estate at a rate of interest not exceeding six per cent. per annum. If this year's rate of progress continues, such a state is not far off. There is no more actual want; the greatest necessity for public relief just now is among the orphans of the war of independence. Private funds have done a great deal in this direction, but it is yet not enough; the government must do the rest. As soon as the census is completed, the first municipal election will be held—probably some time in May. Universal suffrage with a residence qualification w ll be the rule. Just now, the military governor and his staff are contemplating two important changes in administration. The first has reference to the courts. These were conducted by the Spaniards on a fairly just system of laws, but with rotten methods of procedure. These methods of procedure, designed to foster bribery and corruption, will be changed as soon as possible. The other institution to be overhauled is the school system. In Spanish days, the schools were strengthened in the secondary and advanced grades for the benefit of the rich and influential classes, while the primary grades, which were of most use to the poor, were almost utterly neglected. The entire organization is therefore to be remodelled. The army of occupation now numbers ten thousand. This will be reduced during the year to five thousand, and further cut down during 1901, by which time Cuba will be very nearly ready for self-government.

Public Opinion on the Cable Question. Since the entry of the two Pacific cable bills into Congress, the one calling for its construction by the government, the other for a subsidy enabling a private corporation to lay and control the line, there has been a hot discussion pro and con in the newspapers of this country. It has been fought, of course, on Socialistic and Popocratic lines, by those who believe in government ownership of everything in sight; this was to be expected. But conservative journals which are committed neither to government ownership nor to the reverse policy have found much on both sides. It is urged on the one hand that it is against the policy of this government to operate any industry which can just as well be left in private hands, that the cable is a commercial rather than a political undertaking, and that the terms asked by the private corporation applying for the subsidy are so liberal that the government will lose nothing. The other view has more supporters, and seems more popular all over the country. Those on this side argue that for many years government messages will be the principal business transmitted by the cable. Why then, should not the government own and operate the line as a part of the government machinery? Again, the terms asked by the company and incorporated in the bill are regarded as manifestly unjust. The company asks for an annual subsidy of $400,000, for twenty years; in return for this, government messages are to be transmitted free of charge. Engineers outside the company's employ estimate the cost of the line at $8,000,000. The subsidy arrangement would mean, then, that the government would pay 5 per cent on the company's original investment, leaving the money obtained from private tolls for clear profit above the interest on the investment and the light operating expenses. This seems to be the sentiment of the country regarding the question of ownership. On one point all are united, however: the construction of the cable should be commenced at once.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Railroad and Politics.

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, writing to a friend concerning California politics, has this to say:

"Certain newspapers have sneered and jibed about my professed determination to keep the railroad out of California politics; but, if the railroad company has seemed to fall short of quite fulfilling that honorable desire, these newspapers have themselves to thank for it, for they have day in and day out screamed their maledictions against the railroad, lied about it, and done their best to incite everybody they could reach—citizens, legislators, and municipal and national officials—to injure and destroy the business, which is the very life of the railroad. When things reach such a point the railroad is placed in the position of one in peril of his life, and the railroad will always, while I am at its head, exercise its prerogative of self-defense. We are in California to stay, because we have a right there. We are giving, and shall continue to give, the people of California the best railroad facilities and service that we know how to give; but we shall resist the confiscation of our property, whether it should be attempted by direct acts, or by the forced reduction of the rates of fares and freights below a point where the railroad can continue to live; and when any man, no matter who he may be, no matter how great or how popular he may be, runs for an important office on the platform of avowed hostility to the railroad, it is not only the railroad's right and privilege, but it is its duty, to protect itself against that man."

This is a plain, straightforward statement from the one man above all others who can keep the railroad out of politics. He points out in a clear and plain fashion that the question of the railroad's participation in politics may be solved by the people themselves. The *Wave* long ago pointed out that the demagogue who ranted of railroad interference, and shouted from the stump his determination to abuse it, is responsible for the corporation's being in politics. It is the foe of vested rights and the enemies of the corporation that compel it to enter politics. It is not for the purpose of rewarding friends that such an institution deserts its legitimate pursuits to mix in the pool of politics. There is neither profit nor glory to the corporation in winning empty political victories. No sane man could blame it for opposing Judge Maguire in the last gubernatorial campaign. His whole career had been marked by open, vigorous and biased opposition to the corporation. It could not expect even fairness at his hands. If the body of the people in California would agree among themselves to crack the head of the first railroad agitator who appeared for nomination before their conventions; if the press of the State would refuse to support any unfair or prejudiced candidate for office; if they would make it unpopular and unprofitable to be a noisy, agitating, demagogic railroad-hater, you would probably hear no more of this corporation in politics than you would of any ordinary citizen. Put yourself and your business in the place of the railroad, and ask yourself the question as to whether or not you would enter politics if confronted by open and avowed enemies anxious to wreck you and destroy your business.

The solution of this problem of the railroad and politics seems very simple. Everyone who knows Mr. Huntington knows that he speaks out his mind; that he *fears* nothing; that when his word is out no power on earth can change him. He has given his word to the people of California that he desires to divorce the corporation from politics, and he says to them "keep the open and avowed enemies of railroads and vested rights off of your tickets. Don't permit the rascal who has hate in his heart and falsehood on his tongue wrongfully to oppress your citizens and the railroad *will* keep out of politics."

Developing Oriental Trade.

THE committee in charge has gone quietly ahead with the Pacific Commercial Museum until it looks as though the dream had become a reality. The work is still in the committee stage, but enough interest has been stirred up and enough support promised to give assurance of success. The movement has proceeded so quietly and has taken up so little space in the newspapers that it is perhaps advisable to state here the nature of the undertaking. The Commercial Museum is to be a permanent exhibit of all materials or manufactured articles exported by the Coast to foreign countries or imported from them, and a collection of all books, papers and documents relating to our foreign commerce. It is tacitly understood that the exhibits and documents collected by the museum will have to do with the Oriental nations almost to the exclusion of all others, since practically the entire commerce of the Pacific States is with the Orient. For purposes of mutual benefit, there will be a connection established between the new museum and both the Philadelphia Commercial Museum and the American-Asiatic Association. The purpose of the enterprise is, of course, the encouragement of commerce by placing knowledge of conditions within easy reach. A Congressional appropriation has been asked for; failing this, the money will be raised by subscription among the not over liberal merchants of the coast.

It is doubtful if, at the present time, we shall have any great extension of trade among the Oriental peoples proper. The products of the Pacific coast, except, perhaps, flour, are all luxuries. The standard of living in Oriental countries is low, and luxuries are not in demand among the yellow races. It is among the European settlers of the region around the Pacific that we have the best opportunity of developing our commerce, and here we require no commercial museum to teach us the nature of conditions. The need is rather for commercial travelers. There is a market all along the shores of the Pacific and Indian oceans for almost all our wares, and it is practically undeveloped. Years hence, when the coast has become a manufacturing center through the development of the oil industry, and the iron industry in Washington, the time may be when we can make the attempt at supplying machinery to the awakened Orient. Then, too, in China and Japan a demand may have arisen for our dried fruits and canned goods, our prunes and wines. But in the mean time we must look to the Europeans of the Oriental coasts for purchasers. They obtain such supplies from England and Australia, and there lies the opportunity of the Pacific coast.

The Campaign in South Africa.

IT was pointed out by military experts long before the war in South Africa had obtained headway that the only possible line of advance into the Transvaal from Cape Colony was via the railway from Colesberg and Stormberg to Bloemfontein and thence to Pretoria. This form of attack was selected by General Buller and would undoubtedly have been followed but for the error of General White in holding Ladysmith, the Boer invasion of Natal, and the outburst of sedition and disloyalty in Cape Colony. It became necessary to check the invasion of the Boers in Natal and to relieve Ladysmith. Therefore Buller began to concentrate troops south of the Tugela, diverting them from the true strategic line of advance and paralyzing all action in the British centre. The skilful tacticians who directed the Boer campaign quickly appreciated the opportunity this mistake afforded them and at once pushed on at Colesburg and Aliwal North, inflicting the serious reverse on General Gatacre's force, which was one of the earliest disasters of the war. This situation might have been counteracted had the force of Lord Methuen followed the original line of attack, instead of proceeding via the Orange river bridge to the relief of Kimberley. The Home government, however, yielding to the importunities of Cecil Rhodes, had agreed to send a force to his assistance. This could have been accomplished almost automatically by directly moving towards Bloemfontein with a strong army corps, for all the Boer forces, both on the Modder and at Kimberley, must then have been massed to oppose it. The events of December and January detail the fatal consequences of these errors of disposition; one disaster after another has befallen British arms.

Now, however, the change has come. Lord Roberts and General Kitchener, by following out the line of natural advance, have retrieved the fortunes of the war. As soon as a definite and intelligent system of operations had been arranged, results began to accrue. The retreat of Cronje, the relief of Kimberley, and, latterly, the capture of Cronje's army, are but the beginning of the consequences of able tactics. The Boers are massing a force between the English armies and Bloemfontein, proposing to contest the further advance of Roberts. To do so, however, it has been necessary to divert burghers from all parts of Natal, thus partly relieving Buller and aiding his attack. Comparatively open country intervenes between the British and the Orange capital, and it has been proved repeatedly that on the veldt the Boer is no match for Tommy Atkins. We shall doubtless have news of another great battle within the next week, or possibly of the relief of Ladysmith. This latter can only be accomplished at a terrible cost, though in material results victory would be fully worth it.

That the capture of Cronje's army will greatly discourage the Boers is not believed by the experts. Stout resistance must be anticipated until a series of successes are credited to the British arms. Then we believe that both Transvaalers and Free Staters will begin to weaken, and finally, after spasmodic resistance, submit to the inevitable.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Spring Valley Controversy.

WE publish the subjoined communication with pleasure, partly because the writer expresses our own views, and for the reason too that we welcome criticism whether for or against the policy of this journal. One can never get within striking distance of misinformation or an acqaintance with truth without open and free discussion:

"*EDITOR WAVE:*

"I am not informed as to whether or not communications are published in your columns, but I will hazard this in any event. It will give me some relief to discharge myself of the ideas herein expressed. I am a stockholder in the Spring Valley Water Company—that is to say, I bought through a broker a small block of stock which represents first a small legacy, and second the savings of a thrifty helpmeet from a not very large salary. Of course I know nothing of the inner workings of the water company, know nothing of their interfering in politics, but only know that I own this block of stock, which, should I die before my wife—a most likely happening—will offer her a means of support, a fixed income, and a certain insurance against her ever becoming a charge upon her friends or the county. How many more men or women or estates are so situated I do not know, but I do know that this investment represents every dollar I have. I am conscious of the fact that because this *is* so in my case or hundreds of others, the Supervisors should not be influenced to visit penalties upon the consumers. I recognize that the consumer has rights. They are not superior to my rights, however. The consumer is entitled to his water at a fair price, and I am entitled, if the corporation can earn it, to a fair dividend—a fair rate of interest. Nature may send an earthquake, or a drought, and so destroy the earning capacity of the corporation in which I am a stockholder. If this happens I must suffer loss, perhaps of dividends, perhaps, through assessments, of all of my stock, but the rights of the consumer are not such that I may be stripped of the legitimate earnings of my investment by an artificial drought or earthquake in the shape of a stringent or unfair regulation. I imagine, however, from your article of last week, that it was conceded that the stockholder is entitled to a fair rate of interest, and that five per cent per annum will, by both sides, be regarded as fair. The question now to be determined, as I understand it, is, upon what valuation will the board base its computation for rates? It seems to me that in settling upon that valuation the board should leave a reasonable margin for the expense of pumping. This year threatens to be dry from now on. How can any one determine with any accuracy how much pumping will be necessary the coming season? I notice that the cost of pumping varies greatly from year to year. Any deficit or extraordinary expense that may occur during the coming twelve months cannot be deducted from interest account or operating expenses. It must be borne by stockholders like myself, some of whom can poorly afford it.

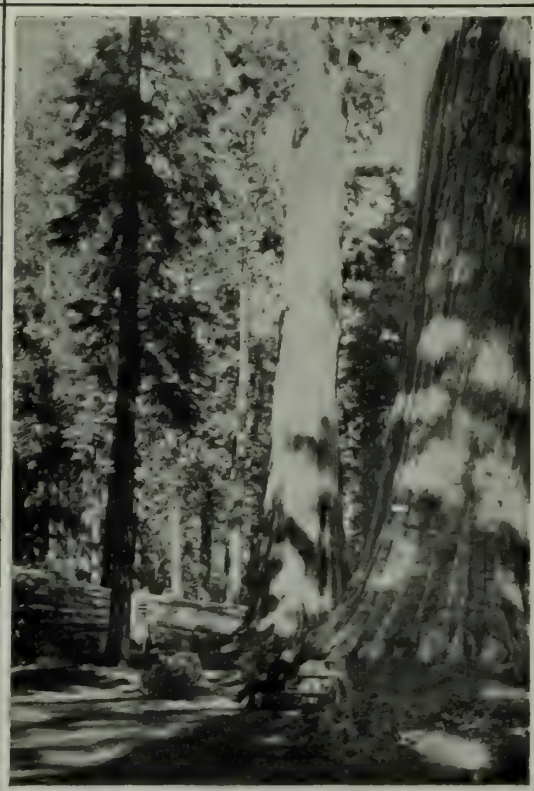
Don't you think it a good thing for the community to have some forms of investment for people who have small sums of money they are anxious to put out at interest? Don't you think it a good thing for the community to have this question put out of politics beyond the reach of the rascal and the demagogue? and don't you think it a *bad* thing for the community to have the reverse of this true?

I don't like to say anything about Mayor Phelan, for he is one of my own people, but he is acting strangely over this matter, and it looks to me as though he might be trying to have some one else pull his chestnuts out of the fire. There are as big men on the board as Mr. Phelan, and I don't believe they will let him sway them to play to the gallery.

If you publish this letter you will oblige me. It is what I feel, but it is not written as strongly as I would like. I only ask for fair play. I pay my own water bills and do not find them excessive; indeed, I don't know of a single man among my friends who complains of excessive rates, and I sometimes wonder where all this howl comes from.

Yours truly,

A. F. B.



GIANT REDWOODS IN THE CALAVERAS GROVE.

PHOTOS BY TABER.

SEE PAGE 7.

ALASKAN DOGS.

CANINE BURDEN-BEARERS OF THE FAR NORTH.

I HAVE just killed a dog, and am the most unpopular man in camp and a busted prophet to boot. It happened because I became filled with the pride that puffeth up, and set myself up as a rifle shot. Barring some experiments with a pea-shooter in my early youth, I had never tried shooting at all until I went "into" the Klondike this fall. It was not many days after we lit out across the Dalton trail before the expedition organized a hunt, and a rifle was forced into my unwilling hands. I innocently allowed them to explain the mechanism to me, and followed along the trail with the sensations one experiences in holding a new baby. They raised a caribou bull before long, and he came my way. I heard someone howling "shoot, shoot!" and I raised the gun, squinted along the sights and shot, according to directions. I here make affidavit that, although I aimed, it was at nothing in particular; I simply veered the muzzle around to the same quarter of the compass as the brute—and shot him square through the shoulder and spine.

My reputation as a shot was firmly established after that, and still more my reputation as a liar. I had not been nicknamed, up to the time of my grandstand play, and they dubbed me at once "Ah Sin," from the gentleman who held out the cards "in the game he did not understand." I asked, a day or two later, to have the mysteries of a Winchester rifle explained to me, and was smothered with scorn and laughter. That afternoon, Fate put another spring in the trap she was laying for me. They were sighting their guns at a point of rock some three hundred yards distant, I judge. The major said to me, 'Ah Sin, you try it." Made insolent with success, I raised the gun, took a wobbly aim, and splintered the rock just at the point.

That settled me. I made up my mind that I was a wonder, a natural Buffalo Bill, one of these shots who are born great. The trap was laid.

It was sprung to-day. We took the dogs out of the sleds and gave them a bear-hunt by way of vacation. They chased one of the measly little black bears of this country into a corner, and fought him there, howling for us to come up and finish him. I happened to be well in the lead of the other men. I stood fifty yards away, took the cool, calm, deliberate aim you read about—and killed the best dog in the pack, who was dressing his bruises ten feet a way from the bear.

My crime is held the more heinous because a dog is almost as valuable as a man in this quarter. Horses were prized to the lynching point in the early days of the West, but their real value in human economy was far less than that of Alaskan dogs.

It is a mistake to suppose that the pesky little Esquimau brute pictured in the geographies of our youth is the characteristic sled-dog of the far North. Mongrel, puppy, spit and whelp and cur of low degree are equally popular with Northern trailers, so long as they are big enough and strong enough to be worth their keep in hauling power. Our eight-dog team that was, before I conceived the idea that I could shoot, was made up of two Esquimaux who acted as leaders, one common yellow cur of most doubtful ancestry, a Gordon setter—a gentleman ranker he, two big brutes with a predominating strain of St. Bernard, a Newfoundland, and the late lamented victim of my untrusty rifle, a cross between a mastiff and a St. Bernard. Each of these brutes has an individuality. In the long days of lonely travelling, when the world you have known before grows to seem only a phantom and a dream and only the snowfield and the Arctic sun seems real and tangible, one grows to know his companions. Were I a hermit, seeking solitude from my kind, I would hunt it out in a great city. In the wilderness you are blood-brother to any living thing which comes your way. We met a wandering Stick Indian yesterday; he joined us and went on our hunt. Alien in blood, in life, in sympathies, that man is nearer to me than men with whom I have toiled in offices for a year. So with our dogs. We don't pet them, in especial, but we appreciate them, feel for them and would do for them. I am overcome with remorse, even now, because of the murder of "Juneau," the mongrel mastiff.

Our leaders, the Indian dogs, are very different in personal character, however much they resemble one another in their ways. Coyote, the nigh one, is really an admirable character, a diamond in the rough, while the other, once known as Jim, but now called by names which reflect doubt on his ancestry, is despised through the whole camp. When we first bought this pair, they were just out of Indian hands and as wild as a plains broncho. They ran away with the sled the first thing and scattered our belongings over a mile of trail. Then, Jim tried to tear the throat out of an Indian who happened along, and, having been knocked down for this, he turned and vented his spite on Coyote. His partner was not feeling so very chipper himself, and the dog fight that followed was one of the prettiest exhibitions of howls, hair and pure delight that I ever beheld. After they had worn each other out, they became more tractable, and consented to take their first lessons in the ways of the whites. Coyote became docile and accommodating by degree but Jim is still the———. I was about to express myself, but I pause.

It was the second night out that these two Indian members of the pack developed their most troublesome manners. When we asked their former Indian owners if they would run away and leave us, they answered:

"Two sleep, two muck-a-muck; they no run away."

Which was equivalent to saying that if we kept them tied up two nights they would not bolt. So we roped them for three, and endured as best we could the genuine wolf howls with which they made night hideous. The third evening, we filled them up to the muzzle with rice and bacon, made them a clean bed of spruce boughs and expected peace. Vain hope! It was the best straight and fancy howling I ever heard, and I have listened to coyotes on the plains. At times, it seemed as though they were fighting; then they would chime in together in a chorus of quick, sharp yelps which sounded like the doings of a dozen dogs instead of two; but their most horrible variation was a long, wild shriek like that of a soul in torment.

Bill, my partner, arose the second night, after such an explosion, and put on his moccasins.

"I think, he said, "that I know what those blankety-blank-blank-blank dogs want."

He took a birch switch from the sled and gave them something to howl for. The noise was much more subdued the next night, but got well under way toward moonrise. Bill applied his remedy again, and worked a complete cure, for after that we were seldom disturbed.

The most amusing beast in the pack is the Newfoundland, Towser. He is a dog of dignity, gentleness and character, whose qualities fit him for a domestic fireside rather than the hardships of the North. I am persuaded that he was kidnapped from a hearth when they brought him to Klondike. The trouble with Tows is that he objects to going to work. He never quite bolts; he knows, well enough, that if he doesn't stay with us he will starve; but he does his best every morning to secure a day off. When hitching time comes and the others are worked into harness, he never responds, and there is a long hunt for him. He is sometimes dragged from a bush along the trail, sometimes from a hole which he has burrowed in the snow. When discovered, he trots ahead of his captor to the sled, and takes his place with a look which is as near a blush as a dog can assume. Gordie, the Gordon setter, is an example of thoroughbred grit. He was never made for this sort of thing and is coughing his life away with some sort of distemper, but he pulls more for his weight than any other brute in the team and fairly tears his heart out on the hard places. The best dogs left after my escapade of this afternoon are the wheelers, Mike and Dutch, St. Bernards of gigantic size. Together with Juneau, the dear departed, they could pull a thousand pounds over any sort of trail.

The Indian dogs are the only ones which have thoroughly accustomed themselves to the mode of life. For example, they alone take care of the snowballs which gather on their feet without assistance from the drivers. At every stop, they bite and lick them off before resuming. Gordie and the St. Bernards have just learned to do this, while Towser and the cur, Patsie, have never caught the trick. So, too, the native whelps are the only ones which can forage for themselves.

The great event of the day is dog-feeding, after supper. Bill puts a big, iron kettle on the fire and melts snow for water. When the pot boils, he cooks a mass of rice and bacon and sets it in pans to cool. There were eight separate pans last night; tonight, because I cannot shoot, there will be only seven. The brutes sit in a semi-circle, their heads on one side, watching the steaming pans with fierce intensity. The fall of the heavens would not cause one of them to look up except Gordie, who is of an affable disposition and gives you just one glance and a wag of the tail as you pass. But not a brute among them all moves until Bill gives him the word. The pans cool but slowly, although they are set in snow. Bill watches with the dogs and reports progress in a confidential tone. "Steady, now, Tows, we're a-coming." "A bit more, boy, and I'm with you." "Damn you, Patsy, you'll burn your face off." The steam comes up slower and slower, Bill gives the word "now!" and the pack leaps forward as one dog. Long after the dishes are lickedclean, the red tongues of our hungry pack are polishing them. They have worn the plate off their tins searching them for thelast possible morsel. They give it up, presently, and sneak away to find beds, all but the two Esquimaux, which fight around the edge of the fire until Bill goes out and puts them to bed with a club.

J. V. STETSON,

Dalton's Post, via Sitka, Nov. 1, 1899.

A SCENE OF SNAKE RIVER.

INTERVENTION.

HOW NATIONS ARE ROBBED OF THE SPOILS OF VICTORY.

THE best proof, I think, that intervention in the present British-Boer War would be prejudicial to British interests is the fact that the French are all hot for it understanding, for the French are skilled in matters of diplomacy to an extent unknown in America or England—that the fate of intervention is a loss to the winning party. It is impossible for an outsider to realize how strongly the Parisians are with the Boers. It is second only to their anti-Dreyfus feeling in the late unpleasantness. I have heard the statement made somewhere that seven-tenths of the civilized world is with Kruger and his people. Be this true or not, I myself know what part of that seven-tenths is most loud among the French. There are the anti-Dreyfus people, led by the vilest of the boulevard sheets, papers so nasty that the New York and London "personal" journals are pure as the driven snow beside them. There are the Nationalists, the blatant brawlers, who tried to kick up a revolution last summer. There are the tin-plate nobility of the Castellane variety, puny holders of ancient titles. And there are the brawling demagogues who howl down the parks and streets of a Sunday afternoon, patriots for revenue only, who go with the side which pays best. These are the people who lead in the French outcry against England. If all the seven-tenths are like these, give me the other three-tenths on a venture.

It is from this class that we hear the howl about intervention, and anyone who can put two and two together knows that they would not raise the howl were England to profit. Besides this, I happen to know that Dr. Leyds, European agent of the Republic, has been hovering between France and Germany, doing his best to win them to intervention. This means two things: he and the others of his ilk are sure that the British will win in the end, and they are determined to wrest her share of the spoils away if intervention will accomplish it. I have but very lately looked over the ground, and have been surprised, my elf, to find how well-grounded are Leyds's hopes. Intervention has been a potent factor in all the great wars of the century, and it has checked not only puny states like Greece and Turkey but great empires like Russia.

Thus, in 1877 the Russian army was halted before San Stefano, close to Constantinople, a position which had been gained by a bloody campaign. A coalition of foreign powers, headed by Great Britain, had intervened. The English threatened to bring their entire Mediterranean fleet to Constantinople if the Russians advanced on that point, and the Czar, knowing the weakness of his own fleet, gave up his hope of restoring the cross to the dome of St. Sophia's. Not only this; the Berlin Congress, which arranged the terms of peace, divided among the powers all the fruits of the Russian victories. England took Cyprus, and Austria acquired Herzogovina and Bosnia, while France secured her coveted territorial rights in Tunis. Germany received no share in these spoils, but profited nevertheless by the strengthening of Austria.

Bismarck's memoirs prove that intervention on behalf of France in the war of 1870 was headed off only by a bribe. Russia and Italy were both preparing to step in; Bismarck bought off the Czar by abrogating the humiliating Black Sea Treaty of 1856 and neutralized Victor Emmanuel by permitting him to treat the Pope as he wished. Germany was the more ready to buy off these powers because she had lost prestige and territory in this manner shortly before. In 1866, when knocking at the very doors of the Austrian capital, her armies were checked by Napoleon, who had massed his troops across the border ready to back up his "bluff." The Germans halted and made peace at once. Had it not been for this incident, a great part of what is now Austria-Hungary would be German territory.

Germany intervened in to 1859 prevent Napoleon III and the victorious Italian allies from seizing Rome. Nearer home, the United States interfered in the conflict between France and Mexico. Again, Japan, like a guileless child, gave up all her gains in the Chinese War, except the poor island of Formosa. Russia, the intervenor in this case, took the greater part of the winnings. The same thing happened to Turkey in the Greek War. In fact, the history of intervention is like the history of lawsuits; the lawyers get the lion's share.

One more example of an intervention that didn't work, just as a mild example to my countrymen. Two years ago, the Kaiser and the French government strove with all their might to bring about a coalition of the Powers to intervene between Spain and the United States. No one who understands the subject can doubt that this would have resulted in a loss of most of our winnings; Germany would probably have taken the Philippines, some other power would have pounced on Porto Rico, and we would have been left with a small indemnity and the consciousness of a duty well done to reward us for our trouble. One power alone stood between the Kaiser and his object—England. All good Americans remember—though from the attitude of some of them on the Transvaal war one would think that they had forgotten—how the British ships came between our fleet and the Germans at Manila Bay. This action was an allegory

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

THINGS & PEOPLE

Californian Athletes and Eastern Trips.

I GIVE the track management of the University of California the credit to believe that they will revise their decision concerning an eastern trip. That California has the best track team in her history may be true, although I doubt it; that Stanford will be defeated on field and track this year as heretofore is almost a foregone conclusion. But this does not argue that the team would make any such showing in the East as the one which went travelling in '95. I believe that the '95 team was a better one for exhibi ion purposes than this, but even granting it was not, the present aggregation would accomplish very little on such a trip, because of the immense strides track athletics have taken there in the past five years. When the last U. C. team went East, the collegiate record for the broad jump stood somewhere about 23 feet; it has gone up to 24: 6; the hammer was thrown in intercollegiate meets somewhere in the neighborhood of 130 feet; several athletes are now putting it past 140. The records for the hurdles and the distances have gone down several pegs, while no man can expect a point in the high jump at the intercollegiate games unless he is good for six feet. The sprints alone remain below the marks of 1895 and 1896; Crum and Wefers have had no successors. There is just one man in the U. C. track squad who could hope for a first place in the intercollegiate—Plaw in the hammer-throw. Broughton might possibly show in the broad iump, although against Krantzlein he would have no chance of a first place, while there is a remoter possibility of Woolsey's making a place in the shot-put. This exhausts the possibility of points in the intercollegiate. In the flat races, the hurdles, the high jump, the pole-vault, the East has gone so far beyond coast marks as to preclude every other chance. Pennsylvania, which the Californians tied in 1895, has point-winners to cover every Berkeley man except Plaw and Woolsey; Princeton, which the Californians beat, though not nearly so strong as Pennsylvania, has yet men good enough to assure victory. The Eastern colleges have gone ahead in this respect, while ours have stood still. Until we catch up with their pace, it is of no use to send a team abroad to be beaten.

***

Down With the Slot Machine.

IN Seattle they have a successor to Dr. Parkhurst in the person of a Rev. Sawyer, who foams at the mouth when confronted with a slot machine. As the happy hunting ground of the Nomite and the Klondiker, the Queen City is hardly an ark of the covenant for virtue. On the contrary, it is run "wide open," and gambling and kindred forms of happiness are only curbed by the convenances of sport. The poker resorts, the roulette establishments, the faro banks, have not roused the ire of Rev. Sawyer, but against the slot machine he has risen in his wrath, and great is the excitement thereat. To commence with, he has had a number of saloon keepers arrested for cherishing these alluring devices of the devil, and promises to inspect the entire city with the purpose of removing the others. Actually the bar men have grown terrified at the depredations of this godly man, and there has occurred a most extraordinary disappearance of the objects of his enmity. At the moment the machines have been put out of sight until the courts have had the opportunity of expressing judgment on the merits of Mr. Sawyer's contention. In the meantime one is compelled to buy one's cigars and cigarettes without the excitement of testing one's luck beforehand. My own impression is that the Reverend Sawyer is flying at rather small game considering his opportunities. If he will track the tiger to his gilded lair he will certainly make a sensation, and perhaps prove a prominent factor in the election.

***

The End of a Republic.

JOHN A. DEXTER, the Nome gold king, brings out a bit of unwritten history from the great diggings. It appears that when the camp was first opened the riff-raff of Dawson City swarmed in and made considerable trouble. The best hill-claims had been taken by the first comers, and the beach-claims, which gave work to all, were not yet discovered, so that most of these men found mischief to do. A few agitators among them went about stirring up trouble. It was a far country, they said, and Uncle Sam could not reach them. Why not take the law into their hands, declare the United States mining laws null and void, and restake the district on their own plans? The scheme took with the sharps and hoboes in town and even with many unemployed miners. To the number of nearly two thousand, they met and passed resolutions declaring the United States laws void in the Cape Nome district. At that juncture Lieutenant Spaulding, commanding the army post at Nome, appeared on the scene, accompanied by a half dozen soldiers. "Mr. President and gentlemen of the Miners' Association," he said, "I give you two minutes to withdraw those resolutions." There was a storm and an uproar, but no one made a move, either to change the resolutions or to attack the soldiers. The agitators who had been howling defiance at the United States army were quiet before the handful of blue-coats. The lieutenant drew out his watch and counted off two minutes, then he turned and gave an order which brought his men's rifles to a "present." "I declare the resolutions withdrawn," he said, "and I give all good citizens of the United States two minutes more to leave this hall." In a minute and a half the soldiers were alone with the janitor. That was the end of the independent republic of Nome.

***

Vice vs. Virtue.

THE political situation in Seattle is so delightfully mixed that one hesitates at attempting its elucidation without the aid of a diagram. In the mayoralty contest, however, the issue is direct between good and evil in the theological sense, the parties thereto being one Geo. F. Cotterill, a Prohibitionist who has been set up by the Fusion forces, and Mayor Humes, the incumbent, who bears the Republican standard. Mayor Humes believes in "wide open" Seattle. A man of liberal views and broad humanity, he has the impression that the Queen City should not be run on Sunday school principles. Its floating population demands strong forms of amusement, and will not be satisfied without easy access to red liquor and chips. But he regulates the manner of this indulgence, and rather prides himself that in Seattle any man may have a fair run for his money. For suspicious characters the police watch out, and the average bunco steerer gets short shrift. This condition, however satisfactory to the horde of Alaskan millionaires who winter in the Puget Sound metropolis, is regarded by the theological element as crying out for vengeance to high heaven. They propose that virtue shall assume her pale and gloomy sway, and that gaming in all its forms must be banished. So there will be a great rallying of forces on both sides—blue ribbon against red, Non-Partisan, Silver Republican, Populist, against Straight Republican. To me it looks like Mayor Humes, for he should draw out the full strength of the party which hitherto has had a majority of the city's votes.

MAIN HALL OF THE HOPRINS HOUSE AS DECORATED FOR MARDI GRAS.

***

Scaring Death out of Town.

HAD the Board of Health of San Francisco not knocked its head up against the Deficit it would have had half the Directory on the municipal pay roll. Assistants and deputies were being appointed at such a rate that almost any one a man might meet on Market street was liable to be in its service. An excellent motive directed its actions, for Dr. Williamson really believes that by legislating men into office under the name of Health Inspectors he could scare death out of town. This idea he inherited from the late Dr. Morse, and if one could obtain trained assistance the results might justify it. The experiment was ill-timed, however, for San Francisco's finances are in a strained condition, and economy must be enforced in every department. For proper regulation of pure foods, milk and plumbing, we must wait another twelvemonth. Due provision will then be made for them.

***

Ho Yow and the Sons of the Revolution.

A CURIOUS commentary on the change of sentiment in regard to the Chinese in California, was the presence at the annual banquet of the Sons of the American Revolution in San Francisco on Washington's Birthday, of Ho Yow, the Mongolian Consul General. One may be pardoned for dubbing this distinguished Celestial an "elegant gentleman." He has the fine diplomatic air, and his robes, on this occasion especially, were a delight to the eye. Otherwise Hoe Yow is a graduate of Oxford University and of the Hastings College of Law, and is decidedly a personage at home. He was down for a speech on "American Interests in the Orient," and really he quite caught the spirit of post-prandial oratory, complimented the eagle and the flag, expansion, the Philippines and the *entente cordiale* between his gentle Dowager at Pekin and our William McKinley at Washington. And he was applauded to the echo. Otherwise the occasion was notable for the debut in non-theological circles of Rev. Dr. F. W. Clampett, who has recently had the courage to accept the rectorship of Trinity Church. He spoke on American manhood, and developed a brisk and forceful eloquence that captivated the gathering. There was also a thoughtful speech from Prof. Duniway of Stanford, and another on the "Destiny of the U. S." by Henry Melvin, who with broad and lusty strokes painted the national signature on the western hemisphere. Otherwise the sacred occasion was justified by a first-rate dinner to which the 135 Sons of the Revolution did ample justice.

***

A Tribute to Gavin McNab.

A VERITABLE ovation was given Gavin McNab at the banquet of the Iroquois Club on the evening of Washington's birthday. He had been down for a reply to one of the toasts, but illness prevented him speaking. He was persuaded to appear for a few moments, however, and, much to his surprise, was lustily cheered and the club drank to his health standing. Such distinctions have been conferred ere this on less important men, but in the instance of McNab the tribute was extraordinary In the past there has never been much love lost between the Iroquois and the hero of this occasion. On the contrary, they have been on opposite sides of every movement within the party. McNab has generally been in the right, however, and has prevailed, and his position today in the Democracy, of which he is the virtual leader, is a testimony not alone to a skill at organizing, but to honorable methods and disinterested service. I do ubt if McNab's attitude to the power he wields is paralleled by that of any prominent politician in the country. Politics is not an occupation for him, but rather a pastime, and to it he gives no more than the few hours a week he can spare from his law practise, nor has he sacrificed one jot or tittle of personal independence or freedom of speech. No man has said more bitter good things of his opponents or cared less for the dictates of policy. But he has been the factor in all the reform movements of the last twelve years, and has built up round himself a following of young men—most of them leaders in their districts throughout both city and state—who thoroughly believe not only in his integrity and disinterestedness, but in his political sagacity. He has frequently been offered office, but has invariably refused, and has been so consistent throughont that the respect of his bitterest opponents is now accorded to him. At the Iroquois banquet there were prominent Democrats from all over California, and the gathering was thoroughly representative, including many of the subjects of McNab's choicest epigrams. Considering all this the compliment was indeed worth having, however well deserved.

BOSWELL, JR.

The owner of a complete set of the books printed at William Morris's Kelmscott Press may some day be master of a modest fortune. The latest price paid for a copy of the Kelmscott Chaucer was $320. Many of the Morris books are coming to this country. The Kelmscott woodblocks are all in the British Museum, and cannot be printed from again until the expiration of a hundred years.

Life In Manila.

REFRESHMENTS EN ROUTE

NATIVE TROUBADOURS

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

DINNER ON THE MARCH.

THE CALAVERAS GROVE.

THERE are three great natural wonders in California: Mount Shasta, the Yosemite and the groves of big trees at Calaveras and Mariposa. Two of these are likely to stand forever. Mount Shasta cannot be levelled by mortal hands, and the Yosemite is guarded, as regards its destructible features, by a wise reservation of the United States government. The Calaveras trees, however, form a national phenomenon of such a nature as to be a prey to the greedy, and far-seeing Californians have looked forward with trembling to the time when the lumberman would reach out for them.

That time is at hand, and unless something is done before April 1 of this year, this big sequoia grove will be only a memory. J. L. Sperry, the present owner, has held the tract of 2300 acres embracing these trees for many years. This property was almost his only possession, and he has lived in very moderate circumstances all this time in the hope that they could be saved to the State. From time to time bills providing for their purchase have been presented to the Legislature, but they have invariably been slighted. Now, at length, the owner has accepted an offer of $100,000 from a lumberman of Minneapolis, and has received a guarantee to hold the option until April 1. If action is not taken by that time, the giant grove is lost to the world. No one is specially to blame. The owner can hardly be expected to live in comparative poverty for the joy of keeping a park for California; neither can the purchaser, a man who has no direct interest in California and her natural wonders, be condemned for jumping at a good business proposition when it is thrown his way. If anyone is to blame it is the whole body of Californians, and their Legislature in especial, who have adopted the Californian apathetic attitude toward things for the common good, and who are now paying for their lack of public spirit.

These groves are the last survivals of many which extended all along Kings River and into the high Sierras in the early days. Now they are the only ones of any considerable size, the others, if they have not disappeared completely, being represented by two or three solitary survivors. In Tuolumne and Fresno counties, where there were fine growths when the white man came, only stumps remain. This big grove in Calaveras county was pre-eminent in California even when the others were standing. It covers 2,300 acres, on which, besides many smaller trees, there are about one hundred and fifty of the giants. There are ten of over thirty feet in diameter, and eighty-two over fifteen feet. The highest rises about four hundred and fifty feet, while few fall below three hundred. The grove has been noted for its "freak" exhibitions illustrating the bigness of these trees. A monster, ninety-two feet in circumference, was cut down in 1854. The smoothed stump was made into a dancing-floor, on which balls and theatrical performances have been held from time to time. It is said that thirty-two people with musicians and spectators have danced four sets of a quadrille on this floor. An examination of rings showed that this tree was about 2,000 years old at the time of its destruction. Another exhibit is "The Horseback Ride," a hollow trunk through which a man can ride on horseback for seventy-five feet, coming out through a knot-hole.

These great trees are of a characteristic shape. They are almost all trunk, the branches being very scanty in proportion. For perhaps a hundred feet the wood grows bare; then the branches begin and continue to the top, where the tapering trunk ends abruptly, as though broken off. In spite of the age of the surviving trees, a geological bed of similar but older growths lies under the present grove, and contains trunks even larger.

THE MARDI GRAS BALL.

THE fourth Mardi Gras Ball of the Hopkins Art Association of San Francisco was the largest of the bunch, although hardly the merriest. Merriment there was in plenty, it is true, but it was of the subdued sort. There are, consequently, no post mortems for this affair, no overcolored stories of persons who weren't just exactly what they pretended to be doing shocking deeds on the floor or cutting capers in the supper-room. The artists had been given to understand that this ball must be respectable with emphasis, or society would withdraw its gilded smile from all future "blow-outs" of the Association. This had a beautiful effect upon the manners of the festivity, but it wrought injury to the general effect, because the chief measure for insuring decorum was an order that no man should wear a mask. Men are never over-ready to decorate themselves in those quaint and outlandish costumes which are the joy of the feminine heart, and the only condition upon which the average male creature can be dragged into a costume is the assurance that his identity may be hidden. Robbed of this assurance, the male ticket-holders came in conventional evening clothes, which helped to give the occasion a formal air that must have delighted the dowagers and been a great grief to the irreverend gentleman to whom the world bids *au revoir* at Mardi Gras.

But it was a good time, anyway. Society was more largely represented than ever before, and the attendance was beyond all previous records. Eight hundred people subscribed for tickets and the cause of art in San Francisco was assisted to the tune of about four thousand dollars, minus expenses. The decorations excelled anything ever done at the Hopkins; perhaps, all things considered, they were ahead of anything of the sort ever done in San Francisco. The spacious house, built for a palace before it was made into a school, was turned back to its original use. The *piece de resistance* was the Throne Room transformed from the new art gallery. The walls were draped with tapestries and hangings and hung with arms, with banners and with shields in heraldic designs, the work of students of the Art School. In the Jester's Room, in every-day life the main hall of the building, carnival colors, red and yellow, dominated. A great lantern, flanked by hundreds of smaller ones, dropped from the center of the ceiling. The Court of Beauty, otherwise the ladies' room, was done in yellow.

The trumpets sounded shortly after nine o'clock. King Carnival, alias Orrin Peck, made his annual announcement of the revels. Ned Greenway as the Jester led off the grand march, and the merriment was on. It lasted until the usual early hour, when the buds and matrons withdrew, leaving certain of the men to straggle home at daylight—just in time to meet the devout going to the early mass of Ash Wednesday. Taken as a whole, however, there was nothing about this particular Mardi Gras to add to the burden of sins which San Francisco society must carry through Lent.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, having sold his seat in the Stock Exchange, has retired to his home in Bronxville and promises to devote the rest of his life to the production of poetry and criticism. Mr. Stedman used to practice finance between the hours of 10 and 2:30, but after that gave no thought to the Stock Exchange. Though keen enough in business, he never could keep in his head after closing hour, the ruling quotations.

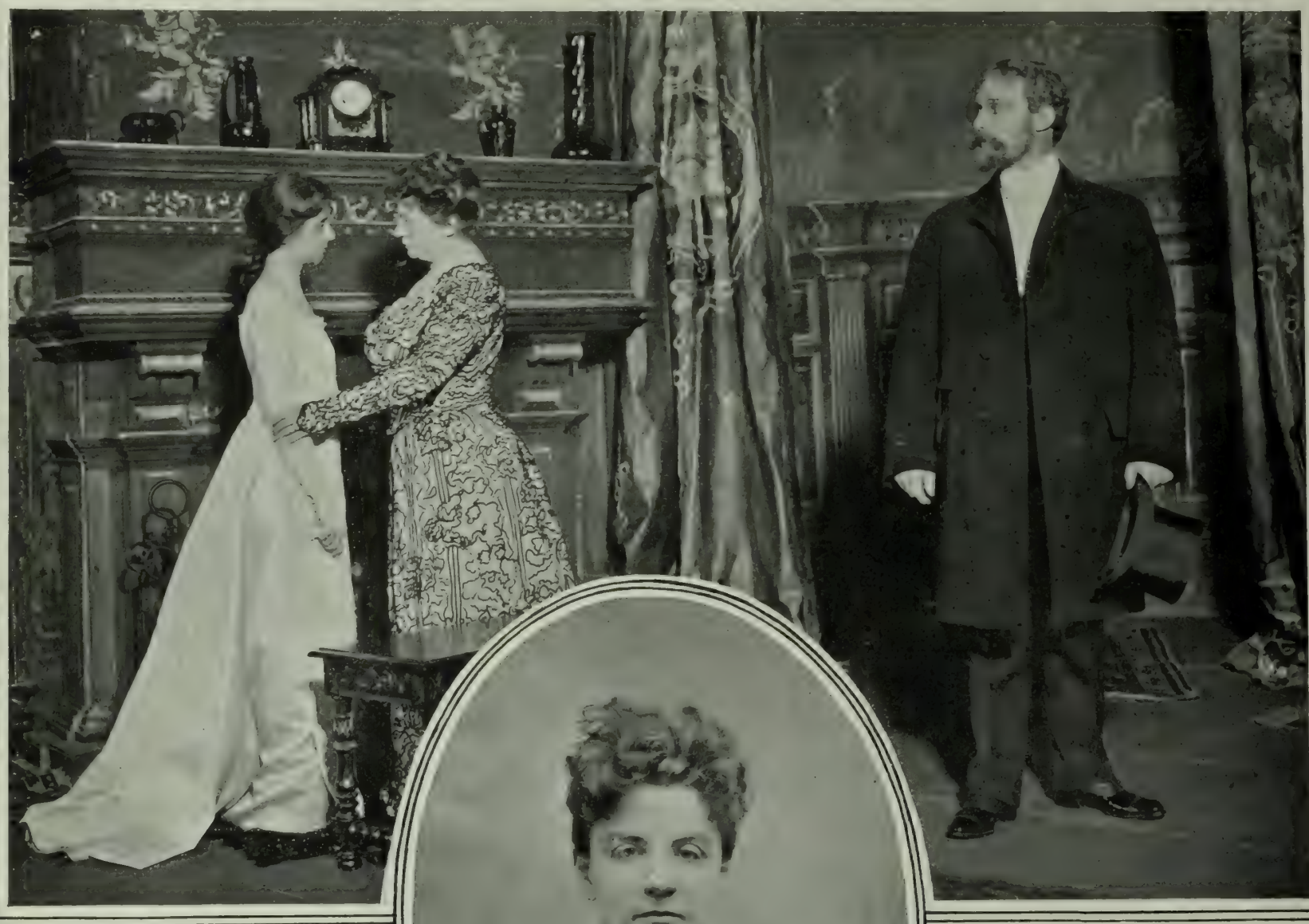
A paragraph appearing in the New York *Journal*—wherefore it must be true beyond the peradventure of a doubt—states that a long-lost brother and sister down in Kentucky were "united by the label on a can." This would seem to be a rather slender band of union, but maybe they didn't want to tear loose. It is a touching story, relating how the brother had kissed his sister goodbye and had gone away weeping "for a farewell that would seem as long as all eternity," and how she had never seen him again for thirty-eight years, until she found his name on an oyster can down in Mexico, where he had become a prosperous canner. The one point where the space-writer of this delightful tale falls down is in not explaining just why the brother who went away weeping didn't communicate with his family all those years. Let us be charitable, however. Perhaps, coming from Kentucky, the land of Taylor and his mountaineers, the *Journal* wants us to understand that he didn't know how to write.

THE HOPKINS INSTITUTE OF ART.

INTERIOR OF THE NEW ART GALLERY.

THE MARDI GRAS CELEBRATION.

ACT 4 THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD.



MISS LE MOYEE and KATHERINE GRAY

HENRY JEWETT

IN THE COUNTRY GIRL

THE COUNTRY GIRL

IN AS YOU LIKE IT

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Sarah Cowell Le Moyne in "The Greatest Thing in the World." Ada Rehan in her favorite roles.

ROBERTS VICTORIES—TWO GENERALS.—CRONJE AS A HERO

TWO men concentrate the world's attention to-day—General Lord Roberts and Commandant Cronje. One is trapped in a river bed with eight thousand men, surrounded by a British army of four times that number. It was the other's strategy that set him there. At writing the Boer leader holds out against a bombardment of lyddite and shrapnel, his courage and fortitude in facing an implacable foe rousing the admiration of the world. Call his stand what you will—murder or suicide—it is heroism of the highest type, however mistaken or ill directed. It is the spirit of him who, confronted with the pistol of the highwayman, refuses to turn out his pockets, preferring death to surrender. Brave but indiscreet the average man will tell you, but history is full of such glorious indiscretions, and in the English army they reward it with the Victoria cross.

I met the other day a man who had recently come from South Africa, and naturally the conversation turned on Cronje. I was inclined to rate his skill higher than that of Joubert, but my friend would not have it so. The commandant at bay in the Modder river is a military farmer and owns some 12,000 acres of veldt close to Potchefstroom. His home is a stone structure one story in height, the inevitable stoop in front, containing half a dozen dirty rooms, the contents of which might be replaced for $100. Here he lives in patriarchal style, with his wife and children and native servants, and rules them with a rod of iron and a hide sjambok. A hard, rough man is Cronje, ruder than the average Boer—even more cruel and relentless, cunning and unscrupulous. He led Transvaalians in the campaign of 1880 and was guilty of acts contrary to the usages of civilized warfare. He executed several British subjects on suspicion of participation in the movement against him, and on another occasion he placed prisoners of war in the forefront of besieging operations, compelling them to work in the trenches in exposed positions, so that they should be—and actually were—shot by their friends.

Nor is this all. When Jameson surrendered, Cronje was conducting operations against an isolated British force which held out against the Boers. Instead of notifying the garrison that an armistice had been arranged between the forces, he continued the siege until the British were compelled to surrender in order to save the lives of their wounded and women and children refugees. Then this amiable hero proposed to shoot all the English officers of the garrison and was persuaded to mercy on the plea that they would be worth more to the Transvaal alive than dead.

Those who would depict Cronje—by the way, my South African friend pronounces it as though spelt *Crony*—as the ideal hero of romance should not forget how Baden-Powell handled him at Mafeking. Several thousand Boers, Cronje leading, set forth to conquer the odd thousand Britishers at Mafeking. A messenger was sent to the Colonel summoning him to surrender.

"Why surrender?" queried Baden-Powell.

"To avoid further bloodshed," was the reply.

"Ah! really?" said Baden-Powell. "Will you be so good as to let me know when the bloodshed is going to begin? Haven't had any in here yet, don't you know. Awful sorry if any of your men got hurt."

A few days later Cronje sent a similar message, and after the envoy had had a cup of tea with Baden-Powell he went back to Cronje, reporting that he could do nothing with the "rooinek." Whereupon Cronje, with his 4000 Boers, gave up the siege of Mafeking and treked for Kimberley.

My friend told me of meeting this uncompromising hero at Pretoria. Cronje was sojourning for a week at the Transvaal Hotel and was evidently enjoying himself. He looks like a tramp on the rampage—is of medium height, thickly bearded, strongly featured and dirty. His watery blue eyes have an unpleasant leer and he is not in the habit of looking men in the face. At dinner, one heard him all over the hotel, bragging in the most bombastic fashion. However, even his enemies credit him with a species of blind courage and tell how splendidly he fought in the Kaffir wars. But they remember also how he and his valiant brothers-in-arms blew up with dynamite the caves containing the native women and children. A thoroughly characteristic Boer trick this. I cannot conclude this record of the latest international reputation without quoting my friend's comment on American sympathy and its generous expression in the yellow journals.

"My, my," he said; "before going to South Africa I read a great deal in our press about the Russian knout, the cruelties of Siberia, and noted with fine admiration how our people writhed with indignation over the 'paddling' some small boys had been given at the Elmira reformatory. The small boys were spanked with a bit of wood. In the *Journal* the punishment was described as of blood curdling severity. Well, I had to spend a week or two on a Boer ranch and saw a couple of Kaffirs—one a woman—"sjamboked" It's a memory I don't revive save when my nerves go wrong. Well, the Kaffirs died. I was told they were rather fortunate Kaffirs. But I'm prejudiced against Boers. They're as cruel as Apaches—even Mrs. Schreiner admits as much—and as ignorant as Huns. One might hope for better things if it were not that they justify cutting the hide off a Kaffir by bible texts and really believe themselves a superior race." "Its funny," he added, "this sympathy of the Irish. They hate the English, do the Boers, but they regard the Irish as a species of white Kaffir. For Catholics they have as much use as for Jews. Indeed they like only Boers, but that is because they are a unit against foreigners. If they ever get the country to themselves they'll split into a dozen pieces in half a decade and there will be no more business in South Africa."

LITTLE BOBS.

The other is a tiny smart little Irishman with a head full of brains, as brave as a terrier, cool, sagacious and lucky. Roberts started his career in the Bengal artillery and was then a small delicate-looking despondent youngster, who, however, had a tremendous amount of ambition and the grit of the devil. He was in the mutiny and won the V. C., campaigned in Abyssinia, and saw service wherever there was fighting in England's little wars. When the opportunity was given he showed he could organize and direct a great movement. He has never yet been beaten, although there were some close shaves in his second Afghan campaign, as when the rising *en masse* of the tribes about Cabul obliged him to evacuate the city, and Bala-Hissar, to take refuge in the Sherpur cantonments. That was a very near thing, for quite one hundred thousand Afghans surrounded his small force of ten thousand, not half of them British; and when they made their great attack on December 23, 1879, but for Roberts's excellent dispositions and the pluck of his men he must have been overwhelmed.

I have seen Roberts a dozen times in the House of Lords—once I saw him there with Kitchener, with whom he is quite friendly. Sometimes he talks—he has a thin voice and a hesitant manner, but his sentences are clear cut and his manner very firm. I remember once seeing this little, great man in the outer lobby at Westminster waiting for his son. Lord Salisbury just then came up to enter the House of Lords. Lord Roberts did not approach Lord Salisbury—indeed, it looked almost as if he were not personally acquainted with him; though, of course, that is impossible. The great little soldier took off his hat most ceremoniously, as if he were saluting a superior officer, and as if he himself were the humblest nobody. Lord Salisbury, not to be outdone in courtesy, followed the example, and also took off his hat. They were a singular contrast—the civilian, with all the marks of the student in the stooped shoulders, the massive frame, and the pallid complexion; the little soldier, taut and alert, and fresh with the ruddy complexion of one who lives much in the open air, and just that faint suspicion of bowleggedness which is nearly always to be seen in a cavalry officer.

Already Roberts has shown his metal—but it's early in the campaign. Wait!

STUART PRINTISS.

Advertising vs. Art.

THE expected has happened. Olga Nethersole has been haled into a New York police court to answer for 'Sapho." It was a great day for a great many people. The W. C. T. U. were happy because it was a victory for morality, coming on top of their successful protest against barmaids at the Langtry concert tea; the sensational paper which has gained notoriety by advocating the arrest was happy because it made a half-page front; Olga and her manager were happy because it gave them advertising just when advertising was needed, and propped a falling house; every one was happy except the people of taste, and they do not count in this affair.

I have my own ideas on the morality and immorality of "Sapho"; unorthodox ideas, 'tis true, but frank ones. The immorality of the play lies in its execrably bad art. This statement needs explaining. If you have read the Daudet novel from which the play just "pulled" in New York was made, you must realize how delicately and well the author has handled his theme. There are salacious novels in existence which have the same identical plot as "Sapho," and they are horrible beyond description, whereas "Sapho" goes clear beyond mere negative morality and almost violates art in the other direction by becoming a sermon. I defy anyone to lay down the book without feeling a deep disgust for the thing which has wrecked the young student's career. Those who have read it must remember the end of the first chapter, one of the greatest single sentences in all prose literature, a sentence which always recalls the whole book and its lesson. *Jean Gaussin* has met *Fanny Legrand*, alias *Sapho*, at an art student's ball. She goes to his home with him. It is a student's room up four flights of stairs, and he offers to carry her up. She laughs, and consents. The first flight is pleasant work. She is a beautiful woman, and the burden is light; so, too, with the second. On the third, she grows heavy, and he longs for the end; the fourth, and the burden is intolerable; it is not a woman that he carries, but a monster, clinging to him, dragging him down. And then comes that surpassingly great sentence—"Their whole history, the ascent of those four flights of stairs in the gray December dawn!"

The novel is amplified on this theme. *Jean* falls into the toils of *Sapho*, who, though still the fairest woman in all Paris, is older than he by many years. He lets her keep him from everything wholesome and useful in life—from family, from friends, from marriage with the woman whom he loves with his higher self; finally, he gives up his opportunity of position and place to live with her in Paris. And just at the moment when he has made this supreme sacrifice to his guilty love, *Sapho* leaves him to run away with a jail-bird who was her lover before she met Jean. It is great, and true, and touching beyond expression, and—I dare to say it—'tis moral because it is art.

Now, behold, cometh Clyde Fitch, bungler and tinker of poor plays, and lays his blighting hand on it, and "Sapho" becomes an exhibition fit for a Bowery dive. The tribute to Daudet's genius is a sincere one; Fitch has shown what pitfalls the novel avoided. Even at this, the play "Sapho" is not so immoral as it is disgusting. To be really immoral, I think, literature must render vice attractive. It must offer

OLGA NETHERSOLE.

Miss Nethersoles "Sapho."

an incentive to go and do likewise. For another concrete example, take De Maupassant and Zola. De Maupassant treats charmingly of the pretty sins of pretty women. As he tells it, vice attracts; you lay down *Une Vie* or others of its sort with the feeling that the Puritan ideas of purity on which you have been reared are not such vital things after all. No one finds anything attractive in vice as portrayed by Zola in *Nanon* and *La Terre*. Therefore, as between De Maupassant and Zola, the former is distinctly immoral, the latter only unpleasant. The saving grace of *Sapho*, the book, is that it is neither immoral nor unpleasant, because the theme, attractive in the beginning and disgusting at the end, is treated throughout with the high and holy view of a seer. The only kind thing which I can say of "Sapho" in the Clyde Fitch version of the play is that it is not in the least subservient of public morals, simply because it is too disgusting to appeal to any but a most degenerate taste. You leave the play as you lay down the book, with a hatred of stolen loves, but from widely different motives. With the book, it is because of moral stimulus; with the play, it is because of nausea.

Excuse me from going into details. Let me speak of the acting, the one bright spot. For Nethersole really did it well, and gave the only artistic touch to a performance which is, taken as a whole, a trampling on the sacraments of art. When we saw her last, she had run to mannerisms and excess of expression, but she has now toned them down. Her acting was splendid within the lines laid out for it, being in the better, earlier manner of her *Carmen*. It is well done, assuming that it is worth doing at all.

When the police-court case is finished, the Tenderloin will once more crowd Wallack's, just as it has since "Sapho" opened, and pour bad money after bad to pay the Nethersole company for prostituting the drama. "The Girl From Maxim's," "Zaza," "The Degenerates," and now, "Sapho." Worse and worse with each remove. Where, O shades of our Puritan traditions, are we to end?

JOHN DALTON.

INTERVENTION.

Continued from Page 5.

of the British attitude toward Germany and the proposed coalition. Thence it came about that the Spanish-American war of 1898 is the only international conflict since the Crimea wherein intervention has not been a factor, the only one where a strict "hands off" policy has been enforced. To an unprejudiced American, the moral ought to be obvious.

Steel cars are in enormous demand, the company making them consuming 1,200 tons per day. It is this enormous consumption of steel in this direction that has put up the price of the commodity.

In BooKdom

FRANK T. BULLEN has been adding to his bank-account of glory through the press-clipping bureau since the publication of *The Cruise of the Cachalot* a year or two ago. It will be remembered that the critics received that book with the greatest enthusiasm. Rudyard Kipling said of it: "It is immense—there is no other word. I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery, nor do I think that any book before has so completely covered the business of whale-fishing, and at the same time give such real and new sea-pictures. I congratulate you most heartily. It's a new world that you've opened the door to."

I have before me Mr. Bullen's latest book, *The Log of a Sea-Waif*, published by D. Appleton & Co., and although it is not to be expected that such lavish praise should be deserved a second time within a twelvemonth—and in fact is not deserved, if for no other reason because *The Log of a Sea Waif* is not so unique in literature as its predecessor—nevertheless this story of Mr. Bullen's first four years at sea is intensely interesting, and will rank with our own Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*.

I should like to lift out a few pictures of Mr. Bullen's boyhood, nearly thirty years ago. And here is one of Port-au-Prince, in the year of Hayti's successful revolution against the sovereignty of Spain and France. The place is not very different today from what it was then; a little sleepier, perhaps, and a little healthier. Mr. Bullen's ship (he was a boy of eleven) flew the British flag. "Whether any vessels trading with Hayti paid any attention to the alleged blockade I do not know," he says; "certainly we did not." Which is not much of a compliment to the combined war fleets of France and Spain. And then he tells of the republic:

"The town was in a pitiable condition. What with the long rebellion and civil broils, in addition to the careless happy-go-lucky fashion in which the farce of government was carried on, whole streets were in ruins; business was at a standstill, and even the few merchants who still clung to the remnants of their trade were in despair. It was no place for white men, anyhow. The negro was master of the situation. He had fought long and savagely for his independence, and now that he had got it he was drunken with it as with brandy. That careless white man who omitted, from any cause, to salute in the humblest manner any functionary of the government of the hour, however ludicrous in appearance, speedily found himself in serious trouble, out of which he did not easily extricate himself. And since new officials were constantly emerging from the rag-tag and bob-tail, the only wise course was to salute every black man, no matter how menial his capacity might be. One never knew whether the road-mender of today might not be a general of division to-morrow, having the power of life and death even while wanting a decent pair of trousers.

"A party of our fellows were allowed to go ashore, by a serious error of judgment, and, as they strolled carelessly along one of the principal thoroughfares, they met a company of soldiers so scare-crow-like that they simply stood and roared with laughter. This had been crime enough, but the sailor-men must needs aggravate their offense. The officer in command, swelling with rage, demanded their salute. Instead of complying they indulged in some ribaldry, in which his get-up, as well as that of his ragged regiment, was held up to ridicule in effective fashion. This behaviour could not be tolerated. They were surrounded, overpowered, and dragged off to the *calabozo*. Then, when they saw what their folly had led them into, they repented sorely. It had been worth any amount of 'ko-tow' to have escaped from such a fate as now befell them. The lock-up was apparently an ancient cow-byre, standing like an island in a lake of sewage, which, under that blazing sun, sent up a steam of putridity into the heavy air. Through this foul morass they were dragged with every indignity their exulting captors could devise, and there, more dead than alive, they were left for twenty-four hours, when the captain managed to overcome the stubborn attitude of the sable authorities and induced them to accept a substantial fine. When they were released and brought on board they looked like resusticated corpses, and every article of clothing they wore had to be flung overboard. The doctor examined them with gathering anxiety upon his face, but his only comment was, 'the sooner we're out of this hell-hole the better.'"

The result of this experience was the death of thirty men out of the ship's crew by yellow fever, and a reign of terror aboard the vessel. But before the outbreak of the scourge an incident happened that was to have some effect upon the fortunes of the captain and first mate. It was on the night of departure:

"That evening a passenger embarked, who came alongside in a canoe paddled by two negroes, bringing with him several weighty chests. He was a well-dressed black man, with an air of nervous anxiety; and he hovered around while his baggage was being hoisted on board as if he dared not trust it out of his sight. When it was all safely embarked and carried below, to a muttered accompaniment of growls at its weight, the canoe disappeared into the darkness, while the passenger also hid himself, and rarely appeared henceforward."

It was not until the ship neared Liverpool that the black man attracted any further attention. One afternoon he left his stateroom:

"He was evidently seeking the captain, for as soon as he caught sight of him he hastened towards him and the two went straight into the captain's stateroom. From thence there soon issued strange noises as of a foreigner under strong excitement, while now and then the deep tones of the skipper chimed in as if he were speaking soothingly. Suddenly the door was flung open and the captain called for the mate. That officer responded promptly, but did not succeed in hushing the din. On the contrary, the shrill voice of the black man rose higher than ever, until he was fairly yelling with fury. The mate blew his whistle, and, when the bo'sun appeared in answer to it, he received an order to bring the carpenter with a pair of irons and three or four men. The reinforcements manhandled the excited negro, hauling him with scant ceremony on deck, and bundling him forward into an empty cabin, wherein they locked him and left him to his own reflections. This mysterious affair caused much excitement among both passengers and crew, but it was not until after the vessel had been in dock some days that any explanation was forthcoming. It appeared that, according to *his* story, the negro had been First Lord of the Treasury, and had levanted with quite a large sum (he said $100,000). Getting safely on board he had committed his loot to the care of the captain and mate, who, however, most unaccountably forgot all about it when he claimed it coming up Channel."

Such were the rough-and-ready ethics of the sea. The captain of course returned the money to Port-au-Prince by the next steamer. Later on Mr. Bullen describes the ordinary seaman with his hand in another man's pocket; bolder work, it may be, but nowhere near so smooth nor so profitable. The ship is a different one:

"Now it so happened that the stock of kindling-wood fell very low, and this furnished an excellent excuse for the cook to be very much in the forehold, seeking such stray pieces of dunnage-wood as he might burn. He was a poor cook, but a superlatively ingenious robber. For, finding that the 'tween decks held little worth his attention, he wrought unceasingly to get the lower hatches lifted—a tremendous task, from the massive weights stowed on top of them. At last he succeeded in getting into the lower hold, and laying open the vast accumulation of valuable cargo that lay beneath. Having done this he informed the 'hard-case' members of his exploit, and considerately arranged the fastenings on the forehatch so that they could get below when they listed. Thenceforward that forecastle was a scene of luxury such as I believe has never been equalled in a merchant ship. Wire chandeliers, fitted with massive wax candles, lit up the usually darksome house, the burning of costly cigars filled it with aroma, liquors of every kind were drunk from tin pots, and at meal-times all sorts of canned meats, seasoned with various condiments, tickled their palates. Yet, strange to say, there was no drunkenness. One man, the ringleader in this systematic robbery, possessed sufficient force of character actually to prevent any of his shipmates from 'giving the show away,' as he termed it. In consequence, this eating and drinking of luxuries went on for fully three months, and never a whisper of the goings-on reached the officers' ears. Even the passengers shared in the plunder. Their stores, besides being of bad quality, were so limited in quantity and variety that they were glad to purchase from the sailors a little of their spoil, asking no questions as to its origin. As the various cases were emptied the cook broke them up, carried the fragments into the galley and burnt them, so that no trace was left of the depredations.

"The nightly excursions below were attended with awful risk. In the first place the men possessed no dark lantern, so that they carried naked candles flaring in their hands as they crawled through the restricted spaces between the cargo and the deck overhead. And, on first entering the lower hold, they had to make their way over hundreds of drums of naptha. These were all sealed, it is true, but had there been one leaky can in that temperature, over which a naked light passed! More than that, in their investigations the marauders penetrated as far aft as the stern, passing among little heaps of loose gunpowder which had sifted through the hatches of the between-decks, and writhing over kegs of blasting-powder which were stowed right across the vessel amidships. At first they did this unthinkingly; but when they realized it they still went on as before. What is strange to myself about it is that I did not, could not, then realize what frightful danger we were continually in; but ever since, when I recall the events of that voyage, the cold sweat starts out upon me and I tremble violently."

It is interesting to know that these rascals, too, got off scot free. When the ship reached Australia they quietly walked ashore, taking with them a comfortable grub-stake, modern guns, ammunition, clothing, and such little luxuries as they fancied. They went, of course, to the mines, and became respectable citizens. Mr. Bullen, being honest, remained a sailor.

Some people (many of them Chinamen) like to have their back scratched with an ivory hand on the end of a stick, for the sake of the pleasurable sensation. It makes them feel almost wicked, almost uncanny, as if those delightful shivers were the identical hair-raising ecstacies that follow upon the telling of a theosophical ghost story in the dark. These same people sometimes attend the theatre; and if their hair doesn't rise up in its stirrups like Ichabod Crane when the head came at him, they deem the play a failure. They have three tests for literature. The first test is the shivers test. You can always

Continued on Page 14.

WITHOUT PAYMENT

-OF-

A SINGLE DOLLAR

You Can Have Possession of the

Latest, Greatest, and Grandest

of Reference Works

IN SIX SUPERB VOLUMES.

Time is Limited. Read Carefully. Act Quickly

"The Imperial Reference Library"—An Epitome of All the World's Knowledge, at One-Half the Regular Price, and on Your Own Terms of Payment.

Heretofore all Reference Works of merit have been sold exclusively by subscription and at very high prices. After the plates have become worn, these books have, in some instances, been printed on cheaper paper, poorly bound, and sold at a lesser price. But the publishers of "*The Imperial Reference Library*" believe this system to be wrong. It not only requires the early buyer to pay an exorbitant price, but it takes years to get the publication introduced and a demand created for its purchase.

All those who appreciate good books and a genuine bargain should take advantage of this liberal offer at once.

"The Imperial Reference Library" comprises five works in one, namely, an encyclopædia of knowledge (65,000 topics), a biographical compendium (15,000 of the world's prominent people), a dictionary of language (150,000 words), a gazetteer (30,000 cities), and an atlas of the world (73 maps), and, being a new work, is *absolutely up-to-date* in every particular, containing a great deal of matter not to be found in other works of like nature heretofore published. *Its editorial staff*, as well as more than two hundred special contributors, comprises the most eminent American *educators*, *scientists*, *inventors*, *explorers*, and *specialists* of the day, and is a sufficient guaranty for completeness and authenticity.

It is bound in six large quarto volumes, 11½ inches long and 9¼ inches wide, comprising in all over *4,000 pages* and containing nearly *4,000 illustrations*, which are in keeping with the high character of the subject matter. Of these, about *3,000* are text illustrations, *500* are in delicately tinted monotone, and there are nearly *500* separate chromatic designs in seventeen brilliant colors, covering a series of beautiful single and double-page plates. In addition to all these there is a portrait gallery of the world's greatest men, comprising *200 superb full-page* wood engravings, and we unhesitatingly assert that "*The Imperial Reference Library" is the best edited, best mapped, best illustrated, best arranged, and most practically useful general reference work ever published in any country or in any language.*

It is bound in two styles of binding, viz., fine English Cloth and Half Russia Leather, the regular prices being $44 and $55, respectively, per set, but it being our purpose to introduce the work as quickly as possible to the general public we have laid aside *100 sets* to be disposed of in this territory at *one-half the above-mentioned prices*, namely, $22 for full set in cloth binding, and $27.50 for full set in half russia leather binding, the amount in either case being payable at the rate of *$2 per month, we delivering the full sets at once, the purchaser having the use of the volumes while paying for them, and also the privilege of returning the Library to us at our expense* any time within ten days provided the work does not give satisfaction.

Remember only 100 sets can be sold at this great reduction of 50 per cent. in price.

Will you be one of the fortunate ones?

For full particulars call upon or address Pacific Coast Branch

-THE SYNDICATE PUBLISHING CO.-

927 Market Street, Suite 622, San Francisco, Cal.

Editorial Staff of "The Imperial Reference Library."

CHAS. S. MORRIS, A. M., LL. D., of Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences.

FREDERIC A. LUCAS, M. D., Ph. D., Curator Department Comparative Anatomy, U. S. National Museum, Washington, D. C.

MARCUS BENJAMIN, A. M., Ph. D., F. C. S., Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

AMOS EMERSON DOLBEAR, A. M., Ph. D., Professor Physics, Tuft's College, Mass.

LEWIS SWIFT, Ph. D., F. R. A. S., Director Echo Mountain Observatory, Cal.

J. MARK BALDWIN, A. M., Ph. D., Professor Experimental Psychology, Princeton University.

SIMON NEWCOMB, LL. D., M. N. A. S., Director U. S. Naval Observatory.

REV. JOHN F. HURST, D. D., L.L. D., Chancellor American University.

MANSFIELD MERRIMAN, C. E., Ph. D., Professor Civil Engineering, Lehigh University.

CHAS. S. DOLLEY, A. M., M. D., Professor Biology, University of Pennsylvania.

REV. GEO. T. PURVES, D. D., LL. D., Princeton Theological Seminary.

DANIEL G. BRINTON, A. M., M. D., of the University of Pennsylvania.

Babblings of a Belle

I AM in an infinitely better humor this week, Diary dear. Somehow things seem to be shaping themselves to my advantage. My "ideal lover" is to take a six months' trip, and has promised papa not to write to me nor in any way let me hear of or from him for one hundred and eighty days. At the end of that time, if I still be as madly anxious to marry him as I am to-day—well—the wedding will astonish the people of San Francisco, for I shall make it an event. It seems, my good father and mother think that, for one who is twenty-one years of age, out of sight is to a great extent out of mind. So in separating the ideal man they will have no difficulty in finding a more suitable person for their child. I, however, am wearing a heart studded with rubies containing a photograph. The "ideal" has even my baby pictures, so I think that you, Diary dear, can anticipate a story of a "true love" in a few months. Of course, in the meantime I must make things hum. There is nothing that mama will deny me. I am to be taken numerous trips; papa even proposed the other day a trip up to Cape Nome. A girl I know went up there, and said never in her wildest dreams of men had she been rushed as she was there. The men, nearly all college fellows, who had their growth, were fascinating, and all her spare time was spent writing letters thanking this one or that for the honor he had bestowed on her in asking her to be his wife, etc., etc. So you see Cape Nome has other advantages beside the gilded ones.

Talking of gilded things, brings to my mind the Mardi Gras. That is to be a magnificent success. People who have never thought of it before are getting the swellest costumes. The decorations will stagger the eye, they are so elaborate. With Orrin Peck as Prince Carnival, what more could the exacting demand? Frank Owens and Tony Hellman are to be the chief pages, and, as they are both endowed with a marvelous capacity for having a roaringly good time, I think it will be pretty merry. I am so glad I am going. There will be any number of dominoes and masks, for some girls say that they can have a really gayer time realizing they will not be recognized afterwards. Just think of the fun one could have joshing a fellow on whom one knows an interesting little tale. He'd never discover one's identity, if she wore a domino. I am so excited about it I do not see how any one can talk of anything else, but I must tell you of the affairs of last week.

On Monday night there were several theatre parties to hear the "Serenade." Now, Diary dear, deeply as I am devoted to any number of young men, I am not going to accept a theatre party again, unless it be given by Fred Greenwood. I was not at his, but when he took his crowd to supper at the Palace a beautifully decorated table met their eye. The supper had been ordered beforehand. I was at the next table gazing over the menu wondering what I should have, when I saw the waiters serving his. I knew Fred pretty well and could easily have joined his party but refrained, for my own host's sake; but all the way home I talked of Fred Greenwood's faculty of doing the right thing, so perhaps some of the other fellows may take a lesson from him. Ed Greenway and Fred are the only two men who have been particularly generous this year. I heard a girl say the other night that she would not be in the least surprised if next year the girls would pay the men's dues to dance clubs and also their cabhire. Fortunately, by that ti me I shall be married, so will have no extra expense on my hands. Tuesday I went to Oakland, and though almost dead tired owing to the rain and trip across the bay, I managed to get to the Scotts for dinner. It was a great, big affair, awfully well served. I think there were about four tables. Three for the young people and the fourth for married people. Ours was a great big affair and was beautifully decorated with blossoms extending the entire length of the table. I think it was done by the Worns. I do dote on those girls' tables, they are so pretty that they really rest one to sit at them. We were pretty jolly, though I sat by a most tiresome young man who I believed telephoned to Mrs. Scott that he would like me as a partner. First, I thought I'd tell him the story of my life, but he did not look as though he could have one to tell me afterwards, so I just talked of the Boer War. I have not yet decided whether he had even heard of it before that night, for after dinner was over I said, "Do you see any possible chance for Cronje's escape?" He said, "I don't know, who is he?" Yet that man has sent me flowers twice since the dinner, and telephoned to Miss Dillon Wednesday night to know could he not dance the German with me. After a fine dinner at the Scotts we danced. I do like their house; it is a great big one, and I actually forgot, owing to the awfully good time I was having, to notice their wonderful pictures. Mama was terribly shocked when I told her, and said next morning to papa that she did not think there was much after all in a girl's early education. It was meant as a gentle hit at this wee, winsome maid, but all the early art education I can remember receiving was from a screen with the most hideous pictures painted on it. Laurence Scott is developing into a very clever fellow, and I should be willing for him to come and see me twice a week were I not most anxious to be true to my "ideal lover."

On Wednesday we all went to a luncheon at the Jossellyns in honor of Frances Moore, who is at present staying with them. She is coming to stay with me soon. You know Frances is one of the girls that fall into the ways of each hous-hold in which she stays so quickly, that she is always being invited to stay somewhere. Her sister Miriam, now Mrs. Ed. Pringle, is equally adaptive. The Pringles have taken a flat on Jackson and Larkin stree's. To return to the Jossellyn's luncheon. It was quite a large affair and we were all in a wildly exuberant frame of mind and talked a whole lot of the Maurice Casey cotillion which was to take place that evening. Now I shall tell you of that for it was fun. We arrived a lot of us together, for we had been dining at the McNutts at about a quarter past ten. All the furniture was out of the first floor. It was covered with canvas and most charmingly decorated with greens and flowers of all sorts. Most of the flowers were sent, I believe, to Katherine Dillon. The music, billiard and dining rooms really were beautiful. There were smilax trees, fruit blossom branches, and banks of flowers and ferns most wonderfully arranged. Jones, the florist, on Sutter street, is to be congratulated on his successful decorations. I have never seen a more artistic house. The musicians were quite hidden behind palms in the hall. I wish I lived in the Casey's house. I believe I should give a dance every other night. When every one arrived the German began. Ed Greenway led and was assisted by Percy King and Jackie Harris. It was awfully well executed, and that is no particularly easy matter in a private house, even though the rooms may be large. I was really wild for the German to begin for I am awfully fond of favors and as a great many of these had been sent from New York I was wild to get mine. Fancy my delight when they were brought forth. There were wands covered in all sorts of ribbons with bunches of silk and velvet flowers at the top tied with bright ribbons. Pink and blue and white silk gowned "Pierrots" for the men, also peonies of all-colored shaving paper, and hearts for pincushions of dainty satin with long ribbons for the girls, and ribbons with bells and icicles, and then as it was the eve of Washington's Birthday, Martha Washington caps, which most of the girls immediately donned, and the dearest hatchets for the fellows, which were tied with green ribbon with either a bunch of cherries or the cherry blossoms. The driving figure was the one in which we had a particularly good time. There were great high hoops covered with tissue paper, and on the top, tiny little baubles of all sorts which as the men went through they jumped up and pulled off. It was great fun, and then we went down to supper. The ball-room down stairs was a mass of greens, but I was so hungry I did not really notice it particularly. Gerald Rathbone, Bert Cadwalader, Harry Stetson and George Newhall, Sam Boardman, Edna Hopkins, Therese Morgan, Caro Crockett, Mary Scott and I, had a tab'e together and each one of us endeavored to see who could be the wittiest. It was a jolly evening and I just hated to go home.

Next morning I went down to Burlingame to see the hunt with Mrs. Frank. It was a gorgeous day and all the girls had a fine old time there. I love hunts; the colors of the riders and the excitement appeal to me. There were a good many people on the Links, which are at present in very good form. Arthur was at San Rafael and said it was wonderful the way in which Sam Boardman played in the tournament. Ella Morgan, too, put up an exceedingly good game and defeated Mrs. Brown of San Rafael. Friday afternoon I helped to receive at Mrs. Frank's on Van Ness Avenue. A great number of people called and cards were played during the afternoon. Afterwards I went to the Century Club to the reception given by the Fortnightly Club girls. A bright little farce was given, which was just short enough for everyone to feel its real merit. I am going to see if I cannot have it given again sometime for one of the numerous charitable affairs to which I belong. Afterwards we had excellent refreshments and the Hawaiian musicians played and sang. Then I went home and had my hair powdered for "La Jeunesse." This was their last party. Most of the girls wore costumes. The most effective were Lita Redding's and Miss Van Wyck's, each being the dress of her grandmother. Miss Florence Parks of San Jose was particularly pretty. The most fascinating girls in the room with powdered hair were Bernie Droem's younger sister, Georgia Hopkins, Leila Voorhies, Miss Merry, Charlotte Field, Leontine Blakeman and Margaret Salisbury. It was a very jolly affair, led by Percy King, who was ably assisted by some of the girls. We had a nice supper of raw oysters for a change, which I appreciated very much. I was so worn out after I had all the powder out of my hair on Saturday morning I really wondered whether I should ever get to the Presidio Links. Eventually I did, and I am glad. I feel so proud of our players. Honestly, just as soon as Lent gets here I shall take up the game seriously, for I feel it in my bones that I could play well. Alice Hoffman managed the affair on Saturday, and I think the Oakland people appreciated the manner in which they were treated. Alice Moffitt, Mary Scott, Mrs. Johnson and Alice Hoffman are really capital golfists and I think can make a great showing anywhere. San Francisco came off victorious Saturday, but I really believe that the Oaklanders on their own links will make a better record.

Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Dodge gave a large card party. Mama was fortunate enough to win the first prize, which is so pretty. I intend to take it for myself. Mrs. Dodge has her sister Mrs. Gale staying with her at present. Monday was the Doem dinner. Most of those invited were Will and Bernie's friends and we all hope to have a fine time. Tuesday was the ball, and after that I could not lift up my eyes for two days. This has been a long season and I think all the girls look pretty well worn out.

I had almost forgotten to tell you of the engagement of Bessie Shreve and Bob Hooker. It is no use telling you how nice Bessie is, for everyone knows her, and a good many nice things, too, of Bob. I can count almost a dozen weddings to take place after Lent.

MISS CRICKET.

* *

OAKLAND.

Tuesday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller gave a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Stanford nee Herrick. It was a very large affair Those who helped to receive were: Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Mark Requa, Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. Prather, Miss Nellie Chabot and others.

Mrs J. C. Tucker of Oakland gave a dinner on Friday evening to announce the engage- of Andy Stone and Miss Havemeyer of Riverside, Chicago. Miss Havemeyer came to Oakland recently to act as bridesmaid to Miss Mai Tucker and A. S. Macdonald.

The great success of the Palace Hotel Supper Room establishes what the *Wave* has often contended—the necessity that existed in San Francisco for some such place where quiet people might go for refreshments after the theatre. To most people, not habitues of the Grill Room, dinner or supper at the Palace has always figured as an expensive luxury, whereas the prices ruling there are lower than in any other leading caravansary in the country. The charges ruling in the new supper room, which is one of the most beautiful apartments in America—handsomer than the famous palm garden at the Waldorf-Astoria—are very reasonable. Indeed, the special supper dishes are extraordinarily moderate in price. There is excellent music, an admirable service and every requisite to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur.

Apropos of the Palace, a change in the central court is being arranged which will contribute to the comfort of its patrons. The pretty rotunda is to be enclosed in art glass and a charming and spacious conservatory constituted in which meals will be served to those who wish them, but will be especially agreeable for those who like to sit and smoke over their coffee after dinner. This improvement will be begun as soon as the rush of tourists is over.

A SUCCESSFUL WINE FIRM.

The well and favorably known firm, Napa & Sonoma Wine Company, which for the past three years had their salesrooms at 314 Post street, have removed their entire establishment to 105-115 Ellis street, where they are now occupying one of the finest and best equipped wine cellars in this State. The ground at their disposal amounts to over 11,000 square feet, which, combined with a height of 14 feet, gives them ample room for satisfactorily handling their steadily growing business; which, to-day, while only started three years ago, enjoys the reputation of being in the foremost ranks of those wine houses whose principle is to handle and sell only the very choicest wines made on the Coast. That this point is so well attained by the firm is due to the wide knowledge of the business—extending over a period of 30 years—of the president, Mr. E. C. Priber, who is ably assisted by the secretary, Mr. L. Jockers. We congratulate the house on securing quarters so well adapted to the wine business.

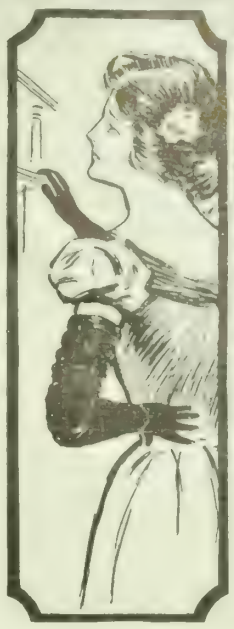
The Phenomenal Success

of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry—109,303 cases imported in 1899. 72,495 cases more than any other brand—is due to its unsurpassed quality. The 1895 vintage now imported equals its best predecessors.

Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is called fo everywhere. It is the drink of the people, no of the select few.

Backache.

So many women suffer from it. It mars alike their hours of work and pleasure. Backache is genera symptom of derangement of the cate womanly organs. It is use therefore to apply plasters and similar local treatments. A cure can only be effected when the cause of the ache is removed. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure the debilitating drains, the inflammation, ulceration and displacement which cause backache, sideache, headache and many other aches and pains. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol and is absolutely free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics. It agrees with the most delicate persons.



"I took your medicine six months and I feel now like a new person," writes Miss Annie Stephens, of Bellville, Wood Co., W. Va. "Have no backache, no headache, no pain anywhere. I took seven bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and seven bottles of his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I think there is no medicine like Dr. Pierce's. I can't speak highly enough of your medicine for it has done me so much good. I don't feel tired as I used to, nor sick. I feel well and think there is no medicine equal to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

The Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Art Exhibition

And Sale. The Gump collection of

FINE OIL PAINTINGS

by celebrated masters. Now on Exhibition at

NATIVE SONS' HALL,
414 MASON STREET.

The Exhibition will be opened to the public day and evening thereafter until time of

SALE BY AUCTION

which will commence Monday evening

MARCH 5TH.

S. & G. Gump Co.

A. W. LOUDERBACK, Auctioneer.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira E. and James H. Doolittle.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a riva and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet. 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

OPTICIANS.

H. CLAY EVERSOLE, Specialist in Eyesight measurements for spectacles and eyeglasses, 720 First ave

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. FLEISCHER, Surgery Genito-Urinary and female diseases 201, 202, 216, 218 Washington blk

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone. Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in, Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,24

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore. MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

THEIR CONVERSATION.

"WHAT do they talk about?" said the first man.

He was in a cab with the other man, and they were being driven past a house with a striped awning leading to the carriage block.

"At the Sign of the Striped Canvas?" said the other man, meditatively. "It's the old taproom habit, modified and refined. Every hostess her own taproom proprietress."

"Yes, but what do they talk about?" persisted the first man.

A bevy of big plumy hats and beautifully gored skirts showed in the lobby, and some more were lingering about the sidewalk entrance to the awning. And every pretty face under every droopy hat was alive with animation. And it sounded—of course they weren't—but it sounded as if they were doing a concerted selection at the time.

"Heaven knows," said the other man, sententiously.

"Let's find out," said the first man. "Really, I mean it. I've watched them a lot at this sort of thing. Do you believe women are bright among themselves? Do they say clever things for one another? What sort of stories do they tell? And are they really inter-sarcastic? Had you cards there to-day, at Mrs. Tudor Templeton's?" he asked suddenly.

"I had. Why?"

The first man called up to the driver, and they wheeled sharply about.

"What are you going to do?" inquired the other man in some alarm.

"Why," said the first man, soothingly, "we are going to drop in here, you and I, and find out what they talk about."

The other man grumbled as they stepped out, and laughed and followed. Now they were among the few men bidden that day to Mrs. Tudor Templeton's tea. There should, therefore, argued the first man, be ample opportunity to find out what "they" talked about. In the doorway they met smart black coats with violets pinned to them and fluffy boas and wriggling plumes. In the hall they met others. And as they ascended the stairs together, although they had listened their keenest, all they had heard and could remember were passing snatches like these:

"Beautiful seats in the second row, middle aisle——"

"Why, my dear, her hair used to be as dark as——"

"Such a stunning essay on the influence of color upon——"

"What would you have thought he meant by that?"

The two men smiled into each other's eyes and charged into the drawing room. The little tired hostess may or may not have smiled when she saw them; having been smiling for two consecutive hours preceding, it was hard for an unprejudiced onlooker to say whether she renewed it or not. But her little, thin, cordial voice took on a new assortment of selected intonations. How good it was of them to have come!

The first man, in a minute, was under a Bagdad curtain canopy with the oldish young woman, who had begun to put her hair low on her neck again in consequence of the first adjective.

"Doesn't the superficiality of contact like this at teas madden you?" she asked. The man could see her soul in her eyes ready to be swapped. He retained his own soul. He said something to the effect that it was refreshing to be superficial.

"Refreshing?" uttered the oldish young woman, intensely. "But what else is there but superficiality in most of one's meetings?"

"Poses," said the man, brutally, "and a striving after snap shots at inner consciousness. Do you come to teas to be intense?" he asked.

Then the girl who was assisting stood next him.

"Don't you love teas?" she twittered to the man; "do say you do. I want to see a man who really says he does. Though I'm sure you don't in the least need to say a unique thing to be unique!"

"What is unique?" murmured the man.

"It means delicious," said the girl who was assisting, with frankness. "We were just saying——"

So they had been saying something! The man turned to listen in a flood of genuine relief.

"Oh," cried the girl at the punch table, "do have something with a cherry in it. I have actually been talking to that last, dear, funny thing for hours. Aren't people funny? But I'm glad they are. I love them funny."

The man started a subject.

"What do you think of people who pose?" he asked, conscious that it was threadbare, but still a subject.

The girl at the punch bowl filled a cup and passed it to him daintily.

"I think well of them if they pose well," she said. "Oh, and posing reminds me. I have been asked to sit for my picture—really. I shall have to give up the gymnasium to find the time for the sittings, but I'm going to do it."

"I am only surprised that you pretend being asked is a novelty," said the man, absently, feeling his way to another subject. "Did you say gymnasium?" he said.

"Yes," she said, "and we lunch downtown on the way home every day. Don't you love to lunch downtown?"

As for the man, he vanished from the punch-bowl table as if he had melted. Meanwhile the other man was doing his best. A blonde girl was before him, and he was trying to hear what she was saying, or indeed if she were saying anything at all. About every soft third word was drowned in the buzz and babel of everybody else's words. It went like this:

"Last summer, in Kennebunkport," said the blonde girl, "I was being sketched, and——"

"Glace is much better than ice," came from the right.

"——though even if the artist hadn't been so civil about it——" from the blonde girl.

"—— box-plaited skirts having quite gone by in Paris and only——" from the left of him.

"——he actually came in a frock coat, and Isabel said——" from the immediate foreground.

"Don't you think so too?" asked the blonde girl.

"I beg your pardon," said the man, simply.

"I knew you'd agree with me," said the blonde girl; "I'd go for the sake of the voyage if I had to come straight back again."

"Now, how did she get from the Maine woods to sea-sickness?" asked the man, stupidly, of himself. He only inclined his head with the absorbed look that made him a tete-a-tete idol.

"I said the club had no right to put her in as Corresponding Secretary. I knew she would do something outrageous," came from the left again; the group had changed, he saw, and the ponderous woman in a great deal of jet was talking.

"It was she who made us vote for that course in parliamentary practice," said the brisk little woman, snappily.

"Oh, no, Paris will not be Paris at all while the Exposition is on," came from somewhere. "I shouldn't care to go over."

"It's such an intense book," said the blonde girl. "Don't you think so?"

The man made an adieu—it may have been several, he was not sure—to the blonde girl and others, and moved to the door. He threaded his perilous way past snatches and wafts and murmurs of conversation, and mechanically groped for the flying end of the connection. And at the door he met the first man. Together they went down the stairs and one held up a finger to the cabman.

"Such a nice time," quoted the first man, absently.

"Good Lord!" said the other man.

"Funny, wasn't it?" said the first man. "I haven't been to one of those since I was beginning here, and thought that sort of thing meant social recognition and helped me on. But, now, take these same women at a dinner table or in a ballroom, or even tete-a-tete, and they would be—well, other women quite. Now why is it?"

"I wonder how the club would seem to an alien—to a woman, for instance?" said the other man, slowly. "Do you know—I don't believe it would show up very well, along side of this afternoon. Say what you like, however, trite or conventional or artificial it all may have been; still at the same time there wasn't a hint of anything."

"No," assented the first man, "there wasn't."

"Still, I don't care about going again," said the other man, "if I did have a nice time."

They stepped out just then at the door of the club, and the first man laughed.

"Well, what did they talk about?" he asked the other man.—*New York Sun.*

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

How can the British trooper bold
Defeat the wily Boer,
Unless he tones his system up
With good old "Jesse Moore?"

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account October $2,365,968

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,2 3,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28 563,655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union
532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 210,067
Contingent Fund..... 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tarheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee. Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco
33 POST STREET
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S.G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Joseph D. Grant, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

BUYERS' GUIDE
SAN FRANCISCO.
RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 3 5.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

THE LANGTRY ENTERPRISE.

HOW THE JERSEY LILY MANAGED THE "MAINE" BENEFIT IN NEW YORK.

WE are seriously wondering in New York, just now, whether the social reign of the Empress, Mrs. Astor, is not over. The reason for her downfall—if downfall it is to be—is her connection with Mrs. Langtry's concert and bazaar in behalf of the *Maine* benefit fund. Somehow the Jersey Lily got Mrs. Astor down on her list of patronesses for the affair. Just how, no one seems to know, although the society reporters have a story for it. They say that the pressure comes through the Prince of Wales. Here is the tale as it is told: Mrs. Langtry approached the Empress with a request that she act as patroness for the concert. Mrs. Astor politely refused. So did the other matrons of New York. Thereupon, it is said, the Lily obtained from the Prince of Wales a strong intimation that unless the approval of Mrs. Astor were forthcoming, the latter's married daughter, Mrs. Drayton, a divorcee and a social struggler in London society, would find herself ostracized. Armed with this, she went to Mrs. Astor and obtained a reversal of decision. As soon as the Empress gave in, the other matrons followed, and the list of patronesses was long and distinguished.

This is the story as given. I will venture to say that there is just a fragment of truth in it. Mrs. Astor was probably urged to her action by fear of consequences to her daughter, but that the Prince sent the note described in this story no one believes except the chambermaids to whom the society gossip of the *Journal* and *Town Topics* is gospel. But sign Mrs. Astor did, although she did not, like others whose names were lower on the list, back her name by attendance. But the affixing of her name was enough to hurt her position, since the concert tea was noisome and of bad repute even beyond expectations. To begin at the very beginning, we don't know how to do those things on this side of the water. You see, the daily routine of life in England includes the use of a certain amount of stimulant. It is never thought anything of at all. Consequently, the brightest and best of England's ladies can serve drinks behind a bar and seem to be doing nothing inconsistent with their native gentlehood. But here, in the land of the W. C. T. U.—ye gods! The very suggestion of it called down the wrath of the reformers and a warning from the police. Then the half-world of New York heard of this opportunity to come and see the whole world by daylight. This was known in advance, and the two facts—the police warning and the knowledge that the demi monde was coming—put a "queer" on the proposition in advance. Of society people, a few came because their names were down and they wanted to appear consistent, and a few more because of the liking of the irreproachable matron for peeping at her sister just across the line. But they kept to the gallery, and watched the crowd on the floor.

And what a crowd! Actresses as clearly on the right side of the line as any lady looking down from the boxes, and actresses as clearly on the other side of the sphere; women whose names all New York speaks but never prints, and which I shall not print because it would please them too well; plain people but foolish, who thought they were looking at the real thing; demi-mondaines who had not even the saving grace of style; horsey men and cheap clubmen; respectable actors and actors as far across the line as their female companions—all these crowded the floor to do honor to the feast of the Lily. The American bar, at which women were *not* allowed to serve drinks by grace of the W. C. T. U., was presided over by the Earl of Yarmouth and a dozen actors. Outside, a score of the handsomest actresses in New York, with Mrs. Nat Goodwin at their head, sold programs and flowers and bled pocket-books. There was a vulgarian air about the whole thing which was decidedly unpleasant. Plainly, everyone had come to stare and be stared at, to gaze on the rest of the attendance. The program received but scant attention; eyes were busy elsewhere, turned on the boxes, where that group of the four hundred who had sold themselves for a prince's favor sat and looked uncomfortable, on the actresses at the door, most of all on the Lily herself, who, clad in white and ermine, was followed wherever she went by a curious crowd. Did I say two weeks ago, in reviewing "The Degenerates," that age had passed her by? I must revise that. Off the stage she is as a bejewelled death's-head—powder gathering in wrinkles, paint restoring lost color—altogether a very unpleasant face, I thought, and not at all a beautiful one, seen so close at hand. The costume she wore, of white lace and ermine, was more worthy of admiration, even from a man, than the face above it. Of course, she took in the most money of any of the saleswomen, over a thousand dollars in all, but this was to be expected, since the affair was considered mainly in the light of an advertisement. That was the thing which gave it all—to me—the most thoroughly vulgarian touch; this sprinkling of the upper world and pouring of the half-world was there, not to aid sweet charity primarily, but to advertise this woman and her well-named show.

To change the subject, I have been given by one high in authority among builders the privilege of looking over W. C. Whitney's new Fifth Avenue home, the like of which, for tasteful interior decoration, has never been seen in New York. It is done in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and, while splendid and beautiful, it is still kept within the lines which belong to a home. The quiet exterior of the house is not changed from its former appearance, but the whole interior of this shell has been changed and remodelled. The scheme of decoration is worked out in marble and wrought iron, and most of the furnishings are genuine antiques. The Cupids on the newell-posts come from an ancient palace in Greece, the exquisite marble mantle above these stairs is the spoil of a Florentine palace, and in front of this is a monster oak table, splendidly carved, from an Italian monastery. The stained glass windows in the grand hall of the house are from an ancient chapel in the south of France, while the ceilings of that apartment are formed of carved Italian wood. So it goes throughout the mansion, the effect being heightened by a judicious distribution of Mr. Whitney's picture collection, which he has distributed through the rooms instead of grouping in a gallery. The pictures include several of the most famous portraits in the United States, numbering among them one of Chas. I, by Van Dyke, and a group of portraits of Maria Theresa and her court.

NETTA DYKE.

LONDON.

A HERO'S QUEER DOMICILE. WESTMINISTER'S NEW DUKE.

I HAD the privilege of visiting this week—never mind how—one of the best-known houses in all England. It has been brought into prominence by recent events, for a few months ago it was known only among the officers who enjoyed its hospitality. 'Tis the home of Mrs. and Miss Baden-Powell, mother and sister of the colonel who is now holding Mafeking. It is a quaint home and a curious one. I have heard it said, somewhere, that every man of genius has a remarkable mother. It would be rather an exaggeration to call Baden-Powell a genius, for he is not, but only a bright young Englishman with a remarkable variety of talents; but Mrs. Baden-Powell is unusual enough to be the mother of any genius you want to name. She is a dear, quiet, soft-spoken English lady, with old-fashioned ways and a prim bearing. She displays her love of the unusual in her surroundings. If the Baden-Powell house were in America, it would be a newspaper gold mine for "Sunday stories." First and foremost, there is an apiary in the drawing-room! I have a horror of bees, remembering a youthful experience of my own, and I went down the gravel walk to the quaint old house through a gauntlet of my terrors, buzzing among old-fashioned border-flowers. It seems that there are two hives of them in the drawing-room. These hives have glass windows, so that visitors may watch the insects at work, and exits and entrances are made through a lead pipe which runs out-of-doors. They are the aristocracy of all bees, I am told, being purest Moorish in blood, and they are not allowed to build honey on any merely plebeian frame. Wooden models of various objects, such as a bicycle, are inserted in the hives and the comb is attached thereto. Mrs. Baden-Powell has a way of draining off the honey and putting up these combs under glass cases. It is a variation on the old-time worsted motto which is all her own. Over the chief mantel in the drawing-room is the *piece de resistance*, a set of frames on which the combs spell the family name.

But that is not all. The house is not only an apiary, but an aviary. Above the great staircase stands a young fir tree, covered by nesting birds, not caged or confined in any way, but left to their own sweet will. They fly about the house, mixing in all domestic matters, and are so tame that they regard human beings as pieces of furniture, to be lit upon at pleasure. These are the special pets of the Colonel's sister, who is said by the London papers to be as beautiful as her brother is talented. In the expectation of this beauty, I was disappointed; she is fairly handsome, with a tall, svelte figure and fine golden hair; that is all.

Nevertheless, Miss Baden-Powell is, in common with her mother, a fluent and easy talker and a mightily interesting woman. It was this quality of the family which made this now historic home one of London's army centers long before the son of the house became famous. The calm with which these women accept the situation is marvelous. They have firm faith that nothing can hurt their soldier, that his bravery and skill and fortitude will carry him through.

Art, rather than war, is the chief talent of the Baden-Powells. Frank, the youngest brother, is a painter of much skill. His sister is perhaps the world's best female metal-worker, while the Colonel himself prefers sketching to fighting. Before I close with the house, let me mention the fact that Miss Baden-Powell's birds play around the greatest lion-skin in London, which stands, stuffed, at the head of the great stair-case. It was shot by her brother in Matabele-land, years ago.

A young man who is dividing public attention with the generals at the front is the Duke of Westminster, who has succeeded not only to a princely title but to the greatest estate ever owned by a man not yet of age. The new duke was in South Africa when his grandfather's death brought him the estate, having been sent there to be cured of a romantic love affair. Now that the Grosvenor fortune is in his hands and he is about to become his own master, the public is curious to know whether he will respect his dead grandfather's wishes or will follow his heart.

The Duke was born in 1880, the year when Bend Or of the Grosvenor stables won the Derby, and his childhood nickname was that of the celebrated horse. He took it with him to Eton, where he was a school athlete, and one of the most popular boys in attendance there. He had been reared in great simplicity, and avoided, therefore, the snobbery which has been the wreck of the school career of many a young nobleman. It is said that he was never, as a boy, allowed to ride in a carriage; it must be foot, or bicycle or public conveyance. One night, when he had ridden from his mother's home to his grandfather's mansion on a bicycle, a heavy rain set in. The old duke would not break the rule by ordering out a carriage for his benefit, and he was sent home in the market cart which happened to be going his way.

At school his allowance was just equal to the Eton average. He took a lively interest in racing, as became a Grosvenor, and used to go out to the tracks on every half holiday, but when he backed the horses it was with his own money. One quarter, he was very, very "short" as a result of a losing streak, but he got no assistance from home and had to pinch through as though he had been the son of a country squire. By these heroic means, the old duke tried to educate his grandson to simplicity. And now, at twenty, he looks like a boy who would stand the test. He is your typical "Barbarian" of Matthew Arnold's classification in appearance—tall, athletic, handsome. In character, he is kindly and pleasant. The one characteristic of their new family head which bothers the conservative Grosvenors is a tendency he has shown in these early days of his fortune to be free with his money. And it may be that the regime of simplicity in which he was reared is to give rise to a reaction. But he gives promise of a successful career, for all their fears.

KATRIONA.

In time of peace: in time of war
The favorite drink is Jesse Moore.

In Mexico.

THE cactus towers, straight and tall,
Through fallow fields of chaparral;
And here and there, in paths apart,
A dusky peon guides his cart,
And yokes of oxen journey slow,
In Mexico.

And oft some distant tinkling tells
Of muleteers, with wagon bells
That jangle sweet across the maize,
And green agave stalks that raise
Rich spires of blossoms, row on row,
In Mexico.

Upon the whitened city walls
The golden sunshine softly falls,
On archways set with orange trees,
On paven courts and balconies,
Where trailing vines toss to and fro,
In Mexico.

And patient little donkeys fare
With laden saddle bags, and bear
Through narrow ways quaint water jars,
Wreathed round with waxen lily stars,
And scarlet poppy buds that blow,
In Mexico.

In liquid syllables, the cries
Of far fruit vendors faintly rise;
And under thick palmetto shades,
And down cool covered colonnades,
The tides of traffic gently flow,
In Mexico.

When twilight falls, more near and clear
The tender Southern skies appear,
And down green slopes of blooming limes
Come cascades of cathedral chimes
And prayerful figures worship low,
In Mexico.

A land of lutes and witching tones;
Of silver, onyx, opal stones;
A lazy land, wherein all seems
Enchanted into endless dreams;
And never any need they know,
In Mexico,

Of life's unquiet, swift advance;
But slipped into such gracious trance,
The restless world speeds on, unfelt,
Unheeded, as by those who dwelt
In olden ages, long ago,
In Mexico.

EVALEEN STEIN,
—*Kansas City Journal.*

Glory.

I SAT upon the bleak North Pole
And shivered in the wind,
Wondering why it was that man
Had sought so hard to find
So bleak a point, so bare a place,
Such an ungodly spot;
And wished that some poor other fool
My place in life had got.
My bones were iced, my nerves were gone,
I should have died, I'm sure,
Had I not pictured to myself
My coming lecture tour.

—*Life.*

If Buller can cross the Tugela
And capture the slippery Boer,
He'll find that his name
Will be equal in fame
To that of the old "Jesse Moore."

THE Keeley Cure
ALCOHOL, OPIUM, DRUG USING
Communications Confidential. Write for particulars.
F. H. NIXON, WEST SEATTLE, WASH.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.
—FOR—
Nome, St. Michael, Dawson
AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.
CARRYING U. S. MAILS.
FOR NOME DISTRICT.
From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900
FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,
From San Francisco, S. S. "St, Paul," May 26th, 1900
A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fortnight Thereafter
For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak, and all Intermediate Points:
From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.
For new folders, maps and further particulars, as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Si Hassan Ben Ali's Imperial Moorish Acrobats; Smedley Sketch Club; Martinetti and Gressi; Newhouse and Ward; Anna Whitney; Frank Trio; Trovollo; The Dancing Passparts; Pauline Moran and Co.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

WEEK OF MAR. 5th

First time in the city of the New York and European sensational farce

NEVER AGAIN

A laugh in every line. Every member of the Alcazar Company in the cast.

Next, "Diplomacy."

Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, MAR. 5th

Final Performances of

DENMAN THOMPSON

and an entirely new production of

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"

Coming "Because She Loved Him So."

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, Mar. 4th.

The Greatest Play Ever written, with its Plot and Story Drawn from the Land of the Muscovite

DARKEST RUSSIA

By H. Grattan Donnelly. Presented by Edwin C. Jepson's company of accomplished players, including Katherine Willard, Harry D. Byers, Kate Jepson, George Morton and Alfa Perry.

A stirring series of intensely dramatic scenes and incidents happily blended with the brightest comedy

Popular Prices: Evening, 75c, 50c, 25c; Matinees 50c, 25c.

Coming "Paderewski," the world's greatest pianist.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE, Extra

Afternoons of March 6th, 8th and 9th, and evenings of March 12th, 13th and 14th.

WAGNERIAN CONCERTS

By MME. GADSKI, MR DAVID BISPHAM and MR. WALTER DAMROSCH, Preliminary to the above

Explanatory Recitals at the Piano by Walter Damrosch will be given at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall at 11 o'clock on the mornings of March 5th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 14th and 17th.

Seats may be obtained at the box office of the California Theatre and at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s

Racing! Racing! Racing!
CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

Winter meeting, 1899-1900, beginning MONDAY Feb. 26 to Mar. 10, 1900.
OAKLAND RACE TRACK,
Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.
Five or more races each day.
Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.
Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.
Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President,
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

ELECTRIC
SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS
California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

ASK THE TICKET AGENT

to send you from Chicago to New York, Boston, or other Eastern cities over the **Nickel Plate** (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) Quick time, satisfactory service, and no extra fares charged passengers.
JAY W. ADAMS, Pacific Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker bldg., San Francisco Cal.

AT THE THEATERS

MAGGIE Moore brings back to California a lingering remembrance of the old days in San Francisco, the days which were so much less governed and so much more interesting than those in which we live to-day. She is probably the last survival of the old California Stock Company, which was the school of more good actors than any other ever known in this country, Daly's in New York not excepted. The others have gone on, Morrison being the last to retire, but Maggie Moore joined the company when she was little more than a child and is still in the business. To hear her name over the famous players she has supported is to renew a long list of theatrical reminiscences of the days that were. Boucicault, Tom Keene, Raymond, Maggie Mitchell, Lotta Southern the elder, John McCullough, and a dozen other actors of fame in the days of the storm and stress period, before San Francisco becomes "Jay."

* *

Probably few actresses have ever played in such a variety of styles as Maggie Moore. Her parts have embraced the whole range of drama from minstrels and burlesque to Shakesperian tragedy. She began at the age of ten as a child dancer in the old Olympic at Kearny and Clay. Her first speaking part was that of the injured innocent in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." Then she played boys' parts in black-faced minstrels for a long time. She was not yet fifteen when she broke into the "legit," supporting Lotta and Maggie Mitchell in soubrette roles at the old Metropolitan Theatre, having played fairy parts in a burlesque just previously. Her engagement with the original stock company of the California Theatre came soon afterward. In those days, the stock company was conducted on a plan of its own. 'Twas a collection of competent players, such as Tom Keene and John T. Raymond, with McCullough as the bright particular. Stars were brought from the East to take leading roles with the company's support, and in the intervals. McCullough would put on one of his Shakesperian productions, or the troupe would take a hand in society drama, a despised form of art in those days of storm and stress. And so, before she was twenty, Miss Moore had played melodramatic heroines, old woman pathetics, emotional roles, Shakesperian parts, including *Ophelia* to McCullough's Hamlet, comedy parts, and soubrette roles, in which she shone especially and in which she starred after leaving the stock company. She was a reigning favorite as a soubrette, her benefit at the California yielded over four thousand dollars, which is near to being a record.

* *

Coming back to San Francisco now when it it has become like a different city, this veteran of the California stage has been impressed by the change more forcibly than us stay-at-homes, who have lived here and grown used to it, and the difference which strikes her most forcibly is in the line of her own business. "The only way I can see now," she says "is to return to the plan we used to have in the old stock company. Get a good lot of people together and then bring out your stars separately for them to support. You can't expect managers to send whole attractions all this distance when they would pay better at home. The one trouble is that good stock company actors are rare nowadays. They train up an actor in a dramatic school to one line of parts; he goes on the stage before he has learned the business thoroughly and never gets out of the line. As it used to be, we began young, learned our business on the stage, and played all sorts of parts in learning."

* *

The record-breaking run of "The Idol's Eye" at the Tivoli is the present theatrical wonder of San Francisco. It passed the fifty-night mark last week and goes on with undiminished houses. Ferris Hartman is the person mainly responsible for the Tivoli's "brace." In the period between the Grand Opera season and the coming of "Teddy," the old play-house seemed to have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. Some of the productions given along in November and early December were things one tries to forget. Then came Hartman, and the whole company went at it and did something. There is a reason for this. The Tivoli's leading comedian is one of those actors who have a value to a company clear beyond ability to act. He has a strong personality and a genius for work, coupled with the faculty of making others join in his enthusiasm. This, and this alone, is responsible for the improved work of the whole Tivoli company, chorus and principals alike. When "The Idol's Eye" runs down, which may be many weeks to come, "Manila Bond" will be presented.

* *

News comes from abroad of the continued success scored by Holbrook Blinn, a player who was without much honor in his own country. It will be remembered that he invaded London with "The Cat and the Cherub," Fernald's Chinese play, and made his first hit there. Now it is announced that he and his wife, formerly Miss Ruth Benson of San Francisco, will have leading roles in "Don Juan," a play just forthcoming the Prince of Wales' Theatre in London. Incidentally, Mr. and Mrs. Blinn have had much flattering attention from the London press. T. P. O'Conner's M. A. P., the journalistic dictator in all personal matters, gave a column recently to a press-agency story of their lives. How much this means to an actor, only one who has been in the professional life of London can appreciate. California actresses are an innumerable company, but California actors are a greater rarity.

* *

The Orpheum bill next week includes Si Hassan Ben Ali's Imperial Troupe of Arabs, the cleverest combination in the acrobatic line the world has ever seen. The Smedley Sketch Club presents a one-act comedy drama, "The Little Mother," by Katherine Stagg. Martinetti and Grossi, grotesque novelty musical artists. Newhouse and Ward do a comedy bicycle act which includes hurdle jumping. Anna Whitney, a monologue artiste and the originator of some famous songs, one of which, "A Little Bit off the Top," she will sing while in San Francisco.

* *

The long-expected Damrosch-Gadski-Bispham lectures and concerts on the Wagnerian drama open at the California on Tuesday afternoon, March 6, at 2:15. "Tannhauser" is the theme of the first programme. Thursday and Friday afternoons will be devoted to "The Flying Dutchman" and "Die Meistersinger" respectively. The second week, the concerts will occur on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and the programmes have not yet been announced. Subscription tickets for the series of six performances sell for $10 to $15, and seats for single performances cost from one to three dollars.

* *

There was a picturesque revival of "The New South" at the Alcazar this week, beginning with Monday night, when the Native Daughters attended in force. The boxes were decorated with the stars and stripes, and the ladies, many of them, went so far as to dress in the national colors. The performance was quite satisfactory. Mr. Hastings had his share of the applause, being the hero of things; Miss Blayney was hissed because she was bad, and so was Webster, the villian; and Miss Hampton played the part of the noble girl in the story. Next week "Never Again," from the French, will hold the boards.

* *

"Darkest Russia," presented by Edwin C. Jepson's company, is the attraction at the California for the week of March 4. The play has been a successful one wherever presented, and is said to have the advantage of a strong party.

* *

The "Old Homestead" will continue next week at the Columbia. Gillette's latest comedy, "Because She Loved Him So," follows.

* *

"Never Again" is one of Chas. Frohman's latest successes, which will be the bill at the Alcazar next week.

* *

"The Greatest Thing in the World," in which Liebler & Co. are starring Sarah Cowell LeMoyne, promises to be one of the greatest successes of the season of 1900. It has caught on wonderfully wherever it has been played, and should make a winning in New York.

* *

Ada Rehan, who is depicted on page 8 in several of her favorite roles, is now under the management of Klaw & Erlanger. She will doubtless visit the Pacific coast.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c
Hall's Family Pills are the best

BOOKS.

Continued from Page 11.

tell a genius, they say; for he will make you feel as if he had just poured a gill of ice-water down your back, and your hair will stand on end. And then there is pathos. That makes you weep. And comedy makes you laugh.

The Watchers, by A. E. W. Mason, whose publisher is the Frederick A. Stokes Co., is a novel that will probably make your hair stand on end, if your hair has been trained to do that sort of thing. Mine has not. The author obviously did not write the book for me. Not being a connoisseur of thrills, I have no right to discriminate between thrills *ab intra* and thrills *ab extra*, ice-water thrills and those that escape from within through the hair. My uncritical judgment in the matter is that the thrills are dry thrills, for evidently the book contains, as the saying is, thrills to burn.

Padding is generally considered to be bad form. The most serious criticism I have to make upon *The Watchers* is that its pipe-stem nether limbs are padded to look like piano-legs, and the padding has got shifted. Several pounds of Poe, finely shredded, a like amount of Stevenson, and some two or three dozen ounces from Du Maurier's *Trilby*, the whole felted up with a divellicated dictionary or two of dialogue—result, a manly appearance. And I presume to suppose that the wearer of so much splendor will never have felt the pin-pricks I am directing at his foolish legs. After all, Poe and Stevenson and Du Maurier make better muscle than many another, and Mr. Mason, who will be older next year, can be forgiven them in his make-up. The dictionary of dialogue is another matter. It separates the thrills and makes knotty padding. The intelligent reader will not be disposed to forgive the dictionary of dialogue.

I hold in my hand a romance of the land of the Bryan dollar, meaning the Colorado silver district. The action of the tale lies most largely in Denver. *The Helpers*, by Francis Lynde, is a Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publication. While it does not stand out above its fellows, and would never be mistaken for the book of the year, it nevertheless holds up its head right bravely with the great average of new fiction. The story itself is interesting. The author, however, is a little inclined to encumber his show-windows with that gingerbread the critics call "fine writing"; and his hypothesis, suggested, I take it, by certain commonplaces of Shakespearean criticism, that a character can be rendered convincing and lifelike by endowing it with imperfections, is altogether a false one. The great novelist does not deliberately set about making his characters "a little bad." If he is clear-sighted enough to see life as it is he will see that humanity is infinitely various in every moral as well as every physical respect; but he will not begin with a Sir Galahad and deliberately set about making him "more human" by applying a tar-brush to his white armor. Characterization is a more subtle matter than that. Characters live, not by virtue of how bad or good they are, but by virtue of how clearly their creator can see through and past the type into the individual life of a breathing man. The question of ethics *per se* has nothing to do with it. The author of *The Helpers* is not alone in his reliance upon the fallacy that it has. The "realistic" school of history (by a misnomer), treading closely upon the heels of the "realistic" school of fiction, within a year or two has thought to paint the statues of Washington and Lincoln in their "natural" colors, clothing, hair, eyes, skin, even to the extent of mud upon their boots, in order to make them the more 'lifelike." Men and women are willing to take certain things for granted, and especially the supposition that other men and women (if they be real men and women, and not tailors' puppets) are not essentially unlike themselves. But they will not take a certificate to that effect, tacked on the collar of the coat, as evidence of life and breath and sensibility and power of movement.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

Those of our readers who are without a reference library should read the announcement of the Syndicate Publishing Company on page 10, in which an encylopædia of knowledge, a biographical compendium, a dictionary of language, a gazetteer, and an atlas of the world, which had heretofore been sold at $44 00, are offered, in cloth binding, for $22.00. The purchaser has the privilege of paying for these valuable volumes at the rate of $2 00 per month, the full set being delivered at once.

Napa and Sonoma Wine Co.

has removed to its new and extensive quarters at

105 to 115 Ellis Street.

TELEPHONE MAIN 5716

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✻ THIS SEASON'S ✻

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. March 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, April 1. change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Mar. 2, 7, 12 17, 22, 27, Apr 1, and every fifth day thereafter..

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Mar. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25. 30, Apr. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Mar. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Apr. 1 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Mar 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, Apr. 3, and every fourth day thereafter

For Mexican ports. 10 a. m. March 5th and 7th of each month thereafter.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, March 7 at 2 p.m.

S. S. Mariposa, **for Australia**, Wednesday, March. 21, at 8 p.m.,

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS
TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class — Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb, 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7. 17, 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

J. W. MONROE' SPARKLING APPLE CIDER

Made in Humboldt Co., California
John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

SUNSET LIMITED

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

SEASON OF 1899-1900

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Friday
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays and Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the travelling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5810 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

Roger S. Green, Pres. — Austin E. Griffiths, Sec'y

Invest Your Money in the

Sea • Breeze • Mine

The Richest Free Milling Gold Discovery in Southeastern Alaska.

A limited number of shares offered at Fifty Cents. Call or address

SEA BREEZE MINING CO.

Washington Bld., 1st Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE' COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 29th day of January 1900, an assessment (No. 50) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, California

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of March, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 26th day of March, 1900, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.
American and European Plan.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

FOR THE
BEST BOOK-KEEPING,
the SHORTEST SHORTHAND
Attend McLAREN & THOMPSON'S
Acme Business College
College Paper Sent Free
Pacific Block SEATTLE, WASH.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters
"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular
NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

Ladies Do Not
Seek assistance from new and untried preparations, but use the old, time-tried and reliable CREME DE LIS. It removes every trace of sallowness and other cutaneous defects and the skin regains that softness and purity of color so rarely possessed by adults. Blackheads, freckles, muddy skin, wrinkles and red nose, or face, acted upon as if by magic.

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

SENSE IN BROKEN ENGLISH.—When the proposition to subdivide the Cherokee reservation was on foot a delegation of United State Senators visited Tahlequah and addressed a meeting of Indians in the Opera House there. They advised the Cherokees to take their lands in severalty and to become a territory of the Union. In the audience was Soggy Saunders, a full-blood Cherokee, who had held office ever since he had learned to talk English brokenly. He had listened attentively and arose with true Indian dignity. "White mans who jus' talk put me in min' of a story I once heard it. Man goin' to get hung; he's lawyer tole him dis: 'I can save it neck from being hung.' 'How do dat?' ask it prisoner; 'I pay you $1,000 you save it my neck.' 'All lite,' said it dat lawyers, and he gave it dat lawyers moneys—$1,000. Den dat lawyers he tell it dat prisoner: 'You go shoot it yourself in bed.' Dat's what white mans want it here now—he want it Chulluckee Indian to kill hisse'f." The speech brought down the house.

x

A STRANGE PROBLEM.—A bed-ridden old fisherman at a Scotch watering-place was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical waistcoats which button behind. The clergyman saw one day that the old man's end was very near, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease. "Oo, ay, I'm a' richt!" came the feeble reply. "You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me!" The old man hesitated and at length said, "Weel, there's just ae thing that troubles me, but I didna like to speak o't." "Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you!" "Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man eagerly, "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westkit!"

x

A TOADY REBUKED.—When the Duke of York was in Halifax years ago, he was entertained by the Colonel of the British regiment stationed there. The good wife of the Colonel was much set up with the honor and "Royal Highnessed" him at every opportunity. He took her in to supper, and she, of course, redoubled her attentions. Fancying the prince would like some oysters she called to a young lieutenant, who was busily engaged in looking after his own partner: "Mr. H., fetch His Royal Highness some oysters, and look sharp!" "Mr. H.," a quiet, collected youth, turned to a waiter, who was passing, and said, with a slight emphasis in his voice, "*Waiter*, will you kindly take some oysters to his His Royal Highness as quickly as possible!"

x

THE BETTER CAMPAIGNER.—Two candidates for municipal office in a North Missouri town while out canvassing, happened to strike the same locality about the same time. The hindmost one called at a certain house, where a bright little girl came to the door. Said he, "Sissie, will you please bring me a drink of water?" which she quickly did; then he gave her candy and said: "Did the man just ahead of me give you candy?" "Yes, sir." Then he gave her a nickel, and said: "Did he give you money?" "Yes, sir, he gave me 10 cents. Then picking her up, he kissed her and said: "Did he kiss you?" "Yes, sir, and he kissed ma, too."

x

A COMPLETE EXPLANATION.—General N. B. Forrest, the distinguished Southern cavalry leader was once at a dinner party to which he had been invited as the guest of honor. Beside him was a loquacious widow, with hair of raven black, who rudely interrupted the conversation by asking General Forrest why it was that his beard was still black, while his hair was turning gray. With great politeness Forrest turned toward her. "I fear I cannot give you a satisfactory answer," said he, "unless, possibly, the reason is that I have used my brain a little more than I have my jaw."

x

HUSBAND NEVER THERE.—The Metropolitan Club's telephone bell rang about nine o'clock in the evening two weeks ago and a hallboy answered it. "Is my husband there?" asked a voice. "No, ma'am," answered the hall boy. "Wait a minute," said the voice. "There is something queer about this. You don't know my name, and before hearing it you answer promptly that my husband is not in the club. I shall report your conduct." "It doesn't matter, ma'am, what your husband's name is," said the hallboy, "because no one's husband is ever in the club."

x

OBEYED ORDERS.—Professor Huxley was once staying at Belfast when the British Association met there. He wanted to go to a breakfast-party, but was rather late, so, stepping on a car, he told the "jarvey" to drive fast, quite forgetting to say where he wished to be taken. Remembering after a while, he called to the driver, "Where are you going?" "Troth, I don't know," the man replied, "but didn't I drive you fast?"

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

For nea ly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and servi.e, and moderate charges.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between
Skaguay and Lake Bennett.
Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson a d Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonde d Carriers.

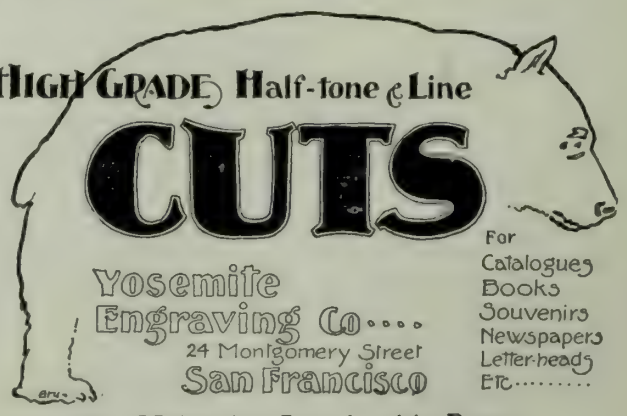
SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
ATLIN, DAWSON AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager D xter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S F
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

REPSOLD
REGISTERED BRAND
SELECT VINTAGE
Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner
This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants
A REPSOLD & CO Office. 416 Pine Street

GREENBAUM'S
White and Dark Violet
The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets
200 POST STREET

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.



We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

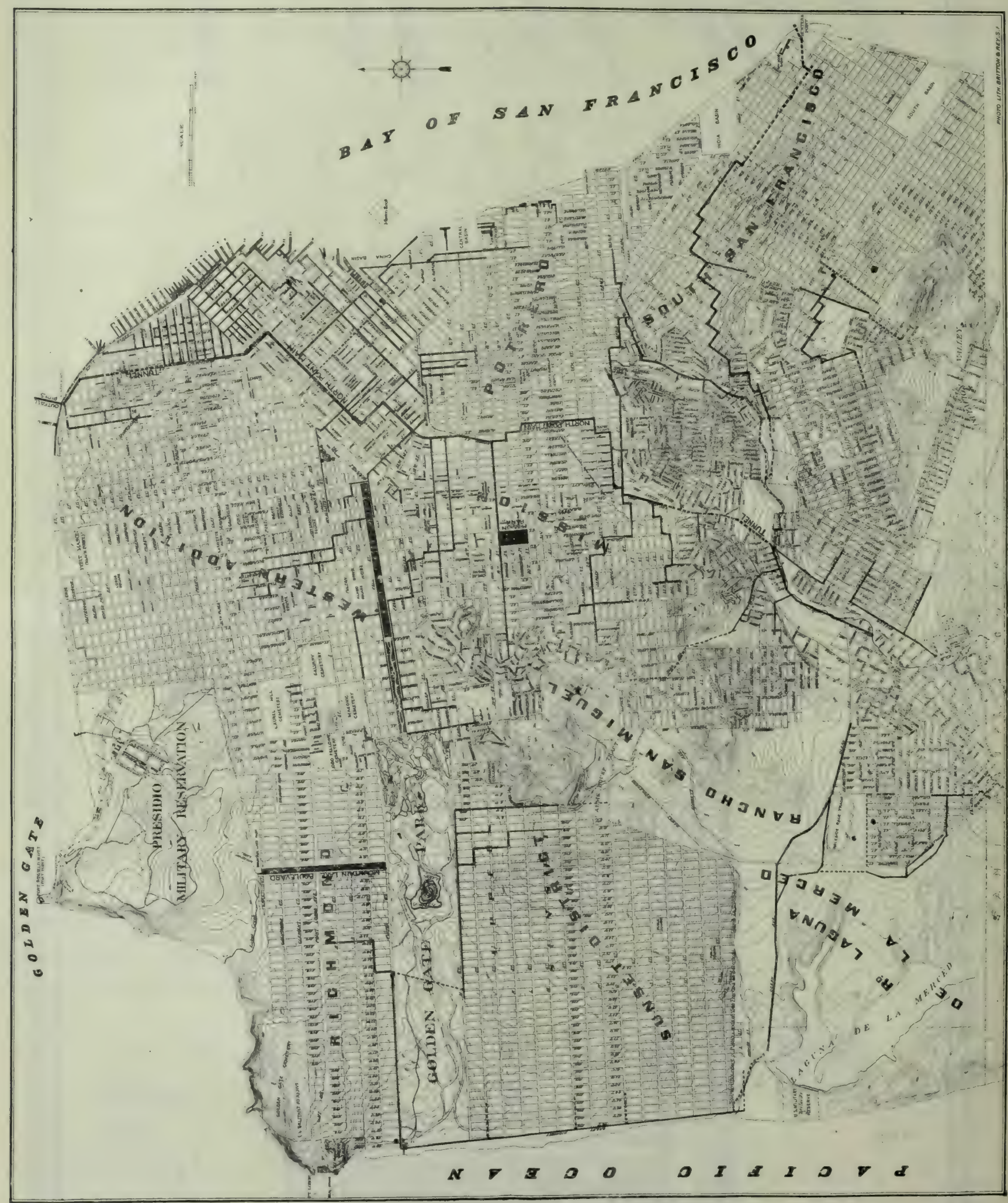
BYRON MAUZY PIANOS.
308 - 314 Post St.
Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. All the Latest Books in our Sheet Music Department.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

The WAVE

SAN FRANCISCO · UNDER THE NEW CHARTER ·

MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO.



Showing Main Sewers and Sub-Mains of Districts Sewered on the Combined System, and Storm-Water Conduits of Districts Sewered on the Separate System, together with Districts Sewered on the Separate System. (See page 20.) Also Showing the Panhandle Extension, Mountain Lake Boulevard, and Mission Park.

HIGH GRADE ENAMEL WARE.

LALANGE & GROSJEAN M'F'G. CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. BOSTON.

PACIFIC SURETY COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Paid-up Capital $250,000 Surplus as to Policy Holders $307,000

GUARANTEE AND CASUALTY. SURETY ON BONDS.

Bonds of Suretyship issued on behalf of persons holding positions of trust. We also act as Surety on Bonds required in Court proceedings.

STEAM BOILER AND PLATE GLASS INSURANCE.

DIRECTORS: Geo. C. Perkins, James Moffit, H. S. Crocker, J. L. Moody, Albert Miller, Wm. Clift, H. L. Davis, J. L. N. Shepard.

WALLACE EVERSON, Pres. JOHN BERMINGHAM, Vice-Pres. A. P. REDDING, Secy.

Head Office, 226 Montgomery St., San Francisco. Correspondence Solicited with Responsible Agent.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

—FOR—

Nome, St. Michael, Dawson

AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.

CARRYING U. S. MAILS.

FOR NOME DISTRICT.

From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,

From San Francisco, S. S. "St, Paul," May 26th, 1900

A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fortnight Thereafter

For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak, and all Intermediate Points:

From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.

For new folders, maps and further particulars, as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash

---

For Women and Men

"KITRO"

A Pure Grape Food Tonic.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Ask Yourself Why?

Ninety-five per cent of the buildings constructed in this City are sheathed with

P. & B. BUILDING PAPER.

Sixty-five per cent of modern buildings are covered with

P. & B. ROOFING

for protection against the weather

An Architect will tell you:—

"P. & B. PAPER and ROOFING are the best of their kind."

PARAFFINE PAINT CO., Makers.

Agents Everywhere. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Have You a Piano that You do not Use?

Is the piano in your home a musical instrument, and do you enjoy it as such, or does it remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than an article of furniture.

The Pianola

Is bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is bringing music into homes where it has long been a stranger.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study and without practice.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keyes of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers.

When not in use the Pianola may be easily detached from the piano and moved to another part of the room.

The Pianola can be used in connection with any Grand or Upright piano, and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

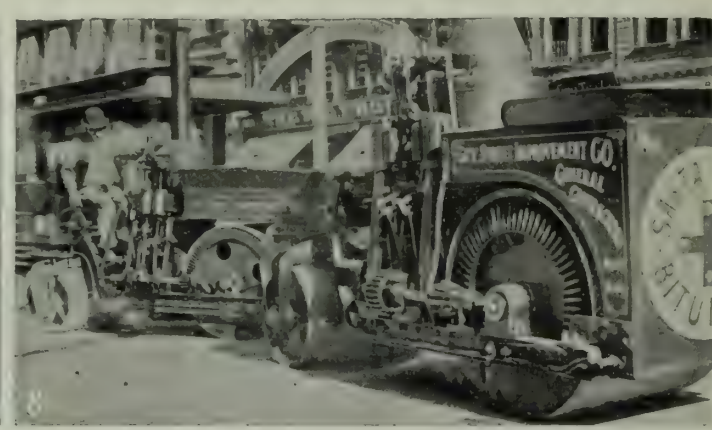
The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

Price $250 Upward.

The Pianola can be bought by monthly payments. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.

Kohler & Chase, Sole Agents.

26, 28 and 30 O'FARRELL STREET.



1, 2 and 3. Spreading Bitumen. 4. Van Ness Avenue aft r Paving. 5. Montgomery Street after Paving. 6. Ancie· t Cobble Stone Paving. 7. A bit of Market Street. 8. Steam Rollers.

IMPROVING THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO WITH NATIVE CALIFORNIA BITUMINOUS SAND ROCK FROM THE WORLD FAMOUS MINES AT SANTA CRUZ BELONGING TO CITY STREET IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.

San Francisco is the only city in the world whose monolithic pavements are composed entirely of this material. No other city in America has a larger proportion of its paved area covered with monolithic pavement than this city, with possibly the exceptions of Washington and Buffalo. No other pavement can show a lower average annual cost for maintenance than our pavements laid with this material.

The Western Addition, which eight years ago was a howling wilderness of sand, has long since been reclaimed. The principal business streets are rapidly yielding to its spread, as witnessed by the views given herewith; and the Mission District will soon be fully surrendered to its civilizing influences and economic uses. No other pavement has been found which can resist successfully the encroachment of Santa Cruz Bituminous Rock. From the days, a decade since, when it was denominated as "sand and tar" and "poultice pavement" and roundly abused by nearly all of the public prints of this city and looked upon with a feeling of general distrust by property owners, it has come to be accepted by the authorities and by owners of lots and lands as the pavement "par excellence." The general character of the pavement throughout San Francisco attests to its worth; and wherever progressive ideas are allowed to hold sway, it goes.

The General Offices of the Company, whose ownership of the Santa Cruz Mines makes it of necessity the foremost contracting company in this branch of municipal engineering, are in the Mills Building, Rooms 10, 11, 12 and 45, fifth floor. The Directors of the Company are as follows: J. W. McDonald, president; H. Dutard, vice-president; W. E. Dennison, secretary; C. B. Stone, treasurer; T. B. Bishop.

THE Keeley Cure

ALCOHOL, OPIUM, DRUG USING

Communications Confidential. Write for particulars.

F. H. NIXON, WEST SEATTLE, WASH.

B. Johnson,

Grill Work.

211 ELLIS STREET,

NEAR MASON.

Odd Furniture and

Artistic Wood Carving.

Charles Weidner

Commercial Photographer

ROOM 35 TOP FLOOR.

22½ GEARY ST., San Francisco.

TELEPHONE RED 3734.

Photographs of any description taken to order. Lantern slides, San Francisco and California views for sale.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a riva and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

COUGHS

Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat Effectively Relieved.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

John I. Brown & Son, Boston.

PROFILE OF SAN FRANCISCO FROM THE CALL BUILDING. By W. J. Street.

EVENTS CURRENT.

Code Laws for Alaska.

A code of laws for Alaska is now in the hands of the Senate Committee on Territories, where it has a good chance of being reported favorably. There has been some doubt as to the chances for Alaskan legislation in this crowded session, when such important matters as laws for the new possessions, government for Hawaii, Alaskan boundaries, and the Nicaragua Canal question, have to come up for settlement. Nevertheless, Senator Carter has given assurances that the bill will be reported this session, so that the first trench is won. Governor Brady and Delegate Price have been conducting a vigorous lobby in Washington. This has been hampered somewhat by a disagreement over two important clauses in the bill, the ones relating to the removal of the capital from Sitka to Juneau and the appointment of a delegate to Congress. Brady is for keeping the capital where it is, and is against the delegate plan, which he believes would entail an enormous expense for an election. Price wishes the capital removed to Juneau, since, he claims, the recent gold discoveries have put Sitka far out of the line of travel, rendering it inaccessible. So strongly were they opposed on these points that the Senate bill will not touch upon either of them. It is more than likely, however, that if Congress gets around to it the capital will be changed. Otherwise, the measure provides for the organization of municipalities and for those changes in the mining laws which all Alaska has been demanding since gold was first discovered in the Klondike country.

Changes in the Subsidy Bill.

The strong opposition throughout Congress and the country to the Hanna-Payne Shipping Subsidy Bill has led to substantial changes in the original draft, which have finally been incorporated with the main items of the old bill and submitted as the minor bill in the House of Representatives. The members of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Shipping held widely different views on the subject, and the new measure as introduced is largely a compromise. The idea of giving bounties to our merchant shipping, which must compete with foreign ships built and manned by cheap labor and subsidized into the bargain, was not opposed, but views on methods of procedure differed widely. Nor can it be said that the wishes of any one member of the committee finally prevailed, for individual theories were subordinated to the known wishes of the country at large. One important provision is that the subsidy provided for in the first section of the bill is conditioned upon the carriage of a certain amount of cargo from this country. In order for the vessel to secure full compensation she must carry at least one-half of her gross tonnage outward bound. A ship cannot simply run for the subsidy. This accomplishes one of the great objects of the bill; that is, the exportation of our produce. In the compensation for speed vessels, only two-thirds of the subsidy given for the outward voyage is allowed for the home voyage. The annual amount of subsidy is limited to $9,000,000. If the amount earned in one year exceeds that sum, this excess shall be deducted, pro rata, from the speed compensation. This is to encourage especially freight carriers. Existing vessels, whether foreign or domestic built, are to be allowed bounties for only ten years, while new vessels receive the benefit of full compensation for twenty years. The speed test shall be for a six-hour run, instead of a four-hour one. All subsidized vessels must live up to the Lloyd A 1 rating. Tank steamers and others peculiarly constructed for the transportation of mineral oils are shut off from the subsidy, because such ships are generally owned and operated by corporations for their individual use and are not general carriers. Foreign-built vessels, of which at least one-half the ownership is American at the time that the law is passed, may receive subsidy as soon as their ownership becomes wholly American. As in the former bill, it is provided that only mail shall be carried free and that free accommodations shall be provided for postal messengers whenever they are required.

The Boers Placed on the Defensive.

The British have won their second great success in South Africa. Ladysmith is relieved, and the Boers are now fighting wholly on the defensive. At Mafeking alone are the British still beleaguered, and a column from Roberts's army is said to be moving across country to raise the siege there. The second phase of the war, the attack of the interior of the Boer Republics with the Transvaal people on the defensive, is fully begun. Buller's fourth and final advance on Ladysmith occupied almost two weeks, during which time his losses were very heavy. It was a steady, hammering movement with no brilliant achievements, only a consistent gain. On Majuba Hill Day, when Cronje surrendered to Roberts, Buller gained a valuable position on Pieter's Hill, which formed the key to the entire position of the enemy. This was held in the face of a strong resistance, which slackened two days later. Buller followed on, his advance column facing a range of hills held by the Boers and some six miles from the city. March 1, noticing that the enemy's fire seemed slack, he threw out a flying column toward Ladysmith. It had been a day of anxiety in the town. The fire of the relieving force, which they had been hearing for nearly a week, was faint, and the rumor passed around that they had given it up again. This meant surrender, as ammunition for just one more engagement was left in the armories. In the afternoon it was noticed that the Boers were attempting to remove one of their big guns. Subsequently, a force was seen advancing around Bulwana mountain. Believing that these were Boers, the garrison rushed to arms; the troops drew nearer in the twilight, and were made out to be British. The scene, as they rode in among White's starving men, is said to have been most affecting. The garrison was in sore straits. There was not enough ammunition left to hold out for even one more fight; had the Boers pressed them again, White's force would have had to cease firing. The men had been living on a scanty diet of lean horse-meat for many weeks. Of the original army of 12,000, about 8,000 had passed through hospital in the course of the siege. The total losses in the operation were 695, of whom 346 died of disease and 259 of wounds; 590 were wounded and recovered. The fact that the greater part of White's force was cavalry really constituted a safeguard, since their mounts furnished food and enabled the garrison to hold out. Immediately after Dundonald's entry, the Boers fell away from the surrounding country, leaving it clear. It is asserted by some that, from the time of the storming of Pieter's Hill and the surrender of Cronje, Buller has been fighting a rear-guard only, which was covering the retreat of the main army, falling back to assist in the defense of Bloemfontein. If this is true, Roberts and not Buller is the true victor of Ladysmith and the Tugela. Yet it must not be forgotten that Buller was pursuing his Tugela campaign under orders from London and not of his own motion. His own plan of campaign was like the one by which Roberts trapped Cronje. Roberts is now advancing on the Free State capital of Bloemfontein. The Boers are concentrating along his line of march to oppose his advance. Already the cavalry in his van has had several brushes with their outposts, and an engagement of some sort is due this week. The Free State capital and the country around it are poorly located for defense, while the temper of the Free State people is cooling. For this reason, war experts believe that Roberts's forward movement will be a comparatively easy one. His real opposition will come when he invades Transvaal. Buller is reported inactive, resting his army after their two months' fighting, and giving the Ladysmith garrison time to recuperate. It is probable that, in the event of Roberts taking Bloemfontein and invading Transvaal, Buller will make a military diversion by going straight against Laings Nek, the famous pass into Transvaal, where the first British-Boer battle was fought twenty years ago.

The New Army Bill.

A bill recently sent to Congress by the Secretary of War will make some very important changes in the constitution and control of the army. These changes have been contemplated for some time, and are aimed at certain abuses of the old system which were laid bare in the early stress of the Cuban war. The chief reform introduced is to remove from the field of political and social influence the transfer in officers from the line to the staff, and at the same time to secure the advancement in the line of energetic, ambitious, capable officers. Promotion by seniority alone does not stimulate an officer to exert himself in behalf of the service, and officers who are ambitious are retarded by those who are willing to sit still and wait for their advancement. By this bill every third promotion to the grade of Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Major, respectively, shall be filled by the President. Political and social influence cannot affect these selections, because the President is limited in his selection to but three names. These names are to be chosen by a board of officers of the army, who are sworn to make their selection impartially. Details of officers from the line to the staff will also be eliminated from the sphere of political influence, the bill providing that selections for details shall be made by a board of officers also sworn to impartiality. In both cases the service records of the officers will govern the boards. It is thought that the high standard of honor among army officers should conduce to render the decision of these boards absolutely equitable. Secretary Root's idea is to make army officers perfect masters of all details of the service rather than specialists Therefore, a clause in the bill provides that staff officers shall be appointed from the line and shall serve only four years. This rule is popular with army officers in general, who have always claimed that the "fat" positions were dispensed to a few favorites, leaving the others to frontier assignments and hard campaigning. It is unnecessary to say that the holders of bureau and staff positions in Washington are opposed to this measure and are mustering all their political influence to defeat it.

Tariff Laws for Porto Rico.

The House of Representatives has finally passed the Porto Rico Tariff Bill, over which they have debated much of the past week. It has been one of the hottest discussions of this session, involving as it did not only the quarrel between expansion and Atkinsonism, but that between protection and free trade. The Democratic free trade advocates and a great part of the Republicans stood for the free admission of all Porto Rican products with no greater restrictions than those ordinarily placed upon interstate commerce. The dissenting Republicans were whipped into line, but not before they had obtained a substantial reduction and a promise that the act would be temporary in character. As amended, therefore, the bill provides that all imports to the United States from Porto Rico shall pay 15 per cent of the regular tariff imposed and that the act shall hold in effect for two years only. This measure passed the house on a close vote—172 to 161—and went on to the Senate with a strong chance of success. There, it will be incorporated with the full Porto Rican Bill about to be reported, which provides, among other things, for an educational qualification for the franchise, the formation of a Territorial Assembly, with the lower house elected and the upper appointed by the President, and for the election of a Porto Rican delegate to Congress. This last point is expected to be the one contested most bitterly in the Senate.

The Calaveras Grove Saved.

It is now certain that the Calaveras grove of giant sequoias will be saved to the State of California. On Saturday, March 3, the House of Representatives unanimously passed the De Vries resolution, which orders that the Secretary of the Interior shall open negotiations for the purchase of the grove, and that, if possible, he shall bond the tract. The contention that the measure comes within the province of the State of California and not of the national government seems to have carried little weight with the Congressmen, who were persuaded by the strong lobbying of the California delegation. The measure comes up in the Senate some time this week, and has every chance of passing, so that by the time this issue is out the Calaveras grove will be saved, the national government having done what California ought to have done long ago. The action means that an amicable attempt to purchase the groves will first be made. Robert Whiteside, of Duluth, Minn., is in the position of owner, he holding the option on the grove. If he refuses to sell, nothing further can be done under the provisions of the bill, but it is believed that he is deposed to be reasonable in the matter. If he declines, however, Congress will doubtless pass another measure condemning the tract and ordering the purchase. At any rate, the famous grove is saved.

British Treasury Increases Taxes.

The Boer War has been an unusually expensive one for Great Britain, owing to the distance of the scene of operations, the short notice on which preparations had to be made, and the size of the armies sent to the front. Parliament is confronted with the necessity of raising funds at once, since there is every reason to believe that the war will continue for some time yet. Accordingly, the budget of the Treasury was introduced into the House of Commons on March 4th instead of March 31st as formerly. This was done with the sole purpose of gaining time in taxing goods, by which means much of the required additional revenue will be raised. Besides this, the early passing of the budget is expected to shut off much commercial gambling on the rise in prices and the withdrawal of dubitable articles from the bonded warehouses. The *Statist* shows that if the government estimates of expenditures are realized Great Britain will have to borrow £60,000,000, and that the Secretary of the Exchequer will be compelled to increase this year's taxes by £7,000,000. It suggests that the income tax be raised a penny, that the tobacco duty be increased 8 pence a pound, that the beer duty be raised a shilling a barrel, and that there be an increase of a shilling a gallon in the tariff on spirits. This, it is believed, would cover the required amount.

A Suspicious Quiet in Luzon.

Associated Press reports sent in during the past week assert that the Philippine insurrection is not nearly so well under control as the official dispatches of last week would go to indicate. It is asserted that, while the insurgents are quiet now, they are only resting until the rainy season, when they intend to come out of the brush and renew a guerilla warfare. High officials of the American government in the islands say that Aguinaldo's cause has taken on new life lately, especially in the Northern provinces. They assert that the insurgents there have a wide-spreading secret organization, something like the Katipunan society that fathered the first rebellion against the Spanish, which, even in the strongly garrisoned towns, keeps up perfect communication with the insurgent leaders, that the society is managed from Manila, some of the chiefs being natives supposed to be supporters of the American government and many of the municipal governments installed by the army being cogs in the machinery. Two correspondents of American weeklies are quoted as saying that, in their travels through the island of Luzon, they have found the common people everywhere strongly in favor of the insurgent cause. The town of Paterno, although governed by a municipal system organized by the army, is yet a hot-bed of insurrection. All the municipal officers of Tarlac, capital of the province of that name, have been arrested and charged with plotting. Two of them had, besides in-

SAN FRANCISCO FROM THE WATER FRONT.

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—March 10, 1900—SEATTLE

An Empire of Opportunity.

Reflections on Conditions in San Francisco.

WHEN the hand of Nature ceased its world-labors she left behind her on the western coast of America a harbor unequalled by any in the world, backed by an empire whose hills and mountains were seamed and stored with precious metals, whose smallest rivulets were bottomed with sands of gold, whose broad valleys were rich and fruitful beyond the dream of ancient husbandry, whose airs were soft and balmy, and whose climate was genial to a fault. Here she stored her wonders of vegetation, here cached her riches, here staged and set the most gorgeous of her scenery and painted the very skies a richer and a deeper blue than elsewhere on the globe. As her labors ceased, having pride in her art, she must have looked back upon this spot as the most beautiful of her creation, and as the ideal land wherein man might live and thrive with all that nature could provide within convenient reach.

For San Francisco, and its environments, Nature could not have done more. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that she did not see fit to construct wharves and docks and railroads. She might, too, by some cosmic law now unwritten, have compelled commerce, under heavy penalties, to enter the harbor fashioned with such consummate skill. She did the best she could; she stretched a continent from the northern pole, southward to the antarctic circle, and so compeled all mariners to round a stormy cape and risk a long and perilous voyage if they would intrude upon the commerce that properly belongs to this favored port. No niggard hand dealt out the gifts that Nature here bestowed: to man, she left an empire of opportunity, of which he might take advantage. What has man done? Upon the peninsula that divides the inner harbor from the ocean he has built up a city, which for beauty of architecture could never be commended. Her merchants sit in their doorways and wait for costumers, while they curse the "luck" of stripling cities to the north and to the south, who have reached out and wrested their trade away. How much of foreign trade have these merchants brought to this great harbor? To the port of San Francisco belongs, of right, the trade of the Australias, the trade of our Latin neighbors living southward in a long and fruitful tier down the west coast of South America as far as Patagonia; the Orient with its consuming millions, with its teas and spices, its silks and rice, belongs to us. The islands of the Pacific, particularly the fast developing Hawaiian group, of right should be commercially ours. Here at this port should our swarthy neighbors market their products, here should they school their children, here should they come to gather our manufactures, and returning distribute the handiwork of our craftsmen among their people.

With reference to foreign commerce, San Francisco does not stand within gunshot of her rightful, natural place. Shipping and the fruitful trade that follows intelligent adventure on the seas have been almost strangers to the greatest harbor of western America. Why? Because among her merchants there does not live the proper spirit, because with them there has not dwelt the enterprise to venture.

Perhaps, now that the war in the Philippines has opened the mercantile eyes, we may hear more of "Merchants' Lines" of clipper ships or of tramp steamers from the port of San Francisco invading commercial territory now monopolized by the German, the English and New York merchant. We know to-day that Grace & Co., of New York, and an English and a Hamburg firm have snatched from under our very noses the trade of the west coast of South America. We know that their vessels take hides, ivory, nuts, tallow, cochineal and other raw products of South America in exchange for the manufactured goods of other lands. Why should not we take their tallow and return them candles and soap; take their leather and return them boots and shoes? Aside from a woeful lack of enterprise, there is no good reason. So long as we ship our own hides by rail to the East, and re-purchase and re-ship them in the shape of boots and shoes, manufactured in the East, we can scarcely be credited with a large degree of business sagacity.

Had San Francisco taken advantage of her commercial possibilities seaward, her citizens would to-day arise in arms against the construction of a canal to the southward that will give to New York and the Eastern seaboard advantages that by geography and by right belong to her alone. But having in all things depended upon an inland commerce with neighboring states, there has never come a full realization of the unique position vouchsafed to us by Nature. Failing fully to realize our own advantage, no protest has been filed against the artificial rival, but by some perversion of the rule of self-interest we have approved and urged its prompt construction. A canal across the Isthmus, it is now conceded, is one of the certainties of the future. The problems and new conditions growing out of it must be faced and solved.

There is of course another side to this; for the Nicaragua Canal with its detriments is by no means without compensation. With its construction the future of San Francisco will, more than ever depend upon the development of the State's resources, and the growth of its farming population. The soil of this commonwealth is capable of supporting millions of people, to all of whom may be assured a comfortable living. It will, in a measure, restore to San Francisco her place as a *local* distributing point. True, she must still share honors and commerce with the harbors to the north and to the south, but cheap sea freights will wipe out interior competitors along lines of railway, now known as "common points." With the canal will come lower wages in every walk of life. Either that or a suspension of manufacturing. The *Wave* has before now amplified this conclusion, which seems to be apparent to every one except Labor itself. In a thousand ways this new waterway will bring about changes. Whether it will eventually prove a benefit or a curse will largely depend upon the enterprise, the courage and the intelligence of our own people. Its mere construction, and the enterprise of other men of other lands, will not bring home prosperity. Without a corresponding commercial energy, without perception to discover and a willingness to take advantage of opportunities, profit will not come to us. Misfortune comes uninvited, but Prosperity must, like any maid, be wooed and won.

Some trade, some present advantages, we must conclude will be lost to us. The steamship line to Australia, which is now maintained by a colonial subsidy, because in conjunction with our transcontinental lines of railway it offers the speediest means of transporting the mails from the colonies to the mother-country, will in all probability cease to exist. Take down your map of the world and you will discover that with the canal constructed the quickest and most profitable route will lie through that waterway. England is never slow in the matter of trade; nor does she for the sake of trade hesitate to extend subsidies to establish direct communication with her colonies. Our natural commerce with the Australias will scarcely justify the continuance of the present line; unless generously subsidized it must be withdrawn. When this takes place our dealings with Australia will dwindle down to an exchange of lumber for coals by sailing vessel.

The same factor that brings us our present advantages with Australia gives us our trade with the Orient. Again it is the transcontinental lines of railway that distribute eastward the teas and silks. How much of this trade we will retain, or whether with its natural growth we will be able to hold sufficient to justify the further maintenance of present steamship lines, will depend upon *local* enterprise, and possibly national subsidy.

Years ago *The Wave* suggested that the merchants of San Francisco employ agents to investigate and report upon the trade possibilities of the Pacific. Let them be instructed to investigate and set forth a list of the markets open to us, the character of goods required, the current prices, and what is quite as important, outline routes for proposed lines of ships—steam or sail—that would yield profit to its owners and bring trade to this port. If in the matter of general manufactures we cannot compete with the world, we should be able to dip into specialties to fill the needs of our seaward neighbors.

With an abiding faith that is fortified by a familiarity with her natural advantages, we have full confidence in the future of San Francisco. Her destiny was marked out when the hand of Nature shaped our coast. If man alone has fallen short in his zeal, then it becomes a sacred duty to spur him on to venture along the smiling but neglected paths that open the way to profitable commerce. The items that most need our attention lie outside of the city itself. Once they are hastened and assured the metropolis will take care of itself. The first of them is the upbuilding of the interior of the State, the second the upbuilding of our seaward commerce. These two are the blood and bone of our body and their growth or decline will determine the future.

A Suspecious Quiet in Luzon.—(*Continued from page 1.*)

criminating papers, $4000 collected for the insurgent cause A fresh issue of insurgent literature is being distributed. The old plea to hold out until Congress should give recognition is abandoned and replaced by a statement that we have seized the islands solely for commercial exploitation. This pessimistic view is controverted by the fact that no active opposition, regular or guerilla, has been reported for nearly a month. The army is working hard, scouring the country to capture armed insurgents. General Bates and expedition have moved far inland and have not been heard from for several days. The country from Manila to Dagupan seems thoroughly cleaned out, no insurgents being encountered. General Funston and Colonel Keenan took 200 men through the mountains to Baler, on the eastern coast of Luzon, without meeting any armed force. There is some opposition along the northern coast, where an American soldier is murdered or disappears now and then, and in the south there is an occasional night demonstration against a garrison.

RATHER a hard case is that of the man or woman who, leaving home, entrusts his belongings to the tender mercies of a storage company, and returning finds himself deprived of them. This is what recently befell a friend of mine. He had a quantity of curious and interesting prints and books which, prior to breaking up his abode in San Francisco, he carefully packed and sent to the establishment of the Commercial Transfer Co. A receipt for the trunk was given him, which, unfortunately, he did not read. It made the company responsible in case of loss for but $25, whereas the contents were worth at least $500. In due time he returned to town and demanded his belongings. They had disappeared. By way of remuneration he was offered $25, which he refused to accept. He sued and obtained a verdict for $40, from which, however, the transfer corporation has appealed, claiming that its liability is but $25. The predicament is complete, and merely instances the care which should be exercised in examining receipts from all institutions that pretend to perform such services.

THINGS & PEOPLE

By BOSWELL Jr.

Concerning the New San Francisco.

IS the "New San Francisco" to be a reality or a name? It has been the fashion, the last four or five years, to tack the adjective "new" on everything. It is the "new" woman, the "new" journalism, the "new" science, clear down to the "new" medicine of the sensational advertisements. It is a phrase, like "*fin de siecle*," and may mean anything. And the meaning of the "New San Francisco" is just exactly what the citizens of the town of the Golden Gate make it. The opportunity is here. The nation is opening up westward, with San Francisco as one of the gates of entrance—some say the chief gate. The city comes under an improved and enlightened code of laws with the beginning of the new century. Everything is favorable for an immense growth, providing the citizens will take advantage of their opportunities. If they choose to wake up and employ modern business methods and ordinary American "hustle," they will assure for the city and port of San Francisco the larger part of the trade coming in as the result of the awakening of the country, and make her the metropolis of the greater Pacific Coast; if, on the contrary, they pursue the methods which have too often marked the business policy of California, they will see the commercial leadership of this coast pass to Seattle, which has awakened and "got a move on."

***

The Chances in Siberian Mining.

CONSIDERABLE interest in Siberian mining has been aroused by the discovery of the Cape Nome deposits. The theory of the origin of the Nome gold, as held by many northern miners, is that the mother-lode lies in the sea. If this is true, it is very likely that the sands on the Siberian shore of the strait will be as rich as those on the American side. Moreover, prospects have shown that the creeks and small rivers emptying into the northwest shore of the sea of Okhotsk bear gold, both free and in quartz. Considerable interest was aroused, therefore, among the "spring stampeders" by the announcement that the Siberian deposits were to be thrown open to American miners. This report is untrue, however. In reality, the Russian government, which never loses its grip on any cash in sight, has decided to offer the Okhotsk deposits for lease, and at terms which are prohibitive to anyone not a capitalist. The leases will be made by auction to the highest bidder, in lumps comprising an entire river-bed each. The bids must be made on a basis of a percentage for each pound of gold extracted. Individuals or corporations must show their legal right to engage in Siberian mining and must deposit 100,000 roubles (about $50,000) with the Minister of Finance as a guarantee of good faith. Of this, 30,000 roubles will be kept from the deposit of the successful bidder until his contract expires. The contract requires that the lessee shall pay for the services of a physician, an inspector, an engineer, and a police force, all government servants, and shall furnish them houses and fuel. All preliminary prospecting must be finished inside of three years and active mining begun, or the deposit is forfeited. The contract runs for fifteen years. At the end of that time, the lessee may renew his lease on the original terms for such lands as he desires, while the remainder shall be thrown open to prospectors. These are the terms. It will be seen that only a millionaire or a stock company can hope to comply with them. The sole chance for miners without money is an opportunity to glean over, after fifteen years, ground already worked. Moreover, in this, as in all other Russian affairs, the corrupt practices and itching palms of the Czar's servants have to be taken into account. Therefore, the surplus Cape Nome miners have no chance in Siberia.

***

The Latest from Nome.

I SEE that a San Francisco newspaper has declared the Cape Nome excitement to be largely a "paper" boom, gotten up for the benefit of the transportation and trading companies. No authority is given for the statement, and no grounds of proof are offered. This is remarkable as being the only dissenting voice heard along the Coast since the first beach-diggers came out. I have talked personally to all sorts of returned Nome men in the past two months, and not one but has declared the newspaper reports substantially correct. It is a fact worthy of note that most of these men were miners, because, while transportation companies and business men are always inclined to exaggerate regarding a new mining camp, miners, who object to crowding locations, will generally run it down. Certainly, these reports and those coming out in the Nome City papers could be toned down one-half and still show that Nome is a wonderful camp. The latest winter news left the new town Dec. 10. At that date, food was plenty but fuel was running short. Two men, Carl Van Knobelsdorff and Chas. D. Campbell, brought this last mail out, travelling overland to Dawson in fifty-seven days. Their trip proved that the winter route between the two points is open and practicable, and that a traveller will never be more than a day's journey from human habitation. Encouraged by this news, eighty outfits of miners, each with a dog-team, left Dawson within two days of the travelers' arrival.

***

The Theatrical Situation.

AT LAST, San Francisco is to have a few passable "shows" to replace the mediocre road companies, which have furnished us with an excuse for theatre-going this year. It has been a fearsome, dull season. Nothing first-class, the only approach being the Bostonians, fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, and Modjeska, now long past her effective age and hampered by a tenth-rate attempt at a tragedy. But now, they promise us John Drew and Henry Miller and "Because She Loved Him So," and already Gadski, Bispham and Damrosch are here with their Wagnerian recitals. It is a poor excuse for a theatrical season, but 'twill serve. Such as it is, we should be thankful. We might as well resign ourselves to the conclusion that the best companies and best attractions will visit the Coast but rarely. This is inevitable, and due to the geography of these United States, not to any more or less mythical syndicate. San Francisco is too far removed from the center of things to make the venture profitable. The town, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, has good theatrical taste and knows the real thing when it comes its way, but the aforesaid real thing is not going to come our way for the pure pleasure of exhibiting before an appreciative public, so long as New York pays fancy prices.

* * *

The plan of Architect Cahill for beautifying the city includes a modern theatre, which is designed to stand at the very point of the division of Market street, in what will be, in time to come, the real heart of the city. It is all very well to plan for a theatre of the sort, but if the attractions are to remain at the mediocre level of the past two years, the plays will be unworthy of the playhouse. For a solution of the difficulty, we must look back to the old days of storm and stress, when the famous stock company held the boards at the California Theatre. It was the custom to keep as strong an aggregation as the city could stand for, employed at the theatre. Then, from time to time, the stars of the eastern season were imported to fill engagements. It was worth while to pay the salary of one star where it was not worth while to pay for an entire company. In this way, the Coast heard the great actors from Booth down, which it would never have been possible under the other system. The plan would be as successful to-day; it is our best chance. Get together the strongest possible stock company; fill in through the season with good actors and good plays brought from the East, paying both salaries and royalties out of extra receipts, and filling in the interim between stars with old plays produced by the home company. This will give us a city theatre worthy of a good playhouse. More than that, the stock company idea is the highest development of modern drama. In France, in Denmark, in Germany, where the theatre has risen highest, this is the standard. In this sense, our present theatrical "jayness" may be a blessing in disguise.

***

An Old, Old Story.

BECAUSE of the tremendous personal following of Rev. Peter Yorke and his influence on his co-religionists, I feel bound to protest whenever his enthusiasm leads him beyond the bounds of common sense. And I feel that Father Yorke has gone far beyond common sense when he raises in the pulpit the old cry about San Francisco being the most immoral city in the world. Suppose that this is true—it is not, but let us suppose for the sake of argument—does it do any good to "root" about it? Will it help to correct it? Will it attract to the city new residents of that desirable class which will raise the average morality? Will one sinner see the error of his ways or one saint labor the more zealously through learning that he lives in the most immoral, etc.? Tell a man that he himself is morally rotten and it may cause him to look within and reform, but fire at him a glittering generality about the low morals of the rest of his city, and he takes it philosophically. It is easy to be complacent with the sins of other people. If Father Yorke believes that this is the most immoral, etc.—the statement is so old that the newspapers keep the line in stereotype—his wisest course in bringing about a change is to go ahead telling the individual sinner of his shortcomings and leave the general proposition to right itself. The statement does no good to the city in a spiritual way, and it injures it badly in a material way.

* * *

I have still another kick coming. The word "immoral" covers a good many things. I believe that Father Yorke teaches his confirmation classes the Ten Commandments. As I understand it, the breach of any one of these is a breach of morals. Yet the charge against San Francisco is aimed at one offense only. It is not charged that the good citizens of this burg are lacking in honesty, or uprightness, or charity, or anything else numbered among the cardinal virtues, but that they commit the social evil. And yet, I would like to pin down Father Yorke and other traveled and impartial reformers to this one question: "Are you absolutely sure that San Francisco is more dangerously affected by the social evil than Paris?" I do not see, myself, how anyone who has seen Paris with eyes other than those of a priest or a school-girl can answer this question in the affirmative. If we are worse, I say heaven help us, for I have seen Paris.

***

Railroad Extension in the Northwest.

WHILE thousands upon thousands of men are pouring into Seattle to prepare for the Cape Nome rush, at least a dozen eastern railroads are looking toward the city as the northwestern terminus of their lines. Seattle will always be the gateway for the Alaskan trade; the railroads have recognized this, but they have doubted the future of Alaska. That is now assured by the discoveries around the Cape Nome region, and the eastern lines are reaching out across the continent. The Queen City is now the terminus of three lines, the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific. The Burlington has closed a contract which permits the use of Northern Pacific tracks, the Union Pacific is about to close a contract of the same sort, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and Chicago and Northwestern are asking for like privileges. There are those in Seattle who believe that ten lines will be coming into the city by the end of the next decade.

Potter Palmer, the Chicago millionaire, has expressed a desire that his two sons, who lately graduated from Harvard, shall work while at the bottom of the ladder in order to learn how money is made and kept. Potter Jr., the younger, has not yet found a job, but his elder brother is working as a bank messenger at a salary of $25 a month. This recalls to a Chicago man the story of a young heir in that town who was left a cool million on condition that he went to work. He accepted a position as a bank messenger at $30 a month and went his rounds in a cab, for which he paid $30 a week.

THE NEW CITY HALL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

HOW TO BEAUTIFY SAN FRANCISCO

BY WILLIS POLK

MRS. HEARST having suggested the idea of securing designs for the beautification of San Francisco, much good has, and more will result, for the idea will grow. The development of any scheme for beautifying the city would be a utile undertaking except with the entire city's co-operation, every one working in concert to achieve harmonious results. The city, naturally very picturesque, is a difficult subject to handle. It is nearly certain that almost any work undertaken would fall short of an ideal such as the site deserves, but as improvement is a foregone conclusion. let us be moderate in our ambitions, hopeful in our anticipations and courageous in our actions.

Nature has been prodigal to San Francisco, and it needs only that mankind shall pause in their work of desecration that nature may recover herself, and beautification of the peninsula will be assured. Parks, panhandles and boulevards are the safest, easiest and the most appreciated forms of adornment, but they are seldom intelligently planned and very rarely successfully executed.

Golden Gate Park, the city's pride, is a mere flower garden to what it might be. It is a "midway plaisance," with its ridicuous collection of lodges, pavilions, bridges, etc. Such work should be immediately stopped. New York has realized this, and taken steps for the preservation of Central Park. Almost any garden in France offers suggestions to us for the improvement of Golden Gate Park. Up to date there is one single appropriate work therein, and that is the granite bridge on the main drive near the museum. Versailles, with its terraces and fountains, has been apparently unknown to our park commissioners.

In extending the panhandle to Van Ness avenue, the utmost formality should prevail. The opportunity exists to create a veritable Champs Elysées of our own. The grades, with the bridges and terraces they necessitate, would give it an original touch and the local flavor that every work of art must have to be complete. The present panhandle, with its straggling eucalyptus and its unconfined shrubbery running riot, is commendable but for a single praiseworthy feature. It screens the hideous, crazy, bay-windowed and be-gabled houses and flats that face its length on either side. But a simple, beautiful treatment of the space in a formal manner would soon lead to an improvement in the architecture facing it.

The hills of the city would be the next point of importance in a scheme of beautification. Many excellent opportunities exist for their adornment, but their preservation should be the most vital point in planning for the future. Terraces and gardens, simple and dignified, of which many examples exist in Europe, could be devised and would add greatly to the fame of San Francisco as a beautiful and picturesque place. The creation of a place in the heart of the metropolis that by its breadth and openness would afford opportunity for impressive architecture is very cleverly suggested by Mr. Cahill, and his design is worthy of careful study.

The water-front ought to be one of our ch[illegible] attractions. The sea-wall should extend its entire length, and no doubt it will, but open spaces should be preserved in the form of parapets or balustrades looking directly over the water. The property facing the bay ought to become the most valuable in the city and maybe it will.

New San Francisco as it is pictured in the minds of those citizens of to-day who have given it much thought is perhaps as chimerical and illogical as imperialism would have been to the framers of the constitution, and no doubt new San Francisco will be just as different.

While the people of to-day will play but a small part in forming the city of the future, those who so desire and will exert themselves sufficiently, can and will influence the future in no small degree. They can achieve the dignity and command the ensuing respect that is always accorded to precedents. It therefore behooves us to prepare to become precedents. Those precedents at home that appeal for recognition strongest are mostly very bad precedents, and are useful only as warnings. For good precedents we should look to older communities. Take for example Rome or Paris. New York has already accepted Rome and is really studying Paris. San Francisco could not follow a better example nor find better models.

Public spirit is commendable and necessary when the time for action arrives. The time has arrived and the public spirit is ready. The mere will to do a thing must be properly directed to do it well. All the qualities must be comined. Public spirit is only one. Knowl- must accompany energy. Artistic taste must guide the skilled artisan. The more energetic the conception, the more skilled the artisan. The more energetic the public spirit he more intelligent should be the work it undertakes. Nothing should be done hap-hazard in the blare of trumpets and the shouts of the multitude. Calm reason and deliberate planning should prevail. The wave of public spirit that is rising will engulf the scant wisdom at our disposal unless our leaders prepare very carefully for the discharge of their trust.

Our leaders are the men who are or may become prominent in the city's affairs. They are in office and out of office. They are the presidents of clubs, universities, banks, art associations and rolling mills. They are mostly very public-spirited and all are vastly energetic. It only remains for them to find the practical application to the present of the precedents e-tab'ished in the past. They will then realize the difference between the as yet unperpetrated mistakes and successes of the future. That is, they will realize the difference to a degree equal to their understanding of the mistakes and successes of the past. But as they are all very much up to date in the detail of their various avocations, as is attested by the success with which they each pursue them, and as they are devoting all their surplus energy to the cause of public spirit, they are all doubtless more or less deficient in exact knowledge of intricate details of other matters.

Art for example; yet each and every one of them is a patron of some fine art.

Their patronage is not however disinterseted. It is not a love for nor an understanding of art. A pure love for art is given only to the artist. Therefore our leaders, well qualified as they are, in other respects, are lacking in this one, unless there is an artist among them.

In framing laws it mostly rests with lawyers to give advice, but in planning for a future city it is seldom the lot of the artist to be consulted. This is true for there as on that nearly all successful men consider themselves competent judges of art.

This spirit manifests itself very strongly in San Francisco and is the greatest danger that threatens the successes of new San Francisco.

As for New San Francisco, she is coming and coming soon.

The Center of San Francisco.

Architects and lovers of art will, we imagine, says the *American Architect* open their eyes at the announcement that "the plans are all drawn" for additions to the Capitol at Washington, consisting of porticos and "aprons," to be "thrown out" on the east and west sides of the building, "to match and correspond with the porticos of the two great wings." As anything of the kind on the east side would, independent of ruining the effect of the building, be nearly inaccessible, on account of its height above the ground, we are informed that "of course," the portico will have a "magnificent flight of steps, having ascended which the visitor will pass through a pillared pylon into a great marble vestibule, vieing in beauty with the famous marble room of the Senate." What sort of thing a "pillared pylon" may be we cannot even guess, but the rest of the description suggests the probability that it is some evolution of the "Romanesque-Picturesque," or the "American Ovo" style. The purpose of making these extraordinary changes in what we still consider to be the the most beautiful building in the world is to gain additional rooms, partly in the pylons and aprons and other features, and partly by "chopping up" spaces already existing in the Capitol; and, in all these ways, ninety-three extra rooms are to be obtained, "every one" of which "will be lighted by exterior windows, an obvious advantage."

Paris possesses about 80,000 trees in the streets and public places of the city. It is calculated there are 26,000 plane trees, 17,000 chestnuts and 15,000 elms.

The Park & the Panhandle.

By JOHN McLAREN.

THE inauguration of the New Charter and decision of the citizens of San Francisco to extend the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park to Van Ness Avenue considerably complicate the duties of the Park Commission and present for immediate solution problems of great moment and interest.

To begin with, the charter vests in the Commission the custody of all the squares and minor parks that are dotted through the city. The manner in which these shall be improved and beautified must be carefully studied. Some time will elapse before the ground constituting the Panhandle is ready for the landscape gardener, but it is not too early to commence consideration of the system of decoration. The parkway connecting Golden Gate Park and the Presidio is a third proposition requiring attention, and though, perhaps, the simplest, it yet requires due deliberation and experiment. The improvement of Golden Gate Park is planned several years in advance, so in that direction it is only necessary, perhaps, to follow approved designs. The subject of boulevards is also much before us, and it may be well to give this phase of the problem of beautification some solicitude.

To commence with the city squares, my opinion is that they should be treated in as simple and natural a manner as possible, remembering that they are maintained for the comfort and pleasure of our citizens. Plenty of grass and romping ground, with hardy trees planted so as to protect the visitor from our prevailing winds, should be provided. Only the smooth-leaved plants do well in smoky, stuffy atmosphere. The lofty-growing pine and fir of our mountains should not be introduced, as they soon sicken and fade and become, instead of a pleasure to the beholder, a scar and a blotch, and must soon be removed, whereas if smooth-leaved, strong-growing plants are set out they keep clean and healthy and are always attractive.

Along the Panhandle considerable grading will be required to give a comfortable grade to the approach and in order that the visitor, whether on foot, on horse, bicycle or in carriage may be able to reach the park without crossing car lines on the same level or run the risk of colliding with electric cars. The possibilities in landscape effects in treating the grounds of the extension of the Panhandle are many and varied. Between Van Ness avenue and Buchanan street the dignified approach should be strictly adhered to; between Buchanan and Steiner streets much variety, both in curvature of the drives and walks and in the shaping of the slopes as well as in the grouping of the trees and shrubs should be carried out. There is opportunity here for many striking and picturesque effects not possible in any other part of the grounds.

The parkway connecting the park with the Presidio might be treated on entirely different lines. As this boulevard crosses the prevailing wind, it can be made reasonably level. Straight lines might be followed, with stately rows of tall young trees arching the different paths and drives, giving shade and shelter to the visitor. The Commissioners have many improvements in contemplation in Golden Gate Park and only the lack of money prevents the introduction of a number of interesting attractions that might be added to our great pleasure ground. The work now under way in the park is in addition to the usual work of tree thinning, at which are engaged over 50 men; the hauling of loam, at which sixteen teams and thirty men are engaged; the construction of the boulevard driveway; the improvement of grounds about the northern link of the chain of lakes, where many pleasing landscape effects are being introduced in the way of fine groups of deciduous trees and great masses of rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs as well as climbers and ferns.

The Affiliated Colleges from Golden Gate Park. By J. W. Street.

The second link in the chain is about graded. A walk is being laid out around the margin of the water and the work of loaming and fertilizing is about to commence. Among future possibilities in this section, is a great fern collection in some sheltered, shady valley, along the bottom of which a trickling stream would meander between rocky banks; in the crevices of the rocks the more delicate species would find a home; stately tree ferns should line the paths, while our native woodwardias, lady fern, maiden hair and other native species would form the ground work. All have proven to be perfectly hardy and to thrive well in the park, so it would be no experiment. Ten acres should not be too much ground to include in this fern dell.

A salt water pond is another feature that has been talked of, and that would be enjoyed by large numbers of our citizens near the west end of the park. It could be constructed at a comparatively small expense. A few acres could be lowered about ten feet and a supply pipe at the level of low water installed so that the pond could be emptied and filled with the ebb and flow of the tide. The material scraped out of the bottom of the pond could be used raising a shelter embankment on the west side, so as to protect it from the prevailing west wind. The slopes and surrounding ground could be handsomely improved, a bath-house built and the luxury of sea bathing enjoyed at very small expense and in perfect safety.

A fine aquarium is another feature that has been much talked of and would be a great attraction, but aquariums are extremely expensive to build, and costly to maintain, and doubtless it will be some time before it will be a reality, unless some of our public spirited and wealthy citizens should provide the necessary money. The park is now pushing well ahead with a fine collection of native and other trees. West of Strawberry Hill are a hundred knolls; each should be planted with a separate and distinct family with its varieties. Our own state can supply half the number and other states many more; from Chili we can get the *Araucaria*, from Spain the majestic *Pinsapo*, from Italy the stone pine, from Russia the stately Nordmann spruce, and so on. The leading principle in the plans of the present management is to make the natural configuration of the surface the basis of the intended improvement. The hills and hollows each should be planted with great groups of some special kind, with single specimens studded on the outskirts of the main body of the group, so that a study of each kind may be made either in single specimens or in the group. These groups should blend with adjoining groups so as to form a grand whole as seen in nature when in her best moods.

While the reservations and parkways all ready secured must be our immediate care, we must think of the future as well as of the present, in considering a comprehensive park system. Nearly all the great cities of the world have suffered because of the overcrowded condition of the people living in their midst, and have at great expense and difficulty provided open spaces and recreation grounds necessary to give a reasonable amount of ventilation to the crowded dwellers of their towns. Of course, on account of the closely built character of San Francisco south of Market street and east of 20th street, it would be expensive purchasing large areas in that neighborhood, but property there will never again be so low in price. South of 20th street other open spaces and playgrounds should be reserved, always keeping in mind that some day every foot of property is to be built upon, and that it will then be necessary to provide recreation grounds within easy walking distance for the youths and children, who will some day require them. In several places where the marsh lands meet the hilly land, a number of acres could be graded at small expense. These would make excellent recreation grounds, and there are numerous sites available close to the large manufactories located in this district

The necessary open spaces and recreation grounds having been selected, the prominent land marks, places of interest and higher points should be secured; for instance old Telegraph Hill, which the ladies of the California club are endeavoring to save, should be purchased; Lyon street hill, where one of the grandest views on the peninsula may be had; Sutro hill, situated behind the Affiliated Colleges, the highest point in the county and one of the best wooded—also the Twin Peaks and many other prominent land marks and places of interest ought to be rescued from vandal street contractors and goat breeders.

The parks, squares, recreation grounds and prominent landmarks having been mapped out, the next consideration would be a boulevard system, connecting the many different points of interest secured. There should be a broad, well planted parkway leading from Van Ness avenue to the Presidio. Another route leading from the Presidio to the park might also be had, via the cliff at Baker's beach to the Cliff House, thence along the great highway, past the west end of the park, following the present Ocean road to Lake Merced, thence along the southwest bank of the lake, meandering by its many coves and inlets and joining the county road near the village of Colma; thence crossing the county road to South San Francisco, and returning to town by way of the old toll gate, past the bay shore, thence along San Bruno road by the grounds of the City and County Hospital, thence along Potrero avenue, up Eleventh street to Market and Van Ness avenue, making a grand drive of many miles.

Another very fine boulevard that should be laid out as soon as possible, and which would be a great convenience to people living in the Mission district, would be a driveway leading from Mission road at Bosworth street, going under the new railway bridge and up Rock canyon to the Corbett road, the Alms House grounds, down by Lake Honda, and entering the park at Seventh and H streets. This would be most interesting and attractive and perfectly protected drive way, affording grand views of all parts of the county.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

The Chain of Lakes in Golden Gate Park. By W. J. Street.

Two Months *Under the* New Charter.

BY MAYOR JAMES D. PHELAN.

TWENTY years after the adoption of the new constitution, which provides for freeholders' charters for cities, and after four futile attempts, the Charter of San Francisco was adopted and inaugurated. Two months' trial is, however, no test by which to judge the thought and the work of twenty years. The seed has been a long time in the ground and the new Charter gives every promise of sturdy growth, but as yet it has borne little fruit. Two years from now it can be fairly judged.

The Charter promised the people home rule, civil service reform, and an economical, business-like and progressive government. Home rule has been secured. The first official act of the Mayor under the Charter was to proclaim the municipal election; and the people, when they elected their officers and inaugurated the new law, divorced themselves practically from meddling interference by the Governor and the Legislature.

CIVIL SERVICE.

The Civil Service Commissioners have been diligent in their work. They have already classified the Civil Service at the City Hall, and have certified to the departments needing them laborers from their registered list. The Board of Public Works reports that these laborers, so selected, owing no allegiance to anyone except the city which pays them for their work, have shown a marked increase in efficiency over previous employes under the "spoils" system. Early this month the Civil Service Commissioners announced the first examination for copyists. The number of applicants for this employment, as for all other work, shows the confidence of the people in the absolute fairness of the competitive examinations about to be held.

ECONOMY.

There will be no way of judging the economy prescribed by the new Charter until the next fiscal year, beginning July 1st, has passed into history, because the first tax levy under the Charter will not be made until the last Monday of next June. Unfortunately for this administration, it came into power in the middle of a fiscal year, and is now engaged in the task of conducting the government by employing the funds raised by the Board of Supervisors which went out of power on January 8th, leaving a large deficit for the succeeding six months. To conduct the government for six months on less than one-half of what was originally a low levy, requires a degree of economy bordering upon apparent parsimony, and which is not understood by many people. This shortage of funds cripples efficiency, and that is the kind of economy which the people do not want. Economy in the true sense is the production of desirable results with the least expenditure of money. But we are now engaged in the task of seeking the absolute necessities of municipal life without adequate means.

MUNICIPAL EXPANSION.

The progressive features of the Charter can only be determined by time. In the next tax levy, the Board of Public Works will be given the means of ascertaining the cost of municipal water and light works, a telephone system, and other municipal utilities. Municipal ownership is the permanent solution of the questions of water, light, telephone and transportation, which constantly come before the local legislature for periodic regulation. The corporations now controlling these utilities have in the past been the cause of corruption, and one of the objects of the Charter is not only to improve the service and reduce the rates, but to save public officials from constant exposure to the attacks of selfish interests.

BONDS FOR IMPROVEMENTS.

The bonds for park extension, and school houses, hospital and sewers were generously voted by the people, and will produce a large sum of money for these desirable purposes. The Board of Supervisors has passed a resolution directing the city attorney to prepare ordinances preliminary to the issuance of the bonds; and, in order to determine their validity, a suit has been begun to enjoin the Supervisors from taking any further action in the premises. Where such a large issue is contemplated, it is common, before the bonds are offered for sale, to have the courts pass upon their legality. This was done in the case of the Market Street Railway Company in this city, and when the question is once adjudicated, which will probably be in a few months, there will be nothing in the way of acquiring the lands and making the improvements.

APPOINTIVE BOARDS.

The boards and commissions appointed by the Mayor have organized and have taken up their work with enthusiasm. The Charter provides that no one political party shall have a majority of the members of these bodies, excepting the Park Commission and the Board of Health, where there are no restrictions. Notwithstanding the bi-partisan character of the boards and the temporary absence of Civil Service regulations as to appointments, there is harmony throughout the administration. Civil Service rules, by eliminating the question of patronage, will absolutely cement this harmony. There is nothing more trying upon an officer charged with the duty of making appointments than the question of patronage. There is always a score of men equally eligible for every place to be filled, and it is an ungrateful task to be required to discriminate between them. I have endeavored in my appointments, first, to select men in whom I have confidence that they will do the work before them efficiently and honestly, and that they, at the same time, possess the confidence of the people. Secondly, I have tried to give representation to various shades of opinion, and to various representative classes of the people, so that in this cosmopolitan city all interests may feel that they are safe. I have discovered that all that they ask is fair treatment; that is to say, they will not permit themselves to be discriminated against, but at the same time they make no selfish demands for undue recognition. The problem was, therefore, to get the best service and at the same time so balance the commissions that no interests would have reason to complain.

THE WORK OF THE COMMISSIONS.

The *Board of Public Works* represents capacity. The members have no pronounced political sentiments. This is a purely business body. For the first time in its history, the City Hall has been kept clean, and the sewer and street work has been done on scientific lines.

MAYOR JAMES D. PHELAN. BY THORS

The *Board of Education*, consisting of three professional educators, one of whom is a woman, and of an attorney-at-law, the first paid board established in this country, and the results of the experiment are being closely observed by educators throughout the land. It is engaged in the task of correcting abuses which have crept into the system due to the flagrant mal-administration of the department in past years. It has already eliminated unnecessary and unfit teachers, appointed by favoritism under the "spoils" regime, and consolidated classes, without fear or favor.

The only friction which occurred was in the *Police Commission*. The former conditions were condemned by the people, and a change demanded. An attempt was made, however, to perpetuate the old order, which died very hard. The Chief of Police is the executive arm of the Police Commission, and there were few men in the department who were qualified for the position. After a stormy attempt to elect one of the lieutenants, in line of promotion, as Chief of Police, in which all the disgruntled elements took part resulting in a deadlock, the Commission finally selected a Chief who had no connection with the department, but whose probity, executive ability and military training gave promise of splendid results. This was not accomplished, however, until the Mayor exercised his power by removal and appointment to re-organize the Commission that he had originally named. This case demonstrates probably one of the benefits of the Charter, by fixing responsibility and conferring power upon the Mayor at the same time. He could hardly be held responsible for the important acts of the commissions named by him unless he had the right at critical times to re-organize them. It is a power liable to great abuse, but it must be reposed somewhere. Under the old system the people would have to wait years for a change. Under this system, where there is a wrong there is an immediate remedy. As long as the Mayor has the discernment to know what is the people's will and the disposition to enforce it, the people are safe against any of the abuses of administration. Otherwise they will have to wait for two years, or until the next recurring election, to put their own judgment again on trial.

The *Fire Commission*, obedient to the demands of the Charter, has put the Fire Department upon a fully paid basis. While this will cost the city about $80,000 a year more than the old system, still the efficiency of the department is proportionately increased, and every man under full pay is ready at a moment's notice to do his duty. This Commission elected a new secretary, the Court having thrown out the objections raised against this procedure, whose object was simply to carry out the true meaning and spirit of the Charter by taking this important branch of the public service absolutely out of politics, where it had been occasionally placed in other years much to its detriment and demoralization.

The *Election Commission* has begun under the law a new registration of the whole body of electors, which must now be done every two years. They are making ready for the Presidential election in November.

The *Park Commission* has assumed, in addition to the Golden Gate Park, control of the smaller squares, and, with a reduced force, has already shown improved results. They have begun already to remodel Union Square.

The *Board of Health* came into office without any appropriation, the whole amount set aside to this department having been spent during the first six months by their predecessors in office. This was accomplished by decisions of the Superior Court, which empowered the Board of Health to expend practically whatever they deemed necessary and to draw therefor on the general fund. Having been assured support by the Board of Supervisors, the new board re-organized the department, expressing at the same time a willingness to reduce the standard of efficient organization so established, to be measured solely by the funds which would be allowed them. They said that they would not take advantage of the decisions of the courts confirming their right to draw freely on the general fund. In pursuance of this policy, many of the officers and employes, in the absence of sufficient money, have volunteered their services, and the police force under the Charter is being schooled in the duties of health inspection, so that under this administration, during the next fiscal year, excellent results will probably be attained for a comparatively moderate outlay of public money. The work of the Board of Health is of great importance, not sufficiently appreciated, in a large seaport and imperfectly drained city. It is its duty to create healthful conditions, to prevent the spread of disease, to inspect food, to provide free treatment and vaccination for the poor, to disinfect houses, to record births and deaths, and to maintain the almshouse and hospitals. The members of the Board of Health, as well as the Park Commission, work without compensation, because, in the contemplation of the Charter, it is a labor of love. But so wedded are all the commissions to the new Charter and so eager are they to see it succeed, that the first

Continued on page 7.

A NEW MARKET STREET

By B. J. S. CAHILL

THIS scheme may briefly be described as a plan to open up the City Hall and the new Post-Office to Market street; to provide a site for a new Public Library and an opera house; also sites for parks, monuments and trees, at no cost to the city.

The scheme is rather startling and strikes the beholder at first sight as chimerical. On closer examination it convinces one that it is not only eminently desirable but eminently feasible. Any man with the slightest reasoning faculty to follow the arguments and the faintest glow of imaginative faculty to realize its conception is impelled to admit that, whatever the disadvantages may be, the advantages far outweigh them.

That the old City Hall lots should have been sold is universally regarded as as act of criminal folly. That the new Post-Office should also be blocked out of view by the shanties now obscuring it is an equally disgraceful fact. Now, just as two negatives make a positive, so can these two wrongs be made into a right by a device which is as simple and economical as it is bold and ingenious. Moreover, the resulting architectural vistas, open spaces, and ensemble of fountains, trees and monuments, are both picturesque and beautiful. Added to this the change would at once give a metropolitan character to Market street in place of the provincial aspect it now bears, and finally establish an active business nucleus in the real and civic center of San Francisco, whose beneficial effect would be felt in a rise in realty values along Market street as far as Castro!

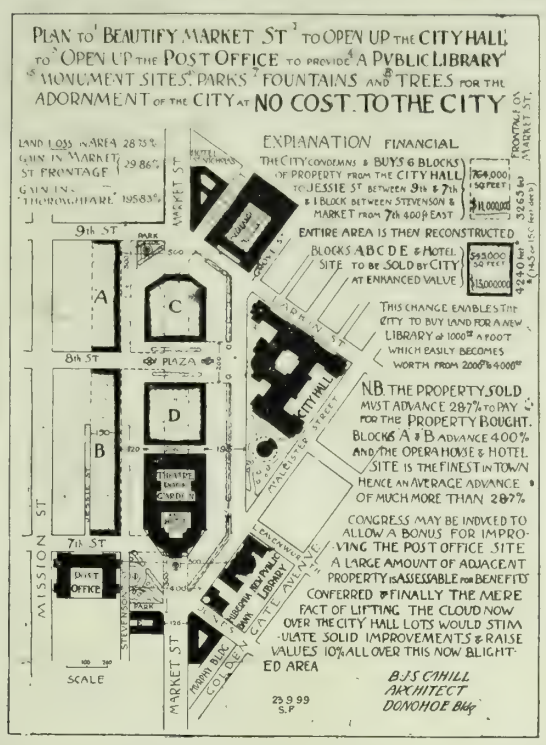
Parks set opposite the City Hall and Post-Office would to-day cost at least six million dollars; moreover such an investment would utterly break the continuity of Market street on the north side as far as retail business is concerned, even more effectively than it is broken now by the wretched shanties aligning its course from the Murphy Building to the St. Nicholas Hotel. Without any such business disadvantages and with two or three millions to the good, the new scheme saves the whole situation commercially, financially and artistically.

To effect the change the city must first condemn and then buy for purposes of public improvement all the six blocks of property from the City Hall to Jessie street and from Ninth to Seventh, also four hundred feet on Market street east from Seventh. This property is to be purchased at full market values plus ten per cent. This should mean an initial outlay of about eleven million dollars. All the buildings in this area would then be removed. And here it may be stated that the only structure of any importance that would have to come down would be the Odd Fellows Hall, a building that was never satisfactory to its owners, that does not and cannot be made to pay, under whose basement runs a living spring and whose crowning finials are a perpetual menace to life below during every earthquake. This old-fashioned, dilapidated, unprofitable white elephant of a building must come down. And in getting from the city a good price for the site—more than any other capitalist could afford to pay—the building will, in its demolition, be doing its owners probably the best turn of its entire ill-fated existence.

Having cleared the entire area the streets are then entirely re-arranged. Market street is doubled like the arms of the letter "Y" only that the south arm which runs diagonally across the front of the Post-Office is as wide as the main stem of Market street is now, and the other arm which goes across to the City Hall is seventy-five feet wider. The twin street diverges at the corner of McAllister and Jones and reunites at the junction of Ninth and Larkin. Meantime gas, water and sewer mains, and power, light and cable conduits are re-arranged to suit the change, and incidentally means should be taken to tap the subterranean stream that is known to traverse this region and which by many is thought to threaten the foundations of the Post-Office. When the operations are completed the city has for sale property marked blocks A, B, C, D and E on the plan, besides an incomparable site for a monumental building at the head of metropolitan Market street, a fitting vis-a-vis to the splendid Ferry at its foot.

The value of this property has been conservatively estimated at from thirteen to sixteen millions of dollars. In addition to this, property in the immediate neighborhood would very much increase and could be assessed for benefits conferred accordingly. Judge Tobin is an authority for the statement that the change would be worth $50,000 to the Hibernia Bank property, while Mr. Ernst Denicke thought the Mechanics' Pavilion site would easily be enhanced twenty per cent by the scheme, which on a valuation of six hundred thousand dollars would mean one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Under the new scheme these buildings it must be remembered are actually brought onto Market street. That the city may not miss a grand opportunity, the scheme further proposes that all the property between the Hibernia Bank and the corner of Leavenworth be purchased by condemnation process at McAllister street prices. After the change is made the city would own this property at Market street values and the site would be unsurpassed for a much-needed independent Free Public Library—a simple and beautiful granite structure comparable to the Hibernia Bank, each helping the other in forming part of an ensemble not often surpassed in the finest cities of Europe.

Let us imagine the scheme realized, and station ourselves at the corner of the Murphy Building. On the extreme left a new corner building faces the triangular park in front of the Post-Office, whose granite facade and grand entrance we see gleaming over the trees and shrubbery. A grove of plane-trees and yucca palms leads the eye along the fringe of Post-Office Park and indicates the trend of traffic to South Market street and the Mission. Then in the center of our vision towers the superb Opera House and mammoth hotel with a magnificent monument in front of it. Still further to the right the north deflection of Market street is indicated in another row of trees dividing the great avenue which sweeps grandly along the entire spread of the City Hall at a width of two hundred feet—the new Mechanics' Auditorium at one end the Library and Hibernia Bank at the other.



GROUND PLAN OF THE CAHILL SCHEME.

SCHEME TO BEAUTIFY MARKET STREET ETC. B.J.S. CAHILL ARCHITECT

PARK AND PANHANDLE. (*Continued from page 5.*)

Delores street, being a part of the Panhandle scheme, need only to be mentioned. It should not terminate at 18th street, but rather should be continued over the hill and planted with shade trees out to the Mission road connecting with Bosworth street, Rock Canyon and the Sunnyside district.

There are several more driveways that might be had; for instance, from the northerly end of Van Ness avenue, going east through the North Beach district to the water front and Market street.

These are a few of the many fine boulevards and driveways that might and ought to be set aside for pleasure purposes, adding very much to the appearance of our treeless city and giving great pleasure to our citizens, as well as to visitors.

UNDER THE NEW CHARTER.

Continued from page 6.

two months of their administration show clearly their disposition to prove its worthiness; and the work of each and all is love's labor, which certainly is not lost in the appreciation of their fellow-citizens.

The Board of Supervisors is, under the Charter, a purely legislative body. The several boards and commissions perform the actual work, the Supervisors providing the money, and in a ministerial capacity approving the demands, except for salaries. These demands they cannot question, except that they be in excess of the appropriation allowed, and be illegally contracted. So there is a nice balance between all the departments, which so far has been automatically maintained. The Board of Supervisors, consisting of eighteen members, seems to be structurally an improvement upon the old board consisting of but twelve. In other years the fixing of gas and water rates developed cliques and combinations, from which this board, having passed that crucial test, has been free. They have done this important work with expedition, thoroughness, and satisfaction to the people, within the time allowed by law. They have saved the consumers, beginning next July, in the matter of water and artificial light, $300,000. They have closed the cemeteries, and now await the adoption of an official organ next week before inaugurating numerous reforms. The City Attorney, the adviser of the Board of Supervisors, has clearly expounded the new instrument, meeting the numerous demands which have been made upon his office with astonishing celerity. Even the atmosphere of the police courts, under the administration of the District Attorney, made by the Charter for the first time the public prosecutor in these tribunals, has been clarified.

What more can be said of two months under our new organic law? Every sign and augury is favorable to its ultimate success. But it cannot be judged by its promise; it can only be judged by its performance. Every one associated in the administration of the Charter is willing to submit to this test. I believe time will be on our side.

THE ALMSHOUSE.

THE Almshouse at present provided for the poor of San Francisco consists of a group of four buildings situate near Lake Honda and admirably adapted to immediate requirements, although somewhat strained for capacity. The institution was moved from North Beach to the present site in 1867, and placed in the administration structure known now as building No. 1. The old pest-house was added to its equipment about the same time, and two more buildings and a cottage for the superintendent were added in 1887, 1893 and 1895 respectively. A concrete laundry with the best modern machinery, a concrete lavatory, thoroughly modern and sanitary, a fire system which is one of the most effective in any public institution in the United States, and a reading room, the gift of Mayor Phelan, are among the late improvements. The Almshouse tract contains seventy-eight acres, fifty being under cultivation. Upon this cultivated section are raised the table vegetables used in the institution.

Within the range of its advantages and facilities, the Almshouse is provided amply for the number of inmates which it shelters at present. But the time has come when substantial improvements are needed. The capacity of the present buildings is taxed already by the 995 inmates. Withthe sure growth of the city, it becomes certain that the number of the city's indigent poor will rise to 2,000 in the next ten years. Building No. 1 is a rather flimsy frame structure over thirty years old and will soon be unsafe. It is the purpose of the present administration to replace all the old frame buildings as rapidly as possible by brick and concrete structures. As planned, these buildings are to be laid out with an eye to safety, convenience, sanitation, and to an increase in capacity. It is not too much to say that with the execution of these designs the home of San Francisco's poor will be a model institution of its kind.

The Almshouse comes under the new charter wiht bright prospects. From the beginning it has been a well-directed institution. Considering that appointments have always been made on a political basis, it has been excellent, and the liberal policy followed has been changed but little from the very first. The charter, which takes the appointments out of politics, will be a further assurance of efficient employes. Further, the new regime will make it possible to run the institution much more economically. This is effected by the provision that all supplies shall be purchased by contract from reliable firms. It is calculated that this change in method will reduce expenses from 27 cents a head per day to less than 20 cents.

It would be better, however, if the comfort of the inmates and not the curbing of expense should be made the standard. I should much prefer that the margin of seven cents or more per inmate each day, which will be effected by the change, should be spent in additional comforts rather than saved. Our poor should not be made to feel any more than possible the burden of their hard condition, and any reasonable outlay which will render their unhappy lot less unhappy may well be considered.

P. REDDY.

ARCHITECTURE OF SAN FRANCISCO. PAST & PRESENT. BY NEWTON J. THARP.

FROM the limitations of this article an avoidance will be made of any mention of the down town or business architecture of which San Francisco has many logical and beautiful examples, it being the purpose to deal chiefly with the mass of buildings that gives to any city its dominant architectural note.

If an observing man visit London, the general impression that he would carry away with him would be the miles of red brick houses with stone trimmings. If the same man should visit Paris, the impression that would survive would be that of long avenues of bent and tangled alleys of grey stone. If he should visit Florence, the pictures that would come to his mind in after years of that ancient art center would be rows upon rows of stucco houses with tiled roofs along devious and winding streets, and surrounding miniature piazzas. Leaving aside certain particular monuments and details, his final impression of each of these three and typical cities of the old world would be an impression of material; of how each city has had its status set by the characteristics of the materials most easily obtained and convertible to the needs of man's habitations. In other words the lasting and final impression would be of that which has given the city its key note; and from this, if his observation be keen and his reason clear, he will discover the causes that have lead to most of the characteristic refinements of detail and color. Mankind will build in the materials that are nearest to hand and most easily manipulated, and from the proper or improper handling of these materials comes nearly all that is good or bad in architecture, no matter what the age, nor what the stress of ulterior feeling under which its examples may have been created.

Reasoning from this standpoint it is easy to see that should the same man visit San Francisco, the lasting impression that he would carry away with him, after eliminating a few of the down town business monuments, would be that of miles upon miles of straight streets, climbing steep hills, and lined upon either side with interminable rows of fantastic wooden houses of a prevailing leaden hue, giving the impression that wood, with the planer and jig saw, were abroad in the land, and that paint was dirt cheap.

As sad as it may be that this should be the characteristic impression af San Francisco that every visitor carries away with him, yet it is but natural that it should be so, considering the rapidity of the city's growth, the environing conditions, and the bounteous way in which nature has reared the redwood tree.

It may seem strange to those who have not thought upon the subject that this tree, which is justly considered in its natural growth as one of the wonders of California, should be indirectly responsible for a metropolis with the worst characteristic architecture of any city in the world. Yet this is but a natural sequence, since the most easily worked material is the most easily perverted, and with perfect mechanical equipments coupled with small exercise of the logical and artistic faculties, what could be a more natural line to follow than a riotous indulgence in the absurd and fantastic forms of the Queen Anne and "Mary Ann" styles of architectural construction.

While it is true that wood is not a noble material for exterior architecture, and that no great style has ever been evolved from its use, yet buildings so constructed are capable of being treated in a manner that gives them an individual and dignified appearance, common to no other material.

Throughout the whole history of architecture, the Japanese are the only people who have developed wood to its fullest and most artistic possibilities as a means of architectural expression, and the majority of our architects might study to a great advantage the manner (not necessarily the lines and forms) in which they have accepted the material with its possibilities and its limitations.

While it is true that San Francisco is still suffering in its general architectural impression from the pretentious and characterless creations in wood of the generation past, yet it must not be understood that no buildings worthy of study or comment have been erected. Within the past decade a new order of things has been gradually taking place in this regard. Our younger architects have devoted more time to the study of the artistic preliminaries to architectural practice; the difference in cost between wood and the enduring materials—brick and stone—has more nearly reached a balance, resulting in a generally better type of building in the former material, and a greater frequency of those in the latter The fantastic mill-work creations of the past are gradually giving place to those of simpler lines and expressions in shingles, or to a less militant if not altogether sincere combination of wood with plaster, while the city block in the better residence districts without its brick or stone house is fast becoming a rarity. But two steps backward are noticeable in this general forward movement to our architecture, and those are in the numerous pretentious mansions in the Pacific and Presidio Heights districts that have been recently and are still being erected in wood, in close imitation of the styles that have been evolved in the correct and logical use of stone, and in those residences with simple brick walls but elaborate cornices and porticos of painted wood. Of the former it can be said that the lines and proportions as such are better than in the so-called Queen Anne, but the fact remains that the forms are inimical to wood and the examples are but more or less interesting pieces of architectural scene painting. Of the latter it can be said that if the brick or stone business block down town with a galvanized cornice and bay-windows is a just object of derision as an architectural abomination, then certainly the brick residence with an elaborate wooden cornice and portico in imitation of stone is a still greater one.

A Picturesque Doorway.

However, all that is needed hereafter to make of San Francisco a city of architectural renown in its general impression, is a frank acceptance by her architects of the possibilities and limitations of wood, with an earnest endeavor to hasten as much as possible the coming of a brick and stone age by the rendering of all such commissions in as simple and artistic a manner as possible, to the showing that the original expense is not much greater, and that the joy in the possession of a house in enduring materials is increased a hundred fold.

WILLIS POLK'S PERISTYLE.

SEE PAGE 10.

THE entrance to San Francisco through the ferry building at the foot of Market street is a situation unique in itself, and is the scene of an activity unusual to a degree, surpassing almost any other focal point in cities anywhere.

But the point of first importance is that it is the entrance to the city. It therefore affords an opportunity for impressive architectural effect that could not be excelled anywhere. Mr. Willis Polk has conceived the idea of putting this opportunity into practical form. His design for an arch and peristyle, presented on page 10, will appeal to the imagination of all lovers of beautiful architecture, and to the pride of all public spirited citizens.

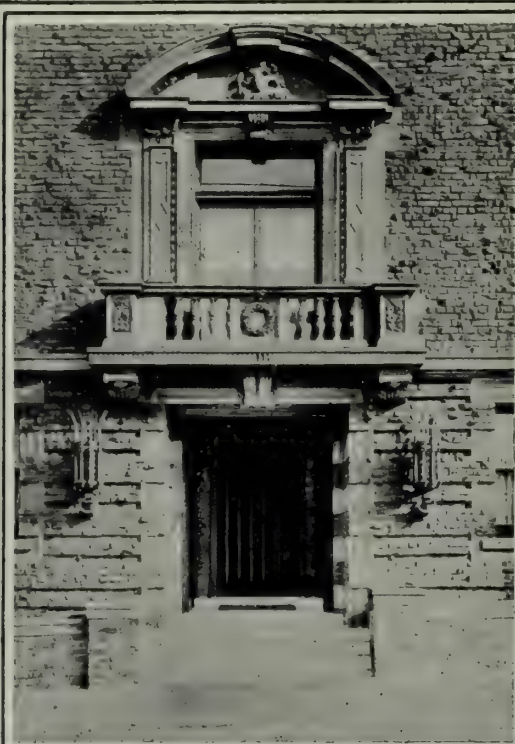
The idea is to erect a huge triumphal arch spanning Market street, making it a veritable gateway or entrance to the metropolis, and to connect this arch to the ferry building by a semi-circle peristyle or quadruple colonnade. The space between the ferry building and the arch which would be thus enclosed would form a grand plaza or court of honor. It would be the court-yard to the ferry building, and the vestibule to the city. All the street cars and carriages would pass into this court to reach the ferry. In the colonnade could be placed elevated sidewalks, just above the tops of the cars, so that pedestrians could pass over the ever increasing traffic of the street.

East street itself, with its heavy traffic, would be slightly deflected to pass around the western side of the grand arch, and the property facing East street, he proposes shall be improved with buildings, architecturally in character with the ferry building and the peristyle and arch, similar in treatment to the well known arcades of the Rue de Rivoli in Paris.

The project in its entirety is not beyond the possibilities of the future and is one that promises unrivalled effect in architectural grandeur. East street at present is a disgrace to the city and its improvement in the course of time is a foregone conclusion. Why it should not be done in a formal manner and thus enhance the appearance of the city is a question about which there should be no argument.

Prince Albert of Prussia has bought the Wilhelmi vineyard in Germany at a price of about $5,600 per acre. There are said to be other vineyards in the Rheingau region, the one from which come the cream of the Rhine wines, which are worth even more. Of these, the Johannesburg, owned by Prince Metternich, is the most valuable. In 1893, this property yielded wine to the extent of about $5,000 an acre, and in 1898 the value of the product went even higher. The quality which gives value to these great vineyards has never been explained. Two fields beside one another may have the same exposure, slope and chemical constitution, and yet one will produce wine of first quality and the other wine of inferior grade. In the Rothschild vineyard near Bordeaux, for example, only a wagon-trail divides the choice section which produces a world-famous vintage from a tract which is comparatively valueless.

A House by Coxhead.

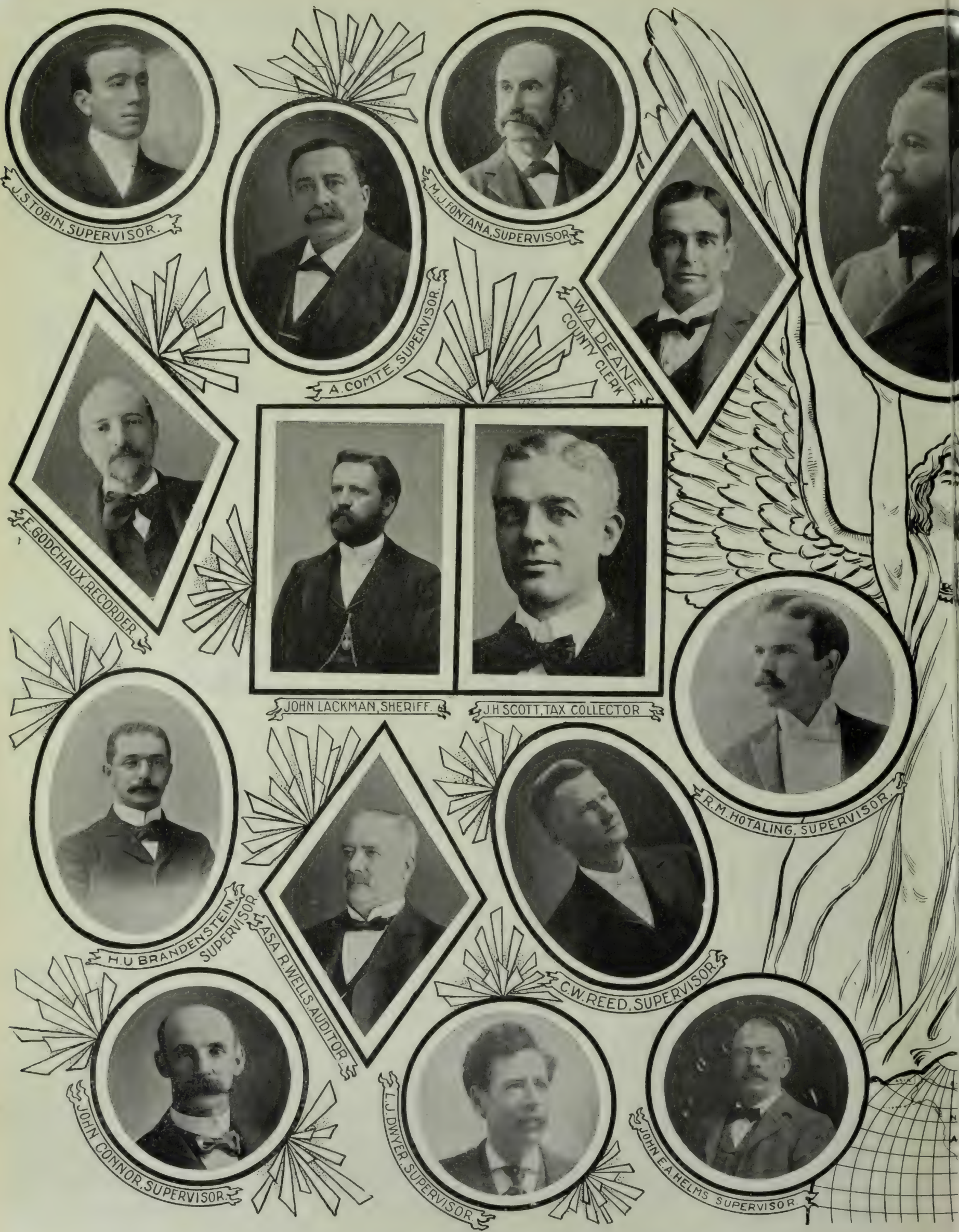


Entrance of the W. B. Bourne House.

The Tubbs House.

MEMBERS OF COMMISSIONS UNDER THE NEW CHARTER.

PHOTOS BY TABER AND BUSHNELL.

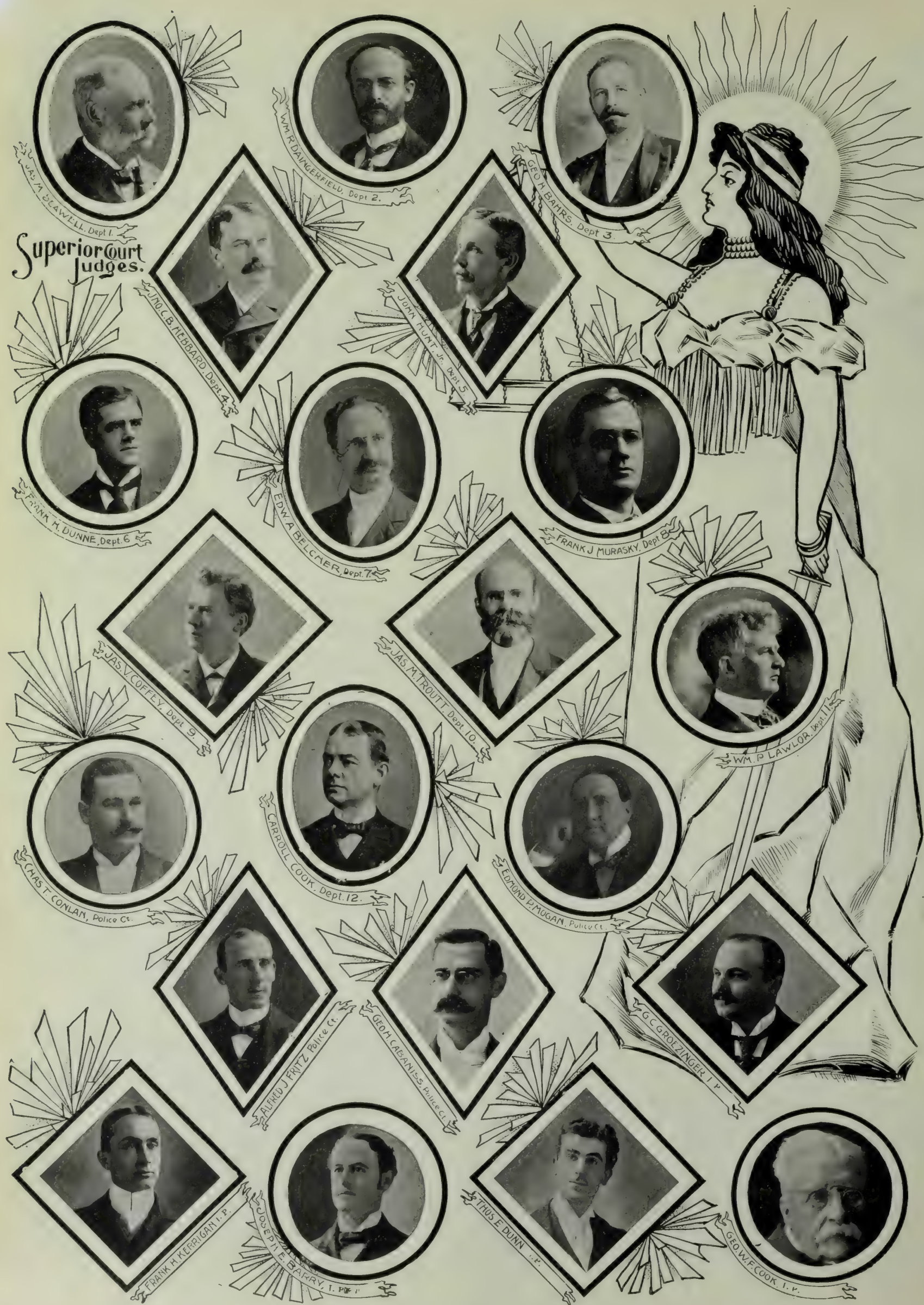


Mayor Phelan and the Officers and Superv

PHOTOS BY TABER

ors of the City and County of San Francisco.

BUSHNELL.



THE JUDICIARY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MEMBERS OF THE SUPERIOR, POLICE AND JUSTICE COURTS.

PHOTOS BY TABER AND BUSHNELL.

S·F· SCHOOL DEP'T UNDER THE NEW CHARTER ·BY·CECIL·W·MARKS

The Mission High School.

FOR half a century, the school department of San Francisco has been struggling slowly toward the highest ideals in education. The struggle has been long and the improvement has been slow; for the laws under which we were governed made it impossible to reorganize the system in accordance with modern ideas.

The Consolidation Act provided that twelve school directors should be elected every two years. They were nominated by political conventions, no attention being paid to their fitness for the position. Usually, men sought the place as a stepping stone in their political career, or to advertise their particular business or profession, or for the purpose of placing their friends and relatives in the school department, or, in instances, for the sole purpose of increasing their yearly income. Is it wonderful, therefore, that our school department does not take rank with the leading city school systems of the United States?

While this New Charter is not all that it might be, educationally, it is a vast improvement over the "Consolidation Act." The Public School Section, which the "Committee of 100" discussed and partially adopted, was more satisfactory than the one finally agreed on by the Free-holders. This is because a municipal School System cannot exist independent of the State system, the general law applying over all. As long as this is the fact, we can hope for but slight improvement, for what would be best for San Francisco would be out of place in the rural districts.

The Charter has now been in force two months. Some of the changes already brought about may be enumerated.

The appointment by the Mayor of a Board of Education consisting of four members, who are directly accountable for the administration of the Public School System. This fixes and centralizes responsibility. It is a continuous body, one member going out of office each year. No argument is necessary to prove the wisdom of this, for in past years changes of policy, and shifting of school boards have almost wrecked the system. The Board is given great latitude in employing such teachers and persons as may be necessary to carry into effect its powers and duties and is authorized to purchase its own supplies.

Principals are held directly responsible for their entire school. In former years they were ignored, and in many instances dared not even reprove a janitor for derelections of duty. The Board has begun a series of principals' meetings, which will make for harmony and co-ordination among the various forces now working independently in the department. The system of supervision has also been broadened on intelligent lines.

The policy of granting special teachers or favors to certain schools at the expense of the department has been abandoned. To employ enough special teachers to properly conduct instruction in special branches is impossible, so it is desirable that the general teaching force should by degrees acquire skill and knowledge to enable it to give instruction not alone in sewing, but also in drawing and nature study.

It was apparent early in our incumbency that many consolidations of classes could be made without affecting the efficiency of the department. Shifts of population enabled also several schools to be closed. The effort to divide the municipality into school districts we regard as pernicious, and as most cities have already done, expect to abolish it and to treat the system as a unit. A parent reserves the right to send his son or daughter to any school he desires, providing there is room, and we believe that more latitude should be given in this matter of transferring children. Unless there are good reasons for refusing a transfer it should, in our opinion be granted by the principal.

At the financial end the new Board of Education will be able to make many economies. Without imparing the efficiency of the schools an initial saving of $1000 per month will be effected. The fact is that no department of the Municipal government was so loosely conducted as that of education. More teachers and other functionaries were employed than was necessary. Enormous rents were paid for such properties as were occupied for school purposes. All this has been ended. Outside class-rooms are being consolidated as quickly as possible. An intelligent system of furnishing supplies has been put into operation. The supply department will be removed from the premises at Pine and Larkin into the basement of the City Hall. Principals are authorized to expend small sums per month for petty repairs, and a recommendation was made to the Board of Public Works, which has this matter of repairs in charge, that the responsibility for janitorial service in each school be vested in the principal. This the Board accepted and the fruits of it are generally apparent. In course of time it is to be hoped that only men possessed of mechanical skill and competent to do odd jobs of carpentering will be engaged in these positions.

THE HALL OF JUSTICE.
Shea & Shea, Architects.

The financial condition of the department is good. While the Charter imposed an additional expense for January, of $1139, the salary roll was diminished by $809. The monthly allowance is $100,000 A comparison of the expenditures of January 1899 with that of January 1900 is as follows:

Total amount expended for month of January 1899, $105,254 78 Same for January, 1900, $96,663.54.

It may be well to state the policy of the new Board of Education in certain directions in which public interest has been aroused. First as to the debatable question of home study. We believe that a certain amount of home work of a definite character should be given, but not to exceed a half-hour for the 5th and 6th grades, for the 7th and 8th grades, not more than an hour, and in the ninth grade 1½ hours. The most important factor in education is, however, the cultivation of a taste for good reading and if this be accomplished it will outweigh all other work in primary and grammar schools. We propose to interest teachers in this direction and to aid them in inspiring their pupils to select books fit to read.

In the matter of examinations of teachers, as the test of promotion, it may be briefly stated that however useful the examination system may be incidentally, in our opinion it should certainly not be the sole basis for advancement. The educational thought of the country is opposed to it and it gives rise to the pernicious habit of cramming. However the Charter gives to the superintendent the power to recommend such rules of promotion as he sees fit and it is for the Board of Education to reject or adopt his report. We do not propose, however, that the real purpose of all tuition, the development of character and the awakening of interest in the child shall be lost sight of. Educational work must be judged not by the number of facts crammed into the pupil's minds, but rather by the degree of power given him to master himself, to improve his environment and to overcome the forces of nature.

Owing to delays in the appointment of deputy superintendents, I am unable to give information here in regard to the plan outlined by the superintendent of schools. San Francisco and Buffalo are the only cities of the United States that elect by popular vote the superintendents of schools. In all others this official is appointed by the Board of Education. For this reason, our Board does not feel justified in delegating extraordinary power to one who is not in any way responsible to it for his election.

In conclusion I may say that the Board of Education considers that it is directly responsible for the administration of the school department of San Francisco and looks to the people to sustain it in its endeavor to improve and strengthen the system.

SAN FRANCISCO.

A DREAM, THE REALITY AND SOME POSSIBILITIES.

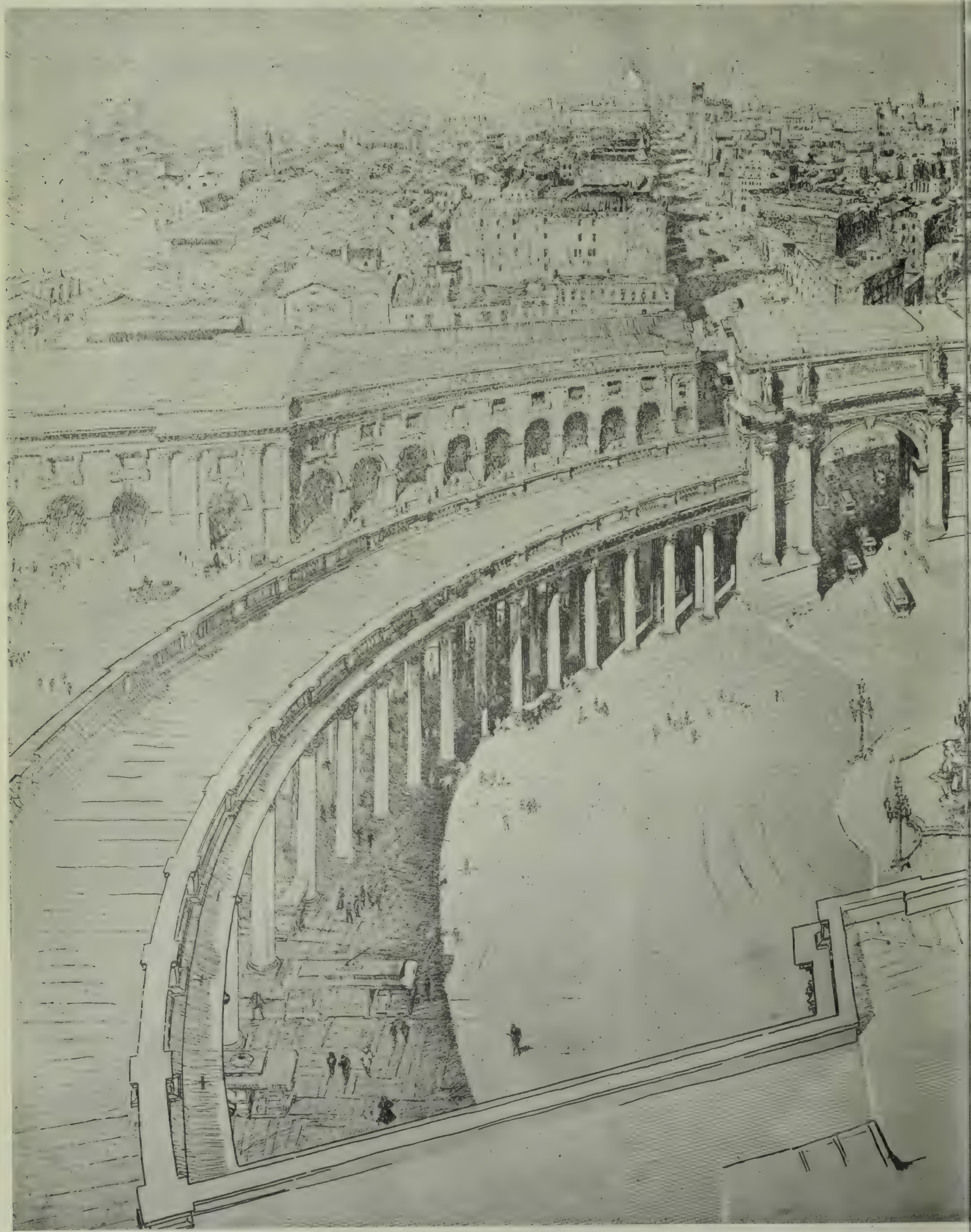
IF this year were 1860 instead of 1900, this suggestion might have been offered as an aesthetic leavening in that piece of cold engineering which to-day is known as the map of the city of San Francisco.

Clear out a great circle where Market street Van Ness avenue and the Panhandle meet, their intersections to be taken as a center. In the middle of this circle, right in the path of Market street, set down the City Hall, and then, taking a rule, draw two more boulevards southward. Market and Castro streets, the Panhandle, Van Ness avenue and the two new boulevards would constitute the spokes of a wheel, with the Hall as the hub.

Imagine, at the same time, that the triumphal arch and peristyle surrounding the Ferry depot, as designed by Architect Polk, is realized. Passing under the arch on leaving the depot, you go up Market street with its rows of tall buildings, and drive to the City Hall looming up against the hills directly before you in the distance. Reaching it, you find it surrounded by noble lawns strewn with fountains and statues. You walk around it and see six wide streets radiating from you to as many points of the compass, each one of them a noble boulevard lined with trees. Pass on westward and you enter the Panhandle, and finally reach Golden Gate Park. From the moment the traveller lands at the depot till he drives past the Cliff House, he is vis-a-vis with ever-changing scenes that surprise and impress him. If, to this plan, we add a boulevard around the cliffs to the sea wall and some improvements on Telegraph Hill, we have a system perhaps unrivalled in the whole world, all of which would cost no more than what we had expended up to this date.

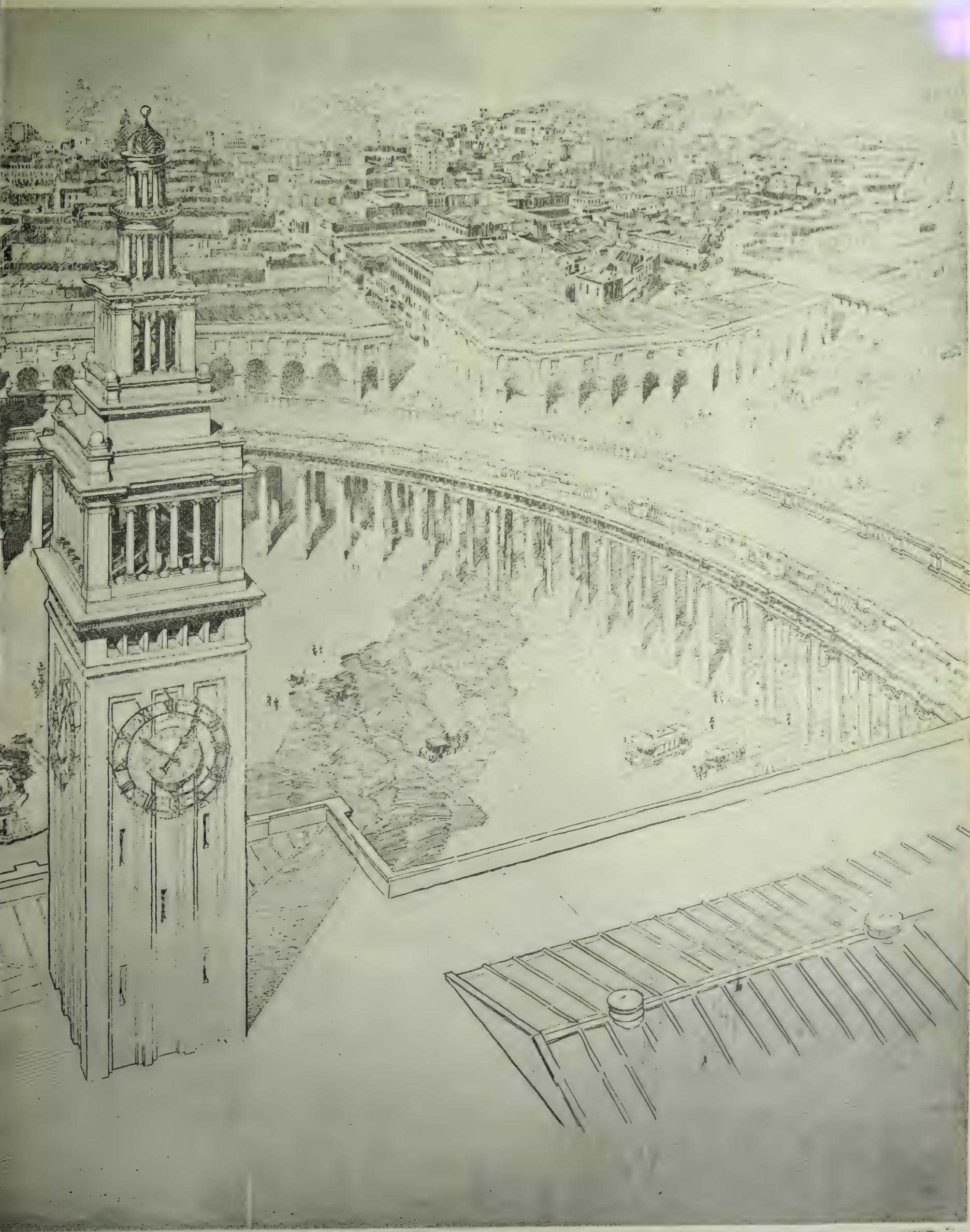
What would be the cost of all this today? Perhaps one hundred millions. We would have to begin afresh from the very beginning. It is simply the costliness of an ignorant beginning. A great structure that is to be the center of attraction in a city must occupy such a position as to be the fountain head from which great highways, so to speak flow. We have splendid examples in the Grand Opera House of Paris, that stands at the beginning of the Avenue de l'Opera, and in the Louvre Palace, which is the head of

Continued on page 16.



Arch and Peristyle Designed by Willis Polk

FROM A PEN AND INK



for an Approach to the Ferries, San Francisco.

AWING BY WILLIS POLK.

REGINALD H. WEBSTER,
Supt of Schools.

C. E. GRUNSKY,
City Engineer.

JOHN McLAREN,
Supt. of Golden Gate Park.

THOS. J. WALSH,
Registrar of Voters.

LEO PARK,
Sec. Board of Public Works.

CHAS. W. FAY,
Sec. to the Mayor.

E. A. REDDY,
Supt. City and County Almshouse.

E. A. MORAN,
Sec. Civil Service Commission.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS UNDER THE NEW CHARTER. *Photos by Thors, Taber and Bushnell.*

SAN FRANCISCO.

Continued from page 9.

the Tuileries Gardens, that merge into the Avenue des Champs Elysees beyond. This principle was applied in the designing of the city of Washington. Its streets, radiating from the Capitol, were undoubtedly designed by the great architect who once, when there was a dispute about his salary, said to the President of the United States: "Anybody can be a President, while it is I alone who could design the Capitol." Here our City Hall, the leading mark of the city, is nudged aside and is invisible, except for its dome, till within a few blocks, and, what is more disgraceful, it is surrounded by shanties. Realizing all this defect, I had advised before the election that the Panhandle be given a twist somewhere in the hills so that it will strike the City Hall directly and surround it.

So much for criticisms. There is quite a difference between making an unintelligible beginning with its ultimate blunders and costly changes and laying a well-planned foundation on which embellishments may afterwards grow. We are compelled to be content with the conditions as we find them today, and it should be our care to perfect these conditions. For example, what should the Panhandle be? There were pictures of it in shop windows, showing a crazy quilt of flower beds. This design must be condemned. The Panhandle must be no other than a noble avenue, wide and uninterrupted in its vista till the top of some hill is approached, on which we may place an arch to break the sky line. Except at the entrance from Van Ness avenue, there should be no monuments, and, where fountains are wanted, they should at best be low basins with small center pieces.

DOUGLAS TILDEN.

Two Reasonable Petitions.

IF the Congressional authorities rate commercial bodies by the number and size of their petitions to Congress, they must rate the Seattle Chamber of Commerce high on the list. It has always been a favorite diversion of that body; when stocks were dull and business flat, they fill in by mamorializing the Senators and Representatives of these United States in Congress assembled. However, two of their latest communications deserve attention. The first one, in which they are joined by the Chambers of San Francisco, Portland and Tacoma, asks that the Pacific Coast be represented on some of the new commissions and government boards. The Pacific Slope has never been recognized by such an appointment. Yet two commissions now authorized and in process of selection—the Philippine Commission and the Oriental Commerce Committee—will deal with matters affecting the Pacific Slope more than any other section of the country. This is especially true of the question of trade with the far East. The second recent request of the Seattle Chamber is equally reasonable. The government has been asked to appropriate three million dollars to improve the Port Orchard Navy Yard. Three millions is a large sum; nevertheless, while the great spread of the nation westward makes our Pacific naval stations of special value, thousands of dollars have been spent on the Atlantic station to one dollar laid out at Mare Island and Port Orchard. The citizens of Seattle wish to see Port Orchard made one of the great naval stations of the world.

***

The Law and the Zodiac.

AN astrologer, an ancient Persian magi with a flowing beard and an impressive manner, has been trying to read the secrets of the solar system from a private observatory in Seattle in an attempt to discover how the stellar inhabitants of infinite space would go about forming a mining corporation. The Man in the Moon must have surely revealed to him the way in which it was done, for the company was incorporated all right. But his blind attention to Venus probably caused him to slight his own interests, for the other day he had to institute a civil suit to secure pay for his services. He wants 20,000 shares of the mining stock, or $10,000, a very respectable fee even for an astrologer. And he is suing a woman, who has some pithy arguments to use in her defense. A veritable Portia, she makes some staggering statements, and by her shrewdness has hinged the case on one point, whether the man is an astrologer or a lawyer. He says he is both. If he is, so his fair enemy says, it matters naught. She engaged him as an attorney and is willing to pay an attorney's charge. He didn't read the stars with her consent, so she does not propose to pay an astrologer's exorbitant fee. If the astrologer's supernatural influence extends over mundane things, he can probably read his fate in the judge's eye.

***

The Boy Wonder in the Pulpit.

WHILE it is not in my province to ridicule the religious faith of anyone, I think that I only speak for the best class of evangelical Protestants when I protest against the public exhibition of the Boy Evangelist now performing at a Methodist church in San Francisco. I do not pretend to say whether the child in question is freak, degenerate, fake or genius. I have not been to see. But, happening to know something of what goes on in the newspaper offices of the city, I can say this much, any "boy evangelist" who makes it a business and supports his family thereon, and who employs a business manager to work the newspapers with all the tricks and devices of the press-agent is doing some one's else work than the Lord's. It degrades what ought to be the highest and most dignified of professions to the level of a travelling side-show.

Some Practical Philanthropy.

PRESIDENT HILL of the Great Northern Railroad has discovered a way of doing a quiet and substantial service to the northwest. One of his hobbies is the raising of blooded cattle. It has just come to the public ear that the surplus of his stock farm, near St. Paul, has been given away for years to growers along the line of the railroad, in order that the standard in the northwest might be raised. Now, he has further extended the plan by making extraordinarily low rates of transportation for blooded cattle on the Great Northern. It is a rate so low that the railroad loses money on this class of freight, but it is done as a bit of practical philanthropy, in order that the scrubby and short-bred stock of the western farms may be replaced by thoroughbred cattle, the kind that give a maximum of return for a minimum of feed, the kind of stock that really pays.

The Japanese have begun to ship cotton to Japan by way of sailing ship. A vessel leaves New Orleans every two weeks for the land of the Mikado, the cargo being made up of cotton and fertilizers. An agency to purchase cotton is to be established in the Crescent City and it is proposed to purchase American looms for weaving. Indeed, both the machinery and the raw material produced in America are preferred by the Japs to the Indian article, though the distance is a great detriment. It now takes seventy days to get cargoes from New Orleans to Kobe; with the Nicaragua Canal open it will take but twenty-two days. It will reduce the freight nearly two-thirds. Although the distance to Japan is less than half by way of San Francisco than *via* the Suez Canal route, the rate is much higher. At first shipments were made by rail and then by steamer from San Francisco. It is much the shorter route, but it is far more expensive. It costs $1.35 a hundred pounds, while cotton can be sent direct by sea for only 87 cents a hundred.

The nation most in sympathy with Great Britain in the present war is Greece. The newspapers of Athens are all enthusiastic, and only considerations of international courtesy on one hand and a strict rule of the church on the other have prevented the Greek Deputies from passing resolutions expressing moral support for England and holding memorial services for the British dead.

A remarkable new deep-water dredge, the invention of an American has been accepted by the Russian government to clear out the harbors at the mouth of the Volga. According to contract, the dredge was to deliver 1,600 cubic yards of earth an hour, with a bonus of one half its cost if it would deliver 2,400 cubic yards, which was greater than that of any dredge then built. At the official test, it ran over 7,500 cubic yards. The motive-power of this craft is electricity.

A Twelve Room School House.

Type of Grammar School.

Proposed City and County Hospital.—See page 20.

Eight Class Primary School.

Sixteen Class Grammar School.

ACCEPTED DRAWINGS FOR SCHOOL BUILDINGS AND THE CITY AND COUNTY HOSPITAL, FROM THE ARCHITECTS' DRAWINGS.

School Buildings by T. J. Welsh.

City and County Hospital by Martins & Coffey and Wm. Mooser & Son.

Residence of John D. Spreckels.

Residence of W. G. Irwin.

NEW BUILDINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

That San Francisco is going ahead rapidly and is increasing both in business and in population is best evidenced by the number of handsome buildings rising in various parts of the city. In this issue of *The Wave*, devoted to new San Francisco, we have pictured the most important of the new structures. Some are for business, others for residences and hotels, and all denote development and progression. It is not so long ago that building was almost suspended here. To-day, two great caravansaries are in contemplation—one to replace the demolished Baldwin, the second to be erected by the Crocker Estate on Van Ness avenue. The McDonough Estate has a new store on Market street. A new structure for Hale Bros. is rising near Sixth street. The Callaghan Estate is to have a seven story structure on the corner of Market and McAllister streets. The structures of Miller, Sloss & Scott, of the Crocker and the Clark Estates, of Mrs. Shotwell, the Bothin Building, and the Hall of Justice are mentioned at greater length below.

The Crocker Estate Building.

The most prominent commercial architectural structure, now in course of erection in San Francisco, is the handsome building of the Crocker Estate Company, upon the corner of Post and Gardner streets, which is the substantial culmination of negotiations entered into with them by W. and J. Sloane & Company, to build and lease, spacious, modern and elegant quarters for the accommodation of their exhibit and sale departments.

With this purpose in mind, Messrs. Tharp & Holmes, the architects to whom the commission was entrusted, have designed the building and have equipped it with every appurtenance essential to the modern store of this character.

This building is the most approved type of fireproofed steel skeleton construction, being enclosed upon the street facades with a rich reddish brown terra cotta brick and ornamental terra cotta; the effect of the design being quiet and dignified, and successfully expressive of its commercial purpose, being evolved logically from the constructive and economic elements presented, and therefore a more vital architectural creation, and more full of promise for the realization of a characteristic commercial architecture for our city and country, than the result of the method which vainly attempts the adaptation and development of the forms of classic and foreign styles; grand old styles no one can gainsay, but inspired by the demand of their peculiar and their special conditions.

The building has a frontage of 100 feet upon Post street and 137 feet upon Gardner street, also having an "L" in the rear adjacent to Ashburton place; it is seven stories with basement in height and contains about 118,000 square feet. All the floors are entirely open and unobstructed with the exception of columns generously spaced, and a few private offices. The book-keeping offices are placed upon a mezzanine floor between the first and second stories. Communications between floors is effected by electric elevators of the Fraser pattern. The interior finish throughout is of Eastern oak.

An unique feature of the building is a apartment, the design of which employs an Oriental motive, to be an appropriate exhibition room for Oriental goods. A comfortable temperature is to be maintained in cold weather by a low pressure steam-heating system. The cost of the structure when completed will be about $250,000.

The Crocker Building is fireproofed throughout with expanded metal by the Western Expanded Metal & Fireproofing Co. and is covered with P. & B. felt and gravel roofing, the work being done by the Paraffine Paint Co. of this city.

ELECTRIC FITTINGS.

The electric work in the Crocker Building was performed by the Wybro-Hendy Company, who have placed therein a Loricated Iron Armored Conduit System, which embraces the latest practice of the electric art in equipping fire-proof buildings with high class installation for electric service.

The wires are protected from mechanical injury by being enclosed in an iron pipe enameled with the Loricated Insulation, materially adding to the life of the pipe, protecting the iron from rust, etc., as well as effecting a smooth, glossy insulated surface for the electric conductors.

In the basement is located a main marble switchboard, at which point the street service brings the current for distribution throughout the building. On this board are mounted all the safety fuses, main circuit switches, etc., so that each floor is controlled separately

On the different floors is located one main distributing center from which all circuits diverge, both for light and power. At each one of these distributing centers is a marble slab on which is mounted safety fuse and snap switches, so that the attendant can turn the current on or off any light or motor on any particular floor by the switch located at these distributing centers.

The installation is fire-proof and is as good as the best of material can make it, conforming with the high class construction of the building throughout.

The New Music Stand in Golden Gate Park.
Presented by Claus Spreckels.
From Designs by Reid Bros., Architects.

The New Hayward Building.
From a Drawing by Wi lis Polk.

NEW SAN FRANCISCO.

The Miller Sloss & Scott Building.

The latter-day history of San Francisco does not abound in records of great mercantile successes. Few men or firms have managed to thrust themselves above the average level. Most concerns have been satisfied if their balances were a few dollars on the right side of the ledger and have blamed conditions for their failure to do better. Into the midst of a line of business in which there was supposed to be more competition than in any other in California there leaped a new firm composed of young men, and its rapid growth and development furnish another example of the old law that there is always room at the top. Messrs. Miller, Sloss & Scott commenced business with an excellent equipment of knowledge of the field and backed with capital sufficient to take advantage of their opportunity. They started at a period when conditions in San Francisco were very depressed, but their vigorous entry into the arena and the energy with which they prosecuted the interests of their institution have actually vivified the hardware business in California. The concern has progressed by laps and bounds. Having succeeded to the assets and good will of the Huntington Hopkins Company it occupied the splendid store of that firm on Fremont street, and on being driven out by fire took over the premises and possessions of Hawley Brothers, another old California institution. Now the concern is to occupy a fine building designed for its specific wants, located on the corner of Fremont and Mission streets. This structure, pictured on page 21, is of Colusa stone, five stories in height, and is one of the best instances of commercial architecture in San Francisco. The construction has been most careful, the foundation consisting of 750 piles forty feet long, the basement being concrete. The total cost will be $200,000. Albert Pissis is the architect. The structure is fireproofed throughout with expanded metal by the Western Expanded Metal & Fireproofing Co.

"The Ashworth," Mason Street, west of Geary.

The Clark Building.
Sidney Walker, Builder. Albert Sutton, Architect.

The Shotwell Building.
Albert Pissis, Architect.

The Bothin Bldg., for the Union Gas Engine Co.

The Crocker Estate Bldg., for W. J. Sloan & Co.
Tharp & Holmes Architects.

The California Art Glass Works.

The Miller, Sloss & Scott Building.
Albert Pissis, Architect.

The New Post Office on Mission and 7th Streets.

NEW BUILDINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE CITY SEWERS.

IMPROVED SANITARY SYSTEM FOR THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO.

OF all her municipal works, San Francisco is farthest behind in her sewer system. As it stands to-day, the city is fairly well provided for present uses in the central portion, but in the outlying districts there is slender provision for sewage collection, and there is no system to the sewer arrangements. That is, there is no provision made for extending their capacity when the city shall have grown beyond its present size, and no means of joining the various lines into a connected whole to effect proper disposal of sewage. When those who planned the new San Francisco took up the question of sewage disposal, they decided that the first necessity was a coherent plan, upon which the isolated sewers could be constructed from time to time, as needed. The idea is analogous to that for the University of California building plans; a connected and harmonious whole is designed without any thought of immediate construction, but with the expectation that as each part is built it will fit the other parts to be constructed in the future. By this method, waste of money is prevented in two directions. There is no loss of material and time in unnecessary connections, and, enlargements being provided for in the original plan, the pipes and mains will not have to be torn up and replaced by larger ones when the city grows.

The construction of an elaborate set of plans embodying these ideas was entrusted to C. E. Grunsky, Marsden Manson and C. S. Tilton, who studied the question most thoroughly and drew up complete plans for sewage collection and disposal. These were submitted to Rudolph Herring, consulting engineer, and were approved by him. As the scheme stands, it will doubtless be the basis for San Francisco's new sewer system. The plans may have to be changed in some minor details, but in the main they are thoroughly practical and have been approved by expert engineers. A complete and sanitary system of sewers must provide for the disposal of both rain-water and the sewage of buildings. It must provide an outlet at sufficient distance from the city to prevent contamination on the water-front, and it must be so constructed that there will be no pollution of the atmosphere through escape of gases and through clogging of the mains. It must be largely self-cleaning, and quick turns in the pipe-lines, which cause dangerous and noxious eddies and drifts, must be avoided.

All these things have been provided for in the proposed system. At the outset, there was a choice between disposal on the "fertilizer" plan and disposal in the waters of the ocean. The "fertilizer" plan, as used in Glasgow and other European cities, is based on considerations of economy rather than sanitation. The refuse matter is run outside the city limits and turned onto farms, where it is used both to irrigate and to enrich the soil. The city of Glasgow, for example, keeps a large municipal farm which turns the refuse into agricultural products. This plan is not feasible for San Francisco, however. There is no need of irrigation in the immediate vicinity, and fertilizers are still so cheap in this country that the extra expense involved in saving the sewage for this purpose would have no return. Over and above that, the fertilizer system is open to criticism on the score of public health. The disposal of the outflow in the ocean was unhesitatingly recommended by the consulting engineers. Under the present imperfect conditions, the sewage, dumped in the bay or the ocean, is frequently driven back on the coasts of the city and is a nuisance and a menace to health. This is avoided in the new system by sending the discharge-pipes further out from shore and by taking advantage of the currents in the ocean or the bay. The ocean proper has been rejected, because the currents there are slight and the winds, running generally toward the shore, will tend to throw refuse back on the beach however far out it is discharged. It has been rather deemed advisable to run the discharge pipes into the bay, north and east of the city. At the points selected for outlets, the tide-currents are strong and will carry the refuse well out from shore, whence, by the daily process of the tides, it will be carried far out to sea. The experience of other cities has shown that this plan is entirely practicable and disposes absolutely of sewage. A bay like that of San Francisco is a natural flush-pan. Engineers have calculated that, under favorable circumstances and proper sewage-construction, it could receive and disperse the waste of a population of 30,000,000. About ninety per cent of the total will be discharged north of the city, while the rest will be disposed of through an outlet at Hunter's Point.

There are two systems of sewer construction, the combined and the separate. In the former, both rain-water and the refuse from buildings and drains are disposed of by the same pipe; in the latter, they go separate ways. The combined system is most useful when there is a gentle, even, down-hill flow, and is recommended on the score of economy, as flush-water is saved thereby and extra pipe laying is unnecessary. The separate system is usually preferable where sewage must be pumped, and sometimes where rain-water may be discharged at a near point, but where sewage must be taken to a more distant outfall. In cities of regular topography, one or the other of these two systems is consistently adopted, but the surface of San Francisco is so irregular that it has been deemed advisable to make use of both. For example, the Bay View and Lower Islais districts are to be provided with the separate system because their sewage requires pumping, and because they are so sparsely settled as to make an underground rain-water disposal unnecessary at this time. The West Richmond, Lower Sunset and Ocean View districts will be sewered on the same plan for the reason that the sewage proper must be carried to the Golden Gate, while the harmless rain-water can be left to discharge along the ocean beach until the districts become thickly settled, which will be many years to come. Considerations of efficient service and economy led to the adoption of a separate system for the Mission Flats and Yerba Buena districts. Here, the existing sewers are improperly built for the sanitary disposal of sewage, while they can handle rain-water with perfect safety. Therefore, the small and less expensive separate channels will be provided for sewage proper and the old pipes will be devoted to rain-water.

The rest of the city will be provided with the combined system, with overflows or relief channels to allow excessive rain-water, such as may come from a violent storm, to flow off without flooding the regular line. This question of sudden storms was the uncertain factor in the calculations of the engineers. Weather reports for California have been accurately kept only during the past few years. Certain persons had, however, kept a more or less complete register of excessively heavy storms. These were carefully investigated, and it was found that at no time since the city was founded has there been a rainfall reaching one inch an hour.

The greatest one-hour rainfall was on November 23, 1896, when .55 inch fell, but this was exceptional, the nearest approach recorded being .36 inch in January, 1894. Therefore, the channels and run-offs are designed with this amount as a maximum. The use of reliefs will hardly ever be necessary, and when such a contingency occurs, they will cause no offense, as the sewage in the regular pipes will have been carried away by the excessive flow long before the overflow occurs.

Another puzzling factor was the question of San Francisco's future population, a thing which had to be taken into consideration in determining the size of the sewers. It would have been manifestly absurd to build for a population of, say, two millions, because even at the most rapid rate of increase it will be many decades before such a growth will have been attained, and, no material being absolutely indestructible, the sewers may be expected to be worn out by that time. The probable growth was calculated from the records of other American cities, and it was set down as a liberal guess that the one million mark would not be reached before 1955. This was regarded as an excessive estimate, but the calculation was purposely made on that basis, because it was felt that it was best to be liberal in this estimate, as in that of the rainfall. Roughly, therefore, the system is calculated to provide for a population of one million and to last safely until 1955. The calculation of probable density of population in separate districts was a harder task. It is certain that some sections will increase faster than others, but it is hard to prophesy where the disproportionate growth will come. In making their estimates on this point, the engineers studied all conditions most thoroughly and made their estimates as careful as possible, with a considerable margin for the unforeseen.

In the plans as presented, it is presupposed that the new sewers are to be constructed of the best materials and in a manner consistent with the best principles of engineering. Throughout the city they have been given such a grade as to prevent undue deposits. To accomplish this end, whole hills will have to be tunneled through in various places, but it is believed that this extra expense is justified. While means of flushing will be provided, the operation will rarely be necessary. In past time, flushing the old and imperfect sewers of the city has been so common and so noisome a process that we have grown to regard it as a necessary part of sewage-disposal. This is not true. Sewers made without eddies, sudden grade changes or turns, and with a proper gradient, take care of their own flow. In the sewers as designed, the mean flow is held to be sufficient to remove the suspended matter. In some cases, the lower flow of the night will cause a temporary deposit in some sewers, but the greater flow of the day will attend to this before it becomes obnoxious. A sewer receives all sorts of matter, and will sometimes become clogged in spite of everything, but appliances for flushing and manholes for more direct methods provide for the removal of such deposits whenever they occur. To facilitate this the interior of sewers will be made perfectly smooth, because in sewers of rough interior small particles are likely to gather and putrify. Nature herself provides fairly well for the flushing of combined system sewers by sudden and heavy rainfalls. In the combined system, heavy storage tanks are provided for the purpose.

Finally, the ventilation of the city's refuse-carriers has been carefully considered. Atmospheric pressure must be maintained on the sewage, or the rising and falling of the flowing sewage will compress and rarify the air within the pipes, thus blowing out or siphoning the various traps along the line. It is customary to perforate the manhole-cover to prevent this, but this method may here be supplemented by the admission of air into the traps connecting the sewers with house drains through an open pipe running above the roof of the house.

As to the important question of cost, the engineers, basing their estimates upon the price of first-class labor and materials and of adequate superintendence, put the price of constructing the proposed system of main sewers at $4,600,000. This is in favorable comparison with the price paid for sewer systems by other cities of the same size, with the important exception that San Francisco is providing for the adequate sewerage of districts far away from the center and as yet sparsely settled.

The main line, the great artery of the system, may be described as a sample of the whole plan. From its rise at Mission Road and Islais Creek to its outlet near Telegraph Hill, it is four miles in length. The material is to be brick and concrete. It will be five and a half feet in diameter at the beginning, gradually widening to eight feet on Montgomery street at the point where it enters Telegraph Hill. At the water-front, the flow is taken by several four-foot iron pipes, which carry the sewage a quarter of a mile from low-tide mark into water fifty feet deep, thus insuring protection to the wharves and the water-front.

JOHN STO LARD.

THE CITY AND COUNTY HOSPITAL.

THE two illustrations, "Bird's-Eye View" and "Ground Plan," published in this issue of the *Wave*, give a general idea of how San Francisco's new City and County Hospital will look when completed.

Last year the Board of Supervisers advertised for plans for an hospital to contain 500 beds at a cost of $500,000, and left it to the three medical colleges to appoint one physician from each to form a committee of three to select a plan. Dr. C. N. Ellinwood of Cooper's, Dr. Wm. Watt Kerr of California College, and Dr. J. R. Laine of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, formed the committee. There were twenty competing architects, of which number the plans of Martens and Coffey and Wm. Mooser and Son, as associated architects, were recommended as being the best and were approved by the Board of Supervisors. The plans thus adopted call for a hospital on a large scale and with all the modern ideas incorporated. The plan follows the pavilion system, which is used now in all modern hospital building. The wards are two stories in height, face north, and are connected with covered corridors. The sun rooms are to the south, and the administration buildings are outside the system of wards. Under the corridor is a tramway for the transportation of meals, linen and bedding. Steam heat will be used to preserve an even temperature. It is admitted that the one story pavilion system is better than that adopted here, but the expense and the number of beds to be provided precludes its use in this instance. However, this hospital is to be otherwise thoroughly up to date, and will be as well equipped as any institution in the country. Indeed, with the City and County Hospital, the French Hospital on Point Lobos avenue, and the Military Hospital at the Presidio, San Francisco will be exceptionally well provided. It is to be hoped that the legal formalities may soon be complied with and the funds raised to begin work on this structure, which is badly needed, for the present hospital is little better than a breeder of disease. There are in all twenty-three buildings, generally described as follows:

Administration Building. Contains offices, reception rooms, consulting, dark and receiving rooms, library, matron's quarters, etc., and sleeping apartments for resident physician and interns.

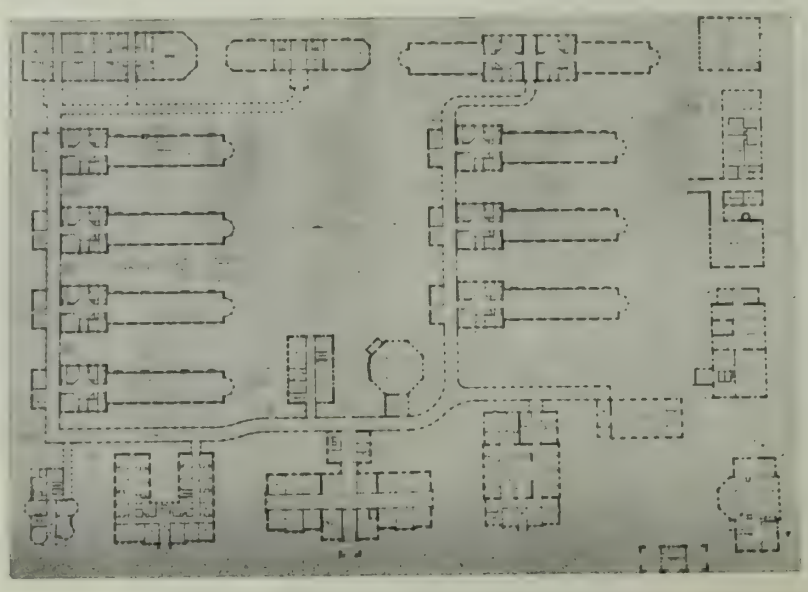
Operating Pavilion. Contains a large amphitheatre for serious operations and lectures to students from various colleges, minor operating rooms and all other rooms necessary in connection with operations. This pavilion is one of the most important of all, and not only will it be made fireproof, but all the walls, floors, etc., are to be made so that they may be washed and will absorb no germs. What little wood is used will be chemically treated.

Nurses' Home and Training School. This pavilion will be used exclusively by the women nurses, not only for sleeping apartments, but it will be equipped with library, lecture and cooking rooms, and gymnasium.

Pathological Pavilion. A very important part of a hospital. This pavilion will be finished similarly to the operating one, and will contain an autopsy theatre, rooms for research, photographic apartments, salesroom, specimen room, crematory furnace, etc., etc.

The *Kitchen Pavilion* will contain dining-rooms for patients well enough to be around, employees, and kitchen store-rooms, etc. The *Power House* will contain the machinery for lighting purposes, heating, ventilation plant, laundry, etc. The *Bath Pavilion* will contain all the baths known to science, perfectly equipped in every detail. The *Recreation Pavilion* will be a sun room for patients.

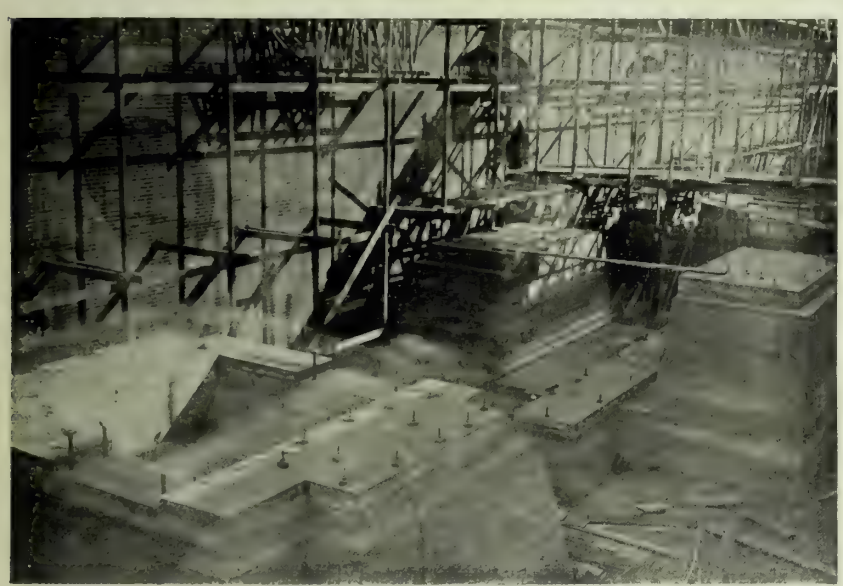
There will be four *Common Medical Wards*, male and female, each containing 64 beds—total, 256 beds, with nurses' room, tea kitchen, isolated rooms, elevators, clothes closets, toilet, bath, etc.; minor operating room and sun room to each ward. Three *Surgical Pavilions* will contain 64 beds each, or 192 in all, with same equipments as in medical wards. The *Contagious or Isolated Ward* will be a one-story pavilion containing 25 beds. The *Tuberculosis Pavilion* will contain 52 beds. The *Maternity and Children's Ward* will contain 84 beds—making a total of 609 beds.



Ground Plan of the City and County Hospital.

Excavation Showing Old Pipes and Obstructions at Corner Stockton and O'Farrell Streets.

At Work on Market Street.



Engine Room Foundation in Station A. Power Works.

Station A. Boiler Room, 8000 Horse Power.

INSTALLING CONDUITS OF THE INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY.

Babblings of a Belle

DIARY, dear, it is useless to begin this week with the wail that Lent is here, for I am so glad I can hardly keep from shouting "Hip, hip, hurrah!" However, when Ash Wednesday came I did say to myself in a soft, sympathetic sort of way, "Cricket, dear, how will you spend the time?" But it will pass pleasantly enough, of that I am sure. Lent is a beautiful rest. It gives us a chance to have a dressmaker come in and use some of our old silk party gown linings for the under skirt of a foulard or an organdie. It is also an admirable opportunity to take short trips to different southern spots of which we read so much; also to repent, if one be old enough, of one's sins. Of course, I have not yet reached that age. Papa does not approve of fasting, and mama thinks it absurd for a girl to give up any pleasure. She says, at the very best there is such a very little true happiness in life. So you see Lent in our household is not the bugbear of which other people tell me. My "Ideal Lover" is very greatly missed. Each day I realize my loss and determine to be true to him, for he is a very fine fellow. My dear father gazes at me with eyes full of attention and devotion, but how little he fancies his blithe little Cricket spends many hours lying awake wondering how this must all end. However, my family shall never know, and as it is Lent it is easy enough for me to take an afternoon nap to make up for the hours I lose at night.

I wonder in these hours what sort of a parent I shall make. I notice the average mother is irrelevant and inconsistent. Yet either of these qualities in her child would be serious, and cause every day at dinner a discussion as to from which side of the house it had been inherited. But I suppose these family details do not much matter, and by the time I am married a few years to the "Ideal" I shall have forgotten that such a thing as a fault ever existed in either of my parents.

Now, Diary dear, let me tell you of the end of the season. I know you are dying to hear of the Mardi Gras. You must wait, however. I forgot last week to tell you of the dinner the Mountford Wilsons gave to Mary Scott at the Wilson home on Pine street. There were twenty of us there, and as we all were the crowd who knew each other so well it was very jolly. I like the Wilson house; it is large, and old-fashioned to a certain extent. The ceilings are very high, and the window draperies are heavy and luxurious and rather reminded me of the rooms which one hopes resembled those in which one's grand and great grand parents lived. They are mighty comfortable, and the whole atmosphere made me feel sentimental. A sort of sweet romance seemed to pervade the high walls and wide halls. With it all we were very jolly. I often wonder if this feeling of sentiment and romance is not one of the symptoms of love. If it be it is quite worth while being in love to have it. Sunday I had a greater number of callers than any other day during the season. I believe I am still the most popular girl of my season. There are very few of this year's girls who can count every Sunday her men in the "teens."

Monday night I went over to the Berkeley Cotillion. Mrs. Hearst, you know, is Berkeley's angel in disguise. I should like to take a day off, Diary dear, to tell you just one or two things she has done to people who really needed help. She has also put herself out, though she does not look at it in that light, to entertain every boy and girl attending the University. She has had several entertainments each week—luncheons, dinners, musicales, besides numerous small affairs. To crown it all last Monday night she gave her hall, which by night is a veritable fairy palace, and a fine supper to the University boys for their dance.

I have never seen a lovelier sight than this hall was. There were big ferns and greens of all sorts softening the background and the new lights made both girls and men really wonderfully good to look at. Mrs. Hearst wore a stunning gown and her handsomest jewels. Her sapphires and diamonds are beautiful. We did have such a fine time. The boys invited a lot of us to stay at each of their "Frat" houses and previous to the party gave dinners. We were really surprised at the dinners and the service and the artistic manner in which these youths arranged our sleeping apartments. It is wonderful how versatile a youth becomes after he joins a Frat. What should colleges do without them? The boys say the success of the whole affair was due to Mrs. Hearst, and I think she can safely take the credit for it. I hope that she will not be repaid as the average philanthropist is by criticisms and harsh words.

That same evening Arthur went to the dinner that the Reddings gave to announce their daughter Ellita's engagement to Herbert Gee. They had a jolly dinner and dance afterwards. On Monday night the Drowns had a dinner. It was Willard's affair, and a most successful one at that, I have heard on all sides. People left the Reddings and the Drowns rather early on account of the knowledge that the next night they would be up to all hours. Addie Murphy's luncheon at the University Club was large. For the last time of the year the buds sat at a table alone. I looked over at them, and wondered if they really had any pangs of regret passing out of the "are" world into that of the "has beens." Had any one of them been original she would have given a bud entertainment as I did my first season. I asked all the buds to a dinner. No men, just twelve girls, and each told in the most humorous manner possible of the trials, tribulations and successes of her first season. It was awfully interesting, and each received an enamel bud with the date as a souvenir of that year. The buds at Addie Murphy's luncheon, I thought, were beginning to take themselves quite seriously. Very few of them look as fresh as at the beginning of the season. The greater number have been over-doing it. It is all very well to go out night after night, but it is exceedingly foolish to arise early next morning just to play golf. No girl can stand that for any length of time, and keep her good looks or for that matter her health. And health nowadays is no secondary consideration.

Now I can tell you of the Mardi Gras. I just like to sit here to tell you, Diary dear, of the wonderful success of that affair. I went to dine at the red room of the Bohemian Club. The Joe Grants gave a big dinner there. I did not think that the cook did so well on that occasion as he has on others. The dinner was admirably served, however, and I found the guests quite interesting. There were very few of these whom I had met at any of this year's functions, so it was quite a relief to hear a change of small talk. The red room decorates to better advantage than any other in the city, and it is delightful to eat a deliciously cooked duck in such an atmosphere. Arthur went to the Whittiers. Their dining room was lovely; he said he had forgotten what the color scheme was, but that the cooking was capital and the girls looked very nice. Mrs. Whittier was superb. I can answer for that, for I saw her afterwards in her handsome pompadour gown. Gertrude Carroll, Ella Goodall, who is as bright as she is good to look at, and Ruth McNutt, quite won Arthur. He said any one of those three girls could have had him. I felt sad when I found Nat Wilson had been there. Nat is one of my dear old crushes, though I have not been so much to him this winter. Will Sanborn's dinner was also a jolly affair at the University Club. Josephine Longhborough, Mamie Polhemus and Charlotte Ellinwood were the prettiest girls there. I saw a good deal of Will later in the evening, and he said "Cricket, dear, unless I can be sure of you at my future dinners I shall call it all off between us. You somehow make things go as no other girl in town can." It is a glorious reputation to have to live up to, is it not, Diary dear?

At about half past ten we arrived at the Hopkins Institute. There the very air seemed to breathe a spirit almost unknown to the ordinary American. Everyone seemed so happy. Fancy my surprise when I went down stairs to find the walls lined with young gentlemen in evening suits and each girl, dance after dance, with one of the males of her party. Until twelve o'clock it was simply the most monstrous affair I have ever seen; then as soon as it was discovered who was who the fun began and everyone had a really capital time. The decorations were very effective, though of a rather conventional sort. Four of the young art students are to be congratulated for their being even as artistic as they were, I believe. The new room makes a fine dance hall and I spent a good deal of time there trying to find out why it was so few of the women were really handsomely gowned. Mrs. Joe Tobin was the one figure in the house. I really believe she was the only one who took particular pains with her gown. It was a wonderful affair of chiffon covered with sequiro so it gave the effect of armor. She was stunning and suggested Joan of Arc. There were lots of others in the room, but really not one that was worth remembering. Any bit of color with a few spangles or a piece of flowered silk, anything that one could not wear on an ordinary occasion, was put together somehow and called by some fancy name. I much preferred an evening gown and domino, for that at least is without pretension. Edith Preston, Molly Thomas and Ruth McNutt I thought were the handsomest girls in the room, but even them I have seen looking better. I asked Mr. Peck, who was a capital Prince Carnival and looked quite to the manner born, to whom any number of unfamiliar faces belonged. He told me, and we wondered why it was in this cosmopolitan city of ours there were not more than a handful of really handsome girls. Financially the affair was a success. There was nothing in any possible way unconventional about it, and there was no wine but champagne, so I think there was not a vast amount of drinking—un-

You can Save from $22 to $27 by Quick Action.

Special Introductory Offer to the Readers of The Wave.

The response to our liberal offer of **"The Imperial Reference Library"** contained in the **Wave of March 3rd,** has been most gratifying, a large number of the 100 sets offered at half price having been spoken for, and it will be necessary to **act at once** in order to obtain this **greatest of all reference works** at this price.

All those who appreciate good books and a genuine bargain should take advantage of this liberal offer at once.

"The Imperial Reference Library" comprises five works in one, namely, an encyclopædia of knowledge (65,000 topics), a biographical compendium (15,000 of the world's prominent people), a dictionary of language (150,000 words), a gazetteer (30,000 cities), and an atlas of the world (73 maps), and, being a new work, is *absolutely up-to-date* in every particular, containing a great deal of matter not to be found in other works of like nature heretofore published. *Its editorial staff*, as well as more than two hundred special contributors, comprises the most eminent American *educators, scientists, inventors, explorers*, and *specialists* of the day, and is a sufficient guaranty for completeness and authenticity.

It is bound in six large quarto volumes, 11½ inches long and 9¼ inches wide, comprising in all over *4,000 pages* and containing nearly *4,000 illustrations*, which are in keeping with the high character of the subject matter. Of these, about *3,000* are text illustrations, *500* are in delicately tinted monotone, and there are nearly *500* separate chromatic designs in seventeen brilliant colors, covering a series of beautiful single and double-page plates. In addition to all these there is a portrait gallery of the world's greatest men, comprising *200 superb full-page* wood engravings, and we unhesitatingly assert that "*The Imperial Reference Library" is the best edited, best mapped, best illustrated, best arranged, and most practically useful general reference work ever published in any country or in any language.*

It is bound in two styles of binding, viz., fine English Cloth and Half Russia Leather, the regular prices being $44 and $55, respectively, per set, but it being our purpose to introduce the work as quickly as possible to the general public we have laid aside *100 sets* to be disposed of in this territory at *one-half the above-mentioned prices*, namely, $22 for full set in cloth binding, and $27.50 for full set in half russia leather binding, the amount in either case being payable at the rate of *$2 per month, we delivering the full sets at once, the purchaser having the use of the volumes while paying for them, and also the privilege of returning the Library to us at our expense* any time within ten days provided the work does not give satisfaction.

Remember only 100 sets can be sold at this great reduction of 50 per cent. in price.

Will you be one of the fortunate ones?

For full particulars call upon or address Pacific Coast Branch

-THE SYNDICATE PUBLISHING CO.-

927 Market Street, Suite 622, San Francisco, Cal.

Editorial Staff of "The Imperial Reference Library."

CHAS. S. MORRIS, A. M., LL. D., of Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences.

FREDERIC A. LUCAS, M. D., Ph. D., Curator Department Comparative Anatomy, U. S. National Museum, Washington, D. C.

MARCUS BENJAMIN, A. M., Ph. D., F. C. S., Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

AMOS EMERSON DOLBEAR, A. M., Ph. D., Professor Physics, Tuft's College, Mass.

LEWIS SWIFT, Ph. D., F. R. A. S., Director Echo Mountain Observatory, Cal.

J. MARK BALDWIN, A. M., Ph. D., Professor Experimental Psychology, Princeton University.

SIMON NEWCOMB, LL. D., M. N. A. S., Director U. S. Naval Observatory.

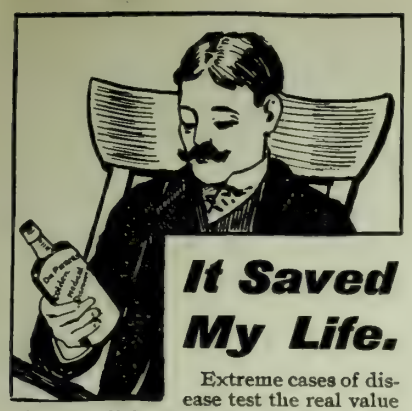
REV. JOHN F. HURST, D. D., L.L. D., Chancellor American University.

MANSFIELD MERRIMAN, C. E., Ph. D., Professor Civil Engineering, Lehigh University.

CHAS. S. DOLLEY, A. M., M. D., Professor Biology, University of Pennsylvania.

REV. GEO. T. PURVES, D. D., LL. D., Princeton Theological Seminary.

DANIEL G. BRINTON, A. M., M. D., of the University of Pennsylvania.



It Saved My Life.

Extreme cases of disease test the real value of a medicine. Many "tonic" and "stimulant" preparations, which have no real medicinal value, seem to brace up the users when they are feeling "played out." Any stimulant will do this whether bought at the liquor store or drug store. The true test of a medicine is when life itself is staked on its remedial power. In hundreds of such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been the means of saving life when even the "family doctor" had pronounced sentence of death.

"I had been a great sufferer for several years, and my family doctor said I would not be a living man in two years, but, thank God, I am still living," writes Mr. George W. Trustow, of Lipscomb, Augusta Co., Va. "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is what saved my life. I had heart trouble so bad that I could not lie on my left side without a great deal of pain. I was nearly past work when I commenced your medicine, but I can do about as much work now as any man. I cannot say too much for the benefit I have received."

Many diseases, named for the organs affected, as "heart disease," "lung disease," "liver complaint," etc., are perfectly cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures through the stomach diseases which originate in the stomach.

ALWAYS HELPS. ALMOST ALWAYS HEALS.

1900- 36th -1900

Annual Statement

—OF THE—

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.)

Life and Accident Insurance

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

Paid-up Capital, $1,000,000.00

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,049 212.72
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,810,269.96
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate	5,931,842.52
Interest accrued but not due,	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security,	1,497,175 51
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,305 307 27
Deferred Life Premiums,	340 997.04
Prems. due and unreported on Life Pol.	259 449 36
Government Bonds,	789,016 96
County and municipal bonds	3,114 997 64
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819,225.19
Bank stocks	1,258 674 00
Other stocks and bonds'	1.288.350 00
Total Assets,	$27,760,511.56

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 3½ per cent, Life Dep't.,	$20 406 734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accdt. Dep't	1,500,369.32
Present value installment Life Policies,	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment,	219,833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance,	33,178 11
Special Reserve for unp'd taxes, rents,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000 00
Total Liabilities,	23,739,827.61
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	4,020,683.95
Surplus,	$3,020,683,95

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	17,165,686.00

Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	1,522,417.06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	16,039,380.95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	15.386
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	339,636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	$1,227,977.34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	23,695,539.94

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899.	$ 2,750,394 40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	39,734,920.89

S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary
E. V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

CLAUS SPRECKEL'S ENTERPRISE.

THE GREAT PROJECT OF THE INDEPENDENT LIGHT AND POWER CO.

THE most important enterprise that has been undertaken in San Francisco during the past year is that of the company bearing the above name.

Just one year ago Mr. Claus Spreckels, associated with his two sons, John D. and A. B. Spreckels, decided to organize a company and install in San Francisco an electric plant for lighting and power. It was his purpose to sell current for lighting at prices that would make it a successful rival of other sources of artificial illumination, and to provide cheap power for the various manufacturing plants, now, in most cases, dependent on small and inefficient steam engines. Most of the electric plants of the country have grown from small beginnings, being hampered by old machinery of inefficient types, purchased at high prices in the earlier days of the industry.

The Independent Company, coming into the field at a time when the production of electrical machinery has settled into definite lines, has been enabled to lay out a plant that, with minimum first cost, can produce energy at low expenditure, and distribute it without serious loss.

The work done in the East during the last few years was carefully investigated before any purchases were made, and advantage taken of the experience gained there.

The main power-house of the company is located at the corner of Twenty-Third and Georgia streets, where fuel, whether coal or oil, may be brought by both rail or water and laid down at a minimum of cost. The machinery now being installed will be capable of developing eight thousand horse power, but the plans of the company will permit an increase to forty thousand as the demand increases and the city grows.

Overhead coal bunkers will be placed in the boiler-room, into which coal can be delivered from ships at the dock by an elevated railway. From these bunkers the coal will pass to automatic stokers, which feed the furnaces of a row of huge boilers. Arrangements are being made to use both coal and oil as fuel.

Every device that can be used to decrease cost of production is being installed, and the plant will be a model of its kind, not excelled in point of completeness by any in the world. The present power-house covers a ground space of 134 by 255 feet. The main engines each have a capacity of 2,500 horse power, and drive dynamos rivaling in size any steam-driven dynamos in existence. Over the engine room travels a huge electric crane, capable of handling a fifty-ton weight with ease and rapidity.

To bring such a large amount of power into the center of the city requires a very high pressure; and to guard against possible interruption of service on the trunk line, by fire or other accidental cause, the wires are laid in terra cotta ducts, buried in the ground. The pressure used is 11,000 volts, being the same pressure employed in the celebrated transmission from Niagara Falls to Buffalo.

The current from the main station is delivered to four sub-stations located as follows: One at the corner of 8th and Mission; streets one on Hyde street, between Golden Gate and McAllister streets; one on Mission street, between 2d and 3d streets; one on Sacramento street, between Montgomery and Sansome streets.

At these sub-stations the pressure is reduced, and the current is transformed for distribution on the various streets. Work is being pushed with great rapidity on the distribution system of the Independent Co., which will be most complete, covering, as it does, the whole central part of the city. The construction is such as to insure permanence; once built, additional wires can be installed without the necessity of reopening the streets again.

Over four hundred men are now employed on this work distinctly, and employment is given to a large number additional in manufacturing material. Terra cotta ducts laid in an encasement of concrete form the conduits, through which wires will be drawn, and ample space has been provided to meet probable future increase of business.

Conduits are being laid in over thirty-five miles of streets and about one and one-half millions of feet of single duct will be installed. In the outlying districts, overhead wires will be carried on poles. It is the intention of the company to extend its system eventually to all portions of the city. There has been considerable delay experienced in getting materials and machinery from the Eastern factories, but the company expects to be in a position to begin service about July 1st, 1900.

It is perhaps useless to dwell, here, on the public spirit thus displayed by one who has already done much for the city. That it will be a public benefit, no one can doubt. Individuals will gain through the copious supply of electricity for lighting purposes at reasonable prices. Still more will the owners and proprietors of small manufacturing concerns receive encouragement from this assurance.

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE.

Continued from page 22.

necessary drinking. So I suppose all and all it was an excellent finale to our season. Nevertheless I do not believe we shall have another as formal an affair on Mardi Gras. There is no carnival spirit in us people. Why assume it and make it a failure? Would it not be infinitely better to call it an art association ball and make that a success? Seeing an affair like that on Tuesday night disillusion one who has ever read anything of a real Mardi Gras in a foreign country. MISS CRICKET.

A rumor circulated last week and given some credence by the press of California has it that the Hotel Del Monte is to be closed. It is hard to say just how such a report could have originated; certainly, it has no foundation in fact. Del Monte, the most famous of California resorts, is a great institution in itself, and since its occupany has been open the year round. Its closing would be in the nature of a public calamity.

THE BOHEMIANS OF AMERICA.

A thoroughly agreeable "Smoker" was given last Friday evening at Golden Gate Hall by the Bohemians of America in honor of Host Henry Kowalsky, who leaves in the early future for Europe. This organization is of very recent origin, and its institution was inspired by the guest of honor, who in the arts of cooking and good fellowship has few rivals. A very jolly gathering assembled in the hall—lawyers, politicians, doctors, newspaper men, bankers and merchants, and partook of an admirable clam chowder, together with a variety of other delicacies, and listened to a programme notably varied and excellent. W. S. Barnes was toastmaster and chairman, and acquitted himself with proper grace and skill. There were dozens of good things—notably a paper of Judge Ferrall's, a violin solo by the clever daughter of Colonel Kowalsky, who has real musicianly talent, and a spirited bout with the sword between M. Tronchet and E. Lastretto. Handsome tributes were paid to the guest of the evening by T. J. Pierce, who presented eulogistic resolutions from the organization, and by T. J. Crowley. Fred Myrtle read an amusing poem which touched in verse an episode of the Colonel's career. Miss Gallick recited in fine style, and altogether everyone was charmed.

NEW BUILDINGS.

The trend of the city's business and hotel center is westward. In the region bounded by Bush, Geary, Stockton and Jones streets, there is going on, just now, the greatest activity in high-class building. The new structures going up there are in the highest modern style and a credit to the city. One of the best of these is a seven-story apartment house just finished for the Clark Estate. Albert Sutton is the architect, and Sidney Walker held the building contract. The structure is 55x87½ feet on the ground, and contains 108 rooms and five stores. Brick on steel and cast-iron skeleton were materials used. Cast-iron colums run from basement to roof with all joists hung to girders on steel hangers. The interior is finished in redwood and oak; the double floors have sewed quilts between. There are 133 basins, 49 toilets, and 30 baths in the building. Total cost was $80,000. This structure is fireproofed throughout with expanded metal, by the Western Expanded Metal & Fireproofing Co., and is covered with P & B felt and gravel roofing, the work being done by the Paraffine Co. of San Francisco.

The rapid completion of this building reflects great credit upon both architect and contractor. The first brick was laid Sept. 5, 1899, and now, six months later, it stands ready for occupation.

The plumbing is worthy of special note having been put in by R. Rice of 107 Geary street. Mr. Rice is thoroughly *au fait* with the latest sanitary plumbing and the admirable installation of the system of pipes, baths, baisins and toilets in the Clark building is a testimonial of his skill.

The Hayward Building.

Alvinza Hayward's new building, the construction of which is to begin at once on the north-east corner of California and Montgomery streets, will be the most up to date structure in the city, and will in its way set the pace for new San Francisco. The architect, Mr. George W. Percy, of the old firm of Percy and Hamilton, has the work in charge, and associated with him is Mr. Willis Polk, whose reputation as an artist makes the new building an object of interest to the public. The Hayward building will be eleven stories high and

Continued on page 25.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1876. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 38 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. PLEISCHER, Surgery Genito-Urinary and Female diseases 201, 202, 216, 218 Washington blk

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

NEW YORK.

HOW THE YELLOW JOURNALISTS PREY UPON SOCIETY.

THE yellow journals have been making copy rather fast lately out of supposed esclandres in the smart set. This season has been rather barren of genuine sensations of a scandalous order. Therefore, the columns set apart for that mixture of toadyism and vulgar caricature known as society notes has been filled with rather mushy twaddle, mostly manufactured to order. Here is a sample: At a recent dance of Mrs. Astor's, a youth in the exclusive set is said to have approached a matron and said something or other which offended her, whereupon the lady threatened to slap him, and Mrs. Astor, overhearing, said, "Not in my house, madam!" Nice story. It was read with a thrill of excitement by the chambermaid subscribers of the *Journal* and stirred up wrath at the naughtiness of York society in farthest Hackensack. Of course, it was purely a matter of manufacture in the office. It is always safe to tell such things of a person like Mrs. Astor. Unless the thing is scandalous beyond bearing, she will never go out of her way and court Sunday supplement notoriety in order to refute it. This consideration makes fillers of this sort a safe and profitable thing to do at intervals. A variation on the pure lie is the distortion of fact to make a story. Here is one which has made considerable copy: It is alleged that Baron Oppenheim came to Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's vaudeville entertainment uninvited, and that when the hostess found an unbidden guest in the house she went up to him and threatened to have her husband throw him out. The beauty of this story is its likelihood. It is so common for a society matron to come up to a supposed guest in her house and offer him personal violence. The true source of this story is the fact that Baron Oppenheim was sent an invitation by mistake, and, taking it in good faith, attended the vaudeville. Mrs. Fish may or may not have noted the fact that he was there. At any rate —I have this from a source as reliable as that from which any society column gets its "stuff"—she made no mention of it at the time, and the Baron never learned of the mistake until later.

So much for the manufactured stories. For the rest, the tales and anecdotes and twaddle which happen to be true and which sift into the papers weekly, come from various sources. *Town Topics*, that society sheet of unspeakable fame, has alleged recently that the managing editors of the great dailies pick up these items at their clubs. This is almost too absurd to need refutation. Should an editor pick up and publish an "exclusive" story from his club, the members who dropped the information would know it; two or three "breaks" of that sort would end his connection with that set. Moreover, the assertion brands every managing editor in New York as an unlimited cad. Consider for a moment what would happen if a guest, visiting in your own house, should worm in and uncover your family penetralia. That is just what would happen to a clubman who used the institution for probing scandal. And the final absurdity of "*T. T.*'s" story is the assumption that the head of a big newspaper does the work of a small reporter in raking over ash-barrels. "*T. T.*" and others of that ilk are to be excused for taking this view, on the ground that a man always thinks that the world revolves around his own little specialty. Journalists of that sort, from perpetual swooping, believe that the minor and scandalous happenings of the smart set make up the only news worth having and ought to be scare-headed on the front page daily. Any one who knows journalism as it is knows that a scandal in the street-sweeping department is worth ten in high life.

Society news is of many sorts and comes from many and varied sources. First, there is the regular report of functions, with the list of assistance and the description of gowns, from the regular society reporters. These are generally known as reporters to the people of whom they write, and are given, by the subjects of their writing, pretty free chances to gain the information they are after. Do not believe for one moment but that society leaders, in the present frankly vulgar state of American society, are glad to be shown off before the public, providing, always, that the showing is made in a pleasant light. A great deal of this society business is notoriety, anyway. The *jeunesse doree* may carp at the newspapers and at newspaper notoriety, but they like it just the same—when it isn't venomous. So, the professed society reporter is generally given every chance to find out the list of persons and costumes at this or that function or wedding, and all things belonging to the comings and goings of society folk. There may be some who object to this sort of thing, but they come in, nevertheless; only for a far different reason. They are afraid of "roasts." It is a system of mild blackmail. This is the way in which the ordinary society items are gathered, and the reporters who bring them in have no special difference in method from the water front or business district news hunters, or from reporters of any other specialized class. They are men and women with the sort of externals which fit them to get along with the people they must encounter, and they gather up their news in an open and business-like way.

It is far different with chit-chat and small scandal and the other banalities which fill the Sunday editions of the yellow journals or the unspeakable little weeklies. This stuff comes in *sub rosa*, and is paid for. There are certain persons, I believe, who make a living by hunting and purveying it. There are many others who bring it in occasionally and as an addition to their incomes. I was told the other day that ladies' maids and club waiters are heavy contributors of this matter. When you come to think of it, the assertion appears true enough on the surface. A ladies' maid must hear many things not intended for strangers' ears; what is to prevent some of these women from betraying their employers? The same thing is true of valets and club waiters, although necessarily in a lesser degree. But I am inclined to think that the most fruitful original source of all is the gossip of the servants' quarters. In this lower world, the scraps and bits picked up from the conversation of the drawing-room and boudoir are given out and pieced together. Being then bandied about from mouth to mouth, these fragments of gossip leak to the outer world, and are picked up by the sharks and hyenas of the sensational newspapers. This accounts for the fragmentary character of many stories, and it also accounts for their inaccuracy.

RAYMOND RUSH.

LONDON.

A POLITICAL RECEPTION. COSTUMES IN THE LATEST PLAYS.

IT is a sign of the times that the only late social event which could be called grand by any stretch of the imagination whatever had a political trend. It was the dinner and reception of Mrs. R. K. Causton, held at her mansion in Devonshire Place in honor and behalf of the Liberal Party. True, the affair was not so announced, but it might as well have been. All the whig world and his wife was there. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, leader of the Opposition in the Commons, was guest of honor at the dinner. Mrs. Asquith and a daughter of Sir Charles Warren were notable among the ladies present, while among the men were almost the entire late cabinet. Conspicuous in his rich robes was the Chinese Minister, who has been surprising all England lately by his wit and his liberality He actually makes puns—some of them not half bad either.

I did not have a chance at the dinner, of course, but was favored later on by a glance at the reception, an elaborate affair with five hundred guests. It was held in the big white and gold drawing room of the Causton mansion, one of the handsomest houses in London. This apartment is decorated in bold masses with large pillars and elaborate ceiling. Much of its attractiveness centers in valuable china and other precious antiques and in an unusually fine collection of family portraits in white and gold frames. The Caustons seem to have been fortunate in their selection of portrait-painters. I cannot say that it differed much from other receptions of the sort; perhaps, being wholly political in character, 'twas a shade duller. I watched the dress-suits bow before the evening gowns for a while, had some celebrities pointed out to me, and then got away to the St. James to see Miss Fay Davis play the heroine in "Rupert of Hentzau" and to observe what she wore.

I missed the first act and the splendid gown she sports therein, but was given a dressing-room view the night following. It is of white silvered brocade in *princesse* shape; the front, from the square yoke to the foot, is a mass of tiny tucks of white chiffon. This chiffon is continued in minute flounces headed in silver, running around the gown. Gleaming silver outlines the chiffon and there is a silver girdle at the waist. The sleeves, quite close, are in material and design like the front of the gown and finished at the shoulder with corded satin bows. Her most fetching garment, in my way of thinking, is a long cloak of rich white brocade worn over a white satin gown in the second act. The lining is decorated with trails of convolvuli in their natural colors. The Medici collar and the revers of brocade are veiled in point lace. There is a deep cape of brocade on which lies a thick band of gold and silver embroidery with raised flowers formed of pink and heavily-studded sequins. A gold-tasselled girdle at the waist, and cords and tassels of gold at the sleeve, just over the frills which fall above the hand, finish this remarkably effective garment.

Next to Miss Davis's regal robes, the smartest gown on the stage that evening was worn by Miss Esme Beringer. It is of palest peachy mauve, of merv and chiffon. There is a pattern of roses in white satin, outlined and bordered in the finest white embroidery. The bodice has a vest of mauve accordeon-pleated chiffon, with a fanciful brace in a darker shade of velvet, heavily embroidered and with appliques of lace. Chains of tiny beads unite one strap to the other and veil the chiffon.

The house as well as the stage was conspicuous for smartness. Indeed, it was in one of the stalls that I saw the garments which stand out in my memory above all others. It was on the beautiful form of Mrs. George Alexander, wife of the actor-manager, who is an artist in costuming. Her gown was not only an artistic wonder, but it was also of value as an antique, for the material, *rose du Berri* brocade, was woven some hundred and fifty years ago and never made up into a gown before. It has lain in bolt, securely guarded from moths, all this century and a half. There is that little deadening of age, which artists love, in the colors, but otherwise 'tis as firm and bright as the day it came from the loom. The gown was cut in princess style and quite plain. The rich old material was drawn half way across the bodice and fell plainly to the feet, over a petticoat of tucked rose chiffon, every tuck overlaid with narrow silver passementerie. The other half of the bodice and the elbow sleeves consisted of the tucked and silvered rose chiffon. The brocade was trained at the back and had a deep band of gold and silver jewelled trimming. This descended from one shoulder back and front, was caught up at the waist with a diamond buckle and, continuing to the foot, ran around the hem. One side of the bertha of this gown was finished with a riviere of diamonds, and the finishing touch was a cluster of deep crimson roses.

Some time ago, I wrote about the system of exchange whereby smart and semi-smart ladies lightened the expense of dressing in fashion. This set me to collecting "straw" statistics on cost of dressing in London. I have seen much, in doing it, of the society woman who makes $500 do the work of $1000, and have learned that she has more ways than exchange of effecting small economies. Let me quote some of the lowest prices at which modistes who can be depended upon to equal or imitate the best French originals hold their products. A simple foulard comes to £20; so does a plain serge. If there is any braid or trimming to speak of, the price rises to £25. The simplest cream lace or black lace frock for summer wear is at least £35, and the same figure may be quoted on *crepe de Chine*. These are the lowest. Winter clothes, especially reception toilettes and cloaks with the expensive laces and furs of this season, run to a greater height. Many a woman gives £500 for a sable cape or sealskin trimmed with sable. Tea-gowns and dinner-gowns command fancy prices. Hats are in proportion. No hat worthy a smart wardrobe is less than £5, and a lady of fashion generally places her millinery bill at £100 or more for the year.

And yet, at a recent trial in chancery, a stupid, fogy, misunderstanding, masculine judge decided that a lady of fashion could dress on £150 a year!

KATRIONA.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

The Talk of the Town

is the unprecedented importation of 109,303 cases of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry in 1899, or 72,495 more than any other brand, accounted for by the maintenance of the highest standard of quality. Their 1895 vintage now imported is exceptionally fine.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account October $2,365,968

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,2 3,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28 563,655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....210,067
Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee. Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Joseph D. Grant, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.
RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone 3 5

DENTIST.

DR. C W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew; Flatow and Dunn; Howard Thurston; Smedley Sketch Club; Anna Whitney; Imperial Troupe of Moorish Acrobats; Newhouse and Ward; Frank's Trio; Martinetti and Gressi.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

WEEK OF MAR. 13th

A Magnificent Presentation of

DIPLOMACY.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Next—"Aunt Jack."

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, MAR. 12th

Charles Frohman Presents William Gillette's Greatest Comedy Triumph,

BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM SO

THE LITTLE MINISTER OF FARCE

With J. F. Dodson and the same Big Original Cast seen for 200 nights at the Madison Square Theatre, and over 100 nights in Boston at the Boston Museum.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday night, March 12, 13, 14,

MME. GADSKI, MR DAVID BISPHAM and MR. WALTER DAMROSCH in

WAGNERIAN CONCERTS

"Das Rheingold," "Die Walkure," "Siegfried," and "Die Gotterdammerung."

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, afternoons and evenings,

THE BROWNIES IN FAIRYLAND.

200—Children on the Stage—200

Grand Opera House

SPECIAL

Thursday afternoon, March 15th, at 3:15 p. m.

Fifth and Last

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Under the direction of HENRY HOLMES

Orchestra of 70 pieces.

Best program of the Series.

On sale at Sherman Clay & Co.

Seats $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c and 25c.

Racing! Racing! Racing!

CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

Winter meeting, 1899-1900, beginning MONDAY Feb, 26 to Mar. 10, 1900.

OAKLAND RACE TRACK.

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.

Five or more races each day.

Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

Western Turf Association.

INCORPORATED

Member American Turf Congress

TANFORAN PARK, South San Francisco

Main Office Parlor "A" Palace Hotel San Francisco

W. J. MARTIN, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Manager.

Second Meeting Mar. 12th to Mar. 24th inclusive.

Six high-class running races every week-day rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb Grand Stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 4:45 P. M. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking. Valencia street ten minutes later.

San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.

Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to Grounds, $1.25.

AT THE THEATERS

When Mme. Gadski was here with the Ellis Company last spring her position as lesser star in the Melba constellation prevented her taking her proper place in Wagnerian roles, and the clamor of the German population served only to strengthen the ban. I remember that Gadski felt sufficiently uncertain of the *Aida* music to have a rehearsal called, for which onerous exaction she apologised and was promptly forgiven by the people concerned, being beloved by the company. Her triumph in *Aida* but excited the more the German longing for Wagner. The expression of that desire has borne fruit in the prima donna's present visit, coming back to give us the music, without the drama, and while that longing may be appeased a little it is certainly not satisfied, for obstinate memories of *Aida* return to remind one how greatly the dramatic setting would add to her singing. One felt that the impassive singer must move to gesture for relief to the dramatic nature struggling to free itself with the music. Even facial expression was denied us, the stage being lighted by a chandelier, the effect of which the songstress's matinee hat neutralized so far as her face was concerned.

* *

Mr. Damrosch, at the piano, made up for the want of detail about as well as one man could have done. He gave very definite pictures, in an unpretentious but convincing way, though he shattered them a little by reciting in his peculiar flat voice some of the passages he was playing. Equally quiet was Mr. Bispham, rich-voiced and restrained, and Herr Schott roused local admirers to somewhat unreasoning demonstration by his hearty singing. There was a suppressed impersonation in the manner of all the singers, coming out in Schott to the extent of an evident flood of memories. Then, too, there was an informality in the manner of all concerned that divested the occasion somewhat of concert form and intensified the lecture aspect, thereby adding to its charm.

* *

At the California this week that roaring melodrama, "In Darkest Russia," is being presented to appreciative audiences. The Jepson company seems to be quite at home in the line of this particular extravagance. Herbert Portier looked and acted the part of the hero-in-chief most exceptionally; John De Gey made a good villain; George Morton played the part of the agent of justice to everyone's satisfaction; Kate Jepson was in every way adequate to her unthankful role as a blood-drinker; Alpha Perry did very well indeed as the young widow who spoke the English not well; and she had Harry Byers to make love to her as the ubiquitous American; while Kathrine Willard, the heroine, clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven in the most helpless manner imaginable, and saved her lover's life, when it came to that, as many times as she had fingers, almost. The combination is certainly the real thing in melodrama.

* *

In the new Orpheum bill will be six acts, which rank among the best on the vaudeville stage to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew head it with a one-act comedy, "Love Will Find a Way." Mr. Drew belongs to the most famous American stage family, and is a clever actor in his own right. Flatow and Dunn, the champion white cake-walkers of America present an extravaganza, "Pastimes on the Levee." Howard Thurston is a magician of fame, card manipulation being his specialty. Retained from this week will be: Smedley Sketch Club; Anna Whitney; Imperial Moorish Acrobats; Newhouse and Ward; Franks Trio; and Martinetti and Grossi. Matinees Wednesday, Saturdy and Sunday.

* *

One of the strongest theatrical attractions of the present season is "Because She Loved Him So," Gilette's latest comedy, which opens at the Columbia. Not only is the play good and new, but the company is different from the picked-up road aggregations which have presented the good plays we have had this season. J. E. Dodson, a clever actor who has risen rapidly in the profession, and Annie Irish, who needs no introduction to San Francisco, head the cast.

* *

Next week, the Bispham-Gadski-Damrosch Wagnerian concerts will be given the first three evenings of the week. "Das Rheingold" is the bill for Monday evening, "Die Walkurie" for Tuesday and "Siegfried and "Die Gotterdamerung" as a double bill for Wednesday. On the afternoons and evenings of the rest of the week, "The Brownies in Fairyland" with nearly a hundred children in the cast, is to be the bill.

* *

"Diplomacy" is next week's bill at the Alcazar. The costuming is to receive special attention; it is said that the array of dresses will be beautiful. "Liberty Hall" and "Quo Vadis" are to be given in the near future. A corps of scenic painters is already hard at work producing the elaborate scenery for the last-named play.

* *

Juliet Crosby, a graduate of the Alcazar stock company, has gone to New York to join the "Zaza" Company, which is about to invade England. Miss Crosby—rather, Miss Belasco—is a San Francisco product, and her career abroad will be watched with interest. Very lately, her work has undergone an improvement which almost amounted to a transformation. Her *Mrs. Erlynne* in "Lady Windermere's Fan," ranks with the best work ever done at the Alcazar.

* *

The Symphony season will end at the Grand Opera House next Thursday afternoon at 1:35 o'clock, with the strongest program of the series. It is as follows: 1. Overture, Manfred, op. 115, Schuman; 2. Symphony in A minor (Scotch), Mendelssohn; 3. Scherzo from 3d movement, Symphony Pathetique, Tschaikowski; 4. Overture, "Guillame Tell," Rossini."

* *

Miss Florence Roberts begins her starring season at the Alcazar in May.

Those of our readers who are without a reference library should read the announcement of the Syndicate Publishing Company on page 22, in which an encylopædia of knowledge, a biographical compendium, a dictionary of language, a gazetteer, and an atlas of the world, which has heretofore been sold at $44.00, are offered, in cloth binding, for $22.00. The purchaser has the privilege of paying for these valuable volumes at the rate of $2 00 per month, the full set being delivered at once.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

The Hayward Building.

Continued from page ...

will contain two hundred and fifty of ... ides the stores on the ground floor. ... be as nearly fire-proof as modern scien... make it; not a piece of wood in any form will be used. Every thing ordinary made of wood will in this building be either of metal or marble. Its location will do much to hold a share of the growing business of the city in a locality peculiarly adapted to business of the character that the new building is intended to house. It means that California street will maintain its commercial prestige and that San Francisco will have another important building to strengthen its title to metropolis of the Pacific, and that Mr. Alvinza Hayward will be counted among her progressive citizens.

* *

The Shotwell Building.

The Shotwell building, at the south-west corner of O'Farrel and Carlos streets, is erected from the designs of Albert Pissis for Mrs. Minnie F. Shotwell. As originally planned, it was to be the property of L. Kauffman, but the present owner stepped in and purchased the incomplete structure about a month ago. It is a modern apartment-house, six stories high and 57½ x 97½ feet on the ground plan. The material is Roman brick. It contains over 100 rooms, arranged in suites, each with its bath. There will be electric lights and elevators, and a fine marble entrance and staircase. The cost is in the neighborhood of $70,000. There are innumerable houses of this type in New York, and there is no doubt of its success in San Francisco. The building of this fine structure is in the hands of F. W. Kern, the well-known contractor, of 17th and Hampshire streets, whose excellent workmanship, strict attention to the details of his plan and conscientious supervision have gained him a valuable reputation in his profession.

Sauer says: "I can freely say that the Pianola gives me more pleasure than I have had from thousands of so-called treats of pianistic effort." Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, sole agents. 26 and 30 O'Farrel street.

"The WHITE HOUSE"

WASH GOODS:

Scotch and English Madras Shirtings

French Silk Shirtings

French and American Percales

Irish Printed Dimitys

Fancy Sussie Muslins

French Organdies

French Piqueh

French Lawns

Mercerized Lawns

Galateas

RAPHAEL WEILL & CO.,

INCORPORATED.

N. W. CORNER POST and KEARNY STS., SAN FRANCISCO

NEW BUILDINGS.

IMPORTANT STRUCTURES IN COURSE OF ERECTION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Three new buildings which will be features of permanent architectural value to San Francisco are assuming form under the direction of their architects, the Reid Bros. Two are palatial residences for W. G. Irwin and J. D. Spreckels respectively; the third is the music-stand in Golden Gate Park. Mr. Irwin's mansion is to be finished in December. It is in Italian Renaissance style and built of Colusa sandstone on a steel fire-proof construction. There are three stories and a basement in the house, which stands on what is really the finest site in San Francisco, Washington, Jackson and Laguna streets. Even in its present incomplete state the Irwin residence is a landmark, for it crowns one of the loftiest of San Francisco's eminences and commands a superb sweep of bay and hill. The interior will be beautifully fitted up, decorated with rare taste and with every imaginable luxury that unlimited wealth can compass.

The J. D. Spreckels residence is going up on Pacific avenue and Laguna street. This, too, is in Italian Renaissance style. The materials are sandstone and terra cotta. This house is fireproofed throughout by the Western Expanded Metal and Fireproofing Company, the skeleton being of fireproofed steel. Completed, it will take high rank among the few residences in San Francisco which are examples of the best in architecture.

The Park Music Stand, the gift to the city of Mr. Claus Spreckels, is also in Italian Renaissance style. The plans for this structure were a serious problem for the architects. There are few examples of this sort of building in the world, almost none of them good. The architects had, therefore, no models, and their originality was put to the severest test. That they succeeded, is the general verdict of those who have seen the plans. The structure, which will cost $60,000, is to be of Colusa sandstone, with a space on the stage for 100 musicians and ante-rooms for the use of performers, for a musical library, etc. This building is to be completed about April 1. It is another instance of the splendid generosity and public spirit of Claus Spreckels, whose great energy and foresight have proved so material a factor in the creation of the new San Francisco.

* *

The New Hall of Justice.

The new Hall of Justice on Kearney street, opposite the Plaza, pictured on page 9, is the work of Shea & Shea, architects. The building is Italian Renaissance in style, the first two stories of stone, the remaining three of terra cotta. The entire cost is $280,000 for the building and $60,000 for the furnishings. It will be ready for occupation about May 1.

The building is designed for the use of the police department primarily. Here will be situated the central police station, the city prison, and all police and superior courts. The morgue will be housed in an annex to the rear. The prison has been planned with special care. It will occupy the upper floors, away from all approach from the ground. There will be plenty of sunlight and air and good sanitation, things not possible in the present quarters given by the city to prisoners. The cell-construction is on the most modern and approved plan. The cells for minor offenders, for actual criminals, for women and for boys are kept entirely separate. This arrangement is in the interests of good morals and in line with the most advanced ideas. There are no keys to the cell doors, all being worked by a central locking apparatus, which locks the cells singly or all together. The floor is water-proofed by the Parifine Paint Company, on a process of their own.

The basement will be used for the general purposes of the police department. There will be an assembly room for officers, a drill room, a shooting gallery, and captains' and sergeants' offices. The first floor will be devoted to the administration offices of the police department, the second will be used for police courts and the sheriff's office, and in the third will be situated the superior courts and the offices of the district attorney and county clerk.

There are three electric elevators, one for prisoners and two for the general public. The heating is by steam and the lighting by electricity. All halls are tiled, and throughout the building is fire-proofed with expanded metal by the Western Expanded Metal and Fireproofing Co. The system of sanitary plumbing with which the building is provided was installed by R. Rice, of 107 Geary street, and is characterized by his usual admirable workmanship.

The electric service in the Hall of Justice, as installed by the Wybro-Hendy Co., comprises a loricated iron armored conduit system, similar to that in the Crocker Estate Building, which provides against fire and enables the electric circuits to be easily changed or increased in power.

In the main corridor on each floor is located a distributing box, in which is placed a marble slab containing switches for each circuit and also safety fuses for each circuit. In all the rooms and corridors devoted to public use each chandelier is controlled by a switch, which requires a key to operate, consequently no one can turn the lights on or off, excepting the janitor.

* *

The Bothin Building.

New San Francisco of necessity cannot consist entirely of works of art, but there is no reason why its warehouses and factories cannot be referred to with pride. Among many new structures of this class, Mr. H. E. Bothin is erecting several; one in particular is on the corner of First and Clementina streets for the Union Gas Engine Co.

It will be a substantial three-story structure in dark red brick, with arched openings and a corbelled brick cornice. It will be a model of its class and will afford property owners an opportunity to inspect an improvement combining utility, economy and durability at the same time with appropriate architectural effect.

George W. Percy has the work in charge. The Union Gas Engine Co. has long been cramped in its present quarters and in its new premises will have room to take care of its rapidly expanding trade.

* *

California Art Glass Works

The steady increase in their business has caused the California Art Glass Works to move, very recently, into a new building on Second and Minna streets. They will hence forth be able to keep ahead of orders, a thing accomplished with much difficulty in the old, cramped quarters. Those who have followed the work of this firm do not marvel at its prosperity; those who have not should inspect its stained-glass windows in the Maria Kip Orphanage, St. Paul's and St. Mark's Lutheran Churches, Grace Episcopal, St. Paul's Episcopal, Howard and Westminster Presbyterian; St. Rose's, St. Brigdits and Holy Cross Catholic, and the Ohabai Shalome Jewish Synagogue. Their work, however, is not confined to churches. Some of the finest mansions in San Francisco, such as the Hellmann, Spreckles, Upham, Clinton Jones, Roos, and many more have windows made by this firm. It used to be the custom to send designs abroad or to New York for execution. Now, few orders are sent abroad, the work going to this firm, which charges less, takes less time and turns out only the highest quality of product.

* *

The Murphy Building.

The Electric System in the Murphy Building is also being installed by the Wybro-Hendy Company and embraces the loricated iron armored conduit and double rubber-covered, double braided, white core wire. It is the most complete make and in accordance with the latest practice for large office structures. Each office contains a center chandelier, controlled by a flush switch, located near the entrance door, and in the base boards in each room are two flush receptacles, from which the current may be tapped for either desk lights or small motors or other purposes.

* *

The Ashworth.

The Ashworth, on Mason street near Geary, is a modern lodging-house just finished to the order of Thomas Ashworth, ex-Supt. of Streets. It is a four-story modern building containing eighty rooms, with all conveniences as regards elevators, electric lights, basins and steam heat. It possesses the unique advantage of having sunlight in every room. The cost of the property is $80,000.

New School Buildings.

These plans are typical plans and are made to comply with the law governing bond issues, and are subject to changes by the Board of Public Works, and they embody the result of many years of practical experience in school planning, as well as the latest ideas shown in the modern buildings in the Eastern cities. The buildings are designed to be built in stock bricks and with terra cotta or stone trimmings, and slate roofs, and the aim has been to produce an architecturally pleasing building and at the same time to avoid any excessive expenditure on the exterior, and to use the money thus saved in making the interior of the buildings complete in every respect. In every building suitable rooms are arranged for the principal, for the teachers and for waiting rooms, and for libraries.

EIGHT CLASS PRIMARY:—Two sets of plans are made, one for a lot on the north side of the street; one for a lot on the east and west side of the street. Both plans show all the class rooms exposed to the south. Two stairways are provided for each building, and both yards and basements are laid down with bitumen. The playrooms are divided from yards by means of sliding doors; when these are opened it makes a covered yard.

GRAMMAR SCHOOLS:—The grammar schools are arranged with manual training rooms for both boys and girls, carpenter's shop, physical laboratory, cooking rooms, etc., and on the upper floors large assembly rooms are planned.

VENTILATION AND HEATING:—Arrangements have been made in planning these schools for putting in a modern scientific system of heating and ventilation, ample space being provided for running fresh and foul air ducts to all the rooms.

$1,400,000 amount of bonds voted for to complete above buildings.

ELECTRIC
SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS
California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

ASK THE TICKET AGENT
to send you from Chicago to New York, Boston, or other Eastern cities over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) Quick time, satisfactory service, and no extra fares charged passengers.
JAY W. ADAMS, Pacific Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker bldg., San Francisco Cal.

Have You Ever Thought

What a Gas Range Will Do?

It Will do every thing any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH

Dirt, worry and Ashes.
Your Kitchen will be Clean.
Your working hours shorter.
Your food will be better Cooked.
Your Life prolonged. and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 Post St., San Francisco.

Chas J. Waterhouse
RELIABLE BUILDING MATERIALS.
TELEPHONE BLACK 3883
QUOTATIONS MADE FOR IMMEDIATE ACCEPTANCE ONLY, AND SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. ALL CONTRACTS ARE CONTINGENT UPON STRIKES, FIRE, ACCIDENTS OR ANY CAUSE BEYOND OUR CONTROL
REPRESENTING AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS OUTSIDE OF COMBINES.
421 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. March 2, 7, 12, 17, 27, 27, April 1. change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Mar. 2, 7, 12 17, 22, 27, Apr 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Mar. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 30, Apr. 4. and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Mar 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Apr. 1 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Mar 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22 26, Apr. 3, and every fourth day thereafter

For Mexican ports. 10 a. m. March 8th and 7th of each month thereafter.

For further information, obtain Company's folder. The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.

No 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Mariposa. for Australia, Wednesday, March 21, at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday April 4 at 2 p.m

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St
Freight Office 327 Market St

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agts.

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel),
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS
TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class — Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb. 2, 12 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7. 17 27

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

J. W. MONROE' SPARKLING APPLE CIDER

Made in Humboldt Co., California
John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

SUNSET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1899-1900

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Friday
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays and Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the travelling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 3810 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
53, 57, 59, 61, Fi st St., San Francis o.
Blake, Moffit & Towne. Los Angeles. — Blake McFall Co., Portland, Or.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE' COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County Nevada

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 29th day of January 1900, an assessment (No. 59) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of March, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 26th day of March, 1900, at 1 p m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, Prop.
American and European Plan.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

FOR THE
BEST BOOK-KEEPING,
the SHORTEST SHORTHAND
Attend McLAREN & THOMSON'S
Acme Business College
College Paper Sent Free
Pacific Block SEATTLE, WASH.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters
"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and specia tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are in valuable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular
NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

Ladies Do Not
Seek assistance from new and untried preparations, but use the old, time-tried and reliable CREME DE LIS. It removes every trace of sallowness and other cutaneous defects and the skin regains that softness and purity of color so rare y possessed by adults. Blackheads, freckles, muddy skin, wrinkles and red nose, or face, acted upon as if by magic.

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

A SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—While a member of the Nebraska Legislature, C. M. Shrader, a Populist leader, made it a rule to oppose every bill that had to do with corporations. Whenever he arose to speak on one of those measures he invariably said: "I know there's boodle behind this bill, Mr. Speaker. I know it because I have been approached." This sort of thing went on for some time. One day Representative White, leader of the Democratic side, arose while Shrader was hinting at boodle and asked permission to ask the Populist a question. "I am perfectly willing to answer any question the gentleman may ask me," defiantly announced Shrader. White levelled a long lead pencil at the Populist. "Will you please tell this body, Mr. Shrader, what there is about you that causes all these fellows with boodle to approach you?"

x

HE WAS SO DIFFERENT.—During the early days of Populism, while Stevens of Furnas county was leader of the party in the Nebraska House of Representatives, he had many bouts with Church Howe, leader of the Republicans. One day Howe finished an attack on Stevens and the Populist party, and members and spectators anxiously awaited Stevens's reply. The gentleman from Furnas arose slowly and addressing the speaker said: "Mr. Speaker, I never look or listen to the gentleman from Nemeha but what I am reminded to Jesus of Nazareth," "How's that?" shouted Howe. "Because you're so damned different," retorted Stevens.

x

NO LONG PRAYERS FOR HIM.—Dr. Morrison, president of the Scotch College of Melbourne, in an unguarded moment invited a fledgling preacher to preside at the annual commencement ceremonies, which, according to rule, begin with a very brief prayer. The good young man prayed and prayed for about twenty-five minutes to the consternation and disgust of the audience. Subsequently he approached the Doctor and asked what he thought of the performance. "I am a pious man, sir," replied Morrison, "but that prayer was a dirty trick and I'll make it a standing order in future that no clergyman, not even the Archbishop of Canterbury, can pray at a Scotch College commencement for over two minutes."

x

BEECHER STILL BELIEVED.—In the Plymouth congregation while Henry Ward Beecher was presiding there was a woman whose harsh voice and long-drawn-out, dull discourses wearied the congregation. But Mr. Beecher was patient. At last he, too, reached the limit of endurance, and one evening when she sat down, after talking nearly half an hour, he arose, and in his deep tones said slowly: "Nevertheless, I still believe in women speaking in meeting." She spoke no more.

x

A SOFT ANSWER.—One evening, at a royal dinner party, while Great Britain was in the midst of one of the periodical war scares, Princess Mary of Teck, who had been puzzled at the inaction of the government, asked Lord Beaconsfield, who was then premier, "What are we waiting for, Mr. Disraeli?" The Prime Minister paused for a moment to take up the menu, and looking at the Princess gravely replied, "Mutton and potatoes, ma'am."

x

THE DISCRETION OF THE DUKE.—An inquisitive and indiscreet friend calmly asked the Duke of Devonshire, who is Lord President of the Council, what had been done at the Cabinet meeting that day. The Duke kept his countenance and replied: "The truth is Lord Salisbury is getting old and so am I, and as he speaks in rather a low tone of voice, and as I am rather hard of hearing, I can't tell you, my dear fellow, anything about it!"

x

NOT TRUE TO LIFE.—Mrs. Craigie, the brilliant authoress, was once asked by a friend if she thought true to life that passage in the *Quick and the Dead* in which the heroine, returning to her home after an interval of two years, finds a half-smoked cigar where her husband had left it, picks it up and kisses it passionately. "Well, hardly," was the reply, "the woman who would have done that would have eaten it."

x

THE MOST USEFUL TONGUE.—A teacher in a Paisley school, while examining his pupils on general knowledge, asked one small boy what was the most useful of modern tongues. The child looked bewildered. To suggest the answer the teacher put it in another way. "What is it," he asked, "that your elder brothers learn?" A light dawned on the little chap, and he answered. "Swearin', sir!"

x

SHAKESPEARE A SCOTCHMAN.—A prominent member of the Caledonian Society was asserting in a mixed gathering at Thistle Hall that all the great poets were of his nation. "Well, but," said an Englishman who was listening, "how about Shakespeare? You can't say he was a Scotchman." To this the other replied, "But his talents would justify the supposeetion!"

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

For nearly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate charges.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between
Skaguay and Lake Bennett.
Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

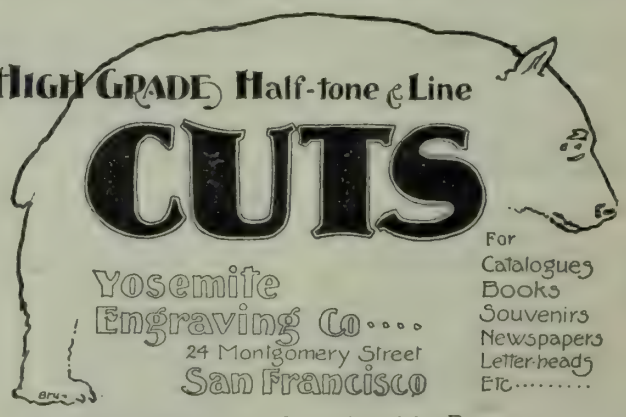
SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
ATLIN, DAWSON AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

REPSOLD
Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner
This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

GREENBAUM'S
White and Dark Violet
The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets
200 POST STREET

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.



BYRON MAUZY PIANOS.
308 - 314 Post St.
Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. All the Latest Books in our Sheet Music Department.

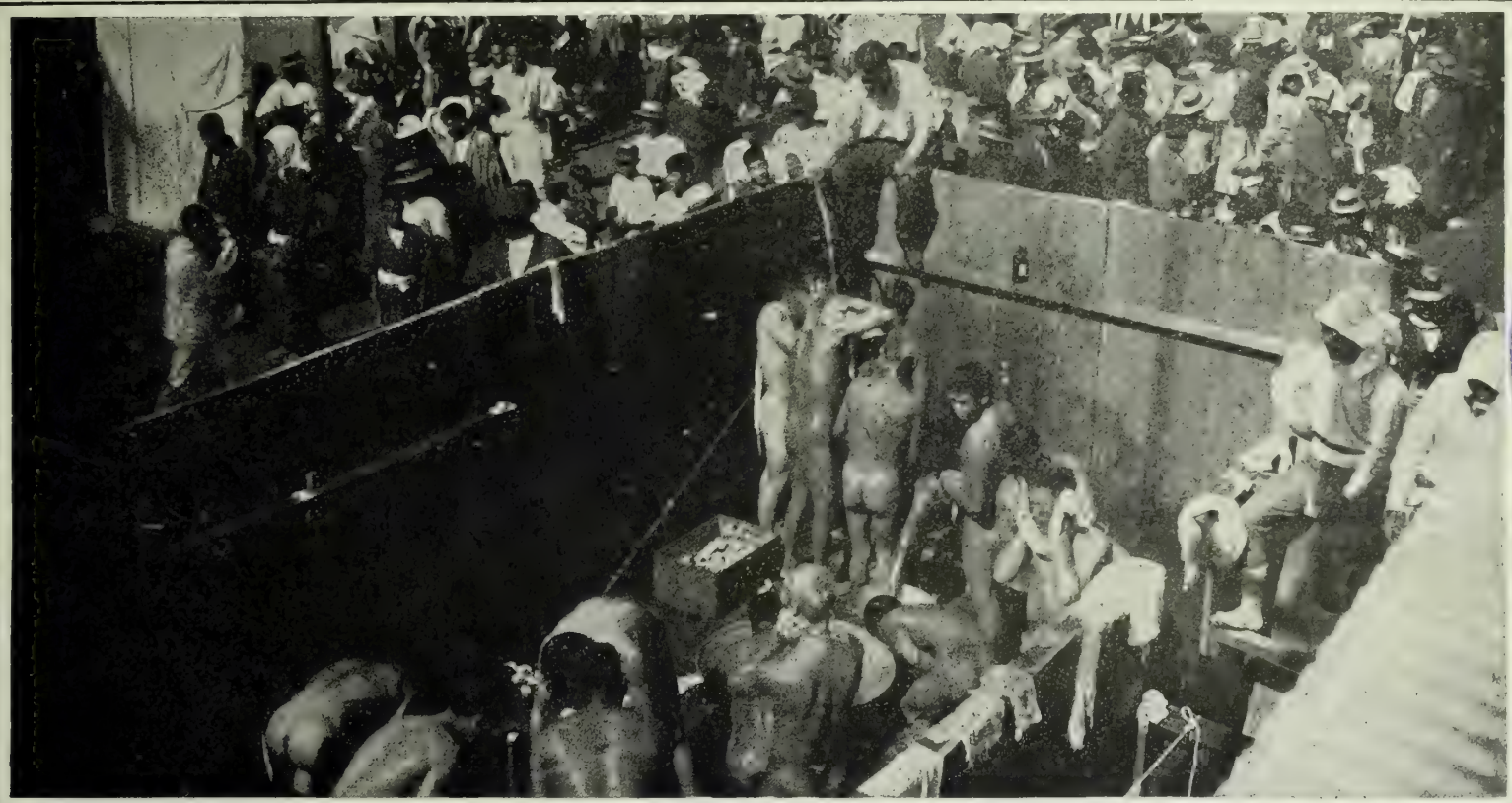
The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI, No. 10 SAN FRANCISCO — MARCH 17, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

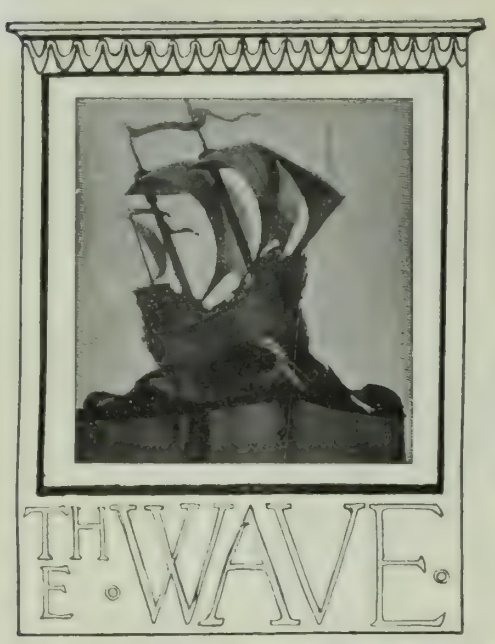
Not to be taken from the Library



CALIFORNIA STATE

THE BUBONIC PLAGUE IN HONOLUU.

JAPANESE BATHING WITH DISENFECTANTS. JAPANESE GARMENTS BURNED BEFORE GOING INTO QUARANTINE.



Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—March 17, 1900—SEATTLE

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Life in Mindanao 4
"Wranglers" 5
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 6
The Ascent of Spion Kop, by F. B. 7
Silk Culture in San Diego 7
Dens in Chinatown 8
War Talk, by John Stollard 9
Babblings of a Belle 10
Correspondence 11
"War on the Slum" a Review, by W. J. Neidig 12
Seth Hopkin's Snakes 13
At the Theatres 14
New Stories Re-told 15

EVENTS CURRENT.

The British-Boer Conflict.

The war in South Africa is in the lull between the first and second stages. The early period, with the Boers fighting on the offensive on British soil, is now passed; the second, in which these conditions are reversed, has begun. It follows that, while the Boers are falling back upon their second system of defense, and while the British are resting, reorganizing and preparing for an aggressive campaign, there must be a lull in the fighting. The only important move of last week was Roberts's advance on Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State. He is now reported as being within striking distance of that city, having taken two hills commanding it. All along his line of march the Boers made a resistance, though by no means such a hot one as in the early days of the war, before the successive British victories discouraged them. The heaviest fighting was on March 11, when Kelley-Kenney's division stormed two strong positions, losing heavily, but inflicting great damage on the Boers, who left 200 dead in the trenches. The following day Roberts outmaneuvered the Boers waiting for him on the Modder 12,000 strong, outflanked them, and took the heights controlling Bloemfontein. This movement has no great military significance. The Free State capital is not a rich town nor one which has particular strategic value. The approaches are easy, and it was known that an army which once crossed the Modder and held Kimberley would have no trouble in taking Bloemfontein. It will be used as a base for the important operations toward Pretoria. In the other direction, General Buller is resting at Ladysmith and feeling out toward Laing's Nek and the other passes into the Transvaal. Already his advance-guard holds one or two positions just over the border, which means that the advance into Boer territory has virtually begun. In the future as in the past, the heavy work of the war will fall on Buller, who must push his way over the rough and difficult country where the British met their disastrous defeats in 1879 80. Mafeking is in a bad way—short of food and ammunition and stricken with disease. It is known that a division from Kitchener's force is trying to reach the town, but the censorship is strict on this point, and there is no way of estimating chances. Another matter upon which all information is shut off is a reported rising of the Cape Dutch along the borders of the Orange Free State. Dispatches from Boer sources report that the defences of Pretoria are being put into shape for a siege.

America Intercedes for the Boers.

The Boer governments have made their first confession of weakness and probable defeat, and our government has unfortunately been mixed up in the transaction. It appears that President Kruger has been seeking among the foreign governments for some one to convey his terms of peace to the British, and has failed. Turning at last to the United States, he obtained consent, and on March 13, President McKinley transmitted, through the American ambassador at London, the terms of proposed peace. It was not an offer of mediation, be it understood; McKinley simply acted as an agent in passing on the proposals. It is understood that the proposition was an offer to abandon the war provided the British would consent to leave things as they were before the war. Of course the British, being now the winning party, refused to consider the proposal. Lord Salisbury, receiving the offer verbally from Mr. White, gave a courteous but decided refusal. It is not likely that President McKinley relished this position, but, knowing that demagogue-led public feeling in this country is for the Boers, he must have realized that to refuse would be to go contrary to the wishes of the country.

A Puzzling Situation in Luzon.

The Philippine situation is a puzzle which cannot be solved at present by those on the ground, and much less by those the whole breadth of the Pacific away. Our silent, sullen people have mostly withdrawn out of our sight and touch, and no American can say whether they are gathering strength to overrun the island again when the rainy season makes travelling difficult for the Americans, or are really scattered. There have been some suspicious signs lately. For instance, General Young withdrew from the town of Legaspi, leaving a battalion of the Forty-Eighth as a garrison. Immediately they were surrounded by 1,200 insurgents, who wore out the garrison by night attacks, but withdrew upon the approach of reinforcements. It seemed as though these troops had been lingering on the outskirts of the American advance, waiting to cut off any stragglers. It is also reported that the red flag of the Katipunan, the symbol of insurrection, is being passed among the Togalas of that region, specimens being seized every day or so by our soldiers. In the other direction, an advance on the towns of Donsal and Bulan met with no resistance, but the inhabitants were found building trenches and fled upon the approach of our men. Captured individuals said that they had been ordered to make trenches, upon pain of death, by three insurgent officers who passed through the town, and had been told that the Americans tortured and killed natives. Upon learning that our troops were kindly-disposed, they accepted our rule willingly. A notable fact is the treatment now accorded American and Spanish prisoners. In the early days of the war, prisoners were given humane handling, probably because the natives hoped for European recognition. Now, the murder and torture of prisoners is common, and the assassination of soldiers who wander out of camp a daily occurrence. It is reported that very recently sixty Spanish prisoners were slaughtered at one time near Legaspi. In the main this is a sign that the insurrection is falling to pieces, since the natives would observe the rules of war were they under full control and discipline.

Legislation for Porto Rico.

If all of the great mass of legislation to be gone over by Congress this session makes as much trouble and causes as much discussion as the Porto Rican tariff measure, it is hard to see how our law-givers will get through with their work this year. As has been stated before, the House passed, after much discussion, the bill providing a reduction down to fifteen per cent of the Dingley Tariff, with the understanding that the Senate would incorporate this in the complete bill for the government of Porto Rico. But the Senate objected strenuously to this and the other features of the measure and favored a policy of inaction, with the result that Senator Foraker, its sponsor, was forced to declare that rather than see the matter laid over, he would lead a fight to have Porto Rico admitted as a territory on the same status as Arizona, New Mexico and Oklohoma. This action would involve, among other things, absolute free trade between the island and the United States. The proposition whipped the lagging Republican Senators into line. A conference was held and a compromise bill agreed upon. This does away with the proposed delegate to Congress, substituting a commissioner to Washington. All reference to Porto Ricans as citizens of the United States is eliminated, for fear of creating a precedent in the matter of the Philippines. The fifteen per cent tariff is to stand for imports to the United States from Porto Rico, but all exports to Porto Rico are to go duty free. The House bill returning to Porto Rico tariff moneys collected in the United States to the amount of $2,000,000, is to be incorporated in the Foraker Bill. This compromise, drawn up by the Republican leaders, will probably be adopted by the party caucus, in which event it is sure to pass the Senate. The House would most probably concur. Much time has been wasted over this comparatively subsidiary question, and the country is set to wondering how the important questions are to be settled this year. The session is over, and not a single measure of first importance has been passed. Our policy toward Cuba, a permanent government for Hawaii, the retention or abandonment of the Philippines, the Pacific Cable, the revision of Alaskan laws, have not even come up for debate, while the subsidy bill and the canal bill still hang fire.

A Conservative View of National Growth.

In May, 1898, Richard Olney, formerly Secretary of State under President Cleveland, contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* a remarkable exposition of the foreign policy of the United States. This was written at the uncertain period when the war with Spain was declared but not yet opened, before Dewey had performed the first hostile act. This paper declared that we would make short work of Spain and that circumstances growing out of the war would lead us out of the infant stage and into a place among the Powers. Unconsciously, we have ever since been growing in the direction indicated by this paper. Therefore, at this period, when the things he has written have become fulfilled, the appearance of a second article by the same author on the same subject is a matter of uncommon interest. Besides this, it is worthy of note as an expression of the opinion held by conservative Democrats of the Cleveland school. Roughly, the position is between that of the administration on one hand and that of the Atkinsonites and Bryanites on the other, but with a leaning toward McKinleyism rather than Bryanism. In his paper, called "The Growth of our Foreign Policy," Mr. Olney commends the mingling of our government with the affairs of other nations and the reaching-out of our commerce, expresses regret at the obligation of a close alliance brought about by our mixing with Great Britain at the time of the Spanish war, advocates the absolute annexation of Cuba, and is bitter against the purchase and holding of the Philippines. The results of our expansion of thought and interest are shown in a change in our national mind toward other peoples. Before the historic year 1898, we were accustomed to belittle other people and to exalt our own nation to a ridiculous degree. We ignored the value of a navy, and let our merchant marine go to pieces. We held an illiberal and unintelligent attitude toward foreigners, and showed complete irresponsibility for anything done or written in their injury. Politicians not only followed but often led the public in this extravagant jingoism. The Spanish war and what followed has changed all that; already, we are growing broader and in every way more tolerant. The holding of Cuba as an integral part of the country is the best policy for both peoples. The promise of Congress not to hold the island after peace should be declared was made hurriedly and without due deliberation. A vote of the best and most intelligent peoples of the island would favor annexation. We could keep order in Cuba more effectually in every way were she a part of this country instead of a protected republic. The island has always been regarded as a part of the continent, and in absorbing it the United States does not depart from the isolation policy. It is far different with the adoption of a colonizing policy on a large scale as exemplified by our seizure of the Philippines. This point Mr. Olney discusses at length. In the first place, he declares that the relinquishment of our hold, even now, would involve no national disgrace, since we acquired almost the entire territory by purchase, not by conquest. Duty has been urged as an excuse for retention, but what duty forced us into the game in the first place? Honor has been urged—it was said that, having overthrown Spain in the archipelago, we were in honor bound not to abandon it. But, he declares, we did not overthrow Spain in the whole group at all, but only in Manila, acquiring the rest of the territory by purchase. The thing has been bungled all through. We blundered into possession, we blundered into a revolt. Now, we find ourselves holding nine millions of people of every sort of race-mixture, and trying to put down a dangerous insurrection. Our naval base in case of war has been doubled, a necessity has been created for a large standing army, and for no advantage except the doubtful chance of gaining by exploitation of the island resources. The "China trade" idea is all a chimera. All we gain China-wards is a chance to race with the other nations for a little Chinese commerce. But the thing is done, and, while it is not too late to back out, the temper of the American people is such that we will undoubtedly let the "Philippine incubus" remain on our shoulders. As for foreign alliances, it is impossible to take a place among the Powers. Washington's words: "Beware of all entangling alliances," should not prevent alliances which are temporary and not "entangling." Unfortunately, we have already virtually made one of the forbidden sort, through Great Britain's attitude in the Spanish war. Nevertheless, since this entanglement is with the strongest nation in the world, and one of like blood, language and institutions with ourselves, it is as strong an alliance of the sort as we could make.

Destruction of the Theatre Francaise.

A calamity which is felt by lovers of the fine arts everywhere was the destruction by fire on March 8th of the Theatre Francaise in Paris, the most beautiful and most famous playhouse in the world. The fire, supposed to be of incendiary origin, broke out in the afternoon, shortly before the matinee, when only a few people were in the building. Consequently there was only one fatality; Mlle. Henriot, a young and talented tragic actress, was burned to death. The art treasures, the priceless manuscripts and the relics with which the building was filled are almost totally lost. The Theatre Francaise has always been regarded as the dramatic center not only of France but of the world. The theatre, and the Comedie Francaise, the company of players who appeared in it, have had a continuous history of three hundred years. The company was organized in 1600, during the reign of Henry of Navarre. From Racine and Corneille down to Rostand, the greatest playwrights of France have given their plays for first performance to this band of players, and a position in the Francaise has ever been the highest ambition of a French actor. Moliere, the greatest name in the history of French drama, was for many years the director of the theatre and the company, and Napoleon and the kings of France have made it the subject of special favor. The French Government paid it a subsidy of $48,000 a year. The building was more than a playhouse. It contained the best work of many noted French artists. The spacious foyer and halls were lined with priceless paintings and statues, some of them being among the world's masterpieces. In addition, there was a famous library of manuscripts and rare prints, and a museum of theatrical relics. Very little of this was saved. The fire department was inefficient, and the only articles rescued were taken out by volunteers from the crowd assembled. The whole French people mourns the loss as a great public calamity.

The Missionary Question in China.

The conservative reaction in China, involving some strong opposition to the missionaries and their converts, has called renewed attention to the activity of the Christian missions in that country. Except for India, Christianity has made, for the energy expended, less progress in the Celestial Empire than anywhere else in the world. Many old residents of the Orient hold that there are two sorts of religion, "white man's and black man's," and that the supposed conversions of natives are pretended and done for "what is in it." An English merchant in the Chinese trade declared recently, to the scandal of the British missions societies, that the only real Christians made by our missionaries are the orphan children whom they bring up to Christianity. Residents of the Pacific Coast will believe this the more easily from their experience with the Chinese in San Francisco, Seattle and Portland. There has been continuous effort in the Chinatowns of those cities for many years, under conditions far more favorable than those in China, and yet only the smallest fraction of the Chinese have been converted. This point of view has recently been attacked pretty severely by an anonymous writer for a New York newspaper. It is plain that he is hotly prejudiced in favor of the missionaries, and is probably a missionary himself; nevertheless, his side of the case deserves a hearing. He contends that the work of the missions, while it makes no great showing in an immense population like that of China, has been of immense benefit. It is true that conversions have not been made wholesale, but judged by any standard we have, they have been sincere. The best proof is the fact that native Christians have not

hesitated to die for their faith. But the greatest work of the missionaries and the schools has been the elevation of the Chinese people and the preaaration for Western ideas. The mission schools teach the young Chinese the useful European sciences, while making no attempt to destroy such of the national customs as are not barbarous and unhealthful. The medical missionaries have done a great and quiet work. When they began, there was a tremendous popular prejudice against European medicine; now, the people are eager for treatment at the hands of the white doctors, and are learning that European ways of doing these things are superior. It is not true, as alleged, that the missionaries lead lives of luxury and enrich themselves by trading. The existence of a missionary is one of continual hardship, and most of them are in the straitest of circumstances. The Chinese have made this an issue of politics and render the life of these people unsafe, but they seek them in times of famine and plague. In conclusion, the writer insinuates that the white residents of China who slander missionaries, are the ones leading lives contrary to missionary teaching.

Collapse of a Greedy Strike. The fourth week of the big Buil lings Trades Council strike in Chicago opens with 50,000 men idle as a result of the movement. Of these, 40,000 are out because of the strike itself, and 10,000 are operators on material businesses paralyzed by the strike. These workmen are dependent for their living on what they have saved in past times, or on the $5 a week they draw from the treasury of the unions as an insurance against idleness. The carpenters have been drawing their $5 a week for the entire four weeks. The structural iron workers have also begun to draw on their treasury, while the hod carriers have already exhausted their surplus in the payment of "strike benefits." The total amount of money disbursed in this manner is said to be $500,000. Of the 50,000 now idle, 30,000 belong to unions which pay "strike benefits." Therefore, the payroll of the unions comes to $150,000 a week. This is a sum large enough to stagger the biggest corporation. These unaccustomed straits—for the Buildings tradesmen in Chicago belong to what might be called the aristocracy of the laboring classes—have shaken the spirit of the strikers. A number of them called on their business managers last week, and asked their influence in bringing about a settlement. An attempt to raise sympathetic strikes among the machinists of Chicago and the Buildings Trades of New York has failed utterly.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The End in Sight.

EVENTS in South Africa have assumed a phase that was not at all unexpected by those who take a broad as well as a deep view of passing human affairs. It is a turn that must be a little disconcerting to those college professors who, but a few weeks ago, were standing cheek by jowl with Clan-na-Gael agitators and pot house politicians in predicting the early downfall of the British empire as a result of that "degeneracy" of the British military power which they foolishly imagined the Boer conflict had demonstrated. One can readily understand how Clan-na-Gael orators and demagogic congressmen fell into this error, but there is nothing in the facts to explan of how men of higher intellectual power were led away by such fantastic hallucinations.

It is now fairly well established the that Dutch republics—and more particularly that of the Transvaal—were secretly and assiduously preparing for the present conflict for some years past. With them, and under the inspiration of the Afrikander Bund, it was to be a race war which was to end in the domination of the Dutch Afrikander in South Africa to reduce the Anglo-Saxon element to a condition of political servitude that would have subjected them all to the oppressions, cruelties, robberies and indignities that have been for years past inflicted upon the Uitlanders of the Rand. What these were can be gathered from the very lucid statement of them recently put forth by Colonel John Hays Hammond, a native son of California, who has spent many years in that territory. They constitute a violation of every conception of human liberty and property rights entertained by the intelligent American mind. However, that is not the phase of the subject we are discussing here. The Boers chose their own time for beginning the war and their military plans contemplated a dash into British territory and the seizure of Durban. Against them was an inadequate force of British which had a hard task holding its own until the coming of reinforcements. With the arrival of Buller and the final detachment of the army of invasion the English at once assumed the offensive, setting about the relief of Ladysmith, a problem of great difficulty. For a time the advance of the relieving force was checked; there were serious reverses due to the natural conformation of the ground and the strength and energy of the Boer defense.

It was during those weary weeks, when Buller's brave men were so heroically and so tenaciously storming almost impregnable kopjes, that the ululations of the Clan-na-Gael. and its curious associates, over the decadence of the British soldier and the impending downfall of the British Empire became loudest. To be sure, the casualty list did not indicate any particular lack of the old time pluck and readiness to go up to glory in the van of a forlorn hope that has always been characteristic of the British soldier. However, conditions were changed when General Roberts and General Kitchener took the field. A bold plan of campaign was inaugurated, and we hear no more about the enervated Briton and the collapsing empire. On the contrary, Kruger and Steyn, with an avalanche of pious profanity upon their lips, are asking for impossible conditions of peace. This brings us to the final stage of this international farce-drama and compels the more thoughtful of our people to hope and pray for a cessation of the bathos, cant and misrepresentations which have befogged this conflict since it arose, Presidents Kruger and Steyn and the Afrikander Bund have played for high stakes and have lost. Were they the kind of men they have been represented, they would pay the stakes without a whimper. They issued an insulting ultimatum to the British Government, invaded its territory, besieged its cities, and now, after two weeks or so of reverses, are whining and begging other countries to mediate in their behalf. To such extremes has misrepresentation in regard to this Boer matter been carried that the idea was promptly bruited abroad that the friendly offices volunteered by our government was an intervention upon behalf of the Boers, and in some unknown way aligned the United States on their side. Such preposterous nonsense need hardly be discussed.

Obviously there can be but one way of ending this war, and that is by the submission of the Boers. It is not in the nature of things that the British Government should allow them to retain that semblance of national independence which they have misused so as to bring on the present war. They never were, as a matter of fact, entitled to an independent national existence, any more than the Mormons were when they "trekked" to Utah and settled around the great Salt Lake. The Boers were born as British subjects, as were their fathers before them for many generations. The land upon which their alleged republics stand was always within what is known in Africa as "the British sphere of influence." In other words, it was and is British territory. If they had conducted themselves reasonably well they would no doubt have been permitted to retain their semblance of national independence indefinitely; but for years past they appear to have thought of nothing except making trouble. It is not likely that the victorious British Government will allow them to retain rights that they have several times used to assail it with. And it is well for the world that this should be so. Under Anglo-Saxon dominion, as British colonies, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State will be open to the world. Boer and Briton and American and German will stand upon even terms. Under the Boer regime only the Boer and his slave could have existed within their confines. If the Boers had won in the present conflict a wall, like that of China, would have grown round South Africa. Darkness would have reigned, and even such an ardent Anglophobe as Max O'Rell admits that civilization would have gone back two or three centuries. The Boers, fortunately, have lost, and now they should pay the stakes without so much whimpering. It is the successful and not the defeated belligerent who dictates terms of peace.

The Plague Scare.

THE action of the Board of Health of San Francisco in quarantining Chinatown on suspicion is liable to prove the hardest blow the metropolis of California has had in many a long year. The dread tidings that the Oriental scourge had broken out was telegraphed the length and breadth of the continent and has inevitably diverted the flow of tourist travel headed in this direction. It has terrified the country merchant who is in the habit of coming to San Francisco with his orders and retarded the tide of local traffic which flows in and out of the city. To compute accurately the cost of the three days' quarantine is, of course, impossible, but it will be a terrible price to pay for a piece of official blundering. We have no doubt that Dr. Williamson and his associates were inspired by excellent intentions, but the exercise of very ordinary discretion should have taught them the value and intelligence of a more moderate course. The initial symptoms of bubonic plague are shared by other less destructive maladies and some days must elapse before the identity of the disease can absolutely be determined. It was entirely proper that the house in which the suspect had died should be quarantined, but it was misdirected zeal to put a cordon round the quarter. A reputation for strict attention to duty could have been established just as easily and the health of the city as thoroughly protected.

Whatever cost has been incurred, we must now bear the brunt of, and it is little use reproaching the men whose indiscretion has so libeled San Francisco. Their later investigations, which are being conducted along legitimate and intelligent lines, have revealed an unexpected degree of cleanliness and sanitary precaution in the Chinese quarter. Nor have there appeared any new cases characterized by suspicious symptoms. Indeed, the health of San Francisco and of the Chinatown region has never been better that at this exciting period.

Lotta Crabtree, the actress, who began life in a San Francisco concert hall, and who gave Lotta Fountain to the city to commemorate that fact, is living in Boston on the income from about $1,500,000 worth of real estate, all accumulated from her earnings on the stage.

Correspondence.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

MUCH heat is shown in many quarters over the alleged annulment of the "Monroe Doctrine" by the State Department by virtue of the provisions of the Hay-Pauncefote isthmian canal treaty. A closer view of the matter and a fair analysis will show the fallacy of such contention.

What is the "Monroe Doctrine"? Simply an unwritten law, which says, in effect, that no European nation shall be allowed to acquire territory by conquest, purchase or by cession, on the American continent. Does the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, or its re-affirmation in modified form as made by the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, give to England or any other European government the right to acquire territory in Central America? Certainly not. Then, how is the Monroe Doctrine involved? Assuredly, it will not be contended, because the United States government agrees to allow the ships, merchant and war, of European nations to have access upon equal terms to the projected Central American canal, that this would be in violation of the interdict expressed by the Monroe Doctrine. Neither is it reasonable to infer that the agreement on the part of the United States not to fortify the canal is interpreted as a waiver of the Monroe Doctrine. Then, wherein does it appear that a treaty neutralizing a commercial waterway to be opened through alien territory on the American continent by the United States government, is tantamount to annulment of the Monroe Doctrine?

It is parading a scarecrow on the part of the opponents of the treaty (and I believe the covert opponents of the canal), intended to frighten the credulous and timorous. But, when it is approached and closely scrutinized in the light of reason, it is found to be only a thing of straw, without animation, and totally harmless.

But just a word as to the vitality of the Monroe Doctrine. It is very questionable whether that unwritten law survives vested with sufficient potentiality to interpose as a barrier against would-be aggression or encroachment by European powers upon the American continent. That erstwhile barrier has been unceremoniously dumped into the Pacific ocean by our own government's act.

Have we not, as a nation, crossed the Pacific, and, without so much as asking leave of the nations of the Old World, planted our standard and staked our western boundary at the gate of the Orient?

If we had and have the right to do this, may it not be that the nations of the Eastern Hemisphere will claim equal right to plant their standards and stake their boundaries upon the American continent? And will they not charge us with gross and unwarrantable presumption if we undertake to invoke the Monroe Doctrine? To do this most effectually, we have only to act in good faith with England and all other European powers by giving each and all of them access to the canal upon equal terms. And let us not seek to turn Nicaragua and Costa Rica into a possible battle ground by erecting fortifications at the termini, and at intervals along the course of that canal, when, if ever, it is digged. We would destroy the peaceful neutrality of that most valuable commercial waterway—that short cut-off between the two oceans—by bristling its banks with big guns.

This should not be done. It would be uselessly expensive, and would give the lie to our protestations as a people devoted to conserving the world's peace.

JOHN AUBREY JONES.

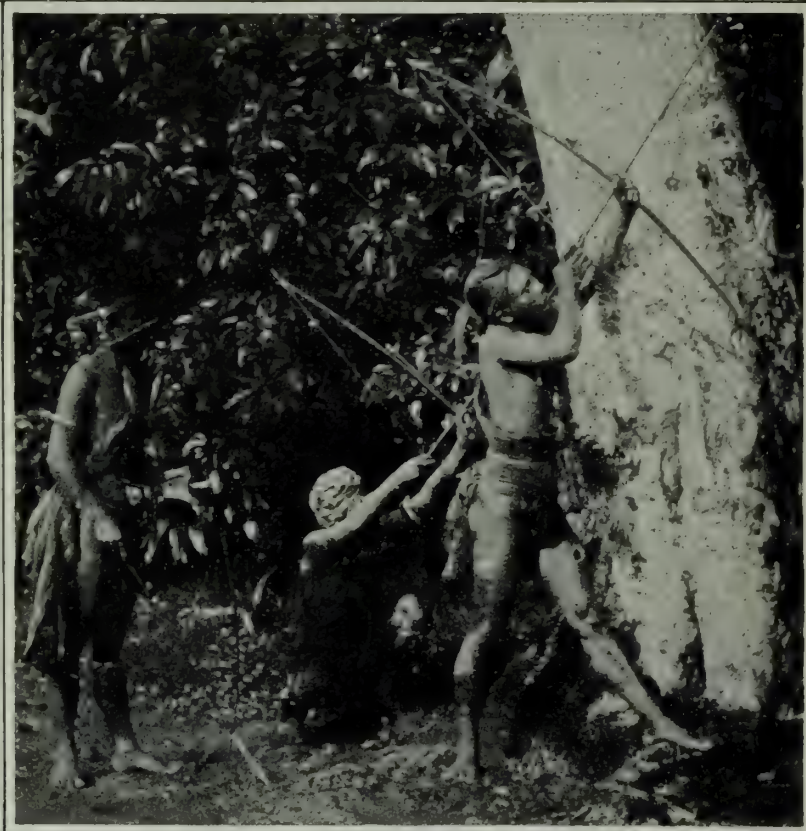
MR. JOHN STANTON of the Park Commission is in a curious position. He is the artist member of that body, it being required by law that one of his profession should sit as a member. Yet his vote caused the rejection of the Aikin fountain for Union square, the gift of Mr. Raphael Waill. Had Stanton voted against the gift on the grounds that it was bad art, he would have been consistent in his position; for tastes differ, and, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Weill is one of the best judges of art in the west, others have a right to take exception to his opinions. But no, Stanton's objection is that the group of nude figures is "immoral." We have fondly supposed that painters, of all people, long ago recovered from the idea that simple nudity is unchaste. We have been taught to believe that, so long as an undraped figure holds no attitude which is suggestive or lewd, painters and sculptors universally regard it as proper for general exhibition. We have even read in a book by one Du Maurier, an artist and author, that "there is nothing so chaste as nudity." Mr. Stanton has reversed this decision. He has announced that a group which is not suggestive or subservient of public morals in any way except in being "undressed," is unchaste and unfit to be erected in Union square. We commend the artist member of the Park Commission to the attention of the Salvation Army people in New York who destroyed the beautiful Heine monument because there was a nude mermaid thereon.

The nasty French boulevard sheets which are keeping up their circulation, now that the Dreyfus affair is dead, by damming everything English, profess to see in the execution of Louise Masset, recently hanged in London for the murder of her child, an attempt of Chamberlain to revenge himself on France. M. Edouard Drumont, the anti-Semitic leader, write as follows in his paper, *La Libre Parole:*

"Yes, we can affirm it; the execution of Louise Masset is the revenge of England for the joy with which France has received the news of her defeats; it is the revenge of Chamberlain, this hatefully vulgar fellow, who has a woman hanged, not being able to have the French hanged en bloc. * * * The persons who thundered against the French General Staff and courts-martial, and who called for the punishment of Jehovah to fall on the French people, did not find their hearts beat—if they have any—the slightest in the world at the thought that this Papist could be innocent, and at least was worthy of compassion."

An admirable instance of "cheery stoicism" is found in the letter of a private in the Coldstreams, now lying wounded at Wynberg, describing his experiences in the battle at Modder river: "I happened to find a bit of looking glass. It made a rare bit of fun. As it was passed from comrade to comrade, they said: 'Have a last look at yourself, my boy, and bid yourself good-bye.' Then 'Advance!' and we were at it again."

Natives of Mindanao · P·I·



1. Natives of Mindanao in War Costume
2. A Group of Tirurays.
3. Tiruray Bowmen.
4. A War Party.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TIRURAY RACE.

IN FERTILE MINDANAO.

MEN, WOMEN AND FESTIVALS.

OF the multitude of races inhabiting our new possessions in the Eastern seas, there is none more interesting or more admirable than the Tiruray people, who dwell in Mindanao, the second island in size of the Philippine group, and the one most tractable under Uncle Sam's rule. The Mayas of Cebu, with their alleged Arab origin, are perhaps more interesting from a spectacular and theatric standpoint, but the Tirurays are the possessors of a body of customs, traditions and observances which render Mindanao a fruitful source of material for the ethnologist and the romanticist. Indeed, there is fame and profit awaiting the scientist who will study the peoples of the Philippines. Here, as in an eddy of the Sargossa Sea, a great drift-heap of races has been piled up; it is the world's scrap-pile. The Spanish rule, which was lazy and time-serving in all things, did not favor scientists, consequently they never learned any more about "their silent, sullen people" than they knew in the beginning, three hundred years ago. With us, I hope, it will be different.

The Tirurays inhabit the mountains in the southern portion of Mindanao. Many parts of their country have never known the pressure of a white foot. The region is probably the most beautiful in the islands, magic Negros not excepted. Nowhere is there such a combination of noble lowlands, clear waters, and picturesque mountains. The northern boundary of their domain is marked by the Rio Grand de Mindanao, a wide and peaceful river; from this, their land extends south over the mountains and far inland. Their next neighbors are the warlike Moros, who made the only trouble the American army has experienced in Mindanao. The Tirurays are not especially belligerent, although they are said to fight well when put on the defensive, but the wild and impregnable nature of the country has saved them from encroachment.

In appearance, these people differ from any others encountered by the Americans. They are the largest race yet discovered, and the nearest to Caucasians in features and complexion. Nevertheless, their slightly almond-shaped eyes, coarse black hair and thin lips would indicate a probable Malay origin. They are very light-skinned in youth, before their outdoor life has tanned their faces, and the slight coloring is brown rather than yellow, as is the case with the Tagalos and the Moros. Their nostrils are wide, but their noses are well shaped and little flattened. The women are almost universally handsome; some are really beautiful, even from a Caucasian standpoint. Quite tall, stalwart, with deep, black eyes, erect carriage and good forms, they keep their charms even to middle age, a rare thing among tropical races.

The men have no typically national costume. They are generally clothed from shoulder to knee, however, and frequently in scanty clothing of European cut. The women have a costume all their own. Their long, black hair is wound around the head and bound up by a gaily-colored kerchief. Over her broad, deep bosom the Tiruray belle wears a tight-fitting waist of any bright tint; below this, two skirts, wrapped tight around the hips, drop to the knee. She is fairly loaded with cheap jewelery. From the wrist to the elbow, dozens of bracelets cover her forearm; similarly, a set of anklets interfitting like chain-armor conceal her brown skin from the knee to the ankle. A bead necklace of many strands is wound around her neck, and a broad, brass girdle, drawn tight like a corset, encircles her waist. In the lobe of each ear is set a wooden button, and from one of these to the other, under her chin, runs a heavy string of beads, interspersed with little teeth of mother-of-pearl. I have before me one of these strings, brought back from Mindanao by Mr. Coleman of the Manila *American*. It must weigh over a pound, and would be a heavy load to carry around by the ears. But this is not the only weight they carry. Over the shoulders fall other strings of beads, even heavier than the chin-strap, and all pendant from the button. As the women bring their water-jars to the springs, in the early morning, you can tell their approach by a tinkling and clatter, as from a thousand tiny bells, made by their anklets and bracelets and by their beads.

Polygamy is allowed, but monogamy is the custom. Like all tropical people, the Tirurays mature early and marry early. As with the East Indians, little boys and girls are often mated and then kept in their parents' homes until they grow up. The marriage ceremony, among those who do not profess Christianity, amounts only to an agreement, which is sacredly kept. For dowry, the bride receives hundreds of bracelets and anklets and a few household necessities. Wives are well treated, except that they are required to do all but the very heaviest labor.

They are a poor people, desperately poor, but happy, in a savage way, or were, until the unsettled conditions of the Tagal rebellion brought famine. It is a rich country, with enough natural resources to make life easy without much work. Had they been taught to cultivate the fertile soil, the Tirurays would have been a wealthy people, and would probably have suffered for it by stirring up the cupidity of the Moros. As it is, they have been contented to live on wild herbs, on the products of fishing and the chase, and on the proceeds of barter in the gums, herbs, spices and timber of their rich mountain lands. The men are famous hunters and fishermen. They use firearms but little, depending mostly on bows and arrows. The recent famine, which has kept the Tiruray people on the verge of starvation the past two seasons, was caused by the Moro uprising. The people fled to the hills, and missed one year's trading. But for the abundance of wild game, the death rate would have been heavy this year. Of rice, the staple food, for which they barter their gums, spices and woods, there has been none at all, and even sweet potatoes, another staple, have been scarce.

Their dwellings are built on piles, some ten or twelve feet above the ground; hence the origin of the name "tree dwellers," by which the Tirurays are known to the other island people. There is no regular and approved form to these houses, each seeming built to suit the individual fancy of the owner. They are woven in basket form of bamboo, floored with smoothed logs, and thatched, water-tight, with fibers of nipa palm. A Tiruray village, made of a cluster of these houses, looks like the nests of some flock of gigantic birds.

Their most distinctive custom is a weekly "tianggui," market festival. The proselytizing of the Spanish friars, while it has made little impression on this people, has taught them the grouping of days into weeks after the Christian manner. This market is held on Mondays. Mr. Coleman, who attended one of these festivals on his recent visit to the chief town of Tiruray-land, thus describes it:

"After a refreshing night's rest among the cool foothills, following a successful deer hunt in the evening, the morning found me stirring long before the glorious sunrise painted the magnificent mountains those marvelous shades and colors which are so infinitely beyond the human power of description or reproduction. I accompanied my guide to the banks of the 'Brazo Sur' or south branch of the Rio Grande river, down which we were to find our way to market. Frequent canoes and native boats, all headed down stream, showed that many others were on their way to the same destination. Two or three miles from its mouth the southern arm of the Rio Grande assumes a width of from two to three hundred yards, and rushes seaward when the tide is running out with a fierce velocity. The stream contains many alligators, some of which grow to an enormous size.

"The boat provided for the journey tianggui-ward was a dug-out canoe, thirty-five feet in length, made from a tree trunk not more than two feet in diameter. As we neared the scene of the tianggui, more than two hundred native boats of all sizes and descriptions could be seen moored to the river bank. The market place was situated directly across the Rio Grande from the town of Jamontaca, and from the tianggui the little miniature fort at that place could be seen guarding the river front.

"The Spanish maintained a garrison of less than a score of soldiers in Jamontaca, but the little band need not have feared an attacking party of twenty times their number, for Jamontaca needs but a handful of stout hearts inside its solid walls to make it well nigh impregnable. The thick walls of stone and cement surround an enclosure thirty yards square, around which runs a moat, at high tide full and at low tide never dry. A little drawbridge forms the means of ingress and egress to the stronghold.

"From the river's brink across the stream from the fort to the base of the foothills a few hundred yards distant, was the location of the tianggui. The gay garments of the assembled hundreds, among whom were Tirurays, Moros, paisanos and Chinese, formed an apotheosis of color. Tianggui-day in the land of the Moros—for the tianggui is of Moro origin—is comparable to Sunday on Coney Island. Few feasts or holidays are observed by the Tirurays, but the weekly market gathering gives Monday the tone of a fiesta day. Nearly everyone who attends the tianggui brings something to sell, but the social side of the event is also largely responsible for the attendance.

"The first department which demanded my attention was the fish market. It was not hard to find. In fact, I found it difficult to escape. The dreadful odor of decaying fish filled the air, no matter in what part of the market one might seek to avoid it. The Chinese, with cloth and other products of the outside world, conducted the bulk of the business. Gambling was carried on to a considerable extent, and the sight of a woman 'bucking the tiger' was not an infrequent one. Rice, maize, sweet potatoes, native beans, cocoa nuts, bananas, tobacco, betel nut, and many other products of the country could be found on sale at the tianggui, as well as horses, cattle, caribao or water buffalo, chickens and ducks. While kris and bolo could be seen in great numbers among the men, lance and bow and arrow were the more common.

"The tianggui lasts from daybreak until the sun approaches the meridian. By noon the market-place is abandoned and the people are well on their way to their homes.'

WRANGLERS

THE GREAT MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS AT CAMBRIDGE.

EVEN in this time of war and trouble, Englishmen have found time to become excited over an attempt to abolish the "senior wranglership" at Cambridge. It may seem, doubtless will seem, peculiar to an American to hear of all England becoming interested in a struggle over a single academic honor. To understand this, one must understand how thoroughly the two universities are intertwined with the social and civic life of the British Isles. There are other universities in England, many of them, but they are not *the* universities. Oxford and Cambridge are the gateways to preferment in the professions, the recognized homes of all the great English scholars, the centers of all culture and all high thought in England. They are supported by the government and by the church. Their word is as the word of the Pope in matters of learning. The influence of their graduates upon English thought is so great that any movement which gains headway among their students is sure to become a strong factor in the nation within a decade. It is not accident that the High Church reaction is called the Oxford Movement.

Therefore, any change in policy in either of these great seats of learning is a matter of vital interest to the enlightened and educated part of the population. They have argued the question these many months, and, now that the professors and fellows of Cambridge have sat down, with emphasis, on the proposal to abolish the time-honored senior wranglership, there is joy among the conservatives and grumbling among the liberals.

Probably a majority of Americans will ask, "What is a senior wrangler?" Primarily, he is the man of his class who takes the highest honors in mathematics. Since Cambridge makes mathematics a specialty, this means that he has taken the highest scholastic honors given by the university. It is equivalent to being a valedictorian at Yale. In the colleges at Cambridge, the honor system is carried out to its logical conclusion, and virtually divides the whole body of students into what an American student would call "grinds" and "bummers." That is, the students who come up primarily to study, "go in" for the right to append to their degrees "A. B. *cum laude*." The others, who are there partly to study and partly for the atmosphere and the social advantages and the *cachet* of a university degree, study for the plain and simple "B. A." And among the hard students, the "digs," the "grinds," the "polers," the undecorated degree is a disgrace. Honors are given in other branches than mathematics—in the classics, in history and in natural science—but these are little sought as compared with the coveted honors in mathematics.

Reverence for the Cambridge "tripos" in mathematics is world-wide and world-deep among parents and school-masters in all the length and breadth of England. For it is a scholastic honor whose only approach in America is the captaincy of the championship eleven, and that is but a faint comparison. The senior wrangler's name is proclaimed through the length and breadth of the land; he may, if he choose, be lionized in society; any teaching position in great Britain is open to him. When a school-boy shows any exceptional aptitude for mathematics, his teachers and tutors immediately pick him for a possible wrangler. Then begins for this luckless, lucky youth a ten-year course of training such as no American lad ever undergoes. The boy who is to be senior wrangler must give up everything but study from the time he enters preparatory school until the day he takes the "tripos" or final examination for mathematical honors. No play, no outdoor exercise, no outside reading, no study on other subjects except just enough to enable him to get through with them. He is in the process of making himself a mathematical machine. It is a sort of "survival of the fittest" process. Many of these embryo wranglers ruin their health, and many more find their minds giving way under the strain and cease in time to prevent insanity. And yet, in spite of these risks, a mere hint from a teacher or tutor that there is the making of a senior wrangler in a boy is enough to persuade his parents into taking the risk. For with us, scholastic honors are always regarded as looking forward to the world of action; it is for what he may become, not what he has accomplished in college, that we honor a valedictorian. But with the English, senior honors in mathematics and classics are sufficient unto themselves.

Once at Oxford, the undergrad. who is looking for honors places himself under a high-priced tutor and continues the cramming process. Coaching for the "tripos" has long been known among Cambridge dons as the best-paying branch of their business. It is an employment which requires a special aptitude, however, and but few succeed in it. One Routh of St. John's is the most famous "tripos coach," and he makes an enormous income. He takes his "cubs" in batches of fifteen or twenty, and will admit no one who does not give good promise, for fear of injuring his own reputation. Day after day, the coach wrestles with his students, sharpening their wits, drumming into them every trick and dodge in the game. And at last, after three years, or perhaps four or five years, of this sort of thing, the senior wrangler goes, with some four-score others who have passed the preliminary ordeals, to take his "tripos." The test lasts a week, each day's work being harder than the last. The questions include the matter ordinarily set down in text books, and "originals," or problems which the candidate must solve by his own formulas. Anyone who goes up for this examination is supposed to have the book work letter-perfect; a slip in this part would be inexcusable. The real test comes in the solutions of the "originals." These problems have been planned for fiendish insolubility for a whole year, by the "moderators" in charge. It is rare that any candidate finishes his paper in the alloted three hours. It is recorded that Strutt of Trinity, in the examination of 1865, finished and left each day before time was up. The other candidates took this as a proof that he was going to fail. On the contrary, he had taken the wranglership by one of the most brilliant papers ever handed in at a "tripos."

After due pause and deliberation, the senior wrangler is announced, and the other candidates are grouped in the order of merit. The name of the leader is flashed over all Britain, and he becomes at once a figure. As he is generally a youth under twenty-four, and has narrowed his life to this one thing for some ten years, a bad case of "swelled head" is the almost inevitable result. The "conceit of a wrangler" is a stock phrase at Cambridge. It is told of one of them that, having gone to a London theatre, and hearing the audience break into applause, he arose, remarking, "Confound it, they've found me out," and began to bow to the four quarters. At the third turn he faced the Princess

Continued on Page 7

THINGS & PEOPLE

By BOSWELL Jr.

THE divigations of Rev Sheldon with the *Topeka Capital* illustrate what has often been stated in this department—to run a newspaper intelligently one must have learnt journalism. Perhaps the chief lesson taught in the exercise of editorial authority is what not to publish. On the basis that anything which happens is news and that all news must be printed it is easy to set any community by the ears. This is the working theory of yellow journalism, though it is not interested in the good things which occur, but only in the evil. In the office of the *Examiner* the definition of railroad news is anything that injuriously reflects on the Southern Pacific or C. P. Huntington. When a new scale was adopted by the Market Street Railway increasing the wages of employees in accordance with the term of their service, the fact was recorded in a brief paragraph. It was creditable to the corporation, consequently of no importance to its readers. On the contrary, had the corporation excluded from its yard some walking delegate who was disturbing its force, the *Examiner* would have emblazoned the story all over its front page, and claimed it as another wrong to labor. However, that is another story. Rev. Sheldon is making a newspaper for the members of his own congregation, not for the general reader. He is exploiting the subjects in which he, as a minister, is personally interested, and excluding matter which his religious set has banned as immoral. No theatrical news and but little business news, the Sunday school exalted, prohibition discussed—topics important at a ministers' meeting given first consideration. If the world were exclusively composed of church-goers perhaps there might be some point in such a publication, but it is not.

* * *

A newspaper is seldom better than its proprietor. If he be a man of strong personality and rigid principle the attitude towards it of the community in which it is published will be exactly that which the members of that community take towards the proprietor as an individual. He may be unpopular because he has thwarted nefarious designs or injured delicate feelings, but he will be respected and his opinion accepted as valuable. The newspaper is judged as the man is Its judgment may be questioned, but in the face of evil reports set afloat by the enemies it makes, character tells. But mere abstract virtue is not sufficient. Such a newspaper must be as active a force as its rivals. It must have the news, but it need not publish scandal or give undue space to crime. There are legitimate sensations. The conduct of the officers of the city and state government, for instance, is a fair field for report and investigation. Proceedings of the courts, with restrictions prescribed by the moral amenities, politics and political gossip, the theatres, sport of all kinds, events of commercial interest—such subjects as legitimately engage the attention of men and women should furnish ample material for the press. In addition there must be sensible editorials, explanatory and informative, written by men expert on the subjects treated. A competent, capable newspaper can be made as saleable as a yellow journal, provided it is as vigorously pushed. Success is not attained so rapidly, but the circulation achieved is permanent. The difficulty is, however, that energy and enterprise are generally found behind the sensation monger, whereas the editor of the respectable daily imagines that decency is necessarily dull and makes no effort to enliven his columns.

***

A Martyr to His Faith.

THE theoretical supremacy of mind over matter was subjected to a severe test in Seattle last week, though in the end grim Death stepped in and secured the victory. Rev. Joseph Adams, formerly a Congregationalist minister, but later an apostle of his own beliefs, proved a martyr to his faith. A strikingly handsome man, with clear cut features and flowing locks, he had, by the mere strength of his personality alone, converted hundreds to his faith. For many years he had preached his conception of true faith, a belief founded on the universal brotherhood of man and a metaphysical theory, the power of mind over matter. "Brother Joseph," as his followers called him, was a true believer in his doctrines. When he was taken ill he refused medical aid, firmly convinced that he could cure himself by sheer force of will power. Alone in his room, he fought out the struggle between his material and spiritual self. What torments he endured during those nights of silent but terrible struggle can only be imagined. But steadfast in his belief, since his mind could not conquer, he retreated before the steady encroachment of the disease, dying but remaining true to his faith. Rev. Adams was a remarkable man. He commenced his career as a Congregationalist minister, the pastor of a large church in San Jose, Cal., but gave up the Christian faith for one of his own. He commenced an evangelistic tour, preaching the universal brotherhood of the human kind. Once he was the head of an equality colony in a farming district in Washington. At the time of his death he was lecturing before a metaphysical society, a socialist club and an organization called "Everybody's church."

***

Honor Where Honor is Due.

WITH eminent unfairness the *Examiner* loudly credits itself with "victories" with which it had no more to do than any one of a dozen factors engaged in the same undertaking. Ordinarily one may dismiss such boasting with a smile, but in the matter of the preservation of the Calaveras grove of big trees, the ladies of the California Club are clearly entitled to the credit of inaugurating this crusade and maintaining to its successful conclusion. When the report of the threatened sale of this grove was first announced, Mrs. Robert J. Burdette called the attention of a body of ladies, who had met in Los Angeles to organize a State Federation of Women's Clubs, to the threatened destruction of the grove, and urged the ladies there assembled to interest themselves in the matter. When Mrs. Lovell White, president of the California Club, returned from the South she laid the facts before the Executive Board and, with the subsequent consent of the Club, resolutions were adopted urging Congress to purchase the big trees. Previous to this no plan had been formulated. The resolutions were sent to all organizations of men and women throughout the State, and to the Federated clubs throughout the United States. A member of the California Club had already communicated with Hon. Julius Kahn, who put the matter in the hands of Congressman De Vries, chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands. Mrs. A. D. Sharon, the representative of the Club, was in Washington, interviewed President McKinley and Senators and Representatives in furtherance of the Club's resolutions. Petitions containing over 150,000 signatures, representing all parts of the State were forwarded to Washington. We go to this length in explaining the part taken by the California Club in this victory, because it is entitled to great credit in the matter, and should not be robbed of that credit by the selfish claims of the journal in question. The work of the ladies was intelligent from a political point of view, and they have earned the thanks of California, at least.

***

The Divorce Mill in Seattle.

THERE were twenty-one divorces granted in Seattle during February, leading by a neck the number of marriage licenses. Which reminds me that Washington is as easy for divorces as Colorado, or Montana, or Dakota, or any other of those States where the divorce residents form a part of the population. Desertion, non-support, incompatibility of temperament, and the accustomed causes, are on the statute books, and courts are easily disposed. In the February crop, women led as plaintiffs, men asking for freedom in only a very few cases. A suspicious circumstance is the fact that few of the cases were defended. I would not like to charge that collusion is the rule, but this fact looks suspicious. The divorce problem is such a complex and delicate one, and has such intimate dependence upon religious belief, that I hesitate to register an opinion as to whether the easy law of Washington is a blessing or a curse. But an administration of divorce laws in which collusion is winked at is most certainly not a blessing.

***

Mark Twain and the "Cub" Reporter.

MARK TWAIN is not so popular in the newspaper world as he used to be. The reason therefor is a bit of advice "to a young man about to enter journalism," which he published in a leading magazine, for the good that it might do. It did good, but in an unexpected direction. Reduced to its lowest terms, Mark's advice was about as follows: "Go to the city editor and offer to work for nothing. If he accepts, which he is likely to do, go ahead and do your best, but don't say a word about pay until the editor puts you on salary voluntarily, or until some other paper, noticing your good work, offers you a situation." Old newspaper men hold that every youth who had good marks on his compositions in high school thinks that a great future awaits him in journalism. Therefore, it happened that within a month of the article's publication the newspapers this broad land over witnessed a Cape Nome rush of callow youths, anxious to work for nothing. It lowered the market at once. There was no use of the papers paying for "apprentices," when there were half-a-dozen applicants at nothing a week for every position. It followed, therefore, that beginners were expected to go to work free. And today, unless there is a strong "pull" somewhere, the first step to newspaper work is a few weeks or a few months of unpaid work. Mark Twain is a professional joker; this looks like a little practical joke of his on the country at large.

* * *

After all, why not? The young lawyer, after receiving his general education, spends two or three years learning the business without pay. The young physician has the same experience. Perhaps the main reason why a newspaper man has jumped into a salary at once has been the fact that journalism is not yet regarded as a full fledged profession in this country. We are not entirely past the stage when a journalist was only a specialized printer, when Horace Greeley "wouldn't have a college graduate for janitor." In this view, the cutting off of salaries in the lower ranges may be only a paradoxical sign of the elevation of the whole profession. Yet I doubt if this was Mark Twain's idea when he wrote his famous article.

***

A Short Campaign and a Merry.

THE easy re-election of Mayor Hume in Seattle closed a short and merry campaign, so far as I know, the shortest on record. The parties closed their nominations about one week before March 6, the date of the contest. It may have been the brevity of the campaign, rendering legitimate argument impossible, or it may have been personal spite which caused the mud-slinging; at any rate, more vilification was indulged in during the seven days of the campaign than was ever before crowded into a year of Seattle politics. The issue at stake was a peculiar one, turning upon the old Roman question of amusement for the populace. Mayor Hume, the successful candidate, is a straight Republican and believes in a liberal interpretation of all laws, especially those regulating a good time; Mr. Cotterill, his opponent, is a prohibitionist with a mania for closing everything from saloons to slot-machines. Now, as everyone knows, Seattle is a town of pilgrims and strangers. The two legitimate theatres, two variety theatres and one concert-hall are crowded nightly to the doors. The over-flow seeks amusement in the saloons and gambling-halls. Even then, a large number are left over to crowd the streets all the evening. Mayor Hume's friends asked the pertinent question, "Where will these men go o'nights when the town is shut tight?" If the two sides had limited their campaign to straight argument on prohibition vs. popular amusement, all would have been serene and well, but the abusive language used was anything but a credit to the Queen City.

***

The Nome Fever Spreads.

JUDGING from the heavy sales of the *Wave's* Nome edition in the East, and from the fact that both the *World* and the *Journal* have issued Nome editions, it is plain that the craze has struck New York. Indeed, the whole country feels it. Apparently, wherever the *Wave's* special edition went, the pictures were reproduced and the articles copied, a sure sign of great public interest. Seattle expects a bigger rush than that of the Klondike days. Scarcely a ship advertised to sail in the spring has any accommodations left for freight or passengers. All the steamers on the Northwest coasting trade were pressed into the service long ago, and the surplus passengers will have to tempt fate in sailing-vessels. The number of the spring and summer rush is estimated at forty thousand. The advance-guard has already crowded the city to such a degree that rooms are at a premium.

***

A Dismal Joker.

THERE is a medical student in Seattle who is evidently possessed of a ghastly humor that would do credit to an American savage. He is doubtless attached to one of the hospitals and is given subjects for dissection, as is the custom. Less than two weeks ago a leg was found in a pile of ashes in the southern part of the city. Every effort was made by the police to ascertain if a crime had been committed, but without avail. The matter was allowed to drop, but the student, who had evidently enjoyed the notoriety the papers gave to the find, decided that another sensation was necessary; he placed another leg where it could easily be found and the police were again sent to work. Both limbs had been amputated in a professional manner, so there is no doubt but that a surgeon performed the operation, and this dispels the suspicion that a murder had been committed. The authorities are certain that a medical student is responsible for all their trouble and have redoubled their efforts to capture him. He is shrewd, however, and has managed to keep out of the way. It would be a good thing for the community to place this dismal joker some place where he would have time to reflect and enjoy his alleged jokes.

***

Growth of Northwestern Flour Trade.

AN example of California's easy-going policy as regards commercial development is the spread of the Pacific flour-trade in the Northwest. Flour is the Golden State's chief commercial product and the United States' chief export to the Orient. A few years ago, every pound of this breadstuff exported went through San Francisco. Then the Northwest woke up and began to develop the Chinese trade in this and other products. As a result, Puget Sound and Portland exceeded all the ports of California by $821,000 in 1898 and $542,000 in the first three-quarters of last year. Almost all the flour imported from the Northwest comes from Oregon and Washington, neither California nor that section doing much business, as yet, in exporting the breadstuffs of the interior. The strides made by the Northwest are the more remarkable in that the Chinese and Japanese, being natural conservatives, are never disposed to make changes in the direction of their purchases, preferring to deal with the firms to which they are accustomed. It is claimed by the Northern exporters that California firms, in order to meet this competition, have lowered the quality of their goods while keeping up the price. In Japan, the field is now almost clear for the Northwesterners, who send about 90 per cent of all the flour imported by the Japanese.

***

The Mechanics' Library.

CONDITIONS over which it had no control have relieved the Mechanics' Institute of its role of showman and compelled it to enter the library business on a large scale. Thus far the library end of the institution has been subsidiary to the Mechanics' Pavilion and the Folsom street lot. In future the Institute must derive the greater part of its income and its *raison d'Etre* from its books. The organization has just held an election and is manned with a new corps of trustees, to whom several problems of importance will soon be presented. Chief among them will be to find some intelligent disposition for the Mechanics' Pavilion, which under present conditions is run at a loss. The proper housing of the library and the absorption of the Mercantile Library have to be considered in due course. It is about time a handsome library structure was erected provided with a large auditorium available for important concerts and public balls. Such a building, located within reasonable distance of the retail business section of San Francisco, would confer importance on the Institute and materially enrich it.

SPION KOP.

THE OPERATION BY WHICH THE POSITION WAS CAPTURED.

THE most spectacular episode of the war in South Africa was the capture of Spion Kop by the British. It was during Buller's second attempt to relieve Ladysmith and grew out of the failure of the attack on the main line of Boer defense. We are told that the plan of the attempt had been most carefully thought out, and, from a military point of view, was of exceptional interest. It was boldly developed and earnestly pushed, but the task was too great. From the operations of the last few months one military truism has been evolved—an entrenched force armed with modern small arms is invincible against frontal attack made in the open. But the science of war has also changed, and it is a change that robs fighting of all its fascination, which minimizes valor and substitutes the cool, silent brain work of a good chess player for the charge of a light brigade. Says one of the correspondents:

"We began by fighting in a hurry; we are now fighting at leisure. Neither the generals, the men, nor the public at home had formed an approximately correct estimate of the difficulties which had to be overcome, or of the enemy we were to encounter. The Boer fights with his head, seldom with his muscles; our men fight with their muscles, seldom with their head. You cannot get either the officers or the men to understand that the first duty of a soldier is to kill, not to be killed. They have all come out here determined to earn the Victoria Cross, or to distinguish themselves by displaying conspicuous bravery in the field. It is magnificent, but it is not war."

* * *

Such a desperate operation as the attack on Spion Kop was inspired by this superb recklessness. There had come a deadlock. The British had fought to the main line of Boer entrenchments and could go no further. Buller advocated retreat across the Tugela, but his subordinates asked to be allowed to take the hill which they believed dominated the entire Boer position. The *Standard* correspondent thus describes the ascent:

The night was intensely dark. The troops were led by the guides over rocky ridges and through dongas, the men being warned to make as little noise as possible, so as not to attract the attention of the Boers posted on the mountain that towered above. To the west the fitful crack of rifle fire showed that the enemy there was sniping at our infantry on the left front.

Led by General Woodgate and Colonel Bloomfield, the Fusiliers began the arduous ascent. Slowly but steadily pressing on, in single file, the Fusiliers leading, the long line of silent figures crept up the height. Ledge after ledge was passed in silence, the orders being that no shots were to be fired. The work before them was to be done with the bayonet. Colonel Thorneycroft now pressed to the front and led the way. The crest of the mountain, fully two thousand feet above its base, was reached about 3:30 o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, January 24. Far below could be seen the lights of the field hospitals dotted on the plain. The night signals on Three Tree Hill hung like an arc of light in the near distance, and told that all was well.

The crest having been gained, the leading files of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry and the Fusiliers advanced along the plateau. Bayonets were now fixed, and the men peered intently through the blackness ahead. Suddenly, at 4 o'clock in the morning, when a third of the entire length of the plateau had been cautiously traversed, a Kaffir was heard singing out the alarm in Dutch. A sentry challenged, and the Fusiliers, levelling bayonets, charged with a cheer. An officer bayoneted the sentry. The Boers thereupon clutched their weapons, fired a wild volley and bolted into the darkness beyond.

The first trench had been won without the loss of a man on our side, and the column sent up a ringing cheer that pealed like a bell through the misty morning.

About 5 a. m. the second trench was taken. Here the troops silently awaited the grim work before them.

About 8 o'clock the misty cloud cap over Spion Kop melted away sufficiently to enable the Boers, who were now crowding in thousands on the ridge and in hundreds behind the rocks and in the trenches across the northern extremity, as well as nearly up to the center of the mountain crest, to open a concentrated fire on our devoted battalions. The hail-like rattle of the Boer rifle was vigorously replied to. General Woodgate, who was detailed by General Warren to effect the capture of the position, walked to and fro amid the never ceasing whistle of flying bullets to direct his men. No one seems to know precisely when the gallant officer was hit, there being no breathing space allowed to look at watches; but early in the engagement the General was shot over the left eye as he was coolly watching the effect of our fire. He was carried to the rear suffering acute pain, but exclaiming, "Let me alone! Let me alone!"

* * *

Of the fierce fighting that followed all that day on Spion Kop there are many brilliant accounts, but none more so than that of Winston Churchill, who writes as follows:

"The troops were driven almost entirely off the main plateau and the Boers succeeded in reoccupying some of their trenches. A frightful disaster was narrowly averted. About twenty men in one of the captured trenches abandoned their resistance, threw up their hands and called out that they would surrender. Colonel Thorneycroft, whose great stature made him everywhere conspicuous and who was from dawn till dusk in the first firing line, rushed to the spot. The Boers, advancing to take the prisoners—as at Nicholson Nek—were scarcely thirty yards away. Thorneycroft shouted to the Boer leader: 'You may go to hell! I command on this hill and allow no surrender. Go on with your firing;' which later they did, with terrible effect, killing many. The survivors, with the rest of the firing line, fled two hundred yards, were rallied by their indomitable commander, and, being reinforced by two brave companies of the Middlesex Regiment, charged back, recovering all lost ground, and the position was maintained until nightfall. No words in these days of extravagant expression can do justice to the glorious endurance which the English regiments—for they were all English—displayed throughout the long dragging hours of hellfire.

"A village of ambulance wagons grew up at the foot of the mountain. The dead and injured, smashed and broken by the shells, littered the summit till it was a bloody, reeking shamble. Thirst tormented the soldier, for, though water was at hand, the fight was too close and furious to give even a moment's breathing space. But nothing could weaken the stubborn vigor of the defence.

"The artillery, unable to find or reach the enemy's guns, could only tear up the ground in impotent fury. Night closed in with the British still in possession of the hill."

* * *

Describing his endeavor to get up the hill, Mr. Churchill says:

"Streams of wounded met us and obstructed the path. Corpses lay here and there. Many of the wounds were of a horrible nature. The splinters and fragments of the shells had torn and mutilated in the most ghastly manner. I passed about two hundred while I was climbing up. There was, moreover, a small but steady leakage of unwounded men of all corps. Some of these cursed and swore. Others were utterly exhausted and fell on the hillside in stupor. Others again seemed drunk, though they had had no liquor. Scores were sleeping heavily. Fighting was still proceeding, and stray bullets struck all over the ground, while the Maxim shell guns scourged the flanks of the hill and the sheltering infantry at regular intervals of a minute.

Later that night an informal council of war was called and Sir Charler Warren from below the hill sent Mr. Churchill to ascertain Colonel Thorneycroft's view. When the correspondent reached the crest he found "only one solid battalion remained—the Dorsets. All others were intermingled." The writer continues:

"Amid this disorganized but determined force I found Col. Thorneycroft at the top of the mountain. Every one seemed to know, even in the confusion, where he was. He was sitting on the ground surrounded by the remnants of the regiment he had raised, who had fought for him like lions and followed him like dogs. I explained the situation as I had been told and as I thought. Naval guns were prepared to try, sappers and working parties were already on th[illegible] with thousands of sandbags. What did he think? B[illegible] decision had already been taken. He had never rec[illegible] any message from the General, had not had time to write any. Messages had been sent him, and he wanted to send others himself. The fight had been too hot, too close, too interlaced, for him to attend to anything but to support this company, clear those rocks or line that trench. So, having heard nothing and expecting no guns, he had decided to retire. As he put it tersely: 'Better six good battalions safely down the hill than a mop-up in the morning.'"

WRANGLERS.

Continued from page 5.

of Wales, who had just entered and was almost bowing.

It is uncommon for a senior wrangler to make his mark in later life. The same thing has been observed of valedictorians at Yale and Harvard. Having reduced themselves to studying-machines, they "strike twelve and stop." Only Lord Rayleigh, already mentioned as Strutt of Trinity, Cayley, the famous professor of mathematics, Lord Kelvin (Sir William Thompson) and Stokes, formerly president of the Royal Society, out of all the senior wranglers in the last sixty-six years, have attained what might be called world-wide celebrity. It is notorious that to find great names on the tripos list one must look through the bunch from the second wrangler to the tenth or twelfth. Thus, in 1854, when Routh, afterward the famous coach, was senior, Clark Maxwell was second. Tait and Steele were respectively senior and second in 1852, and afterward became famous for their joint work, *Dynamics of a Particle*, of which by far the more brilliant share was commonly attributed to Steele. The famous Colenso, afterward the unorthodox Bishop of Natal, was second in 1836. De Morgan, one of the greatest names in the history of the century's progress in pure mathematics, was fourth wrangler in 1827, and Sylvester, who shared with Stokes until a few years ago the highest place among contemporary English mathematicians, was a second in 1837.

The origin of the term deserves mention. "Wrangler" is named from the debates formerly held by candidates for the honor. "Tripos," as a name for the examination, comes from the three-legged stool, built after the fashion of a tripod, upon which the examining professor used to sit. In former times, that worthy used to joke and bully the candidates, and tutors were appointed to see that he did not go too far. Hence the term "moderator." AMOS SHELDON.

SILK CULTURE IN SAN DIEGO.

THE subject of silk culture in California is one that has not had much attention of late years. Time was when it was a fad of no mean proportions. Then the dailies and weeklies had space for the silk worm as one of our future industries. Almost any agricultural editor could make a vision of busy looms spinning the precious fibre. Lyons was to be a mere village in comparison, and as for Spitalfields, why, it was not to be mentioned in the same breath.

In San Diego lives a lady, Mrs. Carrie Williams, who is persuaded that the climate of the southern extremity of California was especially created for the production of silk. It is dry and equable and in it both the worm and the mulberry tree flourish. In France and Italy the length of the season for silk producing is but seven weeks. In San Diego it is eight months. At her miniature silk works she will show you worms in every one of the five stages, a condition attributable also to the atmosphere, and worms that have attained a length of four inches in twenty-four days, which is phenomenal. She raises three different types of spinners—green, white and yellow. On exhibition are cocoons and reeled silk of each shade. She will show you silk reeled only thirty-one days from the mulberry leaves and declares it possible, if she had the facilities, to spin a silk fabric which would not be older than sixty days, which sounds very wonderful to the expert.

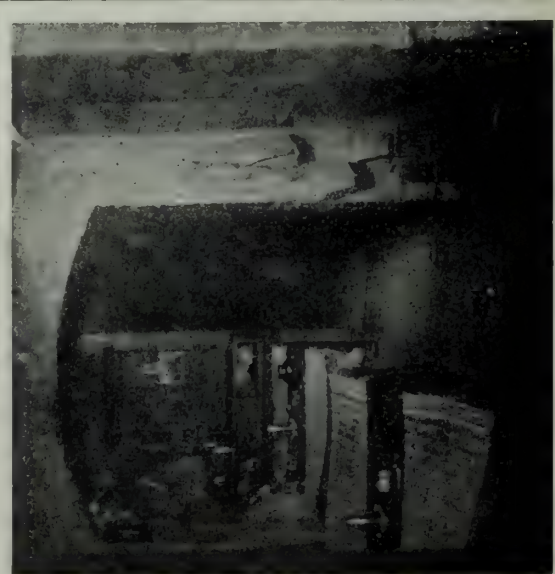
There is ever a market for good silk. We import a good deal from China and Japan. Might this not be another great industrial opportunity like beet sugar culture in California and linen culture in Oregon? Where would the beet have been but for Claus Spreckels? Doubtless silk culture requires its pioneer. But he must be a millionaire.

The Productive Silk Worm.

Mrs. Carrie Williams.

A Miniature Silk Works.

SILK CULTURE IN SAN DIEGO.



DENS IN CHINATOWN.

SUBTERRANEAN HABITATIONS WHICH ENDANGER THE HEALTH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Life at Nome City

Beach Claim at Low Tide

W. A. Macomber with Chinese Rocker on the Edge of the Tundra Where Seven $40 Blankets Were Taken Out in One Day.

First Saloon in Nome.

WAR TALK.

BOER VS. BRITISH ROUND THE BULLETIN BOARDS.

DURING the exciting times when the Boer war hung in the balance, all unemployed San Francisco and a good portion which ought to have been employed, stood on the curbstones before the newspaper offices, watching for news and debating the question. The debates waxed so strong at times that the police had to come in to quell the ensuing riots. The Scotch and English, of course, took the British side, the French and Germans sided with the Boers, while the Irish and Americans were divided. When two Irishmen got together on different sides of the question, the fur flew. Following are a few snap-shots at these curbstone debates. These are not embellished in any way; they are set down just as they occurred.

I.

IN FRONT OF THE BULLETIN OFFICE.

Boer Irishman.—I'll be dommed if he did!

British Irishman.—I'll be dommed if he didn't!

Boer I.—Will ye listen to reason. They was——

Brit. I.—Shut up! I am a free moral agent——

Boer I.—Domm yer free moral agent. This is the pint. Kruger said he'd do it. Kruger gave Rhodes the franchise. An' then, what did Chamberlain do? He brought up another consideration! Gentlemen, my memory don't serve me just now to say what the consideration was, but never mind, he brought up a consideration. That's what he done. That's what the Irish is cr-r-r-ushin' out their lives for! That's what the Rile Fusi-reels r-rushin' up Skion's Pop——

Brit. I.—Ye lie? I am a free moral agent!

Boer I.—Ye lie! Chamberlain br-rought up another consideration!

Brit. I.—Let me get at 'im!

(The printer comes out with another bulletin. The crowd, rushing forward to see it, pushes between them, forcing them apart.)

Boer I.—(Over the heads of the crowd) They was another consideration!

Brit. I.—(Also over the crowd) Let me get at him! I am a free moral agent!

II.

IN FRONT OF THE CHRONICLE.

Excited German.—Vat it is? It is dot der Chermans does it! It is dot who beat Napoleon? Der Chermans! Vat haf der English got to do about dat! Hey? Vat haf der English to do about dat der Chermans Paris took ven France couldn't stop em? Hey? Vat you say? Vat you say von der Civil var? Don't you know dot Cheneral Hans Sickles vas der only Cheneral you haf got? Hey? Von Cherman s better as ten English ven dey haf an even chance mit dem got!

Germanic Section of the Crowd.—That's right!

Irish Ditto of Ditto.—Rats!

Indiscreet American.—I should like to know why you say that Sickles won the war? I thought that Sherman and Sheridan and Grant——

Excited German.—(With withering scorn) Grant! Sherman! Sheridan! Irish! Vat haf they do? Dey monkey around an valk all ofer trough Cheorgia and Richmond py golly, and Sickles fights! He fights! Hans Sickles, he goes to Lincoln and he says, "I vill dis var stop" and Lincoln is a Yankee and won't let him do it, pecause he's a Cherman, and Sherman and Sheridan and Grant dey monkey along tree years and more dan von hundred tousand men kill until Hans Sickles he fight all de time and win de var! Vat do you know about it, hey?

Indis. Am.—Excuse me, but where do you get your information?

Ex. Ger.—Vere do I get it? Vere you suppose I get it? Not from your Yankee liars vat say dat Sherman and Sheridan and der Irish vin dot t'rough Cheorgia campaign! Leber Gott, Sherman and Sheridan!

Amateur Orator.—(Breaking through the crowd.) Let me ask you one question, my Teutonic friend. If Germany is so much better, what are you doing under the protecting folds of the starry flag? Such men as you strike at the root of liberty; such parasites on the fair form of——

Ex. Ger.—Liberty! Leber Gott in Himmel! Vot you know about liberty? Vot you lynch for if you get liberty? Vot for you haf prize-fights and drink viskey and haf trusts und free silfer and say der Kaiser vants Manila? Vot you know? How you haf any country at all if der Chermans ain't done it? Vot for you—Liber Gott, ausgegaben, aber—I cannot meinself in English express, but if you von t'ing against der Kaiser say, I vill—

A. O.—Yes, and this, this, is our reward for throwing open our gates to the riff-raff of Europe.

Ex. Ger.—Who is de riff-raff of Europe? Vat you say is do riff-raff of Europe——

A. O.—Go home!

Ex. Ger.—I vill not!

A. O.—Go home!

Amateur Official and Excited German together.——!

(Enter the police.)

IN FRONT OF THE EXAMINER.

First American.—It's up to this. If you had a neighbor, and he sent his children over to play in your yard, and then come down on you because——

Second American.—But I wouldn't let 'em in my yard.

1st Amer.—But suppose you did.

2d Amer.—But I *wouldn't.*

Socialist Orator.—(breaking in)—And why wouldn't you? Why wouldn't you? Have you any more natural right to that yard than your neighbor? Is it not that you took it from him because you had the stronger hand in the beginning? You seem like workingmen. There is no brand of the capitalistic Cain upon your brows. Your seedy garments torn show that you are of those who crouch beneath the feet of the devouring tempest that is devastating with its poisonous growth the ship of state. Arise! You have nothing but your chains to lose and a world to gain!

2d American.—But I *wouldn't* let 'em play in my yard!

Same Scene—Later.

(An Englishman and two Germans meet in an eddy of the crowd.) It is the day after Spion Kop.

First German.—(Staring offensively at the Englishman.) I vonder how many Britishers dose Boers vill kill to-day?

Second German.—About tree t'ousand.

1st Ger.—I vonder ven all de Irish is killed vat dey vill for soldiers do?

Englishman.—(Breaking his great, London calm for the first time.)—Hire some Germans, as we always have done, don't you know.

IN FRONT OF THE CALL.

Sidewalk Orator.—And all because of the selfish, grasping policy of Cecil Rhodes. That is the iron heel which has ground the Boer people.

Native Son of the Golden West.—No sir, no sir. You cannot make me believe that the Southern Pacific ain't in on this Boer biz. If the truth were out, I'd bet they'd find Rhodes is an agent of Huntington's and putting up jobs down there now that we're onto him here. Guess the *Examiner* 'll have the whole thing in a day or two. They're on to the octopus' tricks and ain't afraid to show 'em up."

Extract from an editorial written just back of one of those bulletin boards:

In this matter, as in all other matters, the judgment of the American people may be trusted. Next to free education, free discussion of public questions is the great safe-guard of our liberties. The shrewd business sense of the untrained but efficient common man, as he reasons out for himself in market or office or shop, the public questions of the day, is, after all, the best guide for any earnest and conscientious statesman. Therefore, if it is true, as many assert, that the great majority of the American people are on the side of the Boers, it means that the Boers are in the right, because, in a free commonwealth, where discussion of public questions is not hampered, the majority is always right.

A Tent of Esquimaux at Cape Nome.

"Shell-dodging," as practiced at Mafeking and other places in South Africa is something of an art. It is seldom possible to see a shell while in flight. To dodge a projectile therefore, one must watch the gunners. When they step away from the piece they are about to fire, it is time to hunt cover.

MRS. ARTHUR BARENDT,
as the Duchess of Devonshire. *Thors.*

Babblings of a Belle.

LENT, dear Diary, is well upon us now, and we whisper to each other that it is a great relief. You see, Diary dear, before Lent we all led ostentatious livess, now we are leading lives of just as much fun, but we do not talk of the dinner or luncheon to which we are going. In fact, we do not have things in the same elaborate way. I have been to small luncheons each day this last week. The invitations have been over the telephone, no really elaborately arranged table. Just a few roses in a glass bowl in the center, and a nice old chat. Most of us have sworn off candy and saying mean things of one another, so, to a certain extent, the girls are not quite so much fun. However, one always feels infinitely better when one has not gossiped. At least I do, and I do not believe I am any more of a prig than any of the others. A great many of the girls are being quite religious. They go to church every afternoon and sing hymns, and then talk golf or of their spring bonnets all the way home. I have not been very pious this last week, as I am musically inclined, and have been most interested in those Wagner lectures at the California Theatre. Uncle Frank gave Mr. Bispham letters to papa, so we have become quite friendly. He has the most winning ways, and has told us much about the musical people in London. I like the way Mr. Damrosch lectures, but Aunt Sybil becomes very angry. She says she does not mind the explanation of the different themes, but the stories of these operas, with all of which even frivolous Cricket is familiar, are absolutely ridiculous. I also like his facetiousness. Aunt Sybil says he has not the dignity of a real lecturer, but I put it down to a sort of personal feeling he has for the different roles. I think it about the same thing as a young man coming to call on a girl. After discussing the weather topic, the latest book, about which neither the fellow nor you care a straw, how long the "Old Homestead" has been playing—and numerous other things—he begins telling you some of the things that have happened to him. Most of these interesting items are adapted from stories one finds in the weekly papers, but making them personal enhances their value, and after a bit one forgets that one has previously read them; and before the evening is over one has come to the conclusion that Mr. So-and-so is a very versatile fellow, and quite worth cultivating. Mr. Bispham has, he told us, a musical every Saturday night during the season at his house in London. If the opera be going on, those who take part come in afterwards, and one is sure to meet someone there who is decidedly worth while. Everyone introduces everyone else, so things are made particularly easy for the host and hostess. Mama called on Madame Gadski, and they all have lunched quite informally with us. Mr. Damrosch has quite won me, he is so quick and amusing, and to hear Mr. Bispham and him say witty things to each other is quite the most humorous thing I have ever heard. Madame Gadski is rather nice-looking off the stage, and has a sweet manner. They must have a capital time travelling together, and Arthur, lucky boy, is going East when they do, just for the trip. Mr. Bispham told us that there would be no real season this year in London owing to great losses the British have sustained in their extermination of the Boers. The Queen will hold no drawing-room, and a general quiet prevaileth everywhere. It is awfully hard, I think, on the British maidens who expected to be presented. Still, it is no use abusing the inevitable.

Speaking of inevitables reminds me of my "Ideal Lover." He is here with me again, and I am to be married on the 30th of April. I wanted to take all chances on ill-luck and be a May Day bride, but papa and mama say no, it must be in April. We shall live quietly at the Palace Hotel, and papa, mama and Leila will go to Europe. Aunt Sybil goes to Buenos Ayres for a trip; she has always wanted to see South America, and as she owns some stock in the telephone company there, that is excuse enough. I believe that they are having as much trouble there with their telephone stock, as we are in San Francisco with our gas and water.

I suppose you are very much interested, Diary dear, in the return of my "Ideal." Well, after spending a few days in New York, he came to the conclusion that he and I were not children, so he quietly returned, bringing me a superb ruby ring, and we told papa we loved each other, and if we were not to marry with his consent—well, we were both of age. What could papa say? I am having a most elaborate trousseau made, and have found a girl exactly my size and figure, so I do not have to have a single one of my garments fitted. She is doing this for a consideration, and it is saving me from the most disagreeable, I think, of all ordeals. I spend all my days with the "Ideal." We take long walks in the morning, generally going to the links, for he loves to watch the girls playing. A great many get there about nine o'clock, and put in most of their time there. Almost every day one can see the Morgan girls, Edith McBean, Caro Crockett, Sara Drum, Mary Scott and Maud Mullins working hard at "lofting," or "putting," or "driving," or just going around the links. I gather wild flowers. I never saw the flowers in greater profusion than they are this year. There are spots here and there where one can pick quantities of wild violets, and pansies and blue bells. Then, again, there are seas of buttercups, which are, after all, the prettiest wild flowers of all. The eschscholtzias are not at their brightest yet. Is not it a delightful existence to have links so beautifully situated, and nothing to do but play golf all day long. A curious thing I have noticed. Each girl I know has given up something she liked in Lent, but not one has refrained from playing golf. That, one of the "golf fiends" told me, was too much like giving up her own individuality. We all are sewing for the poor. We always do a certain amount of that in Lent, though I do not think the sewing circles have been so well attended by girls as they have been other years. A number of us also belong to the Children's Hospital Auxiliary, and go out there very much more frequently than we did before Lent. We read to the children and try to amuse them generally, and really, to see the pleasure one brings into a ward makes one enjoy the time one spends there. Poor little youngsters, one cannot help wondering what future lies before each of them.

MISS MAREN FOELICH.

The most interesting event of the week has been the unexpected, to most people, marriage of Dr. Philip King Brown and Helen Hillyer. Nellie is bright, jolly, and very good-looking. She has travelled all the world over and spent several winters in Washington. One of her most delightful trips was when Ella Goodall of Oakland and she took a trip up the Nile together. They met with all sorts of delightful and not one unpleasant adventure, and met some most interesting people. Dr. Brown we all know; he has grown up with us, and each of us has lost her heart to him and we hope he to us, many, many times in our lives. The doctors say he has a brilliant career before him. So, Diary dear, I leave it to you which of the two is to be congratulated. Mama says both. I say Nellie, and Lila says decidedly Doctor Brown. They were married in Mrs. Hearst's rooms in the Hearst Building, no one being present but their immediate relations.

Another engagement of which I have to tell you is of Mary Harrison, daughter of William Greer Harrison of this city, to Mr. Thornhill a Belfast barrister, who is very well equipped in the good things of this world. Mrs. Harrison and her daughters left here a few years ago for a European trip, and while in Belfast Mary met Mr. Thornhill. They will be married in July. I am sorry Mary is to live over there, for she is a very nice girl, and I believe she can count among her many accomplishments that of being as good a cook as the late Dan O'Connell. There are not many girls of whom that could be said.

Now, Diary dear, I think I have told you all I know for this week.

MISS CRICKET.

MISS JOAN HADENFELDT,
as Queen Carnival. *Photo, Vaughan & Keith*

Though the Mardi Gras is past and gone now and fading into the memories of the participants, the reproduction of some of its figures may not be out of place. In fact the publication of a pretty woman's portrait is never amiss—provided the facilities of the publishers are such as to do the subject justice. I am aware that the dailies have printed the outlines of the Queen of the Carnival, but however ambitious, the newspaper half-tone is etter as an indication than as an achievement. Its highest function is to suggest the original—whereas the half-tone produced on heavy paper and with fine presswork is but a shade paler than the original photograph.

As Queen of the occasion Miss Hadenfeldt made a striking figure—oriental in garb and adornments as the portrait indicates, and with the carriage and air appropriate to the occasion. Mrs. Arthur Barendt, whose portrait is also here, was a faithful representation in so far as costume of Sir Joshua Reynolds' Duchess of Devonshire. The bodice and panniers were of pink brocaded silk, the skirt of pink satin. With these was the usual black-plumed Gainsborough hat and the regulation white wig.

The engagement of Clara Everett Wall of this city to Mr. David Rochel Warden of Pittsburg has been announced. Miss Wall is the daughter of Captain Mayo Wall, vice-president of the Hibernia Bank, and a well-known and highly-respected business man of this city. Miss Wall is a very handsome and exceedingly bright and fascinating society girl, with a large circle of friends. She is an elegant dresser and the personification of grace.

Many expressions of regret have been heard at the untimely death of D. N. Walter, the head of the pioneer carpet firm of San Francisco. Mr. Walter was an excellent citizen and a good man. He was also a first rate business man. A native of Reckendorff in Germany, he was brought to America as a child, spent his earli r years in New York and came to San Francisco in 1851. Keen, shrewd and industrious, he soon got into business for himself and it is not surprising that he succeeded. His firm gained supremacy in its line and has maintained its position against all rivalry for close on half a century.

Mr. Walter was a good representative of the best type of Jewish financier. Intensely conservative, he confined himself to strictly legitimate investments, but within his limits no one was keener or quicker of judgment. In the matter of stocks and bonds he seldom erred and his fortune could doubtless be converted into cash at an hour's notice. In the board meetings of the Nevada National and German Savings Banks, of which he was director, his opinion and foresight were highly considered; he was generally on the right side of any enterprise that happened to be discussed, in fact, might always, in any construction, be counted upon for the common sense view. In his private life he was kindly shrewd and practical. While not in any sense a scholar he was widely read and there were few subjects of current interest that he could not talk intelligently and informatively about. He had no fads in particular, but was very fond of reading and spent his leisure hours in his library.

Mr. Walter leaves a large family connection to mourn his loss.

Champagne Record Smashed.

109,303 cases imported in 1899 of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry was never before approached. Carrying an enormous stock of choicest wines, its fine quality can not be excelled, regardless of price. Its remarkable 1895 vintage now imported equals its best predecessors.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF)
FREDERICK M. GREEN, Bankrupt)

Take notice, that Frederick M. Green, bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 24th day of March, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place the creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, March 8th 1900.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco

WASHINGTON. A DIPLOMATIC WEDDING

LONDON. MARRIAGES IN SOCIETY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WAVE.

IT is rare that Washington correspondents have to go out of their way to describe a wedding. Most social functions in the capital are reported not with an eye to the social importance of the parties involved, but to their political position, and descriptions of balls or dinners or christenings give the minimum space to what people wore and how the place was decorated and the maximum to an account of who they were and how they got to be that way. But we have had a wedding this week which had no direct connection with American politics, the two thereby joined together coming from far away, and of distinctive social importance. Wherefore we have been as fish out of water, in our dealing with unfamiliar things.

The most striking feature of the wedding of the Hon. Lillian Pauncefote, youngest daughter of the British minister, to the Hon. Robert Bromley, was the observance of several customs entirely English and never observed at our own weddings. The use of a train-bearer was one of these—although I am told by a member of that sex which takes delight in weddings that Americans are copying this innovation. Then the ushers, who, in all the American weddings I have witnessed, "line up" with the bridesmaids before the altar, withdrew from sight when the congregation was seated. Also, the bride led the procession, instead of bringing up the rear, and a betrothal ceremony preceded the regular and formal marriage. During this preliminary, the couple stood in the chancel, advancing up to the altar for the marriage ceremony proper.

Besides this, in the conduct of the bride there was a charming difference from that observed by our brides. Ours have a way, I believe, of marching formally down the aisle, with eyes cast down and a blushing demeanor, real or assumed, but the Hon. Lillian Pauncefote, like a loyal maid and true, went straight to her family in the front pews and embraced them, one by one, after which the procession went on. All these things gave it a strange air, which, my lady informant tells me, was heightened by the certainty that the clothes were made in England. Myself, I noticed nothing strange in their fit, but I am of the misunderstanding sex.

Never did old St. John's church see such a crowd as assembled, inside and out, to witness this ceremony. There were eight hundred guests, just taxing the capacity of the edifice, but Lord and Lady Pauncefote had done wisely in limiting the invitations to that capacity and in numbering seats and cards of admission to correspond. Outside, the crowd far surpassed in numbers the invited guests. It was mostly a white wedding, and the altar and chancel were decorated in Easter lilies and palms.

When the bride came, she was like a veiled head in a mass of white. The gown seemed to extend from her on every side and to fall far, far behind her to the little white page who held it. As she stood before the altar, this train extended the whole width of the chancel and fell, a billowy, cloudy mass, into the aisle. There was very much train and very little bride visible, but the head that peeped out from this splendor showed a beauty of its own sort, the light, pure beauty of a high class English girl. The actual ceremony of a wedding is mightily short and slight, even when it is padded out by "Lohengrin" at the start and Mendelssohn at the end, and there was nothing notable about this one except the double betrothal mentioned before.

I am not an expert on gowns, but the same lady who gave me points on the difference between English and American customs at weddings has also favored me with an account of the dresses worn at this one. The bridal costume—she says—was of rich, white satin. The long train hung from the shoulders. Down the seams of the skirt a wide passementerie ran in loops and rings of large seed pearl, efflorescing about a foot from the edge in a Van Dyke of Honiton lace, caught up with a spray of orange blossoms, one fine cluster of which ornamented the deep point of the lace immediately in front of the skirt. The court train was edged with a cascade of Honiton lace in Van Dykes, caught with orange blossoms, a large cluster of which, catching up an especially full, rich fall of the lace, marked the middle of the edge. The tiny loops and rings of seed pearls ran in and out of this elegance of lace and blossoms. Across the bust, the satin was arranged with a rich fulness, caught up to a narrow point immediately in the middle with a cluster of orange blossoms fastened with a chou of satin, over which was a fall of the Honiton lace from the yoke which, like the sleeves, was of fine chiffon. Her chief ornament was a necklace of five rows of diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom's mother. This ornament has a history. For many generations this has been a present to every bride marrying into the Bromley family, each matron passing it on to the next bride. She carried lilies of the valley.

The bridesmaids, I learned from the same reliable authority, were dressed in turquoise blue Roman satin brocaded with horizontal effect of seed pearls in the same color, arranged in wavy lines. There were four of these attendants—the two sisters of the bride, Miss Curzon of England, and Miss Sargent of Boston.

NETTA DYKE.

London,

WHAT are American women doing with their waists this season? Are they going back to the wasp shape? Are they letting them out on the Delsarte plan? I wish to know, because London has just undergone a great change in this respect, and I am vitally interested. I discovered this at the wedding of the week and the season, that of young Lord Chesterfield to Miss Enid Wilson, of whom every American must have heard as one of the greatest beauties in England. The time was when Miss Wilson, now Lady Chesterfield, showed a waist like an hour-glass. But last Thursday, at her marriage, the line was of very "sensible" proportions, while every one of the bridesmaids had plenty of breathing-room beneath her corsage. I am told by modistes that this is more than the fancy of one bride, that it is the forerunner of an entire change in fashion in this respect. The latest bodices are made only "half-fitting," or loose on the figure. It is a style that taxes severely the ingenuity of the modiste. To set a bodice close and tight to a wasp-shaped figure required only skill in fitting; to make a loose bodice look well upon a waist of natural proportions calls for artistic work in designing.

The change is an inconsistent one. As I have already written you, all the other late innovations in London are away from nature. Women are "making up" with absolute frankness. They have taken again to the earrings of the 1870 period. More than this, there has been a return, quite less pronounced, to the formal and affected manners of the age of haircloth furniture. The stalwart Diana, with her walks, her golf, her love of out-of-door sports, is not quite good form now. And yet, here we go, back toward natural waists. "Sister, 'tis an inconsistent sex, thine and mine."

To take example from the same wedding. Seven out of the twelve bridesmaids were made up, more or less. I watched them very closely, because I've had my eye out for that sort of thing lately. Five of them were decorated as to the ears. All were prim and precise in manner, with a "prunes, pears and prisms" air. If the bride herself wore no jewels and displayed no paint, it was without doubt because brides are supposed to ornament themselves simply, and because Miss Wilson has a natural complexion far beyond art.

It was a stiff, British wedding, chilling near at hand, but beautiful as a spectacle. The tall, blonde bride was gowned in white *crepe de Chine*, with a heavy train of thick, white satin, trimmed with ermine. It showed how far the idea of fur trimming has gone this season. It began with a modest display on street dresses, then it invaded the domain of the ball gown, and now it has come to decorate a bridal costume. I never took kindly, never shall take kindly, to fur as a trimming for indoor dresses. It is too far removed from its natural place and from its reason for being. Besides that, silks and satins have no business next to the raw hide of an animal. It always strikes me as does a flannel shirt and a tall hat.

This is a digression. Let us return. The twelve bridesmaids were in white cloth, with smart, tight-fitting red cloth coats and red felt hats. It happened that several of them were striking brunettes, so that the high color fitted them well. It also explained, I think, the already-mentioned freedom of make-up. They carried sable muffs, the bridegroom's present to them. The presents at this wedding are said to have been the richest and most magnificent of any fashionable wedding, outside of Jewish circles, for many years. One of them was a house—No. 5 Grosvenor Gardens. Lord Chesterfield gave the bride a fine diamond tiara, and a beautiful emerald necklace was the gift of her mother, Mrs. Wilson.

Lady Chesterfield was a beautiful bride, but Lady Castelreagh, who became a matron and a peeress last week, was a more charmingly human one. Her wedding was quite simple, and as little stiff as was consistent with a ceremony supposed to be so solemn as the "joining together in holy matrimony." Lady Castlereagh is just coming out of half-mourning, and her clothes were very quiet in tone and tint. One gown in her trousseau is worthy of special mention. What to call it I do not know; it is in a class by itself, being a mixture of princesse robe, pelisse, tea-gown and redingote, partaking of the nature of each and all of them. It is of fine, black cloth, with a deep collar of *point de Venise*, the lace continuing in one loose, graceful end down the skirt. This collar is edged with mink. There is not a bone in the dress, yet it fits like a glove.

Another of this trousseau's innovations, which is already being copied in London, was a cloth evening dress. This one, because of the light tones exacted by half-mourning, was of tender mauve. The cloth, in the bolt, resembled a heavy and handsome table-cloth, embroidered in ribbon of its own color. It was made up so as to wrap loosely around the figure, the inevitable opening at the left side showing a peep of lace. Another garmene worthy of notice was a set of shirt bodice mingling all the very newest ideas. They were of thick, faille silk, simply cut in thres wide plaits, and studded all over with buttont of different sizes. The black waists showed diamante and turquoise buttons, and the pale yellow, carbuncles. With these waists, large lace bows with long ends are worn. One of the novelties in bows was silk embroidery on net.

KATRIONA.

Moszkowski says: "Any one hidden in a room near by who will hear the Pianola for the first time will surely think that it is a great virtuoso that plays." Kohler & Chase, sole agents, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO
Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary
CORRESPONDENTS
New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 California Street
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2 2 3,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28 5^3 655 41
OFFICERS
President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER
DIRECTORS
B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union
532 CALIFORNIA ST
Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,...
Paid Up Capital.....1,0...
Reserve Fund.....21...
Contingent Fund.....407,391
E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.
DIRECTORS
George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee,
George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery,
Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira,
E. B. Pond.
Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco
33 POST STREET
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building
Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000
JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier
DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Fra .k J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Joseph D. Grant, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.
Interest paid on d posits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?
It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!
IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.
STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—MEXICAN GOLD and Silver Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the seventh day of March 1900, an assessment [No. 63] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of April, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the Second day of May, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.
—FOR—
Nome, St. Michael, Dawson
AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.
CARRYING U. S. MAILS.
FOR NOME DISTRICT.
From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900
FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,
From San Francisco, S. S. "St, Paul," May 26th, 1900
A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fortnight Thereafter
For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak, and all Intermediate Points:
From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.
For new folders, maps and further particulars, as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash

THE Keeley Cure
ALCOHOL, OPIUM, DRUG USING
Communications Confidential. Write for particulars.
F. H. NIXON, WEST SEATTLE, WASH.

WAR ON THE SLUM.

STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN OF TENEMENT REFORM IN NEW YORK

IT is now ten years since Jacob A. Riis published the book that won him fame. That early study of New York tenement life, *How the Other Half Lives*, attracted the attention of sociologists everywhere; and nowhere more than in New York itself. Mr. Riis had been a newspaper reporter for many years. He had come to know the people of the East Side, where they lived, how they lived, and why they lived that way, in the course of his daily experiences on the Mulberry Bend detail. Since then he has been in the forefront of the citizens' reform movement. His papers and sympathetic sketches in the magazines of the life he knows so well are familiar to all. His latest book, *A Ten Years' War*, is an account of what has been done in New York for the slums by intelligent and tireless endeavor.

The problem of the East Side today is centered about the Jews and Italians. Mr. Riis is an optimist. He believes that industrially and politically these aliens are becoming Americanized. The compulsory school law, playgrounds to keep the children off the street, the demolition of the unsanitary tenement barracks, the creation of parks in the congested districts—all these are having their influence upon the population. But the process is a slow one. "Would I shut out the newcomers? Sometimes," he says, "looking at it from the point of view of the Barge Office and the sweat shop, I think I would." But he adds:

A Contrast.

"Then there comes up the recollection of a picture of the city of Prague that hangs in a Bohemian friend's parlor, here in New York. I stood looking at it one day, and noticed in the foreground cannon that pointed in over the city. I spoke of it, unthinking, and said to my host that they should be trained, if against an enemy, the other way. The man's eye flashed fire. 'Ha!' he cried, 'here, yes!' When I think of that, I do not want to shut the door.

"Again, there occurs to me an experience the police had last summer in Mulberry street. They were looking for a murderer, and came upon a nest of Italian thugs who lived by blackmailing their countrymen. They were curious about them, and sent their names to Naples with a request for information. There came back such a record as none of the detectives had ever seen or heard before. All of them were notorious criminals, who had been charged with every conceivable crime, from burglary to kidnapping and 'maiming,' and some not to be conceived of by the American mind. Five of them together had been sixty-three times in jail, and one no less than twenty-one times. Yet, though they are all 'under special surveillance,' they had come here without let or hindrance within a year. When I recall that, I want to shut the door quick. I sent the exhibit to Washington at the time."

The East Side is the great Tammany stronghold, and not without reason. The alien speedily discovers that it pays to stand in with the boss. Whatever else he neglects, he never neglects to vote:

The Italian Citizen.

"Our Italian is not dull. With his intense admiration for the land where a dollar a day waits upon the man with a shovel, he can see no reason why he should not accept the whole 'American plan' with ready enthusiasm. It is a good plan. To him it sums itself up in the statement: a dollar a day for the shovel; two dollars for the shovel with a citizen behind it. And he takes the papers and the two dollars. He came here for a chance to live. Of politics, social ethics, he knows nothing. Government in his old home existed for his oppression. Why should he not attach himself with his whole loyal soul to the plan of government in his new home that offers to boost him into the place of his wildest ambition, 'a job on the streets'—that is, in the Street Cleaning Department—and asks no other return than that he shall vote as directed? Vote! Not only he, but his cousins and his brothers and uncles will vote as they are told, and get Pietro the job he covets. If it pleases the other man, what is it to him for whom he votes? He is after the job. Here, ready-made to the hand of the politician, is such material as he never saw before. For Pietro's loyalty is great. As a police detective, one of his own people, once put it to me: 'He got a kind of an idea, or an old rule: an eye for an eye; do to another as you'd be done by; if he don't squeal on you, you stick by him, no matter what the consequences.' This 'kind of an idea' is all he has to draw upon for an answer to the question if the thing is right. But the question does not arise. Why should it? Was he not told by the agitator whom the police jailed at home that in a republic all men are made happy by means of the vote? And is there not proof of it? It has made him happy, has it not? And the man who bought his vote seems to like it. Well, then? With his vote he could buy what seemed to him wealth. When citizen papers were offered him for $12.50, he bought them quickly, and got his job on the street."

And yet these people have ethical standards, and discriminate between right and wrong—sometimes. Very queer discriminations they are, too—sometimes. We have this interesting instance of an uneasy conscience:

"When an East Side midnight burglar, discovered and pursued, killed a tenant who blocked his way of escape a few weeks ago, his 'girl' gave him up to the police. But it was not because he had taken human life. 'He was good to me,' she explained to the captain whom she told where to find him, 'but since he robbed the church I had no use for him.' He had stolen, it seems, the communion service in a Staten Island church. The thoughtless laughed. But in her ignorant way she was only trying to apply the standards of morality as they had been taught her. Stunted, bemuddled, as they were, I think I should prefer to take my chances with her rather than with the woman of wealth and luxury who, some years ago, gave a Christmas party to her lap-dog, as on the whole the sounder of the two, and by far the more hopeful."

Practical Reform.

Mr. Riis describes Colonel Waring's work as the genesis of practical reform in New York:

"It was Colonel Waring's broom that first let light into the slum. That which had come to be considered an impossible task he did by the simple formula of 'putting a man instead of a voter behind every broom.' The words are his own. The man, from a political dummy who loathed his job and himself in it with cause, became a self-respecting citizen, and the streets that were dirty were swept. The ash barrels that had befouled the sidewalks disappeared, almost without any one knowing it until they were gone. The trucks that obstructed the children's only playground, the street, went with the dirt despite the opposition of the truckman who had traded off his vote to Tammany in the past for stall room at the curbstone. They did not go without a struggle. When appeal to the alderman proved useless, the truckman resorted to strategy. He took a wheel off, or kept a perishing nag, that could not walk, hitched to the truck over night to make it appear that it was there for business. But subterfuge availed as little as resistance. In the Mulberry Bend he made his last stand. The old houses had been torn down, leaving a three-acre lot full of dirt mounds and cellar holes. Into this the truckmen of the Sixth Ward hauled their carts, and defied the street cleaners. They were no longer in their way, and they were on the Park Department's domain, where no Colonel Waring was in control. But while their owners were triumphing, the children playing among the trucks set one of them rolling down into a cellar, and three or four of the little ones were crushed. That was the end. The trucks disappeared."

By far the larger portion of the book is taken up with an account of what has been accomplished by the reform movement during the last few years. Entire blocks of filthy buildings were condemned and torn down. Playpiers were built, gymnasiums constructed, and bath-houses, too, and provision made whereby the new schoolhouses should be made available for continuous use by clubs, lectures, entertainments, night schools and vacation schools, with roof gardens and commodious playgrounds for the children. The famous Committee of Seventy was largely responsible for these enterprises. Says Mr. Riis:

"I was a member of that committee, and I fed fat my grudge against the slum tenement, knowing that I might not again have such a chance. Bone Alley went. Where it stood workmen are today building a gymnasium with baths for the people, and a playground and park which may even be turned into a skating-pond in winter if the architect keeps his promise. A skating-pond for the children of the Eleventh Ward! No wonder the politician is in a hurry to take the credit for what is going forward over there. It is that or nothing with him now. It will be all up with Tammany, once the boys find out that these were the things she withheld from them all the years, for her own gain. Bone Alley brought thirty-seven dollars under the auctioneer's hammer. Thieves' Alley brought only seven dollars, and the old Helvetia House, where Boss Tweed and his gang met at night to plan their plundering raids on the city's treasury, was knocked down for five.

Victory of the Playground.

"The playground is here to wrestle with the gang for the boy, and it will win. It came so quietly that we hardly knew of it till we heard the shouts. It took us seven years to make up our minds to build a play-pier, and it took us just about seven weeks to build it when we got so far; but then we learned more in one day than we had dreamed of in the seven years. Half the East Side swarmed over it with shrieks of delight, and carried the Mayor and the city government, who had come to see the show, fairly off their feet. And now 'we are seven,' or will be when the one in Brooklyn has been built—great handsome structures, seven hundred feet long, some of them, with music every night for mother and the babies, and for papa, who can smoke his pipe there in peace. The moon shines upon the quiet river, and the steamers go by with their lights. The street is far away with its noise. The young people go sparking in all honor, as it is their right to do.

"The play-pier is the kindergarten in the educational campaign against the gang. It gives the little ones a chance. Often enough it is a chance for life. The street as a playground is a heavy contributor to the undertaker's bank account. I kept the police slips of a single day in May two years ago, when four little ones were killed and three crushed under the wheels of trucks in tenement-streets. Today there are half a dozen fully blown playgrounds downtown and uptown where the children swarm. The other day I watched the children at their play in the new Hester street gymnasium. The dusty square was jammed with a mighty multitude. It was not an ideal spot, for it had not rained in weeks, and powdered sand and cinders had taken wing and floated like a pall over the perspiring crowd. But it was heaven to them. A hundred boys and men stood in line, waiting their turn upon the bridge ladder and the traveling rings that hung full of struggling and squirming humanity, groping madly for the next grip. No failure, no rebuff, discouraged them. Seven boys and girls rode with looks of deep concern—it is their way—upon each end of the see-saw, and two squeezed into each of the forty swings that had room for one, while a hundred counted time and saw that none had too much. It is an article of faith with these children that nothing that is going for their benefit is to be missed. It is rather to cry over than to laugh at, if one but understands it. The sight of these little ones swarming over a sand heap until scarcely an inch of it was in sight, and gazing in rapt admiration at the poor show of a dozen geraniums and English ivy plants in pots on the window-sill of the overseer's cottage was pathetic in the extreme."

Nothing succeeds like success. The politicians saw that the people wanted parks and playgrounds, and they made haste to take the credit for what had been done:

"When Mulberry Bend park was finally dedicated to the people's use, they took charge of the celebration with immense unction, and invited themselves to sit in the high seats and glory in the achievement which they had done little but hamper and delay from the first. When they had had their say Colonel Waring arose, and, curtly reminding them that they had really had no hand in the business, proposed three cheers for the citizen effort that struck the slum this staggering blow. There was rather a feeble response from the platform, but rousing cheers from the crowd."

The lessons of *A Ten Years' War* come home to San Francisco. Many of the problems are identical. We can even add a few of our own. Aside from its sociological value the book is intensely interesting. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

NEW BOOKS.

The author of the *Siren City*—which is Naples, and not Pittsburg—has hit upon an ingenious scheme for getting ahead of the inquisitive reader. Instead of printing his first chapter first and his last chapter last, as Wilkie Collins used to do, Mr. Benjamin Swift (author of the alliterative sibilant aforesaid) begins his book with approximately his last chapter and hides his first chapter along towards the middle. Thus the young person who insists upon knowing 'how it is coming out" finds herself, when she consults citerior and ulterior, in a condition of considerable mental perturbation, as if she had been reading in a Chinese directory of names, or a rhyming dictionary, or a Hebrew spelling book, or some other eccentricity of sequences. She will then go to work and read the story. And this is what she will find. A rich young Englishwoman, who elopes with a bogus Italian duke, is mistreated by him and leaves him. The duke soon thereafter dies in jail. A more appreciative lover weds the widow. Just why the book should be called the *Siren City* is none of my business, I suppose; but it may be because of the "Sunday story" descriptions of rag time life in Naples. We are informed that the author has visited the Carmine Prison. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

The series of "Beacon Biographies" (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston) has had added to it the life of *Thomas Paine*, by Ellery Sedgwick. Thomas Paine, staymaker, sailor, exciseman, school-teacher, tobacconist and controversialist, all before he left England for America in 1774 with Franklin's letter in his pocket, for thirteen years took a most active and useful part in the counsels of the young America. He was employed by Congress as a salaried writer, accompanied Colonel Laurens on a successful mission to get money from France, wrote the "Crisis" papers, held important secretaryships, was influential in urging a stronger union among the States, had official recognition of his services from the New York and Pennsylvania Assemblies, and was presented with $3,000 by Congress only a year or two before he sailed for France. For fifteen years thereafter he was engaged in political and religious controversies in Paris, participating in the French Revolution. He returned to America in 1802, and died seven years later in New York. The literature which has grown up about Paine and his works bears witness to the man. It is almost exclusively controversial. One writer assails; the next defends. His earliest biographers, George Chalmers and James Cheetham, were his bitter enemies; while Mr. Conway's exhaustive biography of 1892 is an able argument for the defense. Mr. Sedgwick now splits the difference. "It is difficult, indeed," he says, "to write of Paine without enthusiasm for his genius and a lively recognition of his great services to liberty. But his faults are set down frankly. The reader shall be judge and jury."

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry — 109,303 cases imported in 1899, 72,495 cases more than any other brand—is due to its unsurpassed quality. The 1895 vintage now imported equals its best predecessors.

Have You a Piano that You do not Use?

Is the piano in your home a musical instrument, and do you enjoy it as such, or does it remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than an article of furniture.

The Pianola

Is bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is bringing music into homes where it has long been a stranger.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study and without practice.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keyes of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers.

When not in use the Pianola may be easily detached from the piano and moved to another part of the room.

The Pianola can be used in connection with any Grand or Upright piano, and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

Price $250 Upward.

The Pianola can be bought by monthly payments. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.

Kohler & Chase, Sole Agents.

26, 28 and 30 O'FARRELL STREET.

SETH HOPKIN'S SNAKES.

"OLD Seth Hopkins always was a crank on the subject of snakes, especially blacksnakes," said Deacon Todgers reminiscently to the crowd at the store. "'A rattler's pizen clear through,' Seth used to say to me, 'but a blacksnake's got intelligence. It's my belief blacksnakes were referred to in the Scriptures, where they make allusion to the wisdom of the serpent. But, of course, I ain't sure; only it seems probable.'

"There was one thing Seth was even a bigger crank about than snakes—that was trying to get some one else to do his work for him. One day last fall Seth went down to the city and while he was there he attended some show where they hypnotized people and made them do all sorts of things, just according to what the professor who did the hypnotizing seemed to want. Well, Seth came back fairly bubbling over with his new idea.

"'It's on the same principle that a blacksnake charms a bird,' he says, describing the show to me. 'Properly applied, there's lots of money in the scheme. Why should I wear out my poor old limbs trudging after woodcock and snipe, when the woods are full of strong, healthy blacksnakes waiting and anxious to use their natural powers of hypnotism for the benefit of a tired but worthy old man?'

"So Seth caught half a dozen extra big blacksnakes and set to work training them—'educating,' he called it. In spite of his fine words about charity to poor snakes, I couldn't reconcile his way of training them to my conscience. For it was nothing more or less than building up a desire for strong drink and making drunkards of those poor misguided creatures. The first thing he did was to mix a little liquor with the food of his snakes by dipping the pieces of meat he gave them in whisky. At first the snakes wouldn't touch the meat, but it was all they could get to eat, so they finally swallowed it. A blacksnake seems to take to whisky pretty naturally, and it was only a few days before Seth's snakes wouldn't look at their m at unless it had a taste of liquor about it. He kept them in a little pen and they soon got to know him. When he came out to feed them the snakes would all hurry over to Seth and crawl around him, and lift up their heads and sort of make a fuss over h m, as if they were telling him what a good fellow he was and how glad they were to see him, and wouldn't he please give them a drink, for all the world like a lot of loafers when an easy thing comes into a barroom.

"'It's an interesting experiment in snake nature and shows that blacksnakes have a human liking for good liquor,' I said to Seth, 'but I don't see where Seth Hopkins is getting birds out of the game.'

"'Don't worry about that, deacon,' says Seth, as complacent as if he were some benefactor of dumb brutes. 'The first thing is to get these snakes of mine anxious for liquor. The next thing will be to teach them that the only way they can get a drink is to turn in a bird.' He knew a blacksnake depended a good deal on charming, or 'hypnotizing,' as he called it, to catch birds, and he acted on this idea in the second part of his task of training the snakes. First he set some traps, and after a good deal of trouble he caught a few live birds. Then he would tie a bird on a pole, where it would be out of the reach of a snake. The string with which the bird was tied prevented it from flying away and at the same time was long enough so that the snake could bring the bird to Seth if charmed so as to fall into his power.

"He waited until his blacksnakes were pretty thirsty, and then, instead of giving them anything that resembled good liquor, he took one of them out where a bird was tied. It was whisky, not woodcock, the snake wanted, and at first the snake would pike right over to where Seth was standing and fairly beg for a drink. Seth would take it back and put it in front of the bird. 'It's a case of no bird, no booze,' Seth used to say.

"'One by one Seth put all six of his snakes through their schooling. But there's just as much difference in the intelligence of snakes as there is of men, and a big blacksnake that Seth called Pete was the first to comprehend what was wanted. Pete realized after a few lessons that every time he charmed a bird and brought it to Seth he had a drink coming. Then Pete wanted to work overtime, but Seth wouldn't let him.

"As soon as he saw Pete understood the game he changed his methods a little. Instead of taking the snakes out separately to their school he brought them out in a bunch with a bird for each. Pete charmed his bird, handed it over to Seth and got a drink. The other snakes came hurrying up for a drink, too, but they didn't come in on that round. It wasn't but a little while before they realized what they must do to get liquor, and then they fairly tumbled over themselves to charm birds and exchange them for drinks. After they had done this about a dozen times Seth judged their education was complete.

"'Valuable time and fatherly care and good whisky I've lavished on these snakes,' says Seth, 'and now they can repay me. Woodcock are scarce and command a good price. But with the aid of my six educated blacksnakes and my own masterly intellect I'm going to flood the market. And I won't stir out of the house to do it.'

"The next day Seth began to gather in his harvest of birds. He kept his snakes locked up until they were mighty anxious for their morning grog. Then he let them out. The snakes, being anxious to catch a bird and get a drink, began to look around in a wondering way. But not a bird was in sight. Then he led the snakes over to the edge of the clearing, they following him like a lot of sheep. He waved his hand in the direction of the woods. For a minute the snakes were clean puzzled. Then they got it through their heads that the birds they were expected to get were in the woods, and that the quicker they got a bird the sooner each thirsty blacksnake would have a drink. And each snake dusted off for the woods.

"Late that afternoon I called around at Seth's house. There he was lying in the hammock and smoking his pipe as calm and peaceable as if he he had nothing to do but draw interest on his money. At one side of the room were six piles of woodcock. There wasn't a pile with less than fifteen birds in it, and one pile had twenty-two. As fast as a snake had brought a bird Seth had given it a drink of whisky for its pay. The pile represented a good deal of whisky, but as woodcock were scarce and bringing a good price and each drink had been a small one, Seth was a long ways ahead of the game.

"'Where's all your snakes?' I asked him.

"Seth looked at me kind of amazed. 'Those trained and intelligent creatures of mine are blacksnakes, deacon, not sewers,' said he. 'Where would any creatures be that drank the amount of whisky represented by those piles of birds? Sleeping it off, of course. All but Pete, dear old Pete. He's several drinks ahead of any of the others, and he's out after a fresh bird now.'

"Just then there was a little rustle at the door, and in came Pete. Did you ever see a drunken blacksnake? Well. It is the most disreputable sight in the world. Pete would manage to wriggle ahead a few feet, then half roll over on his side and stop. By the time he got under way again he had dropped the bird he was carrying. Then he would give a couple of feeble waves of his head and finally get a grip on the bird. His eyes were more than half closed, but he was game, and at last reached the pile and dropped the woodcock beside it. Then Pete turned to Seth and waited for his drink. Seth wasn't inclined to give it to him, but Pete looked at him with a sort of sleepy but indignant look, as if to say, 'I've earned my drink and I want it,' so Seth put a little liquor in a cup in front of the big snake. Pete drank it. Then he was all in, and Seth had to carry him to the pen. I was shocked clean through.

"'It's a sin and a shame, Seth Hopkins,' I said indignantly. 'You've corrupted those poor creatures and led them into evil ways. It means a drunkard's death for them.

"'It means a pile of woodcocks for me,' replied Seth, ashamed, but sort of sullen like.

"But just as Seth began to be puffed up with pride and haughtiness and to think of nothing except the money his bird-catching blacksnakes would bring him, his hard luck came on him. The snakes, of course, would drink all the whisky they could hold, and Seth, thinking he was making money out of each drink, kept on filling them up to the limit every day. So every night they went to bed drunk, often having putting in a hard day's work, and every morning they woke up with the snake equivalent for a dark-brown taste in their mouths and an eager desire for several bracers.

"For about three weeks Seth kept gathering in a harvest of birds. Then the crash came. The snakes had been acting nervous and irritable, and one night Seth was awakened by a noise in the pen where he kept them. He lit a lantern and started out to investigate. Out in the pen he found, instead of six peacefully sleeping blacksnakes, one tangled mass of twisting heads and tails. The snakes had evidently been uneasy, and two of them had started fighting. Then all six being on the verge of snake delirium tremens, had joined in. Seth did his best to quiet them down, but couldn't do it until all but one of the snakes had been killed. The live one was big Pete, and, as he was pretty well used up, Seth refused to be comforted.

"When Pete got well enough for work again the woodcock season was at an end. Seth was feeling blue when one day Pete came trailing in with a small duck. Then he was the most delighted man you ever saw and gave Pete an extra large drink. I remonstrated with him.

"'It's all right for that big snake of yours to hypnotize woodcock,' I told him. 'That's natural and proper; but when he goes around trying to hypnotize any old thing that comes his way he's sure to get into trouble in the end. You ought to teach him different instead of rewarding him.

"But Seth would not listen. As long as Pete brought in anything that could be sold he should have a drink.

"'The next day I was walking in the woods near Seth's house when I saw, down in a little gully, Pete crawling over the stones, evidently in search of something to hypnotize. Pretty soon a big snapping turtle came out of the creek and waddled up the bank. Pete saw the turtle, and hurrying up, placed himself about ten feet in front of it and began trying to charm it, the same as he would a harmless woodcock. A snapping turtle don't take kindly to being hypnotized, and I tried to warn Pete of his danger by shouting and throwing down stones. But after his reward for the duck, the big snake thought it was proper to try the charming game on any old thing. Pete kept his eye on the turtle and waved his head slowly from side to side, the same tactics which had brought down hundreds of woodcock. But the turtle kept waddling straight ahead until he was within reach of Pete. Then he shot out his ugly head, got a grip on poor Pete's neck and held on, after the placid manner of snapping turtles. Pete squirmed and wriggled, but the turtle stuck to his grip, and when the threshing stopped Pete was dead.

"Seth was heart broken when I told him of the loss of his pet.

"'It's all my fault; I ought to have taught him better,' he groaned. 'But who would have thought that such an intelligent and educated a blacksnake would try to hypnotize a snapping turtle?'"—*New York Sun.*

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c
Hall's Family Pills are the best

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

ASK THE TICKET AGENT

to send you from Chicago to New York, Boston, or other Eastean cities over the **Nickel Plate** (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) Quick time, satisfactory service, and no extra fares charged passengers.
JAY W. ADAMS, Pacific Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker bldg., San Francisco Cal.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 305.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Vôlox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet. 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block.

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. FLEISCHER, Surgery Genito-Urinary and Female diseases. 201, 202, 216, 218 Washington blk

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira E. and James H. Doolittle.

The Theatres

THEATRICAL taste is at a very low ebb just now, in many ways at the lowest ebb. The fashion in New York, and New York sets the fashion for the country, is for the salacious, open and undisguised. "Sapho" is a notorious instance, but there are other and worse ones which have attracted less attention at this distance. *Life*, that clever and "knocking" little sheet, prints weekly a list of six or eight plays running in the metropolis to which no honest man should take an honest woman. "Coralie & Co., Dressmakers," if one can judge from descriptions, must be worse than "Sapho," in that, while the latter makes pretense at a high purpose, "Coralie & Co." makes not even a pretense. Those who believe that art has nothing to do with morals will say, doubtless, that this is not the lowest ebb of the American stage, that such pernicious depth was reached when the Hoyt farce set the fashion, and that the salacious play of the period has the recommendation of being excellently done. The moralist will answer that this excellence of workmanship makes such plays all the more dangerous, on the principle that the most insidious form of vice is that rendered alluring by a beautiful setting.

MISS MARGARET DALY

* *

San Francisco has seen none of the recent outbreaks on the New York stage, thanks to our theatrical seclusion, but we have had one or two plays this season which afford a line on the metropolis. "In Paradise," done early last month by the Frawleys and "Never Again," as produced this week at the Alcazar, were both seen in New York two seasons ago. At the time, they were considered spicy, but nothing especially bad; it was not until "The Degenerates," "Sapho," and "Coralie & Co." came out that Father Knickerbocker woke up. And yet, both the samples we have had in San Francisco this season went clear up to the limit. No grown person could have the slightest doubt as to what "Never Again" was all about. Father Yorke has just placed himself on record as believing San Francisco the "most immoral," etc. Yet the town never took kindly to productions of this class. Anyone who attended "In Paradise" during the second week will remember that the audience showed as large a majority of men as the assemblage at a symphony concert shows a majority of women. "The Turtle" which was an insult to both morals and art, was a huge success in New York and was snubbed completely in San Francisco.

* *

There are signs that the pendulum is about to swing full circle, from the salacious play of French origin to the classic drama. Nearly all the larger playhouses in New York are preparing Shakspearian revivals for next fall. Mansfield, Crane, Southern, Goodwin and others are to include these plays in their repertoire for the coming season. We have not had a Shakespearian actor approaching first rank since Salvini the younger was cut off in his promise; this dearth of real talent may hamper the movement. Yet Shakespearian actors cannot be made unless there is a Shakespearian drama to make them, and among the exceptionally intelligent and able lot contained in New York's younger generation there may be Booth's successor, waiting the chance to develop.

* *

At the Orpheum, Walter Jones and Norma Whalley lead the new bill in what they term a "Comedy Scream." Jones is a clever performer; Miss Whalley is well known for her talents and her personal charms. The Sisters McCoy and Sam Marion are clever comedians and acrobats. Weston and Yost, comedians, W. C. Fields, eccentric juggler, and the Neilson sisters, vocalists, are the other new people. Retained from last week are the Drews, Howard Thurston, Flatow and Dunn and the Moorish troupe of acrobats.

* *

The Alcazar presents next week a society drama, "Diplomacy," an adaptation from Sardou's "Dora," and an old London favorite.

* *

At the California Theatre for the two weeks beginning Sunday afternoon, March 18th, with the exception of Monday evening, March 26th, a legitimate treat is in store. "Puddn'head Wilson," with the late Edwin F. Mayo's Company will be presented with Burr McIntosh, in the title role. Mr. McIntosh is a man of strong individuality and a capable actor and it is said that his work in this role is excellent.

Paderewski will play on Monday evening, March 26, at the California Theatre and on the afternoons of Wednesday and Friday, 28th and 30th.

* *

Gillette's comedy, "Because She Loved Him So," has crowded the Columbia Theatre every performance this week. The piece is to be kept on for another week and will be followed by Willie Collier in his new farce comedy entitled "Mr. Smooth." Collier is held in high esteem here by virtue of his fine comedy work in the "The Man From Mexico." He will have a strong company in support.

* *

At the Orpheum this week the chief new feature is the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew in their one-act comedy, "Love Will Find the Way." Mr. Sydney Drew, like his more famous brother John, is a capable actor in his line, and deserves better opportunities than are afforded by the very slight construction of his present play, the plot of which is not new, nor the situations strong. Husbands ere this have cured their jealous (stage wives) of jealousy by feigning to be likewise jealous and violent. The Drews, however, held the interest of the house; which was what they were there to do. Other of the more popular numbers were the negro impersonations, by Flatow and Dunn, and "Just a German Girl," by Fanny Fields.

* *

A note from Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske to a friend, in San Francisco, says that she may possibly visit San Francisco this season. She is not booked for any of the local theatres, but Mrs. Fiske is now a free lance, travelling under her own management and the only actor on the American stage independent of the more or less mythical "syndicate." She is in some respects the greatest actress on the American stage, and her appearance will be a great event.

* *

After shocking all New York with "Naughty Anthony," the play with hosiery-model "business," David Belasco has produced a beautiful and delicate little tragedy, which has fairly taken New York by storm. "Madame Butterfly," it is called, and is an adaptation from John Luther Long's Japanese story of the same title. The most effective scene is one in which the deserted native wife waits all night at the casement for her recreant lover. Not a word is spoken in all this time. Blanche Bates, perhaps, is rather robust of mould to portray with perfect versimilitude the Japanese doll, but nevertheless her tragic and pathetic work has caught all the critics.

MISS CLARA LIPPMAN.

The Infinities.

TIME and Space and Number flow
Ever onward; none shall know
Whence they come, or where they go.

None shall know; they will not bend
Their majestic course; nor blend,
Infinite, with things that end.

None shall know; the mind may sound
Dreaming voids, and find no bound
To the wall-less prison round.

Winding-sheet of woven shade,
None shall e'er thy word evade;
None shall know! 'T is thou hast said.

None; unless man, too, may climb
Clear of bounds, till Thought sublime
Conquer Number, Space, and Time.

C. H. Page, in Century.

Poverty.

Fair my estate at morn to see;
I had at eve the selfsame store;
Yet fate that day had beggared me,
Since hope could I count mine no more.

Arlo Bates, in March Century

HIS EXCUSE.—Colonel Barton of the Connaught Rangers had found it necessary to lecture his soldier-servant on the sin of untruthfulness. "It was not only a lie you told me," said he, "but a stupid lie at that." "Faith, sorr," answered the man, "I see'd ye were in a raging temper, and I lost me prisence of mind!"

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Walter Jones and Norma Kelly; Sam Marion and McCoy Sisters; Weston and Yost; Neilson Sisters; W. C. Fields; Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew; Howard Thurston; Flatow and Dunn; Moorish Troupe of Acrobats.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

WEEK OF MAR. 19th

A Magnificent Presentation of

DIPLOMACY.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Next—"Aunt Jack."

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, MAR. 19th

Next Week Final Performances

Charles Frohman Presents William Gillette's Greatest Comedy Triumph,

BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM SO

THE LITTLE MINISTER OF FARCE

With J. E. Dodson and the same Big Original Cast seen for 200 nights at the Madison Square Theatre, and over 100 nights in Boston at the Boston Museum.

March 26—Willie Collier in "MR, SMOOTH."

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Beginning Sunday Afternoon, March 18, 1900.

And for two weeks (excepting Monday evening March 26) the eminent actor

BURR McINTOSH

In Frank Mayo's Dramatization of Mark Twain's

"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON."

Supported by the late Edwin Mayo's Sterling Company. Usual Matinees.

Monday night, March 26, "Paderewski."

Western Turf Association.

INCORPORATED

Member American Turf Congress

TANFORAN PARK, South San Francisco

Main Office Parlor "A" Palace Hotel San Francisco

W. J. MARTIN, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Manager.

Fifth Meeting Mar. 12th to Mar. 24th inclusive.

Six high-class running races every week-day rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb Grand Stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 4:45 P. M. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking. Valencia street ten minutes later.

San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.

Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to Grounds, $1.25.

Kitro Tonic.

King of all. For men and women. A fine Grape Fruit Tonic. Recommended by all Physicians. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Dealers.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. March 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, April 1. change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Mar. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Apr. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Mar. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Apr. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Mar. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Apr. 1 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Mar. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, Apr. 3, and every fourth day thereafter

For Mexican ports. 10 a. m. March 8th and 7th of each month thereafter.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Mariposa. for Australia, Wednesday, March. 21, at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, April 4 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS
TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class — Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb, 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7. 17, 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

J. W. MONROE' SPARKLING APPLE CIDER

Made in Humboldt Co., California
John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

SUNSET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1899-1900

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Friday
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays and Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the travelling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5810 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

A Toilet Necessity.
WAKELEE' COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Gould and Curry Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 6th day of March, 1900, an assessment (No. 89) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of April, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 2nd day of May, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office: Room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

You Can Blame the Girl

when she breaks a dish; but is she to blame if your Silverware is not properly cleaned? The only proper material for cleaning Silver is

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

Give her that and she will save your Silver and her time. If she is using any other silver polish, the sooner she "drops it" the better for your Silverware.

At Grocers, or postpaid for 15 cts. in stamps.

The Electro Silicon Company,
30 Cliff Street, New York.

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.
American and European Plan.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

FOR THE
BEST BOOK-KEEPING,
the SHORTEST SHORTHAND
Attend McLAREN & THOMSON'S
Acme Business College
College Paper Sent Free
Pacific Block SEATTLE, WASH.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters
"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.
NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

ELECTRIC
SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS
California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

A CONFESSION, NOT A SPEECH.—James Neill, the actor manager, engaged for one of his productions a lady amateur whose zeal outran her discretion. She could not follow instructions. She had two lines to speak in the play but was not satisfied, and made up to Neill at rehearsal. "Mr. Neill, I have one line in the first act and one in the second. Couldn't you give me one for the third act too?" Mr. Neill thought a minute of what trouble the girl had caused him and said: "Yes, in the banquet scene in the last act you may enter and say: 'Here is a ham.'" "Oh," she said, "do I bring a ham on with me?" "No, my dear," said Mr. Neill, "it is not a speech, it is a confession."

x

DID NOT UNDERSTAND DECIMALS.—Lord Randolph Churchill's appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the annual statement of the British finances was presented to him for signature. He looked over the terrific array of figures and remarked to the chief secretary. "I can't make head or tail of this. Why don't you arrange the figures so that one can understand them?" "My lord, I have adopted the simplest known method; I have used decimals throughout." "Yes, yes, I see, but I never did know what those dammed dots meant," was his lordship's reply. And yet Lord Randolph was an able "financier."

x

THE DRUNK'S APPROBATION.—While the Cannought Rangers were quartered in Edinburgh there was a great deal of drunkenness and disorder in the regiment, and the Colonel made up his mind that it had to cease. So early one morning parade he ordered an old offender, who had been out all night, to be marched across the regiment's front in his muddy tunic and torn trousers, as an awful warning. When the prisoner arrived at the left flank, he turned to the Colonel, saluted him and said, just as if he had been some swell inspecting them. "Thank ye, Colonel; faith, it's one av the foinest regiments I've ever seen. Ye may dismiss them!"

x

A RARE CASE.—Not long ago a Boston clergyman received an evening call from an elderly man and woman who expressed a wish to be joined in the bonds of matrimony then and there. "Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the man, an honest eyed, weather-beaten person of seafaring aspect. "Never, and never wanted to be before," was the prompt reply. "And have you ever been married before?" the question came to the woman. "No, sir," she replied with equal promptness; and with a touch of humor that appealed to the clergyman at once, she added, "I never had a chance!"

x

A MISDIRECTED COMPLIMENT.—Soon after her return from Europe where, she had achieved many triumphs, Leonora Jackson, the clever violinist, was given a reception in Pittsburg. She was to play at a concert soon after and her admirers were laying the compliments on thick. "Miss Jackson," said one enthusiast, "you have done more for the Stars and Stripes abroad than our arms did in the war with Spain." "I am very much obliged to you," was the quick response, "but I really did not know my execution was as deadly as all that."

x

"A GRAUN' INVENTION."—Two farm servants came to Aberdeen to spend New Year's Day. Arriving by train, they immediately made their way to the terminus of the electric tramway circuit, where, after looking at the new creation with much wonder, they decided upon having a ride. "Wull," said man Jock, "this is a graun' invention. In Edinburgh I saw them drive the cars wi' an iron rape aneth street, in Dundee they pu' them wi an engine, but, michty man, wha wad a' thocht they could ca' them wi' a fishing rod!"

x

A SLIGHT ERROR IN NAMES.—Lord Beauchamp, the Governor of New South Wales is a most pronounced aristocrat. Imagine his feelings when, at a state dinner party in Sidney, a good but homely old lady, the wife of one of the ministry, confided to him that she had nightly blessed the name of his father. On being asked when and where she had made the latter's acquaintance, she replied: "Oh, I have taken his famous pills regularly for years!"

x

TRYING TO DISCOVER PRETORIA.—A deputation collecting subscriptions for a new North Pole expedition approached Secretary Joseph Chamberlain for a contribution. After listening in grim silence to what they had to say, Chamberlain readjusted his eyeglass and said: "Gentlemen, I am informed that the North Pole is in a place where it will keep sweet for a reasonable length of time. I am trying to discover Pretoria. Good-day."

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

For nearly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate charges.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between
Skaguay and Lake Bennett.
Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
ATLIN, DAWSON AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND
REPSOLD
Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner
This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

GREENBAUM'S
White and Dark Violet
The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets
200 POST STREET

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line
CUTS
Yosemite Engraving Co.
24 Montgomery Street
San Francisco
For Catalogues Books Souvenirs Newspapers Letter-heads Etc.
We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS.
308-314 Post St.
Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. All the Latest Books in our Sheet Music Department.

VICTORIA EDITION.

The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI, No. 10 SAN FRANCISCO — MARCH 24, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

VIEWS OF VICTORIA, B. C.

ESTABLISHED 1859

E. G. PRIOR & CO.,

LIMITED LIA ILITY

DEALERS IN **HARDWARE**

Tools, Iron, Wagons, Carriages, Farm Implements and Machinery. Miners' Tools and Camp Outfits a Specialty. Jessop's, Morton's and Crescent Drill Steel.

Headquarters: 123 Government St., - - VICTORIA, B. C.

Branches: Vancouver and Kamloops.

UPPER YUKON ROUTE TO DAWSON CITY

The Canadian Development Co.

[LIMITED.]

own and operate the fast splendidly equipped river steamers

COLUMBIAN, CANADIAN, VICTORIAN, AUSTRALIAN, ANGLIAN,

on the Upper Yukon Route to Dawson City and Yukon River Stations.

THROUGH TICKETS AND BILLS OF LADING.

For rates and information address the General Office.

32 Fort St. Victoria, B. C.

Go for Dawson and Upper Yukon River Points.

The Victoria-Yukon Trading Co.

[LIMITED.]

Have established Feed Stations at the following points: Hootalingua, Five-Finger Rapids, Selkirk, Selwyn, Half-Way Post and Scow Island, where Hay and Oats can be purchased by parties desiring to freight goods in during the winter. For further particulars apply to the different posts or head office of the Company, Victoria, B. C.

J. HOLLAND, Managing Director.

R. P. Rithet & Co., Limited Liability

VICTORIA, B. C.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS, SHIPPING AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

AGENTS FOR:

Victoria Lumber & Manufacturing Co. Chemainus.
Victoria Canning Co. of B. C, Ltd.
English and American Fire and Marine Insurance Co's.
Seagram's Whiskies
Distillers Co. Ltd. Whiskies
Anheuser Busch Brewing Association
Veuve Cliquot Champagnes

Proprietors: Enderby & Vernon Flour Mills.
Staple and Fancy Groceries.
Wine and Liquors.
Havana and Domestic Cigars.

WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.

ESTABLISHED 1863.

Turner, Beeton & Co

VICTORIA and LONDON.

IMPORTERS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF

Dry Goods and Miners' Supplies

AND THE FINEST BRANDS OF

Champagne, Port, Sherry, Claret and other Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES.
Turner—Victoria.
Beeton—London.
Turbeet—Vancouver and Nelson.

Sole agents for Robt. Brown & Co., Ltd., Glasgow, celebrated Four Crown Scotch, the finest Whiskey on the market.
Sole agents for Corby & Co's Belleville Canadian Whiskey.
Agents Cariboo Gold Fields Co., Ltd., London and Barkerville.
Agents Inverness, Balmoral, Fisherman & London Salmon Canneries.

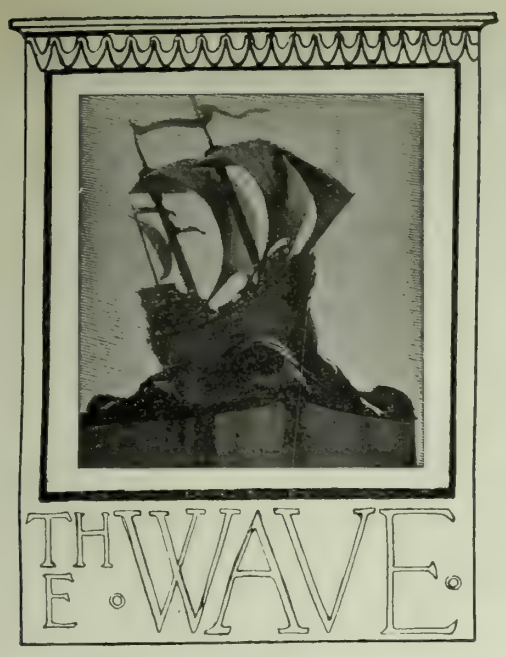
Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament, 1883. Contractors to H. M. Army.
Victoria Transfer Co., Ltd., 19, 21 and 23 Broughton Street, foot of Broad. This Company has the largest and finest stock of Horses, Carriages, Buggies and Phaetons in the Province. Two, four and six-horse omnibuses furnished for parties on short notice. Baggage transferred to all parts or stored. Furniture or freight moved, etc. Telephone 129.

SAW-MILL OF

J. A. SAYWARD,

VICTORIA, - - B. C.

Manufacturer and Dealer in Fir, Spruce and Cedar Lumber.



is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—March 24, 1900—SEATTLE

EVENTS CURRENT.

A Lull in the Transvaal War. Not since Lord Roberts took full control of things at the front has there been so quiet a week in South Africa. Buller is scouting and skirmishing, putting out feelers toward Laing's Nek; Roberts is resting his army in Bloemfontein—for the capture of the Free State capitol, announced as a rumor in this department last week, has proved to be a reality. It is the lull between storms. The situation has improved greatly however. Bloemfontein yielded without resistance, Steyn and his cabinet retiring to the Transvaal, while the town authorities gave themselves up to the British. Since that time, the Free State burghers have shown a general disposition to give up the war. Farms found abandoned on the first British advance are occupied again by their owners, who are returning from the Boer army. At Edinburgh and elsewhere, eighteen hundred burghers have laid down their arms to General Pole-Carew. Roberts is at present in Bloemfontein, arranging for a provisional government for the city and the region, while the advance-guard of his forces has pushed across the border and now rests in Transvaal territory. With their allies forsaking them, Kruger's people will have to fight to the finish alone, and there is no sign of them backing down, like the Free Staters. The situation at Mafeking, upon which all attention is concentrated, has undergone no visible change. The relieving force has not yet succeeded in lifting the siege and Baden-Powell and his little garrison still hold out; that is all that's known for a certainty. When the press censorship began to be enforced on this point, about two weeks ago, the place was full of sickness and short of both provisions and ammunition. There is no reason to think that these conditions have improved. The relieving force is within fourteen miles of the town, but they have still to traverse a rough country held by an enemy of unknown strength and untested spirit.

Russia Changes Front in Asia. No little uneasiness has been felt in England during this time of pressure because of Russia's threatening attitude in two directions. On the borders of Afghanistan, the Czar's armies seemed to be making a demonstration toward Herat and North British India, and in the other direction the assistance extended to the finances of Persia gave rise to the suspicion that Russia was playing for her opening on the Persian Gulf. It was an opportune time, when Great Britain, the natural balance to hold Russia in check, had her hands full in another direction, and English statesmen and journalists began to anticipate a war with Russia on two borders of India. The latest news from Saint Petersburg is of far different tenor. The Czar is said to have rebuked M. Kuropatkin, Minister of War, for his "rashness" in playing against the English border and M. Witte, Minister of Finance, for exceeding his authority in assuring Persia that Russia would guarantee the Shah's foreign loan. It is even hinted in the official press that M. Kuropatkin will be removed for ordering the demonstration against the Indian border. Following this, the *Official Gazette* of St. Petersburg prints a paragraph stating that the Czar intends to present a strictly neutral front during the whole Transvaal war. The suspicious thing about this change of front is the date of its occurrence. When the three British columns were all held in check and it seemed as though the whole strength of the Empire were needed in South Africa, the Czar was menacing Persia and India, and the Russian Minister at London speaks mysteriously of the Czar's intentions; as soon as the Boer cause crumbles, the Czar announces that it was all a mistake and disciplines his ministers. To one who understands the shifty character of Russian diplomacy, this change of attitude proves clearly enough what action would have been taken had the war not turned for the better just when it did.

Discouraging Outlook in Luzon. If the latest news from Manila be true, events in the Philippines are going very badly, and the worst fears of the military authorities are realized. Our officers know that the subjugation of the present insurrection in the islands is only a matter of time. But the question as to whether the natives would remain subdued has given the military government the greatest anxiety. And now, in Manila, where the American system of government has been given every chance, where all that could be done to restore order and insure safety has been attended to, our rule has produced so little impression on the people that a new revolution is brewing in the city. It is the most discouraging news possible, since it goes to prove that our "silent, sullen people" must not only be conquered but reconquered *ad infin.* So active have become the members of the Filipino junta in the capital city, that Manila gives the army more concern than all the rest of Luzon. A number of representative insurgents have been there lately holding conferences, and twice in the past week attempts have been made to smuggle in arms. It is asserted upon good authority that three loads of arms and ammunition have lately been landed on the coast not far from Manila, while several suspected filibusters, notably one Spitzel of Hongkong, are operating in the town. In certain other outside districts where we have been in long occupation conditions are equally discouraging. In General McArthur's district, evidence accumulates that the municipal presidents sworn to support our rule are treacherously aiding the insurgents. A few have had the grace to resign and cast off their allegiance, but most of them hold office and communicate with Aguinaldo's people in secret. In the province of Morongo, active insurgent reorganization is going on, and the Tagalos are gathering again in Zambales. In Albay an insurgent force, said to be out of ammunition, is burning farms and driving "amigos" into the towns. Brigands are committing atrocities of all sorts in Nueva Ecija and Tarlac, where twenty-eight murders are reported within one week. As a check on the bandits, two who were caught and convicted of murder will be hanged at Bayambang on March 20.

Uneasy Times in China. During the past week, the yellow Democratic press of this country, which has been trying to prove a collusion between the administration and the English government, has been circulating a report that the Secretary of the Navy was about to send a squadron to the coast of China to act in conjunction with the British fleet in checking the evident influence of Russia with the Chinese Emperor. The basis of truth in this willful perversion is that the authorities, knowing that the situation is strained, are holding themselves in readiness to act in case American interests are jeopardized. The *Oregon* and *New Orleans* happen to be in the neighborhood of Nagasaki, Japan, and will be held there in readiness. General Otis has been asked if he can furnish troops for China in case of necessity. But all this is only by way of preparation for a possible future, and no move will be made unless the situation changes. There is no doubt that China is very, very "sick." The country is on the verge of civil war. The spread of European ideas, it seems, had gone farther than anyone suspected until the Empress Dowager issued her edicts ordering a return to the old order. The change was accepted with discontent, and at one time popular opinion seemed in a fair way to assert itself and cause a return to the regime of the deposed emperor. Now, powerful secret societies throughout the empire are preparing to rise. Kang Yu Weis, a stalwart of the European party, banished when the Empress Dowager seized the power, is to be the head of the rebellion; his agents are active throughout China and in at least five of the southern provinces reformist forces are organized and are arming and drilling. To further complicate matters, Germany is hurrying troops into the province of Shantung, where a number of Germans reside and hold commercial concessions of considerable value, under the excuse that the lives and property of Europeans are in danger. To the north there are murmurs of a naval war between Japan and Russia over the control of Corea and Northern China, an event which, should it happen, would almost certainly bring about a general Oriental war and the breaking-up of the Celestial Empire. Bloodshed of some sort may be expected within the next six months, as the situation is strained in all directions.

The New Naval Program. The House Committee on Naval Affairs is about to recommend to Congress the largest naval appropriation ever made in this country, exceeding by a half that of 1892, the year when this country first fully awoke to the necessity of modern warships. The program as outlined calls for $62,000,000. The new vessels recommended include two battle-ships of 13,500 tons, and of the highest practicable speed, to cost about $6,000,000 each; three armored cruisers of the highest speed and about the same size and cost as the battleships; three protected cruisers of 8000 tons, of high speed and costing about $4,500,000 each. No gunboats are mentioned in the recommendations, because of the craft of this class recently purchased from Spain in Luzon, and torpedo boats are also slighted, owing to the low opinion held by Secretary Long and his advisers concerning this style of craft and the delay of a final decision regarding the efficacy of the Holland submarine boat. This program is altered in several particulars from that recommended by the Navy Department. Their program included no battleships but contained a recommendation for twelve gunboats. The changes were made at the suggestion of Admiral Dewey.

Louisiana Circumscribes the Negro Vote. An attempt is being made in the State of Louisiana to circumscribe the colored vote by disfranchising ignorant colored voters, while allowing ignorant whites the full privileges of citizens. The whites of Louisiana, in common with those of other Southern States, are opposed to the enfranchisement of the negro on principle, but are obliged to permit it by the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The negroes of that State happen to be the most ignorant of all the race, however, and the disqualification was attempted through an educational clause. Mississippi tried the experiment some years ago by passing a law providing that no voter could qualify unless he was able to read the Constitution or "to understand it when read to him." The law was tested in the courts and held valid, and has been applied in such manner that it disqualified negroes only, since whites are never challenged. Louisiana has gone farther in trying to pass a law which shall hold in itself without the help of a partisan interpretation. This is the text of a provision in the new franchise bill of Louisiana, which requires as a qualification for voters ability to read and write and the possession of $300 worth of taxable property: "No male person who was on January 1, 1867, or at any date prior thereto, entitled to vote under the Constitution or statutes of any State of the United States wherein he then resided, and no son or grandson of any such person not less than 21 years of age at the date of the adoption of this Constitution, and no person of foreign birth who shall have been naturalized prior to the first day of January, 1898, shall be denied the right to register and vote in this State by reason of his failure to possess the educational qualifications prescribed by this Constitution; provided, he shall have resided in this State for five years next preceding the date at which he shall apply for registration, and shall have registered in accordance with the terms of this article prior to September 1, 1898, and no person shall be entitled to register under this section after said date." While this looks innocent enough on the surface, it is in reality so constructed that no white voter, no matter how ignorant, shall be cut off from voting, while no negro shall be able to qualify under this special clause. The intent is clear; in fact, the legislators of Louisiana do not deny that the bill is aimed against negro citizens. A test case is pending before the Federal Supreme Court, and is being watched eagerly throughout the South. Should it be declared constitutional, North Carolina, Georgia and Virginia will introduce measures of like purport next fall. It is not likely that it will pass the Federal Courts, however. The Mississippi law, while aimed at the characteristics of a race, was not aimed at the race itself, and the favorable decision of the Supreme Court was made on that ground. In the Louisiana law, on the other hand, the exceptions are pretty clearly in favor of a race rather than the characteristics of a race. Upon this hair-splitting difference rests the political future of millions of Southern negroes.

A New Diplomatic Service. It will be remembered that in Richard Olney's latest remarkable utterance on our national growth, condensed for this department last week, the antiquity of the United States consular service is especially condemned. This has been a neglected branch of the government service. Since its first institution Congress has never passed a single bill changing or improving it, save in the alteration of salary lists and the creation of new posts. When Jackson was President and a man who had been to Europe was a rarity, the service was adequate, but even before the late territorial and commercial expansion of the nation, it had far outgrown its clothing of statutes. To correct this, several new bills bearing on the service are now before Congress. The one which is most generally approved is the Lodge bill, generally called the "Chamber of Commerce Bill," from the number of commercial bodies that have indorsed it. The most important provisions are as follows: The consulates are to be reclassified at once, useless posts being dropped and others being added. The new gradation shall be by classes and not by places, and the stations of consuls may be changed as the exigencies of the service demand. This permits the promotion of good men and a general merit system, a thing not possible under present conditions. Salaries are to be reorganized, and are to range from $1500 to $8000 a year. The fee system is abolished. Admission to the service shall be after examination; for each vacancy, the names of five persons who have passed successfully shall be given to the President, who shall choose the appointee from the number. The new consul shall serve on probation for one year, during which period he may be dropped at any time. After that, he cannot be removed except for cause. Promotion will be a regular feature. In making promotions, the President may skip a grade in favor of an able man or one who has rendered great public service, provided the reasons for so doing are made public. As the bill provides for six grades of consuls and four of consuls-general, advancement should be fairly rapid. All appointees must show themselves proficient in the language of the country to which they are accredited, and, in posts where the consul acts as judge, they must pass examinations in law. The President may recall any consul for service in the State Department for a period of not over one year, and any employee of the State Department may be appointed to a consulate paying a salary no higher than the one he was receiving at home. This provides for an interchange between the home and foreign branches of the department. These are the leading features of the measure, which is modelled on the best features of the systems prevailing in Great Britain, Germany and the other countries which have organized consular services as part of the diplomatic institution. Its passage is probable, providing it can be placed before Congress in the present crowded session, which is not likely.

Politics and Congressional Problems. Politics are being made very fast in Washington over the Puerto Rico tariff and the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. There has been developed considerable friction within the Republican party which, if there were a strong Democratic leader, could not but figure prominently in the approaching electoral contest. The Puerto Rico bill as originally moved by Senator Foraker favored free trade, but he was constrained to shift his ground. Now Senator Cushman K. Davis, one of the strongest men in the Senate, refuses to accept any compromise tariff, and insists on free trade being extended to the people of both countries. Ex-President Harrison, whose great political sagacity is conceded by his bitterest antagonists, has also been heard from, deprecating the policy of levying duties on Puerto Rican importations. So the task of the leaders who expect to have a harmonious gathering at the National Convention in June grows more difficult daily. Add to this the acrimonious discussion stirred up by the yellow journals over the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. There must be a definite disposition of the Clayton-Bulwer covenant before the Nicaragua Canal can really be got at, and it is either this compact or another. The opposition is really a reflection of journalistic attack rather than a serious objection to the treaty as it stands. Still the opposition holds up the canal bill, and will doubtless interfere with the passage of other measures of importance to

the country. The chances seem now to favor an early adjournment of Congress, and in that event it is probable the Puerto Rico bill will be withdrawn in favor of a resolution entrusting the government of the island to the President until a better understanding of the needs of Puerto Rico be gained by Senators. It seems certain that the reciprocity treaties will be shelved altogether. The Shipping bill, although amended to meet the demands of those who were opposed rather to its details than to the principle upon which it is constructed, will also be put upon an already crowded shelf. There does not seem the remotest chance that the Philippine problem will be touched upon. Indeed, it has been practically agreed on to leave the disposition of that troublous subject until after the people have been heard from in November.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Minister's Mission.

"HERE'S a howdy do!" Lay Brother Watt reads his brothers of the cloth a curtain lecture upon pulpit morale, and the importance of fidelity to the fashion plates in the fabric and the cut of their clerical apparel. Be it remembered that Brother Watt is of the "straightest sect," a Methodist. All Methodists are supposed to be exemplars of Christian gladness. This, in days gone by, was evidenced by their propensity to shout, and to ejaculate "Amen!" "God be praised!" etc. It is not hazarding too much to say they used to yield to such propensity in the days when Brother Stebbins was numbered among the faithful exhorters; before he became a convert from Trinitarianism, Sanctification, etc., to Unitarianism, Utilitarianism, etc., and correspondingly, a staid, sober-minded, prosaic, reasoning gentleman and scholar rather than a mere theological dogmatist. Brother Stebbins, in an open letter to Brother Watt, indulged in some charitable raillery at the expense of modern Methodism as exemplified by Brother Watt. Brother S. implied that the latter-day innovations are out of semblance with Wesleyan Methodism. The good old days of the shouting revival and the love-feast camp-meeting are gone never to return; and these distinctive festivals of Methodist religious zeal have become obsolete by being lost in the ruck of latter-day religious fads. Indeed, Brother Stebbins, in good-natured Christian-like sarcasm, tells Brother Watt that he has departed from the house of the fathers of Methodism in his search after something new and novel, and is now wandering in the wilderness of worldliness. This would never do for a Methodist, but for a Unitarian—well, a Unitarian is free to adopt his own religious methods, and to change them whensoever and howsoever he pleases.

But, a truce to badinage! This is serious business. A preacher of the gospel is a man with a mission. That mission is not to dress like a dandy either in or out of the pulpit. Neither is it to dress as an eccentric or as a slouch. Of course, he must dress. Even John the Baptist wore a costume. Though the primeval crudity and simplicity of John's garb was expressive of the greatest meekness and that self-sacrificing spirit (which should characterize the Christian minister even in this materialistic age), yet that costume would not be appropriate as a ministerial garb either in or out of the pulpit, in so populous, cosmopolitan and more or less refined community as the United States. Our latter-day preachers can attire themselves in something more than the Baptist's habiliments and still be without ostentation, clothed in meekness and humility (as well as black worsted or broadcloth), fit exemplars of the teachings of the pure, holy and all-wise Nazarene.

As between severe plainness in dress and studied elegance, the former is infinitely more befitting a minister of Christ than the latter. If the preacher in the pulpit presents the appearance of an animated clerical fashion plate, it shows that he thinks more of how he would appear personally than he thought in devout earnestness of the discourse he was to deliver, and his dandified appearance would distract the attention and serious thoughtfulness of his hearers. They would be rapt in their admiration of his immaculate apparel. His personnel would charm their senses. The extreme unction which would be given to their eyes as they looked upon him in all his splendor would dull their sense of hearing. They would be neither hearers or doers of the word. After the service, there would be a spontaneous verdict, not, "What a good, thoughtful, helpful sermon that was!" but "Wasn't he fiine!" or "Wasn't he grand!" Or maybe some of the extremely impressionable and gushy ones of the gentler sex would put it, "Wasn't he lovely! How exquisitely he dresses!" Whereas, on the other hand, if the preacher were plainly but neatly garbed, and put his thought and eloquence into his sermon rather than in his clothes, he would be a source of spiritual edification rather than mere temporal delectation to his hearers.

The true mission of Christ's ministers is to do as nearly as possible, in all things, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, as the good book leads us to believe that Christ would do were he upon earth amid the same environment. If they do not this as pastors—shepherds of their flocks—how may it be expected that the sheep will be guided in ways of righteousness—that is, right living? If the shepherd goes wrong, it is only natural that the sheep will do likewise, for the sheep will follow the shepherd wheresoever he leads, even if it is into the brambles and briars—that is, if the sheep know and have confidence in their shepherd. If Christ were to come to San Francisco He would not think about what kind of clothes He would wear; He would not select some sensational subject upon which to discourse and announce it in the newspapers with a view to drawing a crowd. He would simply devote His whole time and energies to good works among the people, ministering especially to the temporal needs of the deserving poor. By this means He would inculcate lessons of genuine charity which His followers would heed, and the world would be profited thereby. What the world needs is more Christianity and less of churchanity; more doing in the spirit of Christ and less theological dogmatizing. Paraphrasing the proverb of Solomon: "Righteousness exalteth a church community, but clerical fops are a reproach to any people."

To paraphrase more scriptural texts, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins, but ministerial mountebanks are an abomination to God, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, passeth by on the other side."

The *Wave* is not a church journal, but we are of the opinion that if there were more Moodys in the pulpit as pastors the world would be muchly bettered.

A New View on Degeneration.

AN authoritative contribution to the vast literature of "Degeneration" is made by Professor Ireland in the March number of the *International Monthly*. "The sum of what I have learned in my studies of the history of the men of the past," he says, "is—*what we are, they were*. Since the Evangelist's time men have been much the same in stature, in strength, in mental capacity, even in courage and endurance; they are the same in their desires, their pleasures, their passions, even in their tastes, in everything save in their affectations, in their artificialities." Professor Ireland goes on to deny the oft-repeated argument that the men of today are of larger growth than human beings of the early geological periods; the Greeks surpassed in mental power and equalled in physical strength any living people; the Roman legionary, marching with heavy loads, seems to have excelled what would be expected of the most robust soldier of modern days. Examination of medieval skeletons give measurements averaging very evenly with those of the present era. In considering the question—Are we degenerating? distinction must be made between a general decline of the population and a deterioration in particular classes. Communities now live under better sanitary conditions than at the beginning of the century, and wages have doubled within the last fifty years. In Great Britain, pauperism has much diminished, and education has undertaken all classes in the British Isles as well as in France, Germany, Scandanavia and North America. The progress of medicine and a diffusion of the laws of health have been of much benefit in mitigating suffering and checking disease. The difficulties and perils of child-birth have been alleviated. Certain ailments like scurvy are now seldom heard of. Over-indulgence in liquor is less prevalent among the middle classes, and is really abating among the poorer classes. In France, however, drunkenness is increasing. There has been a fall in the death rate both in England and Scotland through these improved conditions of life, and though Herbert Spencer argues that this general prevention of disease by means of medical science defeats the natural selection process by which the weak are eliminated, still, the same measures which save the ailing must increase the health of the robust.

To offset this improvement are other conditions less favorable to the well-being of the race. Most important among these is the rapid increase of the town population and the depressing influences of want, and toil amid unhealthy surroundings. For instance, the average weight of factory children in England is 18 pounds below the general English mean. It is undeniable also that life is faster and more restless than in our ancestors' times, and there has been a decided increase in nervousness. It is shown by greater sensitiveness, a want of endurance and a deficient power of recovery. Statistics of deaths in England and Wales for the period between 1866 and 1890 show an increase of 10.2 per cent in nervous diseases; 65.9 per cent in heart diseases; 63.4 in kidney diseases; 103.1 in diabetes; 24.2 in suicides. A similar increase is found in Holland. In all civilized countries save Norway the number of suicides is advancing. There is also, in the United Kingdom, a serious augmentation of the numbers of the insane. The census returns for Scotland in 1871 showed one insane person for every 494 of the population; in 1891, it was one insane for every 385. In the United States, however, there is a decrease. The total number of lunatics to the million in 1870 was 971; in 1880, 1833; in 1890, 1697.

Yet the improvement in the conditions of living by no means guarantees that the destiny of the race is upward. We are as likely to degenerate as to progress. The old Romans saw and deplored the causes of decline in their empire and were powerless to arrest them. This is a critical period, and Professor Ireland mentions some of the dangers that look ominous for the future of humanity. One is the overpressure upon young people connected with school tasks and competitions. The toil, vexations and disappointments connected with examinations pervade almost all branches of knowledge. From over-study come kidney diseases and neurasthenia, and to young women chlorosis and neuralgia. Examinations, the writer believes, should be taken out of the hands of the teaching class. More far-reaching than the danger from this source, however, is the withdrawal of women from their natural duties. Almost all the women of the bourgeoise class in France have given up nursing their children; in France and Massachusetts the birth-rate is scarcely higher than the death-rate. In Massachusetts the mothers of foreign birth have twice as many children as the native mothers. This withdrawal of the mother from her natural duties is also the cause of neglect of children in their infancy. Farinacious and chemical preparations advertised to imitate mother's milk and the india-rubber sucking bottle now replace the nursing mother. This artificial feeding explains the deplorable condition of the teeth in most young people. Dr. James Cantlie is quoted as declaring: "Pleasure in one phase of society and self-imposed labor in the other have deprived the infant of its natural food. The natural calling of both classes is being sapped by the shadowy myth of female rights and independence, and the future is being sacrificed to pure selfishness." Professor Ireland ends with a prophetic warning: "Woe to the states which suffer such doctrines as these to gain hold; their places will be taken from them and given to people who obey the voice of nature and recognize the right order of things!"

The Constitution, Congress and Porto Rico.

I WANT to say a few words, through the columns of *The Wave*, anent the proposed Porto Rican tariff, that being the paramount subject before the American people at this time.

What is the United States Constitution? The organic of the country. What country? The United States of law America. What meaneth that? The landed and peopled domain subject to the jurisdiction and control of the United States Government. Arizona is not a state, but a territory of the federation of states and territories designated "The United States." How was Arizona given the status of territory? By act of Congress approved by the Chief Executive, definitely declarative. Are there any customs duties imposed upon the products of Arizona that come into any other state or territory of the Union? No. Is there any customs' duties collected in Arizona upon the products of any other territory or state of the Union that come into Arizona? No. Why? Because the Constitution prohibits.

Is Porto Rico a part of the landed domain of the United States? Yes. How was it made so? By virtue of the terms of cession of the Spanish-American peace treaty negotiated at Paris. Was there any provision or stipulation in that treaty by which was determined and defined the political status of Porto Rico in relationship to our federated Union? No. Has such status yet been determined and defined officially by any power constitutionally vested with the prerogative? No. Then, while Porto Rico is a part of the landed domain of the United States it is neither a state or a territory definitely and constitutionally declared and so recognized.

Well, then, what status has it? It is a dependency, an outside, detached dependency.

And Congress purposes legislating for Porto Rico's people as inhabitants of a colonial dependency, does it? That is, treating the people of Porto Rico, not as citizens, even when they can and would comply with United States laws governing admission to citizenship—but as subjects?

But what have been the judicial opinions upon this question, of the great jurists who have in the past, clothed in the ermine of their high office, sat as final arbiters of the Constitution? That such a thing as a United States dependency or colony detached from the mainland is an anomaly. Such a thing could not be, without an amendment to the Constitution.

Then, since Porto Rico has not been, by Congressional enactment approved by the President, made a state or territory of the United States, and, under the limitations of the Constitution that island possessions of the United States cannot be held and governed permanently as a dependency not subject to the provisions and limitations of the Constitution. Congress is premature, isn't it, in enacting any legislation for Porto Rico in relationship to the United States? It would certainly seem that way. What then, should be done?

Congress should, by declarative act, make of Porto Rico a territory of the United States, and so many of its people citizens who are eligible to the franchise. Or, it should, by declarative act, make of the island a colonial dependency, and of its people subjects of the United States.

In the former case, there could be no legislation constitutionally imposing customs tariff upon Porto Rican imports and exports with reference to markets of the mainland of our federated Union, In the latter case, such legislation could be had, and in due time the question, wholly constitutional, as to whether the United States Government may maintain Porto Rico as a colonial dependency, would be adjudicated once and for all by the court of last resort, as result of an action protesting the payment of customs duties upon the exports and imports of Porto Rican products to the United States, and of United States products to Porto Rico.

The writer is of the opinion that justice to the Porto Ricans, whom we took under our jurisdiction and control without their formal assent, demands that Porto Rico be made a territory of the United States; that its people who can and do comply with our laws regulating the franchise shall be admitted to citizenship, enjoying the benefits and immunities extended by our laws based upon the Constitution. In other words, that the Constitution does and must follow the flag wherever it permanently waves. To quote President McKinley: "Our flag does not mean one thing in the United States and another in Cuba or Puerto Rico."

This would compel free trade between Porto Rico and the balance of our federated Union; and under the circumstances of our acquisition of Porto Rico this would be right, because simple justice.

JOHN AUBREY JONES.

THINGS & PEOPLE

By BOSWELL Jr.

A Little Drama of the War.

ALTHOUGH we are more than a year away from the first Tagal outbreak in Manila, stories of the exciting days preceding and succeeding the historic Feb. 5th are still coming in. A dramatic incident which has never found its way into print was told by a returning volunteer last week. It was on the Sunday afternoon preceding the day of the outbreak. There was a strong tension on both sides, and everyone was waiting for the first shot. A Kansas sentry was walking his beat along the Pasig, and a group of unarmed Americans were loafing near by, watching the antics of the Filipino sentry on the opposite bank. He had evidently been ordered to watch the American, and was imitating his every move. When the Kansan stopped, the native stopped; when the Kansan shifted his gun, the native did the same. Presently, a boat manned by a single Filipino came down the river. The American, who was under orders to stop and search all such craft, brought his rifle to a "port," and shouted "*Venir Aqui!*" (Come here). His enemy on the opposite bank did the same. The boatman hesitated between two commands, while the rival sentries repeated their order. For a few seconds the situation stood thus, then the native cocked his gun and pointed it at the boatman. The Kansan, never hesitating for a moment, dropped on one knee and drew a bead straight on the head of his enemy. Thus the situation stood for a minute, which seemed to last an hour; the Filipino covering the boatman, the American covering the Filipino, and twenty unarmed Americans watching, powerless to help. Then, the native sentry's nerve gave out all at once. Dropping his gun, he sneaked away in the underbrush, to an accompaniment of American cheers.

***

Uncle Sam and Alaska.

IF any one fact concerning Alaska has been more clearly demonstrated than another it is that the national administration has at last become alive to the importance of the territory and its rich promise of even better things to come. The government has already done much for the territory, but a great work has only just started. The impetus was first felt with regard to the mail service for Alaska, and this has been followed by elaborate plans for garrisoning the country. Upon the heels of those two steps of progress has come a plan for the exploration and development of the less known sections of the territory by the construction of roads, bridges and telegraph lines. This summer will see a great increase and improvement in the judiciary and administrative forces resident in Alaska. When all this is occomplished, Alaskans will have very little to ask of the general government until they are ready for statehood. One of the latest moves to be ordered is the complete garrisoning of the territory by two regiments of troops and the construction of thirty or more post barracks for their accommodation. This work is actually in progress. General Randall, commander of the new military department of Alaska, reached Seattle this week accompanied by his staff en route to his new field.

* * *

As to the mail facilities in the north, they are far and away better than they have been in the past. A five days mail from Dawson to Skagway is something of an achievement; and while it is outside of American territory most of the way, it is by the energy of this government that such a service was made possible. There has also been a monthly winter mail up and down the Yukon; a mail in and out over the new Valdes-Tanana-Eagle City trail built last summer and this spring; and a new mail to Nome by the Katmai route. When navigation opens, mail will go through as often as big steamers can carry it. Just now there will be a little intermission, for the Katmai route is as yet undetermined, and but one mail has been sent out. There will be no further communication with Nome until the Alpha sails from Victoria, April 3.

***

Acquiring Public Utilities.

THE impression in certain quarters that the Supervisors of San Francisco are agitating the municipal ownership problem for love of the topic should be dissipated at once. It is a stern and intricate subject, not to be approached save in fear and trembling, but a provision of the Charter renders it obligatory on the board to procure plans and estimates of the cost and construction of water works within one year after the instrument has gone into effect. Hence the prevalence of utilities at recent meetings of the city fathers. There are some excellent men on the board—perhaps the best ever pressed into municipal service—and among them there seems to be an earnest desire to deal fairly with the corporations and to avoid all demagogic display. To the average observer there is but one way to become possessed of gas or water works—to purchase the stocks and bonds of the controlling corporation at the market rate. The adoption of any other course will undoubtedly be resisted. Imagine offering Spring Valley fifteen millions for its property when it has fourteen millions of bonds outstanding.

***

A Literary Calm.

IN matters literary, San Francisco is in the lull between periods. That curious city, "which never knows its prophets until they are known abroad," has a way of bringing up and educating a school of writers and sending them on, as soon as they are recognized, to do their work abroad. First there was the old school of the giants, with Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and Ina Coolbrith at the head; these went their way, and there was a pause until the turbulent journalistic school, smiters of the Walter McEwen order, rose, flourished, and went on to more remunerative fields. Lastly, there were "Les Jeunes," and the people of their time, such clever writers as Gellett Burgess—who is said to be about to return to the Coast—Frank Norris and Juliet Wilber Tompkins. They also passed away, and the field is barren. Markham took a rachet flight of his own last year, and is gone. Only two young writers of any promise have shown here lately. They are Jack London, who is doing some clever story work, and young Scheffauer, a poet whom Ambrose Bierce claims to have discovered and who has the real fire in him. Perhaps this may be the first sign of another set now learning the business in this training school of young writers.

***

Wheeler on Free Text Books.

THE stand taken by President Wheeler of the University of California against the free text book system is so sensible that it scarcely needs defending. Every teacher and school director in the State realizes that the thing is cumbersome and expensive, and that it is wide open for political jugglery and steals. The opportunity afforded for a grab at the public sack is the only reason which I, personally, can see for its adoption by the fathers of the commonwealth. Even at that, the last has not been said. The arrangement is one which gives the worst books obtainable at the price instead of the best. In place of works compiled by recognized authorities, we have a set of treatises put together by men whose main qualification for the task is the fact that they are Californians. Some of the text-books used at present are the joke of Eastern educators. The grammar prescribed in the State schools to-day dates back to the time of the three R's. The system should go, for it is neither good education nor good economics, but it is wrapped in so much constitutional barbed wire that it will last for many years even in the face of heavy protest. However, one can not expect too much from a state which taxes its free universities.

***

The Seattle Election Again.

THE recent election in Seattle was marked by a short, lively campaign and a long aftermath. The reformers and their Good Templar leader are still wondering what hit them; the successful party has not recovered from amazement at the remarkable plurality—1,500 in a total vote of 9,000. Viewed from this distance, it is easy to see that the reform party made their mistake by nominating a man who was too "goody-goody" to go down with the average voter, while the strength of Mayor Humes's campaign came from the solid prosperity achieved during his first administration. Party lines, questions of street and railway franchises, and all other issues except the attitude of the city toward saloons and gambling houses, were entirely eliminated. It is plain that a majority, a decided majority, of Seattle people are in favor of the present liberal policy. This was especially true of the business men, who voted for Mr. Humes almost in a body. Paradoxical as it may seem, in one or two precincts where church interests are strongest the vote was heaviest for the administration.

* * *

It may or may not be the result of this liberal and open policy toward those enterprises which are usually associated with disorder, but there has been an amazing increase in crime lately. Even the most enthusiastic advocate of the Humes regime realizes the necessity for action. The police force has quite recently been increased to meet the emergency, but anyone familiar with the city and the conditions prevailing knows that the addition of ten or twelve stars to the police force is not going to strike at the root of the evil. There has been talk of a change at the top; in fact, the detective force has lately been reorganized, and the chief of police may soon lose his official head. But the fault lies not with men but with methods. The police have been foolishly lax in the past, permitting half the bunco-men and light-fingered people in the West to make the town their headquarters. It is a compliment to the Queen City in one way; thieves flock only where there is plunder. But it is a poor advertisement, after all. A general clean-up is needed and needed at once, before the Cape Nome rush of this spring.

***

Telegraph Lines for Alaska.

IT WOULD seem as though the Pacific cable were to be anticipated by a Northern telegraph route, laid, for most of the way, on land. The Dominion government has begun the construction of a line from the railroad terminus at Quesnelle, B. C., to Atlin, B. C. At the last-named point, it will connect with the line already built to Dawson. Before the close of the year, Dawson and St. Michaels may also be connected, as Captain Abercrombie of the United States Army is exploring the Yukon for that very purpose. Within a year, it may be possible to send a message straight from New York to our most northern city. But this is not all. The terminus would be within a few hundred miles of the Siberian telegraph lines. Once connected, the telegraphic belt around the world would be completed. Strangely enough, this is the very plan adopted by the Western Union Company forty years ago, and frus- trated by the laying of the Atlantic cable; in many cases, these new lines follow the old Western Union surveys. Had this project anticipated the Pacific cable, there is no doubt that the discovery of gold in Alaska would have been made many years ago.

* * *

Nor is this all. Another quarter of a century will in all probability see the land portion of the world belted by rail-roads. It is regarded as morally certain that as soon as the White Pass and Yukon is completed into Dawson, American enterprise will push the line on to the mouth of that great river which is to the North what the Mississippi is of the West. By the time the locomotive whistle is heard in St. Michaels, the Trans-Siberian will have pushed out to the coast opposite, and a short steamer voyage will take passengers and freight from one line to the other. Summer journeys to St. Petersburg via St. Michaels will be on the tourist routes in 1925. Few except experts realize the energy, pluck and adaptability needed in this Arctic railroad construction. I remember that when the D.& R.G. "air line" was pushed through the Royal Gorge of Colorado up to the mining towns of Leadville and Aspen two miles above sea level, it was considered an engineering feat almost unique. The constructors of the White Pass and Yukon are fighting against physical conditions almost as hard, and they are doing it in an arctic climate and thousands of miles away from a base of supplies. *The history* of the road, if it is ever written, will be of absorbing *interest*.

***

Bryan Coming to the Coast.

THE leader of the Democracy, it seems, is to visit Washington and incidentally Seattle on an oratory tour. Doubtless, he will descend into Portland and subsequently to San Francisco before returning to Nebraska. There is no denying that the candidate attracts audiences wherever he goeth, though I doubt if his ministrations will be of much effect in Washington, where the fever of expansion is even stronger than in California. Whatever free silver sentiment existed there in the olden days has vanished before the glowing potentialities of Oriental trade, which is realized up there as the Coast's great opportunity.

H. M. S. Nymph in the Great Dry Dock at Esquimalt, B. C.

Episodes of Life in Manila.

WE ARE an off-shoot of the race whose soldiers danced on the night before Waterloo. Before our army was in this heathen country two weeks, before we had even taken the city, we were instituting a species of society, grouped around the very few women available. In the long days between our occupation and that historical Feb. 4, more women came, and Manila organized a kind of society which was not a half-bad imitation. All through the black days of the first insurgent campaign, the young officers held in leash in Manila and the anxious women waiting in quarters beguiled their eagerness and their anxiety with balls and receptions. When the Fourth of July came—the double anniversary of the nation's birthday and of the smashing of Cervera—there were at least a dozen social functions to celebrate the day. The high official set attended a reception given by Admiral Dewey on the flagship, or a ball at the home of Colonel McCoy of the First Colorado; a little lower down in rank, the younger officers had a few functions of their own with ladies of the Spanish colony in attendance; and the rank and file had half-a-dozen big, happy "blow-outs" with native or mestizo ladies as belles of the occasion. There was then, there is yet, a fearful dearth of white women. 'Tis like an old-time mining camp, for all the world. If you know any white woman about to visit the far East, for goodness sake persuade her to take in Manila and give her letters of introduction.

Balls, receptions, dinners, drives, when it was cool, and the races—these have been our only social chances until recently. But now we have tennis courts and are actually talking of golf links! When an enterprising lieutenant staked out the first court and fitted it up with trappings brought all the way from West Point, the Spaniards shook their heads and said things about suicide. Now we have demonstrated in practice that exercise, if taken in moderation and at the right time, is harmless and even beneficial. As for golf, the chances are uncertain. The soil is not specially fitted for the sport, and keeping sod in condition would be an extremely expensive thing. Besides that, the heavy floods of the rainy season would tear up the ground so that the work would have to be done over again in the spring. Nevertheless, the enthusiasts in the army and navy declare that they will have a try at it when the coming rainy season is over. Meanwhile, the tennis courts are crowded morning and evening, and the Spanish colony looks on and wonders why we don't drop dead.

Quite the most interesting social affair native to this country is a mestizo ball. These functions, which always occur on Sunday, begin at ten o'clock in the morning and last until dawn next day—providing the military governor gives permission. There is an air of overwhelming politeness about the affair which suggests a negro cake-walk. The ladies drsse in their beautiful mestizo costumes, heavy with embroidery; the men wear the "real thing" in the way of European clothes. Homely as are the native women, the half-breeds are more often than not handsome, and even the men are not entirely insignificant. But how, in this climate, they manage to keep dancing from the morning of one day to cock-crow of the next, and that without missing one number, is a mystery to an American, who is glad to "sit out" every other dance at an ordinary officers' ball.

A FILIPINO FAMILY.

Uncle Sam has two queer prisoners on his hands. The first is Senora Aguinaldo, wife of the misguided insurgent-general and reported to be responsible for many of his best-laid plans. She looks anything but formidable as she sits by the windows of her detention quarters working over some of that interminable embroidery of the mestizo woman or weeping softly to herself, for she is still mourning the death of her little daughter, who succumbed to the hardships of the famous pursuit. The other prisoner, one Philippa Salvadora, is a puzzle to the authorities. He was picked up at Balinag and placed under detention at the instigation of the friars. It appears that he has been leading a Catholic reformation all by himself. About six months ago, he broke loose from the Roman Catholic Church, of which he had been a priest, and started to found a religion. He kept the Romish ritual and practices; he expressly stated that the only change was to be in enforcing stricter morals and abolishing church control. The propaganda spread until he had two thousand followers and had absorbed a goodly sum from the collections taken up at every service. He was arrested on suspicion that this money was used for illegal purposes, but no one came forward to prove that he had used it for anything except legitimate, charitable and church work. He is a large, fine-looking Filipino, with every indication of intellectual power and personal magnetism; even in detention, he continues to preach and exhort, spending his time, like St. Paul, in efforts to convert his guards. Yet, in spite of his evident innocence of selfish intent and his undoubted right to do as he pleases under American rule, the authorities fear to turn him loose for fear of offending the friars, who hold the balance of power in the islands and who have to be reckoned with at every turn. Under Spanish rule this evangelist would have been fined, tortured or killed, which fact may lead the friars to make unpleasant comparisons. So Salvadora remains in detention, arguing with his heretic guards.

A RICE FIELD.

We have two mining fevers going on at one and the same time. Gold furnishes the main craze. Rich veins, free and in quartz, are reported from the northern part of Luzon and from Mindanao. A party of twelve has just left for Vigan with provisions, arms and appliances. It is said that they are acting on a "tip" from native sources. Others will follow on the next steamer, and it is reported that a party is being organized to prospect in the Tiruray country of Mindanao. Active but quiet work is going on among the coal fields in the south of the archipelago. Practical mining engineers are looking over the ground in Cebu and Romblon. These fields lay close to the water, and can therefore be easily handled, while those in Luzon can never be taken out to the coast until railroad facilities are improved. This must come, of course, after the close of the Tagal rebellion, which, we all devoutly hope, is near to its end.

There is no end to the odd cases that are continually bobbing up in the criminal and police courts which have superseded the corrupt Spanish bluff at justice. A husband comes into court and requests a writ ordering his wife, who has left him because he beat her, to return to his bed and board; a Chinese murders his new-born child because it is a girl and not a boy; a score of native women are brought up in a bunch for gambling; a friar asks for an injunction restraining a Protestant missionary from operating in the city. But quite the oddest case on record is now before the probate court. One Alejandro Morena died recently and left a codical to his will giving $6,000 to the religious corporation of Manila, providing the friars released the soul of the testator's father from purgatory. Fernando Moreno, the natural heir, contests the probating of the will until such time as the friars show that they have performed their contract. The complaint, filed in all seriousness by the younger Moreno, calls on the friars to "show proof in open court that they are able to release from purgatory the soul of the aforesaid Fernando Moreno, or that they have communication with said abode of purgatory by which they may receive advices of the releasing of the soul of said Fernando Moreno, according to the terms of the contract, when that shall have been accomplished, etc., etc." The old gentleman has been dead over a quarter of a century

Continued on Page 7

A CARIBOU TRAIN.

CEMETERY AT BOLINAG.

THE WORLD'S FUR SALE.

ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF PRECIOUS PELTRY IN LONDON.

I WAS a visitor, this week, at the greatest fur sale of the year, a virtual world's fair of the fur trade. It was the sale in London of the year's "clean-up" of the Hudson Bay Company and its allied concerns. Practically all the fur produced in the world comes to London for sale. There are three big auctions, sealskins going in December and beavers in January, but the big sale, the one which draws buyers out of all Caucasian regions from California to Russia, comes in March. The disposal of the accumulation of furs takes many days; I saw only the part of one. In the big commission houses, auctioneeers were rattling out the skins by bundles, by casks, by single pelts, and crowds of eager buyers were watching the bidding and chipping in a bid themselves, now and then. It was a keen, energetic set of men of a sort not common in England, and bids flew fast. But, after all, it was not so different from the ordinary auction that it merits special description. So I put in my time circulating through the crowd and learning something about the fur trade in general and the London fur sales in particular.

These sales were originated by the Hudson Bay Company, in the time when that famous syndicate was an empire in itself, and gradually attracted the smaller producers. Great commission firms handle the bidding. These commission merchants have the safe and sure end of the business. The risk comes on the buyers. For many days before the actual sale, these worthies overrun the commission houses, sampling the skins. It is impossible to go over a whole lot, which may comprise many thousands, looking for flaws in each separate piece. It is an example in praise of British commercial honesty that buyers depend absolutely on samples picked at random from the bales and casks. Flaws and imperfections are of many sorts; it is a wise furrier who knows them all. Most often the imperfection comes from some mistake in caring for the skin when it is first removed. In sealskin, for example, the disposition of mind and body which exists in the brute at the time of his death has much to do with the case. These skins are obtained by driving the bull seal s awayfrom the herd; they are then knocked in the head and skinned. If the beasts are driven to their death too fast, the quality of the skin is injured, and if there is delay in stripping and pickling the skins,decomposition sets in,showing its presence by minute pink spots, which mark a place where the hair will fall out later in the game. When a cask of this spotted fur is found, the commission merchants show perfect honesty in selecting samples which are of average quality. Very valuable furs,like sea otter, silver fox and Russian sable, are sold by the separate skin and so examined.

On the day of the sales, the buyers to the number of perhaps four hundred assemble in their regular seats in the great commercial salesroom. No law but custom regulates the disposal of these seats, yet the same men occupy the same positions through a lifetime and, dying, will them to their heirs or their partners. The big buyers are closely watched by the smaller fry for upon them depends the pace of the sale. The auctioneer begins with some small, universally saleable skin, such as Hudson Bay sable, and the sale proceeds slowly. Gradually, as bid after bid is recorded, interest wakes up. Finally,when there preliminary parcels are disposed of and the sealskins reached, the fun begins. The buyer of the first lot has a right to take as many as he wishes of the goods of that grade at the same price. The auctioneer rattles off the succeeding lots to his bid, until his needs or his capital are exhausted; then the market is open again, and the others chip in. The bidding grows furious. On the day of my visit, I left the crowd in a state resembling the Chicago wheat pit. There is no more exciting auction in the world, and no shrewder, quicker lot of buyers. A man must keep his wits about him, think fast, bid fast, or lose his chances. He must be able to make lightning judgment, and woe to him who bids for his firm a farthing over the average price!

The figures of this sale are enormous. For instance, 230,000 skunk skins went under the hammer. There were also 219,000 minks, 717,000 muskrats, 60,000 red foxes and 64,000 opossums butchered to make this London auction. The biggest buyers are the French and Russians, who purchase especially heavy lots of sea otter, sable, silver fox and the other finer furs. I learned that the French care little for sealskins and the Russians nothing at all. It is in America that this fur holds its great popularity.

In fact, the sealskin sale of last December was greatly influenced by conditions prevailing in America. It was the liveliest fur sale London has ever seen. Prices rose eighty per cent, and even old and experienced buyers were bewildered by the conditions. The barring of northwestern sealskins, those captured upon forbidden ground, was at the bottom of the trouble. It appears that this shut off, so far as Americans were concerned, all but the Alaskan supply. Nevertheless, the Americans must have their sealskins. There were 77,000 sealskins taken last year, but only one-third were of the high-priced Alaskan variety. Yet Americans were bound to have what they wanted, and as a consequence the Alaskan prices went up until they were nearly doubled. Yet, in the end, the bulk of the Alaskan pelts were taken by firms from the United States.

Although it involves a great loss, owing to tariff discriminations, the great bulk of sealskins bought for America are dyed in England. Undyed sealskins are admitted free, while dyed ones pay a twenty per cent duty. But the English can do it well, and we cannot. Difference in water, secret processes and other mysterious reasons have been advanced, but the real cause, without doubt, lies in better and more thorough processes. Whatever the reason may be, a sealskin must go from Alaska to London to be dyed before it can be made into a garment in New York or San Francisco. We have nothing to be ashamed of, because we invented the process which makes sealskins of use. In a state of nature the smooth, soft under hair which gives value to a sealskin, is covered over by a growth of long bristles which won't take dye. All sorts of methods of ridding the fur of this undesirable coat were tried in vain, until a New York man conceived the idea of running a heavy blast of air over the surface so as to "lay" the soft under hair, and then clipping the bristles by hand. Later, he made a machine do the same work and the process was complete.

The price was high, this year, for every sort of skin, an indication of a gradually lessening supply. Russian and French bidding forced silver fox up to $1,950 for a single skin—think of it, and consider the size of a fox! Sea otter came to $1,300 a skin. Russian sable sold in lots at $235 the skin. It is only a question when some of these, the silver fox, for example, drops out of the market entirely through extinction of the species.

AMOS SHELDON.

The Parisian boulevard sheets of infamous reputation are fostering a belief among the French people that the United States is intriguing against the island of Martinique,a French possession in the West Indies.

MINING ON THE BEACH AT NOME.

Commercial Chemistry.

A Clever Process for Separating Air Into Its Elements.

IN THIS age, which is skeptical concerning all the things of the spirit and over-incredulous regarding the things of the flesh, we are always ready to accept the latest discovery of applied science as a wonder, with enormous and infinite possibilities. Therefore, when liquid air began to be produced in commercial quantities, the country "bit at" everything which was claimed for the new substance. It has now been in use nearly a year, and we are learning that some of these claims were true and many others counterfeit. For example, it was asserted that it would prove a valuable motive-power. This is not true; practical experiment has shown that it is worth less for this purpose than steam, water, electricity or the other common motors. Its one value in this respect lies in the lightness of the fuel and machinery, adapting it to a few specialized uses. Tinkers of flying-machines, for example, recognize it as a boon. It was heralded as a great anæsthetic agent in surgery, yet a year of trial has convinced surgeons that it is less useful than recognized anæsthetics in ordinary cases, but is of great use in a few special operations. So it goes. It is a great and valuable discovery, but not nearly so available as we believed in the first flush of discovery. It will be remembered that the same over-expectancy occurred when the X-rays were first discovered.

Therefore, it is well to take a conservative view of a new process lately brought out, by which liquid air may be produced at a small fraction of its former cost, and by which pure oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid gas may be separated easily and in such quantities that they may be used for commercial purposes. The process, scientists say, is so simple that it is a wonder that no one discovered it before. Reduced to terms of an unscientific understanding,it consists in letting a mass of liquid air act as the motor-power in making more liquid air until the machinery runs down The principle is very much like that by which an automatic gun is operated—the recoil of the explosions operating the loading and firing mechanism. The inventors call their system "the self-intensification of cold." In [illegible] tific terms, the process may be described as foll[illegible] air passes through a system of coiled pipes in the [illegible] of a tank. These pipes are arranged in tiers and form a dividing wall, which separates the tank into two chambers. A portion of the air brought from the compressors is released at high pressure and is allowed to flow through the interior of the pipes. The fall in temperature accompanying the expansion serves to reduce the air within the pipes to the degree of cold necessary for liquefaction. In other words, the expansion of air outside the pipes is employed to bring the air inside the pipes to a liquid state. The advantage of the system lies in the fact that after the production of liquid air at the ordinary pressure of 1,250 pounds has gone on for a time, this air, without any other motive power whatever, will continue to produce more air until the pressure runs down to fifteen pounds. It is very near to perpetual motion. A compressor run for one day at 1,250 pounds pressure will go on making air for a year.

It was stated at the time when liquid air was first produced in commercial quantities, that one great use of the discovery would be the easy isolation of pure oxygen and nitrogen. Air, as every schoolboy knows, is not a chemical compound. The two elements exist together, but are not fused to make one substance. When air is reduced to an extremely low temperature, the oxygen becomes heavy more rapidly than the nitrogen, so that it sinks to the bottom while the carbonic acid gas, which forms an impurity of most air, becomes heavy most rapidly of all. Also, at certain temperatures the nitrogen and carbonic acid in air evaporate and pass into the surrounding atmosphere. Therefore, when it is desired to separate the three, the liquified air is left in a closed vessel with a small tube at top and bottom leading to receivers. The nitrogen passes upward in the form of gas, to be liquified again in the receiver; the carbonic acid gas drips away at the bottom. Thus, the three elements are isolated, with no trouble except the holding of the liquid air at a certain temperature.

All this means that pure oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid gas may be placed on the market at a cost comparatively trifling. For the two last-named there is very little need as yet, but new uses will undoubtedly be discovered as time goes on. For oxygen, now that it is produced in commercial quantities, there is an important use. Every schoolboy knows that it is the oxygen in the air which makes things burn. Every one who has studied science knows that a burning match thrust into oxygen will blaze up with redoubled intensity, and that a live coal so placed will burst into flame. A blast of oxygen blown into a furnace will produce a heat up to any required intensity. Indeed, it can fairly melt an ordinary furnace. Engineers and naval constructors have known these many years that if oxygen were ever produced in cheap commercial quantity the speed of locomotives and steamships could be increased over forty per cent. That time has now come. Oxygen in liquid form, occupying but little space, may be stored on every locomotive and steamship, and will run furnaces and boilers at such heat that the heaviest forced draught is as nothing. This is only one field of possible usefulness, but it is a broad one.

This renews an anxiety felt by the world when liquid air was first used. Will the new invention take the oxygen out of the air? It has been shown that in the ordinary uses of liquid air there is no more danger than there is that the water the world bathes in every morning will dry up the ocean. Air it is, and when it passes out of the liquid state it is air again. But the wholesale consumption of oxygen which would follow its general use as a fuel, is a different proposition. It is not so much that it would exhaust the life-giving gas in the great atmospheric envelope around the globe, although that might happen after ages and ages. It is that a great number of oxygen-generators which would stand in a large city, or wherever there might be engines and manufactories, would keep the surrounding air weak and vitiated.

F. NIXON

Dr. Howard A. Kelly of Johns Hopkins University,a high authority on reptiles, was recently bitten on the finger by a rattlesnake in his collection. Being a man naturally quick of movement, he drew away his finger before the second movement of a snake bite, the evacuation of poison could take place. As a result, he suffered no more inconvenience than would have been inflicted by the prick of a pin. Dr. Kelly believes that more people have been killed by the whiskey given as an antidote for rattlesnake bites than by the bites themselves. Rarely is less than a quart administered, and a quart of whisky is pretty sure to be fatal to a person in health, while there is nothing in rattlesnake venom which makes it an antidote for whisky.

Life in Manila.

Continued from page 6.

and must now be out of purgatory if he ever expects to be; nevertheless, the friars have not yet been able to produce the records of the place to prove his release. They can probably show that they have performed the required number of masses, which would have been all-sufficient under Spanish rule, but Americans are more skeptical. Peculiar as this case is, it is said to be only a test for a great number of others. A Californian tells me that such a will came up in his own state in the early days and was broken by the court.

JOSEPH ROBERTS.

VICTORIA-B·C· BY J·GORDON SPRING

Corridor in the Parliament Building, Victoria, B. C.

VICTORIA—the most westerly city of the Dominion and the Empire—is justly entitled to be called the "Queen City of the West." As it nestles on the sunny sides of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca itsbeauty is obvious. Such continuous splendor as that of this gateway of the Pacific can be viewed at no other place in the northwest. Here is every variety of scenery from the calm and pleasing pastoral to the stern and majestic grandeur of mountain and sea.

* * *

As the visitor enters the little land-locked harbor he is at once impressed with the beauty of the surrounding landscape, as well as with the sightly buil lings of the city itself. Rising gradually from the water-front the grades extending through the business section of the city to the suburbs are unmarred by declivities or rough breaks. The picturesque harbor is dotted with as much of its extensive shipping—which includes the largest sealing fleet in the world—as is 'at home." To the right is James Bay with its flotilla of yachts and its club-houses, and beyond rises that imposing pile—the Government buildings. Further still are the wooded slopes, the charming drive-ways, and the drift-piled beaches of Beacon Hill Park—three hundred acres of scenic beauty. Close at hand to the left the business blocks crowd the slopes and even in their compact arrangement they charm the eye. Beyond, standing prominently on a pretty green height, is Dunsmuir Castle, and a number of pretty residences are perched around it. Turning still more to the left two bridges are seen reaching to the Indian reserve. Beyond them a forest of schooner masts, with the smoke of the saw-mill and manufactory chimneys for a background. Westward, the fortified arm of Point Macaulay, with its mysterious cavern-held artillery, juts out to sea, and in a splendidly sheltered harbor beyond is Esquimalt with its armed hills, docks and fleets, which guard the interests of Her Majesty in the Pacific.

It is to its own natural advantages, which were apparent to intelligent observers even before the axe had been laid to the first pine on its site, that Victoria owes not only its birth, but its growth in population—thirty thousand in less than fifty years,exclusive of Asiatics and Indians—its wealth, and commercial importance. It has no railway crossing a continent to give it life and commerce. No artificial advantages, no brilliant picturing of its location or the salubrity of its climate, no advertising of the monster riches of the virgin mines and forests of the contiguous country, or the wealth of the near-by waters, are to be thanked by Victorians for the importance now attained by the city. Victoria, is now about half a century old. In 1840 it was thought prudent by the Hudson's Bay Company to prepare for the removal of their headquarters on the Columbia to some point on the seaboard in British territory. After full examination and careful deliberation, they decided to choose the site at Camusen, where the city of Victoria now stands. The first city was enclosed in a palisaded enclosure, a hundred feet square. There were in all eight log houses, bastions, etc., and here the fur traders made their home and watched the horizon at Race rocks for the ships that brought stores and news from England. For three years, until 1846, the settlement went under the name of Camusen,and then it became Fort Victoria. Soon the days of the fur trader, in a measure, passed, and the gold seeker came, and with his coming Victoria grew. In 1852 the city was surveyed and laid out in streets and lots, its boundaries then being the harbor on the west, the present Government street on the east, Johnson street on the north, and Fort street on the south—a block which comprises a very small portion of its present business section. Between the years 1859 and 1866 marked progress was made in and around the city of Victoria. Building operations and improvements were carried on everywhere. In 1862 it is estimated that at least fifteen hundred substantial buildings had been erected, where but two or three years previously the forest had stood. The same year the city was incorporated with a white population of over thirty-five hundred. A year later it had increased to six thousand, exclusive of the large number of miners who made it their winter headquarters.

* * *

It was the discovery of gold that built up the city of Victoria. With the influx of the army of argonauts, who poured into Victoria in their hundreds and thousands, outfitted themselves, and passed on to the Fraser, then later to Cariboo, then to the Cassiar, the real history of Victoria and the province of British Columbia, of which it is the capital, begins. The history of Victoria is the history of many places in the West and in the North. The village became a city, first of tents, then of log cabins and later of more substantial buildings. After the rush to the Fraser came the reaction and the great population was reduced considerably. Then came news of the discovery of gold in Cariboo, and an even greater rush than to the Fraser took place, and while the excitement was at its height, Victoria was again the home of a population of immense proportions and constantly changing character. Then came another reaction, and many obstacles which severely tried the rising city, but its citizens were then as now. They had faith in the city and worked to bring it safely through the crisis, and they did.

Then commenced the steady growth, which to-day still goes on. In 1891, after twenty-three years of prosperity and slackness, of excitement and calms, people coming and going, the population was but sixty-eight hundred. Ten years later the census gave the city a population of twenty-three thousand, and to-day it is over thirty thousand, exclusive of the Asiatics and Indians. To-day it is the social, political and commercial capital of the province—the wealthiest city of its size on the American continent.

* * *

Its streets as they are seen to-day are wide and handsome. Government, Fort Yates, Douglas, and Johnson streets are all bustling commercial thoroughfares. A vast amount of business is also transacted daily, with very little show, on Wharf street, the mart of the wholesalers. Government street was the first street of the city and continues its chief thoroughfare. Douglas street, with its massive blocks of brick and stone, is rapidly attaining a rival prominence. On each and every one of the business streets are buildings of imposing design and modern arrangement, and while unlike Chicago, there are no "sky-scrapers," yet many of Victoria's buildings would present a creditable appearance in any city.

The same may be said of the wealthier residence portion of the city. It would be difficult to find more elegant resi-

THE GORGE, VICTORIA, B. C.

dences anywhere in the Northwest than those along Belcher, Upper Fort, Cadbora and Oak Bay roads, Rockland avenue, the Gorge and Esquimalt roads, and half a dozen other streets of similar attractiveness. Like a jewel, each residence is set in the midst of well-appointed and well-cared, for grounds, and the taste of the owners is apparent in the beauty of their home surroundings as well as in the architecture of the buildings themselves. The streets too, are all of sufficient width to enhance the architectural effect, and an ample water supply keeps the lawns fresh and green.

Of the church buildings probably the most prominent are: the Pandora Street Methodist Church, a magnificent stone structure; St. Andrews, Roman Catholic Cathedral, a handsome pile of brick and stone; St. Andrews Presbyterian Church; Reformed Episcopal Church, and Christ Church Cathedral, from the tower of which the panoramic view of the city, which is published in this number, was taken. Of the school buildings the most prominent are the Central and High School buildings, three in number, which stand on a ten-acre campus at the head of Yates street. Of the public buildings there is that magnificent architectural monument—the Parliament buildings—the stone used in which is all from the quarries of the province. Post Office and Customs Building, a handsome grey sandstone block, ornaments Government street. The stone used in this building is also from the quarries near-by. The City Hall is a brick block, which was built at a cost of about $160,000, and includes the general municipal offices and chamber, the police barracks, lock-up and court, public library and reading rooms.

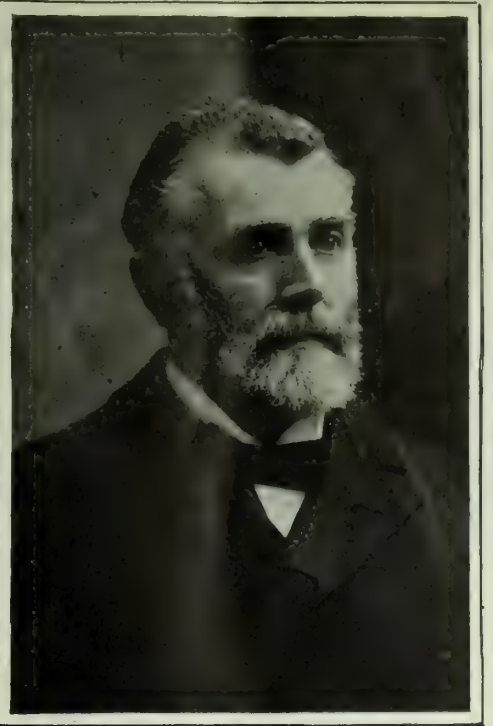
There are three hospitals: the Provincial Royal Jubilee, a gift from the citizens in honor of Her Majesty's Jubilee year in 1887, which stands back in commodious grounds on Cadbora Bay Road and which cost $55,000; St. Joseph's hospital, which stands facing the convent of St. Anne on Humboldt street, and the Marine hospital on the promontory across the harbor and adjoining the government reserve. This hospital, which is solely for the merchant marine, is owned by the Dominion government and supported by a collection of proportionate tonnage on all, vessels entering the port.

* * *

Looking over the business section of Victoria it is easy to be seen that buildings have been erected only to supply an existing demand, rather than prospective, and here is shown the conservativeness of Victorians, which has placed the credit of the city on such firm basis. So high indeed is the credit of the city of Victoria that not long ago, when the municipal council brought about a consolidation of the municipal loans, they were able to place their debentures, amounting to $210,000 with a life of twenty years and bearing 4 per cent interest, at ¼ per cent above par, and it should be noted that the purchas ers were a financial firm belonging to the city—the British Columbia Land & Investment Company.

* * *

As a place of residence, Victoria offers attractions that can be presented by no other city in the province. It is not only the political and commercial capital, but also the so cial capital. Here are the Parliament buildings, courts and Government offices; here are the headquarters of Her Majesty's fleet in the North Pacific, as well as of "C Battery, R. C. A.," and the Engineers and Sappers of Work Point, where, by the way, the Dominion and Imperial authorities propose to establish at great expense a large militia depot, the Dominion alone contributing $120,000 per year. The officers of every branch of the service are ever ready to assist in any festivity and their presence tends materially to the success of the social pleasures of the city. Victoria's society is of the highest order, and fully equal to that of any city on the American continent. Everybody has the privileges of good education, and the almost universal ownership of homes with attractive surroundings, in the nature of things, beget an increasd refinement. Victorians are proverbial for an easy distribution of tim



Chas Hayward, Mayor of Victoria

between desk or bench and home; their lives are a division between labor and pleasure. Victoria has three well-appointed clubs, which have the stamp of true hospitality in their every detail. There are, too, many athletic clubs, for Victorians take great interest in football and cricket—they being an English people—and tennis, yachting, lacrosse, golf, rowing, hunting, cycling and horse-racing. The Masonic, Odd Fellows, Foresters, Workmen and other secret societies are well represented. In fact, taking all in all, Victorians are a very social people.

* * *

No visit to Victoria is complete which does not embrace the tour of Beacon Hill Park. This park has few riv[illegible] the continent. There are about three hundred acres, wooded in part, aud intersected with carriage-drives li[illegible] by royal old oaks, over whose heads many centuries have passed. Two or three miniature lakes, bordered by green lawns and pebbly beaches, are the home of a choice collection of waterfowl, while in the dear park and bear pit are to be found specimens of the many animals and birds native to th province. Thee sides of Beacon Hill proper afford a recreation ground, where, for nine or ten months out of theyear, the athletes of the cityare to be found daily. In the summer time thousands meet under the spreading trees and sit in the leafy bowers, listening to the music of the local bands.

From the summit of Beacon Hill the enlarged horizon gives the sightseer an ethereal vision. Looking northward, the city is stretched out like a panorama, andi the background swells the rounded contour of Cedar Hill and Mt. Tolmie. Westward, the harbor with its wharves and masts is stretched at the feet like a Flemish etching, and southward the observer looks, across a mirror twenty miles wide, the calm straits of Fuce, to the Washington shore, where, drawn close to the lens of a crystalline atmosphere, the snow-capped Olympics rise peak on peak, while away in the furthest distance on either hand, the sky and water meet. It is a beauty full of color and variety, for the landscape ranges over a whole gamut of effects—mountain, marsh, foliage, lake and sea. Here comes the Victorian when jaded by business or other cares, touches mother earth, and grows strong again.

There is some talk of another park at the head of Pandora street, and also one in the western suburb, and a syndicate, locally represented by H. Croft, has secured an option from the city for the tranformation of James bay tide-flats into a recreation park, the attractions of which are to include a large theatre, a cinder track for cycle and foot races, a green for lacross and other sports, with a large grand-stand, horticultural gardens, bowling alley, etc.

Of the other attractions to the visitor in and about the city of Victoria, the Gorge, where there is a most picturesque waterfall, formed by the incoming and outgoing tides, is one which has been made widely known through the art of the camera and brush. The Gorge is situate on Victoria Arm, an inlet which runs in four or five miles from the sea. Here is another natural park. On this arm Victorians are to be seen in throngs on every summer night in canoes, and everything propelled with oars, naptha or steam; and here are held the regattas, which these most patriotic people hold to celebrate the birthday of the Queen.

Beautiful drives extend to the sea in many directions—to Goldsream, to Esquimalt, where, in one of the best sheltered harbors of the world, the British naval fleets are found, and where, too, is a dock capable of holding any vessel on the Pacific, marine ways for the accommodation of the merchant marine, and other industries, which because of their uniqueness, are attractive to tourists. Oak Bay too, is a popular resort, where latterly many citizens are making their homes. Here is situated one of the best summer hotels on the nor'hern coast.

* * *

So much for what Victoria offers to the tourist. Let us look at what the city can show to the men of commerce. She has harbor accommodations that are unsurpassed. By the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, private enterprise has constructed at the entrance to the harbor proper, docks capable of accommodating and sheltering in the roughest gale that blows the largest steamers and sailing vessels to be found upon the waters of the Pacific. Their course from the ocean is a clear one, there being no dangerous or tortuous channels, and no shoals or rocks. At this outer dock, for which Mr. R. P. Rithet deserves the gratitude of Victorians, abundant water and excellent wharfage is afforded for shipping of any draught. The shore line of Victoria harbor, which is entirely protected by the natural conformation of the land, is about seven miles in length. Well appointed wharves extend for over a mile

Carey Castle, Residence of the Lieut. Governor

Densmier Castle

The City Hall

In erior of the Legislative Hall, House of Parliament, Victoria, B. C. The Legislative in Session.

Scenes in Beacon Hill Park, Victoria.

in almost unbroken succession, and there are a number of private wharves. The majority of the wharves are lighted by electricity and provided with modern appliances for the quick dispatch of business.

An elaborate scheme of harbor improvement, in perfecting which, Mr. Thomas C. Sorby, F. R. G. S., has spent many of the best years of his life, is now before the city and the Dominion Government, which will make the harbor and shipping facilities of Victoria such as will be unsurpassed by any city on the coast, if not on the continent.

Mr. Sorby's proposal is to close the lower harbor by temporary dams, to pump out the water, hydraulic and excavate an area of about 107 acres to a depth of 30 feet, enclosing it with a wall built up of the rocks now impeding navigation, and filling in the balance behind with the waste excavated material, thus reclaiming about 104 acres of land, exclusive of that the upper harbor, that it would become some of the most valuable property in the city. This reclaimed land in the upper and lower harbor will, together, have a frontage towards the water of about five miles. Very little material would be required in the construction of the work beyond that now actually lying at the bottom of the harbor. There is enough rock and boulder to build the most substantial walls round the lower harbor, and sand, gravel and mud to fill in behind these walls to a height of about four feet above ordinary high water mark. The granite for the coping is the only stone required to be brought from the outside.

In addition to these works, the harbor would be deepened, coal bunkers and spacious dry docks would be constructed, the wharves equipped with hydraulic cranes and capstans and ware houses built as demand arose. The scheme is not speculative. The funds are available awaiting the act of incorporation and the required guarantees of interest and repayment. The total cost is estimated at four and one-half million dollars.

Victoria's wharves are scarcely ever empty, for not only is this port the gateway of the Dominion trade with the far east from Singapore to Saghalien, but it is also the key to the fast growing trade with Australasia, Polynesia, Hawaii and Alaska, in fact with all the countries washed by the Pacific. Then again, it is the headquarters of the seal-hunting, the salmon-canning, and the deep sea fishing industries, each of which contributes materially to the prosperity of its citizens. It is the home of the leading exporters and wholesale merchants of the province, and the vast volume of its foreign imports is almost balanced by the contributions to the markets of the world which its productive industries make possible. During the year ending June last alone, the exports from the city of Victoria reached a total valuation of $3,050,529, compared with $2,335,065 in the year before, and the exports $2,610,794, compared with $2,388,571 in the year previous.

Two specially prominent features of Victoria's trade are unique to that city—sealing and salmon canning. Here the world's headquarters for both industries are found. Both were created, nurtured and developed by the enterprise of the business men of Victoria, and it is but natural that the citizens point with pride to them. The salmon canners are constantly looking for new fields for their enterprise, and now that the value of the streams of the west coast of Vancouver Island has become apparent, they are establishing canneries there, and last year Clayoquot contributed 4,350 cases to the total pack of 484,161 cases. To show the vast proportion of these industries, a recapitulation made of the value of the fisheries for the year prior to the last gives a grand total of $6,138,864 90. The capital invested in the salmon industry is placed at $2,350,260, and with the $200,000 odd invested in the sealing industry, the capital invested in both industries, which give employment to over twenty thousand men, is over two and a half millions of dollars.

Another great trade which brings millions of dollars to the coffers of Victoria firms is the lumber trade, which finds employment for monster fleets of sailing ships and big ocean-going tramps, some carrying over three million feet of rough lumber to the Chinese and other Oriental markets, and to the British, South African and American, and other consumers in various parts of the world. Year by year this trade is growing, and so great is the demand at Chemainus mills, that they are obliged to build another mill, construction of which will be shortly commenced, to fill their orders. Other mills also tell of great demands on them. To show how the trade is increasing, the lumber cut during 1898 exceeded that of the year before by about nineteen million feet, and when the returns are in this year, another big advance will be noted. The scarcity of tonnage and the incidental high rates alone are militating against this industry.

* * *

Of the shipping which calls Victoria its home port there are the steamers of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company, whose head offices are here. One of the most palatial steamers of this company leaves this city at 7 a. m. and returns shortly after 6 p. m., giving a daily ferry service to Vancouver connecting with the Canadian Pacific Railway. This company controls a vast fleet plying to the west coast of Vancouver Island, to northern British Columbia ports, the keys to the Cassiar and Omineca mining districts, to the canneries, and to the ports of Skaguay and St. Michaels, carrying the gold-seeker and merchant and their effects. They, too, have a service of stern wheelers on the Fraser river. The steamer *Victorian*, named after this city, gives a daily connection with the Northern Pacific and Great Northern and southern systems at Seattle and Tacoma. The *Garland* gives a tri-weekly service, the *City of Nanaimo* plies to the gulf and adjacent islands and a new steamer is being built to run to Gulf islands. So much for the coasting and local trade. The three *Empresses* of the Canadian Pacific Railway give a tri weekly service to Japan and China, while a fleet of six Northern Pacific liners and three steamers of the N. Y. K. Company (Japanese Mail S. S. Company) give a much more frequent service. Victoria is the first point of call and departure for all these vessels, and few days pass without one or more big liners being at her wharves. Three well appointed liners run monthly to the antipodes, via Honolulu, and there are other local vessels in the Cape Nome and coal freighting trades. There are, too, many lumber tramps and sailing vessels, including between sixty and seventy sealing schooners, as well as other craft, which call Victoria their home port.

* * *

Foreign trade and manufacturing, however, can be no index to the large amount of business transacted between Victoria's wholesalers and the interior towns of the island and mainland, all of which draw their supplies from the capital. The mining districts must import their provisions and machinery; the salmon canners must be kept in tin and other materials of the industry; the sealing fleet must be fitted out annually and vessels built here; and to meet these requirements demands a liberal use of capital, which is returned with interest, in the products of the mines and the canneries and the catch of the sealing schooners brought home in the fall.

Although the city is less widely known as a manufacturing than as a shipping and distributing point, Victoria is not without industrial institutions whose product commands a ready sale abroad. One by one, unostentatiously but continually, manufacturing establishments are being added to the list until the catalogue is now a large one. There is the Albion Iron Works, where anything from rivets to steamships can be secured, chemical works, flour and rice mills, paint factories, breweries, several large furniture factories, fruit-preserving and spice works, some half dozen or more ship-yards, carriage, boot-and-shoe, powder, and other works, saw mills, sash factories and planing mills, and a long list of others, which were they to be enumerated would fill much space. All of which goes to show that Victoria is not only a summer and health resort, a great shipping point and the headquarters of many industries, but also a great producing point.

* * *

Victoria at no greatly distant date bids fair, too, to become a smelting centre. Not only is it likely, with the opening up of the rich quartz district of the Kootenay and other mining districts, now difficult of access, that the ore will be sent to Victoria to be smelted, but here, at the doors of the city, as it were, are rich ledges of gold-bearing rock, of iron and copper. On this island and the adjacent islands lying between it and the mainland many rich claims have been located. While Victoria stands intimately related to these, it is even more so to the promising properties at her very threshold, at Goldstream, but twelve miles away, at Alberni, and in all that district which intervenes along the west coast to Cape Cormorell at the northern extremity of the island, where a company is now engaged in washing black sand. The Hayes mine at Alberni, the Three W's, the Seattle group at Clayoquot, the black sand deposits of Wreck Bay, and the hundreds of other wealthy properties of the coast, to say nothing of the rich mines at Goldstream, one of which is to be disposed of to a San Francisco capitalist, promise well for the mining outlook of Victoria.

Besides the precious metals, the iron and the copper of the valleys and hills, Vancouver Island possesses valuable coal lands, the development of which has already played a great part in Victoria's industrial life, and is destined to be of still greater value. The groups of mines of the Dunsmuirs and the New Vancouver Coal Company, at a distance of not over 75 miles from Victoria, give employment to thousands of men and many vessels. At Comox is a field of coal 200 miles squares and estimated to contain workable coals to the enormous extent of sixteen million tons per square mile. Then, too, big seams are being developed by a San Francisco company on Quatsino Sound, and deposits of bituminous coal have been found on the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Of the railways entering Victoria, the Esquimalt and Nanaimo line opens up valuable lands between the city and the coal mines. It was built by Hon. Robert Dunsmuir in 1886, the Dominion government giving a grant of $750,000 towards the cost and the Province a reserve of two million acres of land. This line, and for that matter the Victoria and Sidney Railroad also, is regarded by many as a link in a through transcontinental line, and in this connection it is to be observed that there has been a plethora of transcontinental railway and ferry schemes before the people of Victoria during the past few years. There was a proposal from the promoters of the Port Angeles and Eastern Railway for a ferry service to connect Victoria with their line, which was to touch one or more of the large through systems at Olympia. By the terms of this proposal Victorians were asked to pay a bonus of $17,500, afterwards reduced to $12,000 and lower, but even then the citizens considered it too high and refused it. Coincidently came an offer from Mr. Dunsmuir for a fast ferry service to Vancouver, but this was afterwards withdrawn. Then there was agitation for the city to take some $500,000 worth of the stock of the Victoria, Vancouver and Eastern Railway, which has a charter to build a line up the Chilliwack valley crossing the larger through stems, connection with which was to be made from Victoria via the Victoria and Sidney Railroad to Sydney, and thence by fast ferry to Point Roberts. The voice of the people will be heard on this scheme this week. Another scheme is also on the tapis for a line in extension of the Eastern and Northern line to Hardy Bay, which would open up the northern portion of the island.

* * *

Victoria possesses an extensive system of water works, operated by the corporation, which, with the well-equipped and efficient fire department, reduces fire risks to a minimum. The city's water supply comes from a number of spring-fed lakes, which after passing over filter beds is distributed through steel mains, thus insuring purity. Improvements have been made in this system from year and to year and it is now approaching perfection. The sewerage of the city is upon the separate system, the general scheme being as recommended by the eminent New York engineer, Mr. Rudolph Herring. All the sewage is carried far out to sea by the tide.

The electric railway system of the city has been in operation since 1890, under the management of the British Columbia Electric Ry. Co. It was the third line constructed west of the Mississippi—the second in Canada. It gives a quick service through the city and to the suburbs of Esquimalt, Oak Bay, Victoria West, Spring Ridge, Beacon Hill, etc. An excellent telephone service is enjoyed by the city, and in a few months a long distance telephone cable will be laid connecting the city with Nanaimo, Vancouver and New Westminster. Both telegraph lines entering the city do considerable business.

* * *

The climate of Victoria compares very favorably with that of California, and has been more generally contrasted with that of the south of England. It is temperate at all seasons of the year, the heat of the summer being softened by breezes from mountain or sea. The heat is never oppressive, and the warmest days of summer are followed by cool and delightful evenings. The winter's rains—snow is seldom seen—when properly provided against, are not unhealthy; in fact the longevity of Victorians testifies to the health-preserving qualities of the climate.

There ne d be no dull day in a stay of many weeks in Victoria, nor any day in which profit may not be conviently combined with amusement. Here the yachtsman finds ideally beautiful waters; the cyclist or horseman has the choice of a number of well-kept and pretty roads; the angler often takes kingly salmon from within a few yards of the wharves at the harbor entrance; and in the lakes and rivers adjacent to the city there is sport for the man with the rod to gladden any desciple of Izaak Walton. At not a great distance away, too, the hunter can indulge in the pleasures of the chase at the proper season. Besides all manner of game birds, the gunner will find deer, bear and panther. The first two named animals are by no means few, nor are they small. The sportsman will go many miles before he finds such a "sportsman's paradise, as this island of Vancouver.

Victoria is a very English city and English customs prevail. It must not be inferred from this, though, that there are none but English people and English ways here. The visitor has not been within its boundaries for twenty-four hours before he has seen many peoples, for this sea-port has a most cosmospolitan gathering on her streets. only be it understood, the British are in the ascendency, and when such news comes as reached the city, at the date of this writing, viz. the surrender of Cronje and his army, hese

PANORAMIC

IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE

A

THE GORGE

Cor. YATES and DOUGLAS STS.

VIEWS OF VICTORI

:W OF VICTORIA. *by Pillsbury & Cleveland.*

.OSER VIEW

THE OUTER HARBOR

BEACON HILL PARK.

WARSHIPS IN HARBOR

A, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Mayor and City Council of Victoria, B.C.

usually ultra quiet Victorians enthuse *a la American*, and when they enthuse, they do it properly. Flags hang from every available staff and stick, many of the buildings are draped in bunting; the shipping in port is draped; bands are parading the streets playing patriotic airs followed by cheering crowds. There are scenes of wild enthusiasm, for of all the cities of the empire, there are none more loyal than this gateway city of the Pacific Coast, which bears Her Majesty's name.

J. GORDON SMITH.

SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT.

THE system of government established in British Columbia, in common with that of the other provinces of Canada, is what is properly described as "Responsible Government." By the term "Responsible Government" is meant that the Ministers of the Crown, otherwise called Cabinet Ministers, are held responsible to Parliament and to the law of the land for all public acts of the Crown.

There is a great similarity in the form of government in the Canadian Provinces to that of Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada, the only difference being that there is no Upper House. The representative of the Queen is the Lieutenant-Governor, who is appointed by the Governor-General in Council under the great seal of Canada. Although he is said to hold office only during the pleasure of the Governor-General, yet his tenure of office is usually for a period of five years. By the terms of his commission he is authorized to summon and call the Parliament together, as well as to prorogue the same. He may dismiss his Cabinet Ministers when he finds them representing only a minority of the members of the Legislative Assembly. It is well known, however, that some ministers have received their dismissal, although at the time they had control of the House, or in other words had a good working majority. But this course is rarely adopted by the Queen's Representative unless he has good reasons for such action. When a vacancy for a Lieutenant-Governor occurs, he is usually selected by the authorities at Ottawa from amongst the members of the Upper House who have done good and faithful service on behalf of the party in power. The present Lieutenant-Governor of the Province is the Hon. T. R. McInnes, who formerly had a seat in the Senate.

Prior to Confederation in 1872, the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia consisted of but few members, some of whom were appointed by the Governor, others selected by popular vote. But as population increased, the number of members was likewise increased. At the present time there are thirty-eight representatives, all of whom are elected by ballot. The principal cities return a certain number of members, while the country districts elect the remainder. At elections for members every male of the full age of twenty-one years who is a natural-born or naturalized British subject and who has resided in the Province for welve months and in the electoral district in which he claims to vote for two months immediately previous to sending in his claim to vote, is entitled to vote at any election.

The following members of the Executive Council hold portfolios, viz: Hon. C. A. Semlin, Provincial Secretary, also Premier; Hon. F. Carter-Cotton, Minister of Finance and Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works; Hon. A. Henderson, Attorney-General; and Hon. J. Fred Hume, Minister of Mines. The Hon. R. E. McKechnie is President of the Council without portfolio.

Under each Minister there are one or more deputies, whose duty it is to see that the department work is faithfully performed. The appointment and removal from office of civil servants is vested in the Government. There is no examination for admission into the civil service, nor is there on the other hand any provision made for pensions to old and faithful servants.

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

THE Parliament buildings at Victoria, B. C., are situated on an exceptionally charming site. As viewed from the main street of Victoria across the harbor they occupy the summit of a slight elevation. Behind and on either side is a mass of green foliage, contrasting with and enhancing the beauty of the cream-colored stonework, while still further in the distance rise the snow-capped Olympic mountains. In the foreground the green lawn slopes gently down from the terrace in front of the buildings to the edge of the blue waters of the harbor, which is generally studded with little pleasure yachts. As can be imagined the *tout ensemble* makes a fascinating and unique picture.

The buildings are on broad Renaissance lines, but with Romanesque details worked in, in a harmonious manner. While this adds originality and charm to the structure, it was a necessity imposed by the extreme hardness of the stone, which is a species of very light-colored igneous sandstone, you might call it larva, quarried from Haddington Island, situated about 200 miles north between Vancouver Island and the mainland, the slates with which the roof is covered being also quarried from the large slate deposits near by. These slate deposits are very extensive and are, it is believed, the only ones on the coast. The domes are covered with copper. The interior arrangement of the buildings is very simple. The large entrance hall under the dome, opens direct to three departments on each floor—each department having its own entrances and staircases, however. Behind the dome, which forms a magnificent approach, it having marble mosaic floors and Tennessee marble columns, is the Legislative Hall, a fine chamber, richly decorated, with rare Italian marble panelling and solid green Ceppolino marble columns. A feature of the buildings is their extremely solid construction, the floors all being of concrete, and the staircases of solid cut stonework. Every part of the interior is very light, there not being a dark corridor or room in the structure. The principal rooms are panelled in the best examples of native woods—oak, maple, cedar, cypress, pine and spruce.

The detached building on the left is the Provincial Museum, in which is a rare collection of the Indian curiosities—birds, animals and minerals of the Province—and which is considered to be one of the most interesting museums on the continent. On the right is the printing office, both the last two buildings being connected to the main building by colonnades. The buildings took five years to erect and were built entirely by local contractors, at a total cost, including furniture, of under a million dollars. The architect was F. M. Rattenburg, of Victoria, who obtained the work in open competition.

A woman, Polly McGrail by name, has won a big silk-weavers' strike for her employers in Patterson, New Jersey. When the walk-out was ordered, she refused to go with the others, as she was supporting an invalid husband and a family. For nine months she held her post, teaching green hands the work. She was the target for every sort of abuse, and at one time found it difficult to procure food, as a boycott was declared against everyone who sold her the necessities of life. Several times she had to defend herself with a revolver, and twice she was sandbagged. In spite of all this she held out, and the strike finally collapsed, as she had broken in an entirely new force. The owners of the mill gave her all the credit for their victory.

The best price for a piece of Seattle realty obtained this decade was paid for the building at the corner of Cherry and Second Ave. which changed hands for a consideration of $145,000. Judge H. J. Bond, recently elected president of the California Fruit Growers' Association, was the purchaser. There is a three-story brick building on the property, which is 60x108 feet. Ten years ago, at the height of thereal estate boom, the bare lot sold for $71,000 and the structure cost $70,000. This was very much above its real value, but it is now considered the choicest site in the Queen City, and in it are the offices and plant of the *Post-Intelligencer*. A big 14-story structure is destined to replace it.

Paderewski, it is evident, is to be as great a sensation in San Francisco as on his former trip. Then he filled the California for every performance and was applauded to the echo. He returns, his great reputation having grown in the interim, for he is recognized to-day as the leading pianist of the world. Some compositions are better rendered by rival artists, but Paderewski unites most of the great styles and plays everything magnificently. During his last tour of the United States it was thought that he had exhausted the possibilities of a popular *reclame* but this season he has aroused a degree of enthusiasm even greater than he excited before. His magnetism is unabated and his power over the instrument more marvelous than ever.

The individual Paderewski is a man of rare charm and intelligence. He is quite without affectation and he has a mind of great breadth and insight. He is charming to talk with, ready, quick and responsive—indeed he is one of the few celebrities who convinces one of his genius apart from any manifestation thereof.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING IN SCIENTIFIC PURSUITS AT HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

MINING will, for a long time to come, be the most prominent industry in British Columbia. Many who are now engaged in that occupation must have felt the want of technical knowledge. They can, no doubt, recall occasions when they have passed over ground that showed indications of gold, silver, copper or other minerals. At other times they would have given much to be able to take even an approximate assay of a quartz crushing, but they have felt that all this was beyond their ability to attain, by reason of the expense and length of time necessary for its acquisition. Yet two months devoted to a study of the subject at Heald's Business College and School of Practical Sciences, in San Francisco, suffices to equip the learner with a thorough knowledge of assaying and blow-pipe analysis. At the end of that time he will be able to sample a mine correctly, and to make assays, with absolute accuracy, in gold, lead, silver and copper ores. Six months devoted exclusively to mining engineering will give the average student a full practical knowledge of the subject. The general plan is to make the instruction concise and thorough, and by divesting it of all unnecessary technicalities, reduce the time to such a compass that anyone can, in a few months, learn all that is needed for ordinary purposes. The full course includes Assaying, Blow-Pipe Analysis, Mill Construction, Mining (sinking shafts, running tunnels, inclines, cross cuts, etc.), Milling, Geology, Mineralogy, Metallurgy and Surveying. During the past three years a great many mining men and prospectors from all parts of the West have entered the department, and in every instance they have expressed themselves as being well pleased with the results. Like everything taught in the College, it is a *practical* course for *practical* men.

The department is fitted with all necessary laboratories, workshops, furnaces, apparatus, etc., and is in charge of competent instructors. No one need be deterred from entering on account of the cost. The terms for instruction in assaying and blow-pipe analysis (combined) are $35, and the very complete mining engineering course can be taken in six months for $100.

There is also a course in Civil Engineering which comprises Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Surveying, Draughting, etc.

The instruction in Surveying includes class lectures, map-making, and actual field work. The learner is taught how to run straight lines properly, how to lay out townships and sections, and to subdivide city property into lots. Considerable practice is given in traverse-surveying and computing areas of irregular tracts of land by means of latitudes and departures. Instruction is given in surveying meridians and base lines; also how to find the longitude and latitude by the north star, and by the use of solar attachments and the solar compass.

Special attention is paid to topography. Considerable practice is given in laying out flumes and ditches for irrigating, also in running levels for the purpose of building wire tramways, etc. The civil engineering student has special practice in railroad surveying, and the mining engineering student in the line of work that will be required of him in the mines and mining engineering. Railr ad surveying is taught the mining engineer, if desired.

Another noticeable feature of the college is the department of Electrical Engineering. The wonderful growth of electrical science during the past few years and the illimitable field it offers for further explorations and inventions obviously makes it the great profession of the future.

Heald's Business College was the first school of its class in the United States to recognize the vast importance of the subject and it carefully arranged a course that would be within the limit and means of the average young man who has to make his own way in the world. This experiment met with immediate success. The student and work now cover all the modern applications of electricity. Each student has to manufacture in the workshop a large proportion of the apparatus and the oral teachings are thus supplemented by actual practice and demonstration. This assures a thorough training, mechanical as well as theoretical. The work is so mapped out as to give the learner at the end of six months a practical knowledge that will enable him to be self-supporting. The cost of the course for that time is $100.

There is at present and will be for many years a constant demand for young men with a strong theoretical knowledge of electrical science. Hardly a month passes that electricity is not applied to some new purpose and it consequently affords a better opportunity for ambitious young men than any other. A large proportion of the men at the head of electrical interests have not taken a regular training in electrical engineering and are consequently at a great disadvantage on this account.

The commercial departments of Heald's Business College represent the experience and development of more than thirty-three years. In common with everything taught in the school, the instruction is based on the principle of learning by practice and the success that has attended this method is shown by the fact that some 17,000 of its graduates are now in active business or professional life. Indeed, there is hardly a business house or corporation of any magnitude in California, Oregon, Nevada, Arizona, Washington, Idaho or Montana, that has not one or more of them in its employment.

Some idea of the extent to which the details are simulated in this great school may be gathered from the statement that upwards of 800 different business forms are used by pupils in the bookkeeping course. Each one has been taken from the best available original and the number includes every possible document or paper used in commercial transactions.

Students are also taught the use of all labor-saving devices. Three College banks are required to conduct the business of the department and these necessitate a Clearing House. About 900 pupils a year annually pass through the commercial class rooms, not entirely with a view of becoming bookkeepers or clerks, but for the purpose of acquiring an education that will enable them to manage their own affairs in a business-like manner, or with the intention of making the course the foundation for a professional career.

The Shorthand Department has usually from 100 to 400 students under instruction. Five teachers are employed therein; fifty writing machines are needed for service. During the past ten years this department alone has sent to employment upwards of 1,000 of its graduates, and they are to be found occupying every variety of stenographic positions, not only throughout the West, but in almost every city of importance in the civilized world.

A Department of Telegraphy, carefully modeled after the best modern systems, affords those who desire an opportunity to become practical telegraphers.

There are subsidiary departments of Languages and English.

The College keeps a record of the graduates it places in employment and the figures for the last eight years are as follows:

1892—232	1896—159
1893—193	1897—186
1894—134	1898—189
1895—178	1899—199

The total is 1,470.

A large proportion of the business men of the West received their first practical education within its walls. The late Senator Stanford, the founder of the Stanford University, was so impressed with the advantages it offered that he enrolled his son for a course. Its reputation in the East is shown by the fact that it is one of the six Business Colleges selected out of the very large number throughout the entire country, to represent the development of commercial education at the Paris Exposition, being so chosen, says the official notification, "on account of its high standing and superiority." Its faculty of twenty-five teachers has been selected with the greatest care. The curriculum embraces everything necessary for the most complete commercial or scientific education, and the method of individual instruction permits each student to progress in accordance with his aptitude and industry. All studies are elective, and pupils can devote as much or as little time to any subject as may be desired.

Heald's Business College Journal, the monthly publication of the school is the oldest commercial school paper in the United States, and probably in the world. Copies of it, and of the 84-page cloth-bound catalogue will be forwarded to any address on application.

DRAKE AMALGAMATOR.

IT IS UNQUESTIONABLY THE GREATEST GOLD SAVING MACHINE ON THE MARKET.

It happens very often that the discovery of some new industrial field brings into prominence some little-known invention or mechanical device which has been working along quietly and obscurely for years, before the new conditions gave it a new field of usefulness. For instance, when electricity came into common use for commercial purposes, this was the

F. J. DRAKE.

history of many electrical devices which had scarcely been heard of before the day of electric tramways and motors. And this has been the history of a remarkable new device for handling gold bearing-sands, which was brought into prominence by the new conditions arising when Cape Nome was discovered.

Since the discovery of the Cape Nome gold fields much valuable metal in the rich beach sands has been wasted. The miners went at their work in haphazard fashion, with pan and shovel and rocker, ignorant of the fact that the Nome sands, being of peculiar quality, would not yield all their riches to these primitive methods. As a result, half the work already done at Nome will have to be done over again, and many beach claims, already worked over and abandoned, will give a second harvest when new methods are employed.

These methods are a puzzle to the expert miner. The beach sands of Cape Nome and the north in general present practical problems never before encountered by miners. The gold itself is very fine; much of it is what is called by miners "flour" gold. The black and ruby sands in which it is found are very heavy, being of almost equal weight with the gold. From this it happened that both amalgamation and gravity, used separately, were inadequate to the purpose. With amalgamation, where the gold was caught by the quicksilver in the pan and then separated by evaporation, only about 60 per cent of the metal was saved. But little better results ensued when plates of copper with silver coating were employed in ordinary rockers. There is no doubt that silver plate has great affinity for gold, but the passage of the coarse sand and gravel over such plates as were used at Nome scoured the surface so as to render them valueless in a short time. Moreover, most of the rocker devices in use there have expected too much for the size of the plates in use. In a five stamp mill, 64 to 128 square feet of surface is expected to handle only eight or ten tons of pulp in twenty-four hours. In many of these machines, 24 square feet of plate is expected to amalgamate 100 to 250 tons of this coarse sand per day, and that without scouring. The use of such machines has probably lost as much flour gold as has the use of the antiquated pan. Each of these methods has lost 40 per cent of the gold worked in the first season. In other words, a claim worked out last summer to the tune of, say, $10,000, has still $4,000 worth of gold left in the sand already passed through the pan or the rocker. The gold is there; if the present beach-miners give it up and pass on to other fields, those who follow will take a profit only second to the original yield, *providing the newcomers have the right appliances.*

What sort of an appliance is necessary to extract this remnant from the sand already washed and to prevent waste in new fields? It must be one in which both gravity and amalgamation are made use of. Also, since amalgamation, when properly used, is the best single means of saving fine gold, and since the sands are of about the same specific gravity as the gold and the whole mass can therefore be moved the more easily from place to place, it follows that a machine which, combining proper concentration and amalgamation, would bring black sand, ruby sand and gold together to the same place at the same time, is the ideal one for the Northern beach sands.

Such a machine has been in practical operation for years, working the low grade sands of the Colorado and Snake rivers. If it has never before been on the market, if it was not known to the practical Cape Nome miners at the time when they began operations, it was because the conditions in the Cape Nome sands, like those in the low-grade sands of the Colorado river, were peculiar to themselves. Yet it has for years handled with profit dirt running only 25 cents to the cubic yard, and handled the concentrates of 250 tons a day.

Mr. F. J. Drake, an experienced miner and prospector, is the inventor of the machine, and has fully tested its merits, so that, in placing it on the market, he is certain that it will do all that is expected of it, viz.: save all but the infinitesimal percentage of gold from the heaviest beach sands. Briefly stated, the mechanism of the amalgamator attachment to the new machine consists of six sections of riffles, there being eight riffles to the section. These riffles may be charged with quicksilver should the occasion require it, but in most cases, and with a proper method of segregation, the great part of the values may be extracted without the use of quicksilver. The sections are placed together in a frame so that they can be conveniently removed, and at an angle which prevents any current over the riffles. The debris is carried off with the water in agitation. The gold settles into the bottom of the riffles, and, where quicksilver is used, every particle of gold or sand comes in contact with the amalgamating metal. The peculiar shape of these riffles prevents also any loss of quicksilver—a consideration of some account as Cape Nome values in quicksilver go. So, also, the material cannot at any time cover the surface for a depth of over one-sixteenth of an inch. The capacity depends upon both the quality of material and of gold, but it can safely be depended upon to handle pulp or concentrates to the amount of from 100 to 250 tons in twenty-four hours with less than three miner's inches of water. And while the machine is of particular value in handling flour gold of the Cape Nome fineness, it will treat the coarser flake metal with equal efficiency.

To summarize, the chief merits claimed for this new invention are about as follows: It will save anything that will settle or amalgamate; it prevents the waste of quicksilver or the loss of amalgam, which last is a fault of copper plates: it requires only about one-third the water needed for the same number of feet of plate surface, it works all grades of sand equally well, so that it is not necessary to know in advance the values contained in the material being worked; it has the greatest capacity of any gold-saving device; and—greatest merit of all to the practical miner—it has been tested and improved by years of experience, so that it is no longer an experiment. Combined with these greater merits are others scarcely less in value. It requires less power to operate and takes up less space than any other gold-saving device. It needs no sluice head of water to prevent the sand from banking. It does away with these collections of verdegris which prevent perfect amalgamation. All these merits have been tested and proved by years of practical work

DRAKE AMALGAMATOR.

in the Southwest; they will be proved again this coming summer on hundreds of beach claims at Cape Nome. On exhibition daily at Krogh Manufacturing Company, 9-17 Stevenson street.

HOTEL VICTORIA
THE LEADING CARAVANSARY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In this issue of the *Wave* we have tried editorially and in the illustrations to call the attention of the tourist to some of the attractions with which nature has endowed Victoria, and we would be lax in our duty to our readers did we not give them some information in regard to hotel accommodations.

In choosing a hotel the tourist who follows

E. E. Leason.

the commercial traveler cannot be far wrong. In Victoria we find most of the knights of the grip with Mr. Leason at *The Victoria*, a strictly first-class caravansary in every respect and a favorite stopping place for the army officers in British Columbia.

From the bell boys to the head clerk, Mr. Hector McKenzie, Mr. Leason has drawn about him an able corps of able assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with the details

Hotel Victoria.

and requisites essential in the conducting of a first-class institution.

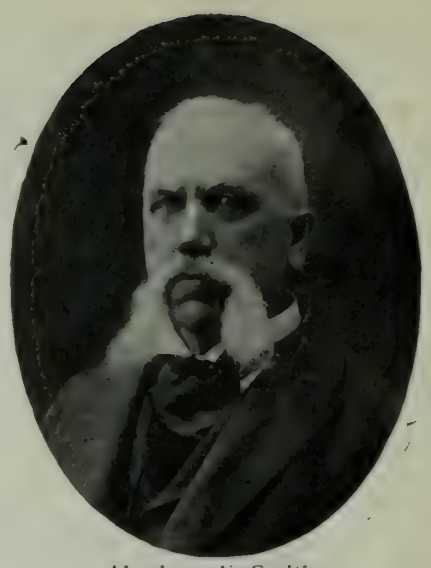
The Victoria is centrally located; it contains all the modern improvements; it has a large transient patronage, yet it has a quiet, homelike air and a tone of old-fashioned gentility. Because the larget majority of people appreciate such a living place and seek for it, *The Victoria* is one of the most prosperous hotels in British Columbia, having a long list of permanent guests and the best of the "floating population." It is really a sort of headquarters for the military in British Columbia, as like Occidental in San Francisco. Those who know what solid comfort is invariably come to *The Victoria* and one finds on its register the signatures of the best people in the Province.

Hector McKenzie.

Mr. Leason sees to it that each and every guest receives all the little attentions that go to make life pleasant. One's individual comfort is looked after with a care rarely found outside of one's own home. The cuisine is of notable excellence. The whole house is pleasant and comfortable. A free bus meets all boats.

CONSUL SMITH.
The United States Govt's Representative in Victoria.

THE Consul of the United States at Victoria is Mr. Abraham E. Smith, of Rockford, Illinois, who has occupied that responsible position since August, 1897. Mr. Smith was for twenty-five years an active member of the editorial fraternity, and his habits of observation there formed have proved invaluable in his present position. He is recognized as one of the most vigilant and faithful Consuls in the Dominion; his reports on the economic and mining conditions of the coast have been republished in most of the leading papers of the United States. While it is conceded that in no part of our National administration has there been more improvement than in the Consular service, it may be stated that our Consul at Victoria holds front rank among his colleagues. Mr. Smith also keeps closely in touch with the leaders of Victoria and British Columbia, and is popular with all classes. He is demanded at many social gatherings and banquets, where his remarks are always greeted with applause. Last summer the State Department appointed Consul Smith special commissioner to settle the fishery boat seizures at Point Roberts, and he has also been intrusted with other delicate missions. A visit to the Consulate at Victoria



Abraham E. Smith.

at once transports one to the United States. The stars and stripes wave over the office; the walls are covered with portraits of Washington, Lincoln, McKinley, Grant, Blaine, and other distinguished Americans, including Senator Cullom and Representative Hitt, from the praire state of Illinois. Mr. Abraham Smith's official record is as follows: Appointed postmaster at Woodstock, Ill., by President Lincoln; postmaster at Rockford, Ill., by President U. S. Grant; Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, by Gov. Fifer; trustee of the Illinois University; Consul to Victoria, B. C.

Judge For Yourself.

Moet and Chandon White Seal Champagne is the finest wine in the world, and costs no more than other prominent brands. The vintage of 1893, now being imporred into the United States, is of the highest order of excellence.

Group of Employees of the Provincial Government of British Columbia on the Steps of the House of Parliament.

American Steel and Wire Co.'s State Fair Exhibit.

Wire probably plays a more important part in modern life than any other one product of our industries. The extent to which it is used may be realized perhaps from the statistics of the iron and steel wire manufactures of the United States. Every year this country produces about 1,000,000 tons of iron or steel wire. Reduced to pounds this gives 2,000,000,000 as the annual output of the wire mills, or about thirty pounds of wire for every man, woman and child in the United States. If all of this were drawn down to a diameter of 26-1000 of an inch, one of the larger sizes used for banjo and mandolin strings, it would make a string more than two hundred million miles long, or enough to wrap around the earth 40,333 times, or to form a two-wire metallic telephone line to the sun. The metal which goes to make up this enormous mass of wire is about 10 per cent of the entire output of our iron mines, and the finished product is equal in amount to the average production of railroad rails, and is probably more than enough to form the frames of all the great steel sky scrapers erected in the whole country during the year.

It would be as easy to enumerate the things in which wire is not used as it would be to give a list of those of which it forms a part. Your spectacle bows are made of wire, the rivets of your pocket knife are wire, your shoe heels are held together with a wire product and you wipe your feet on a wire mat. Your wife is apt to have wire or wire products spread about her costume from head to foot. Her hat frame is often of wire, its flowers are built on wire stems; she fastens it to her head with pins of wire; her girdle and its dependent ornaments are often wire products, while her parasol or umbrella is largely made of wire. We sleep on wire mattresses, we travel on cars drawn by wire cables, and we depend upon wire for all the communications we have with one another over the telegraph or telephone. When we fly great kites for scientific purposes we often use wire for a string, and we could not explore the depths of the sea without wire sounding lines. We fence our fields with wire and nail our houses with wire nails. This last use for wire is comparatively new, but it is probably now the largest one that exists. The wire nail was invented abroad. Twenty years or so ago the only places where it was seen in this country were in foreign packing boxes, in accordions and cigar boxes. These nails were all made of iron, with thin, flat heads, which were usually very ragged about the edges. The nails or heads in general use then were of square sections cut from strips of iron. Today the cut nail has almost disappeared from general use and has been replaced by the wire nail. To drive a nail, when the tapered cut nail was the only one to be had, was an art which it was said a woman could never acquire, but any one can drive a wire nail. The way in which the wire nail has displaced the cut nail is shown in these figures: In 1866, out of a total production of 8,760,000 kegs, only 600,000 kegs, or 6.9 per cent were made of wire. In 1896 the total production was 6,335,730 kegs, and of these 4,719,800 kegs were wire nails, or 74.5 per cent. Each keg weighs 100 pounds, so that of the 2,000,000,000 pounds of wire made, this industry alone consumed 633,573,000 pounds, or about one-third. Another third is used for making barbed or plain fence wire, the remaining third going into the innumerable manufactures of the country, from the material which forms the hook that enables the fisherman to take his prey, to the bicycle spoke or the vibrating cords of the piano or mandolin. Without wire we could not card our wool or cotton to prepare it for shipping, nor make a loom to weave it into cloth. Today even the largest cannons are built of wire, and England has already got a number of big guns in service made of this material, which have proved themselves far superior in many ways to those built of more solid sections. No dynamos, motors or other electrical instruments of any kind could be made with wire. The strongest of all the wires made is that for pianos and other musical intruments. This is of fine steel and tempered, and it is calculated to be able to resist a strain of 424,000 pounds the square inch of section.

The wire cloth makers, who make all kinds of fabric from mosquito netting to fence cloth with meshes six or eight inches square, use enormous quantities of wire, and another great quantity is used in making the spiral springs which are used in all kinds of upholstered furniture.

The general manner of making wire is first to roll the rods down to a convenient size for handling, and then, after tapering an end, to pass the rod through tapered holes in a plate, which grow successively smaller and smaller. The wire is drawn through these holes by means of tongs, which grip the tapered ends, and then it is wound on reels. The drawing hardens the material, and it has to be annealed at frequent intervals by heating. In drawing very fine wires of gold or silver or other precious metals the draw holes are often drilled through diamonds or rubies, and the making of these plates is a special industry.

There are more than 1000 sizes of wire made, ranging in measurement ftom the minimum of 1-1000 of an inch in diameter.

This great output of a million tons of wire in the United States is practically all manufactured by the various mills of the American Steel & Wire Company. This company comprises some forty-two mills, located in the most advantageous manufacturing districts of the United States. The American Steel & Wire Company's product is vastly greater than that of an other company in the world. They lead all other wire manufacturing concerns in the world as regards the volume of their output and the variety and extent of their manufactures, which comprise wire of every description, and everything made from wire—barbed wire, plain wires of every description, field fencing, poultry netting, wire ropes and cables for logging and mining, street railways, tramways, ropeways, etc., copper and insulated wires for electric light and power companies, electric street railways, telephone and telegraph companies.

In addition to the wire products proper produced by this company, they also manufacture a great many specialties, such as the Shoenberger horse-shoes, Shoenberger boiler plates and sheet steel, Cleveland cold-rolled shafting, chain of every description, double-pointed tacks; in facr, their line is so extensive that it is one of the greatest manufacturing institutions in the world. Their trade compasses every part of the United States, as well as North and South America, and they are making extensive shipments to all foreign countries China, Japan, Australia, Java, Turkey, England and the Continent, as well as to St. Petersburg and Vladivostock, in far-away Russia.

The American Steel & Wire Company maintain an important manufacturing industry on the Pacific Coast, their factory here being known as the Pacific Works, covering over two and one-half acres of ground located between Bay, Powell, Mason and North Point streets in San Francisco. Their general sales offices are at Nos. 8 and 10 Pine street, San Francisco, and their branch sales agencies are located at No. 201 North Los Angeles street, Los Angeles, Cal.; 231 to 235 Pine street, Portland, Oregon; 108 West Washington street, Dexter Horton Bank building, Seattle, Washington; and at Spokane Falls, Washington; Butte, Montana; and Salt Lake City, Utah. This company is one of the most enterprising and progressive business insitutions on the Pacific Coast, and are doing a great deal to assist in the development of the local manufacturing interests, as their products are largely manufactured and supplied from the Pacific works, in San Francisco. The enterprise and facilities of this great company were well illustrated by the magnificent display of their varied products which is shown on this page. This display was the most complete and extensive of manufactured products ever made at the State Fair in Sacramento, and was the center of attraction to the many thousand visitors to last year's State Fair. The display was thought so highly of that it received the grand gold medal for the most complete and artistic display, and in addition was also awarded five other gold medals and awards of merit for individual lines.

The policy of this company is broad-gauge and progressive, their treatment of their patrons fair and reasonable, and they will be glad to have anyone interested in the subject of wire or wire products call upon them at any of their sales agencies, where they will be furnished full information regarding wire products, and accorded all courtesies possible in supplying their requirements.

In addition to their display at the State Fair in Sacramento, this company also made extensive displays of their products at the Mechanics' Fair in San Francisco, where they also received the first award of merit; at the Humboldt County Fair in Eureka, California; at the State Fair in Salem, Oregon; at the Portland, Oregon, Exposition, and the Spokane Falls Exposition, at all of which places their exhibits were the center of attraction, and received much commendation from visitors for their completeness and excellence, as well as the many interesting features in the displays.

EXHIBIT OF THE AMERICAN STEEL AND WIRE CO. AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR AT SACRAMENTO.

"Union" Gasoline Engines.

—SPECIALLY MADE FOR—

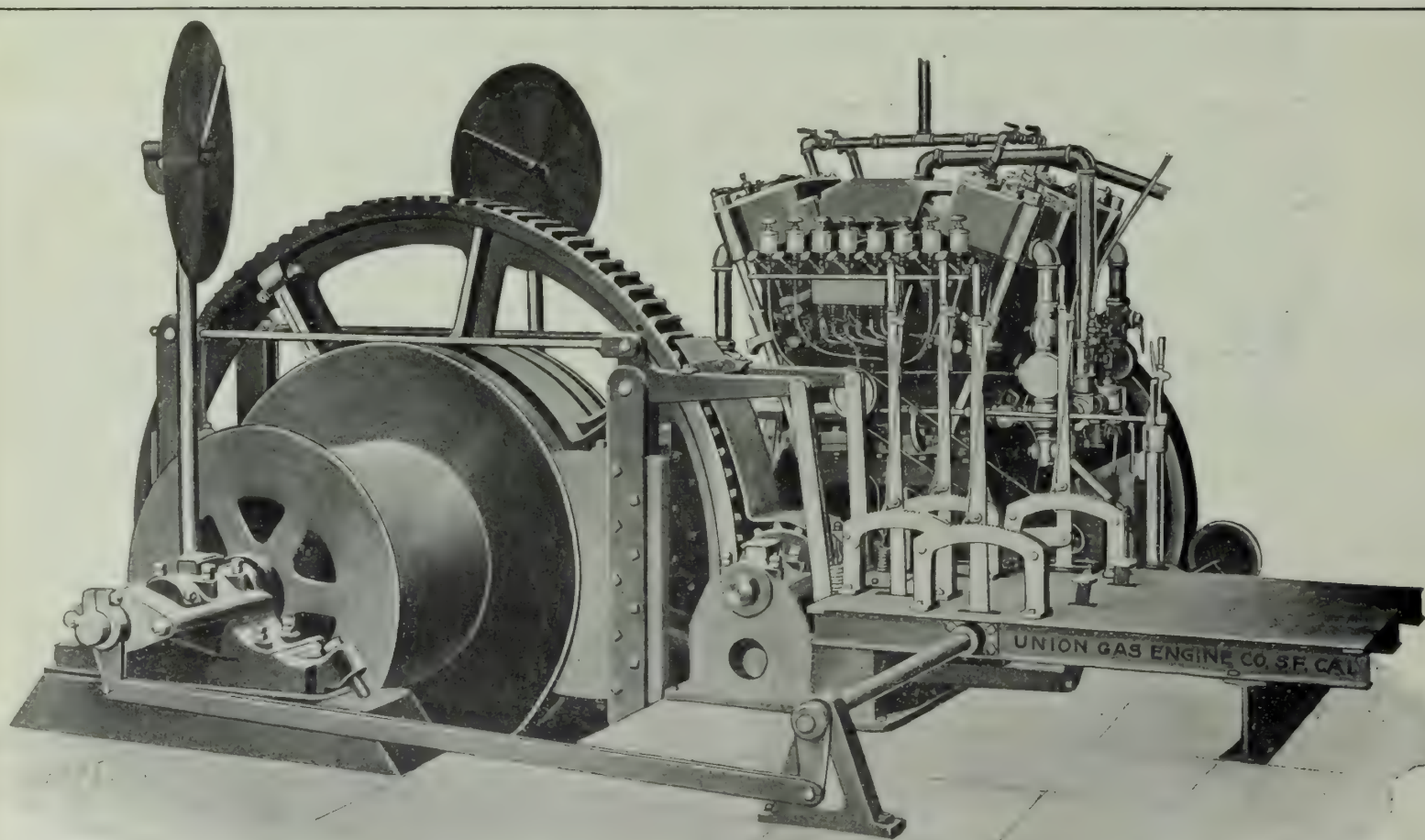
Centrifugal Pumps, Circular Saws, Electric Light Dynamos.

"Union" Gasoline Marine Engines.

45x9 ft. 50 H. P. "Union" Engine, Port Costa. Property of Mr. Geo. W. McNear San Francisco Cal.

"Union" Engines are Compact and Easily Portable.

The Result of 15 Years Practical Experience.



130 H. P. Four Cylinder "Union" Double Drum, Mining Hoist. (Operated by Gasoline, Naphtha, Benzine or Distillate.)

When Writing please state service required, giving full particulars. This will save time and prevent mistakes, thus saving you money.

UNION GAS ENGINE CO.

343 Howard Street, = = = = San Francisco, Cal.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Charles Sweet; A. L. Guille; Keno, Welsh and Melrose; Loney Haskell; Walter Jones and Norma Whalley; McCoy Sisters and Sam Marion; W. C. Fields; Weston and Yost; Neilson Sisters.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

WEEK OF MAR. 26th

A. M. Palmer's Coming Success

AUNT JACK.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Next—Gorgeous Scenic Production of "QUO VADIS."

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, MAR. 26th

Smyth & Rice Present the Comedian

WILLIE COLLIER

In his own New Farce

"MR. SMOOTH"

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Beginning Sunday Afternoon, March 25, 1900.

Last week of the eminent actor

BURR McINTOSH

In Frank Mayo's Dramatization of Mark Twain's

"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON."

Supported by the late Edwin Mayo's Sterling Company. Usual Matinees.

Next—"ON THE SUWANEE RIVER," A story full of Heart Interest.

California Theatre.

Direction: S. H. FRIEDLANDER & CO.

Paderewski

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PIANIST

STEINWAY & SON'S PIANO FORTE USED

—ON—

Monday Night, March 26

Wednesday Afternoon, March 28

Friday Afternoon, March 30

Monday Afternoon, April 2

Scale of Prices: $1.50, $2, $3, $4

NOTE.—Reserved seats can be secured by those living out of the city, by letter or telegraph.

Racing! Racing! Racing!

CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

Winter meeting, 1899-1900, beginning MONDAY Mar. 26 to Apr. 7, 1900.

OAKLAND RACE TRACK.

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.

Five or more races each day.

Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President,

R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

AT THE THEATERS

"Work in a stock company is the hardest in the business and about the hardest work known to man," said Ernest Hastings of the Alcazar Company. "If audiences only knew what it means to prepare one play and present another simultaneously, week after week, they would be more ready to pardon little slips in acting or in business. Literally, the actors in a stock company, and especially the leading people, have no time which they can call their own. It is a constant strain on mind and nerves, and is even harder on the body than one would suppose.

"In my own case, for example, the working day begins with rehearsal at ten o'clock. I needn't tell you that to do that I must be up by half-past eight. Rehearsal is sometimes, though rarely, over by one; very often it lasts through the afternoon. But if it closes early, I must study lines the rest of the afternoon. To make up and get ready, I must be at the theatre by seven, and if I am lucky, I get out of my make up by half-past eleven. Sometimes I have supper and go to bed after that, but often, when next week's part is hard, I am up studying until three or four in the morning. Two matinees extra are crowded in on top of all this. Literally, one has no time to himself, none at all.

* *

"It is easier, of course, for people in minor parts, because they have not so much study, but they have all the rehearsals and performances to attend, just the same. A good memory is a great convenience, but excellence of memory doesn't always go with ability to play leading roles. Some of the very best actors in the country are terribly slow on lines, while some actors who aren't worth five dollars a week can learn roles almost as they can read them.

"Of course, when a play runs two weeks or so, like 'Never Again,' things let down a bit, but not so much as you would suppose. The extra time is put in to give an extra polish to the next play. Sometimes you feel like throwing it over and going on a road company, where you play one or two parts the season through and have no heavy rehearsing after the tour begins, but after all it's in hard work like this that an actor learns."

* *

The Orpheum bill rises above the average again. Walter Jones and Norma Whalley are billed by the management as the star attraction. Jones is very clever; he will be remembered for the hit he scored as the tramp in "1492." His imitation of Sousa is worth special notice. Nearly every impersonator takes a whack at the composer-conductor, but Jones manages to catch the exact move and mannerism of the original without overdoing. His team-mate is one of the prettiest women, in face and figure, ever seen on the Orpheum stage, but nature dowered her with these gifts at the expense of voice. The Neilsen Sisters are gifted and deficient in exactly the opposite direction, having the fresh, unspoiled voices which are as pearls before swine in vaudeville. The act of W. C. Fields, "novelty juggler," consists more of novelty than of juggling. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew and their comedietta, "When Two Hearts Are Won," continue the most popular feature. The piece is undoubtedly clever, but it has "Sapho" tendencies which unfit it for the Sunday-school circuit.

* *

Ada Rehan has begun her spring tour under the direction of Klaw & Erlanger at Ford's Opera House in Baltimore. She is to present "The Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," "School for Scandal," and the double bill, "Subtleties of Jealousy," and "The Country Girl." This selection from her repertoire will afford her the best opportunity to appear in parts which she regards as among her best—Katherine, Rosalind, Lady Teazle, and Peggy. These plays will be mounted with the scenery and effects used in their original presentation at Daly's Theatre. Miss Rehan's support is made up of artists who played with her under the management of the late Augustin Daly. George Clarke is the stage director of her company. The Klaw-Erlanger combination is one of the most effective branches of the syndicate and certainly understand the art of staging. They are the producers of "Ben Hur," which is playing to average receipts of $2,080 a night, and has had its 135th performance. There seems to be no abatement of the play's popularity, and it will doubtless run for months to come. The production cost a fortune, but the entrepreneurs have long recouped their outlay and are drawing immense dividends as the reward of their enterprise.

* *

"Mr. Smooth," Willie Collier's new play in which the author stars, opens next week at the Columbia. The wit of Collier's "gagging" in "The Man From Mexico," gave rise to the suspicion that he could write. He tried his hand in "Mr. Smooth"; it achieved instant success in New York and Chicago, and is said to be a thoroughly original production. Louise Allen Collier and other clever people are in the cast.

Alfred A. Farland, called the "greatest living exponent of the banjo," will give a concert at Sherman and Clay Hall on Friday, March 23. He will be assisted by Adelaide Roddy, soprano, and C. F. Graeber's Mandolin Orchestra. R. Fletcher Tilton will act as accompanist.

* *

Charles Sweet, the tramp pianist, who heads the new Orpheum bill, is a real student of the instrument, and a comedian besides. A. L. Guille, a tenor long associated with Patti; Keno, Welch and Melrose, acrobats; and Loney Haskell, author-comedian, are the other new people.

* *

At the California, "Pudd'nhead Wilson" has been playing to good attendance this week. "On the Suwanee River" follows, and Paderewski is to be heard there in the near future.

* *

"Aunt Jack" is the Alcazar's bill next week. It is a howling farce built around a case at law.

GASOLINE ENGINES.

The most durable, most economical, and in every way the most satisfactory gasoline, oil and gas engines now in use on the Coast are those made and handled by the Union Gas Engine Company of San Francisco. This supremacy is the result of fifteen years of careful work and enlightened methods. No class of motor needs more care in construction than gas and gasoline engines; it is a case where the best work is undoubtedly the cheapest. And the Union engines are the best.

The points in their favor are such as will appeal to every practical engineer. They are substantial and compact, with extra large wearing surfaces, perfectly fitted, and made with an allowance greatly in excess of all possible strains. The shafts and connecting rods are of the best open hearth forged steel. The connecting rod brasses are of Phosphor bronze. The metal used in the crank bearings is the same that has proved so satisfactory in the bearings of the warships *Olympia*, *Oregon* and *Charleston*. The cylinders, pistons, valves and cams are of specially close grained iron, made to stand hard usage. A feature in which the makers take special pride is the ease with which the modern engines of this make can be taken apart, examined and replaced. As far as possible, all parts are on the outside and easily accessible, and there are no unnecessary parts.

Above all else, the Union Company is most solicitous about careful workmanship. The utmost care is taken in adjusting and fitting, so that all fixed parts shall be rigid and in perfect alignment, and all movable parts shall have the least possible friction. After the parts are made and fitted, each engine is given a practical test to determine its capacity at the speed required and its ability to hold that speed. No engine leaves the Union Gas Engine foundry until it has passed this test.

The uses to which Union engines are put on this Coast are infinite. Especially, since the discovery of petroleum in California, has a new field of usefulness opened for them.

MODIFIED OMNISCIENCE.—It was at the First Presbyterian Church Sunday school, and the teacher was endeavoring to impress her class with the idea of the Lord's omniscience. "Why, just think," she said, "He knows the name of every one of you." Hazel Kirschenschlager leaned forward in her chair, with an expression of incredulity on her face. "Well," she said, after a moment, "perhaps he does know my name, but I'll bet he doesn't know how to spell it."

EQUAL TO THE EXCUSE.—In the Recollections of Sir Algeron West there is the story of the canon of Winchester, who wrote to the town clerk asking that the amount of his carriage-duty might be remitted, the carriage being used only to take his infirm parishioners to church on Sunday. "Tell the canon," was the clerk's reply, "that the board will not insist on the old people going to church."

A Universal Verdict.

Moet & Chandon White Seal is the finest champagne sold in the United States. Moet & Chandon own more vineyards than the eight leading champagne houses in France. The wine is pronounced perfection by connoisseurs.

Alfred A. Farland

Banjo's Greatest Living Exponent

Assisted by

Adelaide Roddy, Lyric Soprano

Chas. F. Graber's Mandolin Orchestra.

A. Fletcher Tilton, Accompanist.

At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall

Friday Eve March 23, 1900

Tickets 50 and 75 cents. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Music Stand.

The Celebrated S.S. Stewart Banjo Used.

Manufactured by Stewart & Bauer, makers of Stewart Banjos, and Bauer Mandolins and Guitars.

Sherman, Clay & Co, Pacific Coast Agents.

Western Turf Association.

INCORPORATED

Member American Turf Congress

TANFORAN PARK, South San Francisco

Main Office Parlor "A" Palace Hotel San Francisco

W. J. MARTIN, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Manager.

Fifth Meeting Mar. 12th to Mar. 24th inclusive.

Six high-class running races every week-day rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb Grand Stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 4:45 P. M. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking. Valencia street ten minutes later.

San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.

Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to Grounds, $1.25.

Pacific Saw Manufacturing Co.

17-19 Fremont St., San Francisco, Cal.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

CURRIERS' AND TANNERS' KNIVES.

Mandrels of Every Description,

Emery Wheels, Grindstones, Files,

Timber Jacks, Sheet Steel.

Saws, Saw Repairing and Knife Grinding.

SLIM JIM BATES'S MISTAKE.

"Several years ago a very benevolent-looking man put up at one of the principal hotels in New York. He came from a city in Massachusetts, and was in the city to attend a meeting of Presbyterians who were interested in some charitable movement involving the expenditure of a large sum of money. He was about sixty years of age, with a long, flowing beard and the general appearance of a mark—that is, from the confidence man's point of view. Mr. Smith, which is as good a name as any, was duly spotted at his hotel by Slim Jim Bates. Mr. Bates was a cadaverous-looking young man, with a hungry look about him and a general appearance of sanctity. Added to this was remarkable power of conversation, and a convincing way that would fool many a man who thinks he is a wise one. Slim Jim was a very successful bunco man, a fact which he attributed to his absolute confidence in himself. Success had been so invariable with him that once he got on with a man nothing would convince him that the man was not as good as plucked. It was this peculiarity that proved his undoing.

"By a coincidence, of course Mr. Bates, and Mr. Smith breakfasted together one morning at the hotel where the latter was stopping. Mr. Bates in that way common to members of his profession but beyond the knowledge of the layman had contrived to learn enough about his chance table companion to give him a ground work to start on. Mr. Smith hadn't half eaten his omelet before he was discussing foreign missions with the solemn looking young man opposite him. The two went far into the subject, Slim Jim differing with the man from New England just enough to keep the discussion going and to add a spice to it.

"'Last year,' said the slim one, 'it was a matter of much indecision with me whether to give my regular contribution to the foreign missions or to put it in the hands of those men who are devoting their lives to similar work at home. I took the trouble to look into the matter a bit, and I found that the needs at home were far greater than those abroad. So I added my mite to the home mission.'

"Now this little speech made a hit with the man from Massachusetts. He thought he would like to see more of his new friend. In time, he said, he felt sure that he could show Mr. Bates, for Jim had given his own name, that he was wrong in believing that home missions were of more importance than foreign ones. Mr. Bates expressed himself as more than pleased with the prospect of a further discussion, and that ended the first meeting.

"Of course it looked like easy meat. Slim Jim hugged himself with glee as he sneaked into a barroom around the corner and got a couple of drinks to take the bad taste out of his mouth. He spent the next afternoon playing checkers with his new friend, and for a week after there were regular afternoon checker meetings in the parlor of the hotel. Finally one night Jim swung the old man around to a discussion of vice in New York. Mr. Smith showed great interest in the matter and thought that a trip around some of the gambling houses for the purpose of gathering material for a lecture on the subject would not be a bad idea. Jim wanted to go at once, for only a few blocks away a pal had been waiting day and night for over ten days for the man from Massachusetts to be steered up against him. Mr. Smith couldn't spare the time from a meeting of the Foreign Mission Society, to be held that night, however, but suggested that Jim accompany him and put off the tour of the town until some other time. Jim yielded with a bad grace and in a little while was one of a room full of frock-coated men, whose thoughts were of the redemption of the sinner abroad. Jim had to shake hands with about twenty of them, and his sponsor having given away his views on foreign missions, he had to stand a whole lot of guff from some, who seemed to regard it as their particular function to swing him around to their way of thinking. In an evil moment he so far forgot himself as to pretend to be converted to the views of his new friends. He forgot that only that afternoon he had told Mr. Smith that he had not yet made his annual contribution to the home missionary fund, but expected to at any moment as he had just drawn a large sum of money from the bank.

"Jim never did things half way and, having become a foreign mission man, he got into the game with both feet. His voice was one of the loudest when it came to enthusing about the work in hand, but he became a sphinx when the meeting was called to order by the chairman, who was no other than his friend, Mr. Smith.

"'My friends,' said Mr. Smith, 'you all know the object of our meeting to-day. A large sum must be raised at once for the continuance of the work undertaken in China, Japan and Corea. A great deal of money has already been pledged to our cause, and I am happy to say that I have brought with me to-night a man who, while he has previously held views different from our own in regard to missionary work, is now entirely in accord with us. I am very sure that we can expect our newest ally to do what he can for the cause that is so near and dear to us all.'

"Say, there's no use of my going into a whole lot more details about the stringing Slim Jim got that night. They threw it into that poor con man in scandalous style. With Jim it was put up something or quit all of his plans, and being a game one he handed over his little $50 when the collector got around to him.

"This broke Jim, and as it was about up to him to make some kind of a report to his silent partner, who was getting a little tired, he went around to see him. He gave such a glowing report of the victim that his pal immediately forked over a century, to be used in carrying the game on for a little more time. He found Mr Smith waiting at the hotel for the regular afternoon checker game. They hadn't been playing more than fifteen minutes when in walked a man who informed the benevolent looking man that he must have $25 at once in order to get a missionary off to the South. Smith didn't have the money right at hand, and borrowed the amount from Jim. That night Smith took Jim around to a rescue for fallen men, where Smith gave up a ten spot, and Jim, not to be blanketed, followed suit. The next morning there was another session of the mission crowd, and they got in on Jim again, so that night he had to go around and touch his pal for more coin. The latter made a horrible kick, and swore that if the chicken wasn't plucked at once he was going to quit the game once and for all, and hold Jim responsible for the amount sunk in the venture. Jim agreed to push the matter at once and the turning joint was put in order, and everything prepared for the proper separation of Mr. Smith and his money.

"The good man was found at the hotel, and to him Jim repeated his proposition that they go around the town and see some of the dark side of life.

"'If you've got any money with you,' he said, 'I know a man who will show us things that neither of us has ever seen or even suspected.'

"'Oh, I've got money all right,' said Mr. Smith, 'but who is this worldly wise friend of yours that can show us these marvels?'

"'Well, said Jim, a feeling of impending success coming over him, "I'm not exactly proud of my friend, because he happens to be the turner of a roulette wheel around the corner. But he's the best in the world for our purpose, for we can see the first of the marvels of New York right in the place where he works.'

"'Well it's all very interesting,' said Mr. Smith, 'and I'm tempted to accompany you on

Tired Out

And she does not understand why. Her work used to seem so easy. You could tell her whereabouts as she worked by the snatches of song which now and again overflowed her happy lips. And now she can hardly keep up. Her head pains, her back hurts, and she feels entirely worn out. What is the matter? The probability is that the stomach is disordered, the liver is not performing its whole duty. Poisons are accumulating in the blood, and unless these are removed, and the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition cured and strengthened, there is liable to be a serious illness. There is no medicine can equal Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for prompt help and perfect cure for diseases of the stomach and blood. It strengthens the stomach, purifies the blood, nourishes the nerves, and brings back the happy days of health, when life is all song and sunshine.

"I suffered ten months from a complicated case of liver complaint, constipation, indigestion, suppression of monthly function, and kidney disease, too," writes Miss Lula M. Brittle, of Ivor, Va. "I also suffered excruciating pain in my back and head. I am glad to say that six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' three vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and two bottles of 'Compound Extract of Swart-Weed' cured me entirely. I gladly recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to all sufferers."

Jesse Moore BOTTLED

"AA" Whisky IN BOND.

The Best Whisky in America.

Now on Sale by all First Class Dealers in British Columbia.

Jesse Moore, Hunt Co., LOUISVILLE, KY., AND

Distillers and Wholesale Liquor Merchants. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

your little trip. I want to go up to my room first, however, and write a note to an idiot that has been pestering me for a long time. After I've disposed of him, and you're still of a mind to make this little excursion, why I'll go with you.'

"Well, Jim said there was absolutely no hurry about starting, and after Smith had gone upstairs he sauntered over to the cigar counter and blew himself to a quarter cigar. I guess he had smoked about half of it, while laying off in a big armchair, when a bellboy tapped him on the shoulder.

"'Excuse me sir,' he said, 'but are you Mr. Bates?'

"'That's my name,' said Jim. 'What do you want?'

"'A note, sir,' said the boy. 'The gentleman said there might be an answer, and that I was to call back here in five minutes to see!'

"Without the slightest suspicion of anything but a formal communication from some friend, Jim opened the letter. It read:

"'*Dear Mr. Bates:* You are a very bright young man, but your methods are a little crude. I have met many scoundrels in my day, but never before one who was so easy to work as you. It would be foolish for me to tickle your vanity even to the extent of pretending that I was deceived in you for a moment; also it would be a lie. I am tempted to come down and give you a few lessons in the profession you have chosen, but if I yielded to all of the temptations that have come to me in the last few days, I am afraid that you would be in the hospital now instead of waiting to take me on a trip around the town. Take a piece of advice from a man who is old enough to be your father, and don't think that every man who wears white whiskers and goes to church is a fool. There is nothing more for me to say excepting that the money you contributed to the cause of foreign missions will be properly applied. Thanks for it; also for the money you gave to assist in the elevation of fallen men. In fifteen minutes I will be downstairs to take that walk around town with you. Will you be ready? My messenger will call for an answer. Yours truly,

"'JOHN SMITH.'

"Well, Slim Jim Bates took the largest tumble to himself after he read that letter that he had ever taken in his life. He folded it carefully, put it in his pocket and walked out of the house. *N. Y. Sun.*

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet. 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

PARIS.

A DEMOCRATIC STATE BALL AT THE ELYSEE.

TO-DAY I have seen democracy at its worst, and am disgusted. This evening, as I sit and watch the night-birds of Paris flitting under the lamps, I would that an Orleans or a Bonaparte were on the gilt throne of the Elysee, and Loubet and Waldeck-Rousseau and *libertee-galite-fraternite* were shut up in some new Bastile or on the way to La Guillotine.

This is a melancholy reflection, the product of a mind over-burdened with sights unpleasant, and the whole world palls. I am in the state when one sees not the grass, nor the leaves, nor the children playing along the curbs, but only the dirt in the streets. So forgive me, ye sons of democracy at home, and listen to my plea: I have been to the official reception at the Elysee, and am surfeited with the company manners of the masses. A democracy has no business to attempt such things—least of all the French democracy, where the very persons to whom the parade of public and official functions is native keep away on principle. A government "for the people, etc." shows in its strength and dignity at the polls or on the battlefield, or on the bench of justice, but its fetes are ever a sorry affair. Your democracy is a yokel—a Boer—joy to him when he is behind a rock with a Mauser covering his enemy, but woe to his dignity when he puts on a court dress and a sword.

I will say this for it—'twas better than it used to be in the time of Faure, that gentleman of peasant habits In his day, it was like a business transaction from the start. The functionary to whom you gave your hat and coat used to roll it up into a bundle and tie it with a wrapping-cord and hurl it, with the air of a baggage-smasher, on top of a pile. To-night they hung them up at least. Then, the guests were attended by waiters hired from cheap restaurants at a few francs a head—and they showed restaurant manners. To-night, that was done by servants in livery. Certainly, an improvement in service. But the crowd—it was even worse than before.

Imagine such a crowd as attends the White House receptions; not the official affairs, but those to which the public is admitted freely. Take from this crowd the society element, those who know how to act on dress-parade—for such persons, in France, are attached to the cause of the old regime and never attend the president's "blowout"; add to it a disproportionate number of the shopkeeper class, small in stature, features, mind, and loud in display; permeate the whole with a spirit of cynical vulgarity, the quality which lurks under the surface politeness of the French people and which showed itself in the disgraceful affair of the Charity Bazaar. You will then have a fair idea of the crowd and of its behavior. There is a certain *naive* and awkward simplicity about the White House receptions, but they are seldom ridiculous and never vulgar—this mainly because we don't go in, at Washington, for splendors beyond us. But here—let me give a few samples. About one-fourth of the men present walked around with their hands in their pockets, just observing things. Time and again, I saw the good wife of some middle-class family feeling of a curtain or examining closely the texture of the furniture. At the buffet, the pot-house politicians were gathered like flies. I observed them jostling and fighting off ladies who were trying to approach or reaching over their shoulders for provender. Once planted in the front row, they showed every variety of bad table manners except eating with their knives. Probably that was because they never learned how. In the smoking-room, I saw men helping themselves to cigars by the handful. In the *salon diplomatique* the ambassadors and others were gathered together away from the crowd. But the mob clustered round the open doors and discussed them as though it were a show for their benefit. The diplomats were a little "rattled" by this, and no wonder. The Japanese military attache became so embarrassed that he tangled himself up in his sword, and tumbled on the floor, whereat the crowd—guests, remember, under a stranger roof—laughed loud and boisterously. Twice, they tried to "rush" the guardians of the door and get into the forbidden ground. Who was it that called the French the "polite people of Europe"? And who was it that answered "I always suspect the quality in which a man or a nation takes greatest pride"?

I have come away from the Elysee with a deep and abiding respect for the manners of one person at least. President Loubet proved himself a gentleman and a diplomat. When he first took office, being dragged out from private life to straighten out the affairs of a tangled republic, he was shy and reticent and a little awkward. He is different now. His attitude was perfect. He was the host, genial, cordial, alert, but never less than the president. He had assumed just the right attitude, grasped the shade of difference between stiffness and loss of dignity. In my generation of service as a Washington correspondent, I remember only one American president who had acquired this manner; that was Cleveland, and I am persuaded that his marvelously clever wife was responsible for it more than he. For example: one or two people who had had dealings with him in an official way presumed on their position by appearing over-cordial and over-familiar when their turn came to shake his hand. These he would pass along with a conventional word or two, and, by way of rebuke, he would chat a half a minute with the next person in line, known or unknown. I saw this happen two or three times while I watched him. One of those who had just such a snub was M. Constant, the painter.

I fancy, however, that when it was all over M. Loubet sat him down and rubbed down his stiff right arm, and indulged in much the same disgust as I feel to-night for the French rabble and the awkward parade of democracy.

I passed by the Exposition site yesterday and went over to see the big house on the Bois de Boulogne set apart for royal and princely visitors to the big fair. It seems backward in preparation, as do all the other Exposition buildings, but I am assured by M. Girardon, the superintendent of the place, who showed me over the building, that everything will be done on time. They are overhauling the house thoroughly, leaving only the outer shell. The vestibules will be of marble, the parlors and salons of natural wood or of white and gold enamel. One of these is a Watteau room, with a ceiling of cupids and shepherdesses. These, and the smoking-rooms and dining-rooms on the second floor, are well advanced, so that one may see how admirably they are done, but the private apartments on the first floor are still in the hands of the plasterers. The building is not fireproof, yet here will dwell a hive of kings, princes and princelings from all over Europe. What a "snap" for an anarchist!

ETIENNE MARCEL.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 305.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

—FOR—

Nome, St. Michael, Dawson

AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.

CARRYING U. S. MAILS.

FOR NOME DISTRICT.

From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,

From San Francisco, S. S. "St, Paul," May 26th, 1900

A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fortnight Thereafter

For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak, and all Intermediate Points:

From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.

For new folders, maps and further particulars, as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash

Kitro Tonic.

King of all. For men and women. A fine Grape Fruit Tonic. Recommended by all Physicians. Sold by al Druggists, Grocers and Dealers.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321 212
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,253,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28 563,655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....210,067
Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Joseph D. Grant, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—MEXICAN GOLD and Silver Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the seventh day of March 1900, an assessment [No. 63] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of April, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the Second day of May, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

THE second week of Lent, my dear Diary, is over and I feel that the time is coming for me to end all my youth. I do not mind it so much as I feared I should, for there are so many of the girls I know about to do the same thing. I live in a whirl of excitement—an excitement infinitely more paralyzing to my nerves than parties and balls. During the day there is so much planning for clothes that I have grown to hate the sight of the things; still, one must have them. Then, there are my walks which I take daily with my "Ideal," and our evenings spent either at home or at some small theatre party. Taking one thing with another I have hardly a moment to think of what is to be. Most of the girls I know are making me something to wear on the occasion. I never really imagined my popularity before. Fancy, I am the proud recipient of fine silver loving cups and a hundred and forty china cups. Half of them are from the men I have known in my three years, and a few are from Leila's specials. Leila's fiance sent me one of my loving cups and wrote asking me to endeavor to induce Leila to be as sensible as I am, and get married. However, Leila is a person of an exceedingly strong will, and I very much fear her best beloved will have to wait for her. Monday last, I went down to Burlingame to see the first real fox hunt. This poor animal had been brought from San Joaquin county, and gave the hounds a merry chase after him. It was a great sight; there is nothing like real fox-hunting, and all that this one lacked was numbers. There are so few people who ride, and so many who could. As I looked at all the girls I wondered why they did not go in for it. Think of the fun they would have. I never missed a paper chase, and think how infinitely more exciting a real fox hunt must be. Peter Martin told me that he thought in time that the Burlingame people would all take it up heart and soul, as they have golf and driving, but like all things out here, it takes time. I cannot see why people must grow accustomed to things before they take them up. Perhaps no one is quite sure enough of herself and cannot forget that there are others who might be apt to criticise her. After this hunt Mr. Carolan, the master of the hunt—an excellent one he makes, I think—was awarded the brush and one of the feet. Fortunately the fox had three others, one of which Mr. Beylard gave me in honor of my birthday, which was on that day. I believe there will be a hunt every Saturday now for a few months.

That evening mama gave a large dinner and theatre party afterwards to hear and see Damrosch, Bispham and Gadski. It was fine. The house was almost packed, and I really think the men are just as wild about these lecture concerts as the women. Mr. Damrosch is a creature of luck. Of course, he is awfully clever, and most attractive, but had it not been for his father I do not think he would be in the position he is to-day. In the middle of an opera season in New York, his father, who was the great conductor, died suddenly. Walter immediately took his place, and though at first he seemed hardly capable, different people who were interested in him helped and encouraged him to such an extent that he eventually became a quite worthy successor of a great father. His name helped him, too. Damrosch senior was so prominent and people who are not directly interested in conductors do not remember whether it be the father or son that they know. I could hardly believe it was the season of abstinence and fasting from the appearance of the Palace Hotel supper room after that concert. It was crowded with all the representative people in town. After all, I believe this idea of pretending to keep Lent is naught but a delusion and a snare. The afternoon services at the churches, however, are pretty fairly patronized, but there are not so many girls at them as there have been other years. How well I remember my first season. We would no more have missed the afternoon service than an engagement with our best crush. But that was three years ago. Things and time do muchly change in three years.

Tuesday I went around the links twice with the "ideal." He is now golf crazy. I am not, but I go around with him, and now and then he insists with that exquisitely subtle insistance of the man in love that I take a shot, just to see how fascinating it is. But I fear it will take a good long time to work me up to the right pitch. If it should arrive, after I am married, and I should, as so many of the girls do, spend my entire day on the links, I wonder what sort of a house we should have. To play golf well, evidently, it is necessary to put in all one's time at it, and that for a young house-keeper would be a fearful state of affairs. Still, I may come to it yet under the grinding hand of an ideal lover. It was a tremendous triumph for the Presidio Club to have Mary Scott play so well in Oakland and beat Alice Moffitt, whom we really all consider the best girl player on the coast. I hope when Mary goes abroad she will play matches with some of the English girls and beat them. I am quite sure her form could not be better. Mary Crocker and she expect to spend a year travelling, starting some time in April. Mrs. Mosely is to chaperone them, and they will first spend some time in China and Japan. I expect they will have a glorious trip. The Scotts are now at their home in Burlingame. A good many other San Francisco people are out of town. The McBeans, Mrs. Casey and Katherine Dillon are all at Coronado to remain until after Lent. I believe golf is the order of the day there, as it is at every other resort now-a-days.

I spent a day with Mary Crocker last week. That girl did have a glorious winter in New York. Her descriptions of the different balls, dinners and opera parties made me just long to go on there. Everything in the entertainment way is so much more elaborate than what we ever dream of here. From Mary's descriptions the gowns must be wonderful. What I really envied her most were the opera parties; just think of the joy of hearing the best singers in the world once or twice every week. It seems too much like a glimpse of heaven. Mary is just the same as when she left; in fact she is one of the girls who could not be spoiled by attention. Like most of our San Francisco girls, she is infinitely too well balanced to allow society to change her a little bit.

The wedding of Beatrice Tobin and Mr. Charles Raoul Duval took place on Saturday at noon. Beatrice looked awfully well in white satin and real lace. I never saw her figure set off to better advantage and her golden-brown hair made her look a veritable picture. Agnes and Celia Tobin were the maids of honor. There were only a few other people there besides me, and we had a really jolly time. Mr. Duval is an absolute man of the world and I think Beatrice and he will have fine times together. They are so congenial in their tastes and I look forward to having a great old time when I visit them next September at their home in Hempstead, Long Island. Now, Diary dear, I think I have told you all the news of the week and, considering it is Lent, we are not so very dull.

MISS CRICKET.

By Comparison.

The Moet & Chandon White Seal Champagne now being sold cannot be equaled in quality by any other brand. It is of the celebrated vintage of 1893, and has been pronounced by ablest experts superior to any other brand.

Paur says: "The playing of the pianola in my house last evening was a treat, as well as a surprise. Nothing of the kind I have ever heard before can approach it. In the hands of a competent player all the shading, crescendo, as well as modification of tempi, are remarkably accurate." Kohler & Chase, sole agents, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St.

Marvelous Champagne Figures.

109,303 cases of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry were imported in 1899, being 72,495 cases more than any other brand. Carrying an immense stock of choicest wines, its quality will always be maintained. Its 1895 vintage now imported is exceptionally fine.

ASK THE TICKET AGENT

to send you from Chicago to New York, Boston, or other Eastern cities over the **Nickel Plate** (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) Quick time, satisfactory service, and no extra fares charged passengers.

JAY W. ADAMS, Pacific Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker bldg., San Francisco Cal.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a riva and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to-lunch.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

1900- 36th -1900

Annual Statement

—OF THE—

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.)
Life and Accident Insurance
JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

Paid-up Capital, $1,000,000.00

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,049,222 72
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,810 269.96
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate	5,911,842.52
Interest accrued but not due,	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security,	1,497,175 51
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,305 307 27
Deferred Life Premiums,	310,997.04
Prems. due and unreported on Life Pol.	259 449 36
Government Bonds,	789,016 96
Coun'y and municipal bonds	3,114 997 64
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819,225.19
Bank stocks	1,258 674 00
Other stocks and bonds'	1,288,350 00
Total Assets,	$27,760,511.56

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 3½ per cent, Life Dep't.,	$20 406 734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accdt. Dep't	1,500,369.22
Present value installment Life Policies,	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment,	219 833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance,	23,178 11
Special Reserve for unp'd taxes, rents,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000 00
Total Liabilities,	23,739,827.61
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	4,020,683.95
Surplus,	$3,020,683,95

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force.	$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	17,165,686.00

Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	1,522,417.06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	16,039,380.95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	15.386
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	339.636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	$1,227,977.34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	23,695,539.94

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	$ 2,750,394 40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	39,736,920.89

S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary
E. V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies
B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore. MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

IN THE MATTER OF
ANTON RULFS, Bankrupt

Take notice, that Anton Rulfs, bankrupt, IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California, above named, has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 31st day of March, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place the creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, March 20th 1900.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco

REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS HOUSES OF VICTORIA, B. C.

The Okell & Morris

FRUIT PRESERVING CO., Ltd.

Manufacturers of

The Gold Medal Brands of Preserves, Confectionery, Peels, Pickles, Sauces, Vinegars, Etc.

Ten Gold Medals and 20 Diplomas and Every Prize in Western Canada for Purity

Our goods are the best and can be got through any of the wholesalers or direct from the firm.

VICTORIA, B. C.

M. R. SMITH & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1858

Manufacturers of

HIGH CLASS BISCUITS & CONFECTIONERY

Gold medals awarded at Royal Agricultural Exhibition,'95,-'96,-97,-'98,-99. Medal and Diploma awarded at Colonial and Indian Exhibitions. 4 Silver Medals at Provincial Exhibitions.

VICTORIA, B. C.

Branch, 430 Cordova St., Vancouver

Royal Swedish and Norwegian Consulate.
Royal Danish Vice Consul.

W. A. WARD,

Shipping Insurance, Commission and Financial Agent.

Indents executed for British and foreign merchandise, lumber, canned salmon, etc. Agent for the Birkbeck Investment, Security and Savings Co, Toronto Law Union and Crown Insurance Co. Phœnix Insurance Co, of Brooklyn. Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation. British Empire Mutual Life Insurance Co Mining Shares, etc.

BANK OF MONTREAL BLDG., VICTORIA.

Vancouver Office: W. A. Anderson & Co., Ltd., McKinnon Bld.
London Agency: Heatley & Co., 10 Fenchurch Ave., E. C.

THE LADY OF LUCERNE.

THE night was brilliant in the glory of the full moon; the lake a sheet of polished silver, and the snow-capped mountains incomparably grand in their dark contrast. As we strolled along the promenade beneath the trees that shade the park in front of the Schweitzerhof, my fair companion's presence swept over me like a tidal wave. My patient wife, waiting for me in her room at the hotel, was forgotten, drowned as I was in the starry depths of those wonderful eyes of this foreign enchantress, whose name, even, I did not know.

Several times we had passed each other in our stroll under the trees, and each time, with a shamefaced sense of mutual confusion, our eyes had met. How my heart throbbed when, moved by an impulse, I had asked and been given permission to join her!

She had a winsome fascination that gave me as she clung to my arm a strange sensation of dreamy half stupor.

She was one of those women whose nearness has a significance, and the vague, quick clinging of her rustling skirts about my heels made me forget everything save her. When she expressed a desire to return to the hotel I strove in vain to detain her.

The happy dream was over.

We retracted our steps, until with a sudden impulse, she touched my arm, then, before I was aware of her intentions, there, in the very shadow of the portico, she kissed me once—twice—thrice.

'Dream of me!" she whispered. She was gone—vanished! I went in eager search of her, but my search was vain, and I turned sulkily and made my way back to the hotel, up the stairs and through the long corridors to my apartments.

I scarcely realized where I was. I hummed an old love song as I went, and when, on opening the door of my room, I discovered my waiting wife, I started as from a dream in ill-concealed surprise.

For an instant she stared at me perplexedly, and then, nervous little woman that she is, she screamed.

"Hush! hush! my dear!" I pleaded; you'll awaken the house. What is the matter? It is only I."

She tottered over to where I was standing.

"What—has—happened?" she asked, evidently much perturbed.

"Happened!" I repeated, my nerve coming back to me, "nothing has happened. What do you mean?"

"Your watch! Your diamond scarf pin! Your sleeve links!"

Hastily I felt for my possessions, my actions following her exclamations. They were gone—each, all. I thrust my hand into my breast pocket. My wallet, containing my letter of credit and our steamer tickets, were also missing.

I had, indeed, been touched.

—*Town Topics.*

Perfection in Champagne.

The celebrated vintage of 1893 of Moet & Chandon White Seal, now being imported into the United States, is perfection, being the product of the choicest grapes. Its selection by connoisseurs is proof of its high quality.

The Talk of the Town

is the unprecedented importation of 109,301 cases of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry in 1899, 03 72,495 more than any other brand, accounted for by the maintenance of the highest standard of quality. Their 1895 vintage now imported is exceptionally fine.

ESTABLISHED 1862

WEILER BROS.,

FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS.

Importers of Complete House Furnishings. Agents for Crossley and Sons Carpets, Nairns Linoleums, Liberty Art Fabrics. Largest stock in British Columbia. Show Rooms

Cor. Government and Brighton, Victoria, B. C.

LENZ & LEISER

—IMPORTERS OF—

General Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishings, Small Wares.

Carrying the largest and most complete stock west of Toronto. Manufacturer of shirts, overalls and clothing. Special attention paid to requirements of Yukon and Atlin trade.

9 and 11 Yates St., Victoria, B. C.

The B. C. Cold Storage and Ice Works.

VICTORIA, B. C.

100,000 feet of storage, free or in bond. Advances on warehouse receipts. Australian merchants. Indents executed.

ESTABLISHED 1875

W. J. PENDRAY,

Manufacturer of

LAUNDRY and TOILET SOAP

25 Humboldt St., Victoria, B. C.

Sal Soda, Blue, Vinegar, Stove Polish, Blacking and Tree Sprays

John Earsman L. H. Hardie

EARSMAN, HARDIE & CO.,

Wholesale Commission and Importing Agents and Pork Packers.

118 Columbia Ave., Vancouver, B. C.
100 Wharf St., Victoria, B. C.

ESTABLISHED 1876 INCORPORATED 1891

H. Brackman, Pres. D. R. Ker, Vice-Pres. and Mgr.

NATIONAL MILLS

THE BRACKMAN-KER MILLING CO., Ltd.

Manufacturers and dealers in Flour, Bran, Hay, Grain, Meals, Pearl Barley, Split Peas, etc.

Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, South Edmonton, Alta.

J. PIERCY & CO.,

Wholesale Dry Goods and Clothing Manufacturers.

21-29 YATES ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

GEO. C. HINTON & CO.,

VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER, B. C.

B. C. Agents, THE ROYAL ELECTRIC CO. Montreal

Electrical construction of every description. Mining machinery, elevators, dynamos, motors, house fittings, telephone and telegraph supplies, etc.

J Lemon B. Gonnason A. Gonnason

CAPITAL PLANING MILLS

Manufacturers of doors, sash, blinds window and door frames, mouldings brackets balusters, mantels, stair railings, newel posts etc. Scroll sawing, turning and planing. Wood finishing of every variety for stores, dwellings, etc., executed to order. Boat work a specialty. Oars, floats, etc. Boxes to order.

Orchard St., Rock Bay. Victoria, B. C.

TELEPHONE 668

VICTORIA COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.

A. J. MORLEY, PROPRIETOR.

Importer, manufacturer and wholesale dealer in Coffees, Teas, Spices, Chicory, Cocoa, Baking Powder, Baking Soda, Cream Tartar, etc., in bulk, tins or packages.

High Grade Coffees and Pure Spices a Specialty.

VICTORIA, B. C.

PITCER & LEISER

—Direct Importers of—

WINES AND LIQUORS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

We carry all the leading brands of Liquors. Special attention given to the Yukon and Northern Trade.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

13-15-17 Yates St., - Victoria, B. C.

ESTABLISHED 1858

HENDERSON BROS.

Wholesale Druggists.

VICTORIA and VANCOUVER, B. C.

J. N. Henderson, T. M. Henderson, W. Henderson

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Steamship "Senator."

For CAPE NOME.

—SAILING AS FOLLOWS—

From San Francisco, 11 a. m., May 14. From Tacoma, noon, May 19
From Seattle, 9 p. m., May 19.

The Steamship Senator is an elegant new steel steamer, of 3400 tons capacity, built in 1898 by the Union Iron Works for this Company. She is first class in every respect and is provided with electric lights, patent births, extra large staterooms, steam stearing gear, water ballast, double bottom and all modern improvements and appliances.

Senator's passenger accommodations are up to date in every respect. Her staterooms are **large, comfortable** and supplied with all **modern conveniences.** Her steerage accommodations far surpass those of any other vessel on the **CAPE NOME** route. **Large and well-lighted,** supplied with **spring beds, mattresses, pillows** and **blankets.**

Fine **table service** and **meals unsurpassed.**

Tickets will be sold, berths engaged and maps and folders furnished by any railroad Ticket Agent or on direct application by wire or mail to the undersigned, stating class of transportation wanted.

N. POSTON,
Agent, 249 Washington St., Portland, Or.

F. W. CARLETON,
Agent, 907 Pacific Ave., Tacoma, Wash.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.,
General Agents,
10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

J. F. TROWBRIDGE,
Puget Sound Sup't Ocean Dock,
Up-town Office: 618 First Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.
American and European Plan.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

FOR THE
BEST BOOK-KEEPING,
the SHORTEST SHORTHAND
Attend McLAREN & THOMSON'S
Acme Business College
College Paper Sent Free
Pacific Block SEATTLE, WASH.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters
"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.
NABER, ALPS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

ELECTRIC
SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS
California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

VACCINATION.—A graceful young woman sitting in a New Orleans street car attracted the attention of the passengers by her beauty and the air of good style with which her clothes were worn. When it came her time to alight, she touched the button and rose from her seat. The car stopped with the invariable jerk as she reached the door. Seeing her stagger the conductor put his hand on her arm. It was a perfectly respectful action and kindly meant. The haughty beauty recoiled; her eyes blazed. "Don't touch me sir," she exclaimed, with a harshness that shocked everyone in the car. The conductor flushed and retreated to his platform, while the young woman got off. "Well I must say" remarked one of the passengers addressing the car, "that was about the most painful exhibition of superciliousness I ever witnessed in my life." There was a murmur of approval, in the midst of which the conductor thrust a smiling face through the doorway. "Don't blame de young lady, gents," he said cheerily. "She didn't mean nothin'. You see, she's been vaccinated and has a sore arm."

x

JUSTICE.—While M. Constans, the artist, was spending a day with President Loubet at Rambouillet he was asked by his host upon what subject he was now engaged. "M. le President," said the other, "I am painting a big canvas symbolising Justice." "Indeed; and how do you conceive her?" Whereat the painter began to describe his ideal in glowing words, speaking from the heart as only an artist can when delivering his soul to a sympathetic listener. But the president quietly interrupted him with a twinkle in his eye. "Is that how you conceive Justice?" he said. "*Parfait!* And now would you like to know what she really is, in point of fact, and in actual life?" He rummaged in his pocket and produced a coin, which he spun in the air. "Head or tail!" he said. "That is justice!"

x

A TEST OF STRENGTH.—An Irish recruit in the 4th Cavalry, while off the Farallones on the troopship *Sherman*, succumbed to the swell of the Pacific and like the majority of his company began to pay tribute to Neptune. The captain in charge of the draft was passing along the deck, putting a kind word here and a sentence of encouragement there. He came to "Mike," and, stopping beside him, said: "You're pretty bad, my lad." "Oi am," said the soldier, trying to stand at attention and salute his superior, "an' oi' suppose th' docthor can't do anythin' fur me?" "I'm afraid not. Poor fellow, you have a weak stomach." The Irishman bristled: "Oi don't know about thot," he gasped. "Oi notice oi'm throwin' as far as anny av the rest av thim."

x

NYE WAS SURPRISED.—The Woman's Relief Corps of Madison, Ind. arranged to get up a benefit entertainment for their organization and communicated with Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley requesting their presence for the occasion. Unfortunately the scheme was not favored by the townspeople and but seven tickets were disposed of. However, Nye and Riley arrived in due course and it devolved on the manager of the theatre to break to them the failure of the enterprise. Riley listened to the sad news without comment, but Nye turned to his partner. "Only seven tickets sold, Jim. That's funny, because the people of this town have never heard us."

x

HIS IMPARTIALITY.—In a murder trial in Dallas, Texas, the counsel for the defence was examining a venire-man regarding his qualifications to serve, an objection having been raised on the ground of the juror's prejudice against negroes. The man admitted that he had once been a member of a jury which tried a negro for murder. It is not permissible in such cases to ask the result of the trial, so, in the hope of eliciting information, the counsel said, "Where is that negro now?" "I don't know," was the reply. "The sheriff hanged him at the appointed time!"

x

BREAKING IT GENTLY.—A Southern planter had a colored 'ostler who was much in awe of his employer. The man was apologetic over trifles, but when his master's favorite horse died one night the case seemed to be beyond the groom's power of palliation. He wandered about the stable-yard for a long time lost in thought. Then, going to the planter, he said, "Guv'nor, that yere black horse, Pluto, ain't a-goin' to live berry long." "What makes you say that, Ben?" asked the governor in surprise. "Case he am dead," was the reply.

x

THE TRAMP'S SPECIALTY.—A sure enough tramp applied at the home of Squire Schwab at Avondale for something to eat. The applicant made a most pathetic plea for food, but the stony heart of the Squire didn't melt. "If you'll chop that ice off the front pavement I guess we can stake you to a meal." "I'm sorry," said the tramp, "but my specialty is sprinkling lawns."

PALAE and GRAND HOTELS

For nearly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate charges.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between
Skaguay and Lake Bennett.
Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
ATLIN, DAWSON AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

REPSOLD
REGISTERED BRAND
SELECT VINTAGE
Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner
This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

For a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Made from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET . Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents.

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line
CUTS
Yosemite Engraving Co.
24 Montgomery Street
San Francisco
For Catalogues Books Souvenirs Newspapers Letter-heads Etc.
We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS.
308-314 Post St.
Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. All the Latest Books in our Sheet Music Department.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO

DEL MONTE

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. March 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, April 1. change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Mar. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Apr. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Mar. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Apr. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Mar. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Apr. 1 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Mar. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, Apr. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports. 10 a. m. March 8th and 7th of each month thereafter.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, April 4 at 2 p.m.

S. S. Moana, for Australia, Wednesday, April 18 at 8 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS
TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb. 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7, 17, 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

J. W. MONROE' SPARKLING APPLE CIDER

Made in Humboldt Co., California
John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

SUNSET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1899-1900

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Friday
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays and Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the travelling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 8810 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE' COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Gould and Curry Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works Storey County, Nevada.

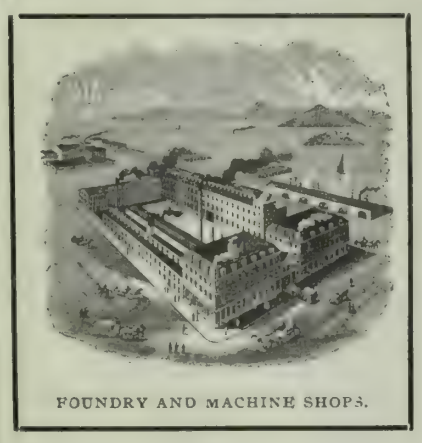
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 6th day of March, 1901, an assessment (No. 89) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of April, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 2nd day of May, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
ALFRED K DUERBROW, Secretary
Office: Room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

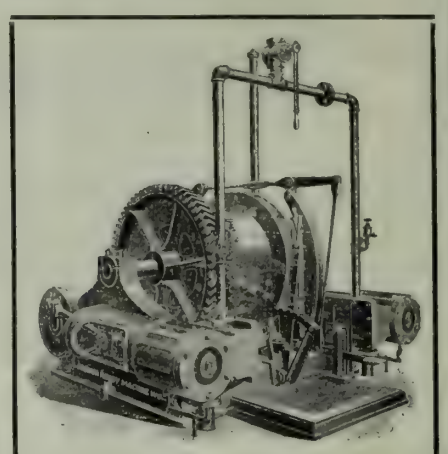
JOSHUA HENDY MACHINE WORKS,

Nos. 38 to 44 Fremont St., San Francisco, Cal.


FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOPS.

Quartz, Hydraulic Mining and Sawmill Machinery
Mining, Milling, and Hoisting and Pumping Plants
Boilers, Engines and Pumps of every description
Air Compressors and Rock Drills
Triple Discharge Two Stamp Mills
Specialties of Prospecting Plants

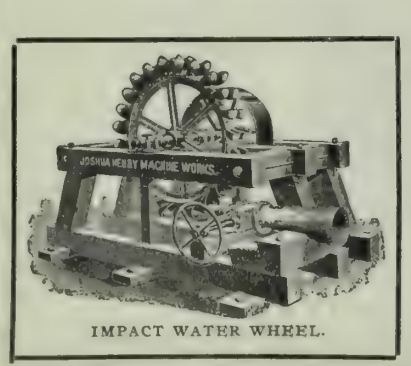
Hydraulic Gravel Elevators, Water Lifters,
Double Jointed Ball-Bearing and Single
Jointed Giants, Hydraulic Derricks,
Reservoir Gates, Water Gates, Water
Wheels and Riveted Hydraulic Pipe


HOISTING ENGINE.

Centrifugal Sand, Gravel and Dredging Pumps.
Jackson Hand Power Rock Drills.
Ore Cars, Ore Buckets and Mining Supplies.

Electrical Machinery, Direct Connected Motors and Dynamos, Single and Multiphase Alternating Current Generators, Transformers for Power Lighting and Voltage.

Moran Flexible Steam Joints.
Cling-Surface Belt Dressing.
Leather and Rubber Belting.
Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers and Boxes.

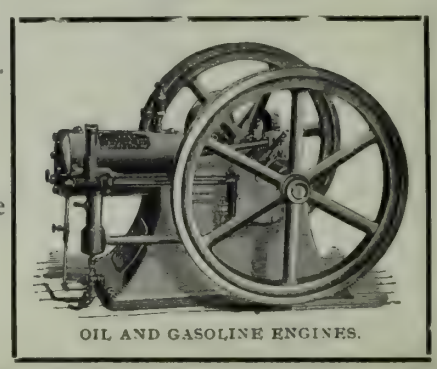


IMPACT WATER WHEEL.

Electric Railway Equipment, Car Wheels and Overhead Material.
Steel Rails of Every Description.

Creamery Machinery of the Celebrated P. M. Sharples Manufacture
Cream Separators of Capacities from 150 to 4500 lbs. per hour.

PLANS, SPECIFICATIONS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED.
CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.


OIL AND GASOLINE ENGINES.

California Art Glass Bending and Cutting Works

Incorporated 1893.

120 Second Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Embossing, Staining, Beveling.

Wm. Schroeder,
President.

Telephone Main 868. Gold Medal California Midwinter International Exposition 1894.

THE HALLIDIE ROPEWAY

For Transporting Ore, Fuel, Earth, Sugar Cane etc. by Wire Ropes

Simple, Economical, Practical, Durable.

Loads Mechanically Dumps Automatically

WIRE TRAMWAYS.

(Single and Double Rope Systems.)

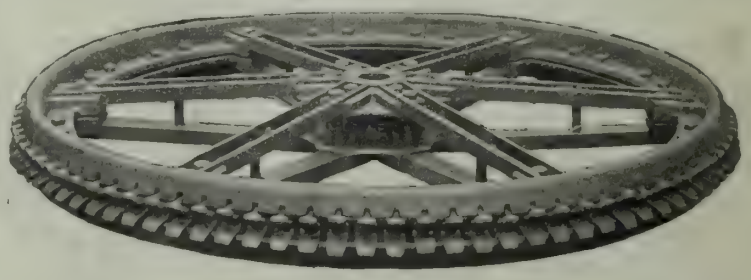
CABLEWAYS, INCLINE PLANES,
TRANSMISSION BY WIRE ROPES,
LOGGING BY CABLES, & CABLE GRIPS
AUTOMATIC LOADERS.

Plowing, Scraping and Transporting by Wire Ropes.

Designed Supplied and Erected.
Estimates Furnished.

IMPROVED GRIP PULLEY.

PATENT NOS. 483, 442; 610, 353.



EFFECTIVE, SIMPLE, AUTOMATIC.

Saves Wear on Wire Rope and Cable.

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet. Correspondence Solicited.

California Wire Works,

9 Fremont St., San Francisco, Cal.

The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI. No. 12 SAN FRANCISCO — MARCH 31, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

TAILOR SHOP IN MANILA.

CIGARETTE MAKERS AT WORK.

A FILIPINO SCHOOL.

A GROUP OF VISAYANS.

Photogr phed by J. L. D vms.

FILIPINO INTERIORS.

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—March 31, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Courtship in Luzon 4
The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, by A. Altschul 5
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 6
Paintings at the Spring Exhibit, Mark Hopkins Institute 7
Traveling in Alaska 8
The Transvaal Machiavelli 9
The Spring Exhibit, by A. Genthe 10
Correspondence 10
Babblings of a Belle 11
In Bookdom, by W J. Neidig 12
A Tailor-Made Mahatma 13
At the Theatres 14
New Stories Re-told 15

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Open-Door Agreement.

The government has just published its diplomatic correspondence regarding the "open-door" policy in China. It is the first definite statement concerning a matter which has up to this time been largely obscured. From these papers it appears that the administration has achieved its object—equal commercial rights in China—and scored a distinct diplomatic achievement. The six greatest powers interested in the Celestial empire, viz , Germany, Russia, Great Britain, Italy, France and Japan, have signified their concurrence to the convention. Some of the powers agreed willingly and some only under pressure, but all have given their categorical consent in writing. It is suspected that Russia was one of the dissenters. The full consent is as follows: "First—That each, within its sphere of influence or leased territory in China, should pledge itself not in any way to interfere with any treaty port or vested right within the sphere or territory under lease. Second—That in all the ports within the spheres of influence, except free ports, all merchandise landed or shipped, irrespective of nationality, shall pay the Chinese treaty tariff for the time being, and the duties shall be paid to the Chinese government. Third—That in the ports in the spheres of influence the government controlling that sphere will levy no greater harbor duties on vessels of any nationality than are levied on vessels of its own nationality, and that on railroads built, controlled or operated within these spheres the citizens of other nationalities shall be required to pay no higher charges for transportation of merchandise than are paid by citizens of the powers controlling such spheres." This means that American merchants may trade as freely within the sphere of influence of any other government as though the United States were in control of that region. It directly prepares the way for the rapid growth of American trade in China, expanding our market indefinitely, and giving us access to parts of the empire which were formerly closed to us. For China itself it is a benefit in that it protects the Chinese right of levying tariff and regulates duties. The Republican and non-partisan press of the country speak of this agreement as a great diplomatic triumph for Secretary of State John Hay, who conducted the negotiations.

South Africa Still Quiet.

The third week of the quiet state between the first and second campaigns of the Transvaal war has resulted a little less favorably for the Brit sh. The relief of Mafeking, which was exp cted by this time, is delayed indefinitely. The censorship has lifted sufficiently to show that four columns are moving on the city from different directions. Colonel Plumer's force, the one which has seemed all along to have the bes chance of success, met with a reverse in the only engagement of the week, and was forced to fall back to a point twenty miles further away than the former base. Commandant Snyman, who led the Boer defence in this fight, then fell back and resumed the siege of the town. From the garrison at Mafeking there is not a word. In the earlier days of the siege a native runner would break through the lines every few days, bearing dispatches. The fact that none of these messengers have got t rough for ten days indicates either that the Boer lines are drawn tighter or that the natives of the town are too reduced by hardship and hunger to carry the dispatches. Lord Methuen has had charge of the relief of Mafeking, and his failure is another blemish on the repu ation so severely damaged at Modder river and Magersfontein. The influence of the Guards saved him before, but if he fails this ime he will probably be held to answer, since he was given the Mafeking task that he might clear his reputation, as White, Gatacre and Buller have already done. Roberts holds his army in Bloemfontein, making no advance. Part of this inaction is undoubtedly due to the necessity of re-arranging his transport system, and part of it may be due to an effort to conciliate the Free Staters. It it is now pretty certain that, whatever the Boers of the Orange Free State may do, the Transvaal will not yield until a final trial of strength has been made in their own borders. Kruger and Roberts are each accusing t e other side of using expanding and explosive bullets, contrary to the uses of war. In the case of the Boers, this seems to be pretty well proved. Soft-nosed bullets and dum-dums were found on soldiers taken with Cronje, or dug up from hiding places in captured kraals. Practically the whole Orange Free State is abandoned to the British. The Boers hold Kroonstadt, just in front of General Kitchener s lines, in force, but the position is un enable, as it is open to flank a tack by the superior British cavalry. The Boers in Natal are falling back to Laing's Nek, where General Buller will have his first great fight in the invasion of Transvaal proper. He is stationary now, and will probably wait to time his attack with Roberts.

The Future of the Boer Republics.

When Great Britain first undertook the war against the Boer republics, it was not at all certain that a British victory would mean the loss of their liberty or even that a majority of the ruling party would favor absolute British sovereignty. Now, public opinion in Great Britain has changed to such an extent that the leaders of the war party join Chamberlain in his watchword "The Boer republics must go." Almost the last to take this view is Lord Salisbury, whose opinion now counts for more than that of any other one person in the empire. He enjoys the unlimited confidence of the Crown, the government, parliament, and the nation, and, while his quiet methods and objection to show tend to lessen the estimate of his influence, his is really the ultimate voice in the decision of British policies. The fact that he has decided against the Boer governments is a matter of importance. He has no sympathy with gold-hunters and he is a man whose traditions and sentiments are against such a war as is being waged in South Africa. He would never have taken a stand against Boer sovereignty had not investigation convinced him that the existence of the republics across the border would be a permanent menace to order and peace in South Africa. This decision of Salisbury's is one of the great events of the war. The hot anti-Boer party with Chamberlain at the head is gaining ground continually. In the last fortnight, especially, has the party favoring independence for the two republics dwindled. The grace with which a part of Orange Free State has accepted British rule is an encouragement for the strong imperialists, while even such advocates of independence as Bryce and Courtney are now holding out only for generous autonomy. What is Salisbury's idea as to the character of this future colony may only be guessed. It is doubtful if he favors an absolute crown colony across the Orange, river and the Vaal. A colony under liberal government like that of Canada is much more probable. One consideration which carries weight with the Premier proves the foresight of his statesmanship. It is said that he favors moulding his new government for the Dutch rather than the British, because he realizes that when the mines give out, which must happen in time, the prevalent race will again be the Dutch, who prefer farming to mining. Chamberlain is, of course, much more exacting than Salisbury, and is for a "government from Downing street" direct. The longer the war is drawn out and the more insolent are Kruger, Leyds and the other leaders of the non-progressive party in Transvaal, the more power will accrue to Chamberlain and the harder will be the final terms.

Aftermath of the Goebel Murder.

In the disturbed state of Kentucky, with two sets of officials still holding office, the Democratic side, holding somewhat the stronger position, is making an effort to run down the murderer or murderers of Senator Goebel, assassinated as he was about to be declared elected governor of the state. Ever since the shooting the Democratic courts have been prosecuting a quiet investigation. This resulted in the arrest of Caleb Powers, secretary of state on the Republican ticket. He is now undergoing preliminary examination in Frankfort. The sensational witness against him has been one F. W. Golden, who claims to have been partially admitted into a plot to kill Goebel and other leading Democrats and to have turned state's evidence. He is a mountaineer, a leader among his people and a sergeant in the state militia summoned by Governor Taylor to defend the Republican administration. He alleges that Powers and other prominent men in the party gathered a great number of "feudists" from all over Kentucky in order to "kill enough Democrats to insure a majority." Later, he was given details of the plot against Goebel. Three mulattos were picked to do the job. One of these, Richard Coombs by name, is the person most strongly suspected. Golden claims to have lost sight of the conspiracy for a day or so before the tragedy occurred. His testimony does not implicate Taylor, but it involves two or three other high Republicans. Other witnesses have testified that the fatal shot came from Caleb Power's office. The testimony adduced is thought to be amply sufficient to hold Powers on the charge of conspiracy to murder. A force of militia, summoned by the Democratic governor, surrounds the court-house where the trial is in progress, and the state house is guarded by another body of state troops, summoned by the Republican claimant, Taylor.

Woman Suffrage in Colorado.

John Cotton Dana of Springfield, Mass., contributes to a late issue of the New York *Times* a short but strong article on woman suffrage in Colorado, of which he has been an observer from the beginning. Equal suffrage has been in practice in Colorado for six years altogether, long enough for a fair trial. It will be a little disconcerting to both sides to hear this evidently fair-minded observer assert that it has produced very little practical change either way. When the suffrage was first conferred on Colorado women, they began the study of their new civic rights with great enthusiasm. They had the right to vote, they considered it their duty to vote, and for a time they took it up with zeal. Then, Mr. Dana says, they looked about them and were surprised to see how little it had availed. There was no great and surprising and sudden change in the administration of affairs through this addition of the moral element to the voting population. There was no noteworthy change in political methods, no addition to the effectiveness of city, county or state government. It is true that they were an uncertain factor in politics, and the ward politician found that they were not moved by parades and rallies and the other instruments of frenzied partisanship. But another means, just as easy and as shallow, attracted them and was used by the heelers—suave, personal appeal. A woman who could not be influenced by a brass band or a rally could be won over by a smooth talk within a half an hour of voting time. This did away with much of the old-time campaigning and it rendered politics less certain but no purer or better. The uncertainty was not as to whether "reform" candidates or "gang" candidates should secure elections, but as to which of the two old gangs should have the upper hand. What had formerly been a science became a game. This has been the only change in the methods of government after six years of suffrage. Many educated and enlightened women gave up their votes when they learned this, and many more would do so did they not believe that their votes are needed to offset the ignorant female vote. The right to vote is now granted them and can hardly be relinquished. But to the passing observer, Colorado woman suffrage works as though it were not. If it is ever to produce marked changes in human society, in Colorado or elsewhere, it will not be until women have learned the worthlessness of the direct appeal and developed political foresight. This is the case in general terms. In a few ways, however, Colorado women have improved the administration of the state and municipal government. They have proved that, when they try, they can make a city's polling places clean and decent, that they can learn what results are expected of a city department, the street-cleaning services for example, that they can fill certain positions in the state with credit, and that they have a certain force, though by no means so great a one as might be expected, in the regulation of drinking, gambling, and the social evil. It is not true, as some assert, that they have lost deference in the eyes of men; rather have they gained. Men add to the respect due to their sex the respect due to equals. But only one change of importance can be said to be due to woman suffrage—the acquisition for Colorado women of a broader view of human society in general. And this is subjective rather than practical. The suppression of gang politics, the great merit claimed for suffrage by its advocates, has not been accomplished in the slightest degree. The women vote; the gangs change their methods, and their is no improvement.

Finances of the Russian Empire.

There is a general impression in this country that Russia is in a bad way financially. It is known that some of the late experiments of the Czar's government, notably the Trans-Siberian Railway, have cost immense sums, and cannot possibly earn immediate interest on the investment. It is known also that the government has just finished revising the currency system. As the change has been from a silver to a gold standard, the Bryanite press of the United States has not been slow in spreading and exaggerating the report. The other side of the question is now pressing for a hearing. M. de Routkowsky, Russian financial agent in the United States, has issued a statement of the Muscovite nation's financial condition. He declares that the English enemies of Russia and not the free silver advocates are responsible for most of these reports. Instead of wrecking the country's finances, the introduction of the gold standard has wrought a most wonderful reform. Previous to 1897 silver was the standard of value, the unit being a rouble, containing 18.02 grains of pure silver, equal to 100 kopecks and to 1.161 grains of pure gold. Up to 1854, silver and state credit notes circulated at par; then, wars and increase in expenses brought about a forty-year period of commercial depression. At the end of that time, the government decided that the adoption of a gold standard was the true remedy. The Czar's officials began to accumulate gold, and had, in 1896, over 1,200,000,000 roubles in gold in the treasury. With this reserve as a basis, the Currency Reform Law was put into effect. The value of the silver rouble had meanwhile fallen from 100 kopecks to 45. The value of a credit note for one rouble was worth on exchange only about 66 kopecks. These were redeemed at that rate, and then gold was proclaimed the standard by imperial ukase. It may be remembered that this action had something to do with the slump in American silver which caused our own panic of 1893. The unit of value under the new system is a rouble containing .7742 grains of gold, equal to about 51.45 cents of American money. The State Bank of Russia was made the standard credit institution authorized to issue exchange notes. The exchange was guaranteed by the gold reserve in the treasury, by the state forest reserve of 900,000,000 acres, and by the state railroads. Since that time, the amount of money in circulation has increased from 1,102,300,000 roubles to 1,360,600,000 roubles, and the amount of gold in circulation has nearly doubled. The circulation of silver has increased by six times, while that of notes has decreased one-half. Anyone who has sufficient security may borrow money at the state banks at the current rate of interest. The stock of gold in the country has increased rather than diminished. The ratio of bank reserve to outstanding notes is 167 to 100. This is claimed to be the largest percentage of reserve in any European state bank. Since the new program went into operation there has been only one year—1891—when the expenditures exceeded the revenues of the empire. These figures, the Russian financial agent declares, prove that the stories of Russian financial instability are absurd. In conclusion, he says: "If one considers that it was only in 1861 that the great bulk of the population was freed from serfdom and land was allotted

to each community of peasants, one must admit that the results achieved are such as one may be proud of, and that they give a firm conviction of the great and inexhaustible economical resources of the Russian people, who do not envy the prosperity of other nations, but desire to be left unhampered in the peaceful development of the resources and prosperity of their own country and in the pursuits of happiness, without encroaching on the right of other nations."

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Women as Employees.

A CLASS in economic science at one of our great Pacific Coast universities held a discussion, recently, concerning the rate of wages paid to women as compared to men in the same grade of employment. After nearly a score of possible causes had been advanced and discussed the professor in charge closed the matter abruptly. "You have missed the main point," he said. "*It is because they do not perform the work so well.*"

Now, the fact that a university professor says that a thing is so does not by any means make it so, but this dictum, radical as it is, must appeal to any practical man of affairs who has had to do extensively with women as wage-earners. A very superficial study of labor statistics should prove this point. In the last year of prosperity, more women were discharged from employment, in proportion to the number employed, than in any other year since labor statistics have been kept. Ardent advocates of woman's rights will say that this is because of the opposition of prejudiced men to the employment of women. But prejudice does not enter into business to such an extent as to influence a whole great body of the workers. If the employment of women paid, it could be put down as an absolute certainty that they would be employed, no matter how great the sentimental feeling against it.

We are at the turn of the tide as regards the "business woman." All great changes in politics or economics go by the swing of a pendulum. That is, when a movement for the reform of a long-standing abuse gets under way, it almost invariably goes too far at first. Then, the time comes for the back swing of the pendulum, a retrograde movement toward a golden mean. The conspicuous and hackneyed example is the French Revolution, wherein the rage for liberty went beyond all bounds of sense and touched anarchy. Yet after the pendulum had made three or four swings, back and forth, France settled down to a condition of comparatively just and orderly freedom. The first move in the so-called "economic emancipation of women" occurred in 1870 or thereabouts. The movement was in full operation by 1880; by 1890 it had passed the golden mean; it was at its extreme height two or three years ago. The wholesale discharge of women wage-earners last year was the beginning of the pendulum's backward swing.

It is no discredit to women to say that they are incompetent to fill most of the business positions they have sought to occupy. It is a rare woman who has the mere physical strength to stand the strain of modern business life as well as a man. It is a still rarer one who has the strength, force and grasp of mind to rise above a merely subordinate position and accept a place wherein executive ability is necessary. That women are unequal to the physical strain is proved by some investigations conducted recently by an Eastern publication. It was found that in the last few years the hospitals and sanitariums of the country had noted an alarming increase in the number of women and girls suffering from nervous collapse or from other causes directly traceable to overwork. And the overwhelming majority of women so treated were workers and not home-builders. With regard to the assertion that women are rarely competent to hold positions of direction and executive responsibility, consider that in teaching, the employment which is their own beyond all others, the higher places are filled by men. The graded schools of this country employ women as simple teachers almost to the exclusion of the other sex, but it is extremely rare to find a woman acting as a principal. The ordinary female teacher, if she does not marry, stays in a subordinate position all her life; the men who enter the profession consider themselves failures if they do not come to be principals within a few years. It is a business proposition. Women cannot stand it, employers have learned it, and they are being shelved by the merciless law of self-interest, which requires that a business man who is to keep up with modern competition must have the best help that he can obtain for his price or go to the wall. A set of men physically unfit for hard work would be crowded out with the same merciless abruptness. Then the uncertainty caused by matrimonial chances has had its share of blame. When a business man employs an assistant, he generally expects that the employe is taking up the pursuit as a life work, and that he will use his best powers to develop experience. There is no such expectation with the average young woman, who may marry at any time. The conventionalities which hedge about the honest woman come in as another cause. Employers hesitate to ask a female clerk or assistant to work long overtime; they hesitate to send her on a long journey or to any place where she will be alone with men. Neither does a male employer, if he be a gentleman, feel free to reprimand his female employees. And all these reasons go back to one conclusion: women in business are in an unnatural position. They were not made for it. The normal woman in active life is like the natural plumber trying to be an artist or the natural artist trying to be a plumber. This is not saying that woman is man's inferior. That idea went out of the world long ago; she is man's equal, *but on a different range.*

It is not claimed that the movement toward the freer employment of women will not prove to be for good in the end, when the pendulum stops and conditions become stable. So long as there is sentiment in the world, just so long will certain women refuse to marry for reasons sufficient to themselves and to be respected by others. So long as there is injustice and uncertainty in the world, a certain number of women, having married, will yet be thrown upon their own resources and forced to earn a living for themselves and their children. Before 1870, the avenues of employment for such women were few and narrow and crowded. Domestic service, sewing and teaching was the list. Now the feminine rage for masculine work has made almost all branches of business "respectable" for women. It has widened opportunity and ameliorated conditions for this class, and in this sense it has been an immense benefit. Beyond this it is a menace to the home, and to women in general, because whatever threatens the home threatens women more than men.

Candidate Bryan's Campaign.

WM. J. BRYAN has opened his campaign. The route he has marked out for himself and for Democracy to follow in the coming contest does not lie along exalted lines. The printed account of the speech does not contain a sentence or a sentiment that is calculated to appeal to or change the mind of any intelligent voter who supported McKinley. There is danger in a man of the Bryan type only where ignorance, and hate, and envy, and discontent abide. In a land of drought and empty granaries, in an idle and workless community, where business is stagnant and prejudice and envy alone are active, then the Bryan type is welcome. The thoughtless fellow who is carried away with fantastic rhetorical nothings, with catch phrases and amusing but meaningless illustrations, is very apt to consider Mr. Bryan a great man mentally. But Mr. Bryan does not appeal to the understanding. As a statesman he is an omelet souffle which someone described as a "big nothing." If Mr. Bryan is to have his way, we will probably hear it repeated and repeated that the Republican party places the "dollar above the man," because it fails to adopt the English system of an income tax. Then again Mr. Hanna is to be made the butt of Democratic ridicule. Republicans will be asked to accept the Democratic estimate of Mr. Hanna, and reasoning from that basis argue themselves into the camp of Democracy. Mr. Bryan draws a comparison between the present and the old Republican leaders. He holds up Lincoln at one end and Hanna at the other and then treats his audience to some coarse wit at the expense of the Ohio Senator. While instituting comparisons, let Mr. Bryan compare himself and his flamboyant utterances with those of Jefferson or any other leader of Democracy. The cheap, tinselled, loud, rounding sentiments of Bryan beside the wisdom, the learning and the modesty of Jefferson is so painful as to make one wonder that Bryan dare to set the public mind in the direction of instituting comparisons. Mr. Hanna has not sought to fill President Lincoln's seat; Mr. Bryan does aspire to serve where Jefferson served.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Whitelaw Reid and the Porto Rico Problem.

HON. WHITELAW REID, journalist, diplomat and ex-Paris Peace Commissioner, delivered an address at the State University at Berkeley on Charter Day, the 21st inst. His subject was, "Problems Resultant from the Spanish-American War."

It is not the purpose of the writer to undertake to make rejoinder to, or even to comment at any length upon, the remarks of Mr. Reid. He did not undertake to justify what has been done and what is sought to be done by the Administration in regard to the insular possessions which have come to us as fruit of our triumph over Spain. He merely pleaded in extenuation that what is done is done, and we must make the best of it; that expediency sometimes forces itself to a position of paramountcy over theoretical principle, and that as a great nation having a great mission, with destiny beckoning us on, we must not stop to parley over Constitutional technicalities, but we must throw aside any trivial entrammelment or hampering and press forward to the mark of our high calling among the nations of earth as the evangel of liberty, even if we have to subject other peoples to our rule in order to make them participants in and beneficiaries of our particular brand of liberty.

The purpose of this communication is to oppose to Mr. Reid's oracular dictum concerning the authority of Congress to treat Puerto Rico as territory under the jurisdiction of the United States without the purview of the Constitution, opinions that have been handed down by some of the most eminent jurists as interpreters of the Constitution that this country has ever had.

Chief Justice Tawney, in the famous Dred Scott decision, said:

"A power in the general government to obtain and hold colonies and dependent territories over which they (the Congress) might legislate without restriction would be inconsistent with its own existence in its present form."

That is to say, under the Constitution unamended, there is no power given Congress to govern any territory of the United States as a colony.

Again: We read in the case of Shively vs. Bowlby, 152 U. S. Vol. 1:

"The territories acquired by Congress, whether by deeds of cession from the original states or by treaty with a foreign country, are held with the object, as soon as their population and condition justify it, of being admitted into the Union as states upon an equal footing with the original states in all respects."

If this means anything, it means that the United States should not and may not acquire and hold any territory where conditions tribal, geographical and climatic preclude that territory ultimately being admitted to statehood.

To fortify the opinions quoted, we will invoke the interpretation of Judge Cooley, whose commentaries are everywhere and by everybody accepted as highest authority. In his *Principles of Constitutional Law*, he says:

"And when territory is acquired, the right to suffer states to be formed therefrom and to receive them into the Union must follow, of course, not only because the Constitution confers the power to admit new states without restriction, but also because it would be inconsistent with institutions founded on the fundamental idea of self-government that the Federal Government should retain territory under its own imperial rule and deny the people the customary local institutions."

One of the local institutions unalterably guaranteed by the Constitution to all territory under United States jurisdiction is free trade. How, then, will it be possible for Congress to impose customs tariffs upon products passing between Puerto Rico and the United States, or the Philippines and the United States if those island territories are made parts integral, or as detached dependencies of the United States?

As to the latter status, it is clearly shown that until the Constitution shall have been amended, the United States Congress nor the Chief Executive has not the prerogative to hold and govern any territory as a colonial dependency. Wherefore, the question resolves itself into this: "Will we be governed by the Constitution or will we not?"

JOHN AUBREY JONES.

The Spring Valley Again.

LAST week a number of Supervisors from San Francisco visited San Mateo county and inspected the storage facilities of the Spring Valley water works, with a view, as I understand, of arriving at some impression of the magnitude and extent of its improvements, so as to form an intelligent or quasi-intelligent idea as to the value of the plant which the city of San Francisco contemplates purchasing and conducting as a municipal enterprise. I freely confess to an ignorance of the law, but it does seem to me that hidden away in this question is a point that has not received proper attention. I have no doubt it would be perfectly legal and proper for one city and county to purchase, own and operate water works where the water is drawn from wells, springs or streams wholly within its own boundaries, but I do not think the law should sanction the stripping of all water from one county for the benefit of another. The Spring Valley Water Company, a private corporation, has by purchase acquired about every valuable water right within the county of San Mateo. It is a private corporation, subject to state, as well as to municipal regulation. It is conceivable that should the private corporation refuse to sell water to the inhabitants of San Mateo it might be compelled to do so by the courts or by the law. But the municipality of San Francisco, it seems to me, could scarcely engage in the business of purveying water to individuals of another municipality. There are any number of cases where rival towns located within a few miles of each other have engaged in rivalries both prolonged and bitter. If it is permissible for one city government to acquire and control all of the natural and all of the possible water supply of its rival, the downfall of the opposition town could be readily accomplished through the acquisition of its water supply and a refusal to furnish water to the inhabitants of the less wealthy and less progressive community. This, it seems to me, would not be a proper or a lawful proceeding.

The riparian owners along San Mateo creek sold to the Spring Valley Company their rights as riparian owners, but, query: has not the county itself and neighboring inhabitants a right as yet undefined? Have not neighboring municipalities, towns and cities a right to demand that water originating in proximity thereto should not be impounded and diverted to distant municipalities, have they not a right to demand a supply of this water? Will the editor of the *Wave* throw a little light on this subject, and oblige

A RESIDENT OF SAN MATEO.

The editor of the *Wave* does not believe that the city of San Francisco will ever acquire the Spring Valley Water Works. Supervisors and mayors may come and go; the socialist may bellow and roar; but after all they cannot "get something for nothing." The bonds and stock of the water company have a marketable value at which they may be purchased, but that public officials, whether backed by engineers' estimates and popular vote or not, may arbitrarily fix a price and compel the corporation to sell at that figure, we strongly doubt.

The point raised by our correspondent, that cities contiguous to a water supply cannot be denied water (at fair rates) is novel, and we imagine if the Spring Valley Company's articles of incorporation were amended so as to empower it to furnish water to the town of San Mateo and neighboring cities, and if it did in fact furnish such terms with water, that such fact would, in the eyes of the law, rather act as an obstruction to the San Francisco socialist.

In Cuba, no one ever goes barefoot. The children of the poor in the country run stark naked in every respect but one; they always wear a pair of slippers or sandals. The reason for this is the prevalence of the lockjaw bacillus in the soil. The least scratch on the foot is likely to be fatal.

Native Women Of Luzon

NATIVE OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBAY, LUZON.

IF THE Filipino men had the same tastes as I have, none of them would ever marry, and the Tagalog race would die out, which might be a good thing. The Filipino is flat-faced, heavy-waisted, stolid, dull, uninteresting. The Japanese women are homely of feature, and unfaithful of heart, but they are sweet, fluttering little birdlings and a perpetual delight. You know that one of them would smile on you while she let her brother pick your pockets, but that doesn't alter her charm in the least. The Kanaka woman has no waist-line and waddles when she walks, but there is a world-depth in her eyes and a softness in her soul which would make a Ulysses stop. But in the Filipino woman I see no charms of body or mind. She has great, black eyes, it is true, but they are as soulless as a crockery egg. When you view her from the front, you look straight into her nostrils, such is the tilt of her nose. Her hair is like a horse's mane. Her gait is slouchy. She has no feminine accomplishments, not even cooking. She shows less taste in dress than an Indian squaw. She will caress and dandle you in her hut while her husband goes out to raise a gang of bolomen to chop you to pieces on the way home. She is as expert a pickpocket by nature as an American ever becomes by the longest practice.

But tastes differ; else, there would be no Filipino race, and a certain native dandy in white duck would not be desecrating night with his knotty voice and a native guitarita, serenading his lady-love. He is putting on entirely too much front, that man; he is an imitator of the Spanish. There is really no need of going to all that trouble, because marriage down here is a simple, easy and business-like arrangement which differs from a Yankee horse-trade only in its cheapness. When a youth comes to marriageable age, he takes unto himself a wife from among the eligible maidens in the neighborhood. There is not much choice in the matter. He pays the money and takes the goods. If there is a priest handy and he can afford the added luxury, they have a marriage ceremony, but it is not really necessary, only a little extra "dog." The books will tell you that the natives down here lead Christian family lives and are true to the marriage tie. Our cook, old "Recon"—a nickname abbreviated from "reconcentrado" and given because he is always hungry—has a household of three, one old and two young. I had supposed that the younger ones were his daughters; but no, they are all his wives.

Decidedly, our friend with the querita is foolish. He needs only to sit down and let matrimony come his way. I had three proposals last week, and am now keeping off the women with a club, since it is noised about that I am a candidate for marriage. I am no beauty, either.

My first chance came Sunday evening. I was lolling on a bench on the outskirts of the village of Bulican. Three native women came strolling my way. With fine, Castilian courtesy, I made room for them on the bench. The largest and homeliest of the three—she was smoking a nine inch cigar—opened the subject:

"You have wife back there?" I replied that I was heart-free. She looked me over from head to foot, calmly, critically; then she spoke in a business-like manner:

"*Poco tempo* you matrimony Filipino, no? How you lika me?"

I was thunderstruck, but I took up the argument on a commercial basis.

"Oh, I get only thirty pesos a month. You can't marry on that."

"Thirty pesos! *Mucho dinero!* You rent mucha granda nipa hut for one peso, and for four pesos we live mucha granda. I cook *bueno.* You wanta me?"

I had no words to answer, and she took my silence for refusal. She turned toward the next girl in line.

"Then," she said, "my sister. Maybe you lika her."

The estimate of my rejected suitor on housekeeping expenses was about fair, as I found out by investigating the problem. Clemente, our second cook, said that a native needed about ten dollars (Mexican) per month to live like a nabob, and that an American could have "*mucha granda case*" (a very fine establishment) for fifty. In going further with my investigations, I got my third proposal. I asked Recon's oldest wife how much it costs to marry. Instead of answering, she put a question of her own:

"You drinka much?"

"No."

"You play monte?"

"No."

Having received these assurances of my good habits, she left the hut abruptly and brought back another old hag and four young girls, ranging from twelve to sixteen. It was some time before I saw the point, but when Mrs. Recon lined them up before me and made a sweeping gesture down the line, I saw the point. They thought I wanted a partner for my joys and sorrows! The girls had evidently been let into the secret, for they looked at me with mild interest, although utterly unabashed. They had enough clothes between them to make one respectable ball-dress. All chewed betel except the eldest, who was smoking a large roll of tobacco. Mrs. Recon addressed me:

"*Bueno.* You matrimonia all four. You pay twenty pesos. I renta you house two pesos. *Si!* Little-a-one mucha cook. You give your dinero to the big one and she will mucha save. *Si!*"

I objected that no priest would marry me to four at once.

TAGALOG WOMEN BATHING.

"Ah, el padre he run away. "Papa" (referring to our versatile cook, her husband) "he matrimony you *muy bueno.*" When I made further objection to polygamy, the prettiest daughter, the one who could cook, was offered for eight pesos and the homeliest was bid down to two.

My last offer of matrimony was the most unusual one of all. The thing which a Spaniard or a Filipino most admires in an American is his way of fighting. When one of them meets one of us he looks first at the American's fists. They can conceive standing up to be shot or even taking chances with a knife, but taking a beating and beating back is beyond their comprehension. A Spaniard goes into absolute ecstasies of admiration over a "scrap" between two regulars. He will dance on one foot and then on the other and shout like a Castilian at a bull-fight.

One day, I bought a dozen bananas of a street vendor for eight cents, which was about double the real value. Having no change, I gave him a five-dollar gold piece. He handed me back a dollar and ten cents in change, picked up his basket, and started away on the run. He understood the making of change as well as I did, but he also knew that if I were caught by the municipal police taking a gold piece away from a native, I stood a good chance at the jail. Nevertheless, I pursued and reasoned with him. He assumed a haughty air, and said that if I molested him further he would complain to the lieutenant. Just then the lieutenant came along, listened to the story, and believed my side of it. He delivered a Solomoncic judgment:

"Take back your gold-piece, give him back his change, keep the bananas and beat the nigger."

It is so rare that one has permission, out here, to do what he fain would do to one of these people that I made a good job of it.

A few days later that native turned up at my quarters. Behind him was a small native woman, gotten up in brass jewelry to show as good a front as possible, and passably clean. He opened transactions in a mixture of bad Spanish and Tagalog. I was a *mucho grando hombre* and strong. I could beat well with my fists. He had two neighbors who were troublesome and vexatious to his haughty spirit. *Bueno.* Here was his daughter, mucha young and domesticated. Beat his neighbors *bueno*, as I had beat him, and I might matrimony her, because I was a *mucho grando hombre* and strong.

And then you talk about knights of old fighting for the hands of fair ladies!

The United States surveying ship *Nero*, in taking soundings for the Pacific cable, found a sub-marine valley over six miles deep between Guam and the Midway Islands. This may mean that the proposed Pacific cable route will have to be abandoned, as the experts believe that this route "cannot be got around with a cable." The officers describe Sand Island, the largest of the Midways and the one proposed for use as a cable station, as a bleak spot, composed of disintegrated coral sand. There is not a scrap of vegetation, as there is no soil. There is, however, a five-acre coating of soil on an adjacent island, and it is proposed to transport it. The island is the resting-ground of millions of sea birds. Beginning with 1888, a shipwrecked sea-captain spent two years on this island, subsisting on birds, eggs, and on water which he found by digging. Four of his crew who were cast away with him died of hardship and scurvy caused by this fare and were buried on the island.

"Gen. Weyler walked nightly down the Prado," says Geo. W. Musgrave in *Under Three Flags in Cuba*, "with only an aide and three secret police sauntering behind. Some Cubans often debated with me the feasibility of seizing him there one night, dragging him down the steps to the Punta beach, and shipping him down the coast to Gomez, to be held as a hostage for all Cuban prisoners. This would have been easy in the darkness with a launch, and a tug in the offing that could race the obsolete boats in the harbor. We worked persistently in planning this. The guards were to be overpowered by sudden onslaught from the rear, the General seized, pinioned, and embarked. Lack of funds delayed the attempt. Finally, we chartered a tug in Key West, but the owner drew back at the last, and just as another boat was offered Weyler was recalled."

The Chicago and Bolivia Rubber Company, latly formed in this country, has bought 4700 square miles of rubber land on the upper Amazon. They propose to ship negroes from New Orleans to work their orchards, as the native labor is unsatisfactory.

THE MARK HOPKINS INSTITUTE OF ART· BY A·ALTSCHUL·

THE HOPKINS HOUSE.

DESIGN OF THE DONAHUE FOUNTAIN.

IN the most aristocratic section of San Francisco, on California and Mason streets, stands a large, dark grey house of imposing aspect, widely visible and forming one of the landmarks of the city. This is the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, built as a residence for the famous citizen after whom it is named, and now the home of the San Francisco Art Association. This society, the chief center of the art life of the city since its foundation in 1872, was presented with the building by Mr. Edward F. Searles in 1893. Simultaneously the association, by agreement with the Regents of the University of California, became an affiliated college of the university, thus acquiring the rank of an officially recognized art academy. Its work consists chiefly in maintaining an art school, and in holding exhibitions. The regular spring exhibition at the institute is usually the principal event of the year in the artistic life of San Francisco, and gives the public a welcome opportunity to inform itself as to the achievement of local artists during the year. Besides, there are special exhibitions, usually restricted to the work of one particular artist—the Harrison exhibition in 1898 was a memorable event of this kind—and from time to time loan exhibitions are held, enabling the art lover to become acquainted with some of the art treasures usually kept in the seclusion of private residences. A more lengthy description of the work done by the association is not needed here, the subject of the following remarks being merely the building itself and the works of art which it contains.

The Hopkins house is a stately mansion in the late Gothic style of domestic architecture. It is built of wood, and this is frankly expressed in the architectural treatment of the façades, the chief *motif* being furnished by the constructional framework of vertical and horizontal beams, which project from the walls in the manner of pilasters and friezes. The most striking characteristic of the building is its studied irregularity. Each of the four façades differs from the others; each, considered by itself, avoids all symmetry. A number of variously shaped bow-windows, galleries, gables and turrets contribute to the diversified character of the whole. It is an original and striking composition, in correct style and good taste; but, while not without impressiveness of a somewhat somber kind, it lacks poetic charm, a quality to be found, for instance, in the adjoining Stanford residence, which in its detail is much more exposed to the strictures of fastidious critics than its neighbor. The front view of the institute, by the way, is not the best; the building appears to better advantage if the spectator stands in front of the Stanford house entrance, where the tower stands out very effectively, and the aspect of the whole is decidedly picturesque, putting one in mind of a feudal castle of the Middle Ages. The rear view from the corner of Powell and Pine streets is also fine. The view from Mason street, which used to be so, too, has been much impaired by the recent erection of a gallery annex. But, considering what a boon this structure will be to artists and art lovers, one need not grumble at the probably unavoidable sacrifice of picturesqueness. The exterior of the annex is somewhat too box-like, and, owing to its almost windowless walls, rather dreary; upon the whole, however, it is quite satisfactory.

Approaching the entrance of the institute, we find on the steps leading up to it a monumental piece of statuary, a bronze group consisting of two figures of more than life-size, by our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Douglas Tilden. It represents a football player having his wounded leg bandaged by a companion, on whose shoulder he leans. The work has the merits of truthfulness, simplicity, earnestness and virility; it is excellent as a composition, and the technique is very good. But, while it is a very respectable piece of work, and would make a very fitting ornament for an athletic practicing place, it may be doubted whether it quite satisfies the claims of beauty. The costume of the two youths, utterly plain without being in the least picturesque, would seem to have formed an almost insurmountable obstacle to success in this direction; besides, the heads are somewhat too realistic, although that of the wounded man is certainly very fine; and finally, a football is perhaps too rude and prosaic-looking an object to be fittingly introduced into a monumental work. The group is advantageously placed, the dusk of the entrance porch forming an effective background.

In its interior the building presents an impressive example of a palatial mansion, intended by its founder to be fashioned nobly, richly, and artistically in every part. It must be confessed that the result of this praiseworthy endeavor is by no means all that might be desired. Only one room is entirely satisfactory; all the others call for more or less severe criticism. Still, the general impression of grandeur, of largeness and splendor is not without artistic value; and to make up for the defects of decoration, there are—at least when the weather is fine—a series of glorious views of the bay and city, different in every room, and reminding one now of Florence, now of Genoa.

The most impressive part of the interior is the hall, a room of considerable size, two stories high and surrounded in the upper story by a gallery. The effect of stateliness is enhanced by the elaborate decoration, chiefly in carved wood. The forms of the decoration, however, while showing the designer's endeavor to be quite original, quite independent from any of the previous styles of ornamentation, are in decidedly poor taste. The paintings on the ceiling, representing great artists and poets, are as a whole not a success, although the separate figures are by no means badly painted. The best part of the decoration of this room is the series of eight large oil paintings covering the upper part of the walls, and showing representative buildings of different countries and times. The subjects represented are: an Egyptian temple, an Indian temple, Pompeii, Roman ruins, a Moresque palace, and the cathedrals of Venice, Milan, and (I think) Cologne. These pictures are works of considerable merit, especially the four last named. It should be added that one does not know the hall at its best unless he has seen it at one of the evening entertainments given on rare occasions by the Art Association. With a flood of brilliant light veiling rather than displaying its decorative imperfections, and with throngs of stylishly dressed men and women filling the floor and gallery, it presents a truly superb sight.

We now pass on to the dining room. This is the room referred to above as the only one in the house not subject to censure. It is very beautiful, and a perfectly consistent and harmonious piece of interior decoration. It is almost entirely finished in oak. The ceiling with its projecting beams is particularly fine. It is worth noting that the furniture and chandelier are in perfect keeping with the style of the room itself.

Not far from this room there is another, quite similar in dimensions and style of decoration, but much less satisfactory, in parts even gaudy and in poor taste. Of the other rooms some are attractive by spaciousness and pleasing proportions, but the decoration in all of them is cheap and tawdry.

Finally, the art works displayed in various rooms claim the visitor's attention. There are quite a number of paintings, and a few sculptural works. The great majority of them are of little or no value; and of the few good things some do not belong to the institute, but are only loaned to it for the time being. Among these is one of the chief ornaments of the building, a Japanese bronze of extraordinary size—it is almost fifteen feet high—and great merit, owned by Mrs. Hearst. It is a temple incense burner, consisting of a large urn on a high pedestal, both very richly adorned with figurative sculpture. A frieze of ten grotesque human faces, in high relief, surrounds the lower base; eight small lion-like monsters, standing in a circle on the lower base, uphold in their forefeet an upper one, which is otherwise suspended in air. On it stands the central figure of the whole, a large dragon of monstrous shape, magnificently conceived and realized, supporting on his back the incense urn; the handles of the latter are formed by two smaller dragons (each about five feet long) climbing up its sides; and on its top stands an eagle with a brood of young, all with wings outstretched and looking down upon the dragons, evidently in an attitude of defence. Besides all this, both urn and pedestal are almost completely covered with representations in relief and with minute pattern ornament. This highly elaborate composition is executed in a most excellent way and carefully finished in every detail; the amount of labor required must have been enormous. The technique is perfect and brings out the full beauty of the material. The style and taste of the whole are excellent. One of the most admirable features of the work is this, that the abundant detail is kept in perfect subjugation, so as not to obtrude itself and disturb the general effect. It must be confessed, however, that on the Occidental mind the work produces rather an impression of highly picturesque and decorative quaintness than one of pure beauty.

Of the paintings, but few deserve notice. First mention is due to one of the loaned works, a picture which no doubt escapes the notice of most visitors, so small and modest-looking is it. So is a nightingale small and modest-looking! This picture is a landscape by Corot, and may be found in the room adjoining the dining room, near the large window. It is a precious little work, a fine example of the master's power of conjuring up, by very slight means of realization, an exquisite poetic mood. The picture shows a valley traversed by a river, bounded by steep, densely wooded bluffs, crowned on one side by a large, palace-like building, partly in ruins. A torrent rushes down hill on the same side. It is early morning. The foliage is in the dull greyish-green characteristic of the master, the sky pale greyish-yellow. The picture is painted on board, in a very smooth manner. The handling seems tame and even somewhat heavy compared with the magic of the master's style at its best; no doubt the work belongs to an early period in his career.

The two finest paintings belonging to the Art Association are to be found in one of the front rooms on the second floor: William Keith's portrait of Mr. Irving Scott, and that of Mayor Phelan, by Fred Yates. These are works of real distinction, widely differing in technique, but similar in conception, both illustrating the wholesome tendency prevailing in modern portrait art to represent the sitter as simply and naturally as possible, without pose or self-consciousness of any kind. Mr. Keith is further represented by a large landscape (in the south west room on the second floor) showing a forest glade in deep dusk, with a portion of the sky lit up by a gorgeous green, red and gold sunset. The picture is very noble in conception, but its execution somehow lacks impressiveness.

On the landing of the stairway leading from the hall to the second floor hangs a large and rather pretentious-looking landscape, signed "Keelhoff, 1847." The subject is an Alpine scene with a thunderstorm approaching. A valley is shown, bounded in the background by a wall of gigantic mountains, with waterfalls issuing from their precipitous slopes. In the foreground, by the side of a river whose waters, lashed by the tempest, rush against its banks in whitecapped waves, stands a majestic group of tall firs, bent by the wind, one tree being already broken. On the right the rocky walls appear in a pale and lurid light; on the left, where the thunderstorm approaches, sky and earth are enveloped in darkness. The execution of the picture is poor, evidently founded on a very superficial and insufficient knowledge of nature. Yet one would not be justified in condemning the work as utterly worthless. In spite of its inadequate technique, the subject is sufficiently realized to appeal to the beholder's feeling and imagination; the effect of a natural drama full of power, majesty, passion and mystery is not unimpressively conveyed.

In the hall we find Becker's "Ave Maria," a domestic scene from sixteenth century Venice, rather agreeable, but lacking refinement of treatment; and Macchetti's "Henry IV. at Fontainebleau," a large, bright-colored picture, suf-

Continued on Page 9

THINGS & PEOPLE

By BOSWELL Jr.

The False Plague Scare.

THE bubonic plague scare, absolutely unreasonable and unwarranted, promises to turn out the most expensive piece of political work ever done in San Francisco. It is proving a very bad business every way, and its effects are not liable to be forgotten for months to come. Simply because one Chinaman was found dead of a disease which has certain symptoms in common with bubonic plague, Chinatown was quarantined and the information telegraphed to the world that the dread ailment had broken out in the Californian metropolis. This summary action taken on a suspicion has quarantined San Francisco and turned thousands away from the city. The Raymond and Whitcomb excursionists, in Southern California by the hundreds, refuse to be turned north for fear of infection. The effort to participate in the Cape Nome business being made by a few of the more enterprising of Californian merchants is nullified by the same scare. In a hundred other ways it is operating to the disadvantage of San Francisco. If there had really been a case of bubonic plague there, if the action of the Board of Health had been justified by subsequent developments, one might find some excuse, but that the Californian metropolis should have been blackened and injured for no good reason whatever is shameful. In a city in which public opinion was a factor some measures would have been taken ere this to neutralize the effects of the Board of Health's rashness. As it is, the *Examiner-Journal* has spread the news broadcast, and while its announcement in either organ may discredit the scare among the intelligent, their circulation is in the ranks of the ignorant, who doubtless accept its aggravated and black-faced fictions as fact.

* * *

To emblazon the Board of Health's suspicion to the world was disloyalty to San Francisco. It would not have happened in Portland, in Seattle, in Victoria or in Los Angeles. There are no yellow traitors among the journals of those cities. In San Francisco the Publishers' Association met and its members all agreed to suppress the intelligence—until suspicions had been verified—all but the representative of the *Examiner*. He explained that the news had been telegraphed east and was already in the *Journal*. There is being developed a great deal of bitter feeling in San Francisco on this score, and if the Monarch's contemporaries have the wit to take advantage of it they may be able to seriously diminish their rival's circulation and advertising. It is the opinion of the well-informed, however, that this business community is too indolent and too timorous to resent the injury in the proper manner. This Board of Health should be scarified and the *Examiner* brought to an understanding of its bounden duty to a community from which it draws an income of at least $100,000 per annum.

***

A Simple Inauguration.

MAYOR THOMAS J. HUMES of Seattle, in succeeding himself as head of the town, had a characteristically simple inauguration. As the time approached when the old administration was to step out and the new step in, he was at his desk, busy writing. The clock struck twelve, the mayor glanced up, and, remarking that his new term had begun, opened the door to be overwhelmed with flowers and congratulations by his friends, waiting outside. The other officials walked into their new duties in the same businesslike manner. The city treasurer signed a receipt for nearly half a million dollars and went out to luncheon with his predecessor. It was a good omen for a business administration.

***

The Sources of the Dime Novel.

I SUPPOSE that nearly everyone who has watched the blazing covers of the dime-novels displayed in the windows of the cheap stores has wondered how the supply of that class of literature can be kept going, week after week and year after year. "Dime Novel" is a misnomer by-the-way, for most of them now sell for five cents or less. For the benefit of those whose youth was carefully guarded from sensational literature, let me say that dime novels run in series. A certain hero of preternatural strength, beauty, force of character, genius and "keenness" is taken through a succession of novels, a new one each week. Some of these series last four or five years. One man generally writes the whole series, turning out a complete story every seven days. When it is considered that these books depend mainly upon incident, and that incident is the severest tax on literary ingenuity, it would seem that the author has to possess the genius of one of his own heroes in order to keep the thing going. This would be, but for one fact which I believe will be new to the literary public. The modern dime novel is a system of plagiarism. The author selects a hero, gives him a high-sounding name, and then works over, week after week, some book of romantic fiction into dime-novel style. For example, there is a "Frank Merriwell" series now running in a popular "library" and devoured week after week by the messenger-boys. For about two years, the author kept him going as an adventurer in the West; then he suddenly sent him to school and college. Since then, Mr. Woods' clever story *Harry's Career at Yale* has furnished three or four numbers, *Tom Brown's School Days* has been good for a half-a-dozen, the various books of American short stories have each furnished their quota, and the author is now beginning on *Stalky & Co.* The detective stories proper used to be filched from the French masters, who have the art of making real literature out of this class of fiction. But when Conan Doyle began with *Sherlock Holmes*, a whole Klondike opened up for the miners of literary fool's-gold. These tales were worked over and rehashed in every possible combination, and are doing service even yet. Anna Katherine Green, our native writer of detective stories, has also received the tribute of this sincere form of flattery. If the reader cares to investigate, he can add to the list indefinitely. Among the books which I notice as recent recipients of the honor of dime-novel plagiarism are such unlikely specimens as *Quo Vadis*, *The Honorable Peter Stirling* and *Richard Carvel*.

***

Return of C. P. Huntington.

IN the eleven months which have elapsed since C. P. Huntington last said good bye to California, much has occurred to change his relationship with the great railway property of which he is president. Though at the head of the corporation, other voices were then heard in its management. Today his control is supreme. Two of the interests are now held by personal connections of Mr. Huntington, and the stock is owned by men who have absolute confidence in his great administrative capacity. In the year '99 this tremendously able man, whose years are more than three score and ten, re-organized the Central Pacific Railway, floated its debt to the government aggregating sixty millions of dollars, bought out two of his partners for a score more millions, and gave the property a rating on the New York stock market, in which it is regarded as one of the strongest railway institutions in the country. Even in this era of great deals these Titanic operations, executed single-handed, have made a tremendous impression upon the great financiers of the country. The manipulating of railway finances during the year of the panic, when of all the transcontinental roads the Southern Pacific alone was kept out of a receiver's hands, seemed a great achievement. The intelligent and steadily successful direction of the system during the years of his control represented his superb executive capacity; the creation of the greatest shipbuilding plant in the world at Newport News is a fitting life-work for even an extraordinary man; but all this and a hundred other deals and deeds have been but the incidents of a busy life in comparison with these latest colossal transactions. Withal, C. P. Huntington is one of the most easily approachable men in the country, with ample time to see his friends and to converse with any one who may happen to have business with him. To explain his career innumerable theories have been put forward, but the truth is that he possesses far more than the ordinary share of moral, physical and intellectual strength. He is unswerving in his loyalty and attachment to his friends, independent, bold and wise. He is one of the very few men who can broadly think out a scheme and then execute it himself, for he has the genius of foresight as well as of application. To apply a favorite expression of his own, he comes nearer to going round the circle than any of his contemporaries.

***

Time and Fame.

THE fame of most men dies long before their death. It is the fate of every active leader who lingers beyond the period of combat and struggle to undergo a period between retirement and death when he is, to all intents and purposes, forgotten—until the news of his demise brings the world to sudden remembrance. So it happens that a man who was known from one end of this country to the other a decade ago, who founded a national political party and persuaded it to merge its existence into another, died last week in Seattle without even the compliment of a newspaper notice. It was only several days after his death that the papers identified Herman E. Taubeneck as the founder of the Populist party. He has been living in the Queen City for three years, making it the headquarters for frequent prospecting expeditions. In all that time, not one of his neighbors learned of the man's former position. Taubeneck was an Illinois lawyer and politician when he became imbued with Populistic ideas and started the movement which culminated in 1890 in the foundation of a third party. He was the chairman of the first Populistic convention and held the gavel when James B. Weaver was nominated. He directed the ensuing campaign, and presided again at the famous convention which indorsed the candidacy of Bryan. It was said at the time that Taubeneck held the balance of power, and that his declaration for Bryan was the direct cause of his party's fusion with the Democrats. This action, however, finished Populism. With his party smashed, Taubeneck found his occupation gone and settled back into the obscurity of private life.

***

A Bold Theft.

A BANK robbery, that might elicit admiration from the experienced Jesse James, of bandit fame, was successfully perpetrated in Seattle last week. The coup was planned with an eye rather to safety than to defiance, for the robber displayed more of the accomplishments of the expert sneak thief than of the outlawed bank robber. In whatever manner he executed his trick, it secured for him what he was after, money; the bank claiming that the robbery netted the perpetrator only $700, while general belief adds several thousands of dollars to this sum. This is a trick of the public's, however. The robber, whom the police assert is a criminal just liberated from the Oregon penitentiary, must be credited with using the greatest ingenuity and daring in securing his gains. His work bears the earmarks of true greatness in his chosen profession. The First National Bank, located in the most crowded section of Seattle's business center, was honored by the visit from this genius among bank robbers. It is said he first walked into the counting house and proceeded to survey the field. Apparently satisfied, he quietly withdrew. This was about noon. Fifteen minutes later he again entered, this time on all fours. Carefully and cautiously he crept along, hugging the wall and keeping out of sight of the few clerks who were not out at luncheon. No depositors were in the bank at the time. Without attracting attention he slowly approached the paying teller's window. He reached the goal, made a sudden dart and a prize in currency was in his hands. He turned to flee. A clerk gave the alarm. The thief rushed for the door, pursued by clerks, bookkeepers, and even the president of the bank. As the robber raced through the vestibule, the valiant president reached him. Dropping a roll of currency, the fellow drew a revolver, which he flourished threateningly. The president picked up the roll, the robber held his fire and continued his flight. Through a crowded street he raced and was lost in an alley. A man has just been arrested in San Francisco on suspicion of being the bold offender.

***

First For Health.

EVERY good Western city takes a pride in superlatives. The town "beyon de Mississipp" that does not claim to be first in something or other is an invertebrate, lacking the energy to make a fight for existence. Seattle's last first is in health. A reliable table compiled by the Board of Health of a rival city concedes the Queen City the lowest death-rate of any in a list of twenty-five of the larger towns. In Seattle, with a population of 75,000, the death rate is only 6.72 per cent. Davenport, Iowa, is second on the list, while New Orleans, at the foot, has a rate four times as great. This is in face of the fact that the sanitary arrangements of other cities on the list are immensely better. The true explanation has just occurred to a sage of the Sound. He says that it is because the city is so spread out that death's arrows fall between the buildings.

***

Bellied Columns.

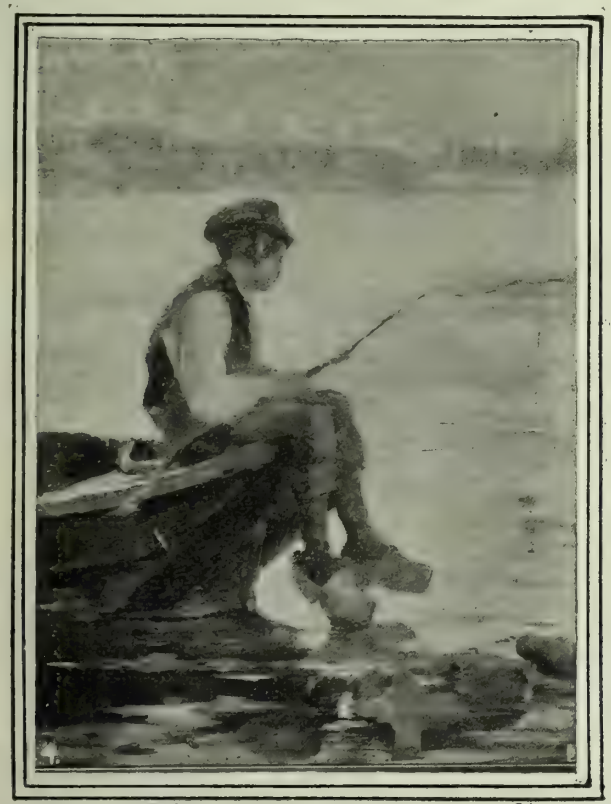
IT would be interesting to learn the source of Reid Brothers conception of the classic column. They have contributed to the architecture of San Francisco several important structures and others of their designing are rising on the hills and in the garden places thereof. In each and all of these there are columns, but instead of the noble classic lines they have an outward curve in the middle which produces a "pot-bellied" effect much more eccentric than graceful. The thirty-six columns of the Park music stand are all drawn on these lines; the frontal pillars supporting the portico of the *Call* building have a similar expanded effect and the same obtrusive convexity is displayed in the Irwin and John D. Spreckels' mansions now rising on Pacific Heights. The true proportion of the classic column prescribe that the lower part of the shaft shall be perfectly vertical. The entasis begins at about ⅓ the height and there should be a delicate tapering towards the capital. The Reid column is really an elongated oval and is not only wrong but ugly. What is true of the column is doubly true of the pilaster. The classic pilaster has no entasis, so "pot-bellied" effects introduced by the Reids are original but rude. One forgives innovation when characterized by beauty, but the alterations on standard models inaugurated by the San Francisco architects lack grace, style and art.

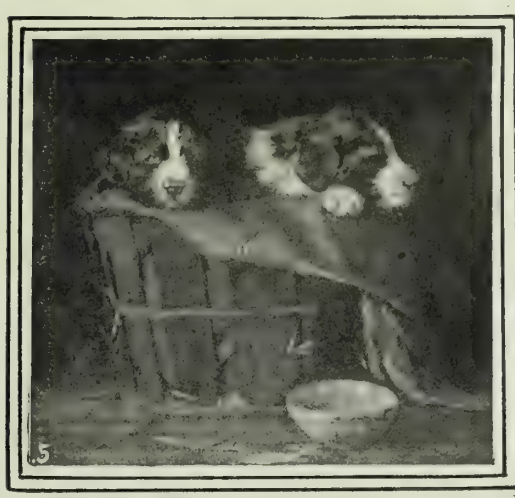
***

Automobiles on the Coast.

I HAVE been surprised at the slow spread of the automobile craze in San Francisco. The horseless carriage has become so common in the East that it is taken for granted and attracts no attention except in the remote country regions. But in San Francisco, the one or two automobiles seen on the streets are surrounded by curious crowds at every stop, so unaccustomed is the marvel. Yet no other city in the country is so well suited to the practical use of the car in all of its manifestations. In the Eastern states, an automobile is useless when there is snow on the ground, which means about three months in every year. Ordinary rain, on the other hand, causes little trouble, unless mudholes and sloughs form on bad roads. Consequently, a suburban resident of New York or Chicago or Boston who purchases an automobile for his daily run to the city finds it useless for nearly one-third of the year. In the San Francisco region, on the contrary, a skilled *chaffeur* could run from San Mateo to the metropolis almost every day of the three hundred and sixty-five. Until the machines are improved so as to become better hill-climbers, automobiles can never come into extensive use in San Francisco proper, but they should prove a boon to the suburban towns west of the bay. I prophesy that the craze will reach the Golden Gate the coming summer.

The fruit growers of Washington, Oregon and Idaho met at Portland recently and organized for mutual protection. Methods of curing and grading fruit for market were considered and some new plans were adopted. The fruit output of the three states, judging from reports already made by inspectors, will be enormous. Orchard pests have been entirely wiped out and every effort is being made to destroy them in orchards where they have secured a foothold.





1. Portrait, Orrin Peck. 2. "Edith," Olga M. Ackerman. 3. "An Old Woman," A. Altman. 4. "Fishing Boy," Helen Hyde. 5. "A Dog Study," L. M. Carpenter. 6. Portrait of Professor Howison, Mrs. Richardson. 7 and 9. Portraits, H. F. Beecher. 8. "A Corner of the Studio," Jules Pages.

Spring Exhibition of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

Traveling in Alaska.

A PASS ON THE TRAIL FROM DAWSON TO NOME.

TWO travellers have just come over the ice and snow from Nome City in weather that was frequently colder than fifty below. They took no extra precautions against freezing, and they never stopped a single day on account of the weather. While it is true that they generally found houses to sleep in, one or two of the coldest nights were spent outdoors in the snow. Added to this low temperature was a high, vexatious wind, often in their very faces. Yet they came into Dawson in good condition, and seemed to be none the worse for the experience. A diary of the trip kept by Charles Campbell, one of the adventurers, is very instructive. On several days, they made over thirty miles. One day when the thermometer was eighteen degrees below zero and the wind was blowing a gale, driving the snow so that they could not see twenty yards ahead of them, they ran about twenty miles over frightfully bad trails. January 18, with the temperature sixty-five degrees below, they went twenty-two miles in five hours. On this trip, they took few extra precautions other than those generally observed by Alaskan winter travellers. Their dress was the one generally worn here in winter, no more nor less. They carried just enough provisions to feed themselves and their dogs on the long journey of nearly a thousand miles. They started with a stove and a tent, but gave the former away, and cut up the latter for sled covers. When habitations were convenient, they slept under cover, but on some of the very coldest nights they were obliged to camp out-of-doors, bivouacking in their sleeping-bags beside open fires. The example so encouraged the unemployed of Dawson City, who have been waiting for the first sign of an open trail to make a dash for Cape Nome and open mining, that nearly a hundred outfits of men and dogs are already started down the back trail.

The apparent ease with which this journey was accomplished has set us to thinking, here in Dawson, on a subject which furnishes the topic for many a debate by our Arctic firesides—Polar exploration. Papers coming in from the states have been announcing the fact that the Northern gold finds will assist Polar exploration as a great and wonderful discovery of their own. We have felt that from the very first. We knew it when the Nome country, containing the most northerly Caucasian city in the whole world, was opened up for American miners. In the mines of Alaska to day we are training Polar explorers. From the present gold-diggers of Dawson or from their immediate successors will come the men who will set first foot on the frozen pole. Already, in the two or three seasons in which we have overrun Northern Alaska, we have learned much about Arctic travelling which the explorers never knew and performed some feats which are nowhere equalled in the annals of Polar exploration. The two travelers covered three times the distance from "farthest North" to the Pole in less than two months, from December 10th to February 2d. Considering that the dash to the Pole must be made in summer, it is doubtful if conditions of travel will be as hard as those encountered on the Nome-Dawson winter trip. Indeed, old and experienced Alaskans are a bit disposed to scoff at Arctic explorers and their tales. It is pointed out that there are no witnesses to the deeds of an Arctic traveler. If he wants to push into the interior in a slip-shod, undetermined manner, to stop at the first discouragment and to invent tales of imaginary hardship and suffering to tell in his lectures when he comes back, there is no one to "give him away."

Already, we have found much to laugh at the books of Arctic travel which used to charm our youth—many fallacies, many Munchausen statements. For example, there is an idea, which I acquired from some of these fairy tales and carried with me to the north, that it sometimes grows so cold that fire gives no heat. Sixty below was the point stated, I believe. I myself have weathered seventy below and found a fire mightily comforting and acceptable ta that temperature. There is an intense cold, I admit, in which it takes a big fire to raise the temperature a great deal, bur there is never a time when a tight hut cannot be warmed by a big fire. Another thing we have learned is that seemingly any degree of pure, straight cold can be met by a hearty, healthy and vigorous man. Beyond fifty degrees below, there is no apparent addition of discomfort with the added cold. If you keep going, wear the best you have, and take care not to become starved or exhausted, you need not fear the weather. The men who die of freezing on the trails are killed by exhaustion or hunger as much as by cold. A man is lost on the snowfields; he wanders until he is hungry and worn out, and only then, with his powers of resistance gone, does he give up to the fatal numbness. I have yet to hear of a strong man who took care of himself meeting with any harm through exposure to Arctic chill.

Shall I hazard a prophecy as to the future of Arctic exploration? In my unworthy opinion, the successful dash to the Pole will come after the Americans have occupied Nome and the northern country long enough to be accustomed and acclimated—say ten years. By the end of that time, the uttermost limits of the Arctic lands on our own continent will have been overrun by explorers. It will be no scientific zeal which will urge them to this, but the same sordid desire for gold which first brought the Americans to Alaska. In the course of these explorations, our prospectors will learn how to live and travel in the frozen zone. In the course of these explorations, some mightily long and arduous journeys will be undertaken and some big mistakes made. In these very mistakes will lie the value of these explorations. The Pole-searchers have conducted heavy and costly experiments, mostly theoretical, and so few and scattered have the expeditions been that later voyagers have learned very little from their predecessors. But these American explorers of the future will learn the trade of Arctic traveling, they will become acclimated, the weak ones will have dropped out, and the survivors will be tested men who can stand anything within the limits of human endurance. And some leader among them will gather from the Alaskan miners the successful Polar expedition of, let us say, 1910.

J. V. STETSON.

In Belgium a municipal art society has taken hold of the matter of signs and initiated competitions. They give liberal prizes for the best designs. Sculptors and skillful workers in iron compete because of the value of prizes and because of their interest in the work, and the merchants because of the advertisement which it gives them. The result has been that all over Brussels you find pretty signs, and the curious part is that the beautiful ones pay better than the ugly; for while the latter only receive a passing notice and then a feeling of disgust, the signs which are beautiful attract permanent attention.

It may not be generally understood, but the Victoria Cross, the coveted decoration in the British army which may be given to private or officer alike, is not given for mere acts of bravery but for the rescue of comrades in danger. After first winning the cross, he who earns it again simply adds another bar to the medal. The original cross carries a pension of £10, and for each additional bar £5 is added.

SLEDS DRAWN BY HORSES.

CLIMBING IN THE SNOW.

A STATION ON THE YUKON.

THE TRANSVAAL MACHIAVELLI.

CAREER OF DR. FRANZ LEYDS, MANIPULATOR AND STATESMAN.

WHEN Dr. Leyds, the Transvaal agent, came to Europe, a few years ago, he was in the position of a suppliant. He waited long hours at the doors of ministers and dignitaries, he paid large sums to the newspapers for the acceptance of his contributions, he was continually concerned with backstairs intrigues to secure a hearing for himself and his schemes. To-day, he has only to ask and every door opens to him. Let him express a desire to see this or that prime minister and he is accomodated at once. If he stops at a hotel, the proprietor hangs out the flag of the Transvaal. There is not a publication on the Continent which would not give fancy prices for one of his articles. And from the most obscure legation in Brussels, the Transvaal headquarters is second in importance only to the Palace.

Much of this has come about, of course, through force of circumstances—the growth of the Transvaal in importance, the rise of anti-British feeling and pro-Boer sympathy—but, on the other hand, a great part of the intense feeling on the Continent has been worked up, in one way and another, by this shrewd, shify, mysterious disciple of Machiavelli. Until this age is past and the historian of the future learns the truth about the nineteenth century from documents now carefully guarded, no one will ever know just how much Leyds has had to do with influencing Europe at this crisis. Even then, the record will be incomplete. The full facts are known to Dr. Franz Leyds alone, and he has no confidants.

He is as reticent about his own history as about his official business. The general facts are known, however. He is the son of a Java Dutchman, and his mother had a strain of Malay blood. This does not appear in his face, but shows in his long, slender, slippery hands and in his sly and diplomatic character. He emigrated early to Transvaal, but went to Holland to study law. There he remained in an insignificant position until Kruger, who was in Holland after Dutchmen to officer his kingdom, carried him back to South Africa. Johannesburg was then just beginning its growth and the Boers were learning what it means to conduct a government. Of all the "carpet-baggers" the young law-student advanced most rapidly. So strong was his influence that he set his stamp upon the character of the administration and the policy of the republic. There is little doubt but that the duplicity, or "slimness," as they call it, of the Kruger regime dates from Leyds. It was the first Boer lesson in government, and they only elaborated on their primary training. Had a broad, honest statesman taken control at that time the Transvaal might have advanced toward progress on its own initiative and without the compulsion of this disastrous war; but Leyds was the power behind the throne, and the new policy took on his own character. As attorney general and secretary of state, he used his powers of persuasion and cajolery to mould Kruger to his wishes, obstinate old man though Oom Paul be. It was Leyds who made of the rather insignificant Jameson raid an event of seeming international importance. It was Leyds who organized the great far-reaching Transvaal secret service. It was Leyds who founded that system of corruption and bribery by which the Transvaal Boers were enabled to arm and prepare for the present war without the knowledge of England.

Leyes knew, however, that a part of his game must be played in Europe, if the Transvaal was to become dominant in South Africa. From Pretoria, he administered the international affairs of the republic, but to win Europe he needed to be on the ground. This was one reason for his shift to the center of operations, but there was another, far more potent. He had reached the limit of his advancement in Transvaal itself. He was never popular with the burghers. For Leyds had European tastes and European ways little understood by the rude Boers. Long before his name became a great one in the world, travellers in the country across the Vaal used to tell as one of their wonder-tales, about the chief secretary who could discuss Dante and Turner. It is said that he even liked a little gossip from London and Paris—though it came to him four weeks old. The chances of such a man for the chief position in the burgher state were nil. Therefore, he turned his eyes on Europe, where there were worlds to conquer.

He proposed that he be sent as an emissary and that he be given $25,000 per annum for his personal services together with $75 000 to be used in the advancement of his intrigues. Kruger refused, laughed at the proposition. Then Leyds informed him that his salary must be $50,000 and that a secret fund of $100,000 should be given him. Oom Paul, alarmed by the obvious determination of his subordinate, sent for him. They talked long into the night. At the end, the president had consented and Leyds went forth to cope with Europe, to do obeisance before kings and princes, and to wait and labor for five years to obtain recognition for himself and his government. He kept his agents in every quarter of Europe. He knew, better than any journalist on the continent, just what was going on in the courts and cabinets of the world. He knew to a dot the price of every editor in the world. He knew the best military methods, the most improved form of armament. He had all the money he needed, for the Transvaal is a rich country, and he is a champion extortionist. No scruple ever held his hand; no rebuff ever discouraged him. With the finest feeling for the diplomatic game, he combines a hide like that of a rhinoceros for insults and an elastic and accommodating conscience. In his working moments he unites the faculties of a chief of detectives and a prime minister. In his leisure time, he dabbles in art, literature, and the drama, or mixes in society. He has attained the first and second great objects of his life—to secure power in Transvaal, to gain recognition in Europe—the third, the recognition of his government abroad, still hangs fire.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

INSTITUTE OF ART.

Continued from page 5.

ficiently pleasing to the eye, but uninteresting. One of the south rooms on the first floor contains an attractive but not first-class example of Pasini's delicate studies of Southern architecture. In the same room with the Corot is a tolerably pretty Spanish painting, "Church Procession," by Jose Gallegos; also two pictures of sheep, by Mauve and Jacques. Another animal painting, by Dupré, representing cows in a meadow, is to be found in one of the south rooms on the second floor; it is an unusually large canvas, and a very strong piece of painting, but not particularly interesting.

Lastly, we come to the collection of photographs of paintings, in the north east room on the second floor. The idea of exhibiting reproductions is no doubt most sensible; indeed, a very extensive use ought to be made of such objects in museums, as they might to a much greater extent, than most people would imagine, make up for the absence or paucity of desirable originals. Of course, in order to accomplish this, a collection of this kind must be selected, arranged, and displayed with the greatest care and discrimination; otherwise the pictures will hardly be productive of much good. The collection at the Hopkins Institute, it seems to me, is of the latter kind. It contains quite a number of very good and serviceable pictures; but joined to them are a greater number of more or less undesirable ones, seriously impairing the value of the whole. On the walls are a number of Braun's photographs. A good many of them reproduce great masterpieces, but for one reason or another the reproductions do not sufficiently convey the effect of the originals, being in fact rather unattractive (except that of Turner's "Téméraire"). Others are unsatisfactory because the originals reproduced are by no means of the first rank and do not deserve a place in a collection such as this, which should contain nothing but examples of the very best which art has produced. To find such a picture as Delaroche's "The Princes in the Tower" side by side with masterpieces by Raphael, Michel Angelo and Velazquez, is nothing short of ludicrous. Another and much better set of photographs is displayed on a revolving screen (not a very commendable way of exhibiting pictures). Here one finds a number of first-class masterpieces reproduced in a thoroughly satisfactory manner (excepting only the pronounced brown tone in which they are printed, a tone much favored by photographers, but very detrimental to the effect of photographs of paintings). But the admixture of distinctly, even ludicrously inferior works is found here also, although to a lesser extent. What possible good can be expected, for instance, from the introduction of such a hopelessly stiff and wooden production as Ingres' "Jeanne d'Arc," or such an undignified and uninspired one as Baudry's "St. Hubert"? Three more screens contain a great number of the large photogravures of the Berlin Photographic Company, after paintings in the galleries of Berlin, Cassel and St. Petersburg; the prints are fine, but the pictures reproduced only in part thoroughly enjoyable.

We leave the building, if not with the consciousness of having had a very extraordinary æsthetic treat, certainly with feelings of respect and gratitude for the public-spirited men aud women to whose liberality and zeal the institution owes its existence.

The Bar Association of Seattle has inaugurated a movement to erect a monument to the memory of the Washington volunteers who fell in the Philippines. Captain George Fortson, one of the killed, was a member of the Bar Association, and it was while talking over his death that the matter was taken up. The monument is to be erected in Pioneer Square where the famous totem pole now stands. At least $25,000 will be expended for the shaft and inscribed upon it will be the names of all the brave men of the regiment who died while fighting for their country. All patriotic people will be asked to contribute to the fund, of which the Bar Association will have custody.

No one who has not seen a kopje, says a South African, can easily realize it. It is not a hill so much as the stump of a hill—what is left of it after ages of denudation; but the special feature of it is that it is almost invariably covered with a breastwork of bowlders. Tropical torrents have washed away the earth and all the soluble components of the rock, and what is left consists of heaps and lines of detached masses of sandstone, ironstone or granite. The kopjes are the Boer's fortifications, and he has any number of them.

A new invention which will have a great influence on all arts and industries where steel is employed is a process of coating steel plates with fine layers of copper in such a manner that the two are firmly welded. The resulting product has all the spring, snap and temper of steel and is at the same time impervious to rust. The two metals are rolled at the same time, and in the finished plate, no matter whether it is thick or thin, the copper is united with the steel so firmly that it cannot be broken or stripped off.

The word "grip" as a name for the common winter malady, was originated in the last century by a French physician. The name "influenza" was given in 1802, when it was devastating Italy. In spite of a number of epidemics during this century, the fact that it is caused by a germ was never proved until 1892, when Prof. Pfeiffer of Berlin discovered the microbe. It is shaped like an egg, travels by contagion, multiplies with great rapidity, and secretes a poison which causes the disease. Grip travels from place to place like cholera or plague. Last year, a heavy epidemic passed through Turkey and over the Mediterranean countries.

BLANCHE BATES IN MADAME BUTTERFLY.

THE SHAMROCK IN LONDON.

EXTRAORDINARY CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

AN Irish flag floating over the Mansion House, an official British army band playing "Wearing of the Green," and a brigade of English soldiers wearing the shamrock and parading in honor of the occasion—a strange scene for London on St. Patrick's day. Lord love us, how times change! This is London, conspired and stormed at by the Fenians, London which rioted over the Phoenix Park murders, London where, fifty years ago, one who wore the green would have met the same fate as one who would hang out the Transvaal flag to-day. A few Irish regiments and a national emergency have done what was too much for Gladstonian statesmanship; they have made the Irish popular in England. It does not bridge all streams between Ireland and Ireland's masters, but it sets the piers.

As T. P. O'Conner says to-day, there was a time when the Irish soldier who wore shamrock would have been clapped into the guardhouse. British soldiers of all races wore it to-day. The buildings and mansions of the city were draped as for Lord Mayor's day, but with green instead of red. Everyone who could afford it bought a shamrock, but it took a bit of money, owing to the demand. Sprigs of the little green leaf had been sent over in great quantities for the occasion, but the demand was greater than even the most loyal Irishman expected. On the morning of St. Patrick's day, the price was a half-a-crown for a bunch of two or three leaves, and this doubled before nightfall. The new Irish loyalist flag floated from the Mansion House. It is the old familiar golden harp on a green ground, but a Union Jack is added in the upper corner and the harp is crowned. The day was observed as a fete rather than as a day of business on the Stock Exchange. Everybody laid off to drink to the nation and the Irish, and stocks caught the buoyant spirit of the occasion and went up and up, for no accountable reason except that they were happy with everyone else. Ireland was cheered on the streets, toasted at the clubs, prayed for in the churches. And yet, I hear that the Irish on your side of the pond have turned their St. Patrick's day celebration into a pro-Boer demonstration.

If the Queen conceived the idea of displaying the shamrock on St. Patrick's day, as they say she did, she is a wiser stateswoman than anyone has ever given her credit for being. Like the acceptance of the colonial regiments, it is good "imperial cement."

But the world knows of the St. Patrick's day celebration in London, through the telegraph, while the world as represented by the Pacific Coast possibly may not know the story of what came near to being the one touch of comedy in the Transvaal tragedy. The Duc d' Orleans, pretender of France, is the central figure in this episode. This last of the Bourbons, unworthy descendants of white-plumed Henry of Navarre, is an underbred, effeminate degenerate. "'Tis the blood of kings," said the mother to the physician of Daudet's novel in explaining the wasted physique of the little Dauphin. And Orleans's is the degenerate blood of kings. Fat, effeminate, lazy, cowardly, and a general cad, he is at the same time permeated with a self-conceit which adds the finishing touch to his ridiculous figure. It so happens that he bears a sort of resemblance to Henry of Navarre, a resemblance of which he makes the most by cultivating a Bourbon beard; but he has Navarre's vices without his manly virtues. The manner in which he treated his former fiancee, Marguerite d' Orleans, was such as to bring upon him the contempt of two-thirds of the French aristocracy. Most of the remainder he alienated by ingratitude, or by "welshing" on his gambling debts. And this lost popularity he has been trying to recover by persistent and wild Anglophobia. In line with this policy, he recently wrote to M. de Willette, the caricaturist of the famous *Rire* supplement, thanking him for "his services to the cause of humanity." It was a crude effort, marked by bad French and vile language, but as an insult it served. The indignation on this side of the channel, where D'Orleans has always been well treated, was universal. In the midst of the storm, he packed up and departed, very suddenly, for Lisbon.

The reason for his departure was the discovery of a plot against his royal dignity. A certain young English marquis, not long from Oxford and cricket training, had planned with his brother and a young officer of the Sutherland Highlanders to treat the Pretender as befitted his offence. They were going to catch him as he emerged from the Carlton Hotel, break a bag of flour over his head, and cover that with a coating of soot. This operation, known in England as "the miller," was to be completed by taking a snapshot photograph of the Duc in his plight. This picture was to be sent to the papers for publication. This was the plan formed after mature deliberation. At first, the Marquis was inclined to think that he or some other Englishman of about the Duc's size ought to go in and beat him soundly; but this idea was abandoned because it was deemed that this party to the slander of a woman did not deserve the favor of a fair fight. The Duc got wind of the plot the night before the time set for its consummation and made his escape by a back way, sailing immediately and secretly for Lisbon. The Marquis announces that the assault is not abandoned, but only postponed until Orleans shows himself in London again.

THE SPRING EXHIBITION.

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW ART GALLERY IN THE HOPKINS HOUSE.

THE Spring Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association, held at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, this time actually marks a distinct and meritorious progress in every respect. The opening was of particular importance, as it meant the official dedication of the "Mary Frances Searles Art Gallery," donated by Mr. Searles. This annex is a large hall excellently fit for showing pictures, the light being fairly good in day-time (double skylight) and absolutely perfect at night (electric light with reflector). The dignity of the room is unfortunately impaired by a commonplace and meaningless frieze; a simple band of light color would have been more effective and appropriate. To make the exhibition more complete, for the first time in years, pictures exhibited previously were admitted. Thanks to the energy of the jury, really amateurish paintings are much less in evidence than at former exhibit, but I think we might have been spared a number of canvasses, so that the pictures could have been hung further apart, giving more importance to the single canvass and to the eye a necessary rest.

The place of honor is occupied by some big landscapes of William Keith, in which he asserts his superlative craftsmanship in a most brilliant way, especially in the "Summit of the Sierras" and the "Sunset Among the Oaks." Such effects are only obtainable by a rare sensitiveness of appreciation of colors and tones, and a sureness of touch, which only the true master possesses. A neighbor to Keith is Mrs. Richardson with her vigorously handled portrait of Professor Howison, full of a sterling exactness of color. Portraits, by the way, are rather numerous at the exhibit, in fact about two thirds of all the pictures being portraits and landscapes. Orrin Peck's study of his sister, in its beautiful gold brown tones, its simple and effective arrangement of lines is a good thing to admire; its perfectness rather injures Peck's portrait of Mrs. Hearst, the color scheme of which strikes one as a little crude. Julia Heyneman's portraits, though not always correctly drawn, are at least thoroughly human and interesting, particularly the boy with the book; the light falling upon the face is exceedingly well managed there. Her portrait of Mrs. Walter Hobart is done in beautiful mellow tones; more like Mrs. Richardson paints Olga M. Ackerman. She has a very frank and almost audacious method that is refreshing and convincing, qualities all sadly lacking in Theodore Wores, who ought not to paint portraits. He has done some very good Japanese things, and his fishing boy at the Bohemian Club is really excellent, but the paintings he exhibits now, except a rather good pastel, "Reflections," are of a very inferior character. In the portraits of Mr. J. D. Grant and Mr. Horace Platt he has spoiled two fine heads by his crude handling. Of the dignity of portrait painting, and even of its merely mechanical side, he knows only as much as Clawson, whose over-admired portrait of Miss Hadenfeldt seems to me utterly lacking in that refinement of pose and treatment, which, perhaps, would not appeal to the fancies of the indiscriminating public. Quite a notable work is A. Altman's study of an old woman, wrought out with a pertinacity of finish that does not become narrow, a danger equally well avoided by H. F. Beecher, who, especially in two heads, shows besides good drawing and vivacious coloring an enjoyable breadth of treatment in spite of all minuteness. Arthur F. Mathews surprises us by a complete change of his methods, noticeable since his return from Europe. The extreme simplicity of his coloring, reminds one of Whistler, and is certainly very effective. I would have liked to study his "Psyche" better than is possible under the glass. Emil M. Carlsen's "Still Life" is a piece of remarkable technical excellence, but does not equal, as a picture, his large landscape, one of the most enjoyable things in the collection. Only the real artist can develop so simple a motive with such strength and feeling that it becomes fascinating and beautiful. Something of a sensation was caused by Jules Pages' "Corner of a Studio." It shows a sureness of drawing and coloring, which place the work on a very high level; as a picture I think it would have been more effective, if the details in the studio paraphernalia had been more subdued, but the figure of the painter before his easel is a work of rare merit.

Of other things in the main room, Charles Dickman's "Evening" ought to be mentioned, a delicately conceived problem, ably executed: the subtle greys and grey-blues of the ending day absorbing the shadows cast by the rising moon. Stanton, "Fancy Head," is quite the best thing this artist has ever done. C. C. Judson has in his two landscapes, gotten rid of the tendency to accentuate detail, and Joe Greenbaum has given up experimenting and settled down to solid work. The atmospheric effect in his skillfully handled "Grey Day in Monterey" is excellent, while his "Pumpkin Field" is the only one of the various vegetable fields on exhibition that pictorially has any value. Maren Froelic, can do much better things than fetching little ballet-girls. Helen Hyde, who recently sent from Japan some charming etchings, is much better in her "Fishing Boy" and "Solicitude," than in her Chinese studies. D. Cosgrave's little moonlight *a la Peters* is a rather creditable piece of work; while J. M Raphael's "Blacksmith Shop" is more an interesting and ambitious experiment, than a success.

Of the water colors, pastels and drawings, which are distributed in the other rooms, not much can be said here. There are only a few things of real value, L. M. Dixon's work showing the strongest individuality. O. Kunath has quite a number of miniatures, the best of which seems to me the head of an old lady, excellently drawn and loosely painted. M. Edgerly has in the reclining head "The Sisters" painted a thing of such excellence, showing such a fine treatment of the little, that it will be difficult to bring her future work up to the standard she has created for herself thereby.

The main hall is given over to the statuary and such a display of sculpture by local artists is something hitherto unknown in San Francisco. Douglas Tilden occupies the most important place with two models of the Donahue Fountain. He has materially improved the original conception during the two years he has been working at it. It is without doubt a great and powerfully conceived composition, very correctly rendered. But it leaves one cold. The figures or the working men have too much of the carefully studied studio poses, their arms and bodies do not pull with all their might, the tension of their muscles is not convincing. But in spite of this, and even if the whole thing may not be appropriate for a memorial fountain, it is a work that will be an ornament to the city, for which we ought to be thankful. Tilden's tombstone can in no way compare with Aitken's "Mystery of Death" for the Crocker Mausoleum in which Aitken shows that he has both ideas and the ability to execute them in a masterly way. His much talked of "Life's Flowing Bowl" is nothing but a sketch, put together in a few days to give expression to his idea. And it certainly is an absolutely original, brilliant and truly beautiful conception for a fountain, It would be unjust to criticise the technical faults of the sketch. It is sincerely to be hoped that the group, in spite of the narrow-minded and rather superfluous discussion it has evoked, will adorn one of the public squares of San Francisco, to which it has generously been offered by Mr. R. Weil. Aitken has quite a number of his works there, all showing more or less his great originality and remarkable ability. Of the other pieces Edgar Walter's bust of his beautiful mother and little sister may be mentioned, also the animal studies of Putnam, and old Le Jeune's "Crying Boy."

The illustrated catalogue, though not quite a success as far as the reproductions of the pictures goes, is a laudable effort, for which thanks are due to the curator of the Institute, R. H. Fletcher.

ARNOLD GENTHE.

Her One Thought.

SPOKE about some well-known books;
I asked her if she read.
She charmed me with her woman's looks,
But "no" was what she said.

Quite lightly then I touched on art,
But naught she had to say.
E'en as I spoke, I saw her heart
And eyes were far away.

I spoke of love in such a tone
As might have made her blush.
Yet to her cheeks' full rounded zone
The color did not rush.

She simply muttered, as I ground
My feet into the floor:
"It seems too good! I've gone around
At last in ninety-four!"

Tom Mason, Brooklyn Life.

RISKS

Are run by every woman who has household cares. It is so easy just to run out of the warm house into the fresh air, to pin a piece of lace to the clothes line. It is also easy to take cold in doing so. Then perhaps comes suppression and kindred evils. Whenever there is any disturbance of the normal womanly function Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription may be relied upon to re-establish perfect health. It is strictly a temperance medicine, containing no alcohol or whisky, neither opium, cocaine nor other narcotic.

"Several years ago I suffered severely from female weakness, prolapsus and menorrhagia, and used 'Favorite Prescription' with splendid effect," writes Fannie Shelton, of Washington, Iowa. "Glad I have not needed it for a few years past but if I should have a return of the old trouble would surely try 'Favorite Prescription.' I have recommended it to a number of my lady friends. I always tell them to try a bottle and if they are not benefited by it I will pay for the medicine. In every case they have spoken in praise of it."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free*. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well.

TRUMBULL & BEEBE

Seedsmen and Nurserymen.

419-421 Sansome Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Catalogues Free on Application.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS C

Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the *SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.*

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.
110 Montgomery St, S. F.
Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

Alfred Cane, Luther A. Teague, Frederick Teague.

Teague, Cane & Teague,

DENTISTS.

Claus Spreckels Bldg. Phone Main 1459.

Third and Market Sts. Sixth Floor, S. F., Cal.

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

I REALLY believe, my dear Diary, this is the most pleasant part of the year. Why I could ever have dreaded Lent is a mystery. It is infinitely more fun just to go where one wishes, and to see those whom one likes, than to be on the continual *qui vive*, as I have been all the winter. Of course, mama says I like my pleasant life because I think I am in love, and my men friends have been good enough not to drop me. There is no doubt about it, I had real platonic friends. The men who used to come to see me would by now have dropped out of my life had such not been the case. Fortunate, I suppose, I should call myself, but I do not; I think I am called upon because I can perhaps give the men I know a jollier hour than most of the other girls. There is one fellow who will shortly announce his engagement to a dark, stunning-looking girl, yet he never lets a week pass without dropping in to see me. I sing him the songs that appeal to his soul. It's a comic, serio-sentimental coon soul, I have discovered from his choice in songs. Then I tell him all the stories I get out of the funny papers, with an Irish accent, and he tells me some of the things other girls tell him about the girls I do not like, so we are great friends. The girl to whom he is engaged knows of his friendship for me, and though we are not particularly congenial she does not mind. My "Ideal" at first hated me to have different crushes come in, but Arthur assured him that they were all real platonics. Now I can have just as many as I like, so long as I do not evince any desire to go out with them. The "Ideal" does not wish to build yet. I am a bit disappointed, for I intended having the most artistic house in town, and if there had been pillars they would not have been swollen in the middle. The real Ionic would have suited my taste. I can't see that the San Francisco Improvement on Greek Architecture Company is as successful as it had at first anticipated. I think the columns on the Irwin and Spreckels house a deformity. We have our lot, however, and will build when we have quite made up our mind what style of house is liable to suit the two of us. My tastes are twentieth century, and the "Ideal," though a fine fellow, and yet to be my husband, has queer ideas on the sort of house in which one should live. Of course, I hope to have him inoculated with my artistic spirit, and then I shall do as I please. I do not know how we shall manage this summer, for the house that I anticipated taking has been rented to the Raoul-Duval's for three months. San Mateo is the only place in which one can have a good time, though I hear that San Rafael is to be pretty popular again this year. I should like to build a large bungalow in Burlingame, and may do so yet, for the "Ideal" likes sports of all kinds, and then it is not too far from San Francisco. In the meantime, I am being deliciously entertained by all the people who know me and getting as much pleasure into each day as though Lent were specially arranged for that purpose.

Tuesday was the final Damrosch concert. It quite met with my approval, and I do think we were sufficiently enthusiastic to make Bispham, Gadski and their soulful conductor return again to our midst. Now we have Paderewski with us. It rather disappoints me to think he is married again. My "Ideal" likes celebrities, so he called on the Paderewskis and I had the pleasure of meeting them at dinner. Ignace was very good company; he is clever as a narrator and cheerful. I found him most congenial. Madame Paderewski is different. I do not think she really particularly cares for the American girl. She seemed surprised at my leading and holding the conversation. However, I forgive her for her huband's sake. We had a fine time at the concert on Monday night. The "Ideal" invited ten besides ourselves and I enjoyed so much seeing how the strains of the piano affected each one. I prefer afternoon concerts, so I can either go alone or pick out someone who will appreciate the silence I like to maintain after something very fine has been rendered. But my "Ideal" wishes to clap and then discuss something apropos of anything but music. I am engaged to him now, so he gets his own way. However, I realize daily I am not mama's daughter for nothing. I, like Whitelaw Reid, believe thoroughly in expansion.

Thursday last Therese Morgan had a number of us to tea to meet Helen Thomas. We all had a capital time. I wish I had a little of Helen's enthusiasm. I cannot talk of the "Ideal" with the fervor she does of Mr. Kimble, but of course he is a much younger man than my "Ideal," and Helen is a more enthusiastic girl. She is to be married on the twenty-fifth of April and will have Charlotte Field, Hattie Kimble, Ruth McNutt, Therese Morgan, Adelaide Murphy and Edith Preston as bridesmaids. I think, as the "Ideal" said, that Helen has picked out the handsomest girls in town for bridesmaids. Molly Thomas will be maid of honor. Robert Kimble is to be best man. If my heart were not being true to the "Ideal", I believe Rob Kimble might have it to play with for awhile; even as it is he is an awfully nice chap. It will be a very pretty wedding, and just five days before mine. Helen and I have a sort of fellow-feeling these days. I like to see her quite frequently and talk over the feeling we had before we were really in love.

The Downey Harvey hunt breakfast Saturday morning was a wonderful success. It was awfully well cooked. Diary dear, a well-cooked meal means more to me almost than the love of my "Ideal." Were I a man I should, I fear, marry a cook. Being a woman, I am marrying a man who can afford the luxury of the best cook in town. A great many girls rode—Mary Scott, Mary Crocker, Marie Wells, Addie Murphy, Miss Metcalf, a girl I really like, and the Brittans and Whitneys. We had a good deal of pretty rough riding across the country, and for miles at a time I really had most disagreeable sensations. There were stones and poor ground to contend against, but I think I was as fortunate as the other girls, though I had one disagreeable spill which I have not mentioned either to mama nor to my "Ideal." Mr. Downey Harvey made an excellent presentation speech upon giving Frank Carolan the silver loving cup. It is a beauty. Something about a loving cup always appeals to me.

I forgot to tell you that I had a fine evening at the Hopkins Art Institute on Thursday. Some of the pictures are excellent; those I particularly liked I intend going to see again, alone. It is so difficult to thoroughly appreciate pictures when one is with a jolly crowd; and we were a merry lot, as we had had a big dinner down at the Bohemian Club before we went. I liked one of Keith's particularly. I wish someone would give it to me for a wedding present. It is a view of the Sierras. If I can I shall get Carlsen's "Still Life." I really think it is the best work in the gallery. Lots of the others were interesting, but it is those especially I should like for wedding presents. I think our young artists can be congratulated on their work. Mama has promised me Evelyn McCormack's "Monterey Custom House." I think it charming, and it is one of the most picturesque remnants of old California—the dear old days of which we have so poetic an idea and which with the decay of the adobe houses are gradually fading from our hearts and minds. I always hoped to have something more than an enlarged photograph of that building.

Aitken's door of the Crocker tomb is one of the finest things in the exhibition, to my idea. I do hope that he may live long enough to do some work for me when I have money in the bank.

In the meantime, Diary dear, be cheerful, and I hope I shall be more entertaining next week.

MISS CRICKET.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, accompanied by Miss Campbell, arrived from New York on Monday last, and will remain in San Francisco for some weeks. They are occupying their beautiful mansion on California street.

The Pianola is bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for years. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell street. Sole agents.

Champagne Record Smashed.

109,303 cases imported in 1899 of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry was never before approached. Carrying an enormous stock of choicest wines, its fine quality can not be excelled, regardless of price. Its remarkable 1895 vintage now imported equals its best predecessors.

Perfection in Champagne.

The celebrated vintage of 1893 of Moet & Chandon White Seal, now being imported into the United States, is perfection, being the product of the choicest grapes. Its selection by connoisseurs is proof of its high quality.

AN HAWAIIAN PHOTOGRAPHER.

The Hawaiian Islands furnish many chances to the clever photographer in these days of plagues and eruptions. Frank Davey, of the Davey Photographic Company, who left the Tabers in San Francisco and embarked in business in the Islands, has made excellent

Frank Davey.

use of the opportunities the times have afforded him and has practically made himself the photographic historian of the new territory. The great events of annexation, of the military invasion by Uncle Sam's troops, the funerals of the Kanaka royalties, have all been pictured for the world through his camera. Indeed, he has done more to advertise the Islands than anyone else. It is unnecessary to speak of the excellent qualities of Frank Davey's work. He was esteemed one of the best camera men in the United States and certainly he has lost none of his skill since. During the plague he made over two hundred pictures, and certainly did not spare himself. He was the first man to climb Mauna Loa when the eruption began. Besides these spectacular efforts, Mr. Davey has traveled the Islands through and has made a superb [illegible] tion of general views of coffee and sugar [illegible] ations and of the lovely scenery of the Par[illegible] of the Pacific.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Saur says: "The playing of the pianola in my house last evening was a treat, as well as a surprise. Nothing of the kind I have ever heard before can approach it. In the hands of a competent player all the shading, crescendo, as well as modification of tempi, are remarkably accurate." Kohler & Chase, sole agents, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St.

Have You a Piano that You do not Use?

Is the piano in your home a musical instrument, and do you enjoy it as such, or does it remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than an article of furniture.

The Pianola

Is bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is bringing music into homes where it has long been a stranger.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study and without practice.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keys of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers.

When not in use the Pianola may be easily detached from the piano and moved to another part of the room.

The Pianola can be used in connection with any Grand or Upright piano, and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

Price $250 Upward.

The Pianola can be bought by monthly payments. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.

Kohler & Chase, Sole Agents.

26, 28 and 30 O'FARRELL STREET.

IN BOOKDOM

WOMEN seem to be born with high ideals of manly efficiency. They seem to think that a man is a sort of twenty-five horse power gasoline engine, in point of strength, and they have rather hazy ideas as to his limitations in any but intellectual directions. A good healthy man ought to hoe twenty acres of potatoes in a day (or is it forty?); he ought to saw and split twelve cords of wood in the same length of time; to say nothing of what he should accomplish in light work, like pitching hay. Even after they have had a great deal of experience with that disappointing creature, man, women do not seem ever quite able to see the relationship existing between cause and effect, when a man figures in the cause and the effect is physical. They will always over-estimate the man's physical ability in comparison with their own. They will always exaggerate his powers of endurance.

The laboring man knows this, and he avoids womankind all he may, as an employer of his labor. The novelist knows it, too. He knows that it takes ten men to make a hero that will please his women-folk. He knows that his tale will never be questioned by a woman on the probability or improbability of its wildest action. He knows that nothing ever happens that couldn't happen, in a romance. He knows that his stock will sell for its par value all over the world. Knowing this, he is not obliged to deny himself anything in the way of excitement, since his hero can always be assured of a safe issue from present peril, whatever the straits. All that he has to do is to say that the splendid fellow escapes, and he has escaped. If he has to climb a moon-beam to do it—well?

The book of the month is Miss Mary Johnston's *To Have and To Hold*, with Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s imprint on the title-page. Miss Johnston of course is a woman, and, other things being equal, she has a great advantage over the male novelist in the native possession of a belief in the human hero. She is not obliged to feign this belief. She as a woman was born with it. She can sit down and write out her dreams in all sincerity. Her hero is bound to be a man that can stand up against a whole ship load of pirates, or a dozen treacherous swordsmen, or whatever it be, and win out without straining the muscles of his back. Likewise, if that were the romantic thing to do, he could hoe his twenty acres of potatoes in a day, or split up his ten cords of wood. We are made to feel that the author believes he could do all this, and more, if she would let him.

Miss Johnston has written us an interesting historical romance, and we ought to be thankful to her for it. The action never lags. The pages are crammed full of incident from beginning to end. No Ulysses of them all ever had better steel in his sword than Ralph Percy, gentleman, of V:ginia, commonly known as the hero. Never lived fairer lady than the Lady Jocelyn Leigh, who became his wife. And the villain of the play, my Lord Carnal, favorite of the king, is as good a villain as any one could ask for.

To Have and To Hold is not in any sense a great novel, measured by classic standards. Its author has not yet attained to a large knowledge of men and women, and of the natural laws that govern their actions. She is disposed to ignore the fact that fire will burn, or that a day has twenty-four hours in it and no more. For the purposes of fiction fire will not burn, men will not die when they are killed, a day contains from thirty to sixty nours, a small open boat carries two masts (in order to have them carried away, first one, then the other, in a storm), and performs the strangest feats ever two-masted cat-boat performed amongst the breakers of a raging sea. Here is a description, for instance:

"To the shell-strewn beach of the outer of the two islets raced long lines of surf, and between us and it lurked a sand bar, against which the great rollers dashed with a bull-like roar. The wind drove us straight upon this bar. A moment of deadly peril and it had us fast, holding us for the waves to beat our life out. The boat listed, then rested, quivering through all its length. The waves pounded against its side, each watery battering-ram dissolving in foam and spray but to give place to another, and yet it held together and we lived. How long it would hold we could not tell; we only knew it could not be for long. The inclination of the boat was not so great but that, with caution, we might move about. There were on board rope and an axe. With the latter I cut the thwarts and the decking in the bow, and Diccon and I made a small raft. When it was finished, I lifted my wife in my arms and laid her upon it and lashed her to it with a rope."

Surely no more unique report ever was written of shipwreck. A tiny open boat, "with two masts," aground on a sand-bar in the raging Atlantic, but yet with its "inclination not so great but that with caution we might move about," the boat drawing perhaps two or three feet of water, while "each watery battering-ram dissolving in foam and spray" against its side tried to move it from its position, must have been a rare sight. Miss Johnston also is distinctly not to be congratulated upon her Indian complications toward the end of the story. They are a little bookish and commonplace, and retard the progress of a well-written and interesting romance.

NEW BOOKS.

A Manifest Destiny, by Julia Magruder, appears upon the title-page of one of the latest novels from the Harpers. The story is a simple one of a girl, whose beauty is her chief capital, and the young heir of a dukedom. The marriage is forbidden by the old duke; the girl in person intercedes; the duke is struck by her beauty and persuades her to marry him instead of ruining the prospects of the young heir his cousin; she, being ambitious, does this and repents at leisure; and it all comes out right in the end through the death of the old duke. Then there are explanations, and a reconciliation of the lovers. Mark Twain once spoke of music "being better than it sounded," and the same paradox is true of this plot as I have outlined it. The interest centers rather upon the sympathetic, if not entirely consistent, characterization, whereby the charms of a beautiful, intelligent and good woman are delineated.

Robert H. Greene, M.D., has written a book called *Healthy Exercise* (Harper & Bros.), in which he undertakes to state the laws of health in popular terms. Dr. Greene frankly states in his opening chapters that he is indebted to Dr. Fernand Le Grange, a Frenchman, who may be known to most of the readers of this paper as the author of a work entitled *De l'Exercise Chez les Adultes*, for many of his theoretical discussions as to the physiology of voluntary muscular contraction, and other hygienical data. But he does not say which ones. That is unfortunate. It would be too bad to blame Dr. Greene for Dr. Le Grange's affidavits, and likewise unfair to attribute to Dr. Le Grange sentiments for which Dr. Greene is responsible. Some of the chapters I fear a e rather carelessly written. None of them are very clearly written. To be of the greatest value, such a treatise should be both carefully and clearly written. When Dr. Greene (or Dr. Le Grange) on one page tells his readers that among those that grow fat are "those who suffer from some inflammatory or obstructive condition of the nose, throat, or lungs; this interferes with the proper oxygen supply for the needs of the system and leads to the diminution in the oxygenation of the food supplies, thus causing the storing up of fat in that manner, even if a small supply of food be taken;" and on the next page, that among those who grow lean are those "whose lungs do not receive a sufficient supply of oxygen to burn up the food supply," what is the layman to think? However, the charts of exercises at the back of the book apparently are both consistent and valuable.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim has a romance upon this desk from the press of the J. B. Lippincott Co., and *The Man and His Kingdom* is the title of it. The scene of the tale is laid in South America, on the island of San Martina, all in the manner of Richard Harding Davis. There is, to be sure, no man over six feet tall in Mr. Oppenheim's story, which is absurd, according to Mr. Davis; otherwise *The Man and His Kingdom* might pass anywhere as the work of one not its author. Mr. Oppenheim is not making the most of his unusual talents. He might have passed for Mr. Davis by some hook or crook long ago, and sold his books into the hundreds of thousands. If he had begun in time he might even have compelled Mr. Davis to pass for him. Who knows?

In Mr. Oppenheim's latest romance we have for a central character a wealthy Englishman named Dene, who goes to San Martina with a co-operative colony of agriculturists. The President of San Martina has a beautiful daughter, who has been educated in Europe. The girl falls in love with the young Englishman, and he with her. There are a great many complications, plots, revolutions, and things of that kind, centering more or less around a scape-grace son of the President and one Sagasta, an English revolutionist in the island. This Sagasta has a sweetheart, also an English girl, who had married the President's son time gone by, but had never lived with him. The solution of things need not be explained further than by saying that Dene becomes President of San Martina in the end, and the lovers are all brought out of the woods.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins has added another book of short stories to her already long list of titles, calling it simply by the name of the first story, *The Love of Parson Lord*. This title-story is the study of a father's love for his child, and the way in which that father-love got around certain vows he as a stiff-necked Puritan minister had made to God as to his daughter. He had promised to give his surplus income to foreign missions, and his daughter to the service of God; but instead of doing just that, he bought dolls and dresses and little vanities for Love, bestowing them anonymously, as though they had come from a rich neighbor. Then, when her hand was asked in marriage by that one who could best make her happy, he kept the letter of his vow by refusing his consent, but broke the spirit of it by aiding in every way, and surreptitiously, the plea of that lover for a marriage without his consent. The second story, *The Tree of Knowledge*, is the study of a lonely young girl's romance with an unknown correspondent by means of a hollow in an old oak tree. It transpired that an elder sister was writing these mysterious letters to her, making them as noble as herself. A real lover came later, in a way undreamed of by anyone, least of all by that sister. All three, I believe, of the remaining stories have had previous magazine publication. Of these, *Catherine Carr* is a patriotic story of 1814; *The Three Old Sisters and the Old Beau* a slight character-sketch; and *One Good Time* a story of how a down-trodden wife when her husband died went to New York and blew in every cent of the life insurance money. The book is published by Harper & Bros.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c
Hall's Family Pills are the best

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

are perfect in action. Over 40 years' experience guides the manufacture. Get the improved. No tacks required. To avoid imitations, notice script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet. 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel. Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

—FOR—

Nome, St. Michael, Dawson

AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.

CARRYING U. S. MAILS.

FOR NOME DISTRICT.

From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,

From San Francisco, S. S. "St, Paul," May 26th, 1900

A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fortnight Thereafter

For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak, and all Intermediate Points:

From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.

For new folders, maps and further particulars, as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash

Kitro Toni.

King of all. For men and women. A fine Grape Fruit Tonic. Recommended by all Physicians. Sold by al Druggists, Grocers and Dealers.

A TAILOR-MADE MAHATMA

THIS is the story of the dismemberment of the Brooklyn Society for Amateur Psychical Research. It was composed of thirty true believers and one scoffer. The true believers and one Mahatma kept the society in high standing in the world of the flesh and the spirit world for a year; the one scoffer punctured the bubble in a night.

I was in at the death. That I was not in at the birth, so to speak, was not my fault; I did not learn of the existence of the Brooklyn Society for Amateur Psychical Research, until just before the gaudy climax which marked its finish. Barbara raked me into it. Barbara is beautiful beyond a doubt, and wonderfully interesting, but she is one of the unquiet of her sex. I have often wished that she lived in San Francisco, because, with Chinatown and strange restaurants and like vents of the so-called "Bohemian" sort, and a city of people who mind their business, there are many ways for a San Francisco girl to blow off her superfluous soul in innocent thrills. But she lives in the City of Churches, where things are—different. She used to swap souls, but lately she has been going in for theosophy, with all the etceteras from spiritualism clear to black magic. I will let Barbara tell of the beginnings as she told them to me:

"Do you believe it—really? Then you mustn't tell, now will you? We have a tailor-made Mahatma."

"A tailor-made ——"

"It is funny, isn't it? But you would understand if you saw her. I got so dreadfully tiresome, meeting every other Tuesday evening after the theatre, and watching Mrs. Sturtevant Hynes tip tables and Mr. Jenkins go off into trances, and all that, and listening to Mrs. Posen read from Madame Blavatsky, that we'd made up our minds that we weren't a harmonic circle after all, and unless you're harmonic and have sympathetic vibrations or synthetic chords—I think that's it—you can't get it at all—"

"What's It?"

"Oh, Nirvina or something. Anyway, Mr. Perkins said that what we needed was a mahatma. And she came—and ever since that, it's been perfectly lovely."

"What's *this* It?"

"Oh, lectures and manifestations and things. Do you know, I didn't like her at all at first? She *was*—handsome. And all the men said that she was beautiful. I never *did* care for those big, black eyes put in with a dirty thumb. But her lectures have been just splendid! All about Mahatmas and development of our higher astral selves and Sanskrit and those funny little magic things. And she says that none of us need despair, because if we only macerate the spiritual self and absorb her lectures a little longer, we can all separate our astral bodies from self and see manifestations like Mr. Jenkins—if we have faith; and I think that I have faith, don't you? Wouldn't it be lovely to soar——"

"And where does the Mahatma come off?"

"I don't understand—"

"How much vulgar, dross, unpsychical coin does she get out of this?"

"We'l, you see, Mahatmas come high, and I think that she is very reasonable for a real one. She charges only five dollars a lecture—we have one every week——"

"Five dollars each? And how many are there of you?"

"Only thirty. She says that if you truly believe in the vasicular submergation of the physical, dross, objective ethos—I think that's the way it goes—that you shouldn't mind vulgar money, because you'd pay money for millinery and things and this is more than millinery. It *does* look reasonable that way, doesn't it?"

I had to admit that it looked very reasonable for the Mahatma. I would lecture once a week, myself, at a nine hundred and fifty per. The matter seemed fit for investigation and worth a small investment. And so the next week beheld me received on probation into the B. S. of A. P. S. I found the membership to be composed of some of the rich and influential people of the city of churches—solid and substantial folk who ought to have known better. I was the one grovelling and inquisitive scoffer, though it is on my conscience that I concealed the fact. We met twice a week. One night was devoted to table tilting and manifestations; on the other, the tailor-made Mahatma lectured and told us about the astral bodies in our insides. Her symbolic jargon is beyond my power to reproduce, and so is her beauty of person. Such eyes—such midnight hair—such a form! She told us one evening that she was the daughter of a French-Canadian, and that her last incarnation was on Neptune. If she is a sample of the inhabitants of Neptune, I bespeak the belted planet for my next translation.

Let us pass over the lectures wherein she explained to us the gradual evolution of the human soul, from beast up to Mahatmas. Sufficient it is to say that she led us up by degrees to the perfect knowledge wherein our astral bodies might be liberated from the frail tenement of flesh and soar—and soar. One evening, she created a profound sensation by announcing that the time had come for the final sitting, wherein complete separation should be achieved. It would not cost much; only faith in the universal unity and self-abnegation and a fee of about four times the usual lecture price. Slessinger, a retired banker, became so enthused that he stood treat for the whole society, and handed over the money at once. The Mahatma announced that the surroundings in the society's regular rooms were not sufficiently in agreement with the permeating influences of nature; we could accomplish complete self-submergation only in her own apartments, where the harmonies were observed.

Behold us, therefore, on the appointed night, gathered in her rooms in an uptown apartment-house. But it was no tailor-made Mahatma who greeted us. 'Twas a Being in a yellow robe, with wavy black hair falling over the soft stuff. The apartment was dim, mysterious. Before the divan on which she sat, never deigning to rise as we entered, burned a censer. We waited in silence. Presently she spoke, directing the men to go to the right and the women to the left into two small anterooms, and don robes like hers. When we returned and formed the circle again, a great change had come over the appearance of the assemblage. There was a mystic, Oriental air about it. The *Arabian Nights* came to my mind. The Mahatma rose and faced us. The light about her was dim and uncertain. At her left hand stood an ebony table, bearing a book or two, an ivory wand, and a jug of curious Roman pottery.

"My friends and pupils," she said in her rich, drowsy voice, "we have come to the final test of our faith. Prepare, therefore. Banish all thought of earthly things. Dispose your minds to calm, and soon you shall be face to face with the mysteries of creation, and float with those shadowy beings whose forms are so misshapen and indistinct at the first trial, and so clear to an adept. Wherefore, listen to the words of Veda," and then she spieled Sanskrit for awhile. The room was filled with a mysterious perfume, the light was dim, and I, being a scoffer and suffering no excitement, was growing sleepy.

"You are now ready," she said. "Fear not. But before you go, drink, each of you, a little of the wine of Achitophel, that your earthly bodies may keep warm for your return."

She poured from the jug into a set of little earthen beakers. We drank. I sipped the curious, rather bitter liquid, with misgiving, but the eye of the Mahatma was on me. The perfume seemed heavier, the room dimmer, the voice of the prophetess, speaking reassuring words, more drowsy.

I was in space, with nothing under or above me, just lying on the ether in absolute rest. It was neither bright nor dark, a region filled with filtered light, like the caves of the sea. I must have lain a century like that, when I was aware of wonderful music, music such as I had never heard before. I began to look for its source. For delighted ages and ages I soared on and on, searching, searching, with that music in my ears. Suddenly I was aware of a man seated at an organ made of gold and jaspar, like the walls of the New Jerusalem. The music died away, as I came upon him, and was succeeded by heavenly odors, a symphony of scents. By and by he turned toward me. He had a diamond for one eye and an opal for the other.

"You have made a beat on them all," he said. This isn't exactly what he said; it was put in higher-sounding language, but 'tis what it meant.

"How is that?" I ventured to ask.

"Heaven and earth are to be destroyed tomorrow, and you have the exclusive story." I was now aware, without his telling me, that he was a celestial city editor. "It is a scoop. Would you like to see the presses?"

The odors swept over me again; I was transported to a region where pressmen in yellow robes were putting forms of ruby type—real ruby—on a golden press. It began to run at a speed beyond all conception and then even faster than that—faster and faster. I faded away on the ether again. The next thing I remember was a fall through infinite space, and a jar which shocked every bone and every nerve, and lo, I was lying on my divan, looking into the dark eyes of the tailor-made Mahatma. She was waving her ivory wand to and fro, and her countenance wore an expression of beatific joy. The other investigators lay sleeping with ashen faces, all but one or two, who, like me, had wakened oversoon. One by one they shivered, moaned and awoke. The Mahatma spoke reassuring words and bade us begone. We crept into the anterooms, doffed our yellow robes and departed.

I awoke next morning with a sensation not totally unfamiliar in my head, and an old memory came back to me with a jump—a night in San Francisco when an East Indian from Calcutta had told me something of his people and initiated me into some of their customs. I went to the next seance with a small, wide-necked bottle, closed with a tight stopper, strapped about my neck. I pulled that stopper as I donned the yellow robe, and chose a moment when the Mahatma was not looking to receive the wine of Achitophel in the bottle. One by one, the eyes of the others grew heavy, and they fell over in deep sleep; I pretended to do the same. The Mahatma watched us narrowly for a time; then she passed into the next room. When she returned, I detected an odor of absinthe and cigarettes. Settling herself into an attitude very undignified for a tailor-made Mahatma, she looked at us with an expression of intense amusement. An investigator stirred. She took up her wand and began to wave it in air, with her characteristic drowsy gesture.

As we left, Slessinger confided in me that the Mahatma was the real thing. He said that he had been leading a chorus of ten thousand houris with a golden staff. Only, he thought that the reaction caused by the reunion of the astral body and the tenement of clay was somewhat trying. I agreed with him. I had not then recovered from the previous seance, nor have I done so yet. I still have that tired feeling in my head mornings. I have it now.

But an analysis of the wine of Achitophel "is before me as I write." Here is an extract:

"Dear Sir:—The liquid you left us for analysis is made up of nine parts of good California sherry and one part of *Cannabis Indica*, known also as hasheesh and Indian hemp. *Cannabis Indica* is a drug which has the power of making the beholder see wonderful dreams and hallucinations. The quantity in the sample you have given me would, if taken internally, make the recipient see green planets fighting with purple angels."

The tailor-made Mahatma has moved her lodgings. Barbara has taken up the study of Maeterlink.

RAYMOND RUSH.

ASK THE TICKET AGENT

to send you from Chicago to New York, Boston, or other Eastern cities over the **Nickel Plate** (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) Quick time, satisfactory service, and no extra fares charged passengers.

JAY W. ADAMS, Pacific Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker bldg., San Francisco Cal.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 305.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 Post St., San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,213,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28,563,655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....210,067
Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee. Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S.G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Joseph D. Grant, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—MEXICAN GOLD and Silver Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the seventh day of March 1900, an assessment [No. 63] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of April, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the Second day of May, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Mathews and Harris; Vashti Earle and Lulu Shepherd; Carrie Behr; Harry Cogill and May Arles; Charles Sweet; A. L. Guille; Keno, Welsh and Melrose; Loney Haskell; W. C. Fields.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

WEEK OF APR. 2nd

The Greatest Historical Play the world has ever seen

QUO VADIS

A $10,000 production of scenic and costumes, splendor and a cast of 100 people on the stage. Positively the most gigantic undertaking of any stock company in the west.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, APR. 2nd
Smyth & Rice Present the Comedian

WILLIE COLLIER

In his own New Farce

"MR. SMOOTH"

April 9th—Wm. H West's Minstrels.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Another Big Attraction, Every evening and regular Saturday matinee.

On The Suwanee River

The Season's Notable Success, Clean, Laughable and Interesting. A Story full of Heart Interest. As Sweet as an Orange Blossom

A Comedy Drama Gem of Purity, Simplicity and Heart Interest.

All Special Scenery of the Beautiful Sunny South.

Commencing Monday Night April 9th,

JAMES NEILL COMPANY

The best stock Company in America.

Monday afternoon April 2, last Paderewski Recital.

Racing! Racing! Racing!
CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

Winter meeting, 1899-1900, beginning MONDAY Mar. 26 to Apr. 7, 1900.

OAKLAND RACE TRACK.

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.
Five or more races each day.
Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.
Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.
Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President,
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

IN THE MATTER OF
H. SOCHAT, Bankrupt

Take notice, that H. Sochat, bankrupt, IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California, above named, has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 7th day of April, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place the creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, March 26th 1900.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco

"On the Suwanee River" begins a week's engagement at the California Sunday afternoon. It is a comedy-drama which comes to San Francisco with a good Eastern reputation, As the name indicates, the scene is laid in the South. Stella Mayhew, as the colored "mammy," appears in the star part. James Neill and his stock company follow with an extended engagement.

NEW YORK THEATRICALS

Fashions in Plays. Blanche Bates as "Mme. Butterfly."

NEW YORK first-nighters are wondering what sort of a play is going to be the fashion for next season. We ran through romantic melodrama this year and finished with it. The short-lived craze for the salacious died with "Sapho." Heaven chooses strange instruments to do the work of righteousness; no stranger one could have been chosen to down our immoral drama than the *World*, beside whose Sunday supplement the Frenchy playbook is as a prayer-book. But 'tis done, the craze is over, and we are ready for the next fashion. The new productions of this fag-end of the season give no hint as to its character. With the exception of "Madame Butterfly," which is too short to have much influence, they are mediocre and are cast on conventional lines. A few months ago, when "The Cowboy and the Lady" was announced, I looked to that play to lead a new fashion, the exploitation of the fast-passing Wild West, which has hitherto been left to cheap melodrama. But it turned out to be an invertebrate sort of a play, and too weak to lead anything. I am convinced that had Clyde Fitch succeeded in this venture, we would have had a Western craze next season. For we are in the state of thought where one single piece of merit will set things a-going.

Possibly, it will be a revival of the classic drama. Every successful actor arrives at a stage when nothing will do for him but that he have a fling at Shakespeare. A number of our younger actors and actresses come to that state of being next season, and we have their announcements in advance. In addition to that, I base my prophecy of a Shakespearean revival on the fact that the classic drama is used, in these days, as a "filler." It is an undignified position for the Bard of Avon, but it is nevertheless his place in the modern theatre. Whenever there is a hiatus between fashions, they go back to Shakespeare and the heroic dramas which follow in the wake—"Richelieu," "Ingomar," "Virginius," "Francesca da Rimini,"—our one permanent American play—and the others of that ilk. We have no Booth, no Barrett, no Salvini in this generation, but who knows but that Booth's successor may be found next season? Young Salvini, who was about to take the robe of the Prince of Players when he died, was thought of only as the mediocre son of a great father, so long as he lingered on in the romantic drama; his *Hamlet*, tried a year or so before his death, proved that a new star had risen in the master drama.

Three players who made their first successes as mimics of stage celebrities are even now having their first attempts at admission to a higher grade. The rise of Nat Goodwin from a vaudeville turn—in the days when no star ever essayed vaudeville—to society drama and refined comedy, is too well known to need mention. He has his most serious role in "When We Were Twenty-One," H. V. Esmond's new play, which comes as an antidote to the "Zaza" series; and he is understood to be on his way to Shakespearian tragedy. *Bertie the Lamb* as *Macbeth*—well, stranger things have happened. Cissie Loftus, who has been a star attraction at the concert halls in her imitations of famous actors, is trying her hand at Shakespeare and Scribe with Madame Modjeska. It is a costly ambition. She is worth five hundred dollars a week at the concert halls, while Modjeska can hardly pay her one-fifth of that amount. It is her first attempt at "the legit," and it is not to fair to judge her, but so far she has shown none of the spontaneity which marks her concert hall work. She is intelligent and loveable, and that is all. She must pull herself together and act with all the might which is in her if she hopes for a success.

The third departure is that of Tim Murphy, whose low comedy was even lower than that of Goodwin and Miss Loftus. He makes his legitimate appearance in "The Carpetbagger," a play which illustrates several things that ought not to be done in play-writing. An attempt is made to show the development of a character, a thing which can be done in a novel, but which cannot be brought out in the precious few minutes of the play. It has never been done successfully, if "Hamlet" be excepted. Again, the plot depends upon politics of a sort too intricate to be understood by the uninitiated. All this confusion and mixture is in what might have been a successful play. Murphy himself proves his right to a place among legitimate comedians. His attractive personality and acting strangely subtle for one just out of the vaudeville atmosphere, give promise of a continued success.

May Robson, for long years the caricaturist of the Frohman forces and creator of "the cook lady" in "Why Smith Left Home," has gone to the opposite direction. She is winning new honors in "Sapolio," the Weber & Field burlesque on "Sapho." Indeed, she is so amusing in her unctuous caricature of Miss Nethersole that she may remain in burlesque permanently, which would be a very good thing for her financially. "The "funny man" is as common as dirt, but the funny woman is a scarce article and comes high.

I must not slight "Madame Butterfly" because, an ye hear me, it is the best play of the season, short curtain-raiser though it be. By this time you must know its salient points—the adaptation of John Luther Long's story, the successful acting of Blanche Bates in the last role where she would be expected to make a success, and the "night of silence," that scene wherein a night is supposed to pass and not a word is spoken. It was a daring thing. Any new playwright who might have brought such a scene to a manager would have waited all his life for a production. But Belasco had the reputation, and the event proved his judgment. The scene representing the all-night wait of the deserted wife lasts ten minutes. Blanche Bates holds center stage all that time, and besides keeping silence, she rarely moves. The passage of time is indicated by stage "business." The scene is an interior. The wife sees through the window her husband's ship come into the bay. She makes the room bright and arranges flowers for his coming; he does not come. The lights grow dim, night falls, a servant enters with a lamp. She places the baby beside the mother and joins the vigil herself. The babe falls asleep, so does the servant, and the mother (Miss Bates) is left sitting, looking out into the darkness. The lamps burn out and die. The gray dawn comes and day breaks. Not a word, only the barest possible gesture—and yet the women cried. 'Tis a woman's tragedy.

Heaven knows how a stalwart Diana like Blanche Bates can suggest the Japanese doll, but she does it, although not with entire success. This was partly achieved by picking giants for the rest of the cast. Even then the illusion was not perfect, but otherwise she was splendid. It takes a mimic to give the accent and manner of such a part, and it takes a real actor to make successful such a scene as the silent one.

DRAYTON.

A Scene from "On The Suwanee River," at the California next week.

AT THE THEATRES.

THE stage tramp has succeeded rag-time as the ruling vaudeville turn. Jugglers, musicians, acrobats and monologue artists endeavor to put comedy into their "stunts" by the rags and tatters of Dusty Rhodes. We have three of them on this week's Orpheum bill alone. One of the cleverest is W. C. Fields, a tramp juggler who is a little more comedian than juggler, though clever at both. Fields is really only a boy, being twenty years old and young in appearance for his age. He says that his start as a juggler and Isaac Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation came about through the same sort of accident.

"I was a boy of fourteen and had gone up to the country from Philadelphia, my home. I was sitting under a pear tree when some pears were shaken down by the wind. I picked up some of them and began to toss them up and try to juggle them. Somehow, I became fascinated with the trick, and practiced it all the weeks I was in the country. By the time I returned to town, I could juggle three balls with one hand, and I decided to keep it up. I made up my mind to practice an hour every day for a year. At the end of that time I made my first public appearance and scored a hit. A year more of practice, and I went into the business. It was all a matter of natural knack and steady work. I am sure that you need the knack, because one or two other boys, who began to try when I did, and practiced just as hard, made no headway at all.

"It is a curious thing about the business that certain of my hardest tricks get no applause at all, while some of the easiest bring a great 'hand.' For instance, there is the 'pawnshop' trick, where I juggle three balls close together just in front of my face. It is funny, I suppose, but it does not seem difficult to the audience, yet it is my toughest 'stunt.' Some of my tricks with cigar boxes are very easy, and anyone ought to be able to learn them, but audiences generally applaud them generously.

"Another curious thing is that 'misses' run in series. For weeks I will never make a single blunder, and then there will be several days in succession when I miss ten or a dozen times at each performance. There is no apparent reason; my nerves and health and everything seem as good as ever. I just get started wrong, and can't get right. Of course, constant practice is necessary. If I stop a single day, my work shows it."

* *

The Tivoli began the week with a good-humored house and what was plainly the first production in this country of "Manila Bound." The opera was only three acts in length, but it lasted until midnight. Extra business favorably received was largely responsible for the delay. Indeed, the comedy itself was merely an excuse, a sort of clothes-line on which Ferris Hartman and crew might hang their funny carpets to beat the dust out of them. Long waits between acts, an interminably long second act, and considerable superfluous matter in the third, also had something to do with the midnight curtain. But the house received the whole thing with great good humor, distributing vociferous if somewhat uncritical encores to everyone in sight. The ladies in the company seemed to earn all the honors for singing, Miss Graham doing especially well. Miss Merrill has a rather unwieldy mezzo voice; but she has a good stage presence and was popular. Miss Cotte's clear soprano was also heard to advantage. Miss Myers had the leading soprano role. Mr. Wheelan as the attorney was a great bore. He certainly is not a success as a caricaturist. Loud mouthing of lines does not constitute humor, nor does the frantic and purposeless dashing up and down the stage constitute a parody upon action. A man may have bumble bees in his hat and still be an actor. Musically, not much need be said about "Manila Bound." It is essentially a vaudeville opera, and as such will be popular.

* *

It would be rash to state that Paderewski plays more magnificently than he did four years ago. Then, he was a supreme artist, a master of all the resources of the instrument. Today he is no less so, but he is also a little more. He is now a greater man. He is surer of himself. He is less impeded by technicalities; he can more easily, more adequately render his conception of a composition. He can make it stand out, raise and lower it according as he feels, with infinitely less effort.

Since Paderewski was here we have heard all the great modern pianists. Sauer alone is to be named in the same breath. Yet the German had not the wonderful range or the great strength of Paderewski. Rosenthal had greater speed, but he lacked the poetry and soul the Pole infuses into his renderings. It must be admitted he is the greatest artist of the period, and it behooves those who care for divine pianoforte playing to hear him.

* *

"El Capitan," the best legitimate success of the Morosco company this season, is having a revival at the Grand this week. The part made famous by De Wolf Hopper is well handled by William Wolff. It is really his best role. The strong ensemble required by the Sousa opera just suits Jones' strong and well-drilled chorus, so that the whole goes with a swing.

* *

Matthews and Harris, comedians, bring a sketch, "Adam the Second," to the new bill at the Orpheum next week. Vashti Earle and Lulu Shepard are two American comediennes who made a hit at the last London pantomime season. Carrie Behr is a singing comedienne who combines musical talent with good looks. Harry Cogill and May Arles have a musical comedy sketch entitled "A Warm Lunch."

* *

Willie Collier presents his amusing "Mr. Smooth" at the Columbia all the week, including Sunday evening. W. H. West's Big Minstrel Jubilee follows. Some attractive novelties are promised.

* *

"Quo Vadis" is to have an elaborate presentation at the Alcazar next week. Special scenery and costumes have been procured to meet the wide requirements of this highly-colored historical drama.

* *

Paderewski will give his last recital at the California Theatre on Monday afternoon, April 2nd. It is barely possible that he may be heard in a grand orchestral concert before he leaves the state. In that event, he will play Beethoven's Emperor Concerto in E flat and a Polish fantasy of his own composition.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. March 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, April 1. change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Mar. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Apr. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Mar. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Apr. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Mar. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Apr. 1 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Mar. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, Apr. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports. 10 a. m. March 8th and 7th of each month thereafter.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, April 4 at 2 p.m.

S. S. Moana, **for Australia**, Wednesday, April 18 at 8 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN **3** DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE **$12 First Class** / **$8 Second Class** — Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb. 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7, 17, 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

SUNSET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1899-1900

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Friday
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays and Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the travelling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 6610 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in **PAPER**
55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

A Toilet Necessity.

WA KELEE' COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Gould and Curry Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 6th day of March, 1900, an assessment (No. 89) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of April, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 2nd day of May, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office: Room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

The

Ease and Speed

with which Silver is cleaned with

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

makes it almost self cleaning. You don't need muscle to produce the brilliancy, the "power is in the box."

At grocers or postpaid 15 cts. in stamps.
Trial quantity for the asking.

The Electro Silicon Company,
30 Cliff Street, New York.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.

WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.

American and European Plan.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALPS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

ELECTRIC

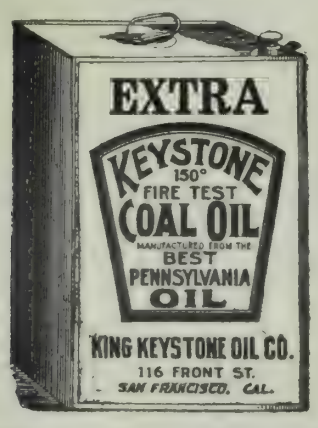
SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST COAL OIL.

BUY



COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.
Pacific Coast
Sole Agents

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

THE PREVAILING FEELING.—An English Member of Parliament visiting Dublin asked his waiter in the hotel, a facetious old Celt, "When are you going to get Home Rule in Ireland, John?" "See ye here, sorr," said the old man; "the only way we'll get Home Rule for ould Ireland will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—an' maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give those blaygiards of English a rare good hiding. That's the only way we'll get Home Rule, annyway." Then, as he looked cautiously round, a twinkle of cunning and a smile of courtesy were added to his expression. "And the whole lot of 'em shoved together couldn't do it," he said. "Oh—it's the grand navy we've got!"

x

EVARTS'S REASON FOR LONGEVITY—An old friend called on Senator Evarts, who recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday, and asked how he accounted for his longevity. He pursued: "You have been a hard worker. You have eaten and drunk whenever you were hungry and thirsty, and have been what we call a free liver. You have never taken care of yourself and were not born with a strong physique. Why is it that you have outlived nearly all of our contemporaries?" "I suppose it's because I have never taken any exercise," said Mr. Evarts, grimly.

x

TOO READILY ACCEPTED.—In the House of Commons, some years ago, Gladstone had made an impassioned speech in favor of the union of Wallachia and Moldavia. Disraeli pointed out that the result would be to destroy the independence of these people, and the only thing left would be the remorse "which would be painted with admirable eloquence by the rhetorician of the day." In reply, Mr. Gladstone said that he would not be guilty of the affected modesty of pretending to be ignorant that the designation, "the rhetorician of the day," was intended for himself. "I beg your pardon! I really did not mean that!" Mr. Disraeli interrupted, smiling happily—for Gladstone had fallen into his trap.

x

A LOGICAL DEDUCTION.—A good grand parent was chatting amicably with his little granddaughter, who was snugly ensconced on his knee. "What makes your hair so white, grandpa?" the little miss queried. "I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," replied his lordship, with a painful disregard of the truth. "Oh! are you Noah?" "No." "Are you Shem, then?" "No, I am not Shem." "Are you Ham?" "No." "Then," said the little one, who was fast nearing the limit of her biblical knowledge, "you must be Japhet." A negative reply was given to this query also. "But, grandpa, if you are not Noah, or Shem, or Ham, or Japhet, you must be a beast."

x

NOT A CHRISTIAN.—State Treasurer Jim Davidson of Wisconsin was at a revival meeting in a small town near Madison and was lulled into semi-somnolence by the eloquence of the divine. At the critical stage of the meeting young men went round the congregation inquiring "Are you a Christian?" Most people replied in the affirmative. When they came to Davidson, he did not catch the import of the query. He replied, "No, ah bin Norwegian."

x

A DECEPTIVE HERO.—A large dry goods firm in Liverpool, being gratified at the volunteering of one of its employees for service in South Africa, offered to pay half his wages to his wife in his absence. At the end of the month the woman appeared, and the moiety was at once given her. "What?" she said. "Four pound?" "Yes," replied the senior partner, "that is exactly half; sorry you are not satisfied." "It isn't that I'm not satisfied. Why, for years he has told me he only got sixteen shillings altogether, and—and—if the Boers don't kill him I will."

x

HIS LEADING CONTRIBUTION.—A strange parson who had preached in a Staffordshire parish was amazed at the conduct of the warden, who, after the service, proceeded to take from the plate the largest coin thereon and carefully pocket it. "What are you about?" he gasped. The warden only smiled. "I have led the collection in this church for a dozen years with this half-crown," he remarked, "and I am not going to part with it."

x

THE QUIVER OF HIS LIPS.—Sir Robert Peel was once going through a picture collection with a friend where there was a portrait of a prominent Englishman who was famous for saying sharp things. "How wonderfully like!" said the friend. "You can see the quiver on his lips." "Yes," replied Sir Robert, "and the arrows coming out of it."

x

THE IRISHMAN'S TRIBUTE.—An Irishman with Lord Methuen thus addressed a group of his comrades: "Be jabers, this is a fine counthry for a soldier! Ye gets a blade of grass six inches high, and ye take cover behind it, and they nicks it off inch by inch, and when it gets to the last inch, be jabers, look out!"

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

For nea ly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate charges.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

REPSOLD

Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner

This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants

A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

THE

White Pass and Yukon Route

The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M. T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between

Skaguay and Lake Bennett.

Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
ATLIN, DAWSON AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

For a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Mede from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave,
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents,

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line CUTS

Yosemite Engraving Co.
24 Montgomery Street
San Francisco

For Catalogues Books Souvenirs Newspapers Letter-heads Etc.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS.

308 - 314 Post St.

Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. All the Latest Books in our Sheet Music Department.

The Wave

1900

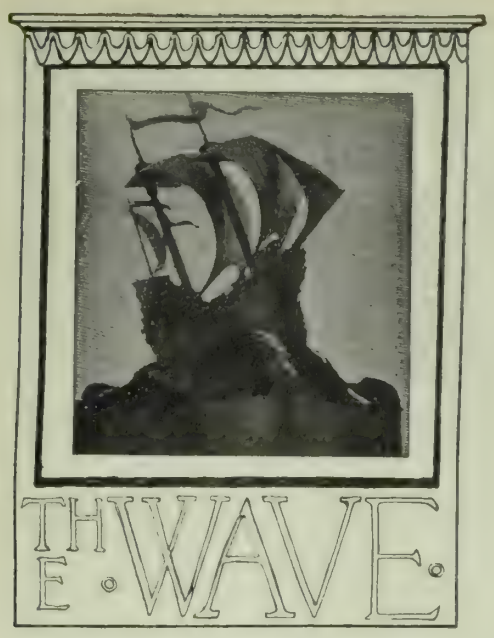
VOL. XXI. No. 13 SAN FRANCISCO—APRIL 7, 1900 SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

to the Library

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

TRAIN WRECKED BY INSURGENTS AT BAM BAN ON THE DAGUPAN RAILWAY.

Photos by W. W. Wells.



Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—April 7, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Cemeteries of San Francisco 4-5
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 6
Paderewski's Home 7
Portraits of Choir Singers of Oakland, Cal 8
Colonial in Warfare 9
Passing of Osman Pasha 9
Correspondence 10
Babblings of a Belle 11
Choir Singers of Oakland, Cal 11
In Bookdom, by W. J. Neidig 12
A Millinery Censor 13
At the Theatres 14
New Stories Re-told 15

EVENTS CURRENT.

Another British Disaster in South Africa.

The week has not been a successful one for British arms. Increased Boer activity is reported everywhere. The most important engagement noted occurred almost within hearing of the main imperial army. Lord Roberts wires that on March 30th Colonel Broadwood, with a considerable force, was at Thabanchu, thirty-eight miles east of Bloemfontein, when his communications were threatened by flying columns of Boers. He retired upon the water-works, seventeen miles nearer his base. The next morning the enemy again threatened his camp, and he immediately dispatched two horse artillery batteries and his baggage toward Bloemfontein, under cavalry escort. Some two miles from the waterworks the road crosses a deep nullah or spruit. In this spruit a large force of Boers had concealed themselves during the night; and so well were they hidden that the leading British scouts passed over the drift, according to Lord Roberts's account, without discovering them. When the wagons and guns were quite within the drift a murderous fire was poured into the transport at short range. The Kaffir drivers of the convoy at once stampeded, leaving their teams. Scores of the artillery drivers were shot down by the first volley. The British re-formed with great steadiness, but were obliged to abandon their entire baggage train of one hundred wagons, together with seven field guns. The casualities were nearly four hundred, including over two hundred captured by the Boers. The Bloemfontein water-works are situated only some twenty-one miles east of the city; and the significance of this latest disaster to the British arms lies in that fact, and in the repetition of the inefficient British scouting that has already caused so great loss of life in this war. Telegrams from Kimberley state that the Boers are again becoming active along the Vaal river. Pretoria dispatches speak of renewed fighting near Mafeking in which Colonel Plumer's column was forced to retire with loss. Lord Methuen's difficulties are apparently increasing. He has Boer laagers or guerrilla bands on three sides of him to threaten his communications with the Orange river. Strong forces of Boers are reported in every direction from Bloemfontein. Altogether the British situation is by no means so bright as it was, in the Orange Free State. General Buller is still at Ladysmith, however; and a successful advance by him on Pretoria at this juncture might change the military situation as completely as that by Lord Roberts on Bloemfontein. Meanwhile the autumn rains are coming on and winter is imminent.

The Interstate Commerce Commission and Coast Rates.

The jobbers of the Pacific Coast are being given this week an opportunity of presenting to the Interstate Commerce Commission their side of the current controversy about through and differential railroad rates. Some time ago the Business Men's League of St. Louis entered a complaint before the Commission against the existing freight rates on commodities in carload lots, and also against present rates to the Coast and intermediate points on less than carload lots, the complaint alleging that a San Francisco jobber, for instance, by virtue of the wholesalers' carload rate, is enabled to bring goods from the East to that city and re-ship them from thence to interior points at less than the cost of goods and freight when shipped direct. The cities of the Coast, of course, are opposed to a change. It was shown in the testimony before the Commission at San Francisco that the rates complained of were forced upon the railroads by water competition. If the through rates were raised the railroads would lose most of their heavy business, as they did in 1893-96, when a clipper line of freight ships was established and supported by Coast jobbers. Prices to interior merchants would not be materially affected by any such proposed "equalization" of rates. The area of distribution would merely be reduced, and many towns naturally tributary to the great Coast ports would have to trade instead with the more distant cities of Chicago and St. Louis. The Mississippi river city, it was shown, is asking for more than its share of the jobbing trade. It would, under ordinary circumstances, be enabled to sell west to the watershed. It is asking now for trade as far west as Bakersfield. The Commission will proceed from San Francisco to Portland and Seattle, where it will hold sittings.

The Philippines and the President's Commissioners.

Secretary Root last week issued orders creating an entirely new military division to be known as the Division of the Pacific, and to embrace the Philippine archipelago. The division in turn is divided into four military departments. The department of northern Luzon will be commanded by General Bates; that of the Viscayas, by General Hughes; and General Kobbe will be in charge of the two departments of Mindanao and Jolo. The new Philippine Commission, with Judge Taft at its head as the personal representative of the President, is about to leave for Manila. It will have entire control over the army and navy in the Philippines, as well as over civil affairs. The military situation in the islands is unchanged. Copies of official Filipino documents captured by the American troops were sent to the Senate during the week, by the President, in compliance with a resolution. The most interesting paper is a translation of the minutes of a meeting of the Filipino junta at Hong Kong on May 5, 1898, four days after Dewey's victory, and only a few hours after the news of that victory had reached the world. At that meeting it was decided to prepare the Filipinos to fight the United States, and measures were taken to secure arms for the Tagalos. Thus official Filipino documents confirm the belief that the outbreak was the result of a prearranged plot.

American Rule in Guam.

Reports indicate that Captain Leary, governor of Guam, has been remarkably successful with his work of reconstructing the island's government and establishing a stable and permanent American rule. Guam, with its ten thousand natives and handful of Spaniards, was in a pitiable condition when it passed under our control. The government of the Spanish was corrupt and hard. The few priests ruled by superstition. The marriage bond had nearly fallen into disuse. The oppression of governors and officials was such that as soon as a man acquired any property, it was taken from him on some pretext or other. Therefore, there was no encouragement for industry. Leary went to work quietly, with the view of making his change gradual. The restoration of the marriage tie was one of his first actions. The institution became popular, and is now practically universal. One of the qualifications for matrimony was the ability to support a wife and the desire to go to work, thus providing an incentive to industry. The next step was the reduction of fast and feast days. Under the old regime, half the days in the year were made legal holidays, when it was unlawful to work. These days of idleness were cut down one-half, and will be diminished further in the future. The Spanish laws were overhauled, and land titles were revived and re-established. This proved hard work, and is not yet completed. A new scale of taxes was adopted, light enough not to be oppressive and heavy enough to run the island government. There were four priests in Guam when our occupation began. Three of these were corruptionists and were driven from the island. The fourth, Padre José, is an honest and virtuous man and has the respect of the natives; he has been permitted to remain. Schools and hospitals have been established, and public works projected which will give employment to all who need or deserve it. The auxiliary cruiser *Yosemite* has been making soundings in the harbor and reports it deep enough for any ship afloat. It is somewhat exposed to southern monsoons, but a breakwater, which can be built at small expense, will correct all that. It is recommended that, for the present, an opening be made through the coral into an inner pool or basin, where there will be absolutely safe dockage. A new town will doubtless be created on the harbor, as the present capital is about five miles inland.

Spread of Arbitration.

It has been asserted that the late Peace Conference at the Hague was an absolute failure, The records of the nine months since it adjourned go to disprove the assertion. A number of conventions and protocols providing for the adjustment of claims by arbitration have recently been concluded. The United States has closed such agreements with Great Britain, Germany, Chili, Hayti, Guatemala and Nicaragua and is negotiating with Russia. The agreement between this country, Great Britain and Germany has for its object the adjustment of Samoan claims. The arbitrator is King Oscar of Sweden. The treaty with Chili revives the claims convention of 1892, providing for the adjustment of matters left by that convention when it adjourned in 1892. The procotal with Hayti has reference to damages sustained by an American lumber firm. The agreement with Guatemala submits to arbitration a railroad claim held by an American citizen against the Guatemalan government. The British consul-general to Guatemala is arbitrator. The agreement with Nicaragua also relates to an injury to a private corporation. A claims convention with Russia is in process of negotiation. Some time ago, several American vessels engaged in sealing and whaling in Russian waters were seized by the czar's officials. Our government protesting, the Russian government agreed to leave the matter to arbitration. An agreement to this end was concluded, but no definite method of procedure was adopted. This still hangs fire, and the new convention has for its object the final settlement of these claims.

Slow Progress on Porto Rico Tariff.

The settlement of the Porto Rico tariff question which has already taken up far too much time in Congress is still deferred, although there is a possibility that it will be settled by the end of this week. Senator Foraker announces that he will make every effort to push the Porto Rico government bill, which includes a tariff provision, through the Senate. The Republicans of both houses have been in caucus the whole week and are said to have reached a tentative agreement. By the terms of this alleged compromise, the tariff for the island is to remain as fixed by the House measure, fifteen per cent of the Dingley Act, but with free trade for such foodstuffs as are now on the free list and with absolute free trade at the end of two years, providing that by that time the Legislature created in the Senate act shall have established some regular means of raising revenue. The free trade Republicans are very obstinate, however, and threaten to block any such compromise. The caucus will work this week to beat these men into line. A hint that the Porto Rico matter had already taken up too much valuable time was conveyed from the White House to the dissenting Republicans last week. It is timely for as it is, the greater problems of Legislation will be shelved this session. The island of Porto Rico is in an impoverished condition; though not so bad as is pretended by the yellow Democratic press and correspondents of the Creelman order, yet there is considerable distress and industry is paralyzed as a result of the change in condition. Congress passed a bill for a relief appropriation last week.

The Indian Famine.

Famine in India has spread to such an alarming extent that 5,000,000 people are now dependent on government aid, nearly four times that number are on the verge of starvation, and about 35,000,000 are living on insufficient food. It is believed that large areas will suffer from lack of population for many years. There is a dismal outlook for the future. The natives are slow about appealing for relief and relief work, so that many are past help when they apply. The leaves of the pepul tree and oil cakes such as are fed to cattle are the best foods eaten by the people when other provisions fail. This diet so injures their digestion that they ordinarily die as soon as they return to regular provender. Deaths from this cause and from utter exhaustion are so common that fires are kept going around the relief works night and day, to burn the bodies of the victims. In some provinces, lack of water is an added terror. Of course, along with this scarcity has gone a rise in the prices of food. The resources of the Indian government are totally inadequate to meet the growing want of the population, and the contributions from private sources are so small that, unless the British Parliament takes some action, a complete collapse of efforts to stem the famine is expected. The wealthy natives are even more indifferent than the whites. Some of the native merchants and princes are possessed of great wealth, yet there is no organized movement to meet the emergency. They expect the government to do it all, but government relief is slow and unsympathetic. The religious bodies are hampered in their work by native suspicion of Christianity. It is insinuated that there are mutterings of discontent throughout the country and that old and wise British residents are alarmed at the possible results of the withdrawal of the British regiments.

Success of the New Russian Diplomacy.

Russia apparently has gained her poin with Turkey and will receive the railroad concessions in Asia Minor that she asks. Turkey under a threat of war is understood to have declared that in the event of her own failure to construct railways in the Black Sea district she will grant the necessary concessions to Russia. London is plainly relieved at the turn of affairs. The immense Russian armies that have been quietly gathering upon the Turkish and Afghanistan frontiers are now seen to have been put there for the purpose of coercing Turkey, and not England. Nevertheless those armies are to remain in the south indefinitely, and Russian diplomacy is taking advantage of the situation. The acquisition by her of a new naval station on the coast of Corea seems assured. Japan will object to the Russianization of the harbor of Massanpho, but in the end she will probably content herself with a similar concession, without going to war about it. Pavloff, the Russian Minister, has already demanded that Russian subjects only should have the right to work and develop mines, forests and other property in the Corean peninsula. Japan's reply to this was the demand for a concession to work certain Corean gold mines. She will probably continue to demand concession for concession.

The So-Called Paper Trust.

During the past year, the price of paper has risen in the United States to an almost unprecedented degree. The public in general have laid it to the Paper Trust, and have been encouraged in this belief by the newspapers, which have been hit hard by the rise in a staple necessary to their business. There is hardly a large journal in this country which has not lowered the quality of the paper on which it is printed within the year. As a matter of fact, although there is a combination of paper makers known as the International Company, the supposed trust has no absolute control and exercises little influence on the situation. There are hundreds of mills in the country operating independently of the combination, and the officials of the latter claim that they have no intention of trying to freeze out competitors by lowering prices below the profit margin. But, as in nearly every other business, combination of interests has enabled the big concern to manufacture more cheaply and to sell at a profit at a rate below competing firms. The real cause is the advance in prices of raw material. Wood for pulp, rags, chemicals, jute and rope, all extensively used in paper-making, have gone away up, some as high as one hundred per cent and more. A remedy often proposed is the admission of paper to this country duty free, in the hope that it will smash the profits of the "trusts." This, the paper-makers declared, would have an effect precisely opposite. Canada, from which a great amount of our wood and wood pulp for paper comes, is preparing to encourage the manufacture of paper. The Canadian government has already placed a large export duty on these materials, and the opening of our ports to paper would simply help out the Canadians and would cause most of the large mills using wood to move across the border. Besides this, the wood cut for pulp in Canada is owned by the British government and the price for sale is regulated each year by the Dominion authorities. The

practical meaning of this is that, should our great factories move across the border, the British government would dictate prices to American consumers. This would hit the newspapers with especial force, since the kind of paper used by them is made from wood pulp. The Canadians admit that the recent reform in export duties was inspired by an intention of discriminating against the United States.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Effort—not Aspiration.

IMMEDIATELY after his arrival in California Mr. C. P. Huntington was asked what he thought of the future of San Francisco. Practically, Mr. Huntington replied, "That will depend upon individual effort in the future." Editor Thompson, a visitor from St. Paul, interviewed upon the same subject, foresaw an exceedingly bright future for San Francisco and predicted a growth unprecedented. Doubtless Mr. Thompson assumed that abiding among her merchants there lived a proper spirit of enterprise adequate to furnish the men and the money to take advantage energetically of each of the thousands of opportunities the future might present. As a matter of course the St. Paul editor would not give voice such to a glowing prophecy concerning a community of sluggards. He would not anticipate wide development in a community where capital was cowardly, where manufacturing enterprise was stagnant, where the blood of mercantile life flowed as sluggishly as the muddy water of a ditch. He meant just what Mr. Huntington meant, and just what *The Wave* said a few weeks ago, that here was an Empire of Opportunity, that nature had served this state and city with prodigal hand as few localities have been served, and that individual enterprise alone is necessary to bring about a growth and a prosperity that will parallel the unexampled advance of Chicago, the rude city of the West.

"Individual enterprise" is a broad generality—meaningless, perhaps, unless one specify more in detail where such enterprise may be directed safely and profitably. When the Central Pacific Railroad was conceived and constructed, the opportunity to take advantage of the situation was open to all the world. Four Sacramento merchants are responsible for the birth of that great undertaking. After the plan was conceived, stock subscription books were opened in San Francisco, the local capitalist and merchant was given an opportunity to venture his money and share in the profits. The local capitalist was wiser than these country enthusiasts. He laughed the idea down and refused to embark in so hazardous and impossible an undertaking. To form the whole plan of an overland railroad was a wild, impracticable notion. With all of the drumming and soliciting, but one San Franciscan subscribed to the stock. He is described as "a Frenchman, who a few months afterwards was sent to an insane asylum." After the success of the Central Pacific was assured there were still open to local enterprise other proposed or possible lines of railway in the State, but it was left to the four Sacramentans to take advantage of them. There did come a time when the proper spirit seemed to be awakened. A Traffic Association was formed made up of local mercantile houses. It was supposed that the object of this association was to construct rival lines of railroad or encourage and aid such construction by others. The first years of the life of that association were directed, not toward investing their own money in competing lines, but toward securing legislation that would reduce the earning capacity of lines constructed by someone else. Failing in this, the idea of the San Joaquin Valley railroad was launched, as an idea merely. Subscriptions to the road came in with provoking slowness. The whole scheme would have "died a-bornin" had it not been for one man—Claus Spreckels. So it has been throughout the history of the Queen City of the West. Fortissimo in noise but pianissimo on performance.

Within the knowledge of the writer there is a small shipping corporation, controlled largely by residents of the town of Alameda across the bay. This corporation, representing the members of one family, owns interests ranging from one-thirty-second to one-half, in a number of sailing vessels plying between this port and cities along the Coast. The dividends received from these vessels are frequently as high as twenty-five and fifty per cent on the investment. This money represents the earnings on freight brought to and taken from this port. What is done in a small way can be duplicated in a large way. Let a number of merchants come together and form an association for the purpose of investigating and developing seaward commerce. If they hesitate to carry the entire enterprise upon their own shoulders, let them at least undertake the primary expense of establishing the fact that steamship lines between given ports could be made to return dividends; let them make a complete and exhaustive investigation—it will certainly develop profitable lines along neglected and half-worked channels. If after investigating and proving up their case, they lack the courage or the funds to embark in the enterprise, and fail to secure another Huntington or Spreckels, let them advertise the opportunity among some other progressive people, and enlist, if possible, outside capital. The plan to build up a merchants' line of freight steamers, running out of this port to the west coast of South and Central America, is more feasible than was the construction of the overland lines of railway. San Francisco ought of right to be the great coffee distributing point of America. Every pound of coffee raised south should enter here. Our brands and blends should be noted the world over. The trade belongs to us, but some one else now holds it against all the laws of trade. If the owner of sailing vessels mentioned above are netting large rates of interest upon their investments in such smaller craft, does it not suggest that in a wider field and on a larger basis a profitable investment might also be found. But the profit coming to the owners of such lines, while large, is not a circumstance beside the profits that would come to the community itself through opening up new lines of commerce.

Here is a naked suggestion for the exploiting of individual effort. It is only one out of many.

The Negro in Business.

WHILE the negro question does not press heavily upon western America, we have, as Americans, an interest in its proper solution.

The Atlanta University, with a view to discovering methods for improving the economic condition of the negro, has been conducting an investigation of the character and number of occupations taken up by colored men. The result of this investigation has been recently published in a pamphlet entitled "The Negro in Business." The report fairly demonstrates that the negro is gradually moving forward, not only in the trades, but in business. The negro is found engaged in a wide field of pursuits. Among them are butchers, liverymen, bakers, milliners, market gardeners, florists, lumber mill and cotton gin owners, builders, contractors, jewellers, harness dealers, upholsterers, grocers, general merchants, dealers in fuel, fish, furniture and dry-goods, capitalists, bankers, real estate dealers, money lenders, building and loan associations. In manufacturing they are found as proprietors of factories, making shirts, brooms, fans, carpets, rubber goods and cotton mills. In co-operative efforts they are undertakers, druggists, publishers and printers. The sociologists of the Atlanta University have considered these lines of business "in the light of their historic evolution."

The pamphlet says, in this connection:

"It is a well-known fact that the aristocracy of the plantation slaves were the house servants—those who, for appearance, ability and intelligence, were selected from the mass of the slaves to perform household duties at their masters' house. Often such servants were educated and skilful; sometimes they were the natural children of their masters, and at all times they were the class which, when emancipation came, made the first steps toward independent livelihood. The master's valet set up his barber shop in town and soon had a lucrative trade; the cook became proprietor of a small eating stand or restaurant, or, if he was exceptionally efficient and noted for certain dishes, he became a caterer. It was in this way that the famous guild of black caterers arose in Philadelphia. In similar ways, but more slowly, a little saving of capital transformed the driver into the expressman, the coachman into the livery stable keeper, the laundress into the proprietress of a public laundry. The most successful of these ventures hitherto have been those of the barber, the restaurant keeper, the caterer and the expressman."

Under the head of the "capitalist" class various ventures are considered. It is suggested that the mismanagement of the Freedman's bank with its result of ruin to some and heavy loss to many had a tremendous influence against the habit of saving among the colored people. Notwithstanding this, thirty-six capitalists among the negroes have been discovered by the investigators, representing a total investment of three-quarters of a million dollars. Brokers and money-lenders have appeared in cities like Washington, where there is a large salaried class among the negroes, and they do a good business with their own people. Of late years there has been a rapid growth of building and loan associations, which is very gratifying to the friends of the negro. Three of these associations are established in Philadelphia, two in Wilmington, N. C., and one each in Washington, Hampton, Va., Ocala, Fla., Sacramento, Cal., Augusta, Ga., Little Rock, Ark., Portsmouth, Va., and Anderson, S. C. Penny savings banks, it is suggested in the report, would be a great thing for the negro, particularly in the country districts, as teaching him the value of saving his money.

No better advice has ever been given the negro of the South than to keep away from politics. In states where the educational qualification has already practically disfranchised the ignorant blacks, a better feeling is already apparent. In a community where the blacks are largely in the majority political parties naturally become black and white, not Republican or Democratic. The white Republican, for instance, is almost precluded from exercising his choice of party, for he cannot submit to negro domination even though that domination be exercised by black men of his own party. With the negro out of politics in the South there would follow something like a fair division among the whites, and the states lying between Mason and Dixon's line would no longer present a solid political front.

The future of the negro in the South rests with the negro himself. Thrift and economy, coupled with genuine honesty of purpose, will lift the race to a place far above that of the European peasant.

The Coeur d' Alene Investigation.

LAW, the means, and order, the end, are indispensable to assume good government. Condonation of violation, infraction or evasion of law by whomsoever committed is wrong. It puts a premium upon lawlessness. In upholding the law, however, those who are the empowered executors of the law should be careful that in their zeal they do not override the law by perverting its letter and subverting its spirit.

In Washington, D C., there has been conducted during the past ten days a congressional investigation as to the inaugurating and maintaining of martial law in the Coeur d' Alene mining district in Idaho. Sundry witnesses have testified as to the events which immediately preceded and followed the blowing up of the mills of the Sullivan and Bunker Hill mining companies. Of all the evidence adduced, that furnished by Governor Steunenberg was the most valuable. The governor manfully assumed all responsibility for declaring and maintaining martial law in Shoshone county. Had he not appealed to the President, federal troops would not have been sent into Idaho despite the clamor of the mine owners. Apart from consideration as to whether or not Governor Steunenberg was justified in calling for federal aid, he is much to be commended for his candor and honesty in taking upon himself the brunt of the blame for the "bull pen" and the unfortunate conditions resultant therefrom.

The destruction by violence of the mill property by those who had been employes working in those mills, was criminal lawlessness of a most flagrant and dangerous type. It was anarchistic. Every man who was implicated in that crime, whether he be an ignorant foreigner working as a digger in the mines, whether he be a so-called labor leader, or whether he be an official of Shoshone county, if convicted of complicity in that crime he should be made to expiate the deed, to the extreme penalty of the law. Governor Steunenberg's declaration of martial law may have been unduly precipitate. He was, however, best qualified to judge as to its necessity. As chief executive of the State of Idaho he felt that a great and grave responsibility was upon him. The local militia were not available, being in service in the Philippines. The governor had knowledge of the fact, or, had reason for believing, that the sheriff of Shoshone county with his deputies could not be depended on to do their full duty in the premises because of their antagonism toward the mine owners and their local representatives. His only recourse as a measure precautionary was to appeal for federal troops, and to proclaim martial law in the affected district. It may be true, and impossible of justification as alleged by some persons, that innocent men were made the victims of the "bull pen"; but it is unquestionably true that the exigencies of the situation were such that most drastic measures had to be employed in endeavors to apprehend those who were guilty of the lawless acts which had been committed. The governor of Idaho was acting upon Grant's injunction: "Let no guilty man escape!"

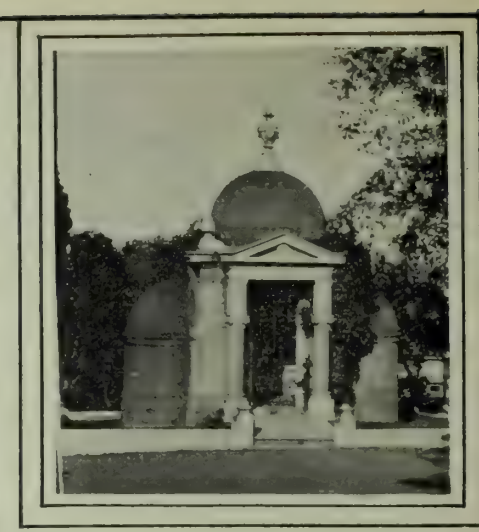
In certain quarters much is sought to be made of Governor Steunenberg's denunciation of the so-called labor leaders of the miners' unions of Idaho as criminals, and of their organizations as criminal. The impression is being bruited abroad that the governor's denunciation is shared in and approved by the national administration, and that such denunciation applies to all organized labor. This is a fallacy, and it is designed to influence votes in the coming election. What Governor Steunenberg meant was (as he has since explained), that the miners' unions of Idaho, dominated as they were and are by scheming, self-seeking foreigners, are criminal because they have no respect for law, when they fail of accomplishment of their nefarious ends resorting to processes of intimidation. This was charged against the miners' unions of Idaho, specifically, as was in no sense applied to organized labor generally. It is well known that the unions of the Cœur d' Alene districts are recruited from the roughest, toughest and most desperate characters on the continent. To accomplish a purpose there is no criminal deed they would stop at. They have nothing in common with orderly organizations elsewhere in America.

Governor Steunenberg, President McKinley and all law-respecting, peace-loving American citizens recognize and admit that laboring men of whatsoever crafts are clearly within their rights in combining to protect their interests, but no good citizen will contend that these organizations have any right to use violence to accomplish their ends. And all will unite in holding that whenever and wherever violence is resorted to by these organizations they are culpable before the law, and should be dealt with according to law without fear or favor.

No political considerations should for a moment weigh against meeting out justice to law-breakers, it matters not how potential the individuals, or the organizations with which they are identified, may be at the ballot box. Principles should always have paramountcy over expediency; the right should never give place to wrong. This should govern in the case of the millionaire, as well as in that of the mendicant.

Thos. O. Larkin Monument.

Samuel M. Wilsons Vault.



The Toland Vault.

The Pierce Monument.

SAN FRANCISCO CEMETERIES.

CREATION AND HISTORY OF THE LAUREL HILL BURIAL GROUND.

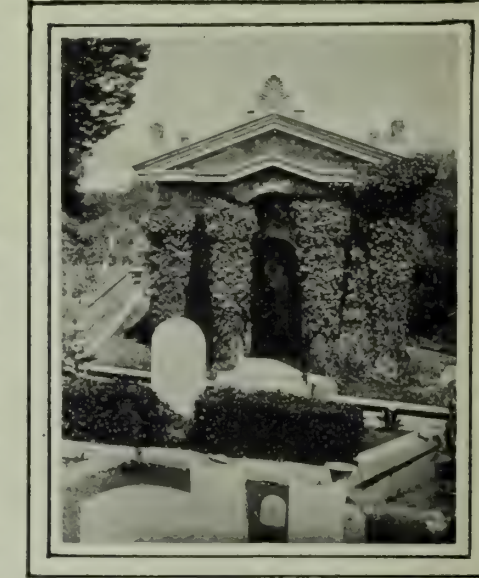
UNLESS the late ordinance of the Board of Supervisors proves invalid, four large cemeteries situated within the city and county of San Francisco will be closed for burials after 1901. These four, viz.: Calvary, Laurel Hill, the Masonic and the Odd Fellows', cover an area of about one hundred acres in the Richmond quarter between the city proper and a residence district extending on to the ocean. The old City Cemetary, situated to the west of these four tracts, was closed in 1897. For many years, all interments in San Francisco were made in this district. These burial places form altogether a city of the dead almost equal in inhabitants to the present living population of the town. On the tombstones are the names of the men who have made California—statesmen, pioneers, merchants.

The cemeteries enumerated are all, in a sense, public tracts. In none of them does any profit accrue to the directors, the surplus being utilized for improvements. The Odd Fellows' and Masons are administered on a non-profit basis by the fraternities which own them; Calvary is conducted by the Roman Catholic Church, and Laurel Hill is run by an association which holds it in trust for the city. The question of "steals" or of special privilege franchises, therefore, does not enter into the controversy. The Supervisors ordered the closing ostensibly because it is alleged that interments injure the health of the region, and because the residents of the Richmond district believe that the cemeteries in their midst retard growth in their direction.

Laurel Hill is the oldest, most famous and most beautiful of these burial tracts. It is an outgrowth of the old Lone Mountain Cemetery, opened in 1853. In the beginning, this was a purely commercial institution. Three capitalists, Nathaniel Gray, F. B. Austin and J. H. Atkinson, held a quarter-section including Lone Mountain and a tract to the north and west. The growing city being in need of places for burial, they secured a franchise and opened the tract as a private cemetery. At that time, Lone Mountain was in the open country, practically as far from the town as the cemeteries of San Mateo county are to-day. For fourteen years this place was used for interments, but the city began to grow westward, and an agitation over the matter sprung up. A hot controversy raged during the early sixties. The cemetery was condemned, as to-day, on the ground of health; it was also alleged that the city should own and administer a municipal cemetery and that the private owners were charging exorbitant prices. Besides this, their title to the land was questioned. In 1867, an ordinance was passed prohibiting burials north of California street. In the same year, a body of public-spirited citizens determined to step in, provide a permanent burial-place for San Francisco, and end the controversy. The Laurel Hill Cemetery Association was accordingly incorporated under the Rural Cemetery Act. It was and is a peculiar corporation, resembling one of those British guilds wherein a corporate body within a city, a wheel within a wheel, operates an institution for the benefit of the municipality. Bonds were issued to buy the burial-grounds of the Lone Mountain tract and to purchase the disputedti tle from the city. Only the sixty acres of the Lone Mountain tract bounded by California, Post and Williamson streets and Central avenue, were included in the purchase, the rest being sold by the original owners for building lots. It was provided in the charter that all profits accruing from the sale of lots should be used to pay the interest on these bonds and to furnish a sinking-fund for their cancellation, after which the profits were to be used in improving the grounds. Nine years ago, the original bonded debt of $125,000

The Woodward Shaft.

The Wingerter Memorial.



The Babcock Tomb.

Nicholas Lunig Tomb.

Senator J. P. Jones Tomb.

Mrs. A. Patten's Memorial.

The J. L. Haskell Vault.

Gen. Thomas H. Williams Memorial.

Entrance to Laurel Hill Cemetery.

The Wingerter Memorial.

Dr. O. O. Burgess Memorial.

was finally discharged, and the profits were at once turned into those improvements which have made Laurel Hill one of the most beautiful burial-places in the whole world.

The incorporation of this company provided a spot where interment could be held within the city without fear of removal, and where families could purchase lots and erect vaults in the expectation of permanence, but it did not end controversy by any means. Laurel Hill was attacked shortly after its foundation in the course of a hot agitation for the maintenance of a city cemetery. It was claimed that only in a burial-ground owned by the city could beauty and harmony be assured. Laurel Hill weathered the storm and the city got its cemetery, but the folly of the contention was proved by the result. The old City Cemetery was always an eyesore, and ran to weeds and ugliness up to the time of its closing two years ago. It stands now, neglected and overgrown, along the track of the Cliff House cars.

The next passage-at-arms occurred a few years ago, when there was an attempt to open Sutter street through the tract. This also failed. Then, in 1896, the Board of Supervisors hit all the city cemeteries by decreeing that no more lots should be sold for interments within the corporate limits. Thus the ordinance prevented burials except to persons who already held family lots. This provision, intended to mitigate the severity of the ordinance, really proved its undoing. The cemetery associations combined and fought the measure through all the courts, winning on the ground that the law discriminated in favor of a class. This brings the controversy up to the latest ordinance.

Laurel Hill has always been closely associated with the history of San Francisco. The great majority of the Argonauts lie under its green slopes. Eleven United States Senators, viz.: Fair, Broderick, Baker, Gwin, Sargent, Stuart, Jones, McDougal, Latham, Hearst and Sharon, are buried there or hold lots in expectation of ultimate burial. Names of leaders in the professions, in commerce, in the arts, in statesmanship, are on the tombstones. The intellectual aristocracy of San Francisco's city of the dead are at Laurel Hill. Some of the monuments and private vaults are beautiful and costly, the investments in this regard running far up into the millions. The Flood mausoleum is valued at $100,000, the Fair, Jones and Patton mausoleums at $50,000 each, and the Nathan vault at $30,000. And the grounds, in the course of gradual improvement, have come to be a beautiful example of artistic landscape gardening. Forty thousand bodies are buried here, and it is estimated that, in the normal course of events, all the lots will have been sold within the next decade, so that, except for occasional interments in family lots and vaults, Laurel Hill will be practically unused by that time.

C. H. Crowell is the present superintendent of the grounds and secretary of the company. A. J. Gunnison and Giles H. Gray are respectively president and vice-president. The present board of directors is composed of W. F. Whittier, J. B. Stetson, R. H. Lloyd, Geo. D. Gray, Geo. Whittell, J. D. Shattuck, Walter Dean, and the president and vice-president.

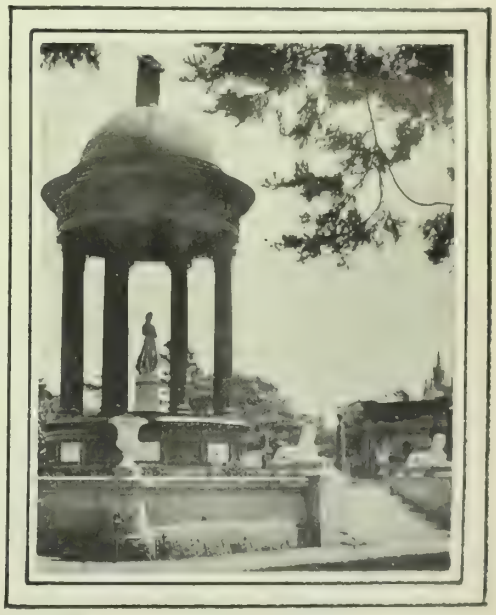
The Odd Fellows' Cemetery Association was incorporated in 1865, under the Rural Cemetery Act. Like Laurel Hill, it was purchased from persons holding imperfect quatter titles and the city's claim was afterward bought off. Like Laurel Hill, also, no profit is made or expected, the gains, after discharging the bonded indebtedness, going to keep up the grounds. Over twenty-five thousand interments have taken place in this tract of some sixteen acres, and there are not more than one hundred lots left open for burials, outside the unoccupied spaces in family lots. Therefore, interments must cease here, also, in a few years. In this burial-place rest the bodies of nearly all the Odd Fellows who have died in the city during the past thirty years, including, of course, many prominentmen. It is a cemetery noted for its fine monuments, the Piper, Morse and Parker tombs calling for special comment. The tract is not for Odd Fellows alone, however; all sorts and conditions of men being received into the fraternity of the earth.

Ground for the Masonic Cemetery was bought in 1863, and the incorporation took place the following year. The plan is identical with that of the Odd

Continued on page 7.

The Pratt Vault.

Senator Gwin's Monument.



The Milton S. Latham Memorial.

The Whittell Memorial.

The Flood Mausoleum Calvary Cemetery.

The Superintendent's Cottage at Laurel Hill

THINGS & PEOPLE

By BOSWELL Jr.

HERE is an episode of real life that has the flavor of a page of Lafcadio Hearn, or the more recent Adachi Kinnosuke. A Japanese fresh from his home on the other side of the Pacific, arrived in Seattle a few weeks ago. He was accompanied by his wife, a pretty little woman. Force of circumstances compelled the couple to take up their residence in a block which bears a shady reputation. There was no other place for them to go. They were welcomed by their people and soon the husband had procured employment and was earning a good living. Suddenly, however, he discovered that women in the house were endeavoring to persuade his wife to forsake her virtuous ways and follow in their footsteps. She told her husband and he, fearing that she might fall, attempted to kill her. He stabbed her, and believing that he had ended her life, turned the knife on himself. To save her from sin he would see her dead. Neither was fatally wounded, but when they recover they will be taken away from the place of temptation.

***

The Resignation of Webster Davis.

MY old friend Webster Davis (he spells his name with more "I's" than that when he is talking) has resigned his position as assistant secretary of state, I see, because of his promise to the weeping women of South Africa that he would either get the United States Government to intervene or overthrow it. It looks as if he were going to overthrow it. I am sorry that this is so; for, while the United States Government has its faults, I have become somewhat attached to it, nevertheless. When I last saw Mr. Davis ten years ago at Ann Arbor he explained to me that the country was not run well. I thought nothing of it at the time. It did not occur to me that he would overthrow it.

* * *

I knew Mr. Davis—*Daniel* Webster Davis it was then—when he was a student in the University of Michigan law school. That was in 1887. "Dan" was graduated with the class of '90, the year after my own sheepskin was signed. We used to call him "Buzzy"—I don't quite remember why. Perhaps it was because he tried to get us all out on a strike one day when we had three extra pages in torts to do. I remember he called us "pampered menials" and "slaves" when we laughed at him. He was very much in earnest, however, and for a long time refused to affiliate much with us. I suppose that I knew him as well as anyone in the law school. One night he told me the story of his life. He was born during the civil war, in Pennsylvania—Ebensburgh, I think, but his family emigrated to Missouri after the war. "Dan" became a hardware clerk at any early age. He didn't like the competition, and became a shoemaker, a trade he pursued until twenty-three years of age. He became next a clerk in a grocery store, and then went to Lawrence, Kansas, and helped his mother keep boarders while attending the State University. He tried to practice law at Garden City in 1886, with no success. Then he went to Ann Arbor. After his graduation he went to Kansas City, where he was defeated for Congress within two years. He took up a labor cause with the pork dressers then, and they elected him mayor of the city. That was in 1894. He stumped the district for McKinley in '96, and in '97 became "assistant secretary of state," only seven years out of school. They say that among the thirty or forty "assistant secretaries of state" in the State Department only six are gray haired. None of them are members of the Cabinet, as the Boer newspapers affirm Mr Davis to have been.

***

A Civil Service Embroglio.

THE Civil service provision of the new charter is liable to prove a source of great inconvenience if proper tact is not used in applying it. The initial examination—it was for copyists—has taken place under the law. There are available for places a large number of young women and a few young men. In the two departments in which copyists are employed, the County Clerk's and the Recorder's offices, there are already in service, appointed since the beginning of the year, the required number of subordinates. They all went up for examination, but few passed. Now the Civil Service Commission demands the dismissal of the unsuccessful employes, and that substitutes be appointed from its list. Recorder Godchaux, while recognizing the sity for civil service, is laboring under an impression that its desirability consists in keeping competent men in place rather than in legislating them out. He refuses point blank to have women in his department. The result is that Mayor Phelan threatens to remove him from office, in which I imagine he will exceed his authority. The departments involved are county offices and in the Constitution of California there is no warrant for civil service such as the charter provides. When amended to allow for the government of municipalities it was only in the matter of the number and salaries of deputies and in the time of election. It is hard to see how civil service can be enforced under these conditions. The result will doubtless be that the question will be submitted for judicial decision, and I am told the conclusion will surely be the elimination of the civil service provision of the charter in so far as it may concern county officials.

***

University Athletics.

ANNUAL field-day between the two Californian Universities promises at this distance to be as much of a procession as ever—with Berkley, as before, at the brass band end. Stanford's new men have not developed the expectations of the first of the season; there is not a single star wearing the cardinal this winter, although there are several youngsters who give promise for the future. At Berkley, on the other hand, the team is a good one, not up to the standard of the '95 Eastern aggregation, but a lot of consistent performers, with three or four undoubted stars. In the coming meet, California will inevitably win the jumps and weights, although Stanford has just a faint chance in the shot-put. Drum and Cadogan ought to annex the sprints and the quarter for the blue and gold; here, again, Stanford may possibly break in on one event. The hurdles are doubtful; on form, Stanford should again annex the distance runs, her old stronghold. There should be a pretty fight in the pole vault, with the odds in favor of Hoffman of California as against Boyd of Stanford. Berkley will doubtless take the mile walk—an event which has outlived its usefulness, by-the-way. There is no hope of Stanford winning in track this year or any other year until she takes a hand in the general encouragement of track athletics in the preparatory schools. Berkley has done all the work in that line and is reaping the rewards.

Miss Zucker Mr. Riley Miss Sobey Miss Rose

Scene from the Junior Theatricals, Stanford University.
The Villain—" Ha Ha! Pledged to Another! "

* * *

In baseball, it is a very even break, there being two rather mediocre teams of erratic tendencies but with strong batteries. The game will be won this year on training pure and simple. It will go to the side which has come nearest observing those rules which are supposed to be necessary to bring athletes into condition. In this respect college baseball on the Pacific Coast has always been lamentably weak. In the East, baseball men are required to train as severely as oarsmen or runners; here, it is made a matter of individual preference. A survival of backwoods athletics prevails in the idea that "You don't have to train for baseball." It is true that the national game does not require the severe physical strain of rowing or track. But lack of physical condition shows itself there in another manner—erratic playing. The men on the two college teams who have made the most errors in this erratic season are the very ones who are notoriously bad trainers. It pays to train; the losing team in the coming series will learn it by experience.

***

THE familiar array of platitudes were aired at the Manufacturers, and Producers, banquet. The keynote of the oratory was the inevitable expansion by resolution so dear to the San Francisco public man. Irving M. Scott, was, as usual, sensible and intelligent. President Knapp, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, made an excellent address showing clearness and understanding. Dr. Wilson, of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, was endlessly prosy. M. H. de Young was practical and pointed. Gavin McNab, who is beginning to establish a reputation among business men as one of the brightest speakers in San Francisco, delivered a characteristic talk abounding in epigram. He suggested that the open door meant nothing to an empty hand, that the sea could not bring to the land more than the land brought to the sea, and urged that some of the millions with which the bank vaults of San Francisco were laden be utilized in developing the State's resources.

***

The Palo Alto Chinese Outrage.

THE *Examiner* is a living, breathing, howling example of the Aesop fable about the cry of "wolf." We are so accustomed to see that dear defender of our liberties go off at half-cock and denounce every real or fancied evil in sight, that when it does light, quite accidentally, on anything which needs reforming, it fails to arouse much feeling in the intelligent portion of the community. For example, the Monarch of the Dailies is just now howling about the nakedness and want in Porto Rico and the Chinese scandal at Palo Alto. On the face of it, there is no guarantee that either of these crusades have any more substantial basis in fact than had the late bubonic plague scare, or than any other of the weekly phantom crusades of the American Paper for the American People. Porto Rico is several thousand miles away, and there is no telling, although the fact that James Creelman signs most of the dispatches which come over the "special leased wire, etc.," is strong circumstantial evidence as to their falsity. Mr. Creelman has lied so long that it has become second nature. In the Palo Alto matter, it happens that there is a real wrong and a substantial basis for the agitation. But the *Examiner* will render very little assistance, because it has howled so long and so loud over fake agitations that no one who has the judgment to form independent opinions will take the *Examiner* seriously.

***

Thieves in Seattle.

THE expected rush to Cape Nome has attracted an army of criminals to Seattle. They are plying their trade with a good deal of success. Hold-ups are frequent and burglaries and other robberies are an everyday occurrence. In one block not long ago a couple of midnight visitors went through nine houses while the inmates slept. They were very accommodating thieves, for they did not take anything but cash. Other robbers have been known to tear mattresses to pieces, rip up carpets and do other damage in their search for money and valuables. But these gentlemen followed a different system. Their plan was to enter a house, collect all the trousers they found lying around loose, carry them out into the yard, extract all the valuables from them and then place them nicely folded on a neighbor's porch. More than one citizen in Seattle has awakened during the past few weeks to find his trousers missing. The thieves are evidently possessed of a good deal of humor, and shrewdness as well, for they always manage to escape detection. In addition to the professional crooks there must be scores of amateurs recruited from the ranks of the gamblers whose places of business were recently closed. The chief of police has asked for ten more officers, and it is probable that he will get them. It is also probable that the large Eastern and several of the coast cities will be asked to loan Seattle a batch of detectives to aid in weeding out the unwelcome visitors.

***

TWO mining companies have recently been organized in Washington. If the capital they claim is really in cash, they are in a fair way to become rivals of the great railroads and other corporations. One declares it has one hundred million dollars, and the other announces the modest sum of fifty million dollars. The first company tells its patrons and the public generally that it proposes to reduce ore to vapor and then with a wave of the hand condense the vapor and a shower of silver or gold or copper or some other metal, as the case may be, will follow. The prospectus of the other is equally rosy. It recites that the company owns some fifty claims in one of the greatest camps in Washington, and there are millions in sight. A peculiar feature about these gigantic corporations is that none of their stock is offered for sale in Washington, or if it has been it is not generally known. The East, however, is flooded with their advertisements and they are undoubtedly disposing of a good deal of stock.

***

A Useless Commercial Museum.

THE Commercial Museum is a favorite subject for the dailies just now. The project is aired every day or for a column or more. I have not learned, however, just what it is proposed to put therein. Is it to be a permanent exhibit of implements and machinery manufactured in the Eastern, States or is it to be devoted to the resources and productions of California? In the latter instance what is the matter with the State Board of Trade's exhibit. Certain agents of great manufacturing interests with $40 a month officers in San Francisco may possibly profit by display of Eastern machinery, cotton and clocks, of which oriental exports now consist, but wherein does that avail California? The one product accepted from the Pacific Coast is flour. Until we begin to make things used in China and Japan, there can be no great improve-

The Lake Front.

Facade of the Chalet.

ment. The opportunity does exist to develop trade with the Europeans living in the treaty ports of China, and in the British settlements round the Indian Ocean and in Yokohama, but no commercial museum is required. Half a dozen energetic and intelligent commercial travelers might establish agencies for the wines, the high grade canned fruits and vegetables, the raisins and prunes of California and distinctly increase the exports out of San Francisco. Such goods as canned asparagus, tomatoes, apricots, pears, would find ready acceptance among the British residents of Hong Kong, Shanghai and Yokohama. They drink wine—why not plant the light sauternes, Rieslings and clarets of California. Here is a sensible, practicable line of endeavor which would yield generous returns—not perhaps to-day or to-morrow, but within a twelve month.

***

A Strong Combine.

THE Shingle Manufacturers' Association of Washington again threatens to close down. This is probably the strongest organization of producers in the United States. Last year they ascertained that certain millmen were cutting prices. They allowed these delinquents to contract to supply an immense number of shingles in the East, then calmly closed down every mill in the state and almost ruined the dealers who had the audacity to go contrary to their pledges. Because of the severe weather along the Atlantic Coast building operations have come to a stop and there is no demand. To continue to produce would mean over production, so a meeting of the association was called hurriedly and a shut down was considered. The idea was to close the mills until building operations might be resumed. However, Rude Boreas has changed his tune in the East and the meeting adjourned for a week without taking any action.

***

Seattle's Canal.

TITLES to the right of way for the canal from Puget Sound to Lake Washington have been turned over to the United States government and work may be commenced just as soon as Uncle Sam's engineers are ready. A good deal of trouble was experienced over these titles. The government would not accept them until each and everyone had been passed on by the courts. As there were an immense number the process was necessarily tedious. However, everything has been straightened out and there will not be any more delays. Congress has appropriated a sum sufficient to start the work and once begun it will not take long to complete. The canal will be about three miles long. It will run from Salmon Bay just above Seattle into Lake Union, which is within the limits of the city and which itself is large enough and deep enough to give shelter to a good sized navy, and from Lake Union to Lake Washington. An old portage between the two lakes will be made use of. This canal will make Seattle an island.

SAN FRANCISCO CEMETERIES.

Continued from p ge 5.

Fellows' Cemetery, in that its use is not restricted to the order and no profits are expected. There are about twenty-three acres of ground and over 16,000 bodies interred. Only about an acre and a half remains unoccupied, so that inside of five years this, too, must pass as a place for new burials.

It is practically certain that the four cemetery associations will combine to fight the ordinance. Their opposition, as has already been shown, killed the act of 1896. The Supervisors decided against the cemeteries on the ground of public health. The cemetery men urge that the interment of fresh bodies in their tracts does not injure public health. They declare that the average mortality in the various districts near at hand is only from six to eleven per thousand annually, a rate far below that of the whole city. Moreover, they assert that diseases like malignant fevers caused by decaying matter, are less common in the Richmond district than in any other portion of the city. The Supervisors may close the cemeteries, but they can hardly order the grounds leveled and the bodies removed; while in ten years, at the outside, interments will have ceased almost wholly. They assert that if cemeteries are misplaced in San Francisco county, they are equally so in San Mateo county, where objections are already being made. On legal grounds, the right of persons who have already purchased burial lots to do with those lots as they please will be made the ground of attack, and the first attempt of the city to prevent a burial after August, 1901, will be made a test case.

German students and high school pupils travelling in the various mountain regions of their country now have at their disposal 130 taverns, forty-one of which give them a bed free, while seventy-eight add breakfast, and eleven supper, too. Similar taverns have lately been opened in the Swiss Alps.

THE CHALET RIOND BOSSON,
PADEREWSKI'S HOME IN SWITZERLAND.

PADEREWSKI.

THE CHARMING HOME OF THEPIANOIST IN SWITZERLAND.

IT seldom happens even in this era of culture and high civilization that the monetary rewards of even the most successful artist rival the returns reaped by the business man on commercial ventures. Certain great performers have won fortunes by the exercise of their skill, yet the dimensions of their accumulations would seem but moderate to the able factory manager or the shrewd banker. Nor have the incomes of the cleverest instrumentalists equaled the revenues earned by such eminent singers as Jenny Lind, Patti or the De Retzkes. Liszt, Rubenstein, Bulow and Thalberg attracted large audiences, but their estates proved no serious care to their heirs. Pagannini left a million or more, but to have, with him, was to hold. He might have been a successful huckster if nature had not contorted him into the greatest violinist.

There is one exception to all this—Ignace Paderewski. M. Paderewski has earned an income from his art that might satisfy the financial aspirations of a railroad magnate. Between his tremendous skill and his magnetic personality he attracts extensive audiences at expensive prices, not only in America but also in England and Scotland, in Russia, Germany and France. His last tour of the United States, four years ago, netted him something like a quarter of a million dollars, and I imagine he will have over $300,000 as the result of his present excursion. However, he is conceded to be supreme in his art. Besides being the greatest pianist of the era, he is one of its most interesting personalities. To have heard him play will be one of the treasured memories of the average musician for the next quarter of a century; to have met him, to know him, will be a reminiscence entitled to the attention of the next generation.

When at home Paderewski lives at Morges, Switzerland, where he has a lovely country place on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. From its verdant lawns, or from the windows of his villa, he can look across the shining expanse of blue waters to the snowy Alpine summits crowned by Mont Blanc. Here his vacations are spent; here he composes, entertains his friends, and otherwise enjoys the rewards of his tremendous pianistic labors.

The estate is some sixty acres in extent, and is set out in garden and park, in vineyard and orchard. There are 5.000 cherry trees, from which an excellent brand of *Kirsch* is distilled. Last year the vineyard yielded 6,000 *liters* of wine. A vegetable garden extensive enough to supply all the hotels of Lausanne, near by, is another adjunct yet. As a gentleman farmer I am told Paderewski is not a success. He is too deeply wrapped up in his music to have the proper regard for the disposition of his harvests. He is amused and interested in fruit raising and wine making, but they are not subjects of serious concern with him. The most important consideration for the great pianist when at home is composition. He also keeps up his practice, not as he does on tour, when it is usual for him to play eight and ten hours at a stretch, but regular work which preserves the mobility of his hands and keeps him in condition prior to the time he must prepare for the next campaign.

Architecturally the villa has a beautiful effect. The property belonged to a French nobleman, and was purchased by Paderewski some three years ago. It is most commodious, and is charmingly furnished. On the walls hang the mementoes, photographs and curiosities picked up in the brief leisure of his tours. There are seventeen bedrooms, and superb ball and billiard rooms. Here lives Paderewski *fils*, who amuses himself writing comedies and satires, for which he has a distinct talent. Here the great pianist exercises that hospitality in which his soul delights, and in which his charming and vivid personality finds a second fitting expression.

Paderewski is *sui generis*. He is delightfully generous, vital, responsive, overflows with sympathy, and will interest himself in anything or anyone but himself and his affairs, to which he seldom alludes. About the man there is not the faintest suggestion of pretension or conceit. Nor is he in the slightest degree affected. The intense adulation of which he is the object has left no impress on his manner or his attitude. To his audiences he gives absolutely his best. To be in the highest physical condition for his work he observes strict rules as to food and exercise. One cannot but think he would have been equally great in aught he undertook. A fine intelligence distinguishes his talk. He has a remarkable memory. There are few subjects in which he is not interested

Paderewski makes his tours in a private car accompanied by his wife and by his manager, Hugo Gorlitz, who has been with him on all his pianistic excursions. There is also a piano tuner, a secretary, a valet and several servants. In the car is a piano, on which the great artist practices continuously, no matter how rough the traveling be. Three concert grand pianos compose the heavy baggage of the party, one of which precedes them in their travels, th others accompanying them in case of accident. A. B.

CHOIR SINGERS OF OAKLAND, CAL.

1. Grace Irene Thomas. 2. Grace Read. 3. Mrs. Margaret Blake-Alverson. 4. Mrs. Mary S. Langdon. 5. Mrs. A. A. Dewing. 6. Maud Wilkins. 7. Ada Bibby. 8. M. Helen Vockel. 9. Mrs. Ruth Sunderland. 10. Julia Frazier. 11. S. Etelka Schultz. 12. Edith Beckman. 13. Beatrice Priest Fine. 14. Mrs. Carrie Brown Dexter. 15. Mrs. Carroll Nickolson. 16. Mary Stadler. 17. Bessie McCord. 18. Mrs. Martin Schultz. 19. Mrs. S. Caulderwood.

COLONIALS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE NEW ART OF WAR, WHICH THE BRITISH ARE LEARNING. EPISODES AND COMMENTARIES.

THE new art of war is being learned in South Africa in an expensive but effective manner. Certain facts are being borne home to both Generals and subordinates. The chief lesson is the value of individuality in the rank and file and the necessity for accurate marksmanship. The functions of direction must be general rather than specific. Personal leadership is almost out of the question. If an enemy is to be attacked in a selected position his bullets will sweep the terrain over which the attacks must pass with such volume and accuracy that no man can exercise the functions of a director and live. He will be, necessarily, much too conspicuous. It follows that the effective use of the weapon must be left altogether to the individual soldier, and that the profitable expenditure of ammunition must depend upon each man's skill and intelligence.

Herein it is that the colonial and Australian troops have distinguished themselves. They fight just as the Boers do —individually. They shoot as well and have the same characteristic of mobility and personal responsibility. The best commentary on the new irregular soldier comes from Julian Ralph, whose admirably graphic correspondent in *Collier's* and in the London *Mail* prove his well earned repute.

The Colonial, he says, is precisely such a man as our Western rough rider? He can worry the Boer day and night. He can slip all over his country, commandeering his cattle, emptying his farmhouses, destroying his grain. He can chase and overtake and vanquish the small commandos of Dutchmen who are forever moving about between one army and another. Did I not tell you that when General Babbington made a raid into the Free State the other day the Australians and Canadians had cleared the way for him and gone twenty miles further in than he did? Well, since then, within a week, one hundred and fifty Boers were chasing some of General French's cavalry when twenty or thirty of Remington's Scouts dashed at them and they turned tail and fled. They know that a European column is practically one man, but that every man in a Colonial column is a separate unit, a fighter on his own account, a thinker for himself, a private and officer combined.

The British are learning this. They began by accepting a little Colonial aid in a very churlish spirit and refusing most of what was offered. To-day they are taking all the Colonial help they can get and the Colonist is uppermost. "Little Bobs" is having a body-guard made up of men from all the Colonial forces, of which there must now be a dozen different bodies in the field.

Debut of the Australians.

Here is the debut of the West Australian contingent as seen by the correspondent of the *Daily News:*

"The Australians rode out steadily, and took up their positions with an amount of coolness that startled older soldiers. This was absolutely their first trial on real fighting service, and everybody connected with them was anxious to see how they would comport themselves in the face of the enemy. A body of scouts ran upon a large body of the enemy near Pottsberg Farm, in a deep and shady ravine. The enemy were trying to evade notice, but that was now impossible. In a moment rifles were ringing in the air, and after that first volley the little band of Australians wheeled and galloped for the open country. To have remained there would have meant certain death to every one of the half dozen who comprised the picket, so they did their duty—they fired and rode for the veldt. In a few seconds Boers were dashing out of the kopjes on all sides, trying to cut the small band of Australians off or shoot them down. But the Australians knew their game; they opened out, so that each man was practically riding alone. The Boers could do little with them. Whenever an Australian found himself in a tight place he simply dug his spurs into his horse's flanks, lifted his rifle and blazed into the ranks of the foe. If his horse was shot dead under him he coo-eed to his mates, and kept his rifle busy, and every time the coo-ee rang out over the whispering veldt the Australians turned in their saddles, and, riding as the men from the Southland can ride, they dashed to the rescue, and did not leave a single man in the hands of the enemy."

These colonial troops are the most admired soldiers in the army. They look like American scouts and Rough Riders. To continue from Mr. Ralph's article:

"They ride as our boys do, *with* the horse, as if each man was a part of his steed. They carry their guns any way they please. They wear their slouch hats as they like: turned up, turned down, or caught up at one side."

Dust on the Veldt.

South Africa is a dirty country to fight in. It is hot, dusty and dry. Says one correspondent:

"The dust which was once a nuisance is now little less than a plague. It is always being stirred—by the strings of horses on their way to watering, which pass and repass to the river almost every hour of the day; by the kicking, squealing droves of transport mules, by the long spans of oxen. It rises on the stillest days, without warning, in thin, twisting spirals of yellow sand, which take their own way, beautiful and abominable, across the camp, befouling everything, upsetting everything that stands across their course, and reaching for hundreds of feet upward into the still blue sky. After the dust—and but a short way after—the flies. One used to think, as a child, that the Egyp ians were let off rather lightly with flies. A short stay by the Modder alters that opinion. The tent is black with them, the jam pots hum under the hand that lifts them from the table, and the flies pour out between one's fingers like black spouts of water."

In the same connection Julian Ralph writes to *Collier's:*

"The swagger guards and the splendid lancers have already become parts of the dirtiest army in the world. The dirtiest, because there's no such thing as keeping clean. We live in dust, eat dust, drink dust, breathe dust, and dust coats us all from head to foot. Hundreds of one-time dandies have long since ceased to shave, and, until we came to Modder river, a man who washed all over was sure to boast of it and be pointed out to the others. The officers without swords and without stars are as like their men as two peas; in fact we are like an army of dustmen with no differences among us except that Lord Methuen and General Pole-Carew are still as tidy as if they were at home."

Go as you Please Soldiers.

As to costuming, the new conditions are beginning to develope changes of feeling. In his correspondence Julian Ralph alludes to this:

"The other day an officer said to me: 'I wish they'd let our men fight as yours did, in flannel shirts, instead of marching them to battle all harnessed up and weighted down like horses!' Every day I see more and more signs of an approach to reason in this matter. As I walk through the camp I notice more and more men in soft slouch hats. They have lost their helmets in battle or worn them out; but the wonder is that in an old-world army they are allowed to make such a departure. Then, again, I see the engineers and even the men about the guards' camp at work in their shirt sleeves. It is a thing incredible, yet I give my word I've seen hundreds of Tommies working with their coats off. It is said the sword has gone for ever from the field of war. Well, the polished brass and the pipe clay have gone from the British army for the time being, and I shall not wonder if the leather harness drops off Tommy's back before we are through. Some Europeans laugh at us for just such innovations, but we do not laugh back. We applaud, for the changes are brought about by commou sense."

Sunset on the Veldt.

There are compensations even on the veldt. Here is a picture from the pen of H. F. Battersby in the *Morning Post* of an evening scene on the veldt which is worth reading:

"At evening, from one of those low hills by the river, the scene looks like one of the great fairs of Southern Russia, for in the twilight the veldt has something of the darkness, silence and mystery of the steppe. Its purples are not so deep as those that twilight wears above the black earth of the Volga, but they have clearness and space. The resemblance is strengthened when the floating silvery veil of dust, which seems to rise with the evening, gives to all within it a magic distance—the tents, the tethered horses, the ungainly carts, the orange brightness of the camp fires —while out on the darkening veldt the laboring spans of oxen can only be seen to move by the growing tail of dust behind them. No man could paint that picture and paint into it the sense of war. Even the bugles which cry to each other down there about the fires have no stern hardness in them—no song of death. The thinnest sickle of the new moon burns pale above the hill in the redness which the sun has left, with the evening star set at moon's breadth above it, as in a jeweller's design. The moon rests unbent on its edge before it moves beneath the hill, and, clear as her sinking flame, the little melancholy twitter of the Kaffir phinxes laments the hour. That and not the camp bugle gives the real 'last post,' the night call of this arid country into which we have come."

F. B. P.

THE HERO OF PLEVNA.

Passing of Osman Pasha, Turkey's Greatest General.

THE news of the death of Osman Pasha elicited no particular interest in this country. The newspapers gave it a few lines, stating that he was a Turkish general who won fame in the Russo-Turkish war and led the Ottoman forces in the more recent Grecian picnic. No one seemed to be aware that this Turk was the greatest general of this half-century, Von Moltke not excepted, and that, although defeated at Plevna, he gave the Russians such a struggle for supremacy as established his fame among the great figures of Turkish history. Besides this, he was the founder of the modern Turkish army, being responsible for its transformation from a horde of ill-disciplined and ill-equipped barbarians to the excellent fighting-machine of to-day.

Europe first learned of Osman in the heroic defense of Plevna, but Turkey knew him already as the organizer of her army, the man who had brought order out of chaos in her army system. His campaign in the Russian war was managed with such consummate skill that for a long time the Slavonic generals insisted that he was not a Turk, but some European general, possibly the French Marshal Bazaine. He checkmated their every move for a year, and finally, on the banks of the Vid, his little force held 90,000 Russians at bay until starvation conquered him. Twice in the war he was conquered—once at Scalevitz and again in his final stand at Plevna—but under such circumstances that his glory was greater than that of the generals who conquered him.

The defense of Plevna was the height and crown of his military achievement. He had been forced back into that town after a running fight in which the Russians lost more men than the British have lost in the whole Transvaal war. Entrenched in the town, his army successfully resisted every attempt to dislodge them. The Russians were better trained and better armed, yet his own force did not give an inch. Again and again the enemy attacked his outposts by direct assault or by strategy, only to roll back, absolutely cut to pieces. General Todleben, who won his laurels at the battle of Sebastapol, was called in to finish the Turk; he invested the town so closely that it seemed as though not even a mouse could crawl through, and waited for starvation to finish the work. Two days after the investment was completed, the Turk so outmaneuvred his opponents as to slip 5,000 head of cattle through the lines and into his own camp. General Skobeleff telegraphed, a few days later, that Osman was so surrounded as to be unable to hold out a week. Skobeleff telegraphed the same message a month later and again a month after that. The next month, he became less confident and summoned all the available generals and soldiers in Russia to assist in the siege. The Grand Duke Nicholas brought in the pick of the empire's officers and engineers and they laid a scientific siege, but still the garrison held on, as plucky and as full of fight as ever. Each night, the outposts were rushed by the Turks within, who were lashed, by this time, into a frenzy of fanatic zeal. Each day, the Russians rushed and took some of the defences, only to find that these positions were covered by the guns of other entrenchments further within, and were thus veritable death-traps. The time came when General Skobeleff realized that the Turks were letting him take only such positions as Osman chose to let him take, positions directly under the guns of the Moslem defenders. Over 18,000 Russians had fallen before the czar's soldiers managed to invest the town; they kept falling day after day, a thousand or so each week, and still there was no headway made. The cool, strategic generalship of the Turkish leader was blended with a wild fanaticism which he had managed to drive into his men. One and all, they were ready to lay down their lives in exchange for the smallest injury to an enemy. From the picket-lines, the soldiers on either side cursed one another between skirmishes; the Russians could hear coming from the mosques a call to prayers that were maledictions upon the infidels.

In spite of all, provisions ran low in the garrison. Then luck or Allah came to Osman's rescue. A convoy of 10,000 troops with a huge provision-train made a rapid march, an attempt to surprise the Russians and get into the town. In every army there is a coward; the coward in the Russian army was the general who guarded his point of attack. The Russian made a pretence of attacking and then retreated, permitting the provisions to pass within the lines.

It was early autumn when the Turks first occupied the town; it was already winter when Osman answered his government. The armies built huts and camped for a winter siege. Russian spies reported that the Turks were near to starvation, but the generals, remembering the incident of the 5,000 cattle, only watched the closer. Every day brought large skirmishes or small battles. Relief did not come, and when the fanatics died in the camp during their night attacks, they were more ragged and emaciated than before.

At last the crisis came. A spy brought word that Osman's men were gathering on the plains back of the city for a pitched battle. The next morning, Skobeleff swung a wing of his army onto the plain. The Turks were already there, a cloud of skirmishers scouring the ground at their front. The Russian general sent for the remainder of his army; he had scarcely done so, when the fanatic charge of the Turks struck his front. The Russian wing was smashed, crumpled, hurled back. With the issue in doubt, Skobeleff had still time to admire his enemy. "The best-planned sortie I ever heard of," he said; "how I wish that I could have had the honor of commanding it!" The Turk pressed, and encountered the second line of defense, the main body of the Russian army. Here they were checked. The superior artillery, the heavier numbers of the Russians, had their effect, but not before whole battalions had been cut to pieces by the furious onslaught of those wasted, hungry, naked men.

That whole day the battle raged. The Turks caught a Siberian regiment in a redoubt and slaughtered them to the last man. Others hastening to the rescue came into this storm-center, around which the fight now raged the most fiercely. At noon, the Turks were inside the redoubt and on the way to victory, when the Russian forces from the extreme opposite side of the town, who had been marching all day to reach the scene of action, poured into the breach and turned the tide. The worn, hungry, naked Turks fell back; the Russians pressed forward, and the retreat became a rout. By night, Osman had surrendered his force of 45,000, less six thousand killed or wounded.

"If Allah had granted us a full meal this morning," he said, "we would have cut you to pieces."

Failure is the official end of most generals, but not of Osman Pasha, whose defeat was more splendid than a victory. After the war, he held his place at the head of the Turkish army, keeping up the high standard he himself had set. He became the terror and the scourge of the lawless tribes along the border. His was a name of dread among the Cossacks. In these border wars a rumor that Osman Pasha was coming has been enough to make the Balkan barbarians flee for their lives. When the Greek war broke out, two years ago, Osman was an old man and had retired, so that other generals began the fighting. But after the first few actions, when the Greek army threatened Salonica, the Sultan placed the old lion in command again. That swift, short and decisive campaign in which the Greeks were fairly swept off their feet was directed by Osman. This was his last war.

Of Osman personally we know less than we might wish. It is a part of the Sultan's policy to keep the personalities of his head advisers considerably in the background. He was born in 1833, attended the war schools at Constantinople, went into the army, where he rose rapidly, and was fighting practically all his life. English diplomats who have enjoyed the favor of interviews with him have drawn a parallel between his character and that of Wellington. He had undoubtedly the same iron quality, but with a touch of Oriental cruelty which made him utterly regardless of the lives of men. They were pawns in his game. He had, or affected to have, a strong vein of religious fanaticism. It was by playing on their religious feelings that he persuaded his men to hold on and starve at Plevna. His genius lay in a great power of organization, a mighty grasp on situations and that personal quality which is the final and supreme test of a great general.

ROBERT WAGRAM.

LONDON
THREE NEW PLAYS.

LONDON.

THE three new plays of the fortnight are all exceptionally interesting, and for widely different reasons. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is producing "Magda," a new play for her, at Royalty. This statement means nothing unless you happen to be a Londoner and to know that the Royalty is the home of loud and screaming farce. A playhouse lives on clientele as much as on productions, so that the trying of Suderman on this audience was a hazard. It succeeded. The audience followed "Mrs. Pat's" acting with bated breath. I question if an aristocratic, up-town audience would have displayed half the genuine interest. If the *bourgeoisie* like Suderman, will they not listen to Ibsen and Materlink, I wonder? Will not the revival of the real, genuine drama begin at the bottom and not at the top? It is a question worth considering.

"The Messenger Boy" clothes an humble subject with gorgeous splendor. The play is not much, but the costumes and accessories are a great deal. The humblest chorus girl is gotten up like a duchess. The dresses, mind you, are mainly modern costumes, which come high. It doesn't cost much to dress a play sumptuously in Grecian robes, but when it comes to purchasing the very latest, best productions of the modern *modiste*, it is different. The women critics in the audience are not authorities on Grecian robes, but they know the points of modern dress.

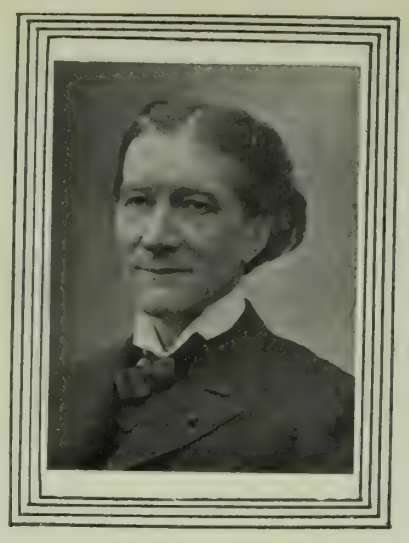
Last of all, there is the revival of a curious old play, written a hundred and sixty years ago and first produced at St. Bartholemew's fair. An excellent new droll, called *Don Juan or the Libertine Destroyed*, is its title in the old form; Mr. Martin Harvey brings it out as "Don Juan's Last Wager." It is a good play, with the ring of blades in it, and the star's conception of the part is unique, but 'tis nothing special. The interest centers on this revival of a drama which touched hands with the Restoration. By-the-way, Mr. Holbrook Blinn, an ex-San Franciscan, and a Stanford University man, has a strong part, that of an old grandee. It is a new departure for Mr. Blinn, but he puts into the lines a weight, age and dignity which make it a notable role.

It seems like desecrating art to speak of costumes in connection with a play as great as "Magda" and acting as beautiful as Mrs. Campbell's. But some of her gowns must come in for attention. In the first act, there is a long, close evening dress, princesse fashion and made of a gleaming, transparent embroidery of crystal beads on a foundation of corn colored silk (they call it "maize-coloured" in London). A ruche of corn-colored chiffon runs around the bottom. In the last act, her gown is white and gold brocade, veiled with a second skirt of white chiffon. Bodice and overskirt are both of mauve-gray crepe de chine. The overskirt is made of long, square panels caught with silver ornaments a little below the waist-line. A yoke and sleeves of black velvet lattice-work studded with jewels gives the finishing touch. Upon entering, Mrs. Campbell throws off a cloak of emerald green velvet, richly trimmed with chinchilla and a halo-shaped black hat with a half wreath of pink roses.

Among the superb costumes in "The Messenger Boy," I noted especially one of May Hobson's. Over a skirt of mauve-pink *panne* falls a cream-white silk overdress with silver embroidery. There is a yoke of the pink stuff in the bodice, which is quite simple. There is a cape with this, long behind and short before, of cream lace with an ermine yoke-line. The hat is a floral toque of orchids, matching the skirt in color. The jewels worn with this are magnificent.

It being a sad season for London, there is little change in the modes. Many aristocratic families wear mourning, and the others have scarcely the heart to be over-gay. It must be a black season, with the war still unsettled and the hardest days yet to come. Otherwise, there is a tendency toward simplicity. Soft shades will be favored. Many of the new hats and gowns are to be made of that elusive shade known as "biscuit." I viewed in advance, yesterday, a spring cashmere gown in this tint. The skirt was tucked in horizontal lines from waist to knee with pipings of *panne* in a like shade. A belt and collar of *panne* were set off by a chiffon waistcoat, holding medallions of yellowish lace. There was a large toque of biscuit-colored straw, plaited with coarse straw of a deeper shade. The crown was golden-brown in hue; around it was twisted a band of light brown glace silk, veiled with biscuit-colored tulle. Directly in front the two materials were tied in an enormous chou, and the brim was slightly raised at the left by a bandeau of bright blue panne. 'Twas a most delicate and pleasing costume, and sold for a prince's ransom, spite of its simplicity.

In millinery as in dressmaking, the tendency is toward plain simplicity. Hyacinths are to be the favorite flower for millinery, and undyed ostrich feathers are to have some vogue. The natural complement for these feathers is pale blue or the pale-tinted straw of the spring hats. Poppy-red and lemon-colored tulle are also effective. It has been discovered that bright reddish mauve goes very well with "zenda red," the new hair-dye, which is being used with unabashed frankness this season, and women with auburn locks will remember it in their spring millinery. But be careful, if you are going to try it, because it needs an eye for color to tell the exact and precise shade. A hair's-breadth either way, and it is ruined as an effect. KATRIONA.



Victorien Sardou.

PARIS
A VISIT TO SARDOU.

PARIS.

VICTORIEN SARDOU the man is about as different from the people of his plays as one can well imagine. I was granted the favor of a talk with him last week. He did the granting and the talking both. Never in my life was I overwhelmed with such a torrent of conversation. Once or twice I tried to get a word in edgewise. Sardou raised his hand as my mouth opened: "wait a moment, I know what you are going to say," and was off again. He is said to be the champion conversationalist at any distance in all France.

Physically, he is a little, old man of seventy-five, still straight, erect and vigorous. The instantaneous process must be used in taking his photograph, for he is never still. Never have I seen such rapid continuous motion. He gesticulates as he speaks; he stops to adjust his accentric raiment; he uses all the loose articles in his neighborhood to illustrate his points. Indoors, he always wears a white scarf and a student's *berri*, a cap shaped somewhat like a tam o' shanter. Beneath a fore head and brows of great power, shine a pair of bright eyes, and a face that fairly glows with the energy stored within. It is a face of power, but neither that of an actor nor a litterateur. At first glance, one would probably take him for a statesman or a diplomat.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in "Magda."

Never mind what we talked about; it was a matter of business and has nothing to do with the letter. It is the man himself, and his surroundings, which may be of interest. Sardou's house is a modern mansion in the residence part of Paris. He can afford this, for he is very wealthy. Like the greatest of dramatists, he has lived not only for his art but for what it will bring him in the way of profits. He has a strong money sense, and practices small economies. He says, himself, that it is a survival of his old days of struggle, before an accident —Bernhart's notice of his exquisite handwriting— brought him his first move toward fame and fortune. It is said that he saves uncancelled postage stamps! But he keeps the distinction between thrift and stinginess, and being saving, he is also generous. I have heard that the revenue of his American rights is mostly used in an actors' fund of his own for the relief of the needy in the profession. On those same American rights hangs a story. The great dramatist has never been out of France. The thought of a sea-voyage, even to England, fills him with unfeigned terror. Perhaps because of this he has acquired the French habit of thinking that France is the world. And so, when he was approached on the subject of production in the United States, he treated it lightly, as being a matter of small importance. They explained to him the American system of playright's royalties; he shrugged his shoulders. What revenue could he obtain, he asked, from a few productions a year in a barbarian clime? The agent, a woman by the way, thereupon took down a map and explained to him the size of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and the other great American cities. "Why, 'tis a world!" he exclaimed, and gave permission at once. His revenue from America has been immense ever since; because it was just like "finding money," he has devoted a large part of it to gifts and to charity. Nevertheless he does not like the Americans, partly because we are first cousins to the English, whom he detests with all a Frenchman's hatred, and partly because we are a republic, a form of government which outrages all his principles. There is not in France a more ardent and prejudiced royalist than Sardou. When you think of it, you can trace this influence through his plays. He loves the pomp and parade of royalty, the dignity of aristocratic birth; the finest characters in his works are kings and nobles; the best situations have to do with aristocrats. He even goes so far as to declare that France was at her best before the Revolution. That same Revolution is his special hobby. He is a student of the period, knows it as he knows playwriting. Should he wish to step out of his way to do it, he could write a great history of the period—from a royalist point of view. A mention of the horrors of the bastile explodes him. There were not rats in the bastile, he declares, no wet dungeons, no starvation. It is an open secret that, should monarchy be restored in France, Sardou would receive a patent of nobility.

His method of writing a play is a cold-blooded one. He takes a climax and builds his drama around it. The characters are not even named in the beginning; they are designated simply as A B and C etc. From the climax, he builds the crucial scene; around that, he constructs the rest of the play. Before he puts down a word of his dialogue, the story of the drama is written. Then, when the dialogue is done, the stage-directions are inserted even to plans and descriptions of mechanical devices. Strange to say, he is not swelled up over his work, which is a remarkable thing for an author or actor. He is always open to a suggestion, and changes lines and situations very frequently at the behest of some actor or manager.

His is altogether a warm, genial, pleasant personality—force, leavened and softened by the artistic temperament, kindliness, and magnetism are the qualities which strike the superficial observer. Withal, he is one of the finest gentlemen in France and loved even by his enemies, the red Republicans.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

Perfection in Champagne.

The celebrated vintage of 1893 of Moet & Chandon White Seal, now being imported into the United States, is perfection, being the product of the choicest grapes. Its selection by connoisseurs is proof of its high quality.

The man tangled in the tape from the ticker is the type of the average business man. His business cares wrap him about like the coils of a constrictor and slowly crush out his life. The common sign of the business man's slavery is "weak stomach," the natural consequence of the rapid eating, the indigestible pastry, the coffee and pie or doughnuts, with which many a man stuffs his stomach under the name of "quick lunch." The quickest way back to a strong stomach and sound health is to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery until perfectly cured. It goes to the root of disease. It removes the cause of ill-health. It makes more blood and better blood, and this blood nourishes every organ in the body to the highest point of vigorous health.

"During the summer and fall of 1896," writes Chas. H. Sergeant, Esq., of Plain City, Madison Co., Ohio. "I became all 'run down,' nerves were out of order. I wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice. He said I had general debility, and advised Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and, thanks to you for your advice, I used six bottles; and since I stopped taking it about one year ago, I have not taken any medicine of any kind, and *have been able to work every day*. My appetite is good, I can eat three square meals a day, and I do not feel that miserable burning in the stomach after eating. My blood and nerves are in good shape, and, I am in good running order."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

TRUMBULL & BEEBE

Seedsmen and Nurserymen.

419-421 Sansome Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

Catalogues Free on Application.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS C

Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co dispensed with all other makes and now use the SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.

110 Montgomery St, S. F.

Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

Alfred Cane, Luther A. Teague, Frederick Teague.

Teague, Cane & Teague,

DENTISTS.

Claus Spreckels Bldg. Phone Main 1459.

Third and Market Sts Sixth Floor, S. F., Cal.

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

I AM really alarmed, my dear Diary, at the manner in which the days are passing Here is the beginning of the last month of my Cricket days. Marriage is a most alarming event I think. I wish I could postpone it a little longer. This freedom which. we value so little when it lies like the ocean deep and fathomless before us, becomes very precious when it can be measured by the thimble. I suppose all other girls have felt just as I do now and they always say when they are happily married that there is more freedom in marriage. I wonder shall I! I also wonder whether I really am in love; mama says she used to before she married papa, but of course girls in her period did not understand nor realize life and things as we do to-day. Then there is the divorce court, but mama says it's a terrible state of affairs for an engaged girl to think of such a thing. But,as I say to her, we do think of it and we do speak of it and most of us think it a mighty good thing, for anyone is liable to err in her judgment. It is much better, I think, to separate than live in a constant state of quarreling and ill temper for the sake of the appearance of the thing. Aunt Sybil would say that we girls of the present day are too ready to say "yes" before we had thought the matter over properly. By the way, Aunt Sybil arrived in the Argentine Republic last week. She had a glorious trip down there. I shall miss not having her at my wedding dreadfully—still I know I have her good wishes and that is something. My trousseau is all made and I have not got one grey dress or hat. I should hate to be spotted as a bride. Some friends of ours in the country have lent us their house for a month or so,after the first week I intend having a crowd down to pass the time pleasantly. So many girls say their honeymoon dragged most awfully. I know all the "Ideal's" small talk now; there is not one of his stories that I cannot finish and, I think,tell better than he. In fact, I do not see how he can amuse me for a week, but I shall give him a steady trial. However, just as soon as I begin to be bored I shall telegraph for my friends and then it will be all right. I was asking Beatrice Raoul-Duval the other day was she bored. She shrieked with laughter at the very idea of such a thing and told me the time passed only too quickly. Of course, Raoul is younger than the "Ideal," though he has not had half the experiences and is not nearly so clever. At least that is what I think. Beatrice has her own opinion. Helen Thomas agrees with me that Mr. Kimble and the "Ideal" are the two nicest fellows we have ever known, and are constantly congratulating each other on being so lucky. I wonder shall I enjoy the congratulating a year hence. I promise, Diary dear, to tell you all my trials and tribulations, for you will really be my only outlet. I would not dream of telling either mama or Leila, and as for papa, I could never give him a sad moment, especially as he does not approve of my choosing a man fifteen years older than myself. Still there is Amy Requa Long—I don't know a happier girl than she. In fact her marriage is a synonym now of real happiness.

Several of the girls asked me to tea this last week. I went to Suida Cadwalader's one day, the Hopkins another, then to Caro Crockett's and Emily Hager's. I like Lenten teas, one only has the girls for whom one really cares, and then one can have such a cozy time. There have also been several theatre parties. I was with Harry Stetsons the other evening. We went to see "Mr. Smooth." There were several other parties there. Harry Holbrook had about twelve, and, like ourselves, went to the Palace for supper afterwards. I have never seen the supper room so crowded as it has been this last week. It is getting to be quite *infra dig* to go to any other place but the Palace. I am so glad, for whatever is cooked there one knows is the best to be had in town. Wednesday afternoon there was a small tournament out at our links at the Presidio. It was a beautiful afternoon and we played for cups, any one of which I should have been proud to own, for they were in exceedingly good taste. Florence Ives gave the tournament and had a number of us to drink tea with her afterwards. Friday I went to hear Paderewski. The house was crowded. A great number of people went, I gathered from the way they showed how bored they were, just to say they had been. I found it very interesting. I do not yet care for him in Chopin, but he is a wonder I think in Beethoven and Liszt. His technique is almost super human.

We had another excellent hunt on Saturday. One sees better riding each week and as more girls take it up, I think in time it will be one of the most delightful of California sports' Mrs. Oxnard gave us a very jolly evening at her new home on Pacific avenue. It is most artistically furnished and I expect we shall have fine times there all the time. Mrs. Oxnard and Mrs. Downey Harvey contrive to give really delightful dinners and luncheons. They are people who have really good cooks and know how to order to best advantage, so give dinners that are certainly worth while. Mrs. Horace Hill is also thoroughly posted on the charm of a well-decorated table. She gave a luncheon last week that was really in excellent taste. The flowers were wild and the foliage was banked around in such a manner as to make one believe they were growing. Mrs. Homer King and Mrs. Pond were the married people, and I really enjoyed myself very much. I expect these next two weeks of Lent will be pretty quiet, owing to their being so near the end, but of course I shall be kept busy. Mayme McMullin Godley has the dearest flat on Pacific avenue. She invited some of us to a reception she gave to meet Miss Wilson of Philadelphia, who is a charming girl, awfully stunning looking, and I think we shall feel we have a good friend in her. I was rather surprised to hear from Catherine Warfield of Fruitvale of her engagement to Lester K. Wells. Catherine is a cousin of the Duperus and a beautiful brunette. She is not yet twenty, so of course I do not quite approve of her marrying so young. They are to be wedded on the 24th of April, just six days before mine. Now, Diary dear, I think I've told you all the news of this week.

MISS CRICKETT.

An agreeable reminder of the festivities connected with the return of the California volunteers was received recently by J. B Boland, of Sievers & Boland,the well-known florists. Mr. Boland, who is very popular among the numerous members of the floral guild, especially assisted in the matter of decorating the streets of San Francisco for the great occasion and succeeded in working up the enthusiasm of the other florists to such a degree that they all got in and helped valorously, contributing palms, shrubs and flowers in profusion. The ample funds which the committee collected rendered it easy to re-imburse all who had assisted and the compliment was returned in cash. Mr. Boland, however, refused to receive any remuneration, as he had worked for the good of the cause, and not for metallic return. Mr. A. Schilling, who had charge of the decorations on behalf of the committee of arrangements, was very appreciative of Mr. Boland's assistance, and presented him, recently, with a beautiful cut-glass and silver vase, suitably engraved.

FOR SWELL DRESSERS.

The "Knox" hat is absolutely correct. Eugene Korn, 726 Market St., sole agent.

A Universal Verdict.

Moet & Chandon White Seal is the finest champagne sold in the United States. Moet & Chandon own more vineyards than the eight leading champagne houses in France. The wine is pronounced perfection by connoisseurs.

Wherever there is a piano there should be a pianola. The pianola plays any piano. Any one can play it. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St., sole agents.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

OAKLAND CHOIRS.

The Singers who Make the Music in the City of Churches.

OAKLAND is not dubbed "The City of Churches" without good reason. In proportion to population its sacred edifices are more numerous than those of the sister city, and, what is more, are more commodious. Indeed, religion is popular in the Athens of the Pacific—how much is due to the pastors and how much to the music is too delicate a question for decision here. Something may be deduced from the fact that on great occasions, when the music is specially advertised, the crowds cannot find accommodation. Whether they are present for harmony or for virtuous instruction is for some wiser pen to tell. Nor shall I here venture a decision of that delicate point—in which Oakland church may one hear the best music? When all are so good, why draw delicate distinctions? Besides, excellence is largely a question of the ability of individual soloists, so in dealing with the subject it must be on the basis of singers rather than choirs.

The first to mention should be Mrs. Martin Schultz, who has been singing for eighteen years in California. Her career began as a choir singer when she was but fifteen. Since then she has sung East and West, in San Francisco at the First Congregational, in New York at the Fifth Avenue Baptist; but she is now at the First Congregational, in the City of Churches, and if the congregation is to be considered, will remain there. Mrs. Carroll Nicholson is also a soloist at the First Congregational Church, and possesses a very useful and full contralto voice. She has sung for several years in Oakland churches and has also been heard in San Francisco. Some of Mrs. Nicholson's best work was that in connection with the San Francisco quartette. Her fellow members were Willis Bachelder, Miss Millie Flynn, and Thomas Rickard.

Mrs. Carrie Brown Dexter, a pupil of D. P. Hughes, has made her reputation entirely within Oakland. She has a fine, rich soprano voice of good range, which is heard in solo in the First Presbyterian Church. This singer has been heard in many of the concerts of the Orpheus, Hughes and Loring Clubs on both sides of the bay. Another Oakland girl who is now winning laurels in the East is Mrs. Beatrice Priest-Fine. Her education was obtained in the city of churches. She was long a distinguished member of the First Congregational choir. Mrs. Fine is now starring in concert in the East, but her permanent home is still in Oakland.

Since 1879 Mrs. A. A. Dewing has been a familiar name in the church choirs of Oakland. At present she is soprano soloist in the First M. E. Church, and has held that position for nearly five years. She was for several years soloist for the Howard Street Church in San Francisco when Rev. Dr. McKenzie was pastor. In Oakland Mrs. Dewing has also been engaged in the choirs of the Church of the Advent and the First Presbyterian Church. She began her career as soloist at the First Congregational. She is the daughter of the late Dr. S. H. Melvin, one of the men who laid the foundation of Oakland many years ago. A young woman whose voice is fast bringing her into prominence is Miss Susan E. Etelka, daughter of Mrs. Martin Schultz. Although not [illegible] teen Miss Etelka has had her voice tested by some of the masters of song of this country, who have pronounced it to be one of great promise. Though her voice has been excellently trained she has not yet made her debut outside of the church where her mother sings. Mrs. Langdon, who as Miss Mary Sullivan was well known years ago in choir circles, is an effective soloist. She has sung in several churches in Oakland. For two years she was with the First Presbyterian, and latterly she has been soloist at the Church of St. Francis de Sales, only leaving that position at the beginning of this year. Mrs. Langdon is thoroughly an Oaklander, her musical education having been had from her mother, who is the widow of the late General Sullivan, U. S. A.

Mrs. Caulderwood, a high soprano, is at present soloist at the Church of St. Francis de Sales. For some years she has been studying under Professor Kern, and has lately made her debut upon the dramatic stage. She can reach with her voice D flat above high C. Her solos are among the features of the service at St. Francis. It is not unlikely that Mrs. Caulderwood will soon forsake church singing for the stage.

Another ambitious young vocalist is Grace Irene Thomas, who is now solo soprano at Sacred Heart Church. Like so many other Oakland songstresses, Miss Thomas has not confined herself to one church, but has sung in many choir lofts. She has been connected for five years past with the First Congregational Church, but has also sung solos at the Brooklyn Presbyterian. She proposes soon to go to New York to develop her voice, further with the idea of entering upon a concert or operatic career.

But Oakland has many other vocalists engaged in her choirs. Among the others may be mentioned Miss Mabel Gray, the contralto of the First Methodist Church; Miss Helen Vockel, an alto who is heard sometimes at the German Lutheran Church and oftener at the Brooklyn Presbyterian in East Oakland. Mrs. Ruth Sunderland, better known as Miss Birdie Pugh, is the soloist for the Sunday school at the Tenth Avenue Baptist Church; and Miss Ada Bibby, the elocutionist, is also heard in the same choir. Miss Bessie McCord, of the Christian Endeavor chorus, is also a member of the same church. Other church singers who are prominent in Christian Endeavor circles are Miss Julia Frazier and Miss Edith

Continued on page 14.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

—FOR—

Nome, St. Michael, Dawson

AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.

CARRYING U. S. MAILS.

FOR NOME DISTRICT.

From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,

From San Francisco, S. S. "St, Paul," May 26th, 1900

A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fortnight Thereafter

For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak, and all Intermediate Points:

From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.

For new folders, maps and further particulars, as to freight and passage,apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash

Kitro Tonic.

King of all. For men and women. A fine Grape Fruit Tonic. Recommended by all Physicians. Sold by al Druggists, Grocers and Dealers.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH

Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,2:3,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000.000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28,563,655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....210,067
Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee,
George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery,
Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tarheira,
E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the Country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Joseph D. Grant, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—MEXICAN GOLD and Silver Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the seventh day of March 1900, an assessment [No. 63] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of April, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the Second day of May, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

IN BOOKDOM

THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE.

STEPHEN BONSAL, who achieved some notoriety during the Santiago campaign by reason of his disputes with the general commanding the American forces, has been doing some very good work of late as a descriptive writer. *The Golden Horseshoe* is his latest book. The account purports to be a correspondence between two officers of the army, one of whom after the war goes to Porto Rico, the other to Manila on the *Sherman* from New York. Mr. Bonsal is supposed to be the editor of these letters. The *Sherman*, it will be remembered, touched at the chief British ports on her long voyage and won unlimited praise as a model troopship. While the British officers were examining her and entertaining her men, Mr. Bonsal seems to have been investigating the effect ence of the superimposed British civilization upon the various Oriental life. He ends by admitting that it has been almost miraculously good.

I shall have space to quote briefly from this interesting book. Malta and Suez and Ceylon and Siam are hundreds of thousands of miles away from America. Let us instead have a description of our new next-door neighbor—Hong-Kong. The men on the *Sherman* have just been told that the great rock straight ahead of them is the third port in the world:

"One by one the wonders of the place came into clearer view. Soon we saw that this little island, unlike the other worthless shoals or shafts of rock that rose out of the sea, was hedged about with granite docks and walls. The island itself, as it rose to a peak that was lost to view in the clouds, was honeycombed with roads and streets, and dotted with palatial hongs and dwellings. Looking like ants in the distance, we caught sight of thousands of workmen swarming up the mountain side and down upon the docks to their daily tasks.

"We should have been in a measure prepared for the miracle that now grew plain before us, by what we had seen in Colombo and Singapore, and yet after all the first view of the imperial city of the East came with the overpowering force of a surprise. Why, the water-front of New York looks like a fishing village in comparison with this city of the East. We could hear the creaking of the derricks on the docks, and the roar of the blasting charges in the quarries. Men were rushing about all over the place as if time was really an object. We rubbed our eyes hard and wondered how it had happened that in a moment we had passed from out the lazy, slippered East and were back again in the wide-awake world of men who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows. Dozens of great ocean steamers went past us, whipping in and out of the channel like the big fish they are, and suddenly, above the tooting of the whistles and the general uproar, we heard an ear-splitting English cheer. We were passing a great battleship that is standing guard over this vast workship and market of the East.

"When we climbed out on the landing stage we gave our boatman a shilling apiece. Seeing, I suppose, that we were 'easy,' he asked for another shilling, and we were about to hand it over—certainly it did not seem too much—when suddenly there sprang up out of the bowels of the earth a Sikh policeman armed with a stout truncheon. Taking in the situation at once, he gave the China boy several raps with his club, the boy squealed like a stuck pig, and we got all our money back, and I am afraid in the hurry and excitement a little more besides. Profuse apologies, in a strange, guttural language, were offered us by the Sikh, and assurances were given and accepted that it would never occur again. We were assured that the license of the boy to ply for hire in the harbor of Victoria would be canceled, or at all events suspended for at least six months. As we wandered on, we could not help comparing the shameful way in which our 'dough-boys' were robbed in the harbor of New York."

And now for a description of British sanitary activity. The ancient Portuguese city of Macoa is not far distant from Hong Kong. Mr. Bonsal visits it, in company with his friend Burton, of England. Everyone seems asleep. In the lower section of the city, however, dense clouds of smoke are arising.

"'Down there,' said Burton, 'is the dirtiest place in the whole sink. Even the Chinese are deserting it, and our fellows have come over from Hong Kong to clean it up. You see it is a terrible bore for the Hong Kong people to have Macoa and Canton so close. I believe Hong Kong would have as clean a bill of health as Liverpool or Glasgow if it were not for the half-breeds and pigeon-boys from Macoa, and the yellow-boys from Canton, who come sneaking over to our colony in sampans loaded down with bundles of infected rags; and then, of course, however well we keep our rock swabbed down, the plague blazes out again. Latterly our fellows have come to the conclusion that the only way to keep Hong Kong clean is to scrub up our neighbors, as well as our own island; and down there you see they are at it.'

"Very much pleased that we should take an interest in the work, Burton at our request led the way down the steep descent to the burning slums. At the bottom we were confronted by a high barricade, with but a single narrow opening, in which a Sikh sentinel from one of the Hong Kong regiments stood guard. For some moments indeed it looked as though our curiosity would have to go unsatisfied, when suddenly another man appeared on the scene. I do not think I ever had an exact idea of the mud-larkers of the Thames, of whom we read so much in Dickens, until I caught sight of this figure. He wore a pair of yellow drill overalls rolled up to the thigh, and was stripped naked to the waist, with the exception of a cholera belt.

"'Hello, Burton,' he shouted, catching sight of our guide; 'we are doing a little white-washing. Want to have a look around?'

"And upon a word from him the Sikh drew back and we passed behind the barrier and down the street, picking our way through the rubbish and debris, Burton's remarkable-looking friend leading the way with a pleasant grin upon his face, and carrying his pail of disinfectant, which he sprinkled about with a broom as though born to the job.

"'That's Kennedy, the best polo player in the Lancers,' whispered Burton with considerable awe, as we pressed on after the cheerful mud-larker.

"While we picked our way along through the smoking debris and the smouldering ruins, and the tarpaulins stretched out here and there, which at once covered and plainly revealed the outlines of the bodies that lay underneath awaiting the burial cart, Kennedy rattled along, telling Burton how he and Fassett and Hearn and Mitchell-Innis had been dying for something to do, and how they had wheedled the English governor into lending them twenty Sikhs from the Hong Kong regiment, and how they had at last secured his blessing and carte blanche to go ahead and clean up the Portuguese colony.

"'But when we got here,' Kennedy ran on, 'we found that twenty men could not begin to do the business, so we put our heads and our pockets together, and the result was sixty quid and a determination to have our fun even if we had to pay for it—and a fellow generally has to do that, you know, first or last; so we hired a lot of Mozambique niggers from the Royal Macoa Guard at six-pence a day. You should have seen their mouths water at the sight of silver. We rather think that with our sixty quid we will pull off the trick and have enough left to pay for a dinner to celebrate our return to the Peak.'

"I could not get over my surprise at the way these English officers were making themselves at home within Portuguese jurisdiction, and at last I asked Kennedy how in the world he had succeeded in getting permission to do pretty much as he pleased.

"'Oh, well, to tell you the truth we didn't; we didn't even dare to ask for it. We haven't got authority to tear down and burn up; we have only permission to use the hose.' Then he continued in a confidential tone: 'You see we didn't want to embarrass the Portuguese government, so we pitched right in and said nothing. If we had, you see, Don Christoforo would have fussed about for a week or two, consulting the Leal Senado, and then cabled home for instructions, and the answer might just as well have been no as yes; so we concluded we would go right ahead and do the trick, and we rather expect to be through and washed up and back home again before the Dons catch on to what we have been about.'"

The Golden Horseshoe is published by the Macmillan Company, New York. The book demonstrates its author to have an eye for good copy at least. In literary style it is not unique among books of its kind; but the matter is always interesting; and that is more than most of the books of its kind can say. As to its truthfulness, that can best be judged by those who have seen a great deal of the East.

* *

NEW BOOKS.

The Colossus, by Morley Roberts, was probably written for British consumption, rather than American, as its interest consists chiefly in its characterization of Cecil Rhodes of South Africa, who is in a way its hero. The scene of the tale is laid in Egypt, where Rhodes is at work upon his railroad scheme. There is a fair and wealthy Britisher in the story, who is ambitious to become Mrs. Rhodes. She can not seem to make any impression upon his stony heart, however. Rhodes finds himself blocked by the French, at the end of some one hundred and fifty pages. The fair Miss Gertrude hears of it and determines to show the Colossus that she is more of a woman than he thought her. So she sets to work to get certain officials within her power and break the blockade. A rather reckless intrigue with the notorious Zohrab and the thing is accomplished. Rhodes in the end avails himself of the power of this woman over his opponents, but instead of asking her to become his second self, with much consideration he tells her that what she desires can never be, since he does not love her. Whereupon she, not altogether broken-hearted, gives him up.

As is customary in the British cosmopolitan novel, our old friend the itinerant American is made use of, just to show the author's familiarity with his western cousins. And he talks like this:

"'Well, he's just a devil of a thinker. However, I've seen him, and that's somethin'. What do you reckon he's studying on, young man?'

"The 'young man's' eyes gleamed for a moment.

"'I shouldn't like to say,' he remarked good-humoredly.

"'I honor you for it,' said the American, nodding; 'but I'd lay my last red it's railroads. All aboard for the Cape is Loder's motto, or I'm a Dutchman. Good-day, young man. Do you feel like a liquor?'"

For which Bret Harte cannot wholly be held responsible. The book is published in this country by Harper & Bros., New York.

I have before me a sort of phonographic record of sounds (including speech) in a tenement, under the name of *Poor People: a Novel*. One I. K. Friedman is the author. He is not a newspaper man, else he would know copy when he saw it. And he is not a realist, for all his machinery of phonograph and kodak. Literature is not altogether a matter of shorthand, it would seem.

Mr. Friedman's book purports to be a study in detail of tenement sorrows, tenement joys, ambitions, weaknesses, hopes, loves. It purports to be absolute verity. It purports to give a record of conversations just as they actually occurred between the characters. Probably it is veracious enough in this respect. Nothing is easier than to carry on a dialogue in the south of Market manner.

"You mustn't get angry, miss."
"I am not angry, *mister*."
"Well?"
"You don't seem a bit pleased to see me."
"I'm delighted."
"No, you're not; you don't look it."
"I'm frightfully busy."
"You ought never to be too busy to see me for a few minutes."
"I never am."

And so on; stupid, purposeless conversation, but absolutely true to the gas belt in which the well is sunk. Blue milk and chicory coffee o' mornings are not especially interesting in themselves; yet people really use them. In addition to this gas and blue milk, Mr. Friedman indulges in the more showy platitudes of sentiment, and in those peculiar gilt plaster-paris figures dear to "fine writing."

"No celestial anodyne will the tenement pour from the vials of truth to ease the souls tormented by profitless pondering over the inequality of opportunity and the injustice of distribution. Over the entrance methinks I see, blazoned with the blood of broken hearts, the inscription, 'Abandon all hope ye who enter here.' Laughter, loving us not, seeks lighter dispositions for permanent home; sorrow squats at the threshold snarling and snaping at misery, want and woe, covetous of its coign. Often have I thought of the tenement as a mine, dark, dank and gloomy; its walls and floors wet with the oozing of human tears; its tortuous halls and small chambers countless winding dismally through the bowels of the earth. Angel of Charity and Mercy, descend with thy shining lamp, hold thy cheering light aloft and let its rays surround me, lest I grow faint of heart in the darkness and cease my labor before I have unearthed the gold which I seek."

It need only be added that the author deals out his poetic justice at the end to everyone within reach of his inkwell; the virtuous oppressed are made happy, the proud humbled to the dust; so that we may regard the tenement problem as settled. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

The Pianola is bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for years. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell street. Sole agents.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

So'd by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE NAME THUS ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE
Stewart Hartshorn
HARTSHORN

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet. 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel. Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 305.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

A MILLINERY CENSOR.

"A woman is absolutely helpless when she goes out alone to buy a hat!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley, and Mr. Dobley sighed inwardly, for he knew that this meant that Mrs. Dobley contemplated another millinery purchase, and he had grown to dread these happenings as pecuniary catastrophes.

"It doesn't matter a mite if there is nothing in the shop that looks well on one or not," she continued; "they'll sell you something or other."

"There are times," said Dobley thoughtfully, "when a man finds that he has bought a gray Alpine with a bandanna band simply because the clerk had told him that the Prince is wearing one at Homburg."

"But they don't dazzle you with stage effects, do they? At an up-to-date milliner's it is just ike a matinee."

"Do they throw a calcium on you and play slow music, or what?" asked Dobley.

"Almost," said Mrs. Dobley. "They have little rooms all padded with satin in pink and blue and red and yellow, to suit different complexions, you know. Then there are lots of mirrors that show your head in so many different ways. They turn on an electric light and fluff up your hair and give you some sort of cordial in a little cut glass. Some day a milliner will start a place with an art censor in attendance who will give one a perfectly just opinion on the fitness of a hat for an individual customer."

"I can see that milliner's failure in a week," said Mr. Dobley. "A woman would set her heart on one special hat and the censor wouldn't approve. The customer would never go there again. Don't I know the way you act when I criticise anything you buy."

"That's because you never tell the truth about the things," said Mrs. Dobley with reproach. "You just try to say something funny that won't express any opinion at all."

"My dear I always hesitate to provoke a discussion which will result only in your doing exactly as you please in the matter. When I tell you I disapprove of anything you wear, you say I would prefer you to look like a freak."

"Men are always admiring things on other women that they don't want their own wives to wear!" said Mrs. Dobley. "Just as though I shouldn't much prefer you to give me a frank decision."

"Very well, Mrs. Dobley; hereafter I shall give you a fair verdict. But if our happy home is broken up you must remember that I have always preferred to evade forcing my particular ideas, of what you should wear. I should hate to have to wear neckties, waistcoats and socks that you might pick out. Women always like neat wall paper patterns and chaste oilcloth designs for men's wear. Hereafter I shall act as censor, by request."

"Then come with me this morning to Mme. Jollyer's," said Mrs. Dobley, "and help me pick out a hat."

An hour later they were in Mme. Jollyer's shop. The proprietress and her assistants fairly beamed. When a customer is escorted by masculinity it usually means a large and quick sale, owing to the man's desire to appear generous and his longing to get out.

But Dobley had a gleam in his eye that meant a terrible resolution to do his duty or die. For the first time he gazed upon the electric-lit satin-padded cabinets that his wife had told him of. He entered one with Mrs. Dobley and was put in a chair at one side, from which vantage point he experienced a sensation of stage fright when he first saw himself in the mirrored walls from so many points of view.

Mme. Jollyer opened a pleasant conversation upon the new styles from Paris with Mrs. Dobley while Dobley contemplated the point at which the base of his brain leaned upon the top of his collar for the first time in his life. Then the saleswoman came up with several hats poised like birds or floral bunches on her hands and arms. She placed them daintily upon the chairs and made her exit while the reflections of the hats in the mirrors produced the effect of a kaleidoscope on Dobley's mind. He began to get dizzy.

Mme. Jollyer perched a small, jaunty-looking yellow straw with a chiffon scarf and a long-tailed bird upon Mrs. Dobley's head. Then she gave it a slight tilt over the eyebrow.

"Very sheek," she said; "too sheek for anything. You'll see nothing like it in New York this spring."

"Only one of the brood?" asked Dobley.

"I beg pardon?" said Mme. Jollyer, while Mrs. Dobley frowned several times from the walls at her husband, in an endeavor to make him desist from his usual mode of conversation.

"I'm referring to the tit-willow," said Dobley. "I am something of a sportsman and am interested in the different breeds of—"

"Do you think it is becoming?" asked Mrs. Dobley, with another warning glance.

"The aigrette," said Mme. Jollyer, "is an exquisite thing—quite the finest that I have had sent over."

"Did it die in captivity?" asked Dobley; "or was it shot while on the wing or bringing a bird-seed lunch to its young in the nest?"

"I don't quite understand," said Mme. Jollyer, frowning somewhat in a questioning way.

"Mr. Dobley," explained that gentleman's wife hastily, "is opposed to birds on hats." He prefers them on toast, like most men."

"Suppose," said Mme. Jollyer as she removed the tit-willow hat, "that you try this little rose toque. It is made entirely of crushed roses of varying shades of pink, and has every stage of the flower from the tiny little green buds to these full open blossoms. It is a gem!"

She pinned it on Mrs. Dobley's hair and that lady smiled at her reflection in the mirror. "It certainly is charming—if it is not too young?"

"How old is it?" asked Dobley.

"I mean too young for me!" said Mrs. Dobley. "It's a beautiful thing, but I am afraid it's just a little youthful for me?"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Dobley. "Nobody knows your real age but me and I'll never dare to tell. With a little care and constant face massage you can manage for a while longer."

Mrs. Dobley laughed in an irritated way, but Mme. Jollyer glared at Dobley as though he had gone out of his senses. Evidently she had no sense of humor. Besides he was hurting her chance of making a sale.

"It just suits your face!" she said to Mrs. Dobley. "That creamy olive complexion always goes with pink!"

"What do you think about it, Mr. Dobley?" asked Mrs. Dobley, with a coquettish glance at her husband.

"I think it has a 'Come-into-the-Garden-Maud,' look," said Dobley. "Looks like something a serio-comic would have on when she tripped out to sing: 'Father's Out of Work Again,' or 'Gathering Up the Hayseeds by the Sea,' or—"

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Mme. Jollyer, forgetting her professional courtesy.

"Looks as though it were for stage wear!" said Dobley.

"It is for carriage wear!" said Mme. Jollyer haughtily. "I am not showing Mrs. Dobley walking hats."

"Mr. Dobley means for the stage in the theatre," explained Mrs. Dobley; "but it is a darling of a thing."

"I recollect once buying a mink hat," said Dobley, thoughtfully, "with a passementerie plume and swiss wings with velours. It fairly fascinated me at first—I wasn't happy till I got it—but then it began to pall upon me. I hated it—I loathed it. It represented all that I desired least on earth. It was a perfect Sapho of a hat—"

"How much is this hat?" asked Mrs. Dobley, seeing Mme. Jollyer's horrified face.

"Thirty-eight dollars," said Mme. Jollyer. "Then there is a little collaret that goes with it which brings it to fifty—the complete set."

"'And the—boy—guessed right the very first time!'" sang Mr. Dobley, sotto voice.

"Do you think it's too much?" asked Mrs. Dobley anxiously.

"A mere bagatelle!" said Dobley, waiving his hand in the air. "Why don't you get a hat that is worth while! I hate a woman in a dowdy hat!"

Mme. Jollyer, taking Dobley's remarks in earnest, hastily took up a big black lace hat with ostrich pompons and jet buckles and placed it athwart Mrs. Dobley's brow.

"Now this *is* a hat!" said Dobley enthusiastically. "I have always wondered why women in choosing hats were content with getting them in such small quantity. A wisp of lace and a few measly buds, or an undergrown feather. They pay $40 for a thing like that and spike it to their heads and are happy. But that hat you have there represents value. You have weight—"

"It is heavy!" said Mrs. Dobley doubtfully, as though she suspected his sincerity.

"You have a certain area covered in material, a solid mass of value received. Even though a hat of that sort might not seem as attractive you can always look at it and say: 'At least I have forty dollars worth of a hat, such as it is.'"

"This hat is $100," said Mme. Jollyer. "It is real lace!"

"I knew it was the real thing the minute I set eyes on it," said Mr. Dobley. "All one would need with a hat like that is a pair of boots and a sword to look as though he had stepped out of an opera. I declare, Mrs. Dobley, if you do not purchase the hat I think of getting it myself."

Madame Jollyer went off to get more hats. Her eyes had grown glassy looking at Dobley, who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself. Mrs. Dobley wore a troubled look.

"I declare," she said, "you are not helping me a bit! You are making it even worse than usual, this trying ordeal of buying a hat."

"At least," said Dobley impressively, "you haven't bought a stuffed, dyed cat with a rose in its mouth. Give me credit for saving you from the tit-willow on the bough and the dead-march hat with the plumes. I am beginning to feel, Mrs. Dobley, that I am cut out for the role of a millinery missionary. Mme. Jollyer, having failed to hypnotize you into buying of these good sellers will now delve into safety deposit vaults for something choice tempting. Hist! Here she comes!"

Madame Jollyer appeared with three hats. Her manner was a mixture of keen reproach and regret.

"This I see is a new vintage," said Dobley. "I am referring to the hat with the grape clusters upon it. I like a nice fruity hat better than any other sort. A grape or two with a banana and a few cherries. Could anything be more alluring on a woman's head?"

"I prefer that hat with the violets," said Mrs. Dobley, putting it on with a thoroughly satisfied air. "I always did like violets. What do you think of this?"

"That hat," said Dobley, with a critically half closed eye, "is what I would call a 'peach.'"

"I'll take it," said Mrs. Dobley decisively.

"Have two!" said Dobley. "You like this hat, so get enough of it and you won't have to get another for a long, long time! Be a philosopher. Condense your sorrows and multiply your joys by a simple system of buying enough of a hat you like when you have the opportunity."

"We never duplicate our hats," said Mme. Jollyer, coldly. "Even those which we make up here in the shop. This, you know, is not an imported hat."

"Oh, horror!" said Dobley. "What have we done? Picked out an American hat? Oh, la—la—la—la—!"

"I don't care," said Mrs. Dobley. "I like it!"

"It's a nice little hat," said Mme. Jollyer, without much emotion; "a simple little thing!"

"It is true it hasn't that hearse effect that the black hat has—nor the 'Come-Birdie-Come' expression of the other—but just for an ordinary-unanimous hat—"

"How much is it?" said Mrs. Dobley.

"Eighteen-fifty," said Mme. Jollyer.

"Oh, listen to the band," sang Mr. Dobley joyfully, as he dived into his pocket. "No family is complete without a millinery censor."

"Well, it's a sweet little hat," said Mrs. Dobley, as she prepared to go.

"It is a hat in a thousand," said Dobley.

"And so long as we picked out such a low priced one—why—"

"Yes?" said Dobley, apprehensively.

"You can take me to luncheon."

"Done," said Dobley.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

1900- 36th -1900

Annual Statement

—OF THE—

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.)

Life and Accident Insurance

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

Paid-up Capital, - $1,000,000.00

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,049,222.72
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,810,269.96
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate	5,931,842.52
Interest accrued but not due,	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security,	1,497,175 51
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,305 307 27
Deferred Life Premiums,	340,997.04
Prems. due and unreported on Life Pol.	259,449 36
Government Bonds,	789,016 96
County and municipal bonds	3,114 997 64
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819,225.19
Bank stocks	1,258 674 00
Other stocks and bonds'	1,288,350 00
Total Assets,	$27,760,511.56

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 3½ per cent, Life Dep't.,	$20 406,734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accdt. Dep't	1,500,369.22
Present value installment Life Policies,	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment,	219,833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance,	33,178.11
Special Reserve for unp'd taxes, rents,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Total Liabilities,	23,739,827.61
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	4,020,683.95
Surplus,	$3,020,683.95

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	17,165,686.00

Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	1,522,417.06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	16,039,380.95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	15,386
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	339,636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	$1,227,977.34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	23,695,539.94

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899.	$ 2,750,394 40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	39,734,920.89

S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary
E. V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies
B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

Grace May Lamkin.

James Neill.

Edith Chapman.

LEADING MEMBERS OF THE JAMES NEILL STOCK COMPANY WHICH MAKES ITS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE CALIFORNIA NEXT WEEK

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Bobby Gaylor; The De Forrests; Empire Quartette; Si Stebbins; Mathews and Harris; Carrie Behr; Earl and Shepherd; A. L. Guille; Harry Cogill and May Arlea;

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

WEEK OF APR. 9th

Continuing another week.
"Will make Rome howl"
The Greatest Historical Play the world has ever seen

QUO VADIS

Every evening at 8 p. m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, APR. 9th
WILLIAM H. WEST'S

Big Minstrel Jubilee

The most superb aggregation of burnt cork artists that has ever appeared in this country.

70—A Magnificent First Part of 70 People—70

SPECIAL PRICES—$1.00. 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

For a limited engagement,
Commencing Monday, April 9th.
S. H. Friedlander & Co., have the honor to announce The Initial Appearance in San Francisco of

MR. JAMES NEILL

and the Incomparable

NEILL COMPANY

Presenting, first week, Sol Smith Russell's Greatest Comedy Success.

"A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE"

Lavish Scenic Mountings.

By Comparison.

The Moet & Chandon White Seal Champagne now being sold cannot be equaled in quality by any other brand. It is of the celebrated vintage of 1893, and has been pronounced by ablest experts superior to any other brand.

CHORUS SINGERS.

Continued from page 11.

Beckman, who was the secretary of the executive committee of the big State Christian Endeavor Convention that met in Oakland last year.

Among the choirmasters of Oakland are several musicians whose reputations have extended throughout the West. Among them may be mentioned A. M. Benham who until recently was leader of the choir at the First Congregational Church. He is a good musician and under his direction the choir was developed into one of the finest in California. Mr. Benham was chosen to lead the great Christian Endeavor chorus of many hundreds of voices that gave the famous concert in the Mechanics' Pavilion at the time of the international convention of Endeavorers three years ago. J. M. Robinson, a a good basso, is choirmaster at the First M. E. Church. He directs forty voices there. The solo tenor is W. W. Davis. Clement Rowlands, who succeeded Ben Clark as choirmaster at the First Presbyterian Church, is the possessor of a fine baritone voice which he understands how to use to advantage. Putnam Griswold, the concert basso soloist, is now heard at the First Congregational. At this latter church George Collins, Henry Knox and Walter Nicholson are three strong bassos, and Professor Meredith is the solo tenor. A favorite contralto at the First Congregational is Miss Edith Phelps. A. R. Dow, a baritone of much range, is the choirmaster of the First Baptist, where there is also a good voluntary choir. The First Unitarian Church has no choir at present, but Dr. Edward von Adelung, a baritone singer, acts as precentor.

The Episcopal churches of Oakland can boast of some remarkably fine vested choirs. The credit of this is due to the efforts of the late rector of the Church of the Advent, Rev. Marshal Law, who was a fine musician and had in his wife a talented organist. Dr. Law was the first to introduce a mixed vested choir in Oakland and his example was largely followed. After his retirement the choir was allowed to run down, but it has again reached its standard under the leadership of W. Sabin and his organist Mr. Schurenstein. The organization now consists of about fifty voices, two-thirds of whom are young men and women. The membership at present is as follows: Miss Mary Stalder, Mrs. Hoagland, Mary Harrold, Eveline Ellis, May Tillotson, Clare Gossip, Ethel Nagle, Edna Price, Bessie Cullen, Maud Wilkins, Marian Ellis, Grace Read, Matilda Brunker, Elizabeth Harrold, Hettie Cadman, Grace Stalder, Lloyd Callison, Fred E. Wilkins, Charles E. Zander, Joseph Petty, Pope C. Hartman, Herbert Read.

The vested choir at St. Paul's is under the leadership of Mr. Robert C. Newell. There are about thirty young women in the choir, the most prominent being Miss Mary Chester Williams a soprano, Miss Gretchen Bernett, contralto, Miss Pope, soprano, Miss Pauline Fore and Miss Sharon. E. D. Crandall, tenor, Harry Thomas, basso, Otto Wedemeyer and Phil Abbott, bassos, are members of this organization. The Episcopal churches of St. John's and St. Andrew's have also good choirs. Indeed, there is hardly a church in Oakland that does not give particular attention to its music.

Among the leading singers in Oakland are some few who, though not attached to any particular church, are heard on the occasion of church festivals. Among these are Harry W. Melvin, who could have made a success as a professional, George Carlton, who also missed his calling, and Horace A. Redfield, a clever tenor singer who has been with St. Paul's for many years. Alfred Wilkie is another who is heard from on all great occasions. Mention of the church singers of Oakland would be incomplete without a reference to Mrs. Blake Alverson, who has for more than sixty years sung in public and who is to-day still in the enjoyment of much youthful vigor and strength of voice. She still follows the profession of music and her judgment of voices is regarded as well-nigh infallible. Not long ago she sang in public and astonished an audience with her excellent work.

LADIES' KNOX DUDE

Straws now open. Korn, the hatter, 726 Market St., sole agent.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

West's Big Minstrel Jubilee is to be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre.

* *

There will be two performances, afternoon and evening, at the Grand Opera House, Sunday, by the Brownies, under Fred Conder's management.

* *

The Neill Company, which has been playing a successful engagement in Los Angeles, will open at the California on Monday night in "A Bachelor's Romance."

* *

Ignace Paderewski will give his last recital in San Francisco at the California Theatre Sunday evening, April 8th, when he will present a request programme.

* *

An event of musical importance will be the appearance of Alexandre Petschnikoff, the "tone poet of the violin," and Mark Hambourg, the young Russian pianist, assisted by Aime Lachaume, the well-known accompanist and conductor. Three concerts will be given at the California Theatre on the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday and Friday, April 16th, 17th and 20th. At the first concert Petschnikoff and Hambourg will play with a symphony orchestra.

* *

Although the best part of the program this week at the Orpheum consisted of hold-overs, there were two or three interesting new numbers. Harry Cogill, who appeared with May Arlea in a musical comedy sketch, will hardly be remembered by many of the younger theatre-goers. This is his first appearance in his native city for fifteen years. His songs were well received. Will Matthews and Nellie Harris made a hit with their farce, "Adam the Second." Next week Bobby Gaylor, dialect comedian, entertainer and singer, will tell some of his funny stories. The De Forrests, dancers of the whirlwind order are also scheduled. The Empire Quartette will present a musical comedy, "Only a Joke." Si Stebbens appears as a slight-of-hand performer and monologist.

* *

"The Bohemian Girl" will be played at the Tivoli next week.

Beginning with a matinee Saturday afternoon, the students of the University of California will give a series of entertainments for the purpose of raising funds to send their track team East. The programme for the first five performances will consist of a farce by Richard Walton Tully, entitled, "James Wobberts, I. S. S. Boston." The cast will consist entirely of collegians.

Judge for Yourself.

Moet & Chandon White Seal Champagne is the finest wine in the world, and costs no more than other prominent brands. The vintage of 1893, now being imported into the United States, is of the highest order of excellence.

The Talk of the Town

is the unprecedented importation of 109,301 cases of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry in 1899, 03 72,495 more than any other brand, accounted for by the maintenance of the highest standard of quality. Their 1895 vintage now imported is exceptionally fine.

California Theatre

EXTRA.

Monday, Tuesday and Friday afternoons, April 16th, 17th and 20th. An event that will live in music l history The Two Great Russians in joint recitals

PETSCHNIKOFF,
The Poet of the Violin.

HAMBOURG,
The Young Siegfried of the Piano.

Assisted by Emil Lachaume, the distinguished French Pian'st and Composer.

Reserved seats $ .50, $1.00, 11.50, $2.00.

On Sale commencing with Thursday morning, April 12th, at 9 o'clock.

Racing! Racing! Racing!
CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

Winter meeting, 1899–1900, beginning MONDAY Mar. 26 to Apr. 7, 1900.

OAKLAND RACE TRACK.

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.
Five or more races each day.
Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.
Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.
Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:35 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS Jr., President,
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

Western Turf Association.

INCORPORATED
Member American Turf Congress
TANFORAN PARK, South San Francisco
Main Office Parlor "A" Palace Hotel San Francisco
W. J. MARTIN, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Manager.
Sixth Meeting Apr. 9th to Apr. 21st inclusive.

Six high-class running races every week-day rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb Grand Stand, glass enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 4:45 P. M. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking. Valencia street ten minutes later.

San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.

Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to Grounds, $1.25.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✻ THIS SEASON'S ✻

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. April 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1. change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. April 6, 11, 16, 21, 26 May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Apr. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29 May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Apr. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29. May 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Apr. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, May 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana, for Australia, Wednesday, April 18 at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, May 2 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class — Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb. 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7, 17, 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

SUNSET LIMITED

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

SEASON OF 1899-1900

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Friday
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays and Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the travelling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 6810 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Gould and Curry Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 6th day of March, 1900, an assessment (No. 89) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of April, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 2nd day of May, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office: Room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.

WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.

American and European Plan.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST COAL OIL.

BUY

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to-lunch.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

A MOTION TO ADJOURN.—Senator Pettus of Alabama is noted for a ponderous solemnity of manner and a slow and stately manner of oratory, and on account of his great age is humored by his colleagues. While Senator Spooner was arguing on the Quay case Pettus arose. "I should like to ask the Senator to give way for a motion, if he pleases," he remarked in his funereal way. "I will agree to anything the Senator wants me to," replied Mr. Spooner smilingly, "except to vote against my convictions on a constitutional question." "I am not asking you to do that," said Mr. Pettus, still mysterious, but I want you to give way to a motion." "Well, what is it?" asked Mr. Spooner. "It is to adjourn," answered Mr. Pettus, in his melancholy voice and without a smile. Every member of the Senate laughed, and the motion to adjourn was carried.

x

HER IDEA OF AMERICA.—It was the habit of an American theatrical manager temporarily living in London to visit a certain public house just about bedtime and invest tuppence in bitter ale, incidently chatting with the barmaid. Business called him home on a flying trip and he was absent from London exactly a fortnight. "You've been away, 'aven't you?" said the barmaid with a smile of greeting when he dropped in for his ale on the night of his return. "Yes," he replied, "I took a run over to America since I saw you last." The girl dropped the pitcher with a crash and her placid blue eyes bulged with amazement. "Blime me!" she gasped. "Why, Hi thought Hamerica was an island haway hout in the Pacific Hocean."

x

THE DIFFERENCE.—Congressman Littlefield, during the last national campaign was down for one address in a Maine county-seat. "This, gentlemen and ladies," said the chairman, introducing him to the audience, "is Hon. Chas. E. Littlefield, known from Eastport to York as the one great orator of Maine. He will talk to you from the setting of the sun to the rising thereof." (Mild applause.) The orator stepped forward. "Gentlemen," said he, "you and the chairman have my permission to stay until the rising of the sun if you want to, but as for myself, I'll tell you right now, I'm going to be outside this hall in just fifty minutes." (Tumultuous cheering.)

x

A FEAT BEYOND HIM.—A Scottish prison chaplain, recently appointed, entered one of the cells on his first round of inspection, and, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it. "Well, my man, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Then I hae heard o' ye before!" "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Well, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but ye willna find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one."

x

THE PARTRIDGE'S LEGS.—A country magistrate in England had to try as his first case a man charged with poaching. "I wish to ask witness a question," he said to the gamekeeper who was in the witness-box, and the magistrate's impressive air commanded immediate and expectant silence in the little court-house. "You say, sir, that you distinctly observed two legs of a partridge protruding from the prisoner's pocket. Now attend very closely to what I am about to say, for much may depend upon your answer. In your opinion were they the hind or the fore legs?"

x

HE WAS OVERCOME.—A Chicago showman recently advertised a "piano-playing elephant" and drew a crowd for the first performance. After a preliminary "spiel," describing the talents of the beast and his education, the elephant was led into the ring. He stepped up to the piano, ran a scale, stopped, lifted his trunk and ran, bellowing, from the tent. The showman stepped forward. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "an unfortunate occurrence prevents the intelligent animal from continuing the performance. I am sure that you will all respect his reason. He has just recognized his dead mother's teeth in the piano keys."

x

JACK HAD ESCAPED.—A gaunt, muscular woman of fierce mien entered a city hall in a Utah county seat and asked the county clerk to find out if one Jack Peters was married. Search developed the name of John Peters, for whose marriage a license had been issued two years before. "I thought so," said the woman. "Married 'Lize Waters, didn't he?" "The license is issued for a marriage with Miss Eliza Waters." "Yep. Well, I'm 'Lize. I thought I'd ought to come in and tell you that Jack Peters has escaped."

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

For nearly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate charges.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

REPSOLD
REGISTERED BRAND
SELECT VINTAGE

REPSOLD

Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner

This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants

A. REPSOLD & CO. Office. 416 Pine Street

THE

White Pass and Yukon Route

The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between

Skaguay and Lake Bennett.

Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
ATLIN, DAWSON AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN, General Agent 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

For a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Mede from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents.

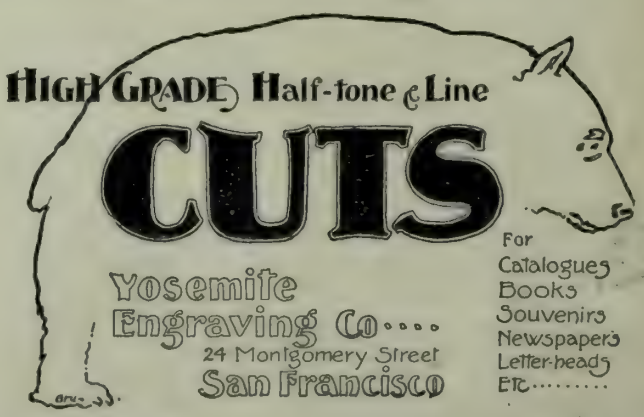
W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.



BYRON MAUZY PIANOS.

308 - 314 Post St.

Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. All the Latest Books in our Sheet Music Department.

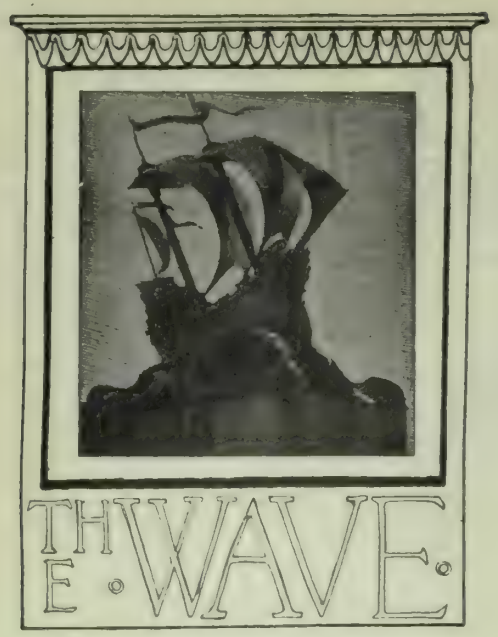
VOL. XXI. No. 13 SAN FRANCISCO — APRIL, 14 1900 SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

This Paper not to be taken from the Library

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

From a Copyright Photograph by Arnold Genthe.



Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—April 7, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
An Interstate Rate Complication 4
Anarchists and Assassins 5
A Peremptory Hero 5
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 6
The Cruise of the *Hartford* 7
Water Life in the Philippines 8
Scenes in Alaska 9
Back Stairs Diplomacy 9
New York Letter 10
In Old Valparaiso 10
Babblings of a Belle 11
Decadence of the Church Choir 11
In Bookdom, by W. J. Neidig 12
A Freak of Luck 13
At the Theatres 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

The South African War.

The second stage of the South African war—the advance from Natal and Orange Free State into Transvaal proper—opens almost as disastrously for the British as did the first stage. The ground which Marshal Lord Roberts won in his advance from Kimberley to Bloemfontein has been partially re-occupied by the Boers; the districts of Natal and the Free State which seemed to have been pacified after the capture of Cronje are disturbed again; and the Boers have made another of their wholesale captures of British troops. This disaster took place near Bethany April 5. The burghers lured their enemy into an ambush, a veritable trap, and captured them with small loss of life on either side. The total loss in prisoners was about five hundred. The British gained a minor victory the same day, capturing fifty Boers and killing in the attack General Count de Villebois-Mareuil, chief of staff of the Boer army and the strategist who has planned most of their campaigns. He was a French officer, and enlisted with the Boers for love of fighting. With Joubert, Cronje and Mareuil gone, the Boer army is crippled by the loss of its three best generals. It becomes plain that the Transvaal forces have taken the offensive and overrun Orange Free State with a political rather than a military object. After the surrender of Bloemfontein, the Dutch population outside of Transvaal showed a disposition to favor the victors. It looked for a time as though the majority of the Free Staters would submit quietly. The advance of the Boers and the minor successes of this week came just in time. Resistance is growing in the Free State and its borders. So far have the mobile Dutch forces advanced, that a Boer commando is now occupying the laager where Cronje was captured over a month ago. Roberts's inability to hold the ground which he has won and to make a counter-advance on Pretoria is ascribed to a lack of transport. The unacclimated horses of the British army have been dying by regiments, and the survivors are weak and worn out by the unaccustomed temperatures. About the only beasts which seem to take kindly to the work are American mules, and these, of course, cannot be used for cavalry mounts but only as baggage carriers. Supplies are also low, especially winter clothing. Roberts has evidently settled himself for a winter campaign, and London has abandoned the hope of a speedy end for the war. Roberts's army is so much larger than that of the Boers that there is little danger of an actual siege, but the Boer commandos which surround him on every side are in a position to make all sorts of trouble. The railroad, especially, is a source of anxiety, and to General Kitchener has been confided the important task of keeping it open. A garrison at Wepener has just been isolated and is possibly in for a siege. The plucky defence of Mafeking was still maintained on March 27, when the last news came through.

The Political Condition of China.

Following on the heels of the "open door" agreement entered into, at the behest of the United States, by the Powers interested in China, comes a statement that these powers are to combine to protect Europeans against the "Boxers," that powerful secret society which has been so strengthened by the late reactionary edicts of the Empress Dowager and which has been murdering and insulting missionaries. The father of the new child Emperor is at the head of this guild, which is against all progress and works by violence. It is understood that, while our Minister will be expected to use every means to protect Americans, he is instructed not to make an alliance with the other representatives to force the Empress to terms. Indeed, the present disturbance is not yet a serious one, and the probable reason for such action now is the greed of the Powers and their desire to gain territory when the long-looked-for "breaking up of China" shall take place—an event which France, Russia and Germany can be depended upon to hasten by every means in their power. Conservative authorities on the Chinese Empire hold that the Imperial reaction is nothing so serious as is generally believed. The Empress Dowager, they hold, only intervened to save the empire from breaches of national conservatism which hurt the government with the common people. The reforms inaugurated by the late Emperor were inspired by foreign diplomats and were entirely too sweeping and radical to be received in such a country as China. There is no assurance that the woman who governs China does not favor gradual reform; her opposition to the old policy was based on its haste. There are no insurmountable obstacles to progress under her rule. The "open door" agreement projected and carried through by the present administration in this country is not taken any too seriously by the European governments. In the first place, it is pointed out that agreeing to the convention is one thing and keeping and enforcing such an agreement is another. Again, the United States, on which lies the burden of enforcing the terms, is the only party to the convention which has no direct "sphere of influence" in China. These same "spheres of influence" present another difficulty. If they were exact and defined it would be very different, but they are not, being extremely hazy. Again, the agreement tacitly regards the people of China as mere vassals of Europe, a position which they do not occupy by any means. For all that, the United States, with no direct interest in Chinese politics, is yet recognized as holding the balance of power in the relations between the Occident and the Orient.

Admiral Dewey as Presidential Candidate.

The political sensation of the week and, indeed, of the season, was Admiral Dewey's announcement of his willingness to be a candidate for President, presumably upon the Democratic ticket. The statement was made by the Admiral himself at Washington last week. He declared that he has reversed his decision on account of the evident desire of many of his countrymen that he should be a candidate. At the time of his previous refusal, he believed that he would not be competent to fill the place; since then he has studied the situation and learned that the President's chief duty is to obey the orders of Congress, a task for which he believes himself competent. In this declaration, he made no mention of either party; the American flag, he said, was good enough platform for him. But other events have shown that he is aiming for the Democratic nomination. He has announced in an interview that he is a Democrat and that, although he has never voted in his life, he came very near to voting for Cleveland when the latter was a candidate. This mild declaration is enough to show the direction of his intentions. At this length of time from the national campaign, it looks as though the Admiral were aiming at a nomination by the Democratic party on a gold standard, free trade and anti-imperialist platform. This will bring him point to point with Bryant the old-school Democrats backing the Admiral, the Populis, element supporting the Boy Orator. Most Democrats believe that Bryan and free silver have too strong a grip on the party to be loosened even by Dewey. Futhermore, the Admiral's popularity is not what it was just after his return. In case Bryan wins the Democratic nomination, Dewey may very likely head a third ticket; in case Dewey is nominated at Kansas City, there is every probability that Bryan will head a Populist ticket. In either case, the a mosphere is cleared for the Republicans. It is certain that Democrats of the Cleveland school are behind the Dewey candidacy and it is still more certain that his wife has been stirring up the Presidential bee in his bonnet.

Floods at Austin, Texas.

The uncertain and dangerous Colorado river has again sustained its reputation as a destroyer. Last week, the spring freshets burst the great dams above the city of Austin, Texas, sending a great mass of water down the channel and into the lower part of the city, drowning not less than seventy-five people and destroying millions of dollars in property. The disaster began in the morning of April 7th, when the dam gave way, carrying off with it a power house which was used to turn the waters into electricity and drowning eight workmen employed there. It had been raining hard for a week, and every sort of debris was piled up against the dam, even frame houses and river boats. The citizens of Austin had been making every effort to clear away this accumulation but without avail; at last the swollen waters broke away in a solid wall of water 25 feet high and 500 feet wide and flooded the lower town. Word was sent by telegraph to all settlements along the valley and horsemen covered the districts between, so that loss of life was much less than it would have been had the break occurred unexpectedly at night. But even then, many were caught and many more had narrow escapes. The total damage is about $3,000,000. Of this, the railroads entering the city are the heaviest private losers. The city of Austin owned the power plant at the dam, from which it drew its water-supply, electric lighting and manufacturing power. Consequently, there will be no lights in the streets or public buildings until the break is repaired, and many large manufacturing concerns must shut down for the time being. A more serious danger, however, is the failure of the water supply. Unless this is renewed within a very short time, the sanitary condition of the city must become unendurable.

Delay in Canal Legislation.

So ar as this session of Congress is concerned, all action on the Nicaragua Canal question is effectually blocked. The mistake made fifty years ago, when this country gave Great Britain a share in the interoceanic canal, has proved the undoing of all measures looking toward a permanent construction of the waterway. The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, by which Great Britain relinquished her claim in return for an assurance that the canal should be neutral, was very distasteful to the Senate and to the country in general. It was apparent at once that it could never be ratified as it stood, notwithstanding the advocacy of Senator Morgan and other friends of the canal. An attempt to remedy this came in the shape of an amendment by Senator Davis, providing that "none of the stipulations of the treaty shall apply to measures which the United States may find it necessary to take for securing by its own forces the defense of the United States and the maintenance of public order." This did not have the least effect in changing the Senate's opinion. The majority of that body stood firm for absolute fortification of the waterway; if anything, the compromise measure weakened its chances. Last Thursday, the amended treaty came up before an executive session of the Senate. The debate then held proved conclusively that the measure had no chance of passage, and the Republican leaders decided to save time for other important business by dropping it entirely. The canal matter will therefore be held in abeyance until the next session of Congress, after the Presidential election.

The Status of the Southern Negro.

The New York Society of Ethical Culture has been holding sessions lately over the negro question in the South. While the opinions advanced by that society count for very little as a rule, this discussion was made of special interest by the fact that it was participated in by such prominent students of the question as W. H. Baldwin and Professor Felix Adler, and by intelligent graduates of the negro industrial schools. All the speakers admitted that the second crisis in the history of the American negro is close at hand. The attempt at disenfranchisement in several Southern states and the spread of lynching as a punishment for negro crimes assure this fact. It was admitted by almost all the speakers, including the negroes themselves, that the fine social distinction between white and black was just and should be respected; the two races can never amalgamate. W. H. Baldwin stated that, in his belief, deportation of the negro is out of the question. The South is dependent on negro labor. A negro and a mule form the only combination which can raise cotton in the South. Referring to the abuses of the blacks, he said that there was never any question of the moral integrity of the blacks toward the whites before the war. It is possible that the first lynchings were justifiable; now, however, the thing is a terrible abuse. Of the 127 negroes lynched in the South last year, many died for crimes other than the one for which lynching is made the excuse. As it is, it would be impossible to avenge the lynching of a Southern negro by process of law. Two methods of reform are advocated by Mr. Baldwin. The first is the giving of personal assault right of way in the courts; the second is the enforcement of a rule that the families of persons lynched shall be indemnified by the community in which the lynching occurs. Discrimination against nego voters he condemned as cutting off the best instrument of progress, and he emphasized education as a means of advancement. The graduates of the negro schools took up most of their time in describing the work of those institutions and in advocating the value of education.

Special Taxation in Porto Rico.

Since the passage of the House Bill imposing a small tariff (25 per cent of the Dingley rate) on the products of Porto Rico, the yellow anti-administration papers have been abusing Congress and the Government for the so-called "oppression" in Porto Rico. As was to be expected, the *Examiner-Journal* has been the leader in this phantom crusade, and has perpetrated, through its expert liar James Creelman, a sensational account of the starvation, nakedness and desolation following in the wake of American rule in the islands. How much lighter is this mild impost than the crushing and oppressive tax system of the Spaniards is proved by a timely statement just issued by the Treasury Department. Soon after the American occupation, the Bureau of Statistics sent a special agent to investigate the Spanish tax system. The statement is taken from his report to the President. Customs duties were levied upon imports and exports. There was a special tax on the loading of freight and another on incomes direct, this last being planned to furnish the bulk of the revenue. Then there was an industrial and commercial tax, graded according to the population of towns and cities. This was stretched so as to cover every form of business and every sort of salary. No business enterprise whatsoever but was licensed, as is the liquor trade in the United States. This tax was especially heavy on the salaries of corporation officials and the income of professional men. All commissions on business transactions paid a heavy tax, as did all contracts of whatever sort. Large fees were required for permission to start a commercial enterprise of any sort whatever. There was a complicated system of grading which mixed matters while it did not lighten the burden. Taken all in all, these imposts were so heavy that, had the laws been enforced, no business could have been transacted. But the laws were not enforced, owing to the ease with which the officials could be bribed. From this it happened that the taxes rested most heavily on the poorer class, which could not afford bribes. It is also claimed by the Porto Ricans that the Spanish officials discriminated in favor of the Spanish. Unless bribery was employed or special favor extended, the taxation was terribly onerous. In the language of the report: "From this brief review of the systems of taxation it will be seen that if the laws had been faithfully administered no person and no article or form of property could have escaped his or its share of the public burden. The earnings of merchants, manufacturers and other producers were subject to a tax of 12½ per cent or more, according to the financial exigencies of the treasuries, provincial and municipal. For example, if a merchant's income were valued at $10,000 a year, he would pay in direct taxes $1,250. He would also pay for his cedula or personal passport, the amount of which was graduated, according to personal means, from 12 cents up

to $25 or more. He would pay direct taxes on his residence and furniture and on his horses and other livestock, if not used for labor. If he were just starting in business, he would pay a patente or tax for the privilege. And yet the general testimony was to the effect that taxation was not really oppressive, or would not have been, if it had been impartially assessed and collected. But the fact that it was so heavy doubtless had an influence in inducing people to conceal their property as much as possible and undervalue their annual income.

Discouraging Situation in the Philippines.

Among army officers stationed at the front, all hope of a speedy ending to our Filipino war is abandoned. The insurrection has lost mass, coherence and general direction, but it has drifted into a nasty little guerilla warfare which is more trying to the troops than the actual opposition of last spring. A striking commentary on prevailing conditions comes in a dispatch from the front which describes a hot brush with a Filipino outpost *five miles* from Manila. We were fighting further out than that a month after the insurrection opened. Brushes of respectable size have taken place during the week in Laguna Province, at Aparri, Cagayan Province, in Capiz Province, Island of Panay, and in Calbayon, Island of Sumur, where the rebels have been especially troublesome. In each of these engagements our troops have held their own, but all presented a striking similarity. The rebels did not attack in the open, but harassed our troops from the brush and mainly by night. General Young, commanding in northern Luzon, reports that he is having much trouble with this widespread guerilla warfare, and needs more troops to garrison the towns which he is attempting to hold. His men are worn out by the necessity of eternal vigilance, and the insurgents are returning to the district and murdering amigos wholesale. He wishes reinforcements in order to clean out the district under his command before the rainy season begins. General Bell in south Luzon has a similar story to tell. The president of Samal, a friendly town in his district, has been murdered because of his relations with the Americans. It seems, indeed, to be a part of the new and lawless insurgent policy to murder friendly natives wherever found in order that others may be terrorized into joining their ranks.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Railway Relief Insurance.

THE recent discussion by the press of the "Railway Relief Insurance" plan is typically Californian. Probably no railway in America is more popular with its employes than the Pennsylvania Company. Yet that corporation has for years maintained just such a relief insurance. The writer several years ago discussed with the late President Thompson of the Pennsylvania road the relations existing in Pennsylvania between the railroad and its men. Among other things, Mr. Thompson mentioned that the corporation took the savings deposits of its employes, upon which it paid a given amount of interest per annum. Asked how these the trust funds were invested, Mr. Thompson turned to the annual report of the Pennsylvania Railway and pointed to a list of bonds. It comprised the issues of numerous branch lines of the Pennsylvania Railway. "These bonds are the securities of your own corporation are they not?" was asked. "Every one of them," he responded. "You could not do that in California without criticism." "And why not?" asked the railway president.

"We have in California a press that is willing to engage in any devilment, exploit any sensation that will be apt to mislead the public into hating the railroads, or stirring up their employes to strikes or controversies. The day after the publication of a report such as that of the Pennsylvania road, the daily papers of San Francisco would begin a crusade, declaring that the savings of the wage-earner were being put in jeopardy; that the railway company was wrongfully investing the trust fund in its own bonds; and they would keep up a tremendous howl until timid railway depositors were stampeded into withdrawing their funds."

The Pennsylvania Railway president could not understand this condition of affairs and it is a little difficult to convey to the mind of any staid Easterner a full conception of the conditions existing here. The contemplated Relief bureau —according to the newspapers—has been finally rejected by the Southern Pacific employes and the matter has been dropped by the officers of the company. Perhaps the plan as proposed contained some particular provisions that rendered it unpopular; as to this we do not know, but if that be so, a movement fraught with so many benefits to the worker should not be wholly rejected on account of minor defects. It is always a mistake for employes to neglect the smallest opportunity that will serve to bring them into closer and more intimate relations with the employer. The Pennsylvania road, as we have said, conducts just such a department as this proposed "Relief Bureau": its engineers, conductors, brakemen are loyal to every interest of the road. It is in fact, part of them. They know that in old age they will be provided for; they know that when sick or injured, provision has been made for their care; they know that neither political pull nor relationship with the executive officers will place a man unjustly over their heads; they are on such terms and are so closely knit to each other that a perfect unity of interests is fully recognized on both sides. The employes resent assaults upon the corporation, as they would attacks upon themselves. No wonder the noisy press of California bitterly opposes the creation or the growth of any such sentiment in California. At Altoona, where the Pennsylvania shops are located, is a library maintained for the benefit of employes. It is free to them. The librarian, the assistants, the janitor, and the men and women connected with its administration, are either old employes or their widows or children. In the yards, engaged in light occupations, are old men, some with a leg cut off, some minus an arm. Upon the streets of Altoona, or basking in the sunshine on their porches, you will find old Pennsylvania men retired upon the pension. The young mechanic who works in the shops and rides to and from home on a bicycle, on entering the shop yards turns his machine over to an ancient employe, who houses it, oils it, rubs it off, and holds it in readiness for its owner when the whistle blows "quitting time." Attached to the library is an assembly hall, where lectures, social dances, and similar entertainments are given—all free to the employes and their guests. The plan recently proposed by the Southern Pacific was a step toward bringing about similar relations between the western railroads and its men. It is unfortunate that a hostile press was permitted to distort the character of the movement, before the employes had given the matter fair consideration. And it is doubly unfortunate for the employes, if they have closed the door to any amended or modified form of a "Relief Bureau." For their own sakes they should get together, appoint a committee of conservative representatives, and re-open the subject with a view to establishing a basis upon which they can come together. If in the Southern Pacific's company there are any old employes of the Pennsylvania road, they should constitute themselves a committee to demonstrate the workings of the Relief Bureau.

California's Next Senator.

IT is not yet too early to give consideration to the matter of a successor to George C. Perkins as United States Senator. At he coming fall election twenty State Senators are to be elected who will hold over and participate in the election of Mr. Perkins's successor. The sensational contest that will take place nearly three years hence, will therefore be influenced to a marked extent by the election almost at hand. Of the twenty retiring Senators, eleven are republicans, nine are democrats. After all is said and done, it is the people of the State who in point of fact name our Senators. Politicians may pull and wrangle, yet it avails but little unless the candidate has the confidence of the great body of the people. If the voters themselves desire to name a United States Senator, the process is simple in the extreme. If in this case they desire to take a hand in naming Mr. Perkins himself they may do so, and fix with certainty upon their choice. It is merely a matter of selecting, for legislative nomination, men who will be Perkins's friends; and for fear that a cog might slip somewhere, let them instruct their legislative nominees to support their choice. If called upon to name in all of the State of California a man who enjoyed to the most marked degree the respect and confidence of the people, we would name George C. Perkins. He has enemies; what man who performs his duty has not? He is not popular with the bosses; no honest, independent man is ever popular in that direction. He has made mistakes—that is the common lot of every man who does anything. It is only the man who does nothing who never makes a mistake, it is only the man who refuses to fight who never loses a contest. But no man great or small, in or out of this State, can with truth upon his lips declare that Senator Perkins has ever violated a confidence placed in him, or that he has ever wrongfully misrepresented the State; or that he is, or ever has been, corrupt or corruptible; or that he has a spot or blemish in his record, extending back over this State's history for over a quarter of a century. Back in the older states of the union, where possibly there is more available senatorial timber than we have in California, it is the custom—and a creditable custom it is—for the state legislatures to return such men as George C. Perkins to Washington so long as they are willing to remain in public service. As a result such states are not only always ably represented, but their Senators become men of *national* fame, versed in national affairs, and competent not only to serve their state, but the nation. One term in the United States Senate rarely does more than to introduce a man to official life. Two terms gives him an experience and familiarity with the committee work, an acquaintance in the departments, and a standing with the administration that only time can bring. The power of a Senator at Washington in the closing years of his term will wax stronger or draw weaker according to the probabilities of his returning. The state that is ever changing its Senatorial representatives wastes its influence. Convince an administration or the various departments that the State of California has confidence in "this man" and will return him to the Senate, six, twelve and eighteen years hence, and you at once arm a man, whoever he may be, with unlimited power to serve the State. Serve notice in Washington that "this man" will be defeated at the end of his term, and that a new man will be sent forward, and you also serve notice on the powers that they need do nothing of lasting good, nor do more to placate or please your Senator than to temporize with him, and "jolly him along" for a few years. California does not want to be "jollied along," nor does it want to adopt the suicidal policy of crippling the arm that has been put forward to protect and upbuild her resources and industries. Let us settle down to a definite and sensible [illegible] in things political.

Whose Dupe is Dewey?

BEFORE Admiral Dewey returned to the United States from Manila he was tendered, as it were, the Presidential nomination, first, by a "special commissioner" of the *Journal-Examiner*; and latterly, by William C. Whitney. The presumption is that these gentlemen represented to the Admiral that they spoke for the Democracy of the country. Meaning, the great mass of the people. In response to such tender, the then great man, the distinguished Admiral said, in effect: "I am only a sailor; not a politician or a statesman. Am unfitted by lack of knowledge and experience to assume the duties and responsibilities of the high and honorable office of President." What has caused the Admiral to change his mind upon the very vital question of his unfitness for the Presidency? By what influence is he made to see that he is just the man at this juncture for President, and that his countrymen demand that he shall waive all objections and accept the high office? Admiral Dewey is reported to have explained that some of the most prominent men of both political parties are among his advisers entreating him to stand for the Presidency. It is due the people that the Admiral should confide in them and disclose the names of these prominent men. Competent judgment might then be formed as to the reason for the movement, or the play.

When questioned as to what would be his platform, Dewey replied: "How would the American flag do?" We recollect having heard this from another source. Mr. Bourke Cochran, gold-standard, trust and anti-imperialist orator and advocate, announced: "The American flag and the Declaration of Independence is all the platform that is required to win upon." Mr. Cochran is ostensibly opposed to President McKinley's policy as to the insular possessions of the United States, but supports him in every other regard. Equally or more opposed is Mr. Cochran to W. J. Bryan and his Nebraska platform, with the possible exception of the position taken as to the Philippines and Porto Rico. The views held by Mr. Cochran are coincided in by thousands of Democrats and thousands of Republicans. But could Dewey consistently stand on a platform declaring for the non-retention of the Philippines?

Admiral Dewey is reported to have said that his platform as candidate for the Presidency would be the Constitution. As President he would find that troubles multiplied on his hands with a prolificness that would bewilder him, should he be placed in a position of authority and did undertake to govern the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico as colonial dependencies of the United States, conforming such policy to the spirit and letter of his avowed platform—the Constitution. But mayhap he has in reserve the politician's recourse. He would cease to abide by his platform so soon as he got into office, averring with autocratic disdain: "A platform is made only to get in upon, not to stand on after getting in!"

There are some illustrious examples of this kind of fidelity to platform principles now shining in our very recent history, like a black cat in the moonlight.

But why animadvert? Admiral Dewey is as near to being President of the United States to-day as he will ever be. It is not impossible that he may be a candidate. He is reported to have said, that, failing to receive a party nomination he would run as an independent if the people wanted him. Now, just what or who he means by "the people," one can only guess at. There is a great fisherman who has his abode 'mid the classic shades of Princeton; he is some of "the people." Then, too, there is an aristocratic multi-millionaire with Standard oil connections, who would like much to be the occupant of the White House himself; he is some more of "the people." Again, there is a man who tries to live in two sections of the Union at the same time and escape paying taxes in either, who, report says, has hired headquarters at a Kansas City hotel, to be occupied by himself "and a friend" during the Democratic convention; he is another "some of the people." And last, but not least, there is a wily schemer from an Atlantic state who goes to the Kansas City convention with his state delegation pocketed for himself; he thinks, on this and other accounts, that he is considerable of "the people." Wherefore, if Admiral Dewey predicates his running as an independent candidate upon "the people" wanting him to do so, it is safe to assume that "the people" as indicated will not be shy in letting their want in this particular be known.

But a truce to badinage! How saddening it is to contemplate the humiliating position Admiral Dewey has been forced into by these political schemers. And the worst feature of the deplorable business is that they seem to have made use of the ambition of the Admiral's wife to inveigle him into announcing himself a candidate for the presidential nomination. It is really too bad that he did not adhere manfully to his first declared purpose not to aspire to an office for which he is unfitted. As the nation's naval hero and highest admiral, Dewey was and may yet be a world cynosure, but as an aspirant for the Presidency, he is the dupe of a coterie of self-seeking politicians, who pulled him down into the dust of humiliation in fruitless endeavor to raise themselves out of political obscurity for their own aggrandizement.

J. C. Clements. Martin A. Knapp. J. D. Yeomans. J. W. Fifer.

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

In Session in the Court Room of the U. S. Court of Appeals, San Francisco.

W. F. Herrin, Chief Counsel of the Southern Pacific.

Photo by Taber

Photo by Taber

E. S. Pillsbury, Counsel for the Pacific Coast Jobbers Ass'n.

AN INTERSTATE RATE COMPLICATION.

St. Louis Wholesalers vs. San Francisco Jobbers.

THE proceeding of the Interstate Commerce Commission now in session in Portland is of great importance to wholesale merchants of the Pacific Coast. The contention, in brief, is a demand formulated by the jobbers of St. Louis that freight rates between East and West on commodities in carload lots be equalized, to agree with charges made on commodities in less than carload lots. Further, that the differentials allowed to Pacific Coast points, in consequence of water competition, be abolished.

The wholesale merchant of the Middle West desires to compete for all of the trade of the territory between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean. His proximity to the manufacturing centres of the East gives him an advantage as against dealers located further West because of the long and short haul clause of the Interstate Commerce Law. But the existence of a water route to San Francisco and Seattle enables merchants at these points to obtain goods directly from the East by sea, consequently the cost of ocean freight determines the railroad freight charges between the East and the Pacific seaboard. This advantage of location neutralizes natural conditions and enables Pacific jobbers to supply a restricted territory the limitations of which are clearly defined by local rates. For instance, John Jones, selling in San Fradcisco stoves made in Pittsburg, can furnish Julius Johnson, dealer at Reno, Nevada, stoves at a lower price than Frederick Williams can who handles the same class of stoves in St. Louis. This though said stoves are shipped direct by railroad from Pittsburg to San Francisco and are then re-packed and dispatched to Reno. The advantage John Jones enjoys over his St. Louis competitor is that ocean carriers have compelled the reduction of railroad rates on stoves to San Francisco and therefore abrogated at that point the long and short haul clause of the Interstate Commerce Law. His territory then is the country in which local rates on stoves from San Francisco are lower than local rates on stoves from St. Louis. The operation of the conditions set forth has been to build up a jobbing trade in the larger cities of the Coast. The Business Men's League of St. Louis would change all this, would have the Interstate Commerce Commission rule, to use the same instance, that a lower rate must not be made between Pittsburg and Reno than between the former point and San Francisco. If this were conceded, Frederick Williams' location would command Julius Johnson's patronage, and John Jones would be eliminated as a factor save in the shipment of articles originating in California.

The investigation into the merits of this controversy developed for the Commissioners the perennial conflict between the jobbers of the coast and the railways. The pacific condition now existing which brings the opposing factions on the same side of the case is an adjustment reached after years of contest and disagreement. The history of the several traffic associations and the North American Navigation Company was fully rehearsed and a great deal of information adduced in regard to business in San Francisco. The leading shippers all gave testimony, and while the evidence submitted may have seemed dull enough to an outsider, in its revelation of commercial facts it was of vital interest to the mercantile element.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, as now constituted, consists of Chairman Martin A. Knapp, of New York; Ex-Governor J. W. Fifer, of Bloomington, Ill.; Judson C. Clements, of Georgia; and J. D. Yoemans, of Washington. Their sessions were held in the court room of the Court of Appeals in the Appraiser's Building, San Francisco. From there they went to Portland to take the testimony of merchants there, and thence proceed to Seattle. The cause of the Pacific Coast jobbers has been presented by E. S. Pillsbury, and that of the Southern Pacific by Chief Counsel W. F. Herrin.

Golden and diamond weddings were celebrated by 614 couples in Prussia in 1899, and the State distributed jubilee medals to each husband and wife. In Berlin and the province of Brandenburg the number of these couples was 115.

The mileage of the four longest railways in America is as follows: Chicago & Northwestern, 8,346 miles; Burlington Route, 8,859; Santa Fe, 7,718; Canadian Pacific, 7,684. Most persons guess the Pennsylvania and the Southern Pacific as among the first four. The Southern Pacific ranks fifth with 7,201 miles; then comes the Pennsylvania with 7,098 miles.

Surely the most profitable syndicate ever organized was a combination of ten Adelaide men who, in June, 1893, subscribed £15 each to form the Coolgardie Prospecting Syndicate which sent mining prospectors to West Australia. Several rich properties, including the Great Bowlder, the Associated Gold Mines, the Ivanhoe and the Lake View, were discovered. For these the syndicate received in cash £1,500,000, and a number of shares which, if capitalized at present, would realize about £9,000,000.

The Russo-Chinese Eastern Railway, which was commenced on August 16, 1897, should be finished as far a Port Arthur by 1901, the whole line being possibly ready for traffic in 1902. The terms agreed upon by the Russo-Chinese Bank with the Chinese government are that the Chinese government may purchase the line, thirty-six years after it has been opened to traffic, by paying the cost of construction, together with interest; or it may take possession, free of cost, after the line has been worked for thirty years by Russia.

For the past thirteen years Ruskin's copyrights brought him an average of $20,000 a year. They must continue a valuable property, though the earlier writings will soon be released from copyright. A careful estimate shows that Ruskin's best selling book has been *Sesame and Lilies*. After it would come *A Crown of Wild Olive*, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and *Unto This Last*.

ANARCHISTS AND ASSASSINS.

SOME OF THE ATTEMPTS UPON ROYAL AND PRINCELY PERSONAGES IN THE CENTURY.

THE crazy boy anarchist who tried his skill on the Prince of Wales cannot look forward to an enviable future. There is probably a life of prison routine before him, and this in spite of his evident youth and inexperience. Belgium is not easy on its criminals, and I judge that the little land is "riled" clear through at the bad name his action has given it. Yet, the lad is probably very little to be blamed. Such anarchists as he, unbalanced, degenerate, half-educated, half-mad, are the tools of the organization, its ministers of so-called vengeance. The brains of the order are very different men, cool, devilish beings of university education and criminal cunning, who originate the plots and inspire the deeds. Were I the Prince of Wales and desirous of striking a hard blow at anarchy, I would ask Belgium for the life and custody of this lad, would give him, at my own expense, the education, training, refinement of surrounding which his life has lacked, train him to usefulness at the top of his bent, and show him to the world as an example. It would be a shallow argument—but of such arguments is the kingdom of politics.

No little anxiety is caused to the police of any city in Europe by the visitation of a princely or royal personage. It means just so much work "overtime," just so much anxiety and responsibility. For wherever a royalty goes, he must be dogged and spied by the police, whose task is made none the easier by the fact that the important personages themselves object to being guarded. Should the Czar visit Paris, for example, half the police in the capital would tag him in plain clothes, following all his comings and goings, his risings and sittings. But the monarch of all the Russias, having been followed by policemen all his life, knows the tricks and the manners of detectives to a nicety, and can be depended upon to try to give them the slip. This elusive vigilance of their distinguished charge is a greater terror to his shadowers than any possible danger from anarchists. Suppose that he escapes them for even five minutes, and suppose that in that five minutes the trailing assassins get at him—puff! 'Tis all off with the detectives, from chief to subordinate, and the country has a pretty little row on its hands.

Queen Victoria's Escapes.

The whole story of these attempted outrages upon modern rulers has never half been told. The secret history of Queen Victoria's police guard would make a romance alone. Few people outside of the court know how many cranks are picked up every month, at the gates of the royal palaces. It was but last year that a dangerous lunatic of homicidal tendencies was caught waiting for the royal carriage with a whole arsenal on his person. In the days of old, those thought to be dangerous to the life and safety of a sovereign were taken in arbitrarily on *lettres de cachet*. This has been abolished in England, but an institution just as useful is the Asylum for the Criminally Insane at Broadmoor. In this place are confined, at the present time, at least a dozen persons who have made attempts, at one time or another, upon members of the royal family. I doubt if Queen Victoria knows of the existence of some of these people. It is a part of the instructions given to her secret police that they are to keep the knowledge of danger from their charge. Unless a direct attack is made on her, she never knows of the arrest.

Queen Victoria's escapes have all been "shootin-scrapes"; her assailants have always used the revolver, though she has never once been wounded. So, too, the baby king's Amadeus and Alfonso of Spain have had narrow escapes from the same weapon, and Czar Alexander II was shot at twice. Other rulers who have dodged the bullets of cranks and anarchists during this century include Pope Pius IX, Louis Philippe, the kings Milan and Alexander of Servia, the late king of Holland, Napoleon III, the present kings of Denmark, Wurtemberg and Roumania, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the late Czarovitch and the Prince of Wales. Yet not one of these princely and royal persons was even touched by these bullets. The only royal person in Europe struck by a bullet within the century was the old Emperor William, who was slightly wounded by a shot from a revolver fired by a Dr. Nobiling. There is no necessity for adding that the rule is broken in America, where two presidents of the United States and many presidents and dictators of the Latin republics have died by lead. The reason given in Europe is that an assassin about to commit a crime as large and important as the murder of a king is unnerved, when he comes to the deed, and his aim becomes impaired. This reason does not operate in America, evidently, but it is explained that the revolver is a native weapon to most Americans, while in Europe the masses are accustomed to avenge themselves with cold steel.

Knife vs. Revolver.

In fact, for every drop of blue blood spilled by the pistol, the knife has drawn its torrents. When an assassin prepares to take a princely life with a revolver, he does so with some hope of escape. This is therefore, the weapon of the timid and the half-convinced. But he who draws the knife does so with no chance of respite. He must certainly be captured and, if he is successful, his end is assured. Therefore, those who use the knife are accustomed to press relentlessly to their purpose. A typical criminal of this class was young Luchesi, who killed the Empress of Austria. The tinsmith who missed two square shots at the Prince of Wales was of the other class—the enthusiast who has to lash himself into a frenzy in order to get up his courage. It needs rare nerve and no little cunning to get within striking distance of a royal personage in these days of plain clothes men; he who can accomplish this feat is not the one to hesitate when the supreme moment is at hand.

Thus, President Carnot and the Empress Elizabeth have both succumbed to a dagger in the past six years. The Emperor of Austria has a terrible scar on his shoulder from a stab received some fifty years ago. The Queen-Regent of Spain bears a similar mark. King Humbert of Italy would have been killed by a knife-thrust at Naples ten years ago, had it not been for the quick action of his Prime Minister, who received the blow himself. King Milan's predecessor on the Servian throne was literally chopped to pieces by paid assassins. Napoleon III was three times in intimate danger from Italian assassins armed with three-cornered files, the weapon used in the murder of the Austrian Empress. In his youth, Napoleon was alleged to have joined the Carbonadi conspiracy for the freeing of Italy. It was to avenge his alleged treason to this cause that the conspirators sought his life, and they had graven on the hilts of their weapons the word, "remember." This sign betrayed the assassins on each occasion. The triangular form of the weapon was designed to cause the lips of the wound to close, making the bleeding internal and putting the victim past surgical help. It will be remembered that the Empress of Austria, although stabbed to the heart, shed scarcely a drop of blood.

Stambuloff, dictator of Bulgaria, was carved to pieces under the windows of Prince Ferdinand's palace. The father of the present Duke of Parma succumbed to a dagger. A list of the persons just below royality in rank who have fallen before the knife in the past two decades includes Prince Daniel of Montenegro, Lord Frederick Cavendish, the Duc de Berri, and the Earl of Mayo. These are only a few instances of the fact that, in the hands of a European criminal, the knife is far more dangerous than the pistol. And yet the police of Europe think lightly of a man with a knife, but turn out the detective force to follow a man with a gun.

In fact, the police force of the European cities, as at present constituted, is the joy and delight of the anarchist. It must not be forgotten that anarchy and nihilism and all the movements and conspiracies which go under those heads are run by men of great intellectual force and keenness. The leaders are mostly university men gone wrong: even the tools are frequently the possessors of an able, though preverted, type of intelligence. On the other hand, the police of Europe, like those of America, are mostly recruited from the same class which furnishes private soldiers to the regular army. They are honest, God-fearing and law-abiding citizens, but their heads are somewhat slow. The average policeman is no match for the average anarchist, and the only safeguard for society and its rulers under present conditions is the number of guardians.

Educated Nihilists.

The statement about the birth and intelligence of the leading anarchists and nihilists is not a strained statement. People in America can have no idea of the number of blue-blooded personages ranged with these destroyers of society. There are princes of the blood royal in Russia, dukes and counts in Germany and France, scientists, scholars, poets, philosophers. Some are in the ranks of anarchy because of real or fancied wrongs inflicted upon them by society, some have taken the step for a preverted belief in the principles of the society, and some, no doubt, are there for pure love of crime. It has been said that if a catalogue were made of the European anarchists and nihilists, the educational average would be higher than that of the French Chamber of Deputies. No one who knows the anarchists doubts this for a moment. Anarchy is one of those forms of mental and moral dyspepsia brought about by fulness of thought.

Indeed, so well is this fact recognized, that supporters of thep owers-that-be have advocated fighting fire with fire and matching intelligent supporters of society against the anarchists and socialists. This was tried in Russia after the assassination of Nicholas II, and proved a failure. A "Holy Band," so-called, was formed among the nobility. Its object was the weeding-out of anarchy and nihilism by nihilist methods. The band rapidly degenerated into a political machine and then into a joke, and did not outlast the year. Russian nihilists have since been left to the regular police.

A bit of an anecdote before I close. When Li Hung Chang last visited Paris, he was an object of special solicitude to the police, who had heard that the League for the Improvement of China was on his trail. However, they showed less caution in tracking him than in following European dignitaries, believing that he would not observe them. But old Li is a man of keen perceptions; so it happened that, driving one day with a diplomat, he asked.

"Who are these grave-faced men who follow me in a carriage wherever I go?"

The diplomat, who must be a born Tallyrand, answered:

"Son of Heaven, they are members of our institute, wise men who, following and observing you, hope to gain wisdom from your ways."

Li Hung Chang said no more, but that afternoon, having left his carriage for awhile, he came back unexpectedly and discovered the carriage-load drinking with his coachman. Li turned to the diplomat. "I observe," he said, "that the members of your institute are not above learning wisdom from the ways of common people." ETIENNE MARCEL.

A PEREMPTORY HERO.

General Kitchner's Manners Unpopular in Cape Town.

IT cannot be said that Lord Kitchener is popularizing himself in South Africa. His reputation for amiability is not being advanced by his manners to the valorous aristocrats whom he finds in charge of regiments and movements. He is brusque, even brutal, in reproving frivolity or tardiness, but his push and energy have already worked a transformation in the management of affairs. Kitchener seems to think that army officers should be as businesslike as mere commercial men and, what is worse, compels promptitude and celerity in those with whom he comes in personal contact. Lord Roberts is an absolutely different type of man and is beloved where the stern martinet is detested. Here is an episode that illustrates the difference between them:

Before Lord Roberts left Capetown he called into his office a certain Colonel, and charged him with a mission. "Now," said the chief, "how soon can you put this through? I know you'll do the best you can." "Well," replied the Colonel, "I'll try to do it in a fortnight." "All right," Roberts replied, "I know you will do the best you can," and with a pleasant smile he dismissed the officer. Outside the door he met Lord Kitchener. "Well?" said Kitchener with businesslike abruptness. "Oh," said the Colonel, "I have just seen the chief; he wants me to do so and so." "When are you going to get it through?" "I promised to try and do it in a fortnight." "Now, Colonel," was Kitchener's retort, "if this is not done *within a week* we shall have to see about sending you home!" And done it was!

Kitchener is the terror of the gilded youth who go out to South Africa to play at picnicing. He marches around the meeting places of the army beaus, walks into the hotels, sniffs after young subalterns strutting about in Staff uniform, and makes himself generally "unpleasant." The other day he presented himself before one of these peacocky personages, who was lolling about in the grounds of the chief hotel, surrounded by a crowd of female admirers, and abruptly asked the young gentleman what his name was. The young gentleman sprang up, stood to attention, and informed him. "And what are you doing here?" said Kitchener. "Haw!" replied the beauteous youth, "I have just come down from Moddah Rivah!" "Oh!" said Kitchener. "Well, perhaps you had better go back to Moddah Rivah. The train starts at nine o'clock to-night!"

Someone asked Kitchener how he proposed to reorganize the transport service. "Reorganize it?" he interrogated. "I shall *organize* it,"—this with a characteristically sardonic smile.

But how the great man does work! He goes at it as though he were the traffic manager of a big railway or the president of a department store. One of the correspondents writes thus of an interview with Kitchener in Cape Town:

"I am told to be there 9:10 o'clock. I arrive at 9:05 o'clock and wait in an outer office for what seems an hour. I look at my watch and find it is 9:11 o'clock. I begin to doubt, when I remember that my watch is fast. It is exactly 9:10 o'clock when a door is opened and my name is called. I go into a long room in which are several desks like the desks in the manager's office of a great railway company, and at each desk, bending over piles of papers, sits a high officer. And at the end of the room, at a table which commands a view of all the rest of the room and all the other desks, sits a big, dark, stern man with a heavy mustache, intent upon papers. Before he looks up I have time to note the telephones and neatness and orderliness of the arrangement of the table. When he does look up he keeps his finger on the paper in front of him, marking the place where he left off. I begin to tell what I have to say. He looks at me with very keen, bright, gray-blue eyes, and before I have said ten words he seems to know all the rest, including that which I had planned artfully to lead up to. In ten words he says what he has to say. He asks me about something which he wants to know, hears what I have to say, remarks that he is very busy, and before I have quite realized that I have shaken hands and said good-morning he is bending down again over his papers, deep in a calculation at the point where he left off. And I observe that o the men immediately around him many, down to the meres t subordinates, are men whom he has trained and tried himself at the other end of Africa to know what he wants and to do what he wants.

The deepest interest, it seems, was evoked among the troops in South Africa by the Queen's Christmas present. It was confidently predicted that Her Majesty's present would be ignored, or made a subject for ridicule. On the contrary. One correspondent tried to buy a chocolate box, and here are his three efforts:

The first man was a gunner of the Royal Horse Artillery, and I opened negotiations with the perfectly innocent remark that the box he was carrying was a pretty one. He looked at me rather hard, and his words were plain and few. "Yes, mister," he said, looking from the box to me, "that's a very pritty box; an' wot's more, it ain't for sale." I was crushed. The second attempt was made on a corporal of the Essex Regiment, a ruddy, beefy youth, who looked as though he hadn't got a ha'p'orth of sentiment in all his broad body. I abandoned the innocent opening and boldly asked him what he wanted for his box. He looked at me—sadly, I thought—and shook his head laboriously and continuously, and passed on. I was snubbed. One of the Buffs was my third victim, and, having screwed up the remainder of my courage, I stammered out my offer, which was £2. The Buff was a cockney from the shady side of Deptford Broadway, and two sovereigns tempted him sorely. I could see the struggle between the love of the good things that the possession of £2 made possible and the duty he owed posterity when the box should become one of the glass shaded household gods reclining on the mantel shelf of the front parlor. Duty won, and with many sanguinary adjectives he explained his position. "I'm sendin' it 'ome," he said, apolegetically. "I promised the ole woman"— he was a Reservist. " 'Tant because I couldn't do with the blimey thick uns; any'ow, it's the Old Lady's gift, an' I might be buried without gittin' a medal, an' I 'ave got this; an' any'ow, guvnor, hopin' there's no offence, I'll send it 'ome. You 'aven't got a pipe of 'bacca about yer, 'ave yer?"

I had.

Eighteen thousand women in Cleveland, Ohio, have registered to exercise the school suffrage this spring.

THINGS & PEOPLE

By BOSWELL Jr.

Paris Commission Scandal.

AN ugly scandal is maturing in connection with the proceedings of the California Commission to the Paris Exposition. Instead of the vast sum appropriated being used for the furtherance of the State's interest, the greater part is being frittered away in salaries and needless expenditures rather for the personal pleasure of the Commissioners. The quarters at No. 8 Place de l'Opera for which $10,000 rent has been paid, are fitted up luxuriously at great expense as living and sleeping apar ments for the members of the Commission and their families instead of as a subsidiary display of California products. An office for the Commission is maintained there, and doubtless visiting Californians may be permitted to make it their headquarters, but it is quite outside the intention of the Legislature that so large a sum should be diverted for the mere comfort of the Commissioners. There being but a limited space available for the State's display, it was assumed that rooms be hired wherein the surplus exhibits should be placed. There visitors were to be made acquainted with the calibre of Californian wines and dried and green fruits. For this end some 5,000 bottles of the finest wines were appropriated by the vineyardists, in addition to the wines given for the exhibition. The raisin men packed fancy boxes of their products to be distributed to callers. From all appearances these objects will be defeated, and, though the wines will doubtless be used, I fear no benefit will accrue to the producers. It is hard to understand how an establishment in the Place de l'Opera can possibly be used as an accessory to the exposition, as it bears about the same relation thereto as the Palace Hotel does to the Cliff House. I fear there will be very little result for the $130,000 appropriated, save indeed that the Commissioners, their families and friends, will have had a capital time at the expense of the California taxpayer.

* * *

There are other conditions that call for censure as severe. The wine men are especially interested in the success of the viticultural exhibit in Paris. France must purchase many thousand gallons of foreign wines every year to supply her own trade, for the product of the country is far below the demand. There is no reason why the Bordeaux merchants should not consume a large part of the Californian surplus, and it is desirable that a favorable impression be made on them. Viticulturists responded liberally to the demands of the Commission, and supplied 5,000 bottles for the headquarters, 1,600 bottles for the exhibit, and 1 000 for the jury. In order that this wine should be in first-rate condition, extremes of temperature en route must be avoided. In winter, the Sunset route is favored by the wine men, and the assumption was that the high grade vintages would be shipped by the southern road. Unfortunately there arose a disagreement between W. H. Mills of the Southern Pacific and the Commission. By way of vengeance on Mr. Mills the precious cargo of wine was routed via Ogden, Omaha and Chicago to Baltimore, where it was suffered to remain in an unprotected place outside a warehouse for over a month before being loaded on the transport *Prairie* for transmission to France. The effect of the freezing temperature of the Rocky Mountains on claret is sufficiently familiar to the expert. It is probable the wines will have fermented before the jury handles them. The Commission was warned against sending the wine via Ogden by Charles Richard Dodge, the Government's vit'cultural expert, who protested vigorously against the routing. Professor Wiley, the Commission's expert, was very angry over the affair, but really it was more important to spite the Southern Pacific than that the wines should arrive in condition.

* * *

However, there need be no fear that California will not be adequately and intelligently represented at the great exposition, but 'twill be through no work of the State Commission. The Southern Pacific Co. has arranged an exhibit that will do justice to the manifold resources ot the Golden State. It consists of specimens of her innumerable products, photographs and admirably arranged advertising matter. Part of the display is within the exposition; the main section is arranged in a building close to the chief entrance. In extent, variety and interest it far excels what the Commission has gathered, and at about one-third the cost. But Mr. Mills knew how and what to do; the Commission did not.

***

MR. J. GORDON SMITH has been identified with Western newspaperdom for not more than five years, he having come from Montreal where he formerly held a position on the staff of the *Herald*, but in that brief time he has forged his way forward until he is now included among the more prominent of the newspaper writers and correspondents of the Northwest. He has a catchy style and when he has laid hands on the elusive "scoop" knows how to tell the story. Mr. Smith has the honor of having given the first facts of the discovery of the Klondike mining district to the world. Fully three weeks before the steamer *Excelsior* came into San Francisco with the news which fired the gold-seekers and sent the thousands North there came to Victoria on the steamer *City of Topeka*, one Jack Carr, a United States mail carrier—who by the way afterwards fell from grace and tried to perpetrate upon the world a fake story of the finding of an André pigeon. Carr told on his arrival at Victoria of the rich finds on Eldorado and of the rush to Carmack's discovery. The news was at once telegraphed to several American papers, but most of them made sinister editorial references about large imaginations, and it was not until the *Excelsior* arrived in San Francisco and the news was confirmed, that some of them wrote congratulating a Victoria correspondent. Mr. Smith is the shipping and foreign editor of the Victoria *Times* and he it was who wrote the very interesting article on the chief city of the province which appeared in the Victorian edition of *The Wave*. By an error authorship was credited to J. Gordon "Spring."

***

Paderewski's Harrowing Experiences.

PADEREWSKI is not altogether happy in his country expeditions. At Sacramento sufficient interest was not developed either over his playing or his personality to attract an audience, and he preferred to be out the expenses rather than perform for a handful of people. At Santa Cruz his experience was exciting rather than comfortable. A mob stormed about the entrance of the concert hall, and for a time Manager Gorlitz was afraid to open the doors lest they crush a way in. Finally Paderewski was apprised of the situation, whereupon he took an axe and stationed himself behind the door, Mr. Gorlitz being armed with a bottle. They were ready there to repel invaders. The spectacle of the great pianist brandishing so primitive a weapon must have been most exhilarating. It presents him in a pose in which his innumerable admirers would find it hard to recognize their hero. The arrival of a detachment of police finally relieved the situation, but it was some time before an army of small boys could be dislodged from the roof, where they hung in clusters. As it was, it seemed that half the population had gathered outside the theatre. When Paderewski and Gorlitz finally emerged, they were almost mobbed. Rather a reflection on the manners of the charming seaside town. In Oakland, Paderewski played in a church. Thousands of people gathered to do honor to the occasion—not inside, indeed, but all around the block. Small boys secured coigns of vantage along the walls, and a few adventurous spirits were on the roof. There was a fair audience, but the real crowd was outside. Now, Paderewski, like all great artists, is very sensitive, and episodes such as these are apt to disturb him. I imagine he was more amused than irritated at Santa Cruz, for the axe was decidedly a new experience. I believe that he is sure of large and interested audiences throughout the Northwest.

* * *

During his stay in San Francisco, Paderewski and his wife have lived most of the time on their car "Riva," which was side-tracked at Fourth and Townsend streets. There they gave several dinners, but they also patronized liberally the French restaurants. The great pianist is the soul of hospitality, and really likes nothing better than entertaining his friends. Both he and Madame Paderewski are enamored of San Francisco, especially of Chinatown. They made half-a-dozen tours of the Celestial quarters, traversing the streets and alleyways at all hours of the night. I believe they thoroughly eujoyed their stay. Indeed, he prefers the City of the Golden Gate to any other in America. After much persuasion, Paderewski was induced to face Dr. Arnold Genthe's camera, with the result of a set of really fine portraits, which give an intelligent impression of his picturesque head and face.

***

The Spring Rush to Nome.

THERE will be "something doing" at Cape Nome this season; further, it would be vain to prophesy. With a population more than doubled in one month, with all the adventurers, all the soldiers of fortune and half the crooks on the Pacific Coast pouring in on the first rush, there should ensue stirring times only second to the days of '49 in San Francisco. It is now near enough to the open season to make an estimate on the first rush. Passages secured in advance number 20,000; as many more will try to make their way north during the summer, and an unestimated number will pour in from Dawson and the other northern camps. Indeed, the Dawson rush has already begun, in spite of the efforts made by that city's papers to check the movement. The next news brought out by returning steamer is likely to be sensational, as all the old claims have been jumped and relocated. The army officers keeping order there will need clear heads and strong hands to hold the turbulent population in check. The first steamer to leave was the British ship *Alpha*, which sailed from Victoria on April 4. While the passengers on this vessel will undoubtedly be permitted to land, the freight cannot go ashore, as it is on a British bottom. The crew and owners have declared, however, that they will land their goods whether or no, and the summer disturbance at Nome may be opened by this attempt. The American vessels which are to follow carry all sorts of passengers and projects. One boat brings a portable chapel and also the material for a combined gambling-house and concert-hall. A saloon-keeper who accompanies the latter outfit has paid $12,000 for bar privileges for the year 1900.

***

Judge Greene's Aspiration.

THE patronage of Hawaii, under the new form of government already becomes a subject of consideration. I hear of one aspirant for the position of district judge under the territorial regime, whose candidacy really deserves support. I refer to Judge Greene of Oakland, Cal., who has several times been re-elected to the Superior bench of the region across the bay. Judge Greene is a man of strong individuality and dominance of character whose conduct of his officer has been such as to enforce an absolute trust in his integrity. He is an excellent lawyer and administrator and has long been a vital factor in the litigation of Alameda County.

One English marquis has to work for his living. The Marquis of Normandy, who was a clergyman when he succeeded to the title ten years ago, and is now a canon of Windsor, found his estates heavily encumbered. He thereupon turned schoolmaster and opened a preparatory school for the sons of noblemen and gentlemen that has brought him money.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF VALPARAISO, CHILE, WITH U. S. HARFORD IN FOREGROUND.

This view is taken looking north from the city, the hills in the distance being the hills of Vina del Mar, where the last great battle was fought which ended the revolution against the rule of Balmaceda in 1890.

Photo by Douglas White.

THE CRUISE OF THE HARTFORD.

1. Captain Hawley Presenting Dewey Medals. 2. Morning Reports. 3. The Navigation Division. 4. Launching the Target for Gun Practice Under the Equator. 5. Crossing the Equator—Neptune's Barber Shop. 6. General Quarters, Sunday Morning. 7. Scoring Target Practice. 8. A Birthday Dinner in the Cabin.

Photos by Douglas White

A Waterway in the Interior.

A Ferry in Mindanao.

Casco Manned by Aetas Negroes.

Cargo Boats on the Pasig.

Scene on the Upper Pasig.

Crossing the Saxmaan River.

A Canoe Ferry.

WATER LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

SCENES IN ALASKA.

BY E. C. PILSBURY.

Street Scene, Sitka, Alaska.

Street Scene, Wrangel, Alaska.

Skaguay Waterfront from Moore's Wharf.

BACK STAIRS DIPLOMACY.

Bribery and Corruption in European Statescraft.

WHILE it is undoubtedly true that secret service, bribing of ministers, espionage and underhand work of the sort is less prominent, both in Europe and America, than it used to be, it is also true that no European country could dispense with its secret service at the present time and keep up the struggle for prestige. Time was when these underhanded methods were the staple usages of diplomacy. Philip II of Spain buil up his huge empire mainly by means of a corruption fund derived from the gold of the Indies. White-plumed Henry of Navarre, that cheerful and loveable liar, owed his ascension to the French throne to underhand methods as much as to his valor and his skill at the diplomatic game; later, the three Louises whose successive reigns brought on the revolution used the secret service as the right arm of their rule. These are only isolated examples and can be added to indefinitely. The point is, that "back stairs diplomacy" as exemplified today by Dr. Leyds, the Transvaal European agent, is a survival of an older form which Europe has not entirely dispensed with, just as the sword is still carried on the battlefield, although it has been superseded for practical purposes by the rifle or the revolver.

The world spends yearly about $25,000,000 for secret service—this, at any rate, is the estimate made by those who ought to know. To this immense sum the Transvaal, the smallest government concerned, is the heaviest contributor, being responsible for about $4,000,000. Next, perhaps, is Russia or France, and after that, Germany. England is a light dealer in these goods. The appropriation was only $65,000 last year, and rarely exceeds $100,000. Even at that, about half the sum is returned to the treasury each year. The temper of the English people, who do not number deceit among their faults, is against any such usage. Yet England's unprepared state on the Transvaal border was due as much to this scorn of bribery and corruption funds as to any other cause. The judicious use of spies in northern Natal before the war would have prevented many of the early disasters.

The money goes to the heads of the various government departments, who swear, on receiving it, that they are going to spend it for the public good, and are then questioned no further; the matter is absolutely between the spy, or traitor, and the minister. Even Parliament has no right to question the transaction or to inquire into it.

In France, the abuse of secret service funds is so general that Frenchmen are naming it as one of the causes of the Dreyfus affair. For a long time, this has been the method whereby French politicians could get their hands in the public sack most easily. From the nature of the case, no inquiry can be made into the uses of secret service money. Yet the three yearly appropriations for the purpose come to nearly $300,000. The money is paid out to high officials and not even a receipt is given. Only, once a year the head of the cabinet hands to the president a sealed packet containing the secret service documents for the year. He never opens the packet, and the matter is dropped. It happens, therefore, that anyone who can elaborate a spy scare has a chance of getting into the trough. And more than one theorist on the inexplicable Dreyfus affair holds that the desire of those in high places to "get in on" this fund lay at the bottom of the whole affair.

The reformers in France are anxious to abolish the corruption fund entirely or to provide some means of intelligent control, but the attempt has been made twice before and has failed in spite of the most scandalous exposures. The first is known as the Boulanger incident. When the General came to the ministry of war, he found a large fund awaiting him, it having been allowed by his economical predecessors to accumulate. During his administration, appeared a libelous satire on his old opponent, Duc d' Aumale. This book, called *The Honor of the Orleans Family*, was showily gotten up and expensively advertised. When its author died, shortly afterward, his papers showed that the minister of war had stood the expenses out of the secret service fund. The Chamber of Deputies attempted to tinker up a law preventing a reoccurrence, but were checkmated by the opposition of the bureaucrats, who needed the funds in their business. Once again it was proved that M. Dupuy, while minister of the interior, had subsidized a newspaper out of the secret service fund for purposes of his own. Again, the institution was assailed, and again it was sustained. Then, as now, the reformers were met by the argument that the enemies of the Republic abroad were rich and reacherous and must be fought with their own weapons.

One run maintained by these secret service funds is that school of "back stairs diplomacy" of which Dr. Leyds and Agoncillo, agents respectively of the Transvaal and the Filipino junta, are the best known exponents. It is the school of underhand and unrecognized agents, who have a perfect understanding with their own governments but hold no credentials with the government on which they work. This style of diplomacy is much favored by the Eastern governments, Turkey and Egypt especially. The Khedive of Egypt is supposed to be a vassal of Turkey and to carry on all his foreign relations through the sublime Porte. He has, consequently, no right to an embassy at any European capital, but he is represented, nevertheless, by unofficial agents. Their task has been mainly to intrigue against the British government. In London they hardly do anything with the party in power, of course, but work systematically with the opposition, sometimes committing them to courses of policy to which they are bound to adhere when the balance of power changes, sometimes encouraging them to block legislation. These agents are generally Levantine bankers, although Englishmen have been found ready and willing to take up the task. In past times, when Egyptian politics were more lively than at present, immense sums have been squandered by the Khedival government in this manner. Turkey, although accredited with regular representatives at the Europeancapitals, is in this business heavily.

Even reputable governments are not above this sort of diplomacy, however. For a long time England kept at the Vatican an unofficial representative in the person of Sir John Errington. He did not belong to the government service at all, least of all to the diplomatic corps, and the ministers were able to answer with perfect truth in response to Parliamentary inquiries, that they had no official representative at the court of the pope. Nevertheless he was acting for the government, although without pay, unless it came from the secret service fund, but he succeeded in his mission of weaning the Vatican from its Irish home rule leanings and received a baronetcy as a reward.

Leyds and Agoncillo, both of Malay extraction by-the-way, are back-stairs diplomats, but of an isolated type. The governments which they represent are not recognized in the courts of Europe; nevertheless there is a certain sympathy with their respective causes, so that they are given, unofficially, many privileges which are generally credited only to recognized ambassadors or ministers. Of course, this applies to Leyds more than to Agoncillo, in proportion as the cause of the Boer is more popular than that of the Filipino.

SPENSER MASTERS.

The Washington Woman's Club, which makes a point of securing celebrities to address it, found one last week in the person of Montagu White. After expatiating upon his favorite theme—the wickedness of England—he closed by informing the several hundred ladies present that woman's place was at home and she had all the rights that were good for her. There was considerable opposition by the members of the club, who were somewhat restrained by the fact that Mr. White was their guest, but if he could have heard what they said when his back was turned he would have wished himself at home with his brother Boers.

Thirty-one persons are on trial at Elberfeld in Germany for fraudulent evasion of military service. The chief culprit was a cigar drummer who died in detention before the trial, and seems to have had a "pull" with the examiners. His trade was among well-to-do people, as he charged several thousand marks for exemption. This was brought about by drugging the young men before the medical examination, so that they showed symptoms of heart or of liver troubles. He had worked with impunity for a dozen years in the towns along the Rhine.

Le Five O'clock is doomed in Paris. At first welcomed as relieving the formality of afternoon receptions it has developed into a gastronomic nuisance. The original tea and cakes by successive additions turned into an elaborate cold lunch, which interfered with dinner. Dinner was put back an hour, but this worked havoc with getting to the theatre in time, and the stage has power enough in France still to put five o'clock teas under the ban.

The potato does not appear to occupy the position which it held some years ago as the staple food of the rural population of Ireland. The comparative cheapness of foreign flour has done much to alter the state of things. "A bit of cakebread and a drop of tay" will be the reply to an inquiry as to the present diet of the poorest peasantry in the country. Even the wholesome Indian meal is ousted from its position by the bread and tea diet. While the potato has decreased in importance as a general article of diet, it is however still in extensive use over a large area of the country.

NEW YORK.

LENTEN DOINGS IN THE METROPOLIS.

IN gay New York, we are enjoying Lent as a season of rest from turmoil and strife or execrating it as a season of forced retirement, according to our enthusiasm for the social game. My friend the rector has been lamenting the fact that the gay worldings are taking the season of penitence less seriously than heretofore. In fact, there is rather more entertaining than there used to be and it is a little more daring. For example, cards used to be tabooed, but card parties are now made one of the ways of whirling away the dull season. Formal entertainments used to be strictly frowned down; people used to meet, quite by accident, and have a good time in an impromptu way, but now we make no bones of a small and early. Nevertheless, I take issue with the rector regarding the observances of Lent. It is being observed just as rigidly as ever, but in a more rational way. The matron who decides to abolish meat from her menage during the forty days and substitutes therefore delicate confections of fish and eggs is not observing the spirit of the season. It is the realization of the fact that hard and fast rules are made to be dodged while the best way of being abstinent is to make your own rules for yourself, which makes this Lent in New York lax in seeming and strict in reality. Heavens, I must have caught some of the spirit myself, for I have preached this whole paragraph long!

A Lenten frolic which made a great deal of fun for the younger set was a "ghost walk," given by Miss Anna Constable at the offices of Howard Constable. It was intended at first that this entertainment should be a sort of historical pageant—"the ghosts of the nineteenth century"—but it became apparent at once that this was too large an undertaking, especially for Lent. Then, I hear that a certain good pastor who has something of a "pull" with Miss Constable set his foot down on the entire proceeding. The end of the matter was that they decided to have ghosts, just any old ghost; if you wanted to be an 1830 ghost or a "Trelawny" ghost, so much the better; if not, you could come in a shroud. This was a blessing, because people who had historical nineteenth century costumes left over from the Bradley-Martin ball took them down and wore them without more ado or trouble, and those that hadn't threw costumes together out of sheets. There were a few anachronisms committed; certain people wore the knee-breeches and patches of the eighteenth century, but these had their uses. The costumes of the earlier part of the past century, whether they be the stiff styles of the Empire period or the awful pokes of 1830 or the wide hoop-skirts of the Trelawny time, are mightily ugly, so that the dainty garb of the eighteenth century gave relief to the eye. It was an informal affair, though a large one, and the company, seizing the spirit, made it a very merry time. Some of the vaudeville "stunts" with which the guests sought to liven the occasion, were a bit old and stiff, but they were forgiven in the general gaiety of the whole performance.

Some unknown genius, whose name has not yet been revealed, came as a "Dago" organ-grinder with a monkey. So perfect was his make-up, that the others took him for the genuine article and pretty generally avoided him. He furnished music for two or three very pretty little turns, among them an Italian dance by Miss Angelica Church and Miss Ethel Stebbins. Three others who succeeded in concealing their identity—for there was no unmasking—were a pair of American Indians and an extremely realistic headless ghost, who carried the missing member under his arm. Then there was a band of banshees and ghouls, with long, artificial arms and necks, who did a dance with the headless spectre under green lights. Philip Birkhead, Robert G. Cook and Charles Riker were in this band. Mrs. de Castro was made up for little Eva, and convulsed the company by rendering "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." 'Twas a merry band of spectres, barring the banshees, and a very gay time.

But little more will be a-doing this Lent. Most of the heaviest entertainers are out of town, anyway, whiling the season of penitence and retirement at the southern resorts or the country clubs. At Virginia Hot Springs there are some promiscuous Vanderbilts, the H. McK. Twombleys, the Seward Webbs, "and others." Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the most active entertainer in New York of late, has been sojourning in Florida with the Pierpont Morgans. On the American Riviera, by the way, it is the most crowded season ever known. At Miami, the overflow of guests had to be housed in a church for several days, while the Palm Beach was so crowded on J. Pierpont Morgan's arrival that he was obliged to remain in his private car for several nights.

It being Lent, there is not supposed to be anything new in clothes, nor would there be were it not for the stage, which does not tone down during the forty days. In the new play at Daly's, for example, Mary Mannering and Hilda Spong both wear princesse dinner-gowns of gracious make. Miss Mannering's is in white mousseline de soie embroidered in gold beads. This embroidery is in long lines, falling unbroken from the top of the bodice to the very hem. On the bodice, gold beads are set in an intricate pattern so close that they form an almost solid mass. This becomes really solid at the waist, where they give the impression of a golden belt. From the waist, the long lines of embroidery diverge until they are quite eighteen inches apart. There is a long straight line of chiffon down the front of this skirt, giving the impression that topens over an underskirt. There is a narrow collar of chiffon and tiny sleeves of the same. One word about the wearer; perpendicular lines conceal stoutness and Miss Mannering—alas that I must say it!—is not so slim as in the days gone by when she played "Trelawney."

Hilda Spong's costume is liberty *crepe de Chine* and violet in color. The fit is perfect. To the depth of half a yard, the skirt is embroidered in purple beads, lightened with spangles of the same tint. Similarly, the bodice is bordered, from the top down, in the beads and spangles of the skirt. There is a simple drapery of violet maline over the bust and arms, caught at one shoulder by a bunch of purple orchids. The glove-fitting front blends into a back which sweeps outward in long, graceful folds. Being one of the simplest gowns of the season, it is yet one of the best-made and most beautiful.

NETTA DYKE.

Mary Mannering, in 'An Interrupted Honeymoon'

IN OLD VALPARAISO

First Stage of the "Hartford's" Training Course.

TO THE land lubber who has never been at sea it may seem strange that one of Uncle Sam's war ships could cruise for fifty-five days and not have at least a goodly portion of the time hang heavy on the hands of everyone who happened to be aboard her. A visit however to one of these fighting crafts while enroute between ports would convince him that even a bee hive is idle by comparison.

The remodeled cruiser *Hartford* has just finished a fifty-five day run between San Francisco and Valparaiso and there has not been a minute wasted from the time the ship passed out through the heads till her ground tackle was hooked on to the bottom of Valparaiso bay. In the case of the *Hartford*, work was a prime necessity, for her mission is to transform three hundred landsmen into full-fledged sailors in the least possible time. These fifty-

See Page 7.

five days were of much value to the proposition for they have given ample opportunity not only for study but practical illustration of the methods taught. So well have Captain Hawley and his officers succeeded in the work allotted that through the means of a rigid examination of their youngsters it is proven that two-thirds of them are already fitted for the rank of ordinary seamen. This result means a heap of work not only on the part of the candidates for sailor honors, but also on the part of the officers who have communicated most of the instruction by means of a personal handling of the men. It is a new system, this which is in vogue on board Farragut's former flagship, but so thorough are its effects that already before it has been in operation more than a few months it has proved its efficiency and will certainly take its place among the practical methods of recruiting the navy.

On the long voyage there were few incidents outside the ship to attract the attention of the youngsters; in fact from the time when the famous old vessel dropped over the horizon to the westward of the Golden Gate not a sail was sighted with one exception until within four hundred miles of Valparaiso. But with all that hardly a day passed in which there did not occur something out of the ordinary to interest and in many cases to instruct these lads.

There was one telling example of honors to be gained by faithful service on board of Columbia's fleets. It so happened that among the seamen assigned to the *Hartford* were several who served with Dewey in the historic battle at Manila. A few hours before we sailed there came from Washington a Medal of Honor for each one of these veterans, which Captain Hawley took the first muster day as the proper opportunity to present to them. The members of the sailor kindergarten stood at attention as the captain called to the front those who were entitled to the decoration and after congratulations on their work aboard Dewey's fleet personally pinned on each breast the bronze medal which will always be a mark of bravery and efficiency in service. On one bright day when the *Hartford* was within the realm which is assigned to old Neptune and which lies between two degrees north and two degrees south of the equator there was a whirl of excitement, for, true to the teachings of sailor lore, Neptunus Rex, accompanied by his spouse Amphitrite, and all the members of his bedraggled court, appeared aboard ship. Sailor men of all navies stick close to this ancient custom and all officers humor them in their day of sport which comes with the crossing of the line. The Neptunic court is formed of the oldest sea dogs aboard and their make-ups for the occasion are weird in the extreme. For the time being the sea king becomes commander of the ship and his court attaches see to it that every one aboard who has never passed through his domain either pays tribute or falls into the hands of the royal barber, doctor and other dignitaries of the watery court. In most cases the ship's officers pay tribute while the jackies take their medicine, after which the old monarch declares everyone aboard to be full-fledged citizens of his realm and issues to them certificates as such. It has seldom happened that a ship carried into Nep's domain so many candidates for the barber's attention as faced the Ruler of the Raging Main on board the *Hartford*. It was a busy day with the court attendants and when night came the census of his realm was increased by nearly four hundred souls. And what a time it was for real downright sailor play. Not a man escaped and those who tried to do so found that they fared worse than those who came to the front willingly. Drills there were none while Neptune was aboard, for it was a day of festivity in every sense.

Of all the three hundred western boys aboard the cruiser not one had seen a shark. Several showed it when, as they were towing a target back to the ship, a big fellow hovered round the boat and poked his nose against its sides. But they got even with the shark family when a few days later the cruiser, being under sail, fell in with a calm. Then the sharks appeared and two fell victims to a desire for salt pork. When the first came over the rail every man aboard seemed to have a grudge against him, for it became necessary to defend the carcass while an attempt was made to photograph it.

There were three days when it did not take any urging to send the men to quarters. These were target practice days. How the youngsters did revel in the actual use of the *Hartford's* batteries. They showed, too, that there is a heap of material for first class marksmen aboard Farragut's former flagship. Their shots tore the target with splintering shells and left it a floating wreck.

The event of all the run to the Chilean coast was a call at the island where Alexander Selkirk passed his long imprisonment and gave to Defoe the foundation for *Robinson Crusoe*. The cruiser stopped at Juan Fernandez for a few hours while beef was bought from the residents, and Cumberland Bay was sounded for fresh fish. When they had visited this spot and had a run on the beach the youngsters began to believe that they were really on the way to see the world. It was their first sight of a foreign shore and happened to be a spot with which every one of them was thoroughly familiar.

Now they have seen Valparaiso, and the principal ports of South America will follow, while their education is advancing and the time rapidly approaching when they will leave the training service and become men o' war's men in reality.

DOUGLAS WHITE.

A Delicious Beverage for all Occasions

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale

Connoisseurs pronounce it "the best imported."

Sherwood & Sherwood, AGENTS
212-214 Market St., San Francisco

TRUMBULL & BEEBE

Seedsmen and Nurserymen.

419-421 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Catalogues Free on Application.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the *SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.*

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.
110 Montgomery St., S. F.
Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

Wherever there is a piano there should be a pianola. The pianola plays any piano. Any one can play it. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St., sole agents.

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

ONLY one more week of Lent, my dear Diary. But this will be really a very difficult one for all of us. Even the least religious take Holy Week quite seriously. I love it myself. In fact I think it one of the few times during the year that one has the opportunity of hearing good church music. The "Ideal" and I intend visiting all the churches, to see which looks the prettiest and in which we shall hear the most beautiful voices. Of course I have had to get a new gown and hat for Easter. The straw is a very pale yellow, almost real straw color. It is soft and braided in a fancy sort of way, and has some lace and tulle and pink roses and black velvet on it and is turned up a little on one side. The "Ideal" likes it. I always wear gray on Easter Sunday, and, as I should have had a gray gown in my trousseau, I have bought one of a sort of crepey material. I think the gowns this year are lovely. I just wish you could see my trousseau. Of course, when I am married I shall tell you of it. Helen Thomas, too, is getting lovely things. Then there is Emily Hager. Walter Dean and she will be married in about three weeks. I am very glad, for I know they will be tremendously happy and I am sure will entertain a great deal. I quite envy the Deans getting Emily into their family. Mama says she is the superior of almost any girl she has ever met. She is very intelligent in the first place and cultivated and kind and really responsive, and will indeed grace Walter's house. Walter is a dear, jolly fellow. I really believe Emily will get as many cups as I have, for she is so popular. I should not mind, but I really believe my "Ideal" would prefer me to be the most popular bride of the season.

The "Ideal" is now quite "golf" mad. Last week the "sticks" that he sent to Scotland for arrived, and mama said I must really try to interest myself in the game. We went out, and I made some capital shots. Since then, day after day, we spend hours on the links, and I like it, especially these days when we are having this gorgeous spring weather, and seeing our dear old Presidio at its very best. Leila says she does not think Southern California nearly so beautiful as the North. Everything here is so much more luxuriant; they have such a scarcity of rain there, and outside of Los Angeles the hotels I believe have such wretched tables. I could never persuade the "Ideal" to go where there is a poor table. He will take his own chef with him. You know he has hired a private car for the two of us for six weeks so we can go where we like and get good food all the time. I hope I shall not get terribly tired of the "Ideal's" company. I know so many people everywhere that I do not believe I shall.

But to return to "golf." I am hearing on all sides that our girls are playing a so much stronger and swifter game than their Eastern sisters. Some of them make really good strokes. Alice Mullins does well. She has improved materially in this last year; so have Caro Crockett and Florence Ives. All the girls who play are most enthusiastic, and take it quite as seriously as I do marriage, so you can understand 'tis no bagatelle to them. Alice Hoffman is the best player on the Coast; she plays just like a man; the "Ideal" and I always watch her to get the stroke if possible. It will be a long day before he fetches home any cups. I, perhaps, am luckier, for no matter what I do, somehow I astonish people, especially in games. I play billiards, Arthur says, as he has never seen any other girl. I know in hotels men always stand around to watch me, and lots of fellows who do not like to be beaten will not take a cue if I am to be in the game. They insist they do not like to be worsted by a girl.

San Rafael this year is to be quite popular; the hotel is refusing people and all the cottages have been taken. I hope the links will be put in good order, for at present they are pretty badly in need of attention. The Boardmans have taken a large house and will entertain a good deal. Mrs. Boardman has always such nice girls staying with her, and you know Sam is always as nice and considerate as when one first meets him. The Smiths will occupy their own house, so I suppose there will be lots of driving and riding and general good times. People who have cottages in Sausalito, Ross and Belvedere are going over there this month. Really, April and May are the two loveliest months in the country. Nothing is dried up then, and the mornings are not too warm. Just as soon as I am married my family will go somewhere to try to obtain consolation for my loss. I suppose it is worse really for those who are left behind.

Now, I must tell you what I have been doing. Of course on Monday last I went to Paderewski's concert. How I wish I could live in a place where I could get the chance of hearing good music and singing often. There is nothing that gives me more pleasant sensations than just closing my eyes and getting all the real delight of Paderewski at the piano. He is a wonder. I like Madame Paderewski ever so much. She is so charming and sweet, and then when one realizes that she is the one who has helped him, who has buoyed him up when he was not appreciated, as he is now, one cannot help liking her. You know Madame Paderewski was the Countess Rosen, who first suggested to this young man, whom she knew, that he would be a great pianist if he would work. He toiled for years. Then he played in Berlin and was hissed. He wished to give it up, but his good angel saw he would eventually be great. He was most ambitious, and as we all know was rewarded.

Mary Crocker and Mary Scott leave for Europe very soon. All the girls envy them so. They will enjoy themselves tremendously. Helen Hopkins gave Mary Scott a farewell dinner on Friday evening. We had a nice time, and toasted the departing guest in all sorts of way. The Taylor boys, Bobbie Eyre, Bert Cadwalader, Fred McNear and Harry Poett were the men; Caro Crockett, Therese Morgan, the Hopkinses, Mary Scott and I the girls. So you see we were all very great friends, so it was pretty jolly. Mrs. Nuttall had a large euchre party on Friday afternoon. It was very nice, mama said, but she did not get a prize, so she was not in so good a humor as I would have liked. Leila, however, said she had a fine time, and the refreshments were delicious. Leila always knows what interests her little sister. Ruth McNutt had a luncheon in honor of Helen Thomas Friday. Ruth becomes more stunning-looking all the time. Edith Preston was there and looked well; so did Linda Cadwalader. I am devoted to Linda and Bert. They will be some of my first guests when I have a house of my own. Both the Thomas girls looked well. I like Helen best, though I admire Mollie's appearance more, she is so aristocratic-looking. When I am having Eastern men to dinner I shall always invite Mollie Thomas and Sara Collins. I have never heard of any man who did not admire them immensely. The Hopkinses give a luncheon to Helen Thomas this week. Miss Alice Klein gave a large tea to Mary Scott on Saturday. The Hopkinses, Carrie Taylor, the Morgans and several others helped her to receive. Mrs. Dean is busy preparing for an engagement tea to Emily Hager on the 17th. Mrs. Dean's entertainments are generally so elaborate, I know we shall have an affair that we shall talk about for days afterwards. The Hirsh girls of Fruitvale give a luncheon to Florence Sharm of Piedmont after Lent.

I know we shall have lots of fun in the near future, for with the weddings, theatre parties and small dinners it will seem like a second part of a very gay season. Now, Diary dear, I think I've told you all the news of this week.

MISS CRICKETT.

A pretty wedding took place last Thursday in Sausalito, when Mr. Cecil Ernest Hodgson and Miss Florence Cassius Roberts were married. The church was beautifully decorated in Cherokee roses and wild flowers, and afterwards a reception was held at Mrs. Cousen's, Miss Roberts's sister's house.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Longley Chisholm and William R. Green. Miss Chisholm is a sister of Mrs. Percy Haslett of Alameda, and an exceedingly nice girl. Will Green is a son of Harry Green of Monterey. They will be married on April 17th.

If you have not tried Roe's Belfast Ginger Ale, you have yet to enjoy the most delicious of beverages.

FOR SWELL DRESSERS.

The "Knox" hat is absolutely correct. Eugene Korn, 726 Market St., sole agent.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

DECADENCE OF THE CHURCH CHOIR.

DOES it pay to sing? The question is sharply suggested by the present glut in the local market of voices, and more especially of the female voice. With male choirs rapidly usurping the place of the mixed quartette, as at Grace Church, St. Luke's, St. John's, the Advent, St. Ignatius and lesser churches, the field becomes practically closed to women. The First Unitarian long ago dispensed with a costly choir, and with the recently discharged quartette of St. Patrick's added to the list of unemployed, there are suggestions in the future of panic, that might well drive the ambitious warbler to the type-writer or sewing-machine.

A glance backward a decade or so shows music to have been in a most flourishing condition, and gives rise to the inference that our jayness must have increased along with the population. About fifteen years ago boom conditions were reached, when Mrs. Mariner Campbell sang at the Unitarian Church for a consideration of $100 per month. Ben Clark, the tenor received $75, the alto and bass respectively $40 and $50. The average salary was $60 running to $100, and in the way that retrospection adds glamor to what has become dimly remote, we are told that the singers were worthy their hire, and that we do not grow any such voices in these days of decadence. There were then three or four really dramatic singers, who had drifted out from the East, superbly equipped as to voice, and saturated with all the traditions of oratorio. One of these singers of that gilded past in giving the above data, says there are no dramatic sopranos—no full-voiced, broad-toned oratorio singers among native San Franciscans. This is attributed to the catarrhal climate, which destroys all resonance and gives a thin light tone incapable of broad effects—according to this authority.

The decline in values dates to ten years ago when prices went below the $60 mark, and steadily dropped until the present bed rock conditions were reached. With two or three exceptions, where fine salaries still are paid, most of the churches alternate between $15 and nothing—the latter being the favorite terms for musical services. An instance was told of a thoroughly capable soprano who accepted a Christmas engagement in a Catholic church. After attending three rehearsals and the Christmas service, she was handed $3. Often, acceptable voices can be found among students for a nominal sum, but it is not surprising that the more advanced singers, they who have spent valuable years of their lives in expensive drill, prefer retirement and the more substantial returns of teaching to the doubtful compliment of being asked to sing for nothing, and at the same time being placed side by side with the unblushing mediocrity given a first place. Gratuitous music has been made so much a matter of course by the persistent striving of ignorant and ambitious beginners, that it has become well nigh impossible for a legitimate musician to earn a dollar, much less a living, except at teaching, where he sometimes gets a chance to turn the tables on mistaken vanity.

The manager of a Western Addition [illegible] states that he has more offers of music that he can use. The "Vermonters" do things in a munificent way that is all their own and distinctly New England in manner. The person wishing to appear before that organization must first give a gratuitous performance, that the audience may test his quality without compromising themselves financially. If the audience can stand it the person is said to have made a hit, and is engaged for a succeeding performance at the rate of $5. This has a flavor of yankee "nearness" dashed with Scotch caution that is only less exhilarating than a mint julep. One might imagine the "Vermonters" would not be overrun with application on such terms, but thus far they have never failed of material to fill out the

Continued on page 14.

A Young Girl

May be very old in suffering. She is very apt to neglect the earlier symptoms of disease. Often when she takes treatment it is the wrong treatment for her case. Very many young women write to Dr. Pierce and consult him by letter free. All such correspondence is strictly private, and womanly modesty is spared the shock of indelicate examinations, unpleasant questionings and offensive local treatments.

"I suffered with female trouble," writes Miss Agnes McGowne, of 1221 Bank St., Washington, D. C. "I tried various remedies but none seemed to do any permanent good. The doctors said it was the worse case of internal trouble they ever had. I decided to write to Doctor Pierce for help. I received a very encouraging reply and commenced treatment at once. I had not used the "Favorite Prescription" a week before I began to feel better, and, as I continued, my health gradually improved. It is improving every day and I still continue to take the medicine.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

—FOR—

Nome, St. Michael, Dawson

AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.

CARRYING U. S. MAILS.

FOR NOME DISTRICT.

From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,

From San Francisco, S. S. "St, Paul," May 26th, 1900

A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fortnight Thereafter

For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak, and all Intermediate Points:

From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.

For new folders, maps and further particulars, as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash

Kitro Tonic.

King of all. For men and women. A fine Grape Fruit Tonic. Recommended by all Physicians. Sold by al Druggists, Grocers and Dealers.

IN BOOKDOM

SOME years ago (1885) Professor A. S. Cook reprinted in this city a series of papers upon the philosophy of literature, by George Henry Lewes, whose fame is associated in the popular mind with that of his wife, "George Eliot." The pamphlet, I believe, was used by Professor Cook as a text-book in his university classes. I wish to quote a significant paragraph from these old *Fortnightly* essays. Mr. Lewes has been speaking of the worthlessness of second-hand material to the artist—the worthlessness of ideas of life drawn not from life itself but from books, which are other men's ideas of life; of landscapes painted not from nature but from other men's interpretations of nature. He goes on to say:

"The value of the tidings brought by literature is determined by their authenticity. At all times the air is noisy with rumors, but the real business of life is transacted on clear insight and authentic speech. False tidings and idle rumors may for an hour clamorously usurp attention because they are believed to be true; but the cheat is soon discovered, and the rumor dies. In like manner literature which is unauthentic may succeed as long as it is believed to be true: that is, so long as our intellects have not discovered the falseness of its pretensions, and our feelings have not disowned sympathy with its expressions. Writers have seldom any steadfast conviction that it is of primary necessity for them to deliver tidings about what they themselves have seen and felt. Perhaps their intimate consciousness assures them that what they have seen and felt is neither new nor important. It may not be new, it may not be intrinsically important; nevertheless, if authentic, it has its value, and a far greater value than anything reported by them at second-hand. We cannot demand from every man that he have unusual depth of insight or exceptional experience; but we demand of him that he give us of his best, and his best cannot be another's. The facts seen through the vision of another, reported on the witness of another, may be true, but the reporter cannot vouch for them. Let the original observer speak for himself. Otherwise only rumors are set afloat."

I have quoted these words for the purpose of applying them to "a novel of today" by Herbert Flowerdew, called *The Realist*. Mr. Flowerdew has rather peculiar ideas, drawn from books, it would seem, or at least inspired, as to the term "realism." Ordinarily, I believe, the term is applied to the analytical methods whereby the writer *produces* certain effects, and not to any alleged laboratory methods of *procuring* knowledge in the human emotions. In other words, the term is an art term, and not an educational one. It is concerned directly with the psychological effect upon the reader of certain methods of treating literary material. It is concerned only indirectly with the manner in which that material is collected. A man may spend a lifetime in the slum or the palace with his note-book. He will be a realist when he writes a realistic novel, and not before. Mr. Flowerdew has heard differently. He has heard that a realist is a collector of data, a sort of vivisectionist, a monster, a Mr. Hyde who tramples down children in order to get the exact note of their treble terror, an inhuman chemist who lacerates the emotions with his fiery acids in order to be sure about the re-action. He has "set rumors afloat."

The plot of *The Realist* turns upon the power of the "realistic" novelist Zant over a young reporter who comes in his way. Zant, speaking to this young man of his attitude toward women, and toward his fellow-beings, thus expounds his ideas about art:

"'To obtain mastery over the minds of men, which I admit frankly is my one ambition, it is necessary to differentiate oneself from them by wanting nothing. Can we describe a fight when we are fighting? Can we watch a game and at the same time take part in it? For the purposes of my books I have to win love sometimes.'

"The perfect indifference with which he spoke chilled his listener. For the first time he felt that the man was a fiend. Zant's face without changing grew saturnine in his eyes. The strangling story came back vividly to his mind, together with a desire to startle the man who seemed to hold himself superior to every human emotion.

"'You think your work justifies you in doing anything,' he said abruptly. 'Is it true that you strangled your housekeeper?'

"If he had expected the man's placid colorless face to show even as much as annoyance at the question, he was disappointed.

"'O yes, it is true,' he said indifferently. 'I have seen it stated that I performed the experiment in order to describe the effects of strangulation. That is scarcely true, for I knew it already. My idea was chiefly to try how much pacification would be necessary to make the poor creature my friend again. I was writing about women who live with men that beat and almost kill them. Not that all my experiments are undertaken on behalf of my books. My one delight in life is to play on the human instrument, and to get from it any effect I please.'"

The reporter is horrified, and says:

"'But you cannot disregard consequences. If you had quite strangled the woman on whom you tried your experiment, you would have been hanged, whatever your object was.'

"'Possibly,' said Zant. 'I rather look forward to trying my powers of persuasion upon a jury in defense of my life. It would be a new experience. You would like my idea of art? I am described as a realist. My method is to plan out a dramatic story as the idealist does, and reconstruct its leading positions artificially in order to describe them with the realist's fidelity. If I introduce a case of slow poisoning, a doctor of course could give me the symptoms. Most novelists—even those who describe themselves as realists—are content with that. I should poison a man, and watch him studiously, living with him and sharing his thoughts. I did so in writing *La Femme*. Frequently I give every moment of a whole month to the reconstruction of a single scene in one of my books. At the present moment I am endeavoring to reconstruct a dramatic scene in which a man morally innocent realizes that by a mistake he has actually committed a crime for which the law will exact a heavy penalty. To clear himself is impossible. I am uncertain how he will act, and it will probably take me a week to submit the question to the test of an experiment."

The story follows the course of this experiment. The reporter is most fiendishly played upon in his fears, his love, his ambitions, during that melodramatic week. He becomes the hero of desperate adventures, that turn out in the end to be merely harmless experiments. He is made to believe that both he and the girl he loves are in the power of Zant. He is goaded in the end to shoot Zant, as he thinks, and is tortured by the anticipations of his trial for murder. The cartridge turns out to have been blank. Zant completes his novel from the data he has gathered, gives the girl a dowry, and sets up the reporter in business. There isn't any moral. Published by John Lane, New York.

* *

The Nicaragua Canal, by W. E. Simmons, which has just been published by Harper & Bros., apparently is one of the F. Tennyson Neely manuscripts from last year. It is still timely, however, and contains a great deal of interesting matter about Nicaragua and the Central American region, as well as much (it must be confessed) that is not so interesting. I cannot be quite sure from his book that Mr. Simmons ever personally visited the country. Probably he has personal knowledge of it; but the most of his material might have been collected in any good library, and there is so much padding, historical, legendary, and otherwise, incorporated into his pages, all of which certainly did come from some good library, that it is difficult to speak as to the author's intimate personal experiences in the land of civil wars. There are a number of interesting plates, including a very suggestive one of five ruined dredges in Graytown harbor, and another one of the mouth of the canal in the same harbor. There is not, however, a great deal of definite information, either about the work that has been done or that which is yet to do upon the waterway. The pictures of native life and customs are perhaps of most interest.

I have before me a story for boys from the Macmillan Company, New York, called *Soldier Rigdale*. Beulah Marie Dix is the author. The tale is placed early in the history of our country—indeed, it begins on the ship *Mayflower*—and the hero is an orphan boy. This boy, Miles Rigdale, has all kinds of experiences in the new colony of Plymouth. He ends by running away with his little sister. The runagates are found by the Indians, and are recovered by Captain Miles Standish and his good band of pilgrims. Standish adopts the orphaned boy into his own home, and he grows up to be a right strong soldier. The book contains a great many interesting episodes and some good pictures of early colonial life on the New England coast.

If a young lady were to spend half a day among the bargain books she would have a hard time selecting a more conventional novel than *The Judgment of Helen*, Thomas Cobb being the author of the same; for it is out and out a love story, with the usual impediments to the course of true love, and the usual triumph of the lovers. "Helen Christopherson's was the beauty of the budding rose," we are told of the heroine. She had "a fair skin, bright blue eyes, a wholesome color, and a wealth of hair which was not quite dark enough to be red, though it was much too dark to be golden." This unusual young woman was engaged to be married to a millionaire merchant—Sir Thomas Lipton, I guess. Her mother had persuaded her into the match. He bought her diamond necklaces and gold watches and silver dressing-sets and other expensive gifts, but she did not love him. Instead she loved a young medical student. One week in the country—this is all happening in England, of course—the merchant prince ran down to see his future wife for a few days. The medical student was also there on a visit. And there was a poor relation, one Patty Winter, who "possessed a pair of fine dark eyes," and whose "face was a little pale, but not from delicate health, broad at the forehead, short, and almost pointed at the chin"—a heart-shaped face. Her nose "was small and indefinite, the mouth being rather large." Her dresses "always fitted her a little loosely, perhaps because her form was slight." Nevertheless, it "possessed attractive curves." This young woman was a schoolma'am. As for the medical student, Maurice Vaughan by name, he was "tall, sparely built, with smooth, fairish hair, and an alert, shaven face." He wore "a brown homespun suit which Mrs. Christopherson, who was in the habit of noticing such details, perceived had already done duty during previous seasons." It was the intention of Mrs. Christopherson to make a match of it between schoolma'am Patty and Doctor Maurice.

It was bound to happen. The millionaire, who was "tall, broad at the waist and hips," with "dark hair, thin on the crown," and "features, though regular, a little blunt and heavy," eyes "small, but not too close together, forehead high, cheeks somewhat puffy," arrived in due season and was promptly snubbed by the heroine, his fiancee. The next thing anyone knows he marries the schoolma'am, the heroine marries her doctor, and Mrs. Christopherson, foiled in her plans, marries a new husband of her own from the peerage. Published by John Lane, New York.

WILLIAM NEIDIG.

The touch of the Pianola is subject to the slightest variation at the will of the player. "Touch to the pianist is what voice is to the singer." It has always been considered a "something innate," and heretofore all piano attachments have been so devoid of this "human element" as to appear almost grotesque in comparison with hand playing. Call and see it at 26 and 30 O'Farrell street. Kohler & Chase, sole agents.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

---

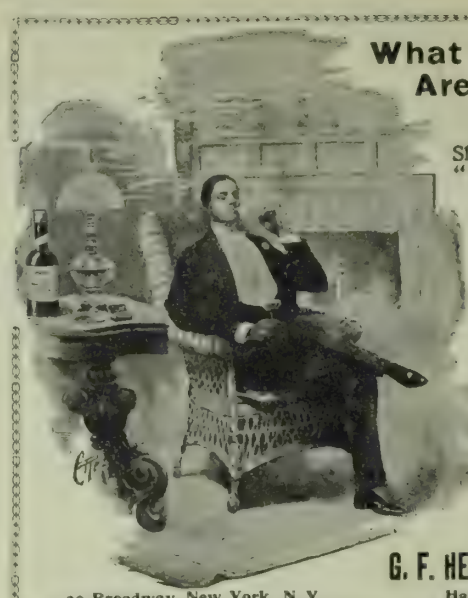
An Old Story.

I was nineteen, she twenty-eight,
When first I saw her lovely face,
Her fairy form of lissome grace.
I knew that I had met my fate
When, as I saw her golden hair,
Her carmine lip, her cobalt eye,
I muttered, with a furnace sigh,
"Ye gods, but she is passing fair!"

She twenty-eight and I nineteen!
I took to gloves and neckties bright
To find more favor in her sight.
Of my affections she was queen;
Alternate hope and dark dispair
Would mount or rankle in my breast;
She spoiled a good deal of my rest—
I said that she was passing fair.

She twenty-eight, I twenty-eight!
I see the powder on her face;
Her form has angles more than grace,
Her eyes are blue, but not quite straight.
I really thought my love would last,
But fleeting years will love impair,
I thought that she was passing fair—
And so she was—but now she's past.

—*Chicago Record.*



What Are Club Cocktails?

"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

30 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO
Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President
CHARLES R. BISHOP ..... Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH ..... Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON ..... Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY ..... Secretary
CORRESPONDENTS
New York ..... Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore ..... The National Exchange Bank
Boston ..... The Tremont National Bank
Chicago ..... Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia ..... Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis ..... Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev. ... Agency of the Bank of California
London ..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris ..... Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin ..... Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies ..... Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand ..... The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 California Street
Guarantee Capital and Surplus $2,2 3,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash 1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899 ..... 28 563,655 41
OFFICERS
President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER
DIRECTORS
B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union
532 CALIFORNIA ST
Deposits Jan. 1, 1900 ..... $26,110,681
Paid Up Capital 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 210,067
Contingent Fund 407,391
E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.
DIRECTORS
George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.
Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee. Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco
33 POST STREET
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building
Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000
JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier
DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Joseph D. Grant, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

Saur says: "The playing of the pianola in my house last evening was a treat, as well as a surprise. Nothing of the kind I have ever heard before can approach it. In the hands of a competent player all the shading, crescendo, as well as modification of tempi, are remarkably accurate." Kohler & Chase, sole agents, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St.

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG, Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Cloth s cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel. Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 3 5.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a riva and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to-lunch.

A FREAK OF LUCK.

"WOULDN'T that bump you!" murmured the faro dealer reflectively, as a thin pock-marked man passed the corner of Broadway and Thirty-eighth street.

"What's that?" asked the race follower.

"Seein' you throw the frapped countenance up against Hennessy. Say, wasn't you feedin' him couple years ago, when I seen you down i' New Orleans?"

"Say," said the race man, "d'y' ever hear how me and Hennessy came together, an' what happened to both of us?"

"Nope."

"Well, it's a queer story, and it goes to show what a freaky thing luck is. We couldn't ever trot double. If Hennessy is flying high, I'm cold broke, an' if I'm a winner, Hennessy's on the pork. Besides, he never could stay square with a friend no how."

"Well, how about it," asked the faro man.

"It was after the season closed at Brighton Beach in '97. Hennessy had been up against it for four long, warm, weary months. He'd been playin' everythin' in the business from favorites to 100 to 1 shots, an' he couldn't win breakfast money. I'd been foll'in' the Western circuit all summer an' had nursed up quite a wad, an' when I came back to New York the first man I run against is Hennessy. He was comin' out of a Sixth avenue beanery, where they sell coffee for two cents a cup, an' say, if ever any man looked like a bad nickel, it was Hennessy. I'd seen him when he was rollin' high out in California, an' I had a few drinks with him then, an' some guy had told me that Hennessy was a man 'at never stood by his friends. But say, I was sorry to see a man down on his luck, an' I says to myself, I'll help him to take a brace. So I fits him out from feet to finish, an' then I promises him $5 a day for two weeks to play the ponies—me layin' off a while to rest.

"Well, after a few days Hennessy begins to do business again, and inside of a month had nursed together a little wad of about three hundred dollars.

"'Now,' says I, 'we're off to New Orleans.'

"An' we went an' started into the game the next day. But Hennessy's luck had changed again, and there wasn't anything he could win. Neither of us could make it out. Hennessy said he'd gone into the theatre with his umbrella up, an' I guess p'haps that's what it was, but, anyway, he was a dead one from that on, and in two days he didn't have but $50 in the world. Then I told him to stick to me and follow my plays, an' he did, and in two days I had lost $1,700 an' all of Hennessy's $50 was gone. So I give Hennessy $10 to start fresh on an' told him to lay his own money an' keep away from me. So he did and lost every nickel of it before night.

"Well, it was up to me to take care of him. So he goes off and gets a little more somewhere, and every mornin' he's 'round to my room for breakfast money and I'm givin' him $3 to feed himself and play with. That kept up the whole winter through, me givin' him $3 every day, besides drinks an' cigars, an' laundry bills, and every now and then a tenner to get his stuff out that he'd hocked. But I guess it was luck to me, because I lived high every minute of the time and quit the game $3,000 better than when Hennessy and me started South.

"I guess Hennessy thought the same thing, 'cause he comes 'round one morning and says if I'll stake him to a little roll he'll quit me and try his luck on the Western circuit. So I gave him $500, and he started for Chicago. It wasn't long before we heard of his luck, and my five hundred begins to come back.

"Good? Why things just swam his way. I was glad of it, although I wasn't doing so well myself. As Hennessy's stock went up mine started to slump, and pretty soon I was in the hole up to my neck. When the meeting closed it left me stone broke, with only one suit of clothes left and livin' in a hall room near the corner of Ninth avenue and Thirty-second street. Then I began playin' the poolrooms with what money I could borrow here and there, but I couldn't get enough ahead to make any kind of a play, and I began to think if things didn't come my way I'd have to quit the game and go to work."

"Say, wouldn't that bump you?" said the faro man.

"Well, about this time one day," resumed the race follower, "I was coming down Broadway, feeling pretty sore and mean and raggy. I'd had nothing for breakfast but butter cakes and coffee, and I didn't just know who was going to stake me for dinner, let alone a dollar or so just to try if my luck had begun to change. Well, while I was feelin' this way, not exactly sure if I wouldn't chuck the whole business and chase a job, who do I run against but Hennessy. He was just coming out of Martin's with a toothpick sticking out of his jaw and a look on his face like he was full up to the chin with green turtle soup and baked trout and roasted canvasback and nesserole pudding, with a pint of champagne, and a pousse cafe at the end of all. Say, it made me hungry just to look at his mug, and he was wearin' a hot silker an' a long coat and a diamond lamp fit to knock an eye out of the Prince of Wales, and, say, when I saw Hennessy that way I thought it was like findin' a mine. There was ready money all over him."

"An' of course, he staked you good and plenty?" said the faro man.

"Did I say that Hennessy had a pint?" mused the race follower. "Well, maybe it was two of them and maybe it was three. Anyway, Hennessy had a little skate on. It wasn't enough to excuse him and it was just enough to make a mean man nasty.

"'Hello, Hennessy,' says I.

"'Hello,' says Hennessy.

"And I saw then and there that my gold mine was a frost. Hennessy was givin' me the go-by. But I was too hard up to be haughty, so I stops him.

"'Say, Hennessy,' says I, 'are you goin' to walk past a man like that? Don't you know me?"

"'Yes,' says Hennessy, with a kind of an ugly grin. 'I know you well enough.'

"'I've been in hard luck since I saw you. Hennessy," says I. 'I'm on the hog for fair—stone broke, old man!"

"'That don't surprise me,' says Hennessy. 'not a bit.'

"'It don't!' says I, and you can bet I was surpised if he wasn't.

"'Not a particle,' says Hennessy, 'you went broke when I quit you, because I was your mascot. You stole my luck, damn you, and I figure that you owe me about $5,000. The minute I left you things came my way.'

"Well I tried to laugh. 'Why, Hennessy, old man,' says I, 'you're stringin' me. D'ye take me for a hoodoo?'

"'That's what I do,' he says, 'the worst blank-blanked hoodoo this side of the Rocky Mountains.'

"'Well, say, Hennessy,' says I, 'stake me for a hundred and let it go at that?'

"'Not a blanked nickel,' says Hennessy. 'you got my luck once, but you don't get it again, see!'

"Then he turned back into the cafe, and I could see him through the window ordering a new quart."

"Wouldn't that bump you!" said the faro man.

"Say, isn't luck about the queerest thing on earth?" continued the race man, philosophically. "Here was Hennessy, a tramp only a year before, when I was a high rider. Now, I'm on my uppers, and Hennessy's on the wave, and yet at that very minute my luck was on the turn. I walked around the corner where I could curse Hennessy on the quiet and there, in a little heap of wet dirt by the curbstone, I saw something shining. I picked it up. It was a five-dollar gold piece, and there was a hole in it. Say, do you remember me comin' into your bank with it?"

"Sure," said the faro man.

"Say, it needed a lot of nerve to lay the whole five on one card and me hungry too, but I was afraid if I'd break the five I'd break my luck, see?"

The faro man saw.

"So I laid it in one bet, and won ten times running. Then I called the turn, and finally quit $4,000 winner. Say, that was about the dizziest game I ever played, and when I cashed in you bet I went and eat the best dinner that the Tenderloin afforded.

"Well, I didn't see anything more of Hennessy until January, when I went to New Orleans again with a small interest in a string of good ones and another interest in a combination book that a guy named Shorty Allen was running. I was riding high again, and Hennessy wasn't. It did seem queer, but it looked like we both couldn't do business at the same time. I ran against him several times and made as if I'd forgotten the three down he gave me in front of Martin's, and at last one day he came sweatin' round to my rooms, lookin' for a tip. One of our horses was entered for seven furlongs on the next day, with about one chance in a million of winning, but Hennessy had an idea in his hat that the race was to be fixed. He didn't know I was interested in the nag, but he did know that I had an inside track with the stable and came to find out which way the cat was goin' to jump.

"'Say, old pal,' he said, 'I've only got $1,000 left and I want to make a big play to-morrow so's to get even again and I can't take any chances. Can't you put me wise?'"

"Say," said the faro man, "wouldn't that bump you?"

"So, I told him to see me an hour before the race," the race follower went on, "and he went away. Say, d'ye think it was up to me to give him any straight tip?"

"After the way he turned you down? Nit!" returned the faro man.

"Well, next day the mare was a five-to-one shot, and about an hour before the race Hennessy came sneaking up.

"'Do I play her?' he says.

"'For all you're worth,' says I.

"'Sure?' he says.

"'Sure,' says I.

"Well, the book that I was interested in was offering a shade better than the others, and Hennessy went against it to the limit. In twenty minutes every nickel he had in the world was laid on my horse. When they were at the post Hennessy sneaked up again.

"'Sure?" he asked.

"I gave him a cold grin and just said 'midlin'.'

"He turned pale and gasped, 'But you said "Sure!"'

"'Oh, well, Hennessy,' I said, 'there's nothing sure. I always thought I was sure of you until you fooled me. The mare might spring a tendon, or run wide, or anything. See?' And something did happen—I'm not sayin' what. Anyway the favorite romped in an easy winner and Hennessy was broke. He's been broke ever since."—*N. Y. Sun.*

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c
Hall's Family Pills are the best

LADIES' KNOX DUDE

Straws now open. Korn, the hatter, 726 Market St., sole agent.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

ASK THE TICKET AGENT

to send you from Chicago to New York, Boston, or other Eastcan cities over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) Quick time, satisfectory service, and no extra fares charged passengers.
JAY W. ADAMS, Pacific Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker bldg., San Francisco Cal

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address ***WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE. SEND US YOUR ORDER,*** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to inspect and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market and you need not accept it or pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing our **1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22 24 or 26 inch; ladies', 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with locked connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the best and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Mesinger Hygiente** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our **binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer, or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them, however, at $5 to $7 stripped, or $9 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee not to cut, mend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us in your spare time. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at **$3** to **$10** each, also some shopworn samples and 99 models very cheap. Send for Bargain List. **OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. Cut this notice out and take it with you.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Hopkins' Trans-Oceanic Headliners and Orpheum Stars; Mme. Marzella and the Gurtanos; Falke and Semon; A. O. Duncan; Bellman and Moore; Bobby Gaylor; Empire Comedy Four; The De Forrests; Si Stebbins.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Third big week of the brilliant historical spectacle dilenating the birth of Christianity.

QUO VADIS

Every evening at 8 p. m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, APR. 15th

WILLIAM H. WEST'S

Big Minstrel Jubilee

The greatest offering in years. It's a hit from beginning to end.

SPECIAL PRICES—$1.00. 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c.

Mon. April 23—Ward and Vokes.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sunday Night, April 15th. Matinees Thursday and Saturday.

A HIT THAT RINGS TRUE!!

MR. JAMES NEILL and Company

Owing to the unprecedented hit of Sol Smith Russell's Greatest Comedy Success.

"A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE"

Will be continued a second week until April 21st, Lavish Scenic Mountings.

Children under seven not admitted

California Theatre

EXTRA.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, April 16th, 18th and 20th. An event that will live in musical history The Two Great Russians in joint recitals

PETSCHNIKOFF, The Poet of the Violin.

HAMBOURG, The Young Siegfried of the Piano.

Assisted by Emil Lachaume, the distinguished French Pianist and Composer.

Orchestra of 60 pieces.

Monday Afternoon.

Reserved seats $.50, $$1.00, 1.50, $2.00.

Western Turf Association.

INCORPORATED

Member American Turf Congress

TANFORAN PARK, South San Francisco

Main Office Parlor "A" Palace Hotel San Francisco

W. J. MARTIN, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Manager.

Sixth Meeting Apr. 9th to Apr. 21st inclusive.

Six high-class running races every week-day rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb Grand Stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 4:45 P. M. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking. Valencia street ten minutes later.

San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.

Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, ncluding admission to Grounds, $1.25.

Alfred Cane, Luther A. Teague, Frederick Teague.

Teague, Cane & Teague,

DENTISTS.

Claus Spreckels Bldg. Phone Main 1459. Third and Market Sts; Sixth Floor, S. F., Cal.

AT THE THEATERS

THE Neill stock company, which is to play out the rest of the season at the California Theatre, opened Monday night in a rather mild play, "A Bachelor's Romance," and scored a decidedly favorable impression. It is a company of artists who "go in" for quiet methods, and is most welcome after the flash and glitter of the Frawleys. Judging from the first night, there are the weak spots unavoidable in any stock organization, but the ensemble is remarkably consistent. The greatest virtues of the combination, taken as a composite whole, are good taste and conscientiousness and the greatest fault a lack of force. Subdued acting seems to be Mr. Neill's hobby; he has drilled this into his company, frequently at the expense of interest and brightness.

The play is comparatively new, and was first used by Sol Smith Russel. It is rather a pretty story, but some of the situations are hackneyed, and at times 'tis passing unnatural. Neill himself made a less favorable impression than some others of his company, but it is hardly fair to judge him from one part, and that one written to suit the style of another actor.

Julia Dean, the soubrette of the combination, had the "fat" female role. She was sweet and winning in the comedy passages, but a bit unnatural when she drew on the pathetic. Edythe Chapman was best of the women. She has that rare naturalness which is the height of art in acting; her work in a stronger and more extended part will be awaited with interest. Emmett Shakleford as the worn-out literary hack, has center stage in a pathetic little scene which he makes the best bit of real acting in the performance. Benjamin Howard is another actor with the art of nature; he is handicapped by an unfortunate physique. Lillian Andrews, in the inevitable old woman part, is the best actress of this *genre* we have had in this year's stock companies.

But the feature which deserves commendation, when all is said and done, is the taste shown in every detail—acting, costuming and setting. This has become a rare virtue in this territory, and if the Neills keep it up, they will reap their reward.

* *

The farce presented at the Grand this week by the students of the University of California is surprisingly good in more respects than one. It is true that the situations are mostly old, but they are handled cleverly and the dialogue and incident are both witty and natural. "James Wobberts, I. S. S." is not a work which would be acceptable on the professional stage. If we take it kindly and laugh at, it it is because of the indulgence which the world grants to students and lovers. But it gives promise for the future. It can hardly be expected that a young man yet in college can turn out professional work, but there is great promise for the future in Mr. Tully's clever play.

Such a piece, acted as well as it is, could hardly have come from any college, except one where the drama has been encouraged. We have just wakened to the fact that the student shows of the University of California are among the best given in this country. The other Pacific Coast University comes in for its share of praise. I remember a performance of "She Stoops to Conquer," given at Stanford three years ago, which was worthy of all praise, and the burlesque melodrama written and staged this year by Chris Bradley and W. M. Erb touched the heights of college extravaganza. But at Stanford there has never been any particular encouragement from the faculty, while at California Professor L. Du Pont Syle has made the staging of student plays part of his business. As a dramatic critic for a daily paper, Mr. Syle is a "frost," but his efforts with the college drama have been directly responsible for the scholarly productions given at Berkeley the past few years.

The acting in the present production is intelligent rather than able. One exception should be noted: Mr. Ben Southard proves in this farce, as he has proved in the other Berkeley "shows" of the past two years, that he has the "real thing" in him only waiting little chance and much hard work for development.

* *

JULIA DEAN HAYNES,
A member of the James Neil Co.

Theatrical Notes.

The Neill Company will continue "A Bachelor's Romance" at the California through next week.

* *

One of the greatest musical events of a season which has been rich musically and poor theatrically is to be the appearance of Petschnikoff and Hambourg, Russians both, the one a violinist of great vogue in Europe, the other a young pianist second only to Paderewski. The two artists have been touring the East separately and have only recently joined forces for the Western trip. Without exaggeration it may said that this is a great event in the musical world, as both these men are believed by critics to be coming masters. Aime Lachaume, the French pianist and composer, will assist. The concerts are billed for the California at 2.30 on the afternoons of April 16, 18 and 20. The price of reserved seats ranges from 75c. to $2.00.

* *

"Quo Vadis" keeps up its heavy houses at the Alcazar, and is in for an indefinite run. As is usual with plays of this religious type, a class of people who take the worthy purpose of the show as an excuse for attendance make up the bulk of the audiences. April 19, there will be a "pastorial night," when the courtesies of the house will be extended to the clergy of the city.

* *

RHODOTTA FERNER,
An aspirant for honors Vaudeville.

The Orpheum management has arranged a particularly strong bill for Easter week. By special arrangement, the head-liners of the Hopkins Trans-Oceanic Specialty Company will combine with the Orpheum's own stars to make up the program. The new people include Mlle. Marzella with a troupe of performing dogs; the Guitanos, comedy acrobats and pantomimists from Paris; Falke and Semon, musical comedians; A. O. Duncan, ventriloquist; Bellman and Moore, singing and dancing comedians.

* *

The presentation of "Quo Vadis" at the Alcazar this week has proved rather more of a success than might have been expected. Miss Jeannette Gilder's dramatic version of the story was followed closely by the audience. Apparently nearly everyone there had read the book. The production itself was highly picturesque, both in scenery and in costume. The play, of course, is a pronounced melodrama, and melodrama is a great temptation for any kind of an actor to rant and shout a little in it. But if the company can but keep the house interested, nothing else matters much.

* *

Henry Miller has engaged Frank Worthing for his company, which will play here in June.

A sale of home-made candy, cakes and Easter eggs will be held in the Sunday School rooms of St. Luke's Church on Saturday, April 14th, from 2 to 6. The sale is for the benefit of the Building Fund of the new church, and is under the auspices of the following young ladies: Miss Bernie Drown, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Anne Field, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Florence Stone, Misses Cole, Miss Simpson, Miss Helen Gibbs, Miss Therese Morgan and Miss Florence Davis.

An attempt to discredit the Pacific Mutual Debenture Co. has only served to draw attention to the merits of an excellent institution. The concern is the development of a first-rate idea, and is officered by men of A 1 financial standing. Its February statement shows a reserve fund of $11,348, an increase of $1,293 over the previous month. It has retired up to date $22,700 of its liability, and is growing at a great rate. The writer has read a long series of testimonials from investors in the company, all expressing satisfaction with its success and confidence in its integrity. The concensus of opinion among those who have had dealings with the corporation is that it furnishes an ideal form of investment for people who desire to lay aside a small amount every month.

CHURCH CHOIR.

Continued from page 11.

programme. Possibly the most direct cause why so many well equipped singers remain ignobly silent while new and unknown names are thrust forward with confusing frequency, lies in the fact that most of the choirs are controlled more or less directly by teachers who refuse even a hearing to any one not on their list of pupils. The concert manager need not look far for "talent." In most cases he has to run from the insistent music teacher with the ubiquitous prodigy to exploit; often through an entirely selfish intention of commending "pull," he allows himself to be approached by whomsoever brings the highest bid in the way of future usefulness to him. Dozens of aspirants, though still in the embryonic stage, present their wares with a degree of confidence that might be envied by a seasoned professional. Now-a-days every girl who has a voice or hasn't taken lessons, and after a very few lessons, is ready to try her voice, not on the dog, but on the dear public. Given the chance she faces her audience with a degree of complacency that is pitiful. At the first faint hand-clap she is back again with the previously prepared encore, abuse of which is causing the concert hall to be avoided by those who cannot sleep comfortably in opera chairs. Unfailingly the policy of leaving an audience in the attitude of desiring more is disregarded, not only by the new recruits, but by most bidders for notoriety, who catch at any suggestion that the public cannot have too much of them. Truly, he who will have abolished the encore nuisance, will deserve to be done in bronze with the rest of the nation's most courageous.

Usually when ambition is linked with painful poverty of material, the vocal student is advised that her gift is not "phenomenal" enough to admit of her entering the field with Gadski, but will be very useful in church choir work.

Pity 'tis that some of the zeal spent in acquiring painful accomplishments were not focused toward the useful science of cookery, for they do say that much of the prevailing lack of matrimony is due to the pose of young women as "vocalists," vaudevillists, parlor skirt dancers, and, saddest of all elocutionists. The knowing young man is shy of the fad-ridden woman. MARY RATH WINN.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it; 25 cents.

WASHINGTON AND ALASKA STEAMSHIP CO.

For Cape Nome

Transpacific Passenger Steamship

TACOMA

Registered Tonnage, 2811 Tons
Cargo Capacity, 4000 Tons
Passenger Capacity, 800

This Magnificently Fitted-up Steamship will sail from Yesler Wharf,

SEATTLE

On or About

MAY 25

For Further Information apply to

DODWELL & CO., Limited
General Agents
113 James St. SEATTLE, WASH.
Telephone Main 479

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. April 5, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1. change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. April 6, 11, 16, 21, 26 May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Apr. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29. May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Apr. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29. May 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Apr. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, May 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana, for Australia, Wednesday, April 18 at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, May 2 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb. 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7, 17, 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

SUNSET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1899-1900

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	-	Tuesdays and Friday
"	Fresno - -	10.23 "	-	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles -	7.45 a. m.		Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	" -	8.00 "		" "
Ar.	El Paso - -	7.12 "	-	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	" - -	9.25 "	-	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	-	Fridays and Mondays
"	Washington -	6.42 a. m.		Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York - -	12.43 p. m.		" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the travelling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5010 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

A Toilet Necessity.
WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM
of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Gould and Curry Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 6th day of March, 1900, an assessment (No. 89) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shal, remain unpaid on the 10th day of April, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 2nd day of May, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office: Room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Woman in Red

is the emblem of the perfect silver polish and is found on the label of every box of

Look for it when buying. Its merits—not found in others—have made it famous around the world. The statement of some dealers that others are "just the same," or "just as good," *is false. It's unlike all others.*

All good grocers and druggists sell it.
Box, postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.

The Electro Silicon Company,
30 Cliff Street, New York.

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, Prop.
American and European Plan.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALPS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

ELECTRIC
SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS
California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore. MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY
Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

HOW HE KNEW.—President Eliot, of Harvard, went into a crowded restaurant in New York for lunch. The intelligent negro who stood at the door took his hat but gave no check for its return. An hour later, when he came out of the dining room, the negro glanced at him in a comprehensive way, turned to the shelves and handed him his hat. President Eliot is a man who prides himself on his powers of observation, and the negro's ability to remember to whom each article of clothing belonged struck him as being something very wonderful. "How did you know this was my hat?" he asked. "I didn't know it, sah," was the reply. "Then why did you give it to me?" the president persisted. "Because you gave it to me, sah."

x

DIDN'T CARE A CUSS.—During a terrific storm on Lake Michigan the *Amanda Jane*, a trading schooner, began to leak badly. The pump broke and conditions seemed as bad as possible when the crew noticed the absence of their skipper. The mate and one of the sailors climbed painfully to the hatch and descended into the cabin. The swinging lamp was lit, and there, comfortably housed in a stationary armchair, sat the Dutch skipper, reading a book and calmly smoking his long pipe. "Great heavens, cap," yelled the mate, "don't you know the ship's sinking?" The skipper took the pipe out of his mouth and said, calmly: "My friendts, I don't care von cuss. I hev got a cancer on my livers, und I die in six veeks anyvay."

x

A POOR FALKLAND.—During a performance of "The Rivals," in which Joe Jefferson played "Bob Acres," the actor rendering "Falkland" was inadequate to the role. In the scene in which "Falkland," "Captain Absolute," and "Bob Acres" have a wordy altercation, "Falkland" ranted violently, raised his voice to an unnecessary pitch, and finally, in a burst of anger, slammed a door as he made his exit. It is part of the business for "Captain Absolute" to say at this juncture, "Poor Falkland!" He did so, and Mr. Jefferson promptly replied, "The poorest I ever saw!"

x

THE WAY OUT.—When the Chicago *Record* was placing its foreign correspondents, George Ade was sent abroad by Victor Lawson for that purpose. Ade did all right until he reached Servia. There he found all the newspaper men in jail for political offenses. In a quandary he telephoned to Mr. Lawson: "Newspaper men all in jail. Press Censor very strict." Lawson cabled back: "Make Press Censor correspondent." And Ade did.

x

A CRUSHING RETORT.—Foote, the great actor, was the guest of a wealthy banker at his country house. At dinner a dispute arose between the actor and a young nobleman who sought to disparage Foote by asking what his father was. "A tradesman," said Foote. "Then, sir, it's a pity he did not make you one." "And pray, what was your father, my lord?" "My father, Mr. Foote, was a gentleman." "Then, my lord, it's a pity he did not make you one!"

x

RUSKIN'S LIMITATIONS.—George Trevelyan, a well-known English writer, was walking with a young woman to whom he desired to show all the celebrities of Cambridge. They encountered Ruskin, and Trevelyan, hoping he would say something characteristic, addressed the great man, asking if he had heard the news. "What news?" was the reply. "Plevna has fallen." "Plevna? I never heard of it. I know nothing later than the fourteenth century."

x

ENGLISH AS SHE IS CONJUGATED.—A United States Consul in one of the French seaports was asked to preside at an examination in English at the chief municipal school. "Jean, you will stand up," said the master to his brightest pupil. Conjugate the verb 'I have a gold mine.'" "I have a gold mine," responded the bright pupil, with scarcely an accent, "Thou hast a gold thine, He has a gold hisen, We have a gold ourn, They have a gold theirn."

x

A PRIZE THOUGHT.—A teacher of music in one of the public schools of the South desired to impress the pupils with the meaning of the signs "*f*" and "*ff*" in a song they were about to sing. After explaining that "*f*" meant forte, he said: "Now, children, if "*f*" means forte, what does "*ff*" mean?" Silence reigned for a moment, and then he was astonished to hear a bright little fellow shout: "Eighty!"

x

A BRIEF SERVICE.—A distinguished English clergyman was on a voyage to Egypt in a Cunard steamer, and on Sunday, in the Bay of Biscay, undertook to hold service. He read one of the sentences, and said: "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places," when he had to bolt and collapse.

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

For nearly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate charges.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

REPSOLD
Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner
This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between
Skaguay and Lake Bennett.
Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
ATLIN, DAWSON AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

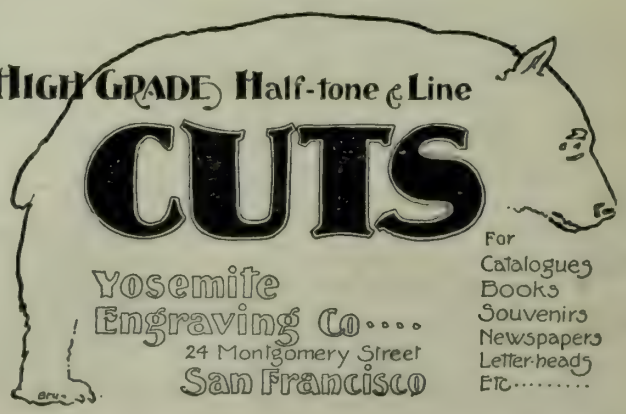
Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

or a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Mede from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents.

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.



BYRON MAUZY PIANOS.
308 - 314 Post St.
Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. All the Latest Books in our Sheet Music Department.

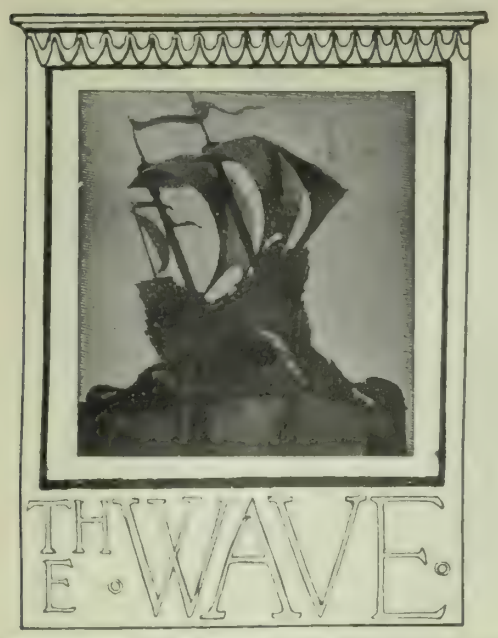
The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI. No. 14 SAN FRANCISCO — APRIL 21 1900 SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

PLACING A THIRTEEN-INCH GUN AT THE UNION IRON WORKS.



is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—April 21, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Views of the Union Iron Works 4
Where Battleships are Built, by Will Irwin 5
Half-Breed Royalty 5
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 6
Scenes of Mexican Life, Photographed by Oscar Maurer 7
Winter in Manila 8
Boating in California, by Arthur Inkersley 9
In Bookdom 10
Babblings of a Belle 11
Correspondence—London, Paris 12
A Widow's Engagement 13
At the Theatres 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

The War in South Africa. With the opening of the week, came a report of a heavy British reverse in South Africa. It was alleged that the Burghers had inflicted a crushing defeat, killing and wounding 600 and capturing 900. The rumor was given credence at the time, but has not been confirmed by any official report and is now regarded as a canard. The Boers, however, continued their investment of the Free State, and the object of the mysterious movement soon became apparent. They were obtaining provisions for the winter campaign. Commandos met on the way out of Transvaal had empty wagons, while those returning were burdened with the harvests of the Free State. In their first movement down the country, the Boers isolated and besieged a considerable British force at Wepener. General Brabant had several skirmishes in attempting the relief, and the garrison made a sharp sally in which they inflicted considerable loss on the Boers. Together, the two forces succeeded in raising the siege early in the week, and the Boer force is now retreating along the Basutoland border. The Basutos, who are becoming more restive every day, are following along in a parallel direction, waiting to attack the Boers should they cross their borders. Meanwhile, Roberts' men may attempt to trap this force, which is heavily laden with provisions. Several small indications go to show that Roberts has remounted his army to his satisfaction and that his long expected advance into Transvaal is close at hand. On the other border, the Boers have been making a demonstration in front of Ladysmith, but are not yet in touch with the British. The official list of British casualities for the war foots up about 18,000 in killed, wounded and captured. Newspaper correspondents at the front place the Boer loss at about 12,000.

Opening of the Paris Exposition. All Paris made holiday on Sunday, April 15, when the great Exposition of 1900 was formally opened. The ceremonial part of the proceedings was simple. Mr. Millerand, director-general of the Exposition, met President Loubet in the grand Salle des Fetes and made a formal oration, handing over the great fair to the president on behalf of the nation. M. Loubet responded, and the formal part of the occasion was completed by a presidential visit to the various buildings. This simple ceremony was made impressive by the gorgeous uniforms of the Republican Guards and the costumes of the foreign dignitaries in the presidential party. There was a tremendous crush; the enclosure swarmed with spectators, and, owing to inadequate transportation, thousands of visitors could not get to the grounds. The Exposition is absolutely incomplete. The American exhibit is the only one prepared and installed, a fact remarked and commended by President Loubet. Many of the buildings are unfinished and the whole exposition will not be in shape for a month at least.

A Cable Line for Hawaii. The Senate has adopted a compromise measure in regard to the Pacific cable question. Congress has been halting between two courses—direct government ownership and the subsidizing of the Pacific Cable Company. The bill just passed by the Senate provides for government construction and ownership of a cable line to Hawaii only. The sum of $300,000 is appropriated to do the work, which is to be under the supervision of the Secretary of the Navy, and materials are to be purchased of American firms, providing that their prices are not more than 12 per cent higher than those of foreign houses. This clause met with fierce opposition from those senators who do not favor government encouragement of industries, but was finally passed. The Secretary of the Navy may use any ship in the possession of his department for cable-laying, and if he finds that his force of vessels and workmen is inadequate he may let contracts for any or all portions of the work, as he sees fit. The line is to start from San Francisco. It is confidently asserted that the bill will pass the House. While this is a point gained for government ownership, it does not entirely dash the hopes of the Pacific Cable Company. This line is an experiment in government ownership; if it succeeds, some future Congress is likely to go on with the project, extending the line from Honolulu to the Orient. In any case, the proposed Pacific cable may pass Honolulu by altogether, being stretched straight from San Francisco or Seattle to the Orient. Action on the completed cable is, by this measure, put off for some future Congress.

Conspiracy in Brazil. The eight-year-old Brazilian republic is already troubled by monarchist plots, although they have not been of sufficient magnitude to seriously endanger the republic. The first appearance of disaffection came about a year ago, but amounted only to mutterings. Then, more recently, the reactionary plotters stirred up a strike of street-car drivers in Rio de Janeiro, hoping that the ensuing industrial disturbances would give them an opportunity to raise a revolution. This failed, and was followed by an insignificant uprising in the police brigade. This being quelled, a more extensive plot was formed; the army was to be encouraged to rise in revolt and depose the president and members of the Republican government on February 22–24. The plot was discovered and frustrated through the vigilance of the army and the loyal police. Nevertheless, there were disturbances of some importance before the police were sure of control. Several officers in the army and navy, a few policemen, and a great number of private citizens, were arrested during the period of strain. The civilians were released in order to conciliate the people, but the soldiers and sailors are to be court-martialed. The government claims that the attempted revolution was much greater in extent than appeared on the surface and that the plotters were not only monarchists but people of every shade of opinion. This, they state, caused the downfall of the plot; the conspirators could agree neither on measures nor plans of action.

American Trade in China. An intelligent and practical view on the absorbing question of our trade relations with China is an innovation. This is a field where the harvest is ripe and the laborers few; the workers have too much to do to spare the time for magazine articles. This fact gives the greater weight to a paper in the April *McClure's* by William Barclay Parsons, chief engineer of the largest American company operating in China and the American who has penetrated farthest into the closed part of the empire. The original feature of his paper is his assumption that the so-called conservatism of China is political and social rather than commercial. The Chinese abhor our ways and are opposed, though more mildly, to our mixing in Chinese politics, but there is no specially deep-rooted aversion to our goods. They object only to the more radical and complex of European machines, such as railroads, and to those because they do not understand them. Mr. Parsons was the first white man to penetrate the closed province of Hu-nan. Yet everywhere in that district he found European goods in the shops, showing that where the Chinese will not admit the foreigner they give free passage to his productions. The writer calls attention to the fact that statistics regarding the amount of American trade as compared with that of the European nations are strangely misleading. In official figures, all goods passing through Hong Kong are listed as British imports to China. In reality, the Hong Kong imports include a great mass of goods from all the other commercial nations, the United States in especial. From carefully prepared figures taking into account this fact, Mr. Parsons proves that the United States stands fourth in the bulk of China trade, Great Britain, Japan and India leading in the order named. But the India trade has decreased in volume in the past twenty years; we have been increasing most rapidly of all, and will soon pass Japan. Our China trade is greater now than that of all the continental nations of Europe. Should political conditions remain stable, we would overhaul all the others except Great Britain within a year or two, and would very likely take the lead within the next decade. But the change in the government of China is close at hand, and we must look at once for a "sphere of influence" if we hope to hold our advantage. This is not a theory. Russian trade in Manchuria has grown from nothing to respectable proportions since the Czar acquired control over that province. At the present time, the Chinese in general regard the United States more favorably than any of the other powers, but this will not hold the trade for us unless we exert some political influence. Finally, Mr. Parsons urges, as all observers of the China trade have continually urged, the necessity of studying Chinese conditions and wants. Our manufacturers—and our chief expansion is to come in the way of manufactured goods—have been literally stupid in sending goods which are excellent from the Occidental point of view but inferior according to Chinese standards. Cotton prints form our chief article of export, yet our mill men could spread our cotton trade immeasurably if they would only manufacture prints on patterns regarded as beautiful by the Chinese.

Settlement of the Porto Rico Squabble. The long and bitter struggle over the Porto Rico tariff question ended last week by the passage in the House of the Senate's general bill for the government of the island. There was a hard fight on the final day, and the measure only squeezed through by a bare majority of eight votes. The Porto Rico tariff question had already gone through the House. This first bill was a very simple affair, making the legal tariff 15 per cent of the Dingley schedule. It was taken up by the Senate and grafted as an amendment upon the general bill for the government of Porto Rico. Then the storm broke. The wild anti-administration organs took up the matter, and, indeed, many out-and-out Republican papers were for granting free trade to the new colony. It seemed for a time as though the Senate would throw out the tariff clause; the matter became of such importance that the Republican leaders of both sides held several conferences. The friends of the amendment won their point in these secret sessions, the Senate finally passed the whole bill with a slight modification of the objectionable clause, and it was sent to the House and ratified as stated above. The signature of the President has already made it a law. The Senate modifications eliminate all restrictions on goods coming into the United States from Porto Rico and exclude certain food stuffs and goods which came into the country free under Spanish rule from the operation of the 15 per cent clause.

An Anti-Trust Decision. The United States Supreme Court has recently handed down a decision which partially affirms the constitutionality of a state law against trusts, and will prove a precedent in testing other laws regulating industrial combinations. The trust in question was the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, a branch of the Standard Oil Company, organized in Missouri in 1889 and operating in Texas. There is a state law against trusts in the latter state, secured by statutes passed in 1889 and 1895. Under these, suit was entered by the commonwealth to revoke the company's permit to do business within the state. The state won in District Court and Court of Appeals in Texas; carried to the Supreme Court, judgment was affirmed. The transactions by which it was claimed that the statute was violated were contracts with certain merchants in which it was agreed that the merchants should buy from the company exclusively and sell at a fixed rate. In handing down the decision, the Supreme Court expressly stated that all points except one had been ignored. That one was the question concerning state's rights to limit the power of contracting of a company formed without its borders, virtually a foreign corporation. On this point, the opinion held that "the state prescribes the purposes of a corporation and the means of executing those purposes." In opposition, the company's attorneys held that the decision of the lower courts was a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the national Constitution, and was of such sort that it made discrimination between persons and classes of persons. Since the court did not hold the Fourteenth Amendment to be applicable to the case at bar, it follows that the decision virtually establishes the constitutionality of anti-trust laws

The Political Situation. In a paper in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Henry Loomis Nelson advances the somewhat novel opinion that the Democratic party has more than a fighting chance of winning the coming national election. This theory was advanced before Dewey announced his candidacy; it would be a matter of interest to hear what Mr. Nelson thinks of the bearing of this event upon the complication. It would be easy to make a forecast, if there were only one main issue, but the existence of three vital questions, two of them new, renders the situation infinitely complex. Were silver the only question, the Republicans would win beyond a doubt; with Imperialism as the sole issue, the Democrats would probably win. Concerning the trust question, one can speak with less confidence. It is hard to define the exact nature of a trust and its exact bearing upon the public welfare. This is a hazy issue, easily dodged, and, although it will make much noise in 1900, its influence will be small, smaller even than that of the protection-free-trade question, which will hardly be mentioned at all, but which will have its quiet bearing on the result just the same. Free silver is a vain hope just now, the feeling of the country being even stronger for gold than in 1896, though Bryan is doing his best to keep the cause alive in the West. Imperialism is the real issue. The opposition to the imperialistic idea is strongest in the East, the determining factor in national politics. Owing to the complete change in political questions brought on by the Spanish war, the body of unpledged and independent voters is larger than ever before. Of this body, certain classes are foreordained as Republican supporters. There is the large body of young men whose imagination has been stirred by the dream of national expansion. This class will grow smaller as election approaches and the memory of the war grows fainter, but it will still have its influence. There are those who contend that "the flag cannot be hauled down" in our new dependencies. Others believe that we owe a duty to the Filipinos and cannot leave them without dishonor. Added to these, there are two forces working in the darkness and quiet, but of great power. One is the missionary idea. Thousands of good Protestants are for holding the islands that we may evangelize them. The other is the influence of what Bryan calls the "monied aristocracy." Commercial men in general see a great trade outlet in expansion, but they are saying very little about it because of the noise made by their Democratic opponents on this very issue. This clerical and commercial support is not to be underestimated. The contention that imperialism is un-American will be the main hold of the Democratic party in opposing these various elements, yet it is strong enough to affect the complex strength of the Republicans. If the Republicans are wise, they will make their fight on the money question and dodge imperialism and expansion so far as possible, Mr. Nelson thinks. The more strenuously the Democrats insist on silver, the more are they betrayed into the hands of their opponents. Regarding nominees, Mr. Nelson believes with the country that Bryan and McKinley are to face one another again. There are now two wings in the Democratic party. The one, headed by Bryan and Jones, is strong in numbers and weak in brains; the other, with Croker, McLean and Gorman at its head, is in a reverse position, having no great amount of following but possessing a body of able and astute leaders. This last faction normally favors gold and hates Bryan, but will support him if he is nominated. On the other side, McKinley is the "whole show." Mr. Nelson regards him as a phenomenally astute politician, who has the faculty of feeling the public pulse and of forcing his ends while presenting the appearance of being forced to them by circumstances. In conclusion, he summarizes as follows:—"The Republican party is likely to carry the country on the

money question. If it could maintain the explicitness of its position on imperialism, it might win on that issue, but this seems impossible. If, on the other hand, the Democratic party could nominate a candidate having no responsibility for the platform of 1896, and should compel a contest on definite issues arising from our occupation of the Philippines, the chances would be in its favor, for it would by this means gain a better position in the East than the one which it lost by the campaign of 1896. It would lose only in the far West and would have all the strength which Mr. Bryan could build up in the Middle West."

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Importation vs. Manufacture.

IN the San Francisco news announcements a few days ago was an item stating that "a steamship with a carrying capacity of fifteen thousand tons was under construction at the Union Iron Works." It was further stated that "the vessel is to be put in commission next July," and that "she is intended for the sugar trade between Honolulu and New York, and will return with merchandise to San Francisco from the latter port. There will be three other vessels of the same capacity in the fleet." This announcement is at once, very naturally, seized upon by the San Francisco press as an innovation that will result in immense advantage to San Francisco, and is gravely regarded as a sign and forerunner of the immense commerce that is to come to San Francisco through the acquisition of the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, etc, etc. As to the truth of this paragraph we know nothing. As to the route and the purpose, the character of freights, points and destination, we only have the newspaper for authority, but the fact remains that the plum is regarded as one most beneficial to San Francisco.

Is it? Let us examine it. It will divert a certain amount of the Hawaiian sugar trade from San Francisco to New York. That certainly is apparent on its face. Then the vessels are to "return loaded with merchandise to San Francisco." In other words they will return loaded with Eastern manufactures. How much of manufactured goods are now exported from the port of San Francisco to Hawaii, the Treasury department statistics will show they will and must rapidly decrease after this line of steamers have been established. The New York manufacturer and jobber will then enjoy direct and regular communication with Hawaii, and it is not possible that these goods of "Eastern manufacture" will be shipped to the California jobber by the new steamship line, unloaded here, and then be reloaded and reshipped to the Hawaiian consumer. Not much. Honolulu will possess every advantage over this port, and if the Islands do not now support local jobbers, they will spring up like mushrooms. Merchandise destined for island ports will doubtless be loaded on top of cargo, so as to be easily discharged. On her journey out from New York the new "vessel of fifteen thousand tons" burthen will put in at Honolulu to discharge the "Eastern merchandise" that once was shipped from San Francisco. There the new vessel will take on sugar to replace the merchandise discharged, and proceed to San Francisco. On her return trip the new line will take on our usual freights to Honolulu *less our usual* "Eastern merchandise," and leave the port of San Francisco without having conferred a dollar's benefit on her western terminal. It may be urged that the new line will reduce freights so as to bring in Eastern manufactured goods cheaper than the prevailing railroad rates. We have had an experience of that kind before now. It was during the days of the traffic association. When freights were low the jobber flooded the country with goods manufactured in the East, pocketed the savings in freight, and *closed down* the factories that were struggling for existence in California.

What is needed in San Francisco, is trade with countries that have raw material to market in exchange for manufactures. San Francisco does not need and does not want *cheaper* freights from the great manufacturing centers. It wants to, and it must, encourage the upbuilding of local manufactures. The fruit industries of the State prosper with low rates of freight east-bound, but low west-bound freights sound the death knell to Californian institutions. What San Francisco needs, are lines of steamers that will bring to this port raw material to be here manufactured and in turn exported.

Down at Galveston recently Mr. C. P. Huntington addressed the merchants as to the future of that city. The Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce should invite this thoroughly informed gentleman to dinner with them, and prevail upon him to give them his views as to what would best subserve the interests of the commerce of San Francisco. Mr. Huntington must have distinct and clear views upon this subject and his ripened judgment would be of material value, and assistance.

The Alleged Japanese Invasion.

APROPOS of home manufacturing, early in the week, the *Examiner* contained two strangely inopportune editorials entitled: "The Japanese Invasion," another, "Railroad Rates and Sea Carriage." The first article was one of a series of spiteful arguments against Japanese immigration. Among other things it contains the following declaration:

"We regard the Japanese as, on the whole, a more dangerous competitive factor than the Chinese. They work for smaller wages than the Chinese. Their scale of living is lower. People used to think that nobody could live more cheaply than a Chinese coolie, but that was before we had experience with the Japanese."

In the article on "Railroad Rates and Sea Carriage" the same journal, in the same column, says:

"San Francisco is the great sea-port of the western coast of the continent. The natural course of trade is that goods (and of course this means manufactured articles) from Europe and the East should come hither by sea; and from the ware-houses of San Francisco be distributed over the Coast."

According to this very astute economist, we should deny cheap labor the right to live among us, we should blot out every vestige of hope of future manufacturing, and convert San Francisco into an uninviting city of dismal warehouses for the purpose of storing and distributing *goods manufactured by the cheaper labor of Europe and the East.* What kind of damnable tom foolery is this to be seriously advanced by a journal that pretends to seriously advise the public. The bane and curse of San Francisco is its lack of manufacturing plants. One of the causes of failure in this direction is the absence of cheap labor. Another is high taxation, which may be cured by legislation; another is high rates of interest and an unwillingness on the part of local banks to carry local factories. The chief trouble, however, is an absence of cheap labor. San Francisco should be something more than a mere warehouse and distributing point for the handiwork of the cheap labor of Europe and the East. An entire business block of jobbers dealing in Eastern and European manufactures might be wiped out of existence in San Francisco every day in the week, with profit to the entire State, if the block of jobbers could be replaced by one factory employing five hundred hands. Suppose the Japanese and Chinese should enter largely into the list of operatives and employes, better have it so than have no factories at all. Better have it so than support the cheap labor of other lands from which the State reaps no earthly benefit. There seems to be no difficulty about cheap labor in the East. No yellow journal protests, no shrieking opposition. Mr. Hearst's New York journal does not advise New Yorkers to convert their city into a warehouse for foreign manufactures. It has no fault to find with the Huns, the Slavs, the Poles and the Italians who overrun the Eastern labor markets. Mr. Hearst must know that thousands of Italian laborers who never intend to become citizens come over in droves under the padrone system to work in America from six to eight months and return to Italy to spend their savings. He must know that it is a common thing during busy seasons for all sorts of mechanics from Europe to invade the large cities of the East, not with an intent to stay, but with their return tickets in their pockets, to be used whenever work grows slack. The Japanese are not a whit worse than these immigrants; as students they are as orderly, and toward the support of local merchants they contribute as much. But more than all of this, they are incapable of ever becoming citizens; they do not impress their degraded characters upon our politics; they do not become citizens in name only to betray the trust and barter their votes to the highest bidder on election day. Not being voters, cowardly politicians are not led to legislate for them. If we are to have ignorant and cheap labor, then give us the kind that under our laws cannot become citizens, in preference to the kind that contaminates Eastern politics. Let Mr. Hearst take a day off and pass through Baxter street and the foreign quarter of New York. He may walk for blocks without being able to find a sign printed in the English language. He will come in contact with as much dirt, as much filth and degradation, as can be found in San Francisco's Chinatown. In this quarter he will hear the newsboys calling out in strange tongues, not the daily papers published in the English language, but those of a foreign tongue. He will find squalor and filth on every side, sweat shops and factories steaming with the odor of human filth. Let him go down to the factories where are made the goods he would have us buy and store in our warehouses, and he will find the cheap labor that has made manufacturing possible there.

The introduction of cheap labor and the establishing of local factories will not reduce operators' wages here, for we have no factories. It cannot affect wages in the East or Europe, for already they have cheap labor.

It has been urged that the western coast offers no opening for manufactures. That population is dense in the East and sparse in the West; that our only customers are the adjacent western states; that we are located at the "jumping off place," and have no territory to supply to the west Our contiguity to the ocean should be a tower of strength, not an element of weakness. It is merely a question of developing seaward customers, merely a question of venturing out beyond the Heads and turning the prow of our ships, north, south or west. Territory! We have millions of consumers who may be reached by steam or sail and from whom we may take raw material for manufacture. San Francisco needs to eliminate the idea that it must depend upon the cheap labor of Europe and the East for its manufactures: it must eliminate the idea that it must be and remain a warehouse for the goods from other lands. It must cultivate and encourage the idea of laying a broad and deep foundation based on home manufactures, with warehouses stored with home manufactures, with jobbers dealing in home manufactures, and with ships outward bound laden with home manufactures, not inward bound with manufactures of other lands and other peoples. Let us devote as much time and energy toward establishing lines of sail or steam vessels as we have toward reducing railroad rates, let us devote as much time and energy toward establishing home factories as we have toward getting the manufactures of other lands, and ensuing results will operate to the permanent and lasting good of the State. So long as we depend upon the East, our supremacy as a distributing point can only be maintained by artificial means. This was developed by the testimony taken recently by the Interstate Railway Commission. The *Wave* pointed out the fact weeks ago. Years ago we declared that our hope of the future lay in our ability to manufacture cheaply enough to sell our goods at a price below the Eastern cost of manufacture plus freight. When this can be done, when we have cultivated our seaward neighbors and entered into friendly commercial relations with them, San Francisco will drive the Eastern manufacturer out of the West, resume her position of former days, and grow in population tenfold, but not until then.

Alien Mining Claim Titles.

SENATE HANSBROUGH of North Dakota has proposed an amendment to the Alaska Civil Government bill that will, if adopted, prevent all who are either aliens or have not declared their intention to become citizens of the United States from making locations on mining land in that territory. This amendment in effect extends to Alaska the present law on the subject now in force everywhere else within the boundaries of the United States. It seems that some of the richest claims in Nome have been located by Laplanders who were not citizens and had not declared their intention to become such. The claims have since been located by American citizens, who have complied with all the requirements of the law and who, if unmolested, will eventually secure patents and pay the government price therefor. In many instances the citizen locator has been ejected by the aliens, and has been prevented from even performing the annual or the $500 worth of assessment work necessary to entitle him to receive a patent from the government. In the meantime the alien claimants, or their grantees, who, of course, occupy no better or stronger position than the original alien claimants, will be permitted to work the ground and extract all of the gold contained therein. This works a great hardship to the citizen who is clearly entitled to possession, and damages him by destroying his property. If not restrained the alien will render the property absolutely worthless. The alien can never obtain title from the government. Hence the United States is damaged and is an interested party. Until an application for a patent is filed no claimant can raise the question of non-citizenship. This will never arise between the claimants as we show. The government should step in and protect its own citizens and not permit these aliens or those who have succeeded to their illegal claims to retain possession and, by extracting the gold products, irreparably damage the lawful owner and also deprive itself of the market value of the land. We trust that every member of Congress from the Pacific Coast will vote in favor of the Hansbrough amendment. It is simple justice, and is such legislation as the government owes to its own citizens.

COMMUNICATION.

KRUGER'S POWER OF RESISTENCE.

REALIZING the power of the picturesque personality of Paul Kruger in influencing pro-Boer sentiment in the United States, I feel called upon, as a British sympathizer and an old resident of South Africa, to tell what I know of his character and habits.

Kruger is anxiously seeking the interference of neutral powers to put a stop to the disastrous war by which so much blood and treasure has been lost, so many hearts broken, and which seems now as far as ever from final settlement. But in every conflict, whether between individuals or nations, there is only one moment in which both parties may be prevailed upon to lay down their arms and cease their strife. That moment passed long ago, and England must pursue her South African policy to the very end.

Any American mining man who has lived in the South African Republic will be ready to certify that the government of the Kruger faction is absolutely rotten. The Transvaal burghers even have twice come close to civil war as a result of Kruger's regime. But in each case the crisis blew over. The old president has in no case been a friend to the mining industry. He has the strangest ideas of political economy, suspects that the Uitlanders are working in concert with his old opponent, Cecil John Rhodes, continually sees imaginary combinations looming in the distance, and the country bought up by Rhodes. Only a little while ago some Englishmen wanted to get a permit from "Oom Paul" to open up a mine in the east of Johannesburg, and the answer that they got was a flat "No, the Uitlanders are getting too rich and no more will be opened!" The dynamite was taxed at an awful rate and everything was done intentionally to hamper the opening and development of the country.

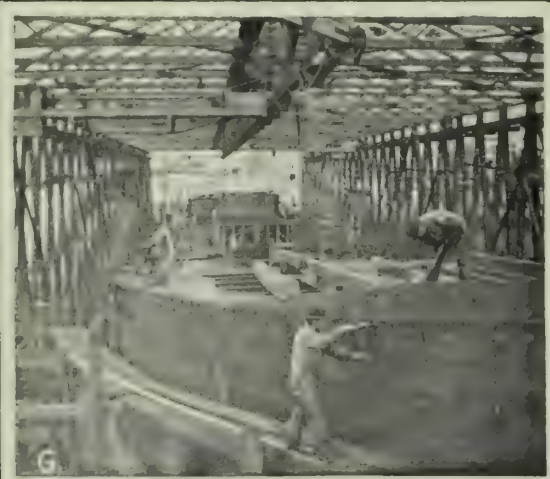
Kruger seemed, after the Jameson raid, to imagine that he was guided by Divine will. His arrogance grew so great that the alternative was revolution or English interference.

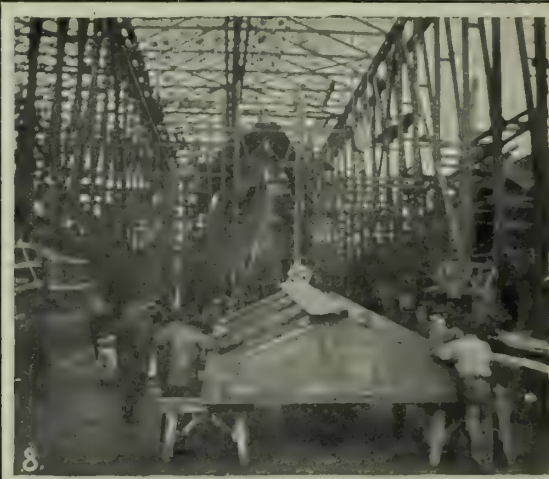
Kruger's memory is keen, retentive, and mightily convenient. After an interview the South African capitalist, Mr. J. B. Robinson, had with the president on the stoop of the government house in Pretoria, the Englishman remarked sarcastically: "You can trust Paul Kruger's word, but you must be extraordinarily careful to tie him down exactly to details. In future, I shall take down his promises in shorthand."

A yearning for citizenship would never have entered the head of the Uitlanders as a whole, if they could have obtained the treatment they wanted from the government without the necessity of voting, particularly without voting on the arduous terms on which alone there seemed any chance of the franchise being extended to them.

Let us give the devil his due. It is the Kruger Hollander regime, described as the sick man of South Africa, which by its filthy lucre has caused this unnecessary war.

Yet he deserves every credit for the mistaken heroism with which he has urged his people to defend their country. Only a South African can appreciate the sturdy stand which he is making. The fact that it is in an unjust cause makes it none the less admirable in the abstract. THEO. LOWE.





1. The U. S. Transport *Lawton* in for Repairs. 2. The Bow of the *Ohio*. 3. The Bow of the Monitor *Wyoming*. 4. The Plate Yard. 5. Launching the *Wisconsin*, the Fleet Saluting. 6. Riveting Plates on the *Wisconsin*. 7. Part of the Yards. 8. Torpedo-Boat Destroyer *Perry*. 9. A Movable Crane. 10. The *Wisconsin* as she is Today. 11. Plate Bending Machine.

BUILDING THE NEW WARSHIPS AT THE UNION IRON WORKS, SAN FRANCISCO.

WHERE BATTLE-SHIPS ARE BUILT.

A VISIT TO THE UNION IRON WORKS, SAN FRANCISCO.

IN the slips of the Union Iron Works, six new fighters of Uncle Sam's navy have been quietly building these many months. The great *Wisconsin*, over whose launching there was so much sensation last year, sits clothed, provisioned and ready for the sea, lacking only her guns and a little fancy work to fit her for service. The battleship *Ohio* and the monitor *Wyoming* are not yet prepared for their own element; the monitor is just coming into form and shape, and the battleship is little more than a shell. The triplets, *Paul Jones*, *Preble* and *Perry*, long-nosed torpedo-boat destroyers, are forming under the hands of a myriad of workmen; but they, too, are only shells as yet, lying helpless on dry land caged in by a huge framework of intersecting beams and cranes.

It takes some forty processes to make a pin, the simplest object of modern manufacture. No one knows how many go into the making of a warship, the largest and most complex of machines. The Scotts themselves, the brains of the Union system, cannot hazard a guess. In the thirty acres of great wheels, pistons and beams which make up the Union works, all the parts of a battleship, save a few items of guns, armor and instruments, are turned from pig iron and raw copper into the infinite forms of a great naval fighter.

Everything about the works is immense, titanic. You enter between two flat, undecorated brick buildings, with a front which seems, from its very lack of frills and fancy-work, to be taller than the Mills building. To the left the yard stretches away, a wilderness of great castings, and on the extreme edge of the water, a framework looking for all the world like that of the new postoffice covers the hulls a-building on the docks. To the right lie more of these square, plain buildings; from one of them comes the regular thump of a steam hammer. Your guide—who is more than likely to be a small but polite boy detached from Superintendent John Scott's office for your personal service—first lets you into a tiny door in the highest and most imposing of the buildings. It is the machine shop. It is an orderly confusion of great beams, of giant wheels, of rods like the trunk of a California redwood. It seems impossible that anything so tiny as an ordinary bolt or rivet enters into the composition of these machines. Beside them, the workmen in uniform, black caps and blue overalls lined and spotted with the grease and rust of their machines, seem like the dwarfs of Vulcan's stithy. Man is insignificant contrasted with these, his great works.

Silent Titans.

There is an almost entire absence of the noise which one associates with machines. This is the most surprising thing to a layman. I had imagined that the Union Iron Works would be a babel of striking and hammering and scraping. A block away, one would never know by the sound that the shops are running at all, unless, indeed, the great steam hammer should happen to be going; in that case, you would hear only a faint and muffled thub. In the machine-shop, there is only a subdued whir, no more than the noise made by an electric car. But it would be a small and irreverent person who would attempt to talk in the presence of all this immensity. A crane stretching from floor to ceiling picks up a half-formed casting and heaves it onto a frame. The dwarf beside it pulls a few mysterious levers, and a concealed knife begins to pare away the white steel, which falls in long shavings. Machine and man, the great, stupid giant and the clever dwarf with the controlling brain, work together solemnly, silently; it is the silence of strength. The little machine which dots the pegs into a lady's shoe makes far more racket about it.

Then come more buildings, each large enough to house one of the Scotts' own battleships, and more titanic laborers and huge machines. Here is a steam-hammer with a blow of ten tons. It is hammering into submission a piece of red-hot steel as big as an ordinary keg. A human dwarf stands at the side, lifting and dropping it by means of a lever. It is hard to believe that it is not the man himself who is putting all that power into the blows, so perfectly does it obey his motion. An assistant with a long pair of pliers turns the metal on the anvil. The machine raises and lifts his huge arm, striking with puffs and grunts. There is none of the traditional bursting of sparks; after each blow, a fall of black flakes is shaken from the anvil; that is all. Further on, another machine seizes the deck-plate of a battleship, and bends it as easily as a tinker bends a piece of tin. There is something human about these simple laborers. A modern printing-press, complicated beyond conception, gives no suggestion of the work of hands. But these giants, each doing its great and simple task, seem strangely like human laborers. These tall cranes, bending their backs to lift and lower a ton's burden, seem endowed with life. You expect them to walk away when the whistle blows and the three thousand dwarfs who have hypnotized them into obedience straighten up and hurry out to dinner.

The New Warships.

If you wait your chance and dodge the watchman, you may have an opportunity to get aboard the big hulls being put together on the wharves, the final end and result of all this melting and planing and hammering. The *Wisconsin*, which will be the mightiest battleship afloat when she goes into commission sometime this summer, is taking on her great guns and her interior fittings. The cabins where the future Deweys and Sampsons are to be housed, smell of glue and varnish. The unpainted joints of the deck show bare and ugly. She is a battleship in chemise and petticoats. The four thirteen-inch guns in her two turrets have been swung into place during the past fortnight, and the smaller destroyers are coming on from the East. Once past the gangway and the watchman, you are supposed to have business on board, and may wander as you will, from the stomach of the ship, where she keeps the coal which feeds her fires of life, to her little eye on the fighting top. The *Wisconsin* sits in the water, able to go out, if necessary, under her own steam. The torpedo-boat destroyers and the monitor *Wyoming*, in the next stalls, are helpless under a network of beams. The men at the Union, every one of whom assumes to know as much about the business as "old Irving M." himself, say that the firm expects to get the *Wyoming* ready in time to have President McKinley launch her next summer. But she is still only a shell. The *Ohio* is not even that. Her deck-plates are now being placed, and one can look over the edge of the completed area and see her very keel.

A battleship is a heavy-weight prize-fighter, with big, showy muscles sticking out all over; a monitor is a low, bull-necked thug who will rough it when he cannot hit fair; a destroyer is a shifty light-weight with a complement of side-steps and speed unlimited. The big freighter, *Californian*, which stands beside these professional fighters-resembles them as a huge brewery laborer, whose only function is unlimited work, resembles the smaller, trimmer prize-fighter who could crush him in half a minute. The *Californian* is being built for the China trade; she will gather commerce in the track cleared out and policed by the five ships building alongside. The others have finer lines and more beauty of form, but they look tiny beside her high, straight hull. She is in process of being sheathed and decked. Over in the shops, an engine is taking in hundreds of pounds of molten metal daily and vomiting it forth as red-hot rivets to be hammered into her sides, while another mighty steel worker is punching out the holes in her plates. The interior is bare and unfurnished. From the unsheathed portion of the decks, one looks downward into a great cavern; for impression of dizzy height and distance it is like a peep into the courtyard from the sixth floor of the Palace Hotel.

On the day of my visit, a ship-builder looking for work was going over the *Californian* with me. It was he who told me that in the assembling of this great mass of steel, two men had lost their lives.

"Does that happen very often?" I asked.

"The last battleship we built while I was at Glasgow, they killed five men and a boy."

"At once?"

"No; different times. Most of them fell through the decks."

The men behind the guns are not the only ones who give their lives to a naval victory!

WILL IRWIN.

HALF-BREED ROYALTY.

STRANGE FATALITY FOLLOWING UNIONS BETWEEN PRINCES AND COMMONERS.

WHEN Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria received the news that his Empress had been assassinated, he exclaimed, "Could I not have been spared this final blow?" No one who has followed the life of the old ruler of the Austrians can fail to sympathize with the feeling which must have possessed him at that moment, the conviction that all the private sorrows which could be visited upon a ruler had fallen over his life. Misfortunes and disappointments, often made bitterer by the fact that they were his own fault, had followed him from his cradle. Yet the murder of the Empress was only the beginning of a series of evils. Within two years of the dark tragedy of Geneva, he finds his empire sick, very sick indeed, and the greedy Powers, like hypocritical doctors, hurrying it on to its doom. Clear-headed statesman that he is, he must now realize that on his death the mongrel Dual Kingdom will fall and be divided among the Medes and the Persians of Europe. And, to crown his misfortune, there has been an epidemic of mesalliances in the royal family. The widow of the former Crown Prince, the greatest lady in the land since Elizabeth's murder, has given up her titular rank to marry a simple nobleman of Hungary, and his nephew and heir has been secretly married to a woman who has no royal blood in her veins, and can therefore never become Empress of Austria or mother of an Emperor. It all means that the dynasty ends with Franz Joseph's successor.

Marriages between princes and subjects are curious things. Theoretically, the children of such a union ought to be of rather a superior quality. The blood of kings is thin and watered, if not actually degenerate, but royalty represents, after all, hundreds of generations of the best refinement the world has to give. Take all this fineness of organization and fuse it with some fresh, strong stuff from the common people, and the result ought to be an improvement on both sides. The common blood should be clarified, the royal strengthened. But heredity is a curious and perverse thing, and one of its most unaccountable freaks is the manner in which it fails to follow expectations in the blending of classes and races. In Hawaii, the Kanaka-American mixture is "no 'count" as a general thing, while the Kanaka-Chinese mixture, from which little should be expected, makes a strong and efficient race, better than either of the parent stocks. So it is with royal mesalliances. There is hardly an instance in history of a strong or efficient or talented man or woman being produced by a union of sovereign and subject. Including the products of "left-handed marriages," there have been hundreds of these children born within the century. As the marriages which begot them were made for love, the offspring have generally been favorites of their royal parents, have been educated and trained by them and given every chance for advancement. Over their royal cousins they have possessed the advantage of being eligible to the professions, to practical politics or to active army service. Yet all without exception have proved dull and most of them have been depraved and vicious. And in most cases they have compared very unfavorably with their royal relations.

Some Famous Mesalliances.

Perhaps the most obvious and famous example is furnished by the two sons of Victor Emmanuel, the one by his first wife, a princess of Austria, the other by a gamekeeper's daughter. The old King of Italy used to point out the half-peasant son, dubbed Count Mirafiore, as a splendid example of the mingling of steel and iron in the blood, and was disposed to slight his royal son, Humbert. Yet Humbert rules now as the most upright and enlightened monarch of Europe, while Mirafiore's name is a reproach in Italy for the vices and crimes which brought him to an early grave. In Franz Joseph's own kingdom, Count Meran, son of the Archduke of Austria and a peasant girl to whom he was secretly married, grew up dull and worthless, too stolid to be vicious. He occupies a position of courtesy at the Austrian court. If the Austrian Emperor is looking for other examples close at hand to indicate to his nephew the probable outcome of his marriage, he can exhibit his own assistant grand chamberlain, Count Nipperg. The count's grandmother was an archduchess of Austria, his grandfather a chamberlain of noble title but peasant birth. His father, child of this union, died in a madhouse, and he himself has less ability than the average stable-boy. The peasant grandfather was a man of great ability, as his rise from the peasantry to the nobility shows. There is still another instance in point, and here again a royal misalliance has contributed to the unhappiness of the old Emperor. The tragedy of Meyerling, by which the Emperor lost his son and the throne its heir-apparent, was brought about through the machinations of Countess Larisch, daughter of a union between a King of Bavaria and an actress.

Royal Degenerates.

In Prussia, the history of these hybrids shows one who was the author of an anonymous letter scandal, one who died a fugitive and a common criminal, and a dozen who have been notably vicious. In England, the children of these mixed marriages have rarely been vicious, but are always stupid. The ruling house of England, since the time of the Stuarts, has not been especially immoral as kings and princes go, so that the degeneracy of their hybrid offspring has tended only toward dullness. The children of the royal Duke of Cambridge by an actress wife are received in London society under the name of Fairwea her. They are very good, "substantial" people, but they are said to be the most "dunder-headed" members of London's smart set. The men have had every chance to rise in the army and navy, but have utterly failed to win distinction. Then there are the Fitzclarices, descended from George IV and Mrs. Jordan the actress. In the present generation, there has been one suicide and one bankrupt in the family, while the only daughter in the line scandalized society a few years ago by making a runaway match under very discreditable circumstances.

The sons of the union of Princess Mary of Cambridge and an Austrian officer have been the terror of the English royal family through their talent for scandals and scrapes.

There was an epidemic of marriages of this sort in the Spanish royal family a generation ago. As all these marriages were fruitful, Spain is overrun with the debased sons and daughters of her royalties. The kingly blood of Castile is very corrupt as it is, and when mingled with the blood of the common people it makes a disgustingly bad mixture. Queen Isabella, the old sovereign of a thousand scandals, had a large family through her marriage with a guardsman, Munez. One of this family died in Paris of delirium tremens, one died suddenly as a result of dissipation while there was a warrant out for his arrest for fraud, and one played a singularly unpleasant part in the Dreyfus case.

This is, roughly, the record. Is it any wonder that Franz Joseph regards these misfit matches in his family as the crowning sorrow of his life?

AMOS SHELDON.

The prune growers of Washington, Idaho and Oregon are taking steps to combine in a trust. If seventy-five per cent of the growers in the district enter into the agreement by June, the combine will be put into active operation. The scheme was hatched at a convention of fruit growers, being decided upon as the best means of holding up prices. The fruit will theoretically belong to the trust from the time it appears on the trees and will pass into its possession as soon as it is harvested. It is believed that enough prune-growers will sign the agreement to make it an established fact. This is the method which pulled the raisin-growers out of a bad hole several years ago, and is in line with industrial progress.

One of the treasures rescued from the burning Théâtre Francaise is its most valued possession, "Le Registre de Lagrange," a record of the affairs of the theatre from 1659 to 1685, the period of the Moliere company. This is a collection of programs and a register of business transactions, together with a running commentary of important events in the lives of the company's members. It will be added to the museum of the theatre, now being transferred to the Louvre.

THINGS & PEOPLE

By BOSWELL Jr.

The Philippine Commission Banquet.

FROM all accounts the banquet in honor of the Philippine Commission at the Palace Hotel was rather a dreary affair. Some of the orators had too little to say—others said too much. Among the transgressors was Whitelaw Reid, who quite over-stepped the limit as to time and rather oppressed the audience by the authoritative manner in which he directed the commissioners in the paths they must go. I imagined that the form of unofficial instructions was rather resented. Professor Bacon descanted on the discovery of America in a leisurely descriptive vein; President Wheeler was briskly sensible and the several commissioners exhibited a talent for forcible and intelligent expression. Yet the general effect was flat, dreary and protracted. There should be arranged in connection with public banquets a system of alternating seats so that there might be an interchange of partners with each course.

***

The Examiner's Cuttle-Fish Policy.

THE community of San Francisco has been rather diverted at the cuttle-fish tactics of the *Examiner* recently. Whenever its intemperate and extravagant bloviation gets it into trouble it proceeds to develop a school boy or school girl competition, with which it fills its pages to the exclusion of matters of importance and to the disgust of those citizens who imagine a newspaper should be something better than a disordered circus poster. That its behavior in the late bubonic plague scare had inspired real indignation finally penetrated to the editorial intelligence and lo, at once, a great prize scheme is let loose. A score of boys and girls are to be triumphantly transported across the continent and a national convention is to be submitted to this inspection. The great educational value of the idea is heralded, eminent educators sign statements that the effect of the plan will be of great enlightment to individual scholars. Pages are devoted to the business and great is the excitement thereof. In the meantime, however, the eminent banker Daniel Meyer had ventured frankly to express his disgust at the bubonic plague scare and to state unreservedly condemnation of the *Examiner*. Salutary revenge should be taken on all citizens who fail to approve the Monarch's course—hence Daniel Meyer has been on the grill. He has been caricatured and guyed and otherwise maltreated as a warning to those who might be disposed to follow his example. This is upright, honorable and intelligent journalism.

***

A Friend at Court.

AN interesting episode of life as she is lived in San Francisco was presented at a recent gathering of the Police Commissioners, who had met to try one Officer, Sheehan charged with assaulting a citizen of the Mission. The citizen had had the temerity to ask the policeman to exercise clemency in clubbing an unfortunate and aged German who obstructed justice, whereupon Sheehan turned his weapon on the intervenor. The latter having a political pull promptly complained and some twenty friends and neighbors were there to testify in his behalf. Lo and behold, who should appear in defense of the policeman but young Lawyer Max McNutt, son of Police Commissioner McNutt. The officer was acquitted. There are several ways of looking at the situation herein unfolded. Mayhap the accused had done no more than his duty; mayhap between him and Lawyer McNutt there exists relations outside the cause. It may be urged that the connection between the attorney and the commissioner should not bar the employment of the former. All of which may be conceded in this instance. Hard things will undoubtedly be said, however, if it becomes a popular practice among accused policemen to hire the commissioner's son to plead their cause.

***

C. P. Huntington's Gifts to the Art Association.

AFTER his business, which is also his chief pleasure, Collis P. Huntington cares most for pictures. His collection of paintings is undoubtedly one of the finest in the United States. In selecting canvases he invites no advice from experts, for he buys on his own judgment absolutely and exercises his individual taste. The value and virtue of his discernment are best appreciated by those who have seen his pictures. He recently presented a superb landscape by Julian Rix to the Art Association and admiring the fine picture of Keith's, "The Summit of the Sierras," which hung in the exhibition in the new gallery, he purchased it and presented it to the Association. One morning last week the pupils of the School of Design were admitted to inspect the art gallery of the Huntington residence, where they saw the noble canvases by Murrillo, the admirable Rousseaus and Diaz and the unequaled series of portraits by the old English masters, that adorn its walls.

***

Death of F. S. Douty.

WHEN death overtakes an honest, upright man; when a loyal true-hearted soul is suddenly spirited away, the obituary writer vainly searches for words to adequately convey to the world a message that, with complete justice, will portray the dead man's virtues and his sterling worth. Frank Sanger Douty, who died last week, was a man who never in his life's career harbored a selfish or a dishonorable thought. He was honest to a nicety, loyal by every instinct and impulse of his nature. He was endowed with a nobleness of character that enforced respect and commanded admiration. One cannot say much more of a man; yet this brief tribute fails with miserable painfulness to set forth one-half his virtues or convey in any adequate sense the sentiment of one who knew and loved him from boyhood. His was a strong character. His likes and dislikes knew no middle ground. He lacked that species of diplomatic skill which said one thing and meant another. He was deficient only in that he could not deceive. Out-spoken, frank, manly, there was not in all his composition a dishonorable taint or dishonest tendency. His affections once won, remained steadfast; and in the defense of a friend he would risk without counting cost.

* * *

Mr. Douty for years has acted as secretary and manager of the Pacific Improvement Company. Millions of money have been entrusted to his care, and millions of property to his management. One need not add that he enjoyed the complete confidence of principals, and administered his duties with zeal and faithfulness. At the time of his death he was secretary and managing officer of the Pacific Improvement Company, president of the Oakland Railroad Company, secretary and treasurer of the Carbon Hill and Rocky Mountain Coal Companies, the Southern Pacific Railroad of New Mexico, and the Capay Land Company He was a director of the Market Street Cable Railroad and a number of other corporations, great and small, in which his principals were interested. He was also a member of the several leading clubs of San Francisco. Wherever he went he was popular. In the best sense of the word he was a gentleman through and through. Stereotyped and hackneyed as the phrase may be, his death is a loss to the community. He was genial, whole-souled and utterly lacking in anything that smacked of affectation. His manner was one of outspoken frankness such as accompanies an honest, fearless nature. No man ever left his presence

THE LATE FRANK S. DOUTY.

wondering whether he spoke the truth or whether he was sincere. Noble of character, brave and loyal, honest and unselfish, he was one man in ten thousand. Among the highest tributes paid to his kindness of heart, were the tear-stained faces of the men and boys who served as clerks and assistants in his department. May heaven deal as justly by him as he dealt with his fellow man. More than that he does not need; less than that would not be justice.

***

Easter Hats, Self-Denial and Feminine Secrecy.

WHO knoweth the name of the wight that originated the fiction about women being unable to keep a secret? I should like to be told the name, in order that I may cover his memory with shame. For a whole congregation of San Francisco women has kept a secret a whole Lententide and kept it well. Beat that, tyrant man, if you are able! It happened thus: St. Luke's, the most fashionable Episcopalian congregation in the city, has just moved into a new church and has incurred the traditional church debt. The ladies of the congregation quietly got together at the beginning of Lent and planned a novel method of raising money. It was agreed that they should dispense with their Easter finery and contribute the same to the collection on that day. A pledge of secrecy was made—and kept. It would have proved a beautiful "Sunday story" for the Easter newspaper supplements, yet not a single society reporter got so much as an inkling of the sensation. It was not divulged until the morning of the day sacred to new gowns and hats, when it was noted that all the ladies of St. Luke's—bud, belle and matron—were wearing their winter headgear, and that the collection footed up over four thousand dollars. About two-thirds of the sum was saved from Easter hats. It was a practical method of self-denial, but the movement was not popular with the milliners.

***

COLLECTOR OF PORT JACKSON seems to have come within range of sensational journalism, and strangely enough the journal fathering the attack is owned by one of Colonel Jackson's principal bondsmen. The headlines to the attack are scarcely borne out by the text of the articles. They are rich in elusive insinuations, clever in preferring charges that are not charges—which—subjected to analysis, mean nothing, say nothing and prove nothing except that the *Call* is industriously in search of something sensational that will excite public attention. Colonel Jackson is above the practices, not charged, but insinuated, against him, and no one knowing him believes the *Call's* alarm to be well founded.

***

The Intercollegiate Baseball Series.

THE first baseball game of the intercollegiate series was a case of a mediocre but steady team walking away with a brilliant but erratic one. In potential strength, Stanford seemed superior. Lanagan outshone Kaarsberg in the box, and the cardinal men showed that they could hit when hits were needed. But the errors made at critical times were quite too painful to be recounted. Perhaps Havens and Hampton are to be excused, as it was their first college game, but there is no excuse for Murphy and Edwards, who are old hands. The Stanford team deserves no excuse, for they have been unfaithful in their training all the season, and training is as necessary in baseball as in any other form of sport. The attendance at the game at Berkeley day was very poor and an evil omen for the treasuries of the two student bodies when the ruling for campus games shall go into effect. The contest on the Palo Alto campus the following week showed an exact reversal of form. Here, the University of California men played a shade the better game but took a bad base of "rattles," just as their opponents did on the previous Saturday, and piled up enough errors to lose. The deciding game, to be played in San Francisco, is anybody's. It will probably depend upon which team begins making errors, for both seem unsteady, unreliable and incapable of holding together against a run of bad luck. Stanford is the better in the box. Only seven hits were made off Lanagan in the first game as against fourteen off Kaarsburg, and the Stanford pitcher was three hits the better in the second contest. Besides this, he is a "strike-out" pitcher, which is a point of advantage in a contest between two erratic teams. On the other hand, the University of California men play the sharper fielding game, especially in the outfield. The outcome will be largely a matter of luck.

***

Bryan and Fusion.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is a smooth article. Sometimes he is too smooth. This was the case on his recent appearance in Washington. The political conditions in that State are peculiar. The free silver forces are made up of three elements—the Silver Republicans, the Populists and the straight Democrats, fused into one party; these elements do not always work together, but apart not one of them has the power to elect even a constable. Several times the Fusionists have been able to beat the Republicans, but the recent local elections went against them. An outsider would suppose that Bryan's interests lay in equal encouragement of the three divisions of his supporters. But from the very time of his first appearance it became apparent that William Jennings was being coached by the Democrats. He worked imperialism, the trusts and free silver for all they were worth, but when he mentioned any party directly it was always the Democracy. This did not tend to make him popular with the Populists and Silver Republicans, and, now that he has gone his noisy way, there are mutterings of discontent among the two forgotten branches of his party. Wherefore it becomes apparent that a smooth article may be too smooth.

***

An Effective Retort.

GEORGE H. BROADHURST, the comedy writer, who created the Smith and Jones problem plays, regards Chicago as his American birth-place. Not that he was born there, but his earliest experiences of American life were derived in the office of the Chicago Board of Trade. When "What Happened to Jones" had its first presentation in the metropolis of Illinois Broadhurst thought he would be there in person to accept the congratulations of his friends. There was a big house for the *premiere* and lots of applause, but how the critics did state the play next morning. H. J. Whigham, who wrote drama for the *Tribune*, remarked: "One can buy farces like this at Siegel-Cooper's for 15 cents"—this among other disparagements. The patronage of the public somewhat consoled the author for the attacks of his censors and he suffered in silence. On the Saturday evening of the first week Broadhurst, after an inspection of the receipts in the box office, stepped contentedly into the foyer of the theatre. There stood Whigham gossiping with two of his contemporaries. "Have you got thirty cents on you, Whigham?" he said, button holing the critic. "Guess so—what for?" grunted Whigham, apprehensive of a joke. Broadhurst took his arm. "I can show you how to make $3,000," he exclaimed. "Come right along with me to Siegel-Cooper's and get a couple of 15-cent farces like this. There is just $1500 in the house to-night." Mr. Broadhurst is now in San Francisco writing a new comedy. In future he will be "presented by Mr. Chas. Frohman."

SCENES IN OLD MEXICO.

Photographed by Oscar Maurer.

FILIPINO DAMES.

Father and Daughter of the Upper Class.

An Aristocratic Miss in her Father's Plantation.

Mother and Daughter of the Upper Class.

WINTER IN MANILA.

THE UNEVENTFUL LIFE OF OUR NEW CAPITAL.

IN this hot month of February we are as lazy and calm, down here in old Manila, as though our own brothers in arms were not being ambushed, and hacked and bolved within a hundred miles of us. From time to time, a column crawls in from some up-country raid, bringing in their wounded and the lists of their dead; now and then an insurgent leader is caught by the police and furnishes a few hours' excitement. But in the main, the insurrection does not touch us at all. We go on with our round of civil employment, meet at the clubs, enjoy as much society as is possible considering the scarcity of women, and gossip over the happenings of the lazy day. Assuming that Manila is as large as San Francisco, there is wonderfully little "doing." Some pessimist in the early days of American occupation defined Manila as "Hell without excitement." In the first part of this description I do not concur; I stick for a mild sort of purgatory. But excitement is certainly lacking.

Perhaps the most amusing feature of American occupation is the native case in the police courts. These small and simple children of nature put a curious interpretation upon our laws and customs. It is true that some of them are catching on with surprising readiness, we have already had one or two Tagal blackmailers, but in the main our laws are a mystery to them. Why we should object to an innocent little gambling game is more than they can see, and the audacity of a court which incarceuates a man for beating his lawful and wedded spouse is beyond their comprehension. It is not that the Filipino is a habitual wife-beater, not at all, but he desires the right as a natural privilege. And then, their love-affairs get tangled up with our justice. Here is an example. One of General Otis's regulations for the government of the city forbids marriage until the parties are sixteen years of age. Provided the parents are willing, this is an easy law to evade, because it is hard to guess at the age of a little, brown Filipino. Senora Seprina de la Reyes is a Filipino laundress, one of the tribe of destroyers of good linen who infest old Manila. She has a fourteen-year old daughter, Graciana, who was courted by a gay Lothario, aged fifteen, one Rosindo Rodriguez. He was not popular with his mother-in-law in prospect, and was forbidden the house. Forthwith, Senorita de la Reyes developed a most surprising industry in delivering her mother's work, so that some of her patrons received their washing within three weeks of delivery to the Senora—reckless haste for Manila. The Senora did not know it, but Rosindo of the burning heart used to meet his adored around the corner, assist in hurrying up the delivery, and put in the time gained in pressing his suit. Love can do anything. It can even make a Filipino get a move on.

Pounding Rice.

A Native Elopement.

But one night the lovers, sitting in the moonlight on the banks of the Pasig, forgot the lazy passage of time. The Senora, who was growing suspicious of her daughter's unnatural willingness to do errands, instituted a search and came upon the keen Rosindo cooing the Spanish equivalent for "whose 'ittle ducky is 'oo? " She is a large woman, and Rosario has not yet "got his growth." In the engagement that followed, the maiden basely deserted and the lover retreated much battered. The Senorita was shut up in her mother's house, but love will find a way. That night Rosindo broke in and eloped with his adored.

They proceeded at once to the suburb of Guagua, pulled the presidente out of bed, and told their story. He was deeply sympathetic, but declined to marry them for fear of the law. However, such a little item as ceremony makes small difference in Filipino matrimony, and they settled down to married life in the house of a friend. Senora de la Reyes heard of their whereabouts, and en ered a complaint with the authorities, calling upon them to return her child. It was a knotty point. The military regulations forbid marriage to persons under age, but these young people were not married. Quite wisely, the authorities adopted a *manana* policy. It worked to a charm. Having exhibited her temper for a week, having cursed us and our laws by all the saints in the calendar, the Senora suddenly relented, and took the young couple into the business. Rosindo now delivers the washing, and expects to have the union sanctioned by marriage as soon as Graciana gets old enough.

Possibly it is not Colonel Bryan's fault, but he is the most popular American with the insurgents, thanks to the anti-expansionist noise at home and the vain hope of Democratic intervention by which Aguinaldo has been bracing up his followers. I suppose that Colonel Bryan would be glad to learn that on October 29, when the rebel government held a jubilee over a phantom victory, his picture was carried in the parade and was cheered as enthusiastically as was that of Aguinaldo. Furthermore, when an anonymous letter-writer recently threatened death to certain school principal unless they removed from their walls the portraits of McKinley and Lawton, he mentioned Bryan as the one American who had earned that distinction. There is a Bryan superstition among all the Tagalos. It is a pity that they are not eligible to vote.

A Cargo of Cats.

The Dick Whittington cut story has come true out here. I will remind you, in case you have forgotten your nursery days, that the "three times Lord Mayor of London town" made his hit by bringing a cat to an island infested with rats. The transport *Sumner* has just brought into port a whole battalion of as fierce and expert mousers as ever trod a fence. It happened because the commissary stores had become overrun with rats. One day, General Otis voiced a wish for a few American cats. John Montgomery, a citizen of Manila, prepared to give the general a surprise. He sent $75 to Newark, N. J., to pay for 500 cats. The recipient advertised, and cleaned out half the domestic pets in Newark. Fifteen cents apiece was paid, and no questions asked. Only cats of size, strength and fierceness were wanted, Toms preferred. It created a lot of trouble in Newark and lowered the value of residence property in the neighborhood of the cellar where they kept General Otis's mousers, but eventually they were turned into the *Sumner* in good order. The Mayor of Newark sanctioned the movement, and gave a large Maltese with a fighting reputation to head the delegation. Soldiers who came across in the transport say that the cats gave the voyage a certain interest, but that most of their own sleeping was done in the daytime. Sunday was exercise day, when the felines were turned out of their cages to roam the deck. It was a great occasion, for the crew used to capture the largest and fiercest specimens and match them down in the hold. Three or four were lost in this way, but there were some births *en voyage*, so that nearly 550 were finally unloaded at the warehouse. The sentries who stood guard that terrible night say that the cats fought each other more than the rats; the "clean-up" next morning netted sixty-five dead rats, number eaten in addition not known, and eight dead cats, to say nothing of the w unded.

A private in Schwan's column brings back a story on the Chinese coolies who acted as porters with the flying column. It appears that these people regard all goods broken open as their own special property. It is a custom of long standing, and no threat or punishment can move them. Some of Schwan's coolies were unloading boxes of provisions and supplies It was several days since anything had broken open; they were growing hungry. Consequently, they handled each box more roughly than the last, until they succeeded in breaking a large packing-case. Several cans rolled out and were pounced upon. The private who tells the story saw a coolie take his can behind a bush and open it. It was filled with nice, yellow butter, a little clarified from the heat, but still butter. He smelled of it, and looked doubtful. But hunger overcame suspicion. He produced a knife, cut out a big chunk, placed it in his mouth—and—well, as Mr. Kipling puts it, "that fell which fell." His "butter" was axle-grease!

James B. Dill, the corporation lawyer of New York, is said to have received a fee of one million dollars for his work in engineering the Carnegie-Frick steel combine. Mr. Dill is a young man, and began life as a newspaper reporter. He earned his tremendous fee, for his act and diplomacy prevented the falling apart of a $ 60,000,000 combination and much costly litigation. This is by long odds the largest fee ever paid for legal services.

Alfred Harmsworth of the *Daily Mail*, London's sensational newspaper, has accomplished the feat of publishing a Manchester edition of his publication, identical with the original in every particular and appearing at the same time. This feat is accomplished by perfect system and a free use of the telegraph.

Great as is the Chinese talent for detail, the celestial people are strangely inaccurate in their arithmetic. There is no regular system of weights or measures in the empire, each province, often each town, having its own. A pound or a pint seems to vary according to the merchant's fancy. A Chinaman will tell you that the distance from A to B is four miles, while from B to A it is eight miles. If you press for a reason you will be told that it is because "B is downhill from A." In reckoning ages, a person who has passed thirty is forty, one who has passed forty is fifty, and so on.

Street Scene in Negros.

THE CONTESTANTS IN THE RECENT MATCH RACE.

The University of California Crew.

BOATING IN CALIFORNIA

THOUGH the Boating Association of the University of California was founded as long ago as February 25, 1892, rowing has never taken much hold upon the Berkeley undergraduates. The purposes of the association are to encourage rowing, to provide facilities for maintaining a college crew, and to train an eight to contend against the representatives of Stanford University. The association had an excellent two-story boat-house, with dressing-rooms, baths, reading-room and other conveniences, but an unfortunate fire early in 1895 destroyed it and all its equipment. A day or two after the fire, the University crew, which had been coached by E. M. Garnett of Harvard, rowed a four oared race against a crew of the Columbia Rowing Club, trained by E. R. Folger of Yale. The Columbia representatives easily defeated the University four, made up of Dwight Hutchinson, bow; William L. Cole, No. 2; John L. Wittenmyer, No. 3; and N. C. Trew, stroke. In 1897 or thereabouts the University sent a four into a regatta held on Lake Merritt. In 1899 a junior barge crew rowed at El Campo, defeating fours of the Ariels and Dolphins. The University crew consisted of James Hopper, bow; A. D. Smith, No. 2; Ray Fryer, No. 3, and F. Waggerhauser, stroke. This crew, with Clinton Tracy in the place of A. D. Smith, took part in the Astoria regatta in August, 1899, and came back with a trophy.

It can be seen from this brief recapitulation of the public appearances of the oarsmen of the University that rowing takes only an unimportant place among the sports of the undergraduates. But it seems likely that in the future more interest will be taken in the sport. Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler is said to be strongly in favor of the development of rowing at Berkeley, and to desire to see intercollegiate boat races. The real cause of the lack of life in rowing is, of course, the impossibility, as things stand at present, of having contests with Stanford University. Intercollegiate rivalry runs so high between the two Californian Universities that there is little likelihood of athletic young men at Berkeley expending much time and energy on a sport in which the Palo Alto youth does not engage.

However, rowing has received a little fillip recently at the University of California. On Saturday, April 7, a crew of Berkeley young men, with a short preparation, defeated a four of the Columbia Rowing Club in a mile race on Oakland Creek by ten or twelve lengths. This victory, though quite creditable to Kington and his crew, must not be taken as meaning too much, for the Columbia representatives might fairly be described as "Four Men in a Boat, to say nothing of the cox." That is to say, they were not a crew. Messrs. Haight and Goodwin are well-trained oarsmen, far better than any others in the two boats, but they received little or no support from the men in the forward part of the barge, whereas the representatives of the University of California were very fairly together, and consequently made their boat travel, despite their numerous faults of style, due to a lack of competent coaching. It is true that L. J. Pembroke gave them his time whenever he was able, but an oarsman is not made in half-a-dozen lessons even from the most skilled instructor. As the photograph of the men in their boat shows, not one of them sits up straight, and one or two are screwing even when at rest. The stroke, and consequently all the men behind him, is slow in getting out his hands, rushes his slide, and does not leave the water cleanly: elbows are not brought close past the sides, and there is an almost total absence of "catch" at the beginning. So it is to be hoped that the young men who beat the Columbia representatives will not fall into the fatal error of supposing that they know the whole art and science of rowing a racing boat: for I can assure them that if they came for a quarter of an hour under the tongue of a good Oxford or Cambridge University coach, they would wonder whether their venturing to sit in a boat at all was not a piece of unparallelled and unheard-of presumption on their part. They won their race because they are strong, athletic young fellows, and because their opponents were even less of a crew than they, not because they know how to row. Yet any followers of amateur sport must be glad to see the University putting a crew upon the water, and hope that the love of one of the noblest recreations may steadily increase. Rowing is a splendidly healthy exercise, and interferes far less with study than track work or intercollegiate football.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

The failure of the Third Avenue street car line in New York makes a bankrupt of old Henry Hart, one of the pioneer street car men of New York. He is over ninety years old now, and it is too late for him to begin again. His failure was due to his inability to understand modern stock-handling and modern financiering. Hart could not read and could write only his signature, but he was possessed of great natural shrewdness. He came to New York from England in his youth and opened a pawn-broker's shop. From this, he came to money-lending on a larger scale. In the course of his business, he acquired the Third Avenue line by the forfeiture of a mortgage. The city built up in his direction, and he became wealthy. Larger concerns operating all around him combined to freeze him out. He was offered a share in the combination, but the idea of a trust was beyond him. Last year, he committed the blunder of attempting to buy up all the stock in his company when it stood at a high mark. There was a slump, and he went under. The road is in the hands of a receiver, and Hart has lost all his interests in it. He is a director by courtesy of the Pacific Mail Company, having been president of that company at one time.

Bucharest officials are conscientious. After a revision of the registration lists in that city the following notice was sent out: "Major A. Fanutza: It is hereby brought to your notice that your name is struck off the list of electors for deputies and senators in the First District and will not again be inserted in it. The reason for this is the fact that your death occurred some time ago."

The Columbia Rowing Club Crew.

IN BOOKDOM

THE APRIL MAGAZINES.

THE most important article in the April magazines is Professor Hyslop's "Result of Psychical Research" in *Harper's*. Pertinently, he asks: "Why is it so noble and respectable to find whence man came and so suspicious and dishonorable to ask and ascertain whither he goes?" A company of hair-raising ghost tales prefaces the article, excerpts from the compilations of the Psychical Research Society. The experiments of this organization with the extraordinary medium, Mrs. Piper, are explained in general. Then Professor Hyslop details his personal investigations, made under circumstances precluding fraud. He declares that the results leave him no alternative between spiritism and an infinite telepathy to account for the facts. He says:

"My experiments were managed with a direct view to complicating all suspicions and accusations of fraud with the responsibility of the Society's officers, and unless the public is willing to meet that challenge, it must accept the consequences. For myself, being reduced to a choice between an omniscient telepathy and communication with discarnate spirits, I simply prefer the latter hypothesis as the more rational of the two in our present state of knowledge regarding super-normal phenomena."

The initial article in the *Century* is devoted to a study of marmosets, with elaborate illustrations, of course. The exaltation of minor live-stock which began with Seaton Thompson's 'Wild Animals I have Known" is common to several of our great monthlies. We have had the "Biography of a Grizzly," with wide and spotted margins. Here is *Scribner's* with the "Kangaroo Rat" by the same eminent hand. Admitting that a magazine must instruct or amuse an infinity of individuals, why not locate the appeal to minor live-stock fanatics at the rear end of one's periodical? If the series must be extended, however, let us have "White Mice I have Known." There are people who collect this vermin. The "Autobiography of a Belgian Hare" would certainly sell edi ions in California, and incidentally in Utah. "From Pen to Pau, or the Reminiscences of a Side of Bacon," would be a sure circulation-winner in Omaha and Chicago. Other suggestions will doubtless occur to the editors of the *Century*, who dearly love fads and familiar names.

The Napoleonic material in the *Century* is still largely devoted to relating the Emperor's trials and tribulations in St. Helena. One finds much interesting table-talk—for instance, the great man's opinion of Wellington, whom he described as a "very excellent, good general. He showed a great deal of ability in the wars in Spain." "It is impossible for man not to commit some faults," he asserted; "we are all liable to it, and the general who commits the fewest in number is the greatest general; and Wellington committed as few as any." Napoleon had no confidence in a republican form of government for France. He considied the French too volatile, too much divided among themselves. He thought a monarchy *very much limited* would best suit the nation.

The Orient is also a favorite subject this month. *Harper's* has Captain Mahan on the "Problem of Asia;" Poultney Bigelow writes entertainingly of Hong Kong. Miss Scudmore in the *Century* describes the "Bore of Hang Chau Bay," and in *McClure's* I find "The American Invasion of China," by W. B. Parsons. The latter is the most important. The author is chief engineer of the American-China Development Co., and made the survey for the proposed railroad connecting Hankow with Canton. He describes conditions in a section of the Celestial Empire quite beyond the beaten lines of travel, and says he found even in the forbidden provinces shop windows displaying for sale articles with American, English, French, German and Japanese brands. In one shop were American canned goods; in another Munich beer. Mr. Parsons insists that for the development of our trade with the empire it is essential that a careful and intelligent study be made of the Chinaman and his habits. For us there is a market for tools, machinery, lamps and many other articles, but first it is essential for our merchants to understand Chinese requirements as to packing and modes of doing business. The article is one that will repay perusal by men in mercantile life to whom the ambition for Oriental trade makes appeal.

The *Atlantic* is cleverly enough composed, but I discern a trend towards the academic. The average professor turned editor, has much to learn of magazinedom. It is, after all, only an upper journalism and the predecessor of Editor Bliss Perry was its most admirable exponent. The "Perplexities of a College President," "Co-operation in the West," "The Political Horizon," by H. Loomis Nelson, are valuable contributions in this number. A "Comic Chesterfield" is an excellent subject wasted: A "Great Modern Spaniard" is as heavy and formless as lead ore. The latter is a subject W. D. Howells might have treated to perfection and an essay from him would have value both in style and manner of arrangement lacking in Mr. Baxter's. How much more dignified such a contribution than Howells's story about the peregrinations of a piano in *Harper's*. The Stillman autobiography grows in interest and really has distinction as the revelation of a strong and vital individuality.

Perhaps Lord Methuen will not care for the form of contemporary history that H. G. Whigham is furnishing to *Scribner's*. His account of the battle of Magersfontein is vastly unflattering to the noble British leader. Indeed he makes hay of his pretensions. To whomsoever would write of a city—of London, New York, San Francisco—I commend as a model of the way the thing should be done, Miss Tarbell's "The Charm of Paris" It is interesting, and critically informative; one is plunged at once into the depth of the subject. It is picturesque and yet not superficial, and it is well and gracefully phrased. Miss Tarbell, however, is one of the ablest writers we have; she unites the grace of good style with the arts of good journalism. The *Cosmopolitan* offers a hint for a study of preeminent conjurors in its article on Houdin. This especial contribution commences well but becomes soon merely a catalogue of tricks The "Babies of Chinatown" is not an adequate treatment of the subject, and the photos with which it is illustrated are all posed. We who know the charming natural pictures that have been made of the Celestial youngsters of San Francisco, realize what delightful little figures they are. Apropos of "The Poetry of Skirts," much better photos must be available of skirt dancing. If not they might be made. "The C nnoiseurs of Poverty Flat" is rather a good idea, well, handled.

McClures, on the whole, is a very well-put-up number and its stories have a wholesome American flavor, though they are not works of art. *Ainslie's* is entertaining and very readable and its stories are full of brisk incident. The fiction end of the April magazines, on the whole, however, is not well sustained. The James story in the *Atlantic* is hopelessly attenuated. "Padre Ignazio," a new departure for Owen Wister, is not in the the right vein, being too slow for the scheme. When one has read "Ikora" by Adachi Kinnosuki, "The Cherries of Ueno" in the *Atlantic* seems a flat failure. After all, an artistic, charming and realistic story is indeed a rare find.

The feature of the April *Ladies' Home Journal* is undoubtedly the inauguration of Kipling's new animal stories. At least that is the contribution which is starred and leaded. Doubtless it cost a great deal of money and may be respected therefore. Doubtless, also, it represents a triumph for Editor Bok, though I think it is at the wrong end of the magazine It belongs to the children's department and otherwise the *L. H.* is just a bit better than usual, which is a way of Editor Bok's, who in spite of sarcastic commentaries from less successful contemporaries is invariably up-to-date, if not showing the rest of the guild new tricks.

Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly* is as usual full of good stuff. A "Hundred Years of Chemistry" and the article, "Steam Turbines" struck me as especially interesting. Readers at this end should find valuable information in "Trade Corporations in China," while others may want to see Professor Finders Petrie's resume of "Recent Years of Egyptian Exploration.

In the April *Lippencott's* is surely one of the most charming stories of the year. "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," by Chas. G. D. Roberts. A mere expression of admiration is much less than its deserts, because it is really a work of genius. The story of the little girl who grows up in the clearing in the forest with the old bear Kloof for a playmate, is told with a rare degree of feeling and knowledge. Mr. Roberts is certainly to be reckoned with. *En passant*, it may be good to mention that the new *Lippincott* novels have all been worth reading. Hornung's story in the March number was told in excellent style and Albert Bigelow Paine's "Bread Line" was really a first rate yarn and deserving more attention than the critics accorded it.

The *Review of Reviews* is keeping its end up with articles on Timely Topics. The great steel makers, colitics in the Orient and fire Insurance methods have space in the April number.

J. O'H. C.

OF COURSE HE WASN'T VAIN.

THEY had discussed the matter before, but the day of the christening was close at hand and they had not yet decided what they should call the baby.

"Of course," he said, "it isn't vanity that makes me want to call him by my own name—Jehiel—but it was the name bo ne by my father and by his father before him."

"That's true, Jehiel, dear," she replied, "and it's a good Scripture name, but you yourself have often said it wasn't very pretty. Why not call him after your Uncle John? He might remember baby in his will."

"John is too common, dear, and I never could abide the nickname 'Jack.'"

"We might call him Andrew, after papa."

"I don't know what your parent has ever done for us that we should perpetuate his name."

"That's not at all kind of you, dear. You know I married you against papa's wishes. Suppose we don't call him after anybody but just give him a nice, distinguished name—Reginald, for instance."

"Hu! Whoever heard of a Reginald that ever amounted to anything outside of a novel?"

"How would Algernon do?"

"Too fancy."

"I think Leopold is a nice name."

"Too Dutch."

"Don't you think Walter is pretty?"

"Aha! And so you'd like to call my son after that google-eyed idiot you were engaged to before I met you!"

"He isn't the only Walter in the world. Suppose we give him a classical name and call him Augustus."

"Why don't you burden the poor child with Julius Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Pompeius, Sextus, and have done with it?"

"I always liked Francis."

"Too much like a girl."

"What do you think of David?"

"Might just as well call him Moses, Isaac or Abraham."

"Richard?"

"And have him nicknamed Dick?"

"Oh, dear,—I can't think of anything else. Oh, yes! Let's call him Aubrey. That's so unusual and is so nice to pronounce"

"I never knew but one Aubrey and he borrowed ten dollars from me and never paid it back. Aubrey won't do."

"But I can't think of any more. Why don't you suggest something?"

"I did."

"What?"

"Jehiel."

And Jehiel it was.

—*Metcalfe in Life.*

WHAT DO YOU DRINK.

Is it Pure, Or Do You Outrage Your Stomach With Slops?

In deciding that there is no genuine Napa Soda on the market save that which is bottled by Jackson's Napa Soda Springs in Napa County, the courts have at last done something for the protection of the public stomach. For years now the cheap bars have been dispensing the cheapest kind of carbonated water from bottles similar to those used by the Napa Soda people. The crime is nothing short of forgery and counterfeiting. Of course no reputable saloonman or restaurateur would conspire to foist a spurious article on a people who are willing to pay a legitimate price and profit for the genuine, but there are thieves and thugs in every trade, and these have made it necessary for the Napa Soda people to appeal to the law. For forty-five years Napa Soda has been known as a pure mineral water of exceptional tonic properties. Now that the public and the proprietors are protected by the courts, it will cost no more to be served with the genuine article, and you may be sure of getting it at every place that pretends to sell Napa Soda.

If you have not tried Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale, you have yet to enjoy the most delicious of beverages.

FOR SWELL DRESSERS.

The "Knox" hat is absolutely correct. Eugene Korn, 726 Market St., sole agent.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

His Terrible Cough.

Few things are so depressing and weakening as a constant cough. Few things are as discouraging as a cough that will not yield to treatment. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs when all other medicines fail, because it is more than a cough medicine. The cough is but a symptom. "Discovery" makes new and pure blood, heals the lacerated tissues, and gives the body the needed strength to throw off disease. It cures the cough by curing the cause of the cough. There is no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotic in the "Discovery."

"I had a terrible cough something over a year ago and could find nothing to stop it, or even to do me a particle of good," writes Mr. J. M. Farr, of Cameron, Screven Co., Ga. "I chanced to see an advertisement of yours, and forthwith bought a bottle of your invaluable 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Before I had taken half a bottle I was entirely well."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper covers, *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

1900- 36th -1900

Annual Statement

—OF THE—

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.)

Life and Accident Insurance

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

Paid-up Capital, - $1,000,000.00

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2 049 212 72
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,810 269.96
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate	5,901,842.52
Interest accrued but not due,	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security,	1,497,175 51
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,305 307 27
Deferred Life Premiums,	310 997 04
Prems. due and unreported on Life Pol.	259 449 36
Government Bonds,	789,016 96
County and municipal bonds	3,114 997 64
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819 225.19
Bank s ocks	1,258 674 00
Other stocks and bonds'	1,288,350 00
Total Assets,	$27,760,511.56

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 3½ per cent, Life Dep't.,	$20 406 734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accd't. Dep't	1,500,369.22
Present value installment Life Policies,	283,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment,	219 833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance,	33,178 11
Special Reserve for unp'd taxes, rents,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000 00
Total Liabilities,	23,739,827.61
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	4,020,683.95
Surplus,	$3,020,683,95

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	17,165,686.00

Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	1,522,417.06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	16,039,380.95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	15,386
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	339,636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	$1,227,977.34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	23,695,539.94

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899.	$ 2,750,394 40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	39,734,920 89

S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary
E. V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies
B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

LENT is at last over, my dear Diary, and once more we can be as gay as we please, and entertain more lavishly. The season of abstinence did not weigh particularly heavily on my shoulders, but the reason of that I naturally fancy is owing to the numerous things in which I am interested besides real social pleasures. You see I belong to the junior auxiliary of the Children's Hospital, and that takes some time. I am a member of the Doctors' Daughters, and we accomplish a great deal in that society; and then the golf club and a number of minor affairs.

We all miss Mary Scott very much out at the links, but I suppose she is almost in Honolulu by this time enjoying life thoroughly.

Holy week, most of the Catholi and Episcopal girls kept strictly, not going anywhere nor even making calls. I think some of them really looked thin Easter Sunday. Of course,it may have been the light colored gowns and hats. I love a light colored tailor gown with a straw hat of the same hue, and Easter was just the day for that sort of thing.

The churches were all crowded for services Easter, and the music was excellent. The Catholics have such a splendid opportunity to make music almost the most interesting part of their ceremony. The preatest composers have all written masses, and in other cities mass on a special occasion is quite equal to a first-class concert. The decorations of the churches, too, were beautiful. Trinity church was most charming, so was St. Luke's. Of the Catholic churches, St. Ignatius, the Cathedral and the little church Notre Dame des Victoires, on Bush street, made me realize how flowers and candles could produce a glorious effect. The Swedenborgian church was as exquisite as ever, and the beautiful Easter sun cast its soft rays on the Keith pictures and the St. Christopher window, and, as I knelt there, I could not help wondering if I should have felt religious were I not in so poetic an atmosphere.

I do not think I can remember a more perfect Easter Sunday. As a rule the wind blows fearfully during the afternoon, but this year the "Ideal" and I sat on the hills of the Presidio overlooking the Golden Gate until after the sun had set, and could hardly realize thatwe were still in San Francisco, the air was so soft and balmy.

Saturday afternoon Mrs. Voorhies asked about thirty of us to go out on the bay with some of the Philippine Commissioners. We had a capital time, as we went all through the new naval academy on Yerba Buena; I am so glad it is no longer to be called Goat Island. This academy is really a fine affair. There were over a hundred students, for the most part fine-looking young fellows. With the training and discipline these youths receive, I can understand why we are so proud of our navy and can see its future as ruler of the sea. However, we must not be so ready to criticise a hero as we have been with Admiral Dewey. What I cannot understand is that we Americans are not hero worshippers. We approved of Dewey for awhile, but just so soon as he committed a slight blunder one and all arose to abuse him. Then he is unanimously voted merely a creature of circumstance. Now, to my mind, Dewey is a hero; he proved that in the Philippines, and his action there will go down in history as a great and fine work. What he has done since, though it may not coincide with our ideas of what he ought to have done, does not take away from his former greatness. The British never considered Nelson any less of a hero because of his unfortunate marital affairs. Why should we be so critical? Are we so perfect as a nation? But this, speaking of perfection, brings to our mind the failure of our own city government, and the absurdity of the charter, so I shall not discuss it further.

This next week will be quite gay. Monday afternoon is the concert of Hambourg and Petschnkioff, and in the evening Mrs. Downey Harvey will give a dinner to Emily Hager and Walter Dean at which thirty of their mutual friends will be present. As Lulu is one I shall tell you all about it later. Tuesday is to be the Dean tea to Emily Hager. The rest of the week is given to a few dinners to Helen Thomas, who will soon be married. Anna Voorhies sails for Europe with the Taylors of Oakland on the 5th of May. She will be a guest of her uncle, Mr. Grantland, one of the commissioners of the Paris Exposition. I am sure she will have a glorious time, for Paris will be very gay this summer. The "Ideal" and I are considering as to whether we shall take a short run over there.

MRS. W. A. LANGE.
nee Grace Geiselman, who was married at St. Dominic's Church on Monday, April 16th.

I was so glad that Mollie Thomas announced her engagement to Latham McMullin. Mollie is one of the girls that I admire; she should make one of the handsomest brides of the year. Latham and she have been the best of friends for some time. Bessie Shreve is to be the first girl who will be married in St. Luke's church. I think I should rather enjoy that She and Bob Hooker have received some of the stunningest presents I have ever seen in San Francisco. They are both exceedingly popular. Another engagement is that of Miss Olive Snider and John Merrill. I believe their romance commenced in Berkeley when they were both attending the University. Miss Snider is certainly a trikingly handsome girl and exceedingly clever. John Merrill is a dear boy; he has been a friend of mine for years.

Mrs. McNutt is to lend her home for a tea for the incurables in the Children's hospital next Saturday. There will be all sorts of things to buy, and in the evening tableaux will be presented. As all the girls will be there helping I think it should be very successful. I hope so, for there is no charity more worthy of help than this hospital.

Next week, Diary dear, I hope to be a little more entertaining, for there will really be something of interest to tell you.

Tuesday noon I went to see Bertha Russel and Eugene Lent married. I was so glad Bertha wore pink satin, because it is so becoming to her. She really looked fine and so happy, too. The house was a mass of flowers. The decorations were in fact so elaborate that it suggested a conservatory, and the sweet odor of the flowers took one to tropic climes. It was most effective, and I am quite decided as to how I shall decorate the church on the 30th, for the "Ideal" and myself. Gaelo Allen was the maid of honor; she is very pretty and has that exquisite bloom of youth we see so often in Spanish and French girls. What specially took my fancy was the bouquet of orchids that Bertha carried. Mr. Lent had them sent from all parts of the State and he must have felt when he saw how really gorgeous they were that it was quite worth the trouble. Every variety and color were represented. After the ceremony we sat down to a breakfast and had a very merry time, for every one seemed particularly happy and bright.

Later in the afternoon I went to Mrs. Dean's tea to Emily Hager. The decorations here, too, were superb. The tea was held in the big drawing rooms on the first floor, and they are just built for big entertainments. There was no crowding nor pushing though about four hundred people called during the afternoon. The big mirror at the end of the room was veiled with asparagus vines and orchids and at the side were huge bunches of apple blossoms. I just stood and looked at it, it was so startlingly original a manner of decoration, and more beautiful than any I had seen before. The room was decorated with branches of snowballs and apple blossoms and quantities of those lovely Sievers and Boland carnations. Smilax covered the doors. Mrs. Dean and Emily received the guests, and were assisted by the Morgans, Mrs. Downey Harvey, and any number of others. The refreshments met with my approval, and altogether Leila and I decided it was the most elaborat tea this winter.

MISS CRICKET.

* *

The engagement of Miss Florence I. Beveridge, daughter of John A. Beveridge, of San Francisco, to Mr. Percy A Crump, of the Bank of British Columbia, is announced. The marriage will take place in May.

* *

The wedding of Miss Grace Geiselman to William A. Lange, took place in St. Dominic's Church on the evening of Easter Monday and was a beautiful and unique ceremony. The church was still dressed in its Easter decorations, and the spring effect was enhanced by the addition of palms and lilies. Friends of the the two families crowded the large church. The bride introduced an innovation by dispensing with bridesmaids, selecting instead three acolytes to attend her. One was custodian of the ring; the others preceded her to the altar, their arms full of Easter lilies. There was only one maid of honor, Miss Olive Verdon, who wore a frock of pink mousseline de soie veiled over taffeta. The bridal gown was of white duchesse satin with a court train, trimmed with ruchings of tulle. The corsage had a trimming of tulle and orange blossoms. The bride carried a bouquet of Easter lilies.

Mr. Lange was formerly a member of the National League Baseball Team in Chicago, and is very popular in that city. Some of the most beautiful of the young couple's wedding gifts came from the Chicago players. The bride is a daughter of William Geiselman, the attorney. After a wedding trip through the South, Mr. and Mrs. Lange will occupy a cottage adjoining the Geiselman mansion at 1720 Golden Gate avenue.

MISS FLORENCE SHARON.

Paradise.

One sayeth, "Surely this is Paradise
To lie close tented in her tender eyes;"
And one, "For me the nightingale and rose;"
And one, "For me the converse of the wise.'

Yea, all these things are pleasant in man's sight;
But those there are that hunger for the migh
Of silence and the brotherhood of stars
In cool, calm spaces on the mountain hight.

—*Theodosia Garrison in Lippinetts.*

LADIES' KNOX DUDE

Straws now open. Korn, the hatter, 726 Market St., sole agent.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

A Delicious Beverage for all Occasions

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale

Connoiseurs pronounce it "the best imported."

Sherwood & Sherwood,
AGENTS
212-214 Market St.,
San Francisco

WASHINGTON AND ALASKA STEAMSHIP CO.

For Cape Nome

Transpacific Passenger Steamship

TACOMA

Registered Tonnage, 2811 Tons
Cargo Capacity, 4000 Tons
Passenger Capacity, 800

This Magnificently Fitted-up Steamship will sail from Yesler Wharf,

SEATTLE

On or About

MAY 25

For Further Information apply to

DODWELL & CO., Limited
General Agents
113 James St. SEATTLE. WASH.
Telephone Main 479

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5010 608 SACRAMENTO STREET

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Digby Bell; Mildred Stoller, Rae and Brosche; Mlle Proto; Marzella; Guitares; Falke and Semon; A. O. Duncan; Bellman and Moore.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Beginning Monday, April 23rd.
Fourth big week of the brilliant historical spectacle dilenating the birth of Christianity.

QUO VADIS

8 brilliant animated historical pictures by 60 artists in elegant robes.

Every evening at 8 p. m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

In preparation "SUE."

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, APR. 23rd

The Reliable Comedians

WARD & VOKES

and a company of 40 people in the Musical Farce Comedy

"THE FLOOR WALKERS."

Funnier than a "Run on the Bank."

SPECIAL PRICES—$1.00, 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sunday Night, April 22 rd. Matinees Thursday and Saturday.

Third week and Unparalleled success

MR. JAMES NEILL and Company

[Presenting the best of Daintiest Comedies

"CAPTAIN LETTER-BLAIR."

Written by Miss Marguerite Merrington.

Special performance Thursday Afternoon "CAPTAIN SWIFT."

Get Seats Early. No Advance in Prices.

Western Turf Association.

INCORPORATED
Member American Turf Congress
TANFORAN PARK, South San Francisco

Main Office Parlor "A" Palace Hotel San Francisco

W. J. MARTIN, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Manager.

Sixth Meeting Apr. 9th to Apr. 21st inclusive.

Six high-class running races every week-day rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb Grand Stand, glass enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 4:45 P. M. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking. Valencia street ten minutes later.

San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.

Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, ncluding admission to Grounds, $1.25.

Racing! Racing! Racing!
CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

Winter meeting, 1899-1900, beginning MONDAY Apr. 23 to May 5, 1900.

OAKLAND RACE TRACK.

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.

Five or more races each day.

Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

AT THE THEATERS

With his new extravaganza company, Mr. Morosco goes back in the direction from which he started. The Southwell Company, which changed its name but not its personel, was made up of players who were, in a limited sense, artists. Their best work was done in the classic comic operas—"The Beggar Student," Gilbert and Sullivan, "Der Fliederemaus," and the like. Yet the patronage was not up to their deserts. It was when they cheapened themselves in "Sinbad" and "The Girl from Paris" productions, in which they were not at their best, that the crowd rushed the box-office. The Tivoli, which often presented an inferior grade of comic opera, kept up its houses nevertheless. Then, the old, south-of-Market patronage upon which Morosco has built his fortune did not patronize the performances to any great degree. There was not room for two Tivolis in San Francisco, and, owing to the tendency of theatrical audiences to go where they have always gone, the regular opera audiences remained loyal to the older house. The fields crossed; it was only when the Grand people went clear out of themselves into burlesque and drew audiences from outside the regular patrons that they filled their house.

Morosco, shrewd theatrical man that he is, saw this or something like it. Hence his determination to run an extravaganza season, to lay himself out upon scenery, chorus, costumes, low comedy and—limbs—and to slight voice, acting and temperament. He had two good reasons for doing so. First, he would appeal again, although in a lesser degree, to the population south of the slot; secondly, he was not in opposition to the Tivoli. The production of Ali Baba is splendid from a spectacular view, the chorus is pretty and shapely, but outside of this, there is very little. One feels that he could enjoy it if he lacked an intellect. The classes to which Morosco is catering have responded. The great house was comfortably full for the first performance, and it was an audience somewhat like that of old melodrama days.

Well, everyone to his taste. The Grand has found its place again, and should have a prosperous season. The Tivoli will probably fill the longing for a better class of opera, after it recovers from the "Idol's Eye" spasm, and the fields of the two houses will cross but very little.

* *

As for the Tivoli, it is keeping up to its standards. That house never had a strong chorus; this was the one point where the Grand shone pre-eminent by contrast. Indeed, the small stage of the Eddy street theatre makes the use of a large chorus out of the question. But the Tivoli has an excellent set of principals, from Ferris Hartman and Helen Merrill down the list. And there is a dash and go to its performances which gives them individuality. The size of the house, indeed aids this effect. The Grand was made for grand opera and symphony and all things serious and formal. It is hard for a comedian to get into cosy and confidential touch with his audience in such quarters. The snug little Tivoli, on the contrary, si built for the Ferris Hartman style of fun.

"The Idol's Eye," with its phenomenal run, and "Manila Bound," an unsuccessful experiment, have been succeeded by "The Wizard of the Nile," a better opera than either of its predecessors. Mr. Whelan, who was in Frank Daniels' company when the piece was first produced, has the stage direction, and the improvement is noticeable. Staging has been a woeful defect of the house in time past. Hartman, Wheelan and Schuster are as funny as ever; Helen Merrill's sweet mezzo voice is heard to excellent advantage. Annie Myers as the magician's boy assistant is both pretty and amusing.

* *

At the Orpheum, the headliners of the Hopkins Transatlantic Specialty Company enter upon their final week on Monday, and there will be in addition four new Orpheum stars. At the head comes Digby Bell, of "Hoosier Doctor" fame. His act is classed as one of the cleanest and most artistic in vaudeville. Mildred Stoller is a comedienne who has been making a big hit in New York. Rae and Presche are also from the metropolis. Their sketch, "Too Much Woman" is said to be very amusing. Mlle. Proto was a star of the "Belle of New York" company.

* *

Next Monday, Ward & Vokes bring to the Columbia their musical farce comedy, "The Floor Walkers," an elaboration of a sketch which they used in Chicago last summer with great success. Among the forty people in the company are some good fun-makers and some pretty girls.

* *

For the summer season, the California Theatre is to have a farce-comedy stock company second to none in this country. Matthews and Bulger, Eddie Foy, Walter Jones, Phil H. Ryley, John Dunne, Mary Marble, Norma Whalley, Anna Boyd, Josie De Witt, the Eight Mascots, English dancing girls, and a score of soubrettes make up the aggregation. The repertoire will include all the standard Hoyt farces and a number of new musical comedies.

* *

The second production of the Neill Company, beginning Monday evening next, is "Captain Letterblair," Marguerite Merington's pretty comedy and one of E. H. Sothern's old productions. It is a play admirably suited to the abilities of the Neill Company. On Thursday afternoon, "Captain Swift" will be given. This Thursday matinee of a piece not included in the week's regular repertoire is to be a feature of the engagement.

* *

Miss Bessie Wall, who has been long and favorably known as a pianist, made her first appearance as a vocalist Tuesday evening in the Maple Room of the Palace. Miss Wall has a sweet and sympathetic contralto of good range and control and a sympathetic musical temperament. Among the artists who assisted, Mr. Andrew Bogart shone, by reason of his rich baritone. The audience was the largest and most fashionable one which the Maple Room has seen for some time.

* *

"Quo Vadis" is still running to good houses at the Alcazar. It will be continued another week. Irene Everett, Mary Hampton's understudy, has had one or two chances this week in the role of *Poppæa*, and has quite out-starred the star.

* *

The farewell concert of the Petschnikoff-Hambourg-Lachaume series occurs Friday afternoon next at the California. An entire new program will be presented.

* *

THE Universities are the real homes of burlesque in this country. By burlesque is not meant extravaganza of the Rice order, with a maximum of girls, catchy music and tights, and a minimum of libretto, but the real article, the sort which flourishes in France and Germany, and consists in a satire on some play or form of play already in vogue. There is a light, bantering, extravagant spirit about college joking which adapts itself to this form. So it happens that the college burlesques of Harvard, Columbia and Pennsylvania, many of which have found their way to the professional boards, are the best American examples of the genuine form. Also, while college plays in general are as crude as might be expected, and while college acting runs through all degrees of amateurishness, college burlesques are generally written and acted in a spirit of *raillerie* which makes them well worth the seeing. It is a "josh," and is on the college student's own particular ground.

Shade Won't Work

because it isn't mounted on THE IMPROVED **HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.** A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.

It is rather late to make mention of "All but Two or Seven Dobbers Down," presented three weeks ago by the Junior Class at Stanford University; the space which must be given in this column to professional work has crowded it out. The play was the joint work of Chris M. Bradley and W. M. Erb, and was a new departure, being a burlesqued melodrama. It was a thriller of the old Morosco school, with a climax every three minutes and an inconsequential plot, full of love, persecution and blood. Of the eleven principals, seven were slaughtered in the course of the mixture, one ended up with a broken heart, and one finished in the hands of the police, leaving the hero and heroine to fall unscathed into each other's arms as the curtain fell. All the old favorite Morosco lines were revived—"Curse the puppy, there he is again!" "Are you sure you love me for meself alone and not for me hated gold?" "I remember, as though it were yesterday." "No, the carrion still lives." "I will defend her—with me life." "R-revenge!" "Mur-rder!" The newsboys and servant girls of the old Morosco audiences were represented by the college "rooters" who sat in the gallery, cheered on the hero and hissed the villain, or rather villains, for there were seven of them altogether, although two did not survive the first act.

Three of the situations were especially strained and therefore particularly amusing. In the second act, the heroine has just confessed to the hero that she loves him better than his Spanish rival. He takes the center of the stage and draws an American flag. "At Santiago de Cuba and Manila Bay the American trooper conquered the haughty Hidalgo. Once more the Stars and Stripes wave triumphant!" and the orchestra breaks into "The Star Spangled Banner." A moment more and the villains break in, seize the hero and bind him to an iron bedstead connected with the electric light wires and propose to electrocute him when the dormitory lights are turned out, two minutes later. He has but one quarter of a minute to live when the heroine leaps into the room, slaughters the executioner with a horse-pistol, and effects a rescue as the curtain falls. The third ends with a thrilling duel with bowie-knives between two hired assassins, who perish in a death-embrace as the curtain falls.

Of the actors, Mr. Kenyon as the persecuted hero and Mr. Erb as the innocent Swede, the tool of villainy, deserve mention. Mr. Riley and Mr. De Forest were the head villains, and won all the hisses they received. Messrs. Bradley, Haslacker and Strohn were lurid and awe-inspiring bandits. Misses Sobey and Zucker played the gushing heroine and the inconsequential soubrette with the true Morosco spirit.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it; 25 cents.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

—FOR—

Nome, St. Michael, Dawson

AND ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.

CARRYING U. S. MAILS.

FOR NOME DISTRICT.

From San Francisco, S. S. "Portland," April 30th, 1900
From Seattle, S. S. "Dora," April 30th, 1900
From San Francisco, S. S. "Ranier," May 10th, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS,

From San Francisco, S. S. "St, Paul," May 26th, 1900

A Steamer Will be Dispatched Every Fortnight Thereafter

For Juneau, Sitka, Prince Williams Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak, and all Intermediate Points:

From Seattle, S. S. "Bertha," Commencing April 8th, 1900, and monthly thereafter.

For new folders, maps and further particulars, as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle Sailings apply to CAPT. J. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash

Kitro Tonic.

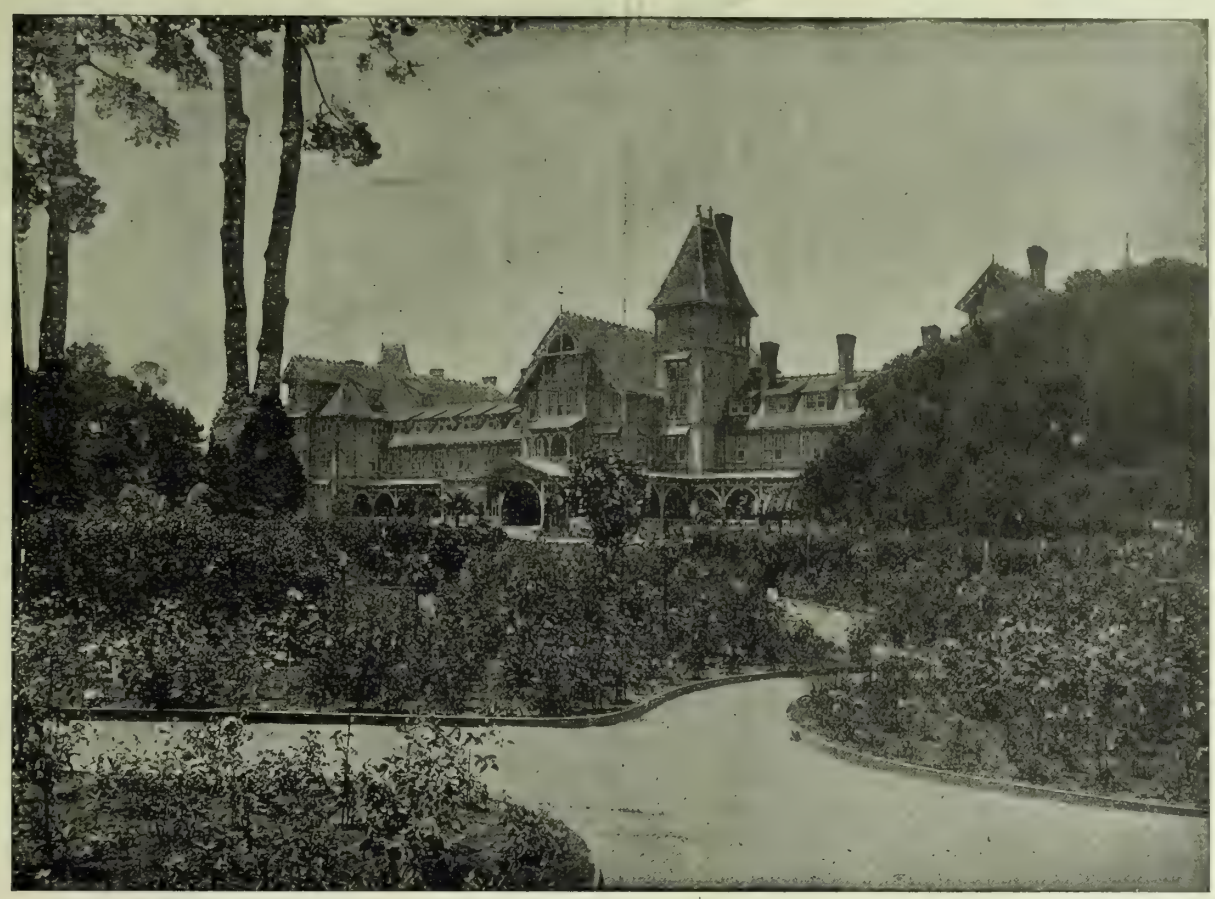
King of all. For men and women. A fine Grape Fruit Tonic. Recommended by all Physicians. Sold by al Druggists, Grocers and Dealers.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO

DEL MONTE

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✻ THIS SEASON'S ✻



HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. April 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1. change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. April 6, 11, 16, 21, 26 M ry 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Apr. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29. May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Apr. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 2 , 29. May 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Apr. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, May 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, May 2 at 2 p.m.

S. S. Alameda, **for Australia**, Wednesday, May 16 at 8 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class — Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb, 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7. 17. 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

Through Trains and Cars

BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE — via OGDEN ROUTE Daily

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
IN CONNECTION WITH

Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Line

OVERLAND LIMITED—Solid Vestibuled Train of Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and Composite Car

Leave San Francisco	8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento	11:25 A.M.
Arrive Chicago	9:30 A.M.

Westbound train leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P.M.

Rock Island Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car and Dining Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco	8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento	11:25 A.M.
Arrive Salt Lake City	2:10 P.M.
Leave Salt Lake City	8:05 P.M.
Arrive Denver	9:15 P.M.
Arrive Chicago	7:59 A.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 10:00 P. M.

Burlington Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco	6:30 P.M.
Leave Sacramento	10:30 P.M.
Arrive Denver	9:00 A.M.
Arrive Chicago	2:15 P.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 11:00 P. M.

Connections are made at Sacramento from and to both Southern and Northern California for all three trains.

The Rock Island and Burlington Route cars pass between Ogden and Denver over the Rio Grande Western and Denver & Rio Grande railroads.

For folders and more complete information, go and see

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

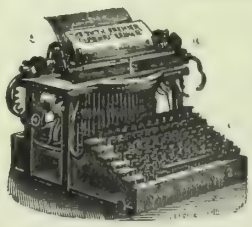
Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS COPIES



Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the *SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.*

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.
110 Montgomery St, S. F.
Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

Telephone Main 199.

Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER

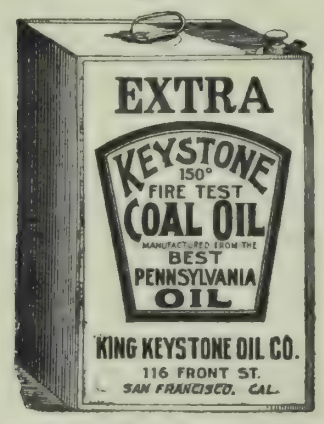
83, 87, 89, 61, First St., San Francisco.

Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. — Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

Stuyvesant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, Prop.
American and European Plan.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters
"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.
NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

ELECTRIC
SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS
California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY


COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY
Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

A QUESTION OF ASPIRATES.—A maritime case was being tried before Justice Creswell of the Liverpool circuit. On one side was a lawyer named Sergeant Channel, who had a habit of dropping his h's; on the other a sarcastically polite barrister named Frederic Thesiger. Whenever Channel mentioned the vessel he called it the *Ellen;* every time Thesiger mentioned her he called her the *Helen.* At last the judge said, "Stop! What is the name of the ship? I have it on my notes the *Ellen* and the *Helen;* which is it?" "Oh, my lud," said Thesiger, blandly, "the ship was christened the *Helen,* but she lost her 'h' in the chops of the Channel."

x

A VALUABLE DISTINCTION.—An old Ulster woman, who had made money by selling whisky in a village on fair and market-days, was visited when she lay dying by a minister, to whom she spoke about her temporal as well as her spiritual affairs. "And so, Molly," said the minister, "you tell me you are worth all that money?" "Indeed, minister, I am," replied Molly. "And you tell me," continued the minister seriously, "that you made it by filling the noggin?" "Na, na, minister," cried the dying woman; "I didna tell you that! I made maist of it by not fillin' the noggin!"

x

THEY REACHED WATER.—Three Irishmen were crossing the Bridge of Cork, and one of them, happening to look over the parapet, felt a strong desire to touch the water. But they could not see how it was to be done. At last it was suggested that, by hanging on to the feet of each other, they might accomplish what they desired. They made the attempt, but found that their combined length was not sufficient to reach the water. Then the one at the top cried to the undermost, "Arrah now, Paddy, hould on till I come down to you, and then, my honey, we shall reach it!" And they did.

x

WHO MADE ROOSEVELT.—Governor Roosevelt, at the Lotus Club's reception to the Gridiron Club, which is composed of Washington newspaper men, proceeded to "jolly" the visitors without stint, declaring he knew them all of old. "Of course you do," remarked one of the visitors, calmly. "We made you." "I'm glad to know that," replied the Govenor. "About eighteen hundred people have communicated to me privately that they made me, but it's good to have a statement from those who, I know, always tell the truth."

x

AN IRONIC CONDOLENCE.—When a man becomes suddenly rich it not unfrequently follows that he becomes as suddenly oblivious to his old friends. Thus a Persian, having obtained a lucrative position at court, a friend of his came shortly afterward to congratulate him thereon. The new courtier asked him: "Who are you, and why do you come here?" The other coolly replied: "Do you not know me, then? I am your old friend, and am come to condole with you, having heard that you had lately lost your sight."

x

THE WAY OUT.—A sanctimonious young clergyman, who was much given to enforcing the letter of the church law, was marrying a couple. He insisted that the ring should be put on the "fourth finger." The bride resisted and said: "I would rather die than be married on my little finger." The clergyman insisted, "but the rubric says so"; whereupon the parish clerk, stepped forward and said: "In these cases, sir, the thoomb counts as a digit."

x

WILFUL WASTE, WOEFUL WANT.—At an Irish police-court a man who was known to the police as an habitual drunkard was brought up on the old charge. "Ten shillings or a fortnight," said the magistrate. "Shure, yer honner, I've only two shillings in the world!" pleaded the man in the dock. "Well, sir," said the magistrate, "if you can't pay, you must go to gaol. If you hadn't got drunk with your money you'd be able to pay the fine."

x

FRIENDLY INTEREST.—A Hebrew with sporting proclivities possessed a small sailing boat and invited a boon companion to go with him for a sail. A squall came on suddenly, and the owner of the yacht was pitched overboard. While he was struggling with the waves, his friend peered anxiously over the side, and exclaimed, "I thay, Ikey, old man, if you don't come up for the third time can I have the boat?"

x

WORK FOR TWO OF THEM.—A verger showing a large church to a stranger pointed to another man within the edifice and said: "That is the other verger." The stranger remarked: "I did not know there were two of you." The verger replied: "Oh, yes, sir, he werges up one side of the church and I werges up the other."

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

For nearly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate charges.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

REPSOLD
REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE
Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner
This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

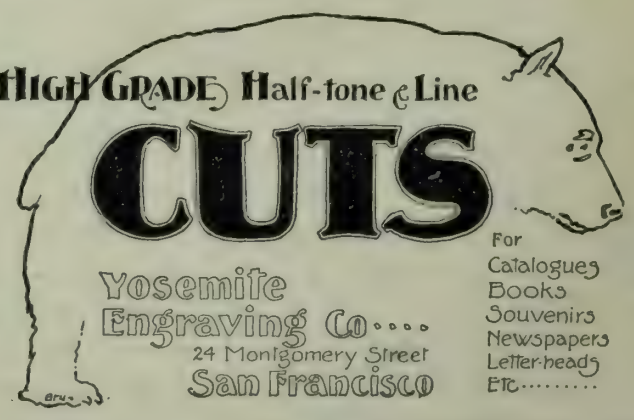
THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M. T. & T. Co.
Two first class trains daily between
Skaguay and Lake Bennett.
Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.
SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
ATLIN, DAWSON AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.
FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN General Agent 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

r a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Made from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents.

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.


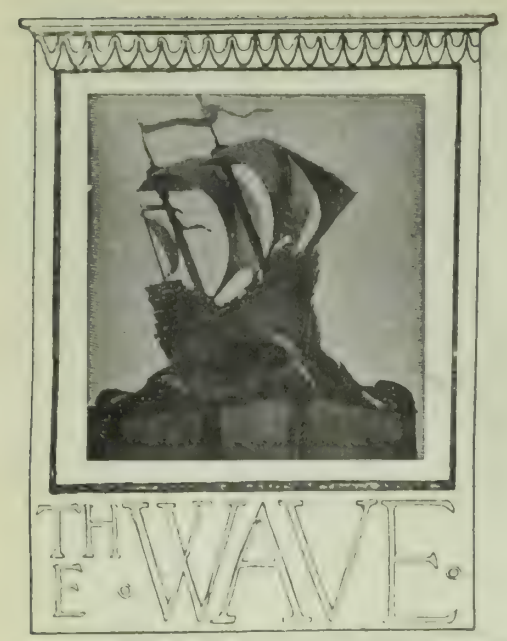
BYRON MAUZY PIANOS.
308 - 314 Post St.
Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. All the Latest Books in our Sheet Music Department.

The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI. No. 15 SAN FRANCISCO — APRIL 28 1900 SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

Sailors on the French Cruiser "Protet" now in San Francisco Harbor.



Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—April 28, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Views of the Intercollegiate Field-Day 4
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 5
Views of the French Cruiser *Protet* 6-7
"The Wizard of the Nile" Photos 8
A Visitor from France 9
Babblings of a Belle 10
The Intercollegiate Field-Day 11
The Eternal Feminine 11
In Bookdom, by W. J. Neidig 12
Correspondence—Washington, New York 13
At the Theatres 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

A Diplomatic Tilt With Turkey.

Turkey and the United States are having a diplomatic spat of some importance, and the relations between the two nations have become more than a little strained. There has been talk of an ultimatum on our part and even of a resort to arms; the American Minister to Constantinople has resigned, and the question of breaking off diplomatic relations has been seriously discussed. The trouble dates back to the Armenian riots of 1895. At that time, the Euphrates College at Harput, owned and conducted by American missionaries, was destroyed by the Turkish mob, the loss amounting to $88,000. In common with the other Powers, the United States pressed its claims, but our demands were rather more forcible than those of the others. Twice during the negotiations, so our state Department asserts, the Sultan acknowledged that his government was respousible and promised to make good the claim. He failed to do so, and when Minister Strauss went to Turkey in 1898 he carried instructions to rush the negotiations. He was victorious in some minor points, and finally secured the same promise as the one given to his predecessors. After waiting sixteen months, during which time no move toward payment was made, he reasserted the claim and was met by a calm denial of all the Sultan's promises. This led to an exchange of notes and to the resignation of Mr. Strauss,and a small war-cloud gathered. Just as the State Department was debating over the question of an ultimatum, the Sultan hedged a little, claiming that he allowed the American demands, but promised to pay them only when he stood ready to pay all the European claims in the case. This was a clever diplomatic move; it placed the Americans in the position of asking for special favors as compared with the other Powers. The only weak point in the contention was that Abdul Hamid could not prove this, while the United States had the word of three ex-ministers to the specific promise. This was followed by an official declaration from the sultan to the effect that the matter would be adjusted by the Turkish courts. As Ottoman justice is corrupt and place-serving, this amounted to a diplomatic refusal. There the matter rests. It is not probable that the Sultan will hold his position to the point of a war, especially in view of our superior navy; it is more probable that he believes us to be "bluffing" and is adopting the same tactics himself.

The War in the Transvaal.

One who would keep a weekly summary of the progress of the war in Transvaal must use up much of his space in affirming rumors and then denying them. At the time when this record closed last week, the reports had Wepener relieved and the Boers fleeing along the Basutoland borders with the natives following to attack them should they cross. This was only a rumor,in reality, the town is invested as closely as ever, and General Brabant is fighting his way to its relief. There is little doubt of his ultimate success, but the Boers will gain precious time for the Transvaal's defences. At the front, the situation is a confused one. Roberts' long-expected advance is probably yet to begin. More than likely, the Wepener affair and his natural aversion toward leaving a part of his force besieged at his own rear is the cause of his delay. The latest dispatches have it that the advance has begun, but as this has been reported and denied three times in the last fortnight, the statement must be received with suspicion. Brabant and his Colonial troops are fighting vigorously toward beseiged Wepener; if Roberts has really advanced, he must have done so in the belief that this move would be a success. Winston Churchill, the sensationalist among the correspondents of this war, reports that Roberts is spreading a net to cover the whole region around Wepener, expecting to trap the besiegers as he trapped Cronje. On the other border, where lies Ladysmith and the bloody pass of Laing's Nek, there is no movement; interest in that direction centers in the probable removal of Generals Buller and Warren, in command there. They have been severely censured in Lord Roberts' dispatches for their conduct of the Ladysmith campaign, the Spion Kop episode in particular, and their removal is almost sure to follow. In that event, Kitchener will be likely to command the Ladysmith division.

Germany and the Vatican.

A straw which indicates how the wind blows in Europe is the publication in Germany of the telegrams of congratulation which passed between the Kaiser and the Pope on the anniversary of the Pontiff's Coronation. Usually, such messages are not published; when they are, there is always some good diplomatic reason. It is not far to seek in this case. Emperor William is looking for the support of the German Catholics in the new and far-reaching measures which he is trying to foist upon the Empire. In the Reichstag, the Center has a strong Catholic tinge, and it is this very element which holds the balance of power for and against the Kaiser's pet bill—that providing for the increase of the German fleet. Moreover, Germany is seeking to make a diplomatic point against France. Recent incidents at Paris have tended to estrange the Vatican, and the German diplomatic corps at Rome has made the most of this state of affairs; skillful intrigues have succeeded in prejudicing many cardinals and prelates against France, with a view to a change in the Vatican's policy. The Pope, cool and skillful diplomat that he is, has by no means taken the attitude of his prelates. He is said to be striving, by all the quiet means in his power, to reassure the French. He has not forgotten that it was the influence of London and Berlin which excluded him, the logical peace-maker of Latin Europe, from the Hague Conference, and he knows that, should the question of the division of Austria arise, he will be on the opposite side from Great Britain and Germany, since the Vatican stands for a *status quo* in the Dual Kingdom.

Slow Work in Congress.

Attention has already been called in this column to the slow progress made by the present Congress in disposing of the great mass of legislation made necessary by the Spanish war. The Porto Rico Tariff and other questions which are insignificant compared with the greater problems of government of the Philippines, construction of the trans-Isthmian Canal and our future attitude toward Cuba and the contested seats of three members—Representative Roberts, Senators Quay and Clark—have taken up a uselessly large amount of time and attention. Moreover, the lists of appropriations, regular routine work which must be disposed of although other measures of larger importance have to wait, are larger and longer than ever before. The first week in June has been set by the Republican caucus as the time for adjournment, and the work for the rest of the session is pretty well mapped out. Four measures of importance now before Congress cannot possibly get past the committee stage. These are the Army Reorganization Bill, the shipping Subsidy Act, the Pacific Cable Bill and the Interoceanic Canal Bill. The Pacific Cable measure has been shelved on account of the Hawaiian compromise. The Subsidy Act has been rushed a bit lately and may possibly come up for final action, although the chances are against it. So, also, final action on the Hay–Pauncefote treaty may be taken by the Senate, but the larger Nicaragua Canal Bill must wait. The advocates of the Hawaiian Bill have some hopes of action this session. As for Cuba and the Philippines, they will be completely passed over. A strong fight will be made for the ratification of the French reciprocity treaty, but there is bitter opposition. All the appropriation bills are behind the calendar, and, as they must of necessity be hurried through, they will consume most of the remaining six weeks. All this means that the next Congress will be the most important session since the Civil War, perhaps the most important in the history of the United States.

A Bloody Period in Luzon.

There is bloody work going on in the Philippines. The Associated Press accounts are meager and give few details, but it appears that,during the past week, our army has killed and wounded more insurgents than in any corresponding period since the first few weeks of the revolt. Authentic reports, mostly official, give 378 Filipinos killed, 12 officers and 244 privates captured, and a proportionate number wounded. On the basis of the common ratio between killed and wounded in action, it is not too much to say that the total native loss exceeded 1000. The Americans lost nine killed and sixteen wounded. This slaughter was caused by aggressive insurgent movements in all the provinces of Luzon. General Prodel Pilar, reported killed, has reappeared in command of a guerilla force in San Miguel. After harassing the Thirty-Fifth Infantry for some time, they hazarded a night attack and were repulsed. The natives killed and wounded in this attack are not included in the totals given above, but the loss must have been considerable, as the Americans made effective use of a machine gun. The Thirty-Seventh bore the brunt of another bloody fight in the Nueva Caceras district. The Seventeenth Infantry added to the week's totals by rounding up 180 insurgents in South Luzon, including General Montenegro. The rest of the fighting consisted of small skirmishes, unimportant taken alone, but each adding its mite to the totals. All hope of a speedy ending to the revolt might as well be abandoned. The coming election alone should be enough to keep the natives active through the rainy season, as the hope of Democratic success and corresponding intervention is now Aguinaldo's trump card. Yet, in spite of this, the official reports stick to the old "well-in-hand-and-rebellion-practically-over" fiction. A bulletin issued by the War Department on April 24 states that organized resistance is over, the only natives now in resistance being robber bands, with whom our troops have little trouble. Resistance will die out gradually as these forces are caught and broken up. The very day before the issuance of this bulletin the telegraph brought the news of the bloody week as an unintentional commentary on its untruth.

Chinese Opposition to the Conservative Reaction.

The internal administration of China in in a very bad way, if we are to believes the telegraphed reports from the European consulates of the kingdom. It is generally believed that the Empress Dowager is preparing to get rid of the deposed Kwang Hsu, whose life is a thorn in the side of her regime. All such reports should be doubted; the doings of the Imperial Circle at Peking are veiled from the outside world by a rigid censorship. The rule of the Empress and her puppet appears to be hateful to the Chinese people, and the invention of such stories is only natural under the circumstances. But this chafing under the new reactionary government is one of the most surprising thing in the whole situation. It was thought that China as a whole was against the former Emperor's European notions and that the return to conservatism would be popular. The reverse is true; China has apparently acquired a taste for Europeanism. There has been rioting, sedition and bloodshed in every part of the Empire. Part of this is doubtless due to the rise of the "Boxers," that powerful secret society which the Empress favors and which does its work by violence, but the main cause is a widespread popular opposition to the return to darkness. It is a hopeful sign for China and the Chinese.

The New Armored Cruisers.

The naval construction board has just completed details for three new cruisers authorized by Congress last year, viz.: the *California*, the *Nebraska* and the *West Virginia*. Although called cruisers by courtesy, they are in reality formidable battle-ships, with the speed of an ocean liner. Never has such a powerful battery been mounted afloat as the ones they will carry. Each will have sixty-six guns, divided as follows: main battery, four eight-inch rifles, fourteen six-inch rapid-fire rifles; secondary battery, all rapid-fire, eight fourteen-pounders, twelve three-pounders, four one-pounder automatic, four one-pounder single-shot, two three-inch field guns and two automatics. The influence of the Spanish war is shown in this heavy armament, since it was proven at Santiago that "weight of broadside" is a very important consideration. The influence of our late conflict is also shown in the increased space given to magazines. The new cruisers will carry 400 tons of ammunition each. The naval constructors have not forgotten how Dewey drew off at Manila Bay, ostensibly for breakfast but really to renew his ammunition from the supply ship. Again, the rapid combustion of the Spanish ships under our withering fire has not been forgotten. The lower decks are to be covered with linoleum, all wood-work will be reduced to a minimum and fire-proofed, the magazines covered with non-conductors of heat and cooled by refrigerating apparatus, and a fire main laid below the protected deck. These will be the most heavily armored cruisers afloat. Every square inch above the water-line is to be protected. The belt will be six inches thick over the boilers, tapering to three and one-half inches at either end. Above this belt will be a five-inch casement running the ship's length and protecting ten of the six-inch guns. The turrets of the eight-inch guns will be six inches thick, the conning tower nine inches, the deck protection four inches. The speed is to be unprecedented in vessels of this power. They are to travel twenty-three knots an hour on triple screws, and will have a steaming radius of 7,000 miles. The only point in which a vessel of this sort is inferior in fighting-power to a first-class battleship of the *Iowa* or *Oregon* type is in defensive protection. The bull-dogs of the navy are more heavily armored, although their superiority in this respect is not very great, and they sit low in the water, making poor targets. But in weight of metal thrown, in mobility and in immunity from fires, the cruisers of the *California* type are far superior to the best battleships of our Spanish war. Their weak point as pure fighting-machines is to be their height above water, a fault made necessary by the speed requirements. The exact specific tions have not yet been given out by the naval board, so that constructors are not able to draw up estimates and bids. Plans for the battleships *Pennsylvania*, *Georgia* and *New Jersey* are also in course of preparation. These will be as greatly in advance of their predecessors of '98 as the *California* will be in advance of the *Brooklyn* or the *New York*.

British Industrial Supremacy Menaced by America.

The London *Times* has just finished an investigation which is a matter of the greatest importance both to Englishmen and Americans. Realizing the growing competition of American manufacturers, and the importance of this rivalry to England, where manufacturing is the supreme industry, the "Thunderer" dispatched a commissioner to this country to make an investigation. The results are summed up in a forcible leader which takes an extremely pessimistic point of view as regards the future chances of English manufacturers. Briefly, it holds that the same factors which have contributed to the inefficiency of the British army in South Africa are hampering the work of the industrial army. The British let their army system deteriorate because of the firmly rooted English idea—"We will muddle through somehow." Secure in this belief, the British are permitting the active and "hustling" Americans to crowd them out of some of their industrial strongholds. There is a firm rooted idea in the British mind that it is undignified to hurry or to make extreme efforts in any direction. The reverse is true of America, where he who does not strain every nerve is looked upon with contempt. Besides this, America possesses natural advantages not to be overlooked. The proximity to waterways and easy and handy coal supplies constitutes the most important of these. Still another factor is the American genius for invention. No Yankee lets human hands do work which can be done by a perfected machine. Again, the trades union system prevalent in the United

Kingdom is calculated to ruin individual initiative in the workman, making him only a driven member of a herd. In America, on the contrary, every laborer puts all his individuality and brains into his work. Englishmen who go to America find themselves very seriously handicapped by this difference. It is the very distinction between the Boer private, who is not only part of an army but is a general on his own account, and the British soldier who, although just as brave as his opponent, is yet inferior because he has no initiative.

Rise of the China Trade. It has been expected, all along, that 1899 would be the banner year for American trade with the Orient, but the statistics just compiled and issued by the Treasury Department show an advance even more gratifying than was hoped by the most sanguine. In the period from June, 1898, to June, 1899, the increase in our general trade over the former fiscal year was about nine per cent; the increase in trade with China and Japan was thirty-eight per cent, and to the whole Orient, forty-four per cent. Never in the history of our commerce has exportation in any one direction gone up so fast. Besides that, the conditions have been rather unfavorable. Japan's imports from the Occidental nations were seriously affected by a new protective tariff, so that her trade with all the European nations fell off during the period. The United States alone had an increase in that direction. The most gratifying feature of all to residents of the Pacific Coast was the fact that flour, shipped exclusively from Pacific ports, sold better than any other single commodity. Nearly six million dollars' worth of flour went to the Orient last year, as against four million dollars in the previous year. The growth since 1893 has been phenomenal. At that time, our annual export trade with Asia and Oceania averaged about twenty-seven million dollars. In 1899, it rose to seventy-eight million dollars, and the Treasury experts prophesy that by the end of the fiscal year 1900–01, it will come close to one hundred million dollars.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Popular Election of Senators.

SHALL the federal constitution be amended so as to vest in the "people" the power of electing United States Senators? The House of Representatives has declared affimatively upon the question, and now in the language of the street, "it is up to the Senate." From journals of the *Examiner* type we may expect from this time on a deal of clotted nonsense, and, doubtless, in the end the amendment will carry and be grafted on the Constitution. The movement holds many of the elements of clap-trap that make for popular approval, but its success will add nothing to the dignity, nothing to the wisdom, and nothing to the respectability of this august body.

"Election by the people." What does the phrase mean, and wherein does it better present conditions? Compare the list of Senators California has sent to Washington, through its legislators, with the list of Governors that have been "elected by the people." Surely the choice of the legislature is infinitely more creditable than that of "the people." There is no comparison, and why? Because in the matter of Governors "the people" have no part in nominating party candidates, because no one is responsible. The boss controls the nominating convention; the voter enters a booth and secretly casts his ballot; Who is there for the people to hold responsible for wrong? That indefinite thing "the party," and that is all. Strangely enough, reformers who agitate in favor of good government in municipalities favor the taking away from the people of the power to elect many officers heretofore chosen by "the people." Why? Because it makes for better government, because it fixes responsibility, because it takes the selection away from political bosses who behind closed doors in the rear of ill-smelling groggeries make up a "slate" for the dear people to elect; because it places the responsibility in the hands of one man who must act openly, in the broad day-light, and who cannot dodge or evade the punishment that goes with a discreditable selection.

"Let the people elect the Senators?" And how, pray? The municipal political bosses of both parties will go to state conventions with their mob of followers just as they do today, and will control senatorial nominations just as they now control gubernational nominations. They will give the people two candidates,one from each party and you may vote for either one of them or leave both alone, just as you choose. If bad men are choosen, who will visit the punishment, and upon whom will they visit it? If a member of the legislature votes wrong, if he misrepresents his constituents by supporting a dishonest or a bad man, he signs his political death warrant. There are plenty of cases in this state where members of the legislature, who have been recalcitrant in this respect, have been ostracized socially and politically. The present system may not work to prefection, but it is immeasurably superior to the proposed innovation. "Dead-locks"are cited as offering a reason for making the change. "Dead-locks" are nearly always evidence of an honest struggle by honest legislators against some threatened wrong. The man is new to politics who declares that "election by the people" will be an end to the use of money. It will do no such thing. *It will put large sums of money in the hands of political bosses to control nominating conventions.* That is what it will do. It will have a strong tendency to add a new character of corruption. It will strengthen that enemy of the republic, the boss, the practical political, the fellow who makes a business of the game.

It is no crime against the law to bribe a delegate to a nominating convention; it is a felony to bribe a member of the legislature. If bribery is practiced where the act is felonious, think of the condition that will exist where there is no penalty attached.

A Vice-Presidential Possibility.

THERE are many indications that the Vice-Presidential nomination on the Republican ticket may come West. Men wise in such matters say the Vice-President will be selected from the "far West." News from Washington indicates that the Western man whose name meets with the most favor among party managers in the East is Irving M. Scott, builder of the "peerless *Oregon*" and Dewey's flagship the *Olympia*. The strong points in favor of Mr. Scott are an intimate acquaintance with President McKinley and most of the great party leaders, who not only know him but respect him for his ability and worth.

He is known the length and breadth of the land as the man upon the integrity of whose work this nation looked with anxious eyes when the *Oregon* was steaming from San Francisco to Santiago. He is the man who, by the marvelous performance of that vessel, proved to the American people that every bolt, and plate, every piece of mechanism in her noble hull was put there in honor, and who, if elevated to high place will carry with him the same honorable purpose that has guided the huge undertakings of his private life.

Mr. Scott holds intelligent and decided views on the question of expansion, and, what is more, he has the ability to give public expression to them.

He is essentially a man of the people. He rose from the ranks. Was a poor boy, born in Maryland. Served his time in the machine shops of Baltimore and rose inch by inch, step by step, until he has become one of the largest employers of men in America.

He will represent all that is good on the Pacific Coast, all that makes for progress, all that makes for broadening and enlarging the commerce of the Pacific. He holds to no narrow and restricted views, the entire Coast is his field, and the handiwork of his shopmen sail in every sea and every clime. With Mr. Scott in the Vice-Presidential chair, the Pacific Coast would have in high place an honorable, representative man willing and anxious to serve its every interest.

If the Pacific Coast will show some unity of purpose in this matter, it may secure the prize, or it may fritter away the opportunity working at cross purposes, and as usual securing nothing. An admirer of Senator Perkins recently urged that gentleman to allow his name to be used for this nomination. Senator Perkins, after looking over the field of possibilities, answered as follows: "I beg to say that under no circumstances am I candidate for the position o Vice-President, nor would I accept it if tendered to me which, of course, there is not the least probability of. I should, however, like very much to see some Pacific Coast man upon the ticket, and among the many names that have been mentioned I know of none that would bring more strength to the ticket than Irving M. Scott. He has a national reputation as the builder of the battleships *Oregon* and *Olympia*. He is a mechanic, identified with the interests of the Pacific Coast States, is a gentleman of education, character, wealth and influence."

One Dead Man—and his Estate.

IF a man skilled in figures should set down with reasonable accuracy the amount of money James G. Fair, has cost the state through litigation—the tax payers would be astonished, while the beneficial results would, fairly estimated, amount to nothing.

In his lifetime, Fair was a suspicious, crafty, and not altogether lovable man. He hated in a compact, quiet, insistent, unforgiving way. To stealthily punish another, to secretly wound an enemy, to mercilessly squeeze a rival in some financial deal, brought to him that species of internal pleasure which other men experience in doing good. He was essentially a man who accomplished results by indirection.

If under compulsion he was bound to perform a given thing that was distasteful to him, you could reckon that he would throw every imaginable obstacle in the way, that legal ingenuity could devise to defeat performance. He was a man who refused to be driven. His deal with the officials of the Southern Pacific Company developed the fact that he was a tireless "waiter." He constructed the narrow guage road to Alameda and Oakland and Santa Cruz, and though the venture did not pay he waited and waited until approaches were made to him to sell, whereupon he exacted a contract from the corporation that stands as a model of shrewdness and determination. He was anxious to dispose of the property, but he never permitted that anxiety to get beyond his own keeping.

He was tireless once embarked in an undertaking. With him the end justified the means to a great extent, and the obstruction offered by a mere legal inhibition would not deter him from a colorable right, upon which he would put up as pretty a fight as one would want to see. Constant familiarity with the contentions over mining locations, had cultivated in him a litigous streak, and one which no doubt served him well on some occasions.

During his lifetime troubles arose; separation, divorce and a breaking up of family rapidly followed each other. Disagreements sprung up between himself and his children which were never fully mended, and which he imported bodily into his last will. Apparently it was his determination not to permit his offspring to divide or come into the enjoyment of his property. To accomplish this he "gave, devised and bequeathed" the bulk of his property to three trustees. "To have and to hold" the same in trust with full power to sell any part thereof, to invest and re-invest money, to erect improvements, to lease, to borrow and loan money, and in fact to exercise all of the powers of absolute ownership so long as any of his own children survived. Upon the death of the last of his own children, the trustees, under the will, were to convey one-quarter of the remaining property to the children of one daughter, another quarter to the children of the other daughter, etc.

Heavy penalties were attached to any attempt to break the provisions of this will. There were ample legal grounds upon which to base an action looking to the defeat of such a trust as that sought to be created. The law expressly prohibits their creation. They are against public policy; and, in this case, will operate to tie up an immense estate for the lifetime of people yet in early womanhood. However, this matter is still before the courts, and is scarcely a proper subject for public comment, notwithstanding its great public importance.

The contestant in the case at bar is a son of Fair. He is struggling for a right. Principles of private law would find no application if no one were brave enough to defend them or demand their enforcement. The concrete legal right that belongs to him, and is now threatened, belongs to all society, and in defending it he defends society and demands the enunciation of the principle. Every man, in his place, is called upon to defend the law, and he is a coward who lies down while his rights are threatened with invasion.

It is easy to imagine a man of Mr. Fair's temperament consulting his lawyer as to the disposition of his property in just such a manner. Even though such an attorney skilled in the law should declare it to be illegal, he might well take the stand: "It will keep them out of the money for a good many years, even though they defeat the will in the end." Such a sentiment would fit well into his character. Meanwhile the penalty falls on the courts and the State as well.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Constiution and the Flag.

THE United States flag flies in Porto Rico as the emblem of sole authority. What constitutes the only basis of United States authority, jurisdiction and control? The Constitution. Why? Because it is the Constitution which creates the machinery of our government, viz.: the Executive, Legislative and Judiciary. Outside of the prescribed prerogatives of this instrument, the organic law, none of the said branches of our government can exercise rightfully, i. e., constitutionally,one whit of authority. There is no warrant by the Constitution for appointment by the Chief Executive of the United States of a provincial governor as the ruler of any part of the United States. Governors of states or territories are chosen by the people who are to be governed.

President McKinley, and sundry members of his cabinet as well as various Republican Senators and members of the Lower House of Congress, have declared that Porto Rico is as much a part of the United States as any state or territory of the Union. Said President McKinley, speaking to a vast assemblage of Methodists at Chatauqua a few months ago, "Our flag does not mean one thing in the United States and another thing in Porto Rico."

Does the flag in the United States symbolize anything else than is made governmentally operative by the Constitution? No. Is this true as to Porto Rico? No. Why? Because it has been declared by President McKinley and a majority of Congress that the Constitution is not extended to Porto Rico. This is tantamount to the creatures saying to their creator, "Stand aside, we are greater than thou; we can go by our own dictum where thou canst not go, and we can exercise authority beyond that which thou hast given to us."

Talk about the Constitution not following the flag! The truth is, the flag may not go unless sent by the Constitution, because the flag represents the Constitution.

JOHN AUBREY JONES.

The American Chamber of Commerce at Manila has petitioned President McKinley, asking a substitution of American for Spanish laws regarding taxation in the Philippines. They claim that the tariff duties imposed under our rule is especially irksome.

In spite of the work now being hurried forward on the new underground street railways in New York, the existing companies propose to spend about $10,000,000 in improvements this year. The change from cable to electric motors will consume most of this sum.

1. Finish, Half-Mile Run. 2. Last Flight in the High Hurdles. Hamlin (C) Wins. 3. Boyd (S) Vaulting at 10 Feet. 4. First Heat of the High Hurdles. 5. Around the Turn in the Low Hurdles. 6. Start, First Heat, 100-yard Dash. 7. McCaughern (S) Winning the Finals, 100-yard Dash. 8. Drum (C) Leads in the 220-yard Dash. 9. Woolsey (C) in the High Jump.

The Intercollegiate Field-Day at Palo Alto.

THINGS & PEOPLE

By BOSWELL Jr.

Reforming San Francisco.

THE impression prevails among intelligent citizens that the opportunity of reforming which the municipal administration possesses under the new charter is being frittered away in the enforcement of blue laws. While I have always striven against the diverting theory that San Francisco is the wickedest city in the world, still I must admit that it is no Sunday school. Located on the jumping off place of America, its original population composed of adventurers from all over the world, it ranks today as the pleasure city of the Coast. For the prospector, the mining superintendent, the prosperous rancher, the oil man who has made a strike, it is the place to go for recreation. He is too far from New York, and the climate of Chicago he does not care for. In San Francisco are the opportunities and facilities for enjoyment lawless or lawful. This has been so for half a century and it is ridiculous to commence restricting it at this time of day. Shearing down partitions in high-class saloons will not abate vice but merely change its abiding place. No one imagines that the morals of San Francisco are purer because the dens of Dupont street have been closed. By all means shut up the dives where men are robbed and drugged, the waterfront pitfalls where maudlin seman are maimed and plundered. Intelligent reform makes haste slowly and moves by degrees. I have been told that the Police Commission proposes to stop smoking at the Orpheum, at the Olympia and at Fischers, and that drinks shall not be served at places of amusement. A set of Sunday laws are next in order, I presume. But one end may be anticipated to all this, an absolute sweeping from power of the Democratic party and a Republican victory at the next election. It is a sporting and pleasure loving populance here. Ten years hence it may take itself and its joys more grievously; but reforming police commissioners will be content, if they know humanity and their constituents, to do one thing at a time.

***

Major Runcie's Dilemma.

MUCH curiosity is expressed by the many friends in San Francisco of Major J. E. Runcie, in regard to his alleged difficulty with the administration anent strictures in the *North American Review* on the system of government in Cuba. On leaving San Francisco in 1898, Mr. Runcie went on to Washington and there caught the war fever in its severest form. He joined an Ohio regiment and though he did not see any fighting, he was soon sent for by his friend, General Wood, to assist in the direction of affairs in Santiago. Though but little was heard of Runcie during this period, no one who knows him will doubt he did yeoman's service and that at least half the kudos and credit lavished on his superior for the able and intelligent administration of the province were due him. I imagine no one would be quicker to admit as much as General Leonard Wood. Major Runcie is an extraordinarily accomplished man. He is a first-rate lawyer, an artillery officer, a teacher of mathematics, a strong and vigorous writer. He is deeply versed in the Spanish language and laws and withal is one of the truest and most loyal men alive. In character aggressively independent, he does not mince words in his expressions. Curious how fate plays tricks with men. There are few abler, more earnest or more honest men in America than Runcie, and, given the opportunity, he must have won the highest individual distinction. Yet his brain and grit have gone to the making of another's reputation. Not that he would grudge anything he might do for one who had been his friend, comrade and physician, but such is life. When the history of the American occupation of Cuba comes to be written, due credit will have to be given this modest major of Ohio volunteers.

* * *

While in Cuba, Major Runcie has borne the title of Counsel to Governor Wood. On the various reform committees created he was the only American, and it is said that the reports of these committees have been shaped according to his ideas. From his conception of the needs of Cuba will spring the new scheme of laws and taxation in the island. The article in the *Review* expressed his opinions, but was not intended, I am told, to appear over his signature. A man of strong views may wish to set current a line of thought with which it would be premature or indecorous to identify himself. He may write thereon with the understanding that the publication shall further the contribution. The articles one finds in certain of the English magazines signed with a nom de plume are often sent in by men of high official position whose career would be ruined if the views expressed were formally set over their names. The episode may be a temporary interruption to Major Runcie's career, but his many friends will not permit that it seriously retard it.

***

Some Shafter Tactics.

THE subject of Major Runcie reminds me of his indignation at the removal of the headquarters of the Third Artillery from the Presidio to Angel Island. Of course, the station on the reservation is essentially an artillery post. There are the big guns, and, according to the laws of the game, there should the men be who have the handling of them. Prior to the retirement of General Graham and his Fifth Artillery from the Presidio, the latter was invariably an artillery station. His departure left Shafter senior colonel and he, tired of the old stamping-ground on Angel Island, where he had passed so many weary and neglected years, manipulated it so the Presidio was converted into infantry quarters and the First moved its bag and baggage to the happy hunting ground of the reservation. It suited the comfort of Shafter, but from a military standpoint it was an unreasonable and inexcusable move and thoroughly censurable. Strong opinions were expressed in *The Wave* on the subject, but the agitation was suspended by the outbreak of the Spanish war. Ever since, the Third Artillery men have been trying to get back to the Presidio. With Shafter in charge of the Department and Alger at Washington, this was difficult, but finally General Miles, who had acquiesced in the initial change, was induced to take the artillery view of the case and his influence with Secretary Root brought about the order recently promulgated converting the Presidio again to artillery purposes.

***

Seattle's Advantage Over San Francisco.

THE great distinction between Seattle and San Francisco consists is the formers attitude towards the great corporations which make it their terminus. In the Sound city there are no yellow journals to obstruct enterprise and abuse and nulify the promoters of commerce. The arrival of J. J. Hill in Seattle is the signal for editorial compliment and conjecture as to what the great man may have done, this time, for the benefit of the common cause. C. P. Huntington comes to San Francisco and the *Examiner* and its contempories begin a campaign of basting and sarcasm. Here is a man—one of the greatest financiers of the world, absolutely in control of thousands of miles of railroad and an infinite power for the good of the state—instead of honoring him, as the Seattleites do their greatest man—the press dogs bark and bite and snarl. Why does not the Chamber of Commerce or the Merchants Association rise superior to this influence and invite Mr. Huntington to tell what he is doing for the advancement of California? Why not solicit him publicly to suggest to San Francisco how she may best take advantage of opportunities? He is not one of our stall-fed millionaries, but a great thinker and projector, and a very wise man. Commercial problems have been the study of his life, and we can well afford to ask this octogenarian wherein the salvation of California lieth. I imagine his dictum would not be complimentary, but it would be suggestive, far-seeing, and, above all, practical.

***

Pensions for a Forgotten War.

LOOKING on the peaceful present-day Siwash of domestic habits and unsavory diet, it is hard to realize that the government is about to pension the veterans of a Siwash war, but such is the case. Time was when these savages were the scourge and terror of the Northwest, and the early settlers of the Seattle region had as much trouble with their neighbors as did the pioneers of the Eastern coast. Washington is nearly as old a State as California, but was far more sparsely settled in the beginning. Consequently, the struggle with the Indians of the Sound was carried on against tremendous odds. At one time, all the tribes of Eastern and Western Washington rose up and besieged the handful of whites, and were it not for the timely arrival of an old wooden warship, the settlement must have been wiped out, and there would be no present need for pensions. The big guns drove the Indians back and saved Seattle, but the war in Washington and Oregon lingered on until 1856. Many of the pioneers carry scars from these conflicts, and all who were hurt in this forgotten struggle will be remembered on the pension-list. As the payment begins from the day of disablement, these Washington veterans will have a snug sum to help them through their declining days.

***

A San Franciscan in Switzerland.

SAN FRANCISCO engineers and street railway men lately accomplished the feat of building and operating a street railway line in Corea, the last country on earth where such an enterprise would be thought practicable. Now, news comes that another Californian, Mr. Henry Butters, is revolutionizing the street railway system of the city and Canton of Geneva, Switzerland, a district where a tramway construction has been almost as far behind as in Corea. Mr. Butters is an old hand at the business, having planned and constructed tramways in South Africa and Mexico, as well as in the United States. He saw a chance in Geneva, secured control of sixty miles of ancient car-lines, formed a company of local capitalists, and proceeded at once to the construction of electric lines on the trolley and underground systems. A line ten miles long will be in operation June 1. The plans of the company embrace a ninety-five mile system capitalized for three million dollars and serving a population of about 120,000 people. San Francisco "gets a move on" once in a while.

***

New Uses For the Automobile.

A MOVEMENT of some interest to the Pacific Coast is reported in the current number of *Harper's Weekly*. The Automobile Club of America, at its recent anniversary dinner, broached a scheme for two great national highways suited for automobile traffic. The first is planned to run from Florida to Portland along the Atlantic Coast, the other, branching out at right angles, will have termini at New York and San Francisco with way stations at Cleveland, Chicago and Denver. The promoters of the plan do not propose to compete with the railroads; they urge the use of automobiles as vehicles for pleasure tours. The difficulty about a trans-continental trip on a railroad is the fact that the tourist must follow the routes and schedules of the road. He can stop over only at certain stations and then only at certain times. In an automobile trip, on the contrary, one may start and stop about where he wills. An automobile is slower than a railroad, it is true, but it is faster and more pleasant than a bicycle. Besides this, the machines are bound to improve in speed, comfort, "range" and convenience. The automobile of the future will be to the horseless carriage of the present as the modern safety bicycle is to the old high wheel of 1880. The great practical difficult yet to be overcome is the fuel supply. The best machines made nowadays cannot run more than fifty miles without stopping to recharge their motors or to take on fuel. This would make a transcontinental trip extremely unpleasant to-day. But modern ingenuity ought to overcome even this difficulty.

* * *

New practical uses for the horseless carriage are developing continually. It promises to solve the railroad problem in many isolated districts where a railroad proper would not pay. A railway must go to the heavy initial expense of putting in track and road-bed and must keep it in order; an automobile needs only a fairly smooth and level country road. It cannot stand much of a grade, and can never be of service in hilly or mountainous regions, but it will surely be a boon to the prairie country. Another use is suggested by a late flurry in the University town of Palo Alto. Here, lines of "busses," drawn by horses, have always been employed to convey visitors and students from the town to the University, a mile and a half away. The owners of these lines, who hold a monopoly of the business, have lately raised prices, and the residents are debating between an electric line and an automobile service. An investigation has proved that the automobile would be infinitely cheaper and more convenient. The heavy traffic between the town and the college comes only four or five times a day; during the rest of the time, there are practically no passengers at all. An electric tramway would have to keep its plant going and its current running all day; automobiles would use power only when traffic was heavy. In similar cases, as when a town acts as "feeder" for a near-by factory, the horseless carriage would show the same superiority. The possibilities are infinite.

***

President Hill and the China Trade.

ALL doubt as to the intentions of the Great Northern railroad toward the city of Seattle was removed by the late speech of President Hill before the city's Chamber of Commerce. His program, as outlined there, is such as to assure the destiny of the Queen City in relation to the Oriental carrying trade. Briefly, he plans to make a bid not only for the carrying trade now passing across the Pacific through the Coast ports, but a great part of the traffic which goes to the Orient via the Atlantic and the Suez canal. He intends to do this through co-operation between the Great Northern and the new line of giant freight steamers which his company will put into operation next year. These freighters are no dream. Three of them, capable of making fifteen knots with a 20,000 ton burden, are now building. To accommodate them, the Great Northern is putting in immense docks, which will cost half a million—all this to be spent in Seattle. Moreover, the accommodations for the railway lines which will have their termini in the city make a large figure in the calculation.

* * *

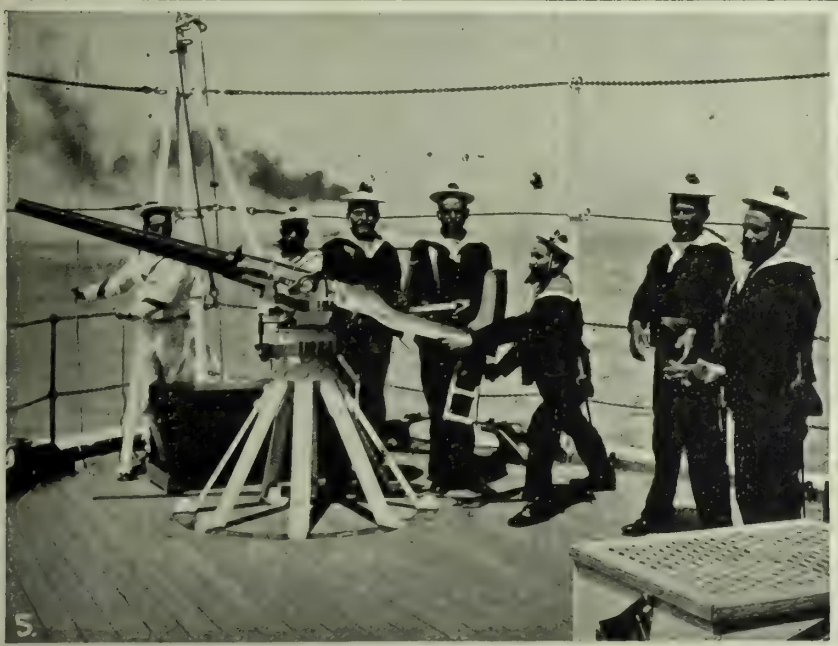
All the Pacific Ports are awakening to the importance of securing this great and rising trade with China, Japan and Oceanica, but Seattle is, perhaps, the farthest advanced in actual preparations. While Seattle will have Portland and San Francisco as strong competitors on the Coast, the chances against the Atlantic ports are all in favor of the West. From the Atlantic manufacturing cities, it is 15,000 miles to China via Suez. By way of the Pacific Coast, is is 11,000 miles. It is true that the Suez route is by water all the way, and is therefore cheaper mile for mile. But the Pacific route is cheaper per ton of freight, owing to the shorter distance and to the saving of canal tolls. More important still, the Pacific passage occupies about three-fifths the time of the Suez trip. Should two firms in Pittsburg ship steel rails to China simultaneously by the two different routes, the one using the Pacific line would lay down its product in Hong Kong some two weeks ahead of its rival. This is an advantage not to be overlooked.

* * *

Various agencies are operating to secure this trade for San Francisco and Portland; in Seattle, it is mostly Mr. Hill's work. It is hardly unnecessary to emphasize the importance of his operations to the Sound region. Outside of the natural products of the district, Seattle has two great sources of present and future prosperity. The first is the rise of the Alaska mining region, to which the Queen City is the natural inlet; the second is this spread of Oriental trade. Without belittling the mining resources of Alaska, I may still assert that it is an unstable dependence. No one knows how much gold there may be in the Klondike or Nome countries, but at the utmost it cannot last forever. The time must come when Dawson and Nome are only deserted sites, counterparts of the abandoned mining villages in California. Therefore, any prosperity coming from traffic with this region is on the "boom" order; it has its place, but it is not permanent. On the other hand, this rise of Oriental trade means so much that the possibilities are beyond calculation. Our Oriental commerce has been rising with every succeeding year, and our prophets declare that this is only the beginning. The United States is placed more advantageously for the China trade than any other Caucasian country; Seattle is correspondingly as well placed as any other city in the United States. Mr. Hill's work may be greater than even he himself is aware.

1. The *Protet*. 2. Clerks and Signalmen. 3. Jackies at Drill. 4. Sport on Deck. 5. A Group of Officers. 6. Commodore Germinent, Commanding the Pacific Station. 7. Commander de l'Espinay.
Photos by Weidner.

VIEWS OF THE FRENCH PROTECTED CRUISER "PROTET"



1. Crew of a four-and-one-half-inch Gun. 2. Master-at-arms Fritz in Action. 3. The Firemen and Engineers. 4. Taking in the Wash.
5. Crew of the Stern Rapid-Fire Gun. 6. Types of Different Provinces. 7. The Marine Guard. 8. Drill at a six inch Gun. *Photos by Weidner.*

ON A VISIT TO SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.

KIBOSH REFUSES TO BE SAVED.

THE EXECUTION.

FERRIS HARTMAN as *Kibosh*

Alf Wheelan and Helen Merrill

ALF WHEELAN as *Pharaoh*

Scenes and Characters in "The Wizard of the Nile" at the Tivoli.

A VISITOR FROM FRANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE JOLLY CREW OF THE CRUISER "PROTET," IN SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.

THE FRENCH protected cruiser *Protet*, now in harbor for a long visit, lies off the Folsom-street dock in sociable reach of the *Iowa* and the little transport *McCollough*. She is a heavy, black, dangerous-looking craft, with a wicked air about her. The French navy runs to this characteristic. All their modern craft have the same massive appearance, an impression enhanced by the black paint of the hull and the guns. The *Iowa* riding at anchor a few fathoms away, spick and span in her white-and-buff peace paint and her shining brass trimmings, looks to be the great floating watch that she is, but gives no such impression of power. Yet the pride of the American navy is a battle-ship, more powerful in every way than the *Protet*, which pretends to be nothing more than a second-class cruiser. The layman, unversed in the fine distinction between ship and ship, would look at the two vessels and swear that the Frenchman could blow the American out of the sea. Her hull rises high out of the water and seems made for strength. The stacks and funnels, painted white for relief, are low and stocky. The black guns, with their one shining nickle band, peep out from the darkness of the hull with an appearance of strength and reserved force. It is a sight calculated to inspire terror in the foes of the Great Republic.

It was wash-day when three Americans of us went aboard, commissioned to photograph the vessel and crew. Lines of blue and white striped jerseys, such as one sees in paintings of Brittany, hung from rigging to riggirg, flapping in the fresh morning breeze, and the decks and sides were dotted with men engaged in the eternal domestic duties of a warship—painting, holystoning, polishing. The jacky who took my card up to the Commodore sat down on the gangway while he waited for an answer and chatted confidentially, trading his extremely bad English for my school French. He was a dark-skinned, heavy-handed boy, with that same refinement of feature and lack of expression which one sees in the peasant studies of Dagnan-Bouvert. When he lifted his feet to pass up the gangway, he walked with the clumping gait which is eloquent of sabots. Withal, he was a very jolly sea-dog, and I thoroughly enjoyed our talk, although it was carried on mainly with hands and eyes.

The captain's secretary came, presently, and was "charmed" in true French fashion He is a count in his own right, they told me afterward, although his rank is only that of a midshipman. The sea-dog walked up to him without the faintest suspicion of a salute, and began to chat in an easy manner. There was none of the distant and formal attitude which the common sailors of our navy are supposed to hold toward their officers. It was the first glimpse of the paternal system of government which seems to prevail on board the *Protet* and is said to be the rule in the whole French navy. The noble midshipman was very polite in school English which matched my school French and discounted it. This did very well so long as we were trading compliments and inquiring about one another's health, but when it came to practical details we were lost. The midshipman summoned another officer, a huge man with a strong face and a double-pointed French beard. He, too, mixed himself in a maze of prepositions and accents, and we were in a bad way. The midshipman gave an order, and a small, blonde seaman approached his superiors with the same easy familiarity which I had noted at the plank. The situation was explained to him. The seaman turned to me.

"Hello, pardner," he said, "what can I do for you?" The day was saved.

The newcomer proved to be first-class signal-man Le Merre, an ex-American who has herded cattle in Montana and mined in Colorado, and then gone back to his own Brittany to do his required naval service before settling down. The officers retired, and Le Merre became our guide and master of ceremonies

Above decks, the *Protet* appears much like any other cruiser, differing from our own only in space and in a few minor matters of detail. It is the crew which furnishes the main point of difference. Conscripts one and all, placed in the navy instead of the army, because they happen to be seafaring men, they represent every type of Frenchman except the Parisian. There are Normans with fair hair and complexions burned brick red in the sun, swarthy men of the Midi, with fine, black eyes and expressive gestures, quiet Bretons of the two types, light and dark, which tell of their mixed ancestry. One and all, they are picturesque fellows, Frenchmen of a different sort from any we know as American immigrants. Here, we have only the city dweller; the peasant, the sailor, who loves his native soil and stays with it to the end, is rare in America.

We were a mild sensation on board, and Signalman Le Merre, master of ceremonies, revelled it it with a true French love of the theatrical. This, ah, this must be taken. It was one of the finest guns in the world, and had such a crew! Would we like to have a fencing-match on deck? No trouble at all, none at all. The fencing-master was one of the greatest *professeurs* in all France. We should see him in action! The Commodore's cabin? Certainly, he would see that we had permission. Ah, and we must have the commander's cook. Such cooks! Surely we must have them! And should he have the watch drill on deck? No trouble at all, they would be glad to oblige us!

And so we moved from point to point, with a curious crowd at our heels. Photography became the craze. Half the crew hurried below decks to comb their hair and get on their shoes in anticipation of a possible chance. We had "taken" a crew of American seaman a few weeks before, and had succeeded only after a struggle. The Anglo-Saxon instinctively avoids a display of personal vanity as he avoids all other outward signs of emotion. He really wants to be in the picture, but he would die rather than show it. He must be wigged and pleaded with, and when he is finally induced to face the camera he must be hauled around and posed. Not so with these Frenchmen. The trouble lay in keeping outsiders out of the photograph. At one point in the proceedings, we found two Bretons with faces which would have made a painter weep for joy. They were lined up beside a gun, and three men who had not yet been honored found instant business polishing that piece of artillery. It took all the wiles at the command of Signalman Le Merre to get them out of range. As for posing, we had to tone down rather than suggest. They struck becoming attitudes naturally. Once, when we were about to snap a group of engineers, the master of ceremonies approached us. "We have been thinking, sir," he said, "that it would be very beautiful if each man carried the implement of his trade. If you could wait just a moment, we would be pleased—" and then there was a rush below decks for the "implements of their trade."

Plates ran low before the crew was half satisfied, and we withdrew to the commodore's cabin, comfortable quarters just over the stern, gay with the floral gifts of San Francisco's French colony, to whom the visit of the *Protet* is a great event. Commodore Germinent is one of the most distinguished Frenchmen that ever visited San Francisco. Commander of the Pacific Squadron—a position equivalent to that which Dewey occupied before the Spanish War—he has held many posts of responsibility in official France. He was in command of the Cruiser *Pothuau*, when she was sent to Russia to cement the France-Russian alliance, and it was in his own cabin that the agreement was signed. He has been on the official staff of two presidents—Faure and Cassimir-Perier—and enjoyed the strong personal friendship of the former. Were he in evening dress at an official reception, one would pick him from a thousand others as a naval man; there is an air of the sea about him. Withal, he is a thorough Frenchman, with a perfect, if distant, courtesy and infinite tact. San Francisco may yet look back and recall the time when Germinet visited the harbor, since he is a young man for the position he occupies and has a strong chance of gaining his admiral's flag before he retires.

The commodore being stowed away on the sensitive gelatin, we went back on deck to gratify the crew with the rest of the plates. The sensation had increased in our absence, and we were nearly mobbed. Custom had given rise to familiarity, so that they joked with us, back and forth, through the master of ceremonies. One of their pleasantries needed no translation. They had caught the phrase, "all right," by which the photographer signalled for quiet, early in the day. Thereafter, it was hurled at us from every quarter and in every variety of accent. Whenever a group was ready for the shutter, the men would bring it out together with the "team work" of a college yell—"al-ll *r-right!*" The master of ceremonies felt called upon to explain.

"You must not mind my countrymen," he said. "They sometimes make the joke, just like you."

The sun was getting low over the harbor; the brass-work of the *Iowa* was glinting under the level rays, and the ship's cutter drew up to carry us ashore. Signalman Le Merre had passed the word that the cruiser was to be photographed as a whole, and such of the crew as had business on deck crowded the rail for the last chance. Our master of ceremonies accompanied us to the gangway. He looked across the gleaming water at the *Iowa* and smiled:

"We had some of those fellows aboard here yesterday. We gave them some wine—" the smile broadened as he added: "The Americans are not used to wine; is it not so?"

WILL IRWIN.

THE CALIFORNIA ORANGE CROP.

A RECORD-BREAKING YEAR FOR THE GOLDEN FRUIT.

THE CALIFORNIA orange crop broke all records in this, the banner agricultural year for the United States. The yield, all told, will come to something like 14,500 carloads, or nearly 4,500,000 boxes. Last year's crop came to 9,000 carloads only, and the year before, a dry season, the record was about 1,000 loads short of that. The lead is not only in quantity, however. The size and quality are far above the average, and the prices are the best known for ten years. The total value of this crop will be about $4,600,000.

It does not take the memory of an old-timer to recall the period when orange-growing in California was an infant industry, as much a new thing as the oil boom of to-day. Twenty years ago, Florida was the recognized source of American oranges; fifteen years ago, the California product was just forcing a way into the Eastern markets, a dozen years ago, oranges began to have an established place among the standard products of the Golden State.

Oranges were planted in Southern California as early as the beginning of the century. The first trees were grown by the Spaniards from seed brought from Spain and Mexico. These trees and their descendants still grow in the old gardens of the South, producing a small and inferior grade of fruit. But they were never considered by the Spanish as a commercial venture; they grew around the houses, thorny and untended, while the ranchmen of the big haciendas give their attention to wool and hides and cattle and other products which required less care and found an easier market. For seventy years, there was no further development of the industry; indeed, it would have been impossible to do anything, since there was no means of getting the golden fruit to market in good condition. In 1870, John Wolfskill of Los Angeles planted the first real grove. But at this time there were no railroads in the Southland and the venture failed because the crop could not be marketed. A few years, later the Agricultural Department at Washington sent a few genuine navel ships to Riverside.

The railroad was within reach by that time, the new fruit proved superior to the old seedlings, and many ranchmen of the Riverside country became orange growers. The project appeared feasible, and a mild craze ensued. In 1884 and 1885, about four thousand acres were planted in oranges. Land suitable for the new departure rose steadily, increasing to twenty or thirty times its old value. This partook of the nature of a boom, and was followed by the usual fall in values. The inflation reached its height in 1888, when a drop occurred and prices gradually settled to a reasonable rate. In the meantime, the pioneer orchards were coming into bearing, and California oranges were making a reputation abroad. The industry spread until the fatal year 895, when $2,000,000 worth of fruit was nipped by frost in one night. The ruin of the standard Florida crop by the same agency in the following year did much to revive the industry. It created a demand for the California product and taught Western growers that some discouragement was to be expected in every orange region. Since that time, the crop has steadily advanced. A gradual increase is to be expected for several years now, as some of the largest groves planted are just coming into bearing.

There is no doubt of the permanent value of a good orange grove, rightly conducted, but the industry has its risks and discouragements at the outset. Many small fortunes and some large ones have been sunk in land which gave promise of growing good fruit, but which has lacked some requisite or other. Farmers have planted splendid groves too far up in the foothills only to find that the frost would prevent the trees from being steady bearers, or they have depended upon an inadequate supply of water, without a plentiful supply of which there can be no hope of good product. It is a delicate fruit, and exacting in its requirements, but once a grove is established in a favorable locality, there is no crop so sure and profitable. The pestiferous scale which was once a terror has been fought to a finish and will probably make no more trouble; the chief danger now is from frost. Even that peril is removed in some orchards by various mechanical devices. On the famous Everest grove near Riverside, there is a frame-work of laths covering the whole orchard, so that the trees may be covered whenever the thermometer drops near to the freezing-point. At the same time, a mechanical device is arranged to ring a signal bell whenever the mercury drops suspiciously low. In this way, a recurrence of the calamity of 1895 is avoided, on this tract at least.

The orange harvesting season is now past its busiest part for this year. It began in December, was at its high tide in late February and will go along gradually decreasing up to June, when the late-bearing Mediterranean sweets are all in. It is a busy time always, and has been all the busier this year because of the big crop. A peculiar commercial system prevails in the Southland. The buyer purchases the ripe fruit on the trees at a contract price per box, and sets his own pickers and packers to work. The responsibility of the grower ends as soon as his fruit turns golden among the leaves. The ripe fruit is carried to great packing-houses and put in shape for carriage to the East. Everything which has to do with the transportation of the fruit—boxes, crates, labels, carriers—is manufactured here. The crop comes in by the wagon-load, is sorted into various sizes and cleaned by machinery and wrapped and packed by the deft hands of girls. Being boxed, weighed, labelled and sealed, the fruit goes to the cars. The man whose task it is to pack the boxes aboard the cars is the most important employe of an orange-packing establishment, for upon him depends the preservation of the product en route. If he pack too closely, it may rot with heat or be nipped by frost in the passage across the great mountains. On the other hand, he must get every box possible upon the cars. The car loaded, ventilators are adjusted, and California is through with the golden fruit.

The total investment in California orange groves foots up to $44,000,000. Most of this is in small tracts, there being only a few large groves. Although a few trees are grown in nearly every county of the State, orange-raising as an industry is confined to the seven southern counties. There alone is the soil and climate suited to their proper cultivation, and there alone is there a minimum danger of frost. Many growers believe that this great risk may be removed by the cultivation of a hardier species, and certain nurserymen of California are experimenting with that end in view.

Estimates based upon the statistics of the Agricultural Department show that the capital invested in farming in this country amounts to $17,550,000,000, a gain of a billion and a half since 1890 The harvest of 1899 figured about two billion dollars in cereals, tobacco, hay, cotton, beet root and sugar cane. There was the largest wheat crop recorded for ten years, and only once in the ten years has the oat crop been excelled. Notwithstanding these heavy crops, prices remained good, largely owing to foreign demand. When amount of product and size of crop are both taken into consideration, it appears that cotton was the most profitable crop of 1899. There was also a boom in hay and live stock. In value of agricultural products, the Unites States leads the world. Russia, Germany, France, Austria and Great Britain follow in the order named. The growing market abroad has had a great deal to do with the increase in agricultural values. The statisticians say that one most encouraging feature of this advance is the fact that, while farming capital has grown so rapidly, the farming population has increased but little. In other words, the money has gone into the ventures of farmers already in the field and not into the new ventures of immigrants.

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

IN WHAT a series of weddings we are indulging my dear Diary. Each one makes me take myself a little more seriously. When I hear the Minister of God say: "For richer for poorer, for better for worse, in sickness and in health," I actually find myself shivering. It is terribly solemn, particularly when one is going to be married oneself in a very short time. But, I suppose if it were not a solemn affair, we should be more careless as to the man we married. As it is, loads of girls mistake infatuation for love. I wonder does one really ever recognize the "real thing" until after one is married? These last weddings have been particularly attractive. I envied Bessie Shreve being the first bride in St. Luke's Church. It was such a beautiful morning. St. Luke's seems to me in every way suitable for weddings. Bessie looked very well, she was a little pale. I hope I shall be, it looks well. Her gown was of this new stuff, "pom," and there is no material of which I have ever heard that looks so nice as does this. It was, being very heavy, plainly made and trimmed with some beautiful old lace belonging to her mother. The bridesmaids Minnie Houghton and Anna Grey also looked well. Bob Hooker and Bessie are very popular. All their friends, who are not to be counted in less than hundreds, wished them such happiness and seemed so sincere in their friendship, that I think they are a very fortunate couple.

Most of the people here are rather disappointed that Mary Crocker has announced her engagement to Francis Burton Harrison, son of the authoress, Mrs. Burton Harrison. We all hoped in a sort of way that she might marry a San Francisco fellow. But I suppose the East has also attractive young men. Mary is only eighteen, and this has been her first season. My advice to her could have been to say she would marry him in a year if she liked him as much as at present. At eighteen, one frequently likes a fellow that would hardly be even ordinarily congenial for a friend at twenty-one. Mary, however, has a pretty level head on her shoulders, so I suppose she has thought the matter well over. Mr. Harrison is exceedingly nice looking, and is clever and a good fellow and a particular friend of Mrs. Alexander's, who, I believe quite approves of the selection her niece has made. It is so pleasant to marry a man whom one's family likes; one never learns any of the faults then of one's fiancee. But become fond of a man that one's family think a poor match, and not the kind for you to marry—then the poor young object of one's affections is not only sure to tire of one in a month, but is so abounding in faults as to be hardly fit to live. I have been through it all, so know pretty well what it is.

I went to a large luncheon at the Hush's in Piedmont last week. It was a jolly affair given to Florence Sharon. She is a really charming girl and is very musical. Most of the girls were from Oakland, but I was near Eleanor Davenport and Annie Voorhies, and more I know well, so we had a good deal of fun. The Hushs had a very artistic set of tables decorated in fruit blossoms, Fleur-de-lis of blue, and gold and other flowers. I think there were about forty girls there. The Hopkins' girls gave a luncheon to Helen Thomas and her bridesmaids on Friday. Helen is very much liked; she has had more entertaining than almost any girl I know. She is jolly, good fun, and one of the most natural people I have ever met.

Notwithstanding that for the past fortnight the *Iowa* has been in the bay, we have seen but little of the officers. Mrs. Kautz and the admiral have been in San Rafael, but I have not heard much of the men except that the admiral said they were rather short, so the officers would have but little time ashore. It is too bad, for they were only here until Monday. Then they sailed for Puget Sound, I believe. The French Man of War is in port and several afternoon parties have been formed to go abroad. I, however, have been too busy to attend any of their functions. Leila says she likes some of the officers, and it is such fine practice for French, though most of them speak English with a fascinating accent. Leila is very much fonder of foreigners, I think, than most girls, but that is probably owing to her having been educated abroad.

Edith Stubbs had fourteen girls to luncheon on Thursday, and gave them a capital time. They were all good friends, so had lots of fun discussing engagements, weddings and where they intended spending the summer. I am quite surprised how few girls have been to the concerts of Hambourg and Petschnikoff. Hambourg is a boy and yet plays wonderfully. I simply could not be induced to miss any of the concerts. Petschnikoff is a Russian. The violin is an instrument I think that lots of people enjoy more than the piano, yet the houses were not particularly well filled. There is to be another concert on Friday next.

WALTER L. DEAN.

On Tuesday afternoon I went to see Emelie Hager and Walter Dean married. It was a lovely wedding. The house was decorated with quantities of greens and apple blossoms and carnations. It was a veritable spring wedding and one of the prettiest of the season. As I stood in the drawing room looking around at all the flowers and girls, I honestly wondered which had been the prettiest wedding, Bertha Russel's, Bessie Shreve's or this one. I have not yet made up my mind, but I really believe it was this last. Emilie's gown was of duchesse satin and stunning lace. I never saw her when I thought she looked better or happier. There is no other girl I know who has a more classic profile than Emilie. Alice, and Ethel Hager, Helen Dean and Daisy Van Ness were most charming as bridesmaids. They wore white mull over green organdie slips. The effect was so fresh amidst all the spring flowers. Mr. Downey Harvey was the best man and Hugh Tevis, Ned Greenway, Allan St. John Bowie and John de Ruyter were the ushers. The ceremony was performed in the gold and white drawingroom. The bay-window having been made into a chancel for the occasion. The big gold cross from the Cathedral was surrounded by high candlesticks. The decorations were all pink and white flowers. It was a superb effect and seemed almost like a church. Father Ramm, in rich sonorous voice, read the service, and it is impressive. Emilie answered the responses in a clear voice. I do not think she was a bit nervous. I really have never seen two people who seemed happier to be married. Mrs. Dean wore a pink and white moire gown, the skirt paneled with lace and finished with small tassel buttons of black and pink. Mrs. Morgan looked well in blue, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins in grey; Mrs. Downey Harvey was at her best in a tight-fitting black velvet embroidered in silver dots. She has such a figure, and it did show off to such advantage. Mrs. Joe Tobin was in white and so was Mrs. George Pope, both of whom looked very well. All the girls looked nice, but I particularly noticed Therese Morgan, Lillian Follis and Helen Hopkins.

Such presents! Oh, Diary dear it is good to be a popular girl and to marry into a family as well liked as the Deans. I have never in my wildest moments expected to see such an array of handsome things. Presents from Europe, the East and South and, of course, San Francisco. I do not see what they will ever do with so many.

The wedding of Willis Polk and Mrs. Christine Moore was, of course, artistic. It could not have been Willis Polk's without being that. The vestry of St. Ignatius was wher was performed. It was charmingly decorated by Miss Kittie Donahue. I think I shall ask her to submit her ideas to me for my great event. It is getting painfully near to that now. Fancy next Monday at noon.

The Unitarian Church was a beautiful affair as the girls marched in on Wednesday at noon in front of Helen Thomas. Addie Murphy and Hattie Kimble in light pink, Charlotte Field and Therese Morgan in a brighter shade of the same color, and Ruth McNutt and Edith Preston in a sort of pale cerise. They represented pinks of the sweet pea, and carried bunches of that flower. Ruth McNutt was at her best, I simply could not take my eyes off her. Mollie Thomas was decidedly the American girl in her "Dresden frock." "That girl is the real thing," the "Ideal" said to me, as she passed up the aisle. Then came Helen, her color a little paler than usual, but with that happy, cheerful expression that makes her so dear to all her friends. I do not think there was a man there who did not say to himself "Kimble is a lucky fellow." Helen's dress was white duchesse satin with a great deal of Renaissance lace. It was most becomingly made. Now, I must tell how beautiful the church looked. The Worn girls did the work. It was so entirely different from anything I have ever seen that it quite amazed me. One side of the church was a mass of white wisteria. Just the way one sees it in Japan, one of the girls told me. Not a leaf to be seen, just branches upon branches of flowers. On the opposite side was a veritable hedge of pink hawthorn. The chancel had palms and pink hawthorn, and it was altogether a great floral effect. The church was crowded with all Helen's friends, and it was altogether a most successful wedding. Afterwards we went to Helen's for breakfast, and had such a merry time of it. She forgot to ask the "Ideal," so I had a capital time with Mr. Kimble's brother, who is, I think, just a bit crushed on me.

Just think of it, the next wedding will be my own. I am not a bit nervous, though; I think I have accustomed myself to marriage seeing so many weddings lately.

Well, Diary dear, this is my last letter as your babbling friend, but as soon as I recover from the new sensation of matrimony, I shall write to you from the point of view of the "young married woman." In the meantime wish me all luck, and Leila will try to tell of my wedding and the other things that take place until I return.

MISS CRICKET.

MRS. WALTBR L. DEAN.
nee Emilie Hager, who was married on Tuesday by Rev. Father Ramm.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

"I am so grateful to you for your advice," says Mrs. Sidney B. Oakes, of Whitmell, Pittsylvania Co., Va. "When I commenced your medicines I had been treated by different doctors for three months or more, but would only receive partial relief for a short while and then would be worse than before. Was confined to my bed most of the time. At the time I commenced your treatment my left side was completely paralyzed. Had no desire to eat anything; bowels costive all the time. Nerves were all unstrung, so I could not bear the least noise. I also suffered from diseased ovaries and female weakness. But thanks to my Maker and you, after following your advice, I am able to do all my washing, sewing and house work in general. I haven't had a spasm in two months. Left off medicines about one month ago. Didn't think it necessary to continue them longer. I have taken about seven bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, seven of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and two vials of 'Pleasant Pellets.' I heartily recommend those medicines to all suffering as I was."

makes weak women STRONG, sick women WELL.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?
It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do. but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!
IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.
STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Moët & Chandon
(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World).
White Seal (Grand Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal.*

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixth (6 h) day of April, 1900, an assessment (No. 70) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh (11th) day of May, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on Thursday the thirty first (31st) day of May, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses o sale. By order of the Board of Directors

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

FOR SWELL DRESSERS.

The "Knox" hat is absolutely correct. Eugene Korn, 726 Market St., sole agent.

The Inter-collegiate Field Day.

A. C. Plaw, U. C.'s Phenomenal Hammer-Thrower.

A Preliminary Heat in the 100-yard dash.

Dr. Jordan Looks On.

IT is the invariable luck of the two California Universities to draw a cold, dismal day for the annual inter-collegiate field-day. Last Saturday was no exception to the rule. No bleaker, nastier weather has ever descended on the Stanford campus. There was a bad wind down the back stretch, so strong as to hamper all the distance events, and the officials in the infield stamped and smoked in the effort to keep warm. Men, like horses, make their best speed on still, warm days, and no records could be hoped or expected on such an afternoon.

Stanford was "easy" for the Berkeley men. The cardinal showed to the fore only three times. McCaughern took the short sprint, Boyd beat Hoffmann, the blue and gold crack, in the pole vault, and Hamilton, a new man, showed to the fore in the mile run. Everywhere else the University of California led, winning by a score of 84 to 33. In spite of the lop-sided score, most of the events were closely contested. In the mile, the 220-yard dash, the quarter and the mile walk a handkerchief would have covered the leaders at the finish. The quarter, fought out by Drum and Smith in the face of a wind which fairly beat the air out of the athletes' lungs, was as pretty a race as one could wish to see. Hamilton's mile, run under the same discouraging circumstances, was necessarily slow, the slowest ever done in a Stanford-U. C. field day, but its finish, when Moser fought the winner all the way down the home stretch, was one of the most exciting bits in the day's sport.

The contest this year had an added interest, because of Berkeley's proposed trip to the East. It was expected that this contest would give a line on the strength or weakness of the U. C. team. It did not, because of the unfavorable weather. Nevertheless, the year's training has proved pretty clearly the individual capabilities of the various men. The reckoning shows that the team is a poorly balanced one, and not the equal of the aggregation of 1895, which made such a good record at the Mott Haven games of that year. It has often been shown that the East has improved immeasurably since 1895, every record having been broken one or more times in the past five years. To meet this, Berkeley should be able to send out a team better in every respect than the former one. The fact that this cannot be done during the present season makes the proposed Eastern trip a very doubtful experiment indeed.

As compared with the 1900 team, the old U. C. aggregation of 1895 was superior in the hurdles, the sprints, both jumps, the quarter and the half, leaving the present team only the weights and the pole vault. Man for man, the comparison stands about as follows: In the sprints, the old team had Scroggins and Barnes, as against Drum and Cadogan of the present day. Scroggins was a ten-second man; Drum, at his best, never equalled that time and he is far from his best this year, as his defeat of last Saturday shows. The lanky sprinter, who promised, in his early days, to become a second Wefers, has not recovered from his army experiences. His limit in present form is probably about 10 2-5, slow time for the East and impossible time for the big intercollegiate games. Cadogan may be counted out on the same figures, as he has never shown the ability to defeat Drum.

In the hurdles, the U. C. enthusiasts are relying on Bakewell. At the very top of his performance, this athlete can about equal 16 seconds in the high hurdles, with time a little slower, proportionately, in the low. This was world's record time eight years ago, but now it is a rare Eastern college which has not a man who can equal it. Krantzlein won the event in the last Mott Haven games at 15 2 5. In the team of 1895, Torry and Dyer were good for 15 4-5, and Torry was proportionately faster in the low hurdles. Score two more events for the old team. This year's aggregation has no high jumper; that of 1895 had Patterson, who was good, when crowded, for an even six feet. In the broad jump, Broughton would be one of the best men in the country could he regain his old form. Two or three years ago he was jumping at Coast record distance, and was dangerously near to the world's best figures. He has seemed to deteriorate ever since. In last Saturday's field day, he made 21:2 on his first attempt, but failed to surpass 20 feet in five subsequent trials. Woolsey (the elder) of the old team, was a consistent performer at 22 feet, a figure which Broughton could easily surpass should he ever regain his lost form.

Koch could cut into fifty seconds in the quarter and ran close to two minutes in the half mile. The former is supposed to be Drum's best event, yet he never showed any such time. In the latter, Woolsey (the younger) may yet equal the Coast figures, but his time does not show it so far. No one mile man was taken with the Eastern team, that event being usually forfeited in dual meets. This year's team is in the same plight. Berkeley has two good walkers, but they cannot be used this trip, as the event has been abolished in the East.

Plaw in the weights is the one bright, particular star. He is probably the best hammer-thrower among the college men of the country, no exception being made. In the East, he would have McCracken of Pennsylvania to beat, but he is doubtless equal to the task. Plaw is a wonderful athlete in his way. He is built for his event—mightily muscled where muscle is needed for hammer-throwing, slim where muscle would be superfluous. He is close to world's records now, and ought to equal them before many years. His work with the shot is not so good, but he might possibly show "inside the points" at Mott Haven.

The other point of special excellence in this season's team is the pole-vault, wherein "Jack" Hoffman is good for eleven feet even, although he failed seven inches short of that in last Saturday's games. The team of 1895 had no pole-vaulter, so that there can be no comparison. For the East, however, this is just fair. Five men qualified at eleven feet in the Mott Haven games of last year; two men were still in the event when the bar was raised five inches higher. Hoffman could win in many of the dual meets, but he could hardly hope for a place at Mott Haven.

Why not wait until next year? At that time *Deo voluntate*, two of the best young athletes in California will be in the University—Henley of Ukiah, who has approached the world's record in the high jump and the Coast record in two other events, and Thomas of the same school, who has the form and speed of a world's record hurdler. The best of this year's team, including Plaw, its one surpassing star, will then still be in college. Besides, there are several Freshmen in training at Berkeley, whose work shows that much may be expected of them next year. It is the task of a friend to warn the students of the University against making such a trip with the present team.

The excellent photographs of the meet are the work of Emerson Warfield, an amateur. They are worthy of special mention in view of the fact that the day was dark and windy, conditions generally fatal to good snap-shot work.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

THE veil was black and soft-meshed and delicately perfumed. It lay on the sidewalk in front of a Fourteenth street store where Mr. Broadway could not avoid seeing it when he glanced down to inspect the tips of his recently polished shoes. Mr. Broadway was not a particularly curious man, but mechanically he stooped and picked up the silken web. He looked it over carefully to make sure that it was in good condition, then, seeing it was without flaw or blemish, he stuck it in his pocket and went on toward the shop where he was to meet Mrs. Broadway and accompany her to luncheon.

In the excitement of looking for his wife and selecting desirable seats in the crowded restaurant Mr. Broadway forgot all about the dainty trifle in his pocket, but hardly had the luncheon gotten under way when he was reminded of its existence in a very disagreeable manner. He put his hand in his pocket for his handkerchief and drew out, in its stead, the silken veil. Mrs. Broadway saw it even sooner than he did, and her eyes narrowed ominously. Mr. Broadway's mind was on the alert, however, and before she could utter one of the many words that fought for supremacy, he handed the veil across the table and said, with a fine asumption of carelessness:

"Here, Kate, is a veil I found a little while ago. It's as good as new and a very pretty pattern, I think, so I picked it up and thought I'd take it home and give it to you."

The veil dangled temptingly over Mrs. Broadway's soup plate, but she did not seize upon it with the avidity that might have been expected. Indeed, she did not even look at it' but glared hard at Mr. Broadway and said, angrily, "Miser."

Mr. Broadway's hand dropped then and the veil swayed dangerously near the soup line. The retort pained him. It was unexpected. He had reckoned on the possibility of recriminations for disloyalty, but to be accused of parsimony took the wind completely out of his sails.

"Now, see here, Kate," he said, "this is going it a little bit too strong. I'm not close-fisted and I'm not mean and selfish, and to have the epithet of 'miser' hurled at me is more than I can stand. Just look at that veil a minute. What's the matter with it?"

Mrs. Broadway took the bone of contention gingerly between her thumb and finger, then, after a superficial inspection, she rolled it up into a little wad and tossed it across the table toward Mr. Broadway.

"To think," she said, "that I should ever come to this. To think that my husband would sink to the level of walking the streets looking for stray veils which he brazenly gathers up and asks me to wear. It makes no difference that the veil is unsoiled and untorn. That is not the question. It is the principle of the thing that hurts me—the insult. I never thought when I married you that the time would come when you would ask me to wear cast-off garments which you had picked up in the street. If you can't afford to clothe me say so. I've never raised a row, have I, about clothes that I wanted, but couldn't have because you were short of money? I'll not be apt to do so now, either. But if the time does come when I must have things with which you cannot supply me, I'll simply pack up and go home to mother, that's all. Only, whatever you do, don't make me a present of second-hand clothes—especially veils. Why, how do you know who has worn that thing? And it is not a particularly fine one, either."

"Isn't it?" stammered Mr. Broadway, meekly. "I don't know much about such things, but I thought it seemed very nice. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you, Kate, and I don't think it is just the proper caper to rip a fellow up the back this way."

Mrs. Broadway was already relenting. She became sufficiently mollified before they separated to promise to forgive and forget the offense, but Mr. Broadway, not wishing to take any chances on the efficacy of verbal apologies, bought theatre tickets for the evening, hoping by means of substantial repentance to eradicate any lingering germs of resentment and effect a reconciliation.

Mr. and Mrs. Broadway occupied orchestra chairs at the theatre that night. They were never in a hurry about rushing off after the final fall of the curtain, and by the time they had donned their wraps and made their way to the foyer the crowd had pretty well nearly dispersed, and the lobby and aisles were well-nigh deserted. As they were passing the box office window, Mrs. Broadway stopped short with a sharp cry of "Oh, look there," and before Mr. Broadway could realize what she was about, she had stooped and picked up some object from the lobby door.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Somebody's dropped it," she said.

Mr. Broadway caught his breath audibly.

"Great Heavens!" he cried, "it's a veil!"

"Of course it's a veil, said Mrs. Broadway. "And a beauty it is, too. How lucky. I'v been wanting just that kind for ever and ever so long, but I didn't feel as if I could afford to buy one."

She held the thing up and shook it out anxiously. It was part cotton, it was perforated by at least seventeen holes, and the ends were frayed, but she seemed not to notice those defects. Carefully she folded it and placed it in her opera bag.

"That kind of veil is so becoming," she said.

Then Mr. Broadway spoke.

"Well," he said, "if you aren't enough to try the patience of an angel! Why, that veil isn't half as good as the one I found this afternoon, and you wouldn't even look at that!"

Mrs. Broadway tilted her chin at a higher angle and quickened her pace a trifle.

"Oh, well," she said, "that's a different matter entirely."

And Mr. Broadway supposed it was, but he couldn't for the life of him see how. *N. Y. Sun.*

The recent decision by the courts that there is no mineral water entitled to the name of Napa Soda save that bottled at the Jackson's Napa Soda Springs, is of as much benefit to the consumer as to the bottler. The cheap bars have long been handling the cheapest sort of carbonated waters put up in bottles made in imitation of those used at the Napa Soda Springs. Now you may be sure of getting the real article every time you ask for it, for the law is plain and the penalty is high for the imposter. There is but one Napa Soda and that is Jackson's. For forty-five years it has been known as a pure mineral water of remarkable tonic properties. Only the worthless waters, foisted on the market by unprincipled dealers, have made it necessary for the Nada Soda people to demand protection from the courts.

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7. Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 22. Union street bet 2d and 3d ave Tel Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Cloth s cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st Tel Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y Block

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel. Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone. Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94 Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 3 5

DENTIST.

DR C W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—130 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Vélox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

BOERS vs. BRITISH.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE CONTENTIONS OF C. W. VAN DER HOOGT.

MUCH has already been written along partisan lines of the struggle in South Africa; and there are still partisans to hear from. The latest partisan account of the trouble is a compliation by one Mr. C. W. Van der Hoogt, under the title *The Story of the Boers*. Mr. Van der Hoogt, in addition to being a close personal friend of President Kruger, is an American citizen and a neighbor of the Van der Bilts in New York. He publishes "under the authority of the South African Republics;" which means doubtless that the South African Republics are his bankers, or at least guarantee the printers' bills. The introduction is written by Mr. Montagu White, recently consul-general of the Transvaal at London; and the plan includes the text of such official dispatches, proclamations, and statements as will help the Boer cause, in the judgment of the compiler and author. Mr. Van der Hoogt himself excels in the vituperative abuse of England. He does not, unfortunately, excel in clearness of style and consistency of thought. His exposition and argument for the defense is a little overdone. In his anxiety to make points he makes too many. He is like the Irishman who "wasn't in the room when the shooting occurred; and if I was, I didn't have a gun; and if I did, I didn't fire it off; anyhow, it was self-defense." Mr. Van der Hoogt asserts the Boers never to have been subject to England; on the next page he proves that the convention of 1884 freed them from England's rule; and anyhow the convention of 1894 by implication conceded their independence. Taxation of the Uitlanders was never oppressive; and if it was, it was for their own good; and anyhow the Uitlanders themselves forced its necessity upon the Boers. The Uitlanders by right were denied the franchise, since it was not their country; they were too immoral to vote; the Boers had already arranged for them to have the franchise. And so on.

The object of the book is very frankly stated in the paper by Mr. White. That gentleman thinks that the United States ought to intervene by force of arms. He thinks that a mere threat of war would bring Great Britain to terms; but if it didn't, the United States could whip her anyway. He has a great contempt for the objections that Americans urge to such a course; and especially for the Monroe Doctrine:

"With regard to the Monroe Doctrine, as a stranger I must confess to a sense of bewilderment as to its application. I read in one newspaper that the Philippine policy is a violation of that doctrine. In another I find it stated that the Nicaraguan treaty drives a hole through the Monroe Doctrine as effectively as a canal would pierce the isthmus."

Mr. White continues most naively that since he doesn't understand the Monroe Doctrine, he doesn't see why that ancient tradition should prevent the battleship *Iowa* from sailing up the Modder river and whaling the tar out of Lord Roberts unless he quits shooting at the Boers.

"I plead my ignorance on this point is excusable, and I trust I shall be pardoned if in my enthusiasm for my cause I reject the argument as unworthy, and dismiss the Monroe Doctrine as an effective obstacle to the performance of a benevolent action."

Which is what an American would call "plenty of gall," to be sure, coming from a foreigner.

Mr. Van der Hoogt is the first American citizen, so far as I know, to justify the system of slavery practiced by the Boers before the British stopped it. He is certainly the first American to execrate the British for having stopped it, and for having stopped the cruel raids of "the white aristocracy," as he calls his friends, into negro territory for slaves and plunder.

"When the Dutch government made way for that of Great Britain in 1806, and, still more, when that change was sealed in 1814, the little settlement entered upon a new phase of its history. Notwithstanding the wild surroundings and the innumerable savage tribes in the background, the young Africander nation had been welded into a white aristocracy, proudly conscious of having maintained its superiority notwithstanding arduous struggles. It was this sentiment of just pride which the British government well understood how to wound in its most sensitive part by favoring the natives as against the Afrikanders.

"Emissaries of the London Missionary Society slandered the Boers, and accused them of the most inhuman cruelties to the natives. But they emerged from the ordeal triumphantly, and the records of the criminal courts of the Cape Colony bear indisputable witness to the fact that there were no people among the slave-owning classes of the world more humane than the Boers. Their treatment of the natives was based on the theory that natives ought not to be considered as mature and fully developed people, but that they were in reality children who had to be won over to civilization by just and rigid discipline; they hold the same convictions on this subject today."

That the natives are "in reality children, who have to be won over to civilization by just and rigid discipline," is good Euphuism indeed for the hideous practice of making raids upon a weaker people for the purpose of procuring slaves. But we are told:

"A livelier sense of wrong was quickened by the way in which the emancipation of the slaves—in itself an excellent measure—was carried out in the case of the Boers."

In fact, after the Boers had been compelled to free their slaves, the British government voting twenty millions for compensation, they were not allowed to replace them. The indignity of manual labor was thus forced upon the "white aristocracy." Thereupon, it would seem, they pocketed the money, packed their wagons, and trekked northward into a land where slavery was not yet forbidden.

"Our forefathers had become owners of slaves, chiefly imported in English ships and sold to us by Englishmen. The British government decided to abolish slavery. . . . . Grayheads and widows who had lived in ease and comfort went down poverty-stricken to the grave, and gradually the hard fact was borne in upon us that there was no such thing as justice for us in England."

The records show that the freedmen were chiefly Kaffirs, Matabeles, Basutos and Hottentots by tribe—peoples that lived in territory contiguous to that occupied by the Boers. They were chiefly captured by the Boers themselves in their raids. When the English obtained possession of the Cape Colony by convention, the Fish river formed the eastern boundary. There were no Boers living beyond the Fish river. That was Kaffir territory, secured to the blacks in solemn convention. And this is the way Mr. Van der Hoogt describes a cruel act of aggression by the Boers, and its just censure by the British. He says:

"The governor was ultimately prevailed upon to free the strip of territory beyond the Fish river from the raids of the Kaffirs, and this was done by the aid of the Boers. But Lord Glenelg, the Colonial Secretary, reversed this policy and restored the whole territory to the natives. He maligned the Boers in even more forcible terms than the emissaries of the London Missionary Society, and openly favored the Kaffirs, placing them on a higher pedestal than the Boers."

Black men of course ought not to be allowed to "raid" their own territory, even though they hold it by solemn convention. Lord Glenelg did wrong to "malign" the Boers for punishing the Kaffirs. He even made them restore stolen property.

"The latter [the Boers] had succeeded in rescuing their cattle from the Kaffirs, but were forced to look on passively while the very same cattle, with the owner's brand marks plainly visible, were sold by public auction to defray the costs of the commando. The high-minded descendants of the proudest and most stubborn peoples of Europe had to bend the knee before a government which united a commercial policy of crying injustice with a veneer of simulated philanthropy."

Since they were not allowed to take and hold slaves, since they were not allowed even to "rescue" cattle from the Kaffirs, there was nothing for the Boers to do but get out. In the words of Piet Retief, when he left Grahamstown with his expedition:

"We complain of the severe losses which we have been forced to sustain by the emancipation of our slaves, and the vexatious laws which have been enacted respecting them. . . . We are now leaving the fruitful land of our birth, in which we have suffered enormous losses and continual vexation, and are about to enter a strange and dangerous territory; but we go with a firm reliance on the all-seeing, just and merciful God, whom we shall always fear and humbly endeavor to obey."

I doubt if Mr. Van der Hoogt and Mr. White will be able to enlist the services of the battleship *Iowa* upon any such arguments of oppression, even granting that slavery is a good thing for both Kaffir and Boer, and that John Bull was a brute for interfering; or upon any of the arguments, indeed. The *Iowa* has troubles of her own. *The Story of the Boers* is published by Harper & Bros., New York.

* *

NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Hamilton Drummond, "who also was born in the Arcadia" of romance, is out with a tale of adventure entitled *A Man of His Age*, for the delectation of moderns. Mr. Drummond, I fear, has made a sad mistake to begin with. His hero is a married man, and although the reader will follow his fortunes with interest, the peculiar kind of interest that attaches to the true romance will of necessity be absent. Not that the love interest is the only or the highest interest. It is not. It is, however, the most popular interest, and oftentimes it gives a large degree of unity to a tale where otherwise unity would be lacking. In the book at hand the love interest would have given unity to plot and incident. It would have increased the charm of the narration. It might even have made the style more lucid and simple, to have had a beautiful lady heroine among the characters. For the style is not lucid and simple. Instead it is involved and labored in its attempt at quaintness.

Mr. Drummond seems to have felt this need for a lady heroine; for he has built up a sub-plot immediately under the main plot, and this sub-plot has a lady heroine. She is beautiful in face and figure, but a spy and a traitoress at heart; and although she yields her heart in the end without any reservation to the young man her lover, she will not win the sympathies of the young woman her author's reader by that one capitulation. For it is through her treacheries that the main hero is all but done to death on various occasions. The tale is placed during the boyhood of Henry the Great, King of Navarre. There is plenty of stirring incident and some good historical color. The action, however, comes to nothing except that the villain is killed off, after failing in his plots against Monsieur Blaise de Bernauld. Published by the Harpers.

* *

Mr. Frederick Remington has made up a book of sketches and short stories out of his most private journal, and called it *Men with the Bark On* (Harper & Bros.) A few of the sketches are vastly good. On the whole the illustrations are as good as the letterpress. The stories are of the rough type of man that Mr. Remington is never tired of depicting: Indians, cowboys, gamblers, outlaws, soldiers. The better ones are those which deal with the late Spanish-American war, which their author attended in person. Simply told, these studies of men in camp and in action are very nearly the best short stories the war has produced. They are "convincing," as the magazine editors say. They ring true. Their characters breathe and eat. And they are pathetic, too, some of them. Pathos, however, is not an expensive condiment. Almost any writer can afford to use it these days. It is no longer a compliment to call a story pathetic. But it is a compliment to say that a tale is "convincing." Some of Mr. Remington's sketches are very slight, hardly worth preservation in book form; for instance, "The Bowels of a Battleship." Some of them are more than a little newspaperish and commonplace: the "Sorrows of Don Pidal," for in tance, being the tale of a Cuban reconcentrado. Some of them, like "The War Dreams," have absolutely no human interest, their symbolism being too thoroughly out of kind to be anything but a bore. Barring these, the book contains some eight thoroughly good stories.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

IN THE MATTER OF
H. SOCHAT, Bankrupt

Take notice, that H. Sochat, bankrupt, IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California, above named, has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 7th day of April, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place the creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, March 26th 1900.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco

LADIES' KNOX DUDE

Straws now open. Korn, the hatter, 726 Market St., sole agent.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists.

TRUMBULL & BEEBE

Seedsmen and Nurserymen.

419-421 Sansome Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Catalogues Free on Application.

Alfred Cane, Luther A. Teague, Frederick Teague.

Teague, Cane & Teague.

DENTISTS.

Claus Spreckels Bldg. Phone Main 1459.
Third and Market St. Sixth Floor, S. F., Cal.

WASHINGTON.
THE PRECEDENT BUGBEAR.

NEW YORK.
COSTUMES IN NEW PLAYS.

WASHINGTON.

IF YOU should ask a woman of Washington to tell you honestly what she considered the most important event of the present administration, she would not name the war, nor the new issue of expansion, nor the Hay-Paunecfote agreement, nor any of the things which strike the average citizen as important. No indeed; the stately dame of Washington would mention a question which never took up a half a column altogether i any Western newspaper, but which ha shaken Washington official circles to their depths—Precedence.

For in the social life of this alleged democracy, the question of precedence enters, as in the old and effete monarchies, only with a perplexing difference. There, they have a Lord Chamberlain or some corresponding functionary, who decides when doctors disagree. But here, although there are rules and customs, we have no one who can interpret them with authority. So that the innumerable little squabbles which have arisen in past time have been settled by informal arbitration or have remained unsettled. The history of all these teapot tempests reads very much the same. The wife of Senator This is seated higher at table than Mrs. Cabinet Minister That, and there is friction between the two ladies, which gradually draws in their husbands. It always starts with the women, you observe, because women form the section of creation which takes such matters seriously. But for them, there would be no society of any sort, official or smart; it is to them as politics to men. Hence the disturbance in the minds of the fair sex caused by the questions of precedence under the McKinley rule.

The chief disturbing cause was the death of Vice-President Hobart. As everybody knows, precedence in the higher walks of official life, follows the order established by the Succession Bill—President first, then Vice-President, then Secretary of State and so on. *But*—it is a long but—the functions of the vice-president were divided after his death. That is, Senator Frye took his place as President pro tem of the Senate, while Secretary of State Hay is the legal claimant for the Presidential chair in case McKinley dies. Now the question arises as to which is really authorized to stand next to the President. Senator Frye, urged doubtless by his wife, has been the more active in pressing his claims, but society in general has been disposed to grant the favor to Secretary Hay. This is simple enough, although perplexing. But Speaker Henderson of the House is mixed in the disturbance. Admitting that Secretary Hay stands next to the President, he claims social precedence over Senator Frye. His argument is as follows: The position accruing to a vice-president comes from the fact that he is to succeed the President. Very well. That function is performed by the Secretary of State. As president pro tem of the Senate, Frye is occupying only a temporary position and holds no right of precedent over the permanent speaker of the House. This is his line of reasoning, and he holds firmly to its conclusions not, he explains, on his own behalf, but for the greater honor and dignity of the House of Representatives.

Now, the three gentlemen involved in this delightful little mix-up are considerate enough to dodge one another whenever they can, and thus save their hosts trouble and embarassment. Secretary Hay's main social hold is tact, and he has managed beautifully. Speaker Henderson is less tactful, perhaps, but just as considerate. He has made it his business to enquire, before accepting any invitation, whether Senator Frye was expected to be present. In cases where the president of the Senate has already accepted, he has sent a courteous declination or has made it a condition that he should be granted precedence, "for the dignity of the House." And so there has been less friction than might be expected, but the end is not yet.

Quite different is the other celebrated case of this Administration, where Mrs. Dewey was granted precedence over the wives of the army dignitaries at the President's New Year reception. The President's reason for granting the favor was a desire to accomodate Mrs. Dewey, who had a reception of her own on hand, and was anxious to get away as soon as possible—so she said. But those who know Mrs. Dewey have their doubts about her sincerity in asking the favor on those grounds. This female king-maker, with her talent for intrigue, has always chafed under the established law of precedence which, by giving the Army first who never smelled powder in the Spanish war rights over the Navy, lets in over her distinguished husband several generals. Those who claim to know assert that her reason as given was only a ruse to spite her fancied enemies.

These are the domestic cases. Outside of these, there have been some awful blunders made in treating with the representatives of foreign powers. Secretary Root, who does not take kindly to official etiquette, has made the most monumental "break." He asked the members of the Foreign Embassies to a reception in honor of Sir Henry Irving. Now, in Europe, entertainments are given formally only in honor of royalties. A minister or ambassador in a foreign land represents, in official etiquette, the person of his sovereign. To ask him to do honor to a subject is to ask the same service of his royal master. Moreover, Sir Henry Irving is of the tribe of playactors, and caviare to courtly etiquette. To bid Sir Julian Pauncefote to a reception in honor of Irving is like inviting Queen Victoria "to meet Sarah Bernhardt." The Roots, new to courtly observances, were surprised and pained at receiving polite notes of regret from all the foreign delegations. The entertainment was a social success, as are all the functions of the Roots, who are mightily popular in Washington, but the ambassadors and ministers were conspicuous by their absence. Had the unlucky phrase been left out and had the presence of Sir Henry as guest of honor been tacitly understood, all would have been well. The McLeans made exactly the same mistake when they issued cards for a musicale "to meet Admiral and Mrs. Dewey." As in the case of the War Secretary's entertainment, foreign dignitaries, one and all, declined the honor.

These are only a few of the blunders which have hinged on the question of precedence this year. It remained for the White House to perpetrate the worst one. It was at the state dinner to the Diplomatic Corps. The secretary who arranged the seating of the guests sent in the Mexican Ambassador with the wife of the Austrian Minister. Now, all the world knows that Mexico and Austria have had no diplomatic relations since the execution of Maximilian, but this is not the worst. Senor Aspiroz, the Mexican Ambassador in question, is the advocate who prosecuted the Austrian prince before the fatal court-martial. Such a *faux pas* never occurred in any court of Europe; it will never again occur in Washington if the lecture given by McKinley to his unfortunate secretary be kept in official memory.

ROBT. LONG.

NEW YORK.

THERE has been nothing startlingly artistic about the plays of this theatrical season in New York—except for the gowns. Old plays and old plots, old situations, old repartee, have been dished up to us this year, even to weariness. But the dressing, ah, that is a different story. Never have stage costumes been so expensive and so elaborate. The latest sensation in this regard is furnished by the coat worn by Jessie Millward of the Empire Company in the second act of "A Man and His Wife." The whole play is well costumed but this one piece of dressmaking stands out above all others, the star of the piece.

It is a long cloak, with flowing lines, made entirely of this beautiful cloth of silver, lined with tucked pale blue chiffon with frills on either side under the edge, which show when the coat is thrown open. Appliqued on the coat is a beautiful pattern of real thread lace in an effective design of baskets of flowers and bow knots. It is like a lace overcoat, pointed long in the back and sloping up till it has a short jacket effect in the front. One of the basket designs of the lace, and they are about natural size, is in each of the front corners of the cloak, and a narrow pattern of the lace outlines the fronts and lower edge. There is a high collar and a clasp buckle of rhinestones, and a large scarf passes around the neck and hangs in long ends down the front. It is a beautiful garment.

The gray chiffon gown which is worn under the wrap is equally admirable. The skirt is fashioned of narrow hand-stitched tucks, and it fits the figure like a sheath down to below the knees, where it flares out with frilled edges. But the really beautiful part of this gown is the lace of real silver, soft and flexible, the genuine qualities making it a thing of permanent beauty. It is set in big medallions, a sort of de Medici design just above the flare of the skirt, on the lower edge of which, alternating with the little frills at the edge of the plaiting, are bands of the silver.

There is a bolero jacket effect of the silver on the low-cut bodice, the long sleeves reaching to the knuckles are of the same beautiful lace, set with sapphires on the flare at the wrist, and on the bodice, where they make a butterfly on the lace in front.

The first gown Miss Millward wears is one of those beautiful silk applique gowns on white net, made princesse, with considerable fullness at the top of the skirt in the back, according to the late models from abroad. It opens down the side of the front with big paste or rhinestone buttons, and there is a handsome buckle to match at the waist line in the back. This is a handsome afternoon or dinner gown, cut low at the throat, with a little full falling collar of the chiffon, and below the sleeves of the applique, which reach just below the elbow undersleeves of the chiffon.

In "The Bugle Call," run as a curtain-raiser to "A Man and His Wife," Margaret Anglin wears a gown which attracts less attention than the more startling coat of Miss Millward, but which is just as meritorious from an artistic standpoint. It is a petunia velvet, or one can call it a soft rose with purple shades, if that sounds more attractive. It has a Cluny lace vest and undersleeves, Eton jacket, and a muff, boa, and hat to match. And there are new points in this gown, though masculine eyes may fail to note them or its other merits. Just notice the fullness in the skirt of the little frock. Three box plaits on either side at the waist line and more in the back set out, side in regular box plait fashion to make bulk, and the fullness flowing out below them. That is the kind of skirt that is to be seen in late Paris models. The Eton jacket is simple opening wide in front to show the lace vest and transparent stock. There is a little turnback collar, and the sleeves which reach just below the elbow have pretty little turned back cuffs, while from the edge of the sleeve, reaching well down over the hand, its the under sleeve of the Cluny lace to match the vest, one of those fashions of the sixties which are creeping in by degrees and with more and more assurance.

The only trimming on the jacket bodice is a narrow band of dull silver galloon which out, lines its edges and those of the collar, cuffs and around the armhole. The vest is made almost entirely of it. It is a pretty belt. The two rows of the galloon which trim it are set so close together in front that they practically form the belt, but they widen slightly as they pass around the waist until in the back the upper row shapes up into a little point which harmonizes in line with the lower edge of the little jacket some distance above it, which is cut up in a point.

The hat, boa, and muff are made of flowers-double hollyhocks, perhaps, just the shade of the gown and of the velvet. The low centre of the hat, which is worn down over the face, is a mass of these flowers with velvet at the sides and back. The body of the muff is another mass of flowers, and is made light and effective, with narrow folds of the velve which set out on either side.

The boa is the most charming bit of it all. It, too, is made of the flowers, the part which passes around the neck, while the long ends, which hang almost to the lower edges of the skirt, are made of numbers of strands of these narrow velvet folds, caught near the end with more of the flowers. It is exceedingly stylish and pretty, one of the prettiest things that has been seen on the stage this winter.

NETTA DYKE.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it; 25 cents.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

A Delicious Beverage for all Occasions

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale

Connoiseurs pronounce it "the best imported."

Sherwood & Sherwood, AGENTS
212-214 Market St., San Francisco

WASHINGTON AND ALASKA STEAMSHIP CO.

For Cape Nome

Transpacific Passenger Steamship

TACOMA

Registered Tonnage, 2811 Tons
Cargo Capacity, 4000 Tons
Passengar Capacity, 800

This Magnificently Fitted-up Steamship will sail from Yesler Wharf,

SEATTLE

On or About

MAY 25

For Further Information apply to

DODWELL & CO., Limited
General Agents
113 James St. SEATTLE. WASH.
Telephone Main 479

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 3010 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address ***WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE. SEND US YOUR ORDER,*** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to inspect and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing our **1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Mesinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. **Our binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer, or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them, however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at **$8 to $10** each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for **Bargain List.** **OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. ☞Give name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Little Fred; The Sidmans; Bowman and Ardell; Brothers Forrest; Etta Butler; Digby Bell; Rae and Brosche; Mlle. Proto; Mildred Stoller.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Week of April 30th.
Extra Matinee Tuesday, Dewey Day May 1st,
Bret Harte's and Edgar Pemberton's beautiful story of the early days of California, entitled,

"SUE."

Picturesque scenery, unique stage settings and an unapproachable cast.

Every evening at 8 p. m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, APR. 29th
Last Times of the Reliable Comedians
WARD & VOKES
and a company of 40 people in the Musical Farce Comedy

"THE FLOOR WALKERS."

Funnier than a "Run on the Bank."
SPECIAL PRICES—$1.00. 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c.
Next attraction—"THE EVIL EYE."

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sunday Night, April 29th. Matinees Thursday and Saturday.

Fourth week and Unparalleled success
MR. JAMES NEILL
and Company
Presenting Nat Goodwin's Biggest Comedy Triumph

A GILDED FOOL.

With Mr. Neill as "Chauncey Short."
Carriages 10:45 p. m
Play to follow "A Parisian Romance."
Get Seats Early. No Advance in Prices.

Racing! Racing! Racing!
CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

Winter meeting, 1899-1900, beginning MONDAY Apr. 23 to May 5, 1900.

OAKLAND RACE TRACK.

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.
Five or more races each day.
Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.
Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.
Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President,
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

Tavern of Castle Crag
AND SODA SPRINGS

SEASON OPENS JUNE 15.

Located in the midst of grand and impressive mountrin scenery. With Mt. Shasta and The Crags for a background.
Fine hunting and fishing.
Unsurpassed cuisine and service and reasonable rates.

RAILROAD FARE round trip, including sleeper both ways $14

For rates, terms and other information address E. B. PIXLEY, Manager.
Care Pacific Improvement Co., Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

AT THE THEATERS

For its second production, the Neill Company presents a play even weaker than its initial production. "Captain Letterblair" is a poor, invertebrate sort of piece. It was written for a newspaper prize, and was snapped up by Sothern because the fat leading part was very well suited to his capabilities. Without Sothern, it is of even less worth than is "A Bachelor's Romance" without Sol Smith Russel. The plot is fairly original, it is true; one situation—that of the heroine caught by the skirt in a closed door and in a place where she would rather not be—made a mild sensation when the piece first appeared and served well for advertising purposes. But in the main it is mushy and correspondingly dull. Miss Merrington fails, as all women writers seem to fail, in the attempt to depict a male villain. The one in this particular play is unnatural beyond the bounds of sense; his villainy shows mainly in throwing covert sneers and open insults at the hero. The leading character is fairly drawn, but the part is a peculiar one—a Sothern part through and through, although it was not written to him. It needs Sothern's romantic charm to carry it.

Strong actors need strong plays, and it is therefore unfair again to pass judgment on the Neill people. Mr. Neill himself acted with feeling and some spirit, but the laurels go to Edythe Chapman. In her small part in "A Bachelor's Romance," she proved that she is an actress with the high gift of ease and naturalness; in this production, she has a chance at a part which calls for both pathos and humous appreciation, and carries it off admirably.

It is a question if the quiet method which I felt called upon to commend in last week's performance is not carried too far in "Captain Letterblair." The performance dragged in places where more life and vim would have carried it through with a rush. Next week, the company has a better chance in a really good play—"A Gilded Fool."

The Fulgora all star specialty company makes part of the bill at the Orpheum next week. At its head is "Little Fred" and his troupe of aquatic and equestrian animals. The Sidmans have a sketch entitled 'Back Home." Bowman and Ardell are sketch artists with singing and dancing specialties. The Brothers Forrest are clowns with a novel act. Etta Butler, a San Francisco girl, is a bright, particular attraction on the bill. She has had great success abroad as a mimic.

* *

Ward and Vokes in the musical farce "The Floor Walkers" are to continue at the Columbia Theatre for another week presenting some new features in song and dance for the last nights of the engagement. Lucy Daly, Margaret Daly Vokes, The Chicago Ladies' Quartette and Will West are among the hits of the cast. Yale's spectacle production, "The Evil Eye" follows on Monday May 7th.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

1. "Not much appetite in this climate."

2. "Good gracious! Snakes!!"

3. "I'm off!!!"

4. The other end of the tale.

The Neill company presents Henry Guy Carleton's comedy "A Gilded Fool," next week. This is the play in which Nat Goodwin first made his reputation, and is well suited to the abilities of the company. There will be matinees Thursday and Saturday.

* *

John Drew's engagement at the Columbia Theatre next month is to be positively limited to six nights and one matinee. He plays "The Tyranny of Tears" and brings with him the original cast.

* *

George Marion, an old San Franciscan, for years one of Charles Hoyt's right hand men, will stage manage all of the farce comedies during the summer season at the California Theatre.

* *

The Alcazar finished its run of "Quo Vadis," this week. Bret Harte's romantic comedy, "Sue," opens on Sunday night.

Order some

"Club Cocktails"

Sent Home To-day.

You will then have on your own sideboard a better cocktail than can be served over any bar in the world. A cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and all blends improve with age.

The "Club Cocktails" are made of the best of liquors; made by actual weight and measurement. No guesswork about them.

Ask your husband at breakfast which he prefers—a Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth or York—and then surprise him with one at his dinner.

For sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
29 Broadway, N.Y. Hartford, Conn.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS,
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,
Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,213,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28,563,655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....210,067
Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings. for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Joseph D. Grant, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

Morning, noon or night you will find a glass of Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale both cheering and refreshing.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✠ THIS SEASON'S ✠

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
38 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. April 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. April 6, 11, 16, 21, 26 May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. Apr. 4, 9, 14, 24, 29, May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Apr. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, May 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Apr. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, May 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, May 28 at 2 p.m.

S. S. Alameda, **for Australia**, Wednesday, May 16 at 8 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class — Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb. 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7, 17, 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE

Through Trains and Cars via OGDEN ROUTE Daily

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
IN CONNECTION WITH

Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Line

OVERLAND LIMITED—Solid Vestibuled Train of Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and Composite Car

Leave San Francisco	8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento	11:25 A.M.
Arrive Chicago	9:30 A.M.

Westbound train leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P.M.

Rock Island Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car and Dining Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco	8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento	11:25 A.M.
Arrive Salt Lake City	2:10 P.M.
Leave Salt Lake City	8:05 P.M.
Arrive Denver	9:15 P.M.
Arrive Chicago	7:59 A.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 10:00 P.M.

Burlington Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco	6:30 P.M.
Leave Sacramento	10:30 P.M.
Arrive Denver	9:00 A.M.
Arrive Chicago	2:15 P.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 11:00 P.M.

Connections are made at Sacramento from and to both Southern and Northern California for all three trains.

The Rock Island and Burlington Route cars pass between Ogden and Denver over the Rio Grande Western and Denver & Rio Grande railroads.

For folders and more complete information, go and see

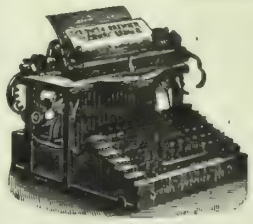
For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

PRETTY WORK
NICE PRESS COPIES



Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the *SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.*

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.
110 Montgomery St., S. F.
Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

Telephone Main 199.

Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER

83, 87, 89, 91, First St., San Francisco.

Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles.
Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

It's easily and quickly done, without scratching or wearing the most delicate surface. The proof is in the trying; that costs nothing.

We supply the material for that simply for the asking. Box, postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.

Grocers and druggists sell it.

The Electro Silicon Company,
30 Cliff Street, New York.

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.
American and European Plan.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters
"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.
NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

ELECTRIC
SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS
California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY
Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
294-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

CONVENTIONALITIES AT THE FRONT.—During one of the minor skirmishes before Cronje surrendered, a certain aristocratic Colonel in command of a detatchment of cavalry observed that his guns were in danger. He requested one of his aides to go to Captain A's assistance. "Pardon," he added, as the officer turned to obey. "Perhaps, Mr. B., you do not know A.?" Mr. B. had not the pleasure. "I'll introduce you, then. Charming fellow A.!" said his lordship; and, regardless of bursting shells and puffs of dirt which marked the pitch of bullets all round them, he cantered along the hillside with Mr. B. "Captain A., let me introduce Mr. B.! Captain A., B. will lend you a hand to bring in that gun. Hope neither of you will be knocked over doing it!" The ceremony of introduction, punctuated by shot and shell, performed, his lordship cantered quietly back to his post of observation.

x

NOT TOO OLD FOR THE SENATE.—Down in Alabama Pettus was a leading Democratic politician with no aspirations beyond the honor of presiding over a State convention. He helped everybody and asked nothing for himself. He had, however, been a State Judge, and thought he would like to end his days on the Federal bench. There was a vacancy, and he came to Washington to see Senator Pugh. This was during Cleveland's last administration. Senator Pugh looked over Pettus's application and hesitated about signing it. "The President," he said, "wants young men on the bench. You are too old." "I am not too old to be a senator," answered Pettus, and, returning to Alabama, he announced his candidacy. The contest was one-sided. Before Pugh knew what had happened, Pettus had secured the pledge of all the Legislature.

x

SHAKESPEARE'S BEST CHARACTERISTIC.—A man of letters who visited Washington recently appeared at but one dinner party during his stay. Then he sat next to the daughter of a noted naval officer. Her vocabulary was of a kind peculiar to extremely young girls, but she rattled away at the famous man without a moment's respite. It was during the pause in the general conversation that she said to him: "I'm awfully stuck on Shakespeare. Don't you think he's terribly interesting?" Everybody listened to hear the great man's reply, for as a Shakespearian scholar he has few peers. "Yes," he said, solemnly, "I do think he is interesting. I think he is more than that. I think Shakespeare is just simply too cute for anything."

x

INDIAN SARCASM.—An Indian agent who was a militia Colonel, desired to impress the Indians with the magnitude of his dignity. He dressed himself in full uniform, with his sword by his side, and rising in his council told them that one reason why the Great Father had had so much trouble with his red children was that he had sent the civilians to them. "You are warriors," he said, "and when the Great Father saw me he said: 'I will send this man, who is a great warrior, to my red children, who are warriors, and they will hear his words.'" An old chief arose, and, surveying the speaker from head to foot, said calmly: "Since I was a small boy I have heard that white men have great warriors. I have always wanted to see one. I have looked upon one, and now I am ready to die."

x

THE WAY OUT.—The leading man of a melodramatic company touring in the provinces fell ill in a minor Scotch town. The hero role had to be taken by his understudy, who was talented, but slender. At the crisis of the play, the princess—who happened on this occasion to be not less substantial than lovely—faints and falls, and the hero's task is to lift her up and carry her from the stage. The understudy, realizing the difficulty of the task before him, hesitated perceptibly. Then there was a hush, broken at last by a thin voice from the gallery, "just tak' what ye can, mon, and come back for the rest!"

x

SUSPENSE AND SUSPENSION.—An eminent vegetarian doctor once wrote to the judges of London, England, asking if it were not time that, by way of experiment, capital punishment should be suspended. He received only one answer, which was to this effect—"Dear Sir—I consider it preferable that the murderer should be suspended." The vegetarian replied—"May your lordship never know what an awful thing suspense is!"

x

DESECRATING THE SABBATH.—The Duchess of Bucleuch had an old Presbyterian nurse, who was once persuaded to attend the beautiful church they had built. The Duchess afterward asked her if it was not very beautiful, and she said: "Oh, yes, very." "And the singing, said the Duchess, "was not that lovely?" "Yes, your Grace," she said. "It was lovely; but it's an awful way of spending the Sabbath."

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

For nearly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate charges.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

REPSOLD
Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner
This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office. 416 Pine Street

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M. T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between
Skaguay and Lake Bennett.
Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
ATLIN, DAWSON AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

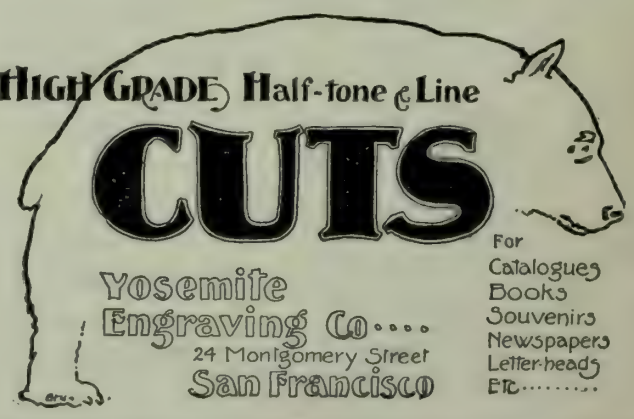
FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Mede from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents,

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

W Make the Cuts in this Paper.


Kitro Tonic. King of all. For men and women. A fine Grape Fruit Tonic. Recommended by all Physicians. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Dealers.

The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI. No. 16 SAN FRANCISCO—MAY 5, 1900 SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

This Paper not to be taken from the Library. + + + +

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

BLOWING UP SHAG ROCK, SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR, APRIL 30, 1900.

Photo by Chas. Weidner, Copyright, 1900.

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—May 5, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
In Fair Hawaii 4
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 5
The Leading Personages of the Contest over the Fair Estate 6
The Fair Will Case 7
The Cape Dutch 7
Detecting Forgeries 8
Views of May Day at Glen Park 9
As Seen by Leila 10
In Bookdom, by W. J. Neidig 11
Correspondence—New York, London 12
At the Theatres 13
Science Wins Out 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Transvaal War. Still Lord Roberts lingers in the Orange Free State, delaying his anxiously expected advance into the Transvaal, and still the British public chafes under the delay. In London, the feeling has grown to be one of impatience, a faint echo of the popular sentiment during the days when Buller was pounding toward Ladysmith and Methuen's beaten force was idly facing the Boers on the wrong side of Modder river. Only one anxiety has been removed; the chances of intervention now seem very faint. The Boer efforts with America were wisely checked; Germany, where the government has favored England and the people have rabidly opposed her, is cooling off; the expressions of the official and semi-official press have become quite moderate. Even France has ceased carping at the English and applauding the Boers, the energies of the Parisian press being now occupied with the Exposition. Russia is stolidly silent. Under these circumstances, the English feel that they have now only the one foe to contend with. At the front, all is comparatively quiet. When this record closed last week, Roberts had just succeeded in raising the siege of Wepener and was spreading a net to catch the Boer force in its retreat. This attempt proved futile; the rapidly-moving Boers outfooted the British cavalry and mounted infantry and got away into Transvaal. They took with them the heavily-loaded supply trains which they had been filling during the Wepener engagements. In a way, this was a victory for the Boers and their able commander, Botha, who gained two of the objects for which the Boers are now fighting. First, he delayed Roberts' advance, thus giving the main Boer army its opportunity of perfecting its defenses within the Transvaal, and secondly, he got away with great quantities of supplies for use in that uncertain future time when Pretoria is besieged. There are not wanting signs that the Burghers have gained the objects which they sought in the late desultory invasion of the Free State, and that they will now fall back upon their own soil and wait for the winter campaign. The forces retreating from Wepener, and from other stations where they have faced the British, told the natives that "Kruger had called them home." Although their supply trains were full, these troops were ragged, tired and discouraged from their month of hard marching and fighting, and many deserted on the way. In the region where the late fighting occurred, there is only one strong Boer force, and that at Thabanchu, a difficult position to attack. A conflict is near at hand at this point. Of late, there has been a mysterious movement of Boer troops west of Bloemfontein and between Fourteen Streams and Kimberley. It is too early to hazard even a guess as to the meaning of this.

Two Great Catastrophies. During the past week there have been two great catastrophies, attended with loss of property and life, in North America. There was a big colliery disaster in Utah on May 1, and a great fire visited Hull and Ottawa, Canada, on April 27. The mining catastrophe occurred at the town of Scofield, Utah, a coal camp about 100 miles south of Salt Lake City. Mine No. 4, used as a powder magazine, exploded, killing every man who was in that and the adjoining mine No. 1, at the time. As there are no survivors, the cause is not known. The loss of life is at least 250; there is practically no list of injured, as the explosion did its work with terrible certainty, suffocating the men in No. 1 mine and mangling those in No. 4. Although the relief corps has rescued not more than two-thirds of the bodies of those known to have been in the shafts when the explosion occurred, there is absolutely no hope for the others. Whoever remained alive after the first shock must have died from a fire of coal-dust which swept the shaft immediately afterward. The fire in Canada started in the town of Hull, a manufacturing suburb of Ottawa, and wiped out that town, which is the site of many valuable lumber yards. It then swept on to Ottawa, driven before a high wind. It ran over a large part of the residence district and at one time threatened the business portion of the city and the Government buildings, but a fortunate shift in the wind saved this section. Over five square miles of territory burned over, 2,000 buildings destroyed, 7,000 persons rendered homeless, eight persons killed and $17,000,000 worth of property destroyed is the record of this fire. Besides this, many thousands are put out of work by the wholesale destruction of the largest factories in Canada. A dirty chimney caused all the trouble. Subscriptions to aid the sufferers are being taken throughout Canada and the East.

The Canal Bill Before the House. The Nicaragua Canal matter has been before the people and Congress of the United States for over fifty years, and now for the first time it has come up for a vote in our national assembly. On May 1st, the general bill was put before the House of Representatives for a vote. By the time this paper is in the hands of its readers, the result will be known. As it stands now, the measure occupies an anomalous position. A great majority of the House are firm believers in the canal, yet so many small groups are against the measure in its present form, for a variety of widely-differing reasons, that the chances of immediate passage are looked upon as doubtful. The debate on May 1st developed powerful opposition. One element, headed by Burton of Ohio, opposed the bill because they believed that action should be delayed until the commission appointed to survey the route should be ready to report and until the Hay–Pauncefote tangle should be cleared away. Still another faction, this one strongly Democratic, takes exception to the omission of a clause giving the United States the right to fortify the waterway and its harbors. The absence of a definite agreement with Nicaragua proved another barrier. Meanwhile, one obstacle has fallen away. The Maritime Canal Company, which has held a concession from the Nicaraguan government for the private construction of a canal, has lost its right. The original concession was to have expired on October 5th, last; the company applied for an extension, was refused, and appealed to arbitration. The Nicaraguan government was ready to arbitrate, but the company refused the government terms regarding a tribunal, and the concession was cancelled.

The Turkish Damage Case. Turkey has not made settlement of the American claims, and is delaying the negotiations with the characteristic procrastination which marks Oriental diplomacy. Since the delivery of the last note Turkey has been pressing this government to agree to an arrangement by which the demand may be satisfied under cover of a payment to an American shipbuilding concern for the construction of a war ship of the Turkish navy. It is now known to Turkey that the United States will not agree to any such arrangement, and the officials, therefore, expect that the Turkish answer will propose some new form of indirect satisfaction of the American claim. The government appears to accept no settlement of a roundabout character. That the administration means business there can be no doubt, but its most radical action will not, it is said, be extended further than the severance of diplomatic relations with the Porte. Certainly that is the only course now under consideration as the first step. Whether there will be any second step will depend on circumstances. The President and his official advisers are apparently opposed to going any further than that. Curiously enough, nearly all the urging about sending a fleet has come from ministers of the gospel who are interested in missionary work in Armenia. There is an undercurrent of feeling in administration circles that the offer of a naval construction contract and the permission given for reconstruction of the destroyed college at Harput ought to be considered in arranging terms of settlement.

The Senate Refuses to Seat Quay. By a majority of one vote, the Senate has refused to give a seat to Matthew Quay of Pennsylvania, Senator by appointment of Governor Stone of that state. This case has dragged along for months, first in the Legislature of Pennsylvania and then in Congress. The question hinged largely on a constitutional point. It is provided that the Governor of a state may appoint a Senator "in case vacancies occur by resignation or otherwise during the recess of the Legislature." Quay's former term expired while the Legislature of Pennsylvania was in session, and he became a candidate to succeed himself. There was a long and bitter fight over the candidacy, ending in a deadlock, and the body adjourned without naming a Senator. Thereupon, the Governor, believing that he stood on his rights under the Constitution, appointed Quay to the vacancy. It now appears that he had not this right. There is no better hated man in some elements of Pennsylvania politics than this same Quay, and his enemies brought their fight into the Senate. It has been fought all the year in caucus, committee and session, and ends only now, a month before adjournment. The democratic papers do not hesitate to declare that the whole affair was a "put up job." Guided by precedent, they say, the Senate could not have seated the Pennsylvania man; the Republicans therefore agreed in caucus to vote in such manner that he should lose by only one vote. Thus, while maintaining the consistency of the body, they gave him a practical endorsement which he will use when he comes up again as a candidate at the next session of the Pennsylvania Legislature. Incidentally, this shows what would have happened had the Governor appointed a Senator after the deadlock in the last regular session of the California Legislature.

Ominous Signs in China. Recent events in China go to prove that a crisis in the reign of the Dowager Empress is close at hand. According to latest telegrams, the European warships along the coast are showing signs of activity and are already landing marines. The reason given for this act is the protection of European lives in the insurrection now close at hand, but the real reason is, almost without doubt, a general intention to overthrow the reigning dynasty in the interest of progress or at least to check its reactionary policy. The powers have grown tired of this woman's machinations and of the unrest and danger which they have caused. The incipient rebellion which threatens the Empire is widespread. Even the Hunanese troops, the main reliance of the Tartar dynasty, are becoming mutinous and may rise at any time. In the whole change of Imperial policy, the Anglo-Saxons in China see the hand of Russia. It is predicted that when the storm breaks, the Czar will stand with the Chinese against England, Japan and the United States, with France as an indeterminate factor. In late issues of the *China Gazette*, the Anglo-Saxon mouthpiece in China, this attitude is taken. That paper summarizes the situation as follows:—"If the present policy of the Empress Dowager, inspired by her evil advisers, Kang Yi, Prince Ching, Li Hung Chang and Hsuitong on the one hand and by the Russian and other continental political wire-pullers on the other is not speedily restrained, an era of widespread horror and bloodshed is not far off. The people, and even many of the mandarins, most certainly those in the middle and southern provinces, are ready to rise and throw off the strangling yoke that binds them. No one who knows anything of the history of China since this bloodstained, ambitious and wholly selfish woman seized the reins of power upon the death of the Emperor Hien Fung, can wonder at the growth of sullen hatred for her name and rule, while the countless defeats and humiliations that China has since undergone have convinced the popular mind that the Empress Dowager is accursed by perpetual ill luck, for all the misfortunes that have happened since the present unfortunate nominal Emperer was selected have really occurred while the Empress Dowager exercised uncontrolled power."

The Cuban Currency. One of the present needs of the Island of Cuba is a stable banking system and a paper currency of some sort. Under the Foraker resolution, nothing like a national banking system is possible at the present time, and the Island is held down to a most confused and ridiculous plan of finance. In this system, the various large business houses assume the functions of banks. They go even further; most of them are mixed in the business of their customers to such a degree that it savors of paternalism. They lend money on time, accepting notes, growing crops and chattels as security; buy and sell for their customers, take care of their surplus funds; pay interest on deposits and have a paper currency of their own. These firms are heavy operators and do an enormous business, but they are often embarrassed through these transactions reaching the limit of their carrying capacity. They will hold notes amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars and possess warehouses crowded to their full capacity with crops or goods held as securities and yet be on the verge of bankruptcy through lack of ready money. Their varying currency has produced a chaotic condition of affairs. Their is no standard at all. The money in common use is a mixture of French, German, English, Spanish and American coin, each with its fluctuating rate of exchange. The factor controlling rates is not only the normal fluctuation of exchange but the will of the banker, who manipulates the rates as he wishes. A firm money system would work wonders in Cuban trade. This is not procurable today, and will not be until there is a stable government of some sort. The other disagreeable features of the present banking system have been in some measure relieved by the establishment of branch offices by several American trust companies. Once a real currency is established, there will be an immense fields for banks.

Boer Resolutions Lost in the Senate. The resolution of sympathy for the Boers, which went through the House of Representatives by an overwhelming vote, was beaten in the conservative Senate. Nevertheless, the majority of nine votes was so small that it proves an overwhelming degree of sympathy in Congress for the Boer cause. This must be frankly admitted. The passage of such a measure would have been an open and direct insult to England, and that within two years of England's firm stand for this country in our war with Spain. It would doubtless have involved us in serious entanglements, it would have retarded the adjustment of the Hay–Pauncefote affair, and it would have imperilled our chances of obtaining a favorable conclusion to the Alaskan boundary disputes. There were, then, grave considerations of policy against such a measure; the scant majority proves that, had had these not existed, Congress would have passed the resolutions. It is fortunate for the Republican party that it did not do so, because, in that event, President McKinley would have been under the necessity of exercising the veto power, and the opponents of the administration would have been furnished with an open act upon which to hang their "play" for the great mass of Boer sympathizers throughout the country.

The Opening of Corea. The friction between Russia and China over trade privileges in Corea calls attention to the possibilities of European exploitation in that country. Corea is the decadent of the East. Her first appearance in history is as a battle-ground between the Chinese and the Japanese. Since then, she has continually been a tributary nation to the one or the other. Less stubborn than the Chinese and with none of the Japanese brains, dash and energy, the Coreans remained, through their very apathy, an unknown hermit kingdom long after China was fairly open. Thirty years ago, missionaries were publicly roasted to death in Seoul by order of the Emperor. Twenty years ago, Europeans were first admitted. Now, the natives are ready to receive the whites with their customary apathetic indifference. Their very nerveless degeneracy prevents them from making active opposition. This being true, the field for ex-

ploitation consists in opening up the resources of the country through European capital and enterprise rather than in the spread of European commerce. It is doubtful if the people will ever raise their standard of living sufficiently to make general demands for European manufactured goods. The chance for Europeans lies in the exploitation of huge tracts of fertile but fallow land. Corea is not overcrowded like China and Japan; her agricultural land has only been dipped into here and there; her forests lie uncut, her deposits of coal and metal are unopened. Part of this is due to the Corean national character and a part to the state of subjugation in which she has existed since the days of Ku la Kahn, and which has killed every form of enterprise. An electric railway is working now in the streets of Seuol, and, although wrecked once by the mob, it has yet become a permanent thing and is used daily by the natives. Their comparatively ready acceptance of this novelty proves that they will endure further innovations when the time comes.

The Philippine War. One of the hottest fights, one of the most heroic stands of the whole Philippine war was that made last week by a detachment of the Forty-Third Infantry at Catubig, Island of Samur. The Americans were quartered in the town church when they were surrounded and besieged by several hundred insurgents. For two days they held the position. Then, the church caught fire and burned down. They held their own in the open until the fire was over, and then went back to the ruins and held them for three days longer. At the end of that time, the survivors were rescued by their own regiment, which had made a forced march to the relief. Of the original thirty, only ten remained alive. They had killed two hundred insurgents in the five days' fighting. Throughout Subig the insurgents are showing great activity and are keeping up an aggressive guerilla warfare. A belief is growing in Luzon that Aguinaldo is dead, killed by the savage Iggorates during the retreat of last winter. There is no proof that he has been alive since the Twenty-Third Infantry gave up the pursuit in the Benquet mountains. It is said by deserters that the insurgent general, Tinio, holds to this belief. Tinio had regular communication with the native leader until January, when the letters suddenly ceased, and he has received no further word. Neither, it is said, has his wife, now a captive in Manila, received any tidings. When last seen, Aguinaldo had only four men with him; he would therefore, have been easy prey for the savages. General Otis, interviewed just before leaving for the United States, took a different view. He believes that Aguinaldo is hiding in Isabella province with a force of 400 men. Furthermore, the General unburdened himself, in the same interview, of some more "Situation-well-in-hand" theories. "I have held the opinion for a time that the thing is entirely over. I cannot see where it is possible for the guerrillas to effect any reorganization, concentrate in any force or accomplish anything serious. Everywhere the people are giving valuable information and are almost daily disclosing hidden arms and other insurgent property. Filipinos who want peace are beginning to appreciate the power of the Americans to protect them, and are giving effective co-operation. The remnants of guerrilla bands are thoroughly scattered and they are unable to remain for any time in any place. Even the insurgent leaders recognize the necessity of the Americans staying here. They admit that a strong government is essential to the peace and prosperity of the islands. I asked Senor Mabini, Aguinaldo's Minister of Foreign Affairs, only the other day if he did not know that the United States were necessary to the Philippines. He replied that he did. I then asked him what the insurgents were fighting for, and he answered their object was to get the best terms. Even the best of them have thus been deluded into believing that they could wrest conditions from us."

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Bryan the Bore.

MR. BRYAN has found another peg upon which he can hang hopes of a block of votes, and you may rest assured that it will not suffer from lack of exploiting. He has already established a happy and useful combination with Aguinaldo, and has painted this subject in all the hues and tones of anti-imperialism to secure the anti-administration votes. Now he has discovered another "pocket" that promises well. He announces that the hope of the Boers depends upon the defeat of McKinley. He picks up the South African war and injects the whole of it into American politics. Seriously, it is not at all impossible the Oom Paul and the Aguinaldo will contribute to Mr. Bryans election. He has exhibited a complete willingness to use this government to serve their interests, if but given the power. Oom Paul particularly is equipped with large and ready means. If by the expenditure of a few million dollars in American politics, he could upset a conservative Republican administration and put in a Democratic president who would lean his way, he could well afford to venture the investment. Kruger and his government have much to lose, and as Mr. Bryan aptly puts it, "the good offices of this nation can be tendered, according to the terms of the new Hague treaty, at the proper time and in earnest. These offices of friendly service would have great influence."

The *Examiner's* headlines announcing Mr. Bryan's intention read: "Bryan, if elected, would aid the Boers." So perhaps Mr. Bryan has gone further and agreed to awaken a war spirit that would favor forcible intervention.

To justify himself, in the eyes of his party for this stand, Mr. Bryan, after an interview with the chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic national body, makes the following announcement, which ought to reassure doubting Democrats in the belief that Bryan knows his business, and is not missing any device for attracting unfixed votes. He says:

"During my recent Western trip, in fact wherever I have been, I find the sentiment overwhelmingly in favor of the Boers. Any statement that the natural sympathy of this country is for the British, is a perversion of the facts that cannot mislead observers, but whose sole effect may be the delusion of England in a way that is likely to end in an unpleasant awakening to the truth." Here, then, is the ample political justification for his attitude. There are votes in it.

One must confess that the feeling here is mixed. But, where there is bitterness toward the course of England it may usually be traced to hereditary hate, or to European complications that find reflection here. Among Americans whose ancestors have lived here long enough to have eradicated all bitterness against or attachment for the older countries there lives a desire to see the war end. At first among such citizens there lived a feeling that England was in the wrong. Gradually, there has come out of it the knowledge that the government of Oom Paul, which is merely a republic in name, had with persistent and insistent narrowness visited all character of disabilities and inconveniences upon British subjects residing within her borders. If some fifty thousand Americans should go down into the Republic of Mexico, settle there and proceed to develop the mines and general resources of the country, and if the government of Mexico should visit the same character of disabilities and indignities upon these men of our own blood, there would go up from America such a cry of protest as would assuredly culminate in war, unless the Mexican government desisted. We went to war with Spain, because she abused her own subjects in the Island of Cuba and if that war was predicated upon justice and right, if we were justified by any rule of humanity in compelling Spain to treat her own subjects humanely, and then as the result of the war stripped her of her western and far eastern island possessions, then England is performing a much more natural duty in protecting her own subjects, and is equally justified in taking and holding the territory of the enemy. The feeling among Americans as we know them, is one of sorrow and sympathy for the thousands who are battling upon both sides. The long lists of killed and wounded British bring to the American no sense of elation, no pleasure. It may cheer the heart of some bitter antagonist who is American only by adoption. The gallant stand of Cronje challenged the admiration of not only Americans but of the world. England herself did not withhold expressions of admiration for the dogged courage of her adversaries. When Mr. Bryan assumes that the people of America, the people who are worthy of consideration from the point of numbers and intelligence, would approve or countenance any interference on the part of this government, in the British-Boer war, he is sadly mistaken. There is a body of voters who are today naturally upon the side of Bryan, who are also naturally Boer sympathizers. He will not make a vote by his advocacy of interference, though he may solidify certain elements among his followers.

The Bryan scheme is not difficult of understanding, and we are willing to prophesy that before many days have passed he will inquire into the matter of Turkish indemnity. If he finds that a large body of church-going people are deeply interested in the collection of this money claimed to be due from the Sultan, and if he discovers that political capital can be made by so doing, he will inaugurate a new line of abuse to visit upon the administration for what he will term its tardiness. He will promise in loud tones and large words to dispatch a fleet to demand prompt and full payment at the cannon's mouth.

Whatever the administration may do, you may rest assured it will not meet with Mr. Bryan's approval. If the president forces the issue, you will find William Jennings making a new alliance to accompany the Bryan-Aguinaldo—Bryan-Oom Paul combination. Mr. Bryan is a plain, everyday fakir, and his defeat at the next election will, we trust, bury him beyond any hope of future resurrection.

A Wise Man From Japan.

PROGRESSIVE Japan is ever willing to learn, all ways ready to advance, always ready to venture. Her statesmen and her soldiers, may be found in the nethermost portions of the globe if investigation there promises additions to their store of knowledge. Watchful, shrewd, attentive, they are drawing from the world's experience the best that offers, and are turning it to advantage at home. Kaha Otani, president of the Yokohama Chamber of Commerce, president of the Central Board of the Tea Traders Guild, and a member of the Japanese High Council for Agriculture, Commerce and Industry, recently passed through San Francisco, on his way home to Japan, after an extended tour of investigation through Europe and America. "Commercial conditions" were the subject of Mr. Otani's investigations. Of San Francisco, he very wisely said:

"At San Francisco my mission in foreign lands comes practically to an end. *Here is the natural American gateway of the commerce of the Orient*, and it is patent to me that a commerce of great magnitude with the countries o the East cannot fail to be realized here *if the merchant classes of this West Coast metropolis of the United States avail themselves of the opportunities now presented.*

This statement is in line with what this journal has declared for several years. The italics in the above quotation are our own. The first sentence italicized is an argument against the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. The wise man of Japan says.

"Here (San Francisco) is the *natural* American gateway of the commerce of the Orient." Columbus, Balboa and unnumbered Spanish navigators cruised unknown seas to discover the shortest route by which the merchantmen of Europe might tap the rich trade of the Orient. The world now acknowledges that this route lies across the Pacific to San Francisco Bay, or to Seattle on Puget Sound, and from thence across the American continent by rail, and yet both of these ports, with rare advantages, advocate the construction of an artificial and competitive gateway across Nicaragua.

The closing sentence of this Oriental investigator is equally significant and applies to both San Francisco and Seattle. He says:

"It is patent to me that a commerce of great magnitude with the countries of the East cannot fail to be realized, if the merchant classes of this West Coast metropolis of the United States avail themselves of the opportunities now presented."

What is true of the Oriental trade, is likewise true of South American trade, it is true of Australian and other island trade.

How many merchants in San Francisco receive and read the United States Consular Reports? They are issued monthly by the government, and scarcely a number is published that does not contain articles of interest to the man in search of foreign trade. Consul after consul has pointed out the trade possibilities in the Orient for the "merchant classes" of this Western Coast. The reports may be had gratis by writing to your Senator or Congressman, and to the merchant should be more entertaining and useful than any magazine published by private enterprise.

Quay's Case.

ELIMINATING altogether the question of Matthew Quay's personality, it is a matter for congratulation that the Senate refused to seat him on the appointment of Governor Stone. The determination of the case ought to, but will not, definitely settle the question involved. It will constitute another precedent, but the vote was so close that the refusal of the Senate to seat him almost loses its force and effect as precedent.

It frequently happens in state legislatures that the party in power will exercise control only by a margin of a few votes. When such a condition arises, it is possible for a governor through political influence, patronage and the like, to induce one or two or even a half dozen legislative members to refuse to enter a party caucus, to refuse to vote with the majority of their colleagues and so defeat the election of any senator during the regular session. It has often happened, in California and elsewhere, that the control of one vote might defeat the election of a senator. If Mr. Quay's right to a seat had gone unquestioned, had he been seated the door would have been opened to fraudulent practices such as those above outlined, for they would be fraudulent in as much as they from personal interest would defeat the clear wish of the majority.

In the matter of Senator Quay, we only know of him by hearsay. He is reported as a "good fellow" and the vote he secured in the United Senate proves this. Mr. Quay was certainly the choice of a large majority of the Legislature of his state, and in the natural order of things would have been duly chosen for the place had not John Wanamaker, with unlimited means at his command, inaugurated a crusade to secure his defeat. It is possible that the coming campaign will return a Legislature that will favor Mr. Quay, but Wanamaker promises to give the gentleman as lively a fight as money can buy.

IN Berlin there has recently been opened an Oriental commercial museum for the double purpose of establishing a permanent exposition of samples on the plan of the proposed San Francisco commercial museum, and of acting as a chamber of commerce to facilitate and increase the trade between Germany and the Orient. The German trader, through its instrumentality, may study the agricultural and industrial productions of the far East and will have, besides, access to a library and reading room containing literature instructive on the subject of this trade.

Both Germany and France have sent commissions to the Orient to investigate and make full report upon the commercial and industrial conditions of China and Japan. Recently in the House of Representatives the Democrats who had a majority present on the floor, succeeded in striking out the enacting clause to a bill that provided for the appointment of an American commission to make a similar investigation. So soon as a quorum is obtained, it is probable, the Republican members will succeed in restoring the enacting clause, and authorize the appointment of the commission.

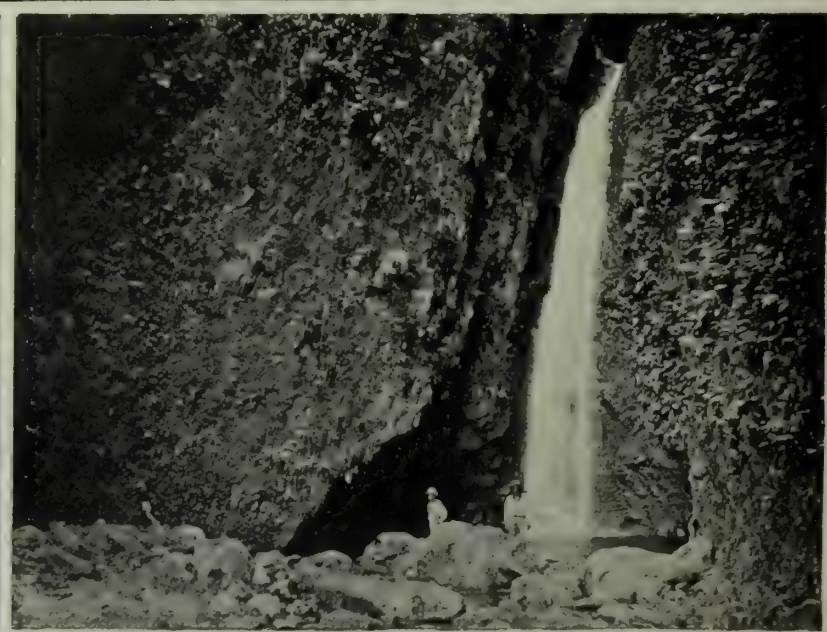
Waipio Valley, Island of Hawaii.

Private Grounds at Moanalua.

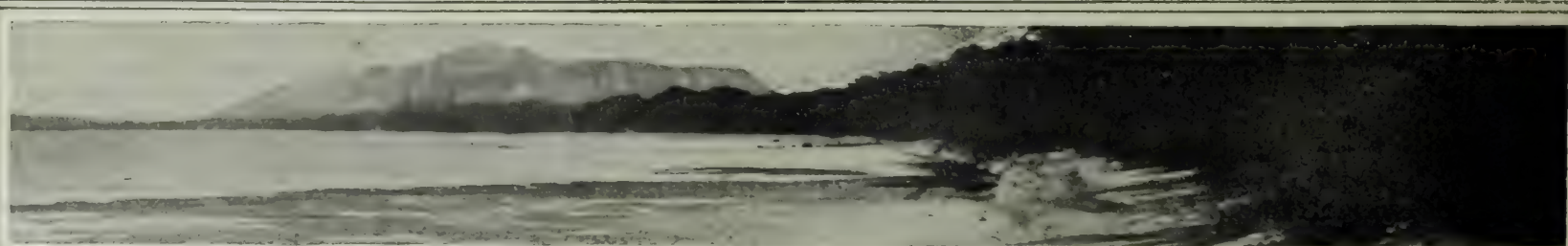
Diamond Head from Honolulu.

Pali Road near Kaolau.

Honolulu from Punchbowl.



Wanapepe Falls, Island of Kaui.



Diamond Head from Wailae.

IN FAIR HAWAII.

Photos by Courtesy of Frank Andrade.

THINGS & PEOPLE

By BOSWELL Jr.

Back Rooms and Blue Laws.

ONE who takes a stand which can in any way be interpreted as friendly to what is known as the "liquor power" is in great danger of criticism from the mass of well-meaning people who regard the saloon and the liquor traffic and all that thereunto pertains as something naturally and necessarily linked with crime. And so Supervisor Hotaling, in bucking up against the police authorities on the question of "boxes" in saloons, restaurants and cafés, has come in for the condemnation of this whole class. The law on the subject is plain, and is against Mr. Hotaling, if the law alone is to be considered. But anyone in the least familiar with the ways of municipalities knows that there are very, very few laws regarding the regulation of vice which are enforced or can be enforced. Almost all such statutes are placed on the books with the understanding that they shall be enforced when, in the judgment of the administrative body—the police—enforcement becomes necessary for the preservation of public decency. Vice is a persistent thing; squeezed in one direction, it grows in another; driven out from its own particular haunts, it disseminates itself through the whole body politic. The most enlightened municipal reformers know that the way to combat any form of vice is not to suppress it, to shut it up by law, but to herd its devotees by themselves, to enforce a moral quarantine. It is with this end in view that the city laws regarding misdemeanors are, and should be, administered with judicious laxity. Mr. Hotaling has mentioned profanity as an example. This is probably the best case in point, but there are many others. The city law forbids trade in the social evil, but he would be a rash chief of police who would attempt to enforce it. It forbids drunkenness, yet no police judge would think of fining and convicting every "drunk" found by the police. And the law against private rooms in places where liquor is sold should have a similar application. Where it is plain to the police that the place is being used for vicious purposes and with vicious intent, the law should be applied, but where the intent is proved to be innocent, common sense ought to step in and prevent its closing.

* * *

The law as it stands was passed because a murder occurred in some such place, as murders have occurred in saloons, and dives, and drawing-rooms, and hotels, and churches. But there was sense in it. No one doubts that the "box" in restaurants and saloons of certain classes is a prolific source of vice. There is no need of going into particulars. It is not a pleasant subject. But the law as written applies to the bars in hotels, forbidding them to serve drinks to the guests in their rooms by passages within the building, and it absolutely shuts off all use of private dining-rooms in public establishments. Yet the police are committed to a strict enforcement of the law, and must go to even this length. Further, these private dining-rooms are a great convenience to people who patronize restaurants, and who have no intention of being immoral or vicious. To many families, they are one of the comforts of life. A "private" dining-room with a six-foot partition would be just a little less private than a public room. How much better a discriminating and intelligent enforcement of the law than this ridiculously sweeping reform!

***

Concerning Dewey Day.

IT IS now two years since Dewey slid into the harbor of Manila and opened a new epoch in American history, and we have just been trying to celebrate the first anniversary. If we are to believe the telegraphic reports, the attempt was not a howling success anywhere except in Chicago, where the presence of the hero in the flesh stirred up some excitement. But in the main the American people, who are traditionally short on holidays, have failed to respond. It is not to be expected that they should, considering that Lincoln's birthday, although a holiday in some sections, is rarely observed, and that Grant was never honored to the extent of having a day set aside on the calendar for his remembrance. And still anyone not blinded by the yellow press will be ready to admit that Grant and Lincoln deserve more of remembrance than Dewey. I am not trying to belittle "Cousin Garge"; I am only trying to advance the view that heroism which lasts over months and years and stands every form of trial is more deserving than heroism which displays itself in the heat and blaze of one deed. I think that the American people realize this, and that they realize also the opera bouffe situation of a holiday in praise of a hero who is yet alive—and in politics. There are so many chances for a living hero to prove himself a false alarm.

* * *

There is another side to the question, however. May 1, 1898, marked the beginning of an epoch in American history, as clearly, almost, as did July 4, 1776. We are only two years away from it, are just beginning to feel its first, faint results, but we are already a different people from the one which waited for the *McCollough's* telegrams from Hongkong. How far and high the new impulse is to carry us, we can only guess, but it has taken us far enough already to prove that it is a substantial thing and not a phantasm. And it would be a fitting thing if the opening of the great epoch should be celebrated on the anniversary day of the deed which marked it. The difficulty comes in the name. Could it be called impersonally by some title which suggested its true meaning, could the name of the admiral be left out, I feel certain that it would survive. But "Dewey Day"—it is impossible!

***

Wealth and Happiness.

IT is an axiom that riches alone cannot bring happiness. Seattle has just brought forth a case in point. A poor man with a growing family struck it in the Klondike two years ago. One of his sons was married. With the accession of wealth to his parent he outgrew his wife and secured a divorce, which was raked through the newspapers and evoked a flood of unenviable notoriety on the family. Three weeks after this decree was granted, a married daughter followed suit, seeking divorce on the grounds of intemperance. The husband alleges that she didn't mind the bottle before her family became wealthy, and that he himself advanced the money which made the strike possible. Also, he talks of counter-complaints which will make his family-in-law squirm. An honest opinion from the old Klondiker on the power of happiness in wealth would be of some ethical value.

***

The Law's Delay in Alaska.

THE haphazard, hit-and-miss system of justice in Alaska is illustrated by a late judicial tangle in the southwestern district. There is now no means of administering the law there, because there is no recognized court and no judge. Civil and criminal cases which have already waited long enough in all conscience are laid over again to await the resumption of legal business. Judge Johnson of the district resigned last November in order to take up the practice of law at Cape Nome, and notified the government to that effect. Before the reply came, he started for the Coast. At Juneau, he intercepted a letter of acceptance, and thence proceeded at once to the new camp. Judge Brown, appointed his successor, was on his way to Washington when his appointment was made and is now at the capital urging certain clauses in the Alaska bill which, if passed, will shut him out completely since he is older than the age limit set therein for the Alaskan judiciary. Worse than all this, there is no United States Land Commissioner at Juneau, and there has been none for some time. No land claim can be made or recorded in this, the commercial center of Alaska, no disputed title can be settled, no squatter or claim-jumper can be brought to justice. Alaska is a neglected child in the sisterhood of states. It may not be generally known, but the grievance of special taxation of which Porto Rico has been complaining so loudly, has an exact parallel in Alaska. Special taxes on transportation, on Yukon passage on stamp mills, etc., are levied, paid and used, not for Alaska in especial, but for the benefit of the Treasury at large.

***

A Point in Law.

A COLORADO judge has made a decision which will not go down to future generations in the volumes of a law report, but which has its value just the same. A forger, the son of wealthy parents, was up before him, was convicted upon unmistakeable evidence, and was awaiting sentence. There was no hope of clearing the criminal, but a number of influential people interceded with the jurist, asking leniency "because he came of a good family." "I am sorry to hear it," said the judge, "because I will have to make the sentence heavier on that account. If he comes of a good family, he has had a chance, and ought to know better." It is a new way of looking at the subject, but after all there is justice in it. The criminal who comes of a low and perverted line should be shut up for the safety of society, but the actual moral wrong in his case is small. He may be presumed to be a moral idiot, without instinct or training for the right. The son of a "good family," on the other hand, may be presumed to know difference between vice and virtue, if he goes wrong, it is from active deviltry. The thing which restrains most judges in dealing with cases of the sort is sympathy for the criminal's family. But law is a hard thing; it was invented by the Romans, and has nothing to do with sympathy.

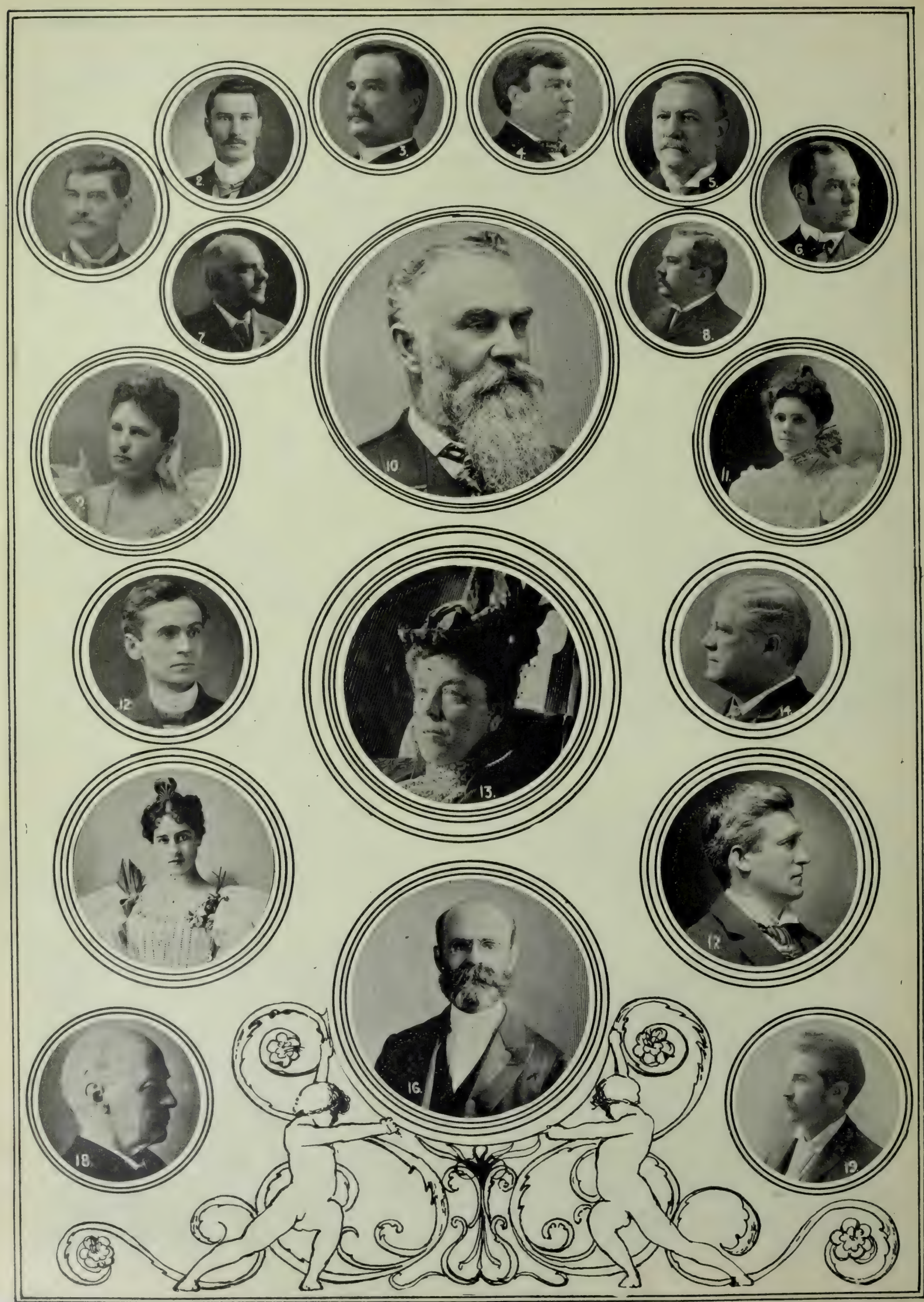
***

Society at Nome.

"THEY may live without friends, they may live without books," but Anglo-Saxons cannot live without society. The pioneers of our Oriental advance have been holding dances and playing tennis in Manila while their comrades shot at Tagalos, less than ten miles away. So, too, Nome City, the farthest town of our domain on the continent, has had its winter gaities in spite of the mercury. Although less than a year old, Nome has several social organizations. There is a regular club, with leather furniture and one of the half-dozen carpets in town. The Masons have a club and hope soon to organize a lodge. Then there is a debating society of which the mayor is president; it has met regularly all the winter and settled every momentous question which confronts the American people. The "Sour Dough Club" is a sort of Pioneer Society; only those who have been through a winter in the North are eligible for membership. This organization had the honor of giving the first ball in the town. The scarcity of women in camp was a drawback, but enough were mustered to start the grand march with over a hundred couples. The weather was below zero and ice cream was omitted from the bill of fare. The Masonic Club also burst into society on December 27, giving a ball just as "swell" and nearly as large. This was at the very darkest period of the winter night, and there was no dancing until dawn because dawn was still several days away when the dancers grew tired.

Serviss (distance runs) Plaw (weights) Moser (distance runs) Hoffman (high jump pole vault) Woolsey (all-round athlete) Bakewell (hurdles—Hamlin substituted) Capt. Drum (sprints) Cadogan (sprints) Broughton (broad jump) Walsh (mile walk)

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA'S EASTERN TRACK TEAM.



1. C. S. Neal, Manager for the Fair Heirs. 2. T. G. Crothers, Trustee. 3. W. S. Goodfellow, Trustee. 4. G. W. McEnery, Attorney for Trustee Goodfellow. 5 and 6. Wm. H. Pierson and G. E. Crothers, Attorneys for Trustees Angus and Crothers. 7. Geo. A. Knight, Attorney for Charles L. Fair. 8. Charles L. Fair. 9. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, *nee* Fair. 10. James G. Fair. 11. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. *nee* Fair. 12. Charles Pence, Attorney for Mrs. Craven. 13. Mrs. N. R. Craven. 14. W. W. Foote. 15. Mrs. Kohler, *nee* Craven. 16. Judge James M. Troutt. 17. Lafe Pence, Attorney for Mrs. Craven. 18. R. H. Lloyd, Attorney for Mrs Oelrichs and Mrs. Vanderbilt. 19. C. J. Heggerty, Attorney for Charles L. Fair.

THE LEADING PERSONAGES IN THE CONTEST OVER THE FAIR ESTATE.

THE FAIR WILL CASE.

HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA'S LARGEST AND MOST FAMOUS INHERITANCE SUIT.

NO suit in the British Court of Chancery, where lawsuits are longest and most complicated, ever had the promise of long continuance, the complexety and entanglement of the Fair will case, now coming up for another stage in the courts of San Francisco. No American inheritance case ever involved so large an estate. And no legal case, in any country whatsoever, has been clogged with so many accusations of subsidiary crimes and misdemeanors. Forgery, conspiracy, perjury, theft, assault, battery are a few of the pleasant charges made by one side or the other. In the five years of its continuance, nearly every prominent lawyer in San Francisco has been mixed in the case with some one of the contending parties, and some of the greatest jurists and handwriting experts in the country have been called into consultation. The end is not even in sight. An authority of the San Francisco bar holds that the case will take anywhere from ten to twenty years for final settlement and that the lawyers on the winning side, or sides, will distribute at least a million dollars in fees. How much it will cost the state is a matter u; on which there has been no reckoning, but the sum will be a large one. The complications have been so numerous and so varied that a summary of the case as it now stands and of its devious history may be of general interest.

James Fair, one of the old California race of millionaire kings, died in December, 1894, at the Lick House, San Francisco. There was no one of his blood with him when he passed away. His son, with whom he was estranged, was in the city, and had been in his father's room shortly before, but was absent at the final moment; his daughters were on their way across the continent. Some servants and a young doctor who afterwards stood sponso for a will declared spurious by the courts were alone with him when he died. Had anyone whom he trusted been present, Fair might have dropped a word or a hint which would have saved millions in litigation. But it would have been hard for him to find a confident in all the world. He had partners, but no friends in the accepted sense of the term. His great fortune had been built up on suspicion. He distrusted everyone, regarded everyone as his enemy, his hand was against every man's, and he asked and gave no quarter. The manager of his huge Comstock interests was perhaps his closest associate, yet even he knew only so much of Fair's private business as would enable him to carry on his own work. Even the confidential bookkeepers knew of his affairs only as they read them in the open book accounts. Perhaps, had his daughters arrived in time, he might have said the words which would have prevented half this trouble and contention. But they were late, and he died with his lips sealed.

Fair's estate footed up to some fifteen millions. It had been greater than that a few years before, but the failure of an attempted corner in wheat, the only mistake in finances during his long career, shaved off a large section. He had accumulated it all by his thirty years of hard work as a Comstock miner. Others made as much out of the Comstock as he did, but it was Fair's absolute genius for finance which rendered the venture a success. He had added railroad ventures to his other operations in his later years and was almost as successful in that direction as in mining. It was only when he went into the unlucky wheat deal mentioned above that his accumulation of wealth received a check.

When Fair's will was opened, it was found to be a remarkable document. Drawn in September, 1894, a few months before his death, it was apparently correct legally. The unusual feature was a trust clause which has made it famous the world over. The estate was practically entailed. The bulk of the fortune was left to his three children, Mrs. Herman Oeblrichs, Miss Virginia Fair, now Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Charles L. Fair, but only for the term of their natural lives. When the last of these three should die, the entailed part of the estate was to be divided as follows:—one-quarter was to go to the heirs of Mrs. Oebrichs, one-quarter to the heirs of Miss Fair, and the remaining portion to the heirs of Fair's brothers. The children of Charles L. Fair were to receive nothing at all. A peculiar clause, which had a bearing on a contention made later in connection with the will, provided that if any woman should prove that she was his legal widow, she should be paid fifty dollars. In this manner, he sought to evade a rock which has wrecked the will of many another western millionaire. W. S. Goodfellow, Jas. S. Angus and Fair's nephew, Thos. G. Crothers, were appointed executors to carry out the provisions of the will during the lifetime of the three direct heirs-at-law.

The contentions which have marked the whole case began almost immediately. At first, the heirs refrained from an attempt to break the trust clause, and Mrs. Nettie Craven, who has become the main figure in the case, did not show her hand at once. The initial move was the presentation of a pencil will which Dr. Marc Livingston, Fair's physician, declared to have been written by t e millionaire a few days before his death. This was a simple document, leaving the estate without extra provision to the three children. Hardly had this been filed for probate, when the famous Craven claim appeared. Mrs. Craven, then a public-school principal, filed a contest on the ground that she was Fair's legal wife, and that she was in possession of a contract by which he recognized her as such, a marriage of the sort being then legal in California. In addition, she claimed that the dead millionaire had recognized her as his wife, and that she had been given deeds, written in lead-pencil, conveying to her real estate valued at a million and a half. The pencil will was submitted to the courts and withdrawn, and the documen of Sept. 1894, admitted to be genuine, came to probate. The withdrawal of the pencil will constituted the first mystery of this case of mysteries. It has withdrawn with the consent of Delmas, representing the Craven interest, and notwithstanding the fact that it did not contain, as did the trust will, the clause bequeathing to a proved widow fifty dollars as a sop to a release of claims. It is the general opinion that this action was caused by the fear that, should the pencil will be declared a forgery, it would tend to place Mrs. Craven's pencil deeds in the same category.

Mrs. Craven was showing her hand by this time. In the beginning, her interests were, to a certain extent, identical with those of Charles Fair. It was not enough that she prove herself the widow of Fair Sr.; she must also break the trust clause of the genuine will. Fair's interests, or, at least, those of his heirs, demanded that he break this will also, since otherwise his children could not inherit. To him also, then, the course of self-interest would seem to have lain in a contest of the genuine testament and the upholding of the pencil will. But he, too, fought the Livingston document and was a party to the tacit agreement by which it was dropped. The daughters were seeking, all this time, to compromise. It was understood that they held themselves willing to provide for their brother's heirs should he see fit to drop the contest of the trust clause. It is definitely known that they offered Mrs. Craven large sums to secure a compromise. Mrs. Craven refused, and the great contest was fairly on. For four years it has been fought with all possible vigor, and is likely to last for many times four years more. In the contest over the deeds alleged to have been given her by Fair, Mrs. Craven lost the rest of her contentions are still open.

Meanwhile, the trust clause had its share of litigation. The original draft of the trust will was stolen from the County Clerk's office early in the game, but the attorneys for the Fair executors had taken the precaution to save certified copies, thus preventing what might have been a sudden and unexpected ending to the case. On Nov. 16, 1899, the instrument was admitted to probate by Judge Slack. The estate had increased, in that period, from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. It was known at the time that the three children objected strenuously to the trust clause and they had previously filed a suit to have this clause declared invalid so far as it applied to the real estate. This suit, Judge Slack decided in the affirmative and ordered a partial distribution of the real estate. He held, however, that the trust provisions must govern the income from securities. After waiting nearly the whole year allowed by law, the three children of Fair on Nov. 15, 1897, filed a contest against the three trustees, to test the validity of the trust clause. The theory of the lawyers was that should the Supreme Court of California sustain the ruling of Judge Slack that the trust clause did not apply to the real estate, then this contest could be dropped. But if the Supreme Court reversed Judge Slack, then they would push this contest to the end and as a last resort carry it on appeal to the United States Supreme Court. To clinch another point, Charles L. Fair, through his attorneys, filed a petition setting forth that his father was not of sound mind when he executed the trust will. He declared that his father was especially influenced against him by designing persons and was led to cut off his children from a share in the benefits of the estate, although several months previous to the drawing of this will his father had summoned him and freely forgiven him for all past differences and had assured him there would be no discrimination against hin in his will.

The appeal of the three children of Fair to the State Supreme Court from Judge Slack's decision was not decided until Feb. 26, 1900. Then the court, by four to three, decided that the trust will is valid both as applied to real estate and securities, and that the income only can be enjoyed by the three children of Senator Fair during their lives. It decided also that Charles Fair's children shall have no share in the estate; that one-half of the estate shall be divided, at the death of the last of the three heirs direct, equally among the issue of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and the other half shall go to the heirs of Fair's brothers. Incidentally, this decision gave Mrs. Craven $50 should she estab ish her contention that she is Fair's widow. It also gave the three trustees full power to administer the big $20,000,000 estate during the lives of the heirs.

With the declaration in favor of the trust will, Mrs. Craven's chances for a widow's share of the estate vanished entirely. It made no difference whether or no she proved her right to be considered James Fair's widow; in case she did prove it, she would receive only fifty dollars. Therefore, she took a new tack. Her suit to secure a marriage allowance from the estate was begun in February. This trial is still before the courts of the city. The stirring events which marked its early stages—the declaration of Justice Simpton that he had married Fair and Mrs. Craven, his s bsequent declaration that he had committed perjury in making the statement, the charges of subornation and perjury on both sides, the Barling assault, the accusations of attorneys on both sides—are still fresh in the public m'nd. In the opinion of most lawyers, the criminal courts will have to thresh out these charges when the civil courts have done with the present stage of the case.

JOHN STOLLARD.

THE CAPE DUTCH.

A TURBULENT ELEMENT WHICH IS OPPOSING GREAT BRITAIN BY UNDERHANDED TACTICS.

THE general opinion of those competent to know about the trend of affairs in the South African muddle is that the Boer republics are to become a crown colony of the British Empire when Roberts, Kitchener, et. al. shall have finished the work cut out for them in South Africa. The time has passed when independence could be considered as a possibility, and the most the Boers can hope for in final settlement is the concession of an independent Colonial government like that of Canada. The individual Boers, from Kruger down, will lose nothing in personal liberty, property or privileges through their defense of their own cause. There has been some rabid talk in England of sending the old fox to St. Helena, but it is only talk. No Englishman who knows enough about politics to speak with authority believes for one moment that the vengeance of the Empire is to be visited on Oom Paul. A temporary "enforced residence" at St. Helena while peace negotiations are going on is the most that can be expected. The case of Napoleon was a different proposition entirely. The Scourge of Europe had to be penned up preforce, because his presence abroad constituted a living danger to the Empire and to the civilized world. It is different with Paul Kruger; his age alone places him beyond the possibility of much mischief.

Beyond the shadow of a doubt, a person in Kruger's position as regards the British Empire would have been hanged on short notice a century ago. The American Revolutionists were given to understand in no uncertain terms that a rope was waiting for Washington, Hancock and others should they fall into British hands. Franklin's grim joke: "We must hang together or we we will hang separately," was more than a *bon mot*. At that time, and for many decades thereafter, a rebel, even a rebel of remote degree like Kruger, went into his revolution with the pleasant certainty that defeat and capture meant death. To America belongs the honor of breaking this rule. When Jefferson Davis and the other leaders of the Southern Confederacy were taken into camp after the civil war, Europe rather expected that they would be summarily dealt with, or at least imprisoned for life. To the surprise of the world, Davis and his compatriots were held only until the new "carpet-bag" rule was set going in the South. Other governments have followed this example; only the Latin nations, Spain in especial, keep to the old idea. Rizal, the Filipino leader, Maximilian in Mexico, and numerous dictators and arch-rebels in the Latin-American republics are examples of this survival. But the northern nations have departed from the rule in cases where the rebels have fought them fairly and honorably.

There is another factor in this war, however, a factor which is certain to cause trouble in the final settlement. There has been much covert and underhanded warfare among British subjects of Dutch blood in Cape Colony and Natal. This is a different thing from absolute rebellion; the plain name for it is treason. To make a comparison, let us suppose that the United States should come to war with France. Should the thousands of naturalized Frenchmen within our borders rise up to join their countrymen in such an event, all would be well and good. Far different would it be if they should act, as the Dutch element in Cape Colony has done, through indirect methods. There has not been, there probably never will be, a direct and open rising of the Cape Dutch. But in every other way they have sought to assist the Boers and hamper the British. They have blown up culverts and torn up railroads. They have destroyed stores and provisions. They have continually reported to the Boer army the movements and intentions of their "ruineck" opponents. They have connived, before and after the war, in the smuggling of arms and supplies into the Transvaal. And, finally, they have worked continually toward obtaining an official declaration of sympathy from the Cape Parliament. Such tactics pursued by the Franco-Americans in the hypothetical war with France would lead to rough measures on our part. The only reason for hesitation on the part of Great Britain is the fear of a general uprising, a well-grounded apprehension lest this covert rebellion should become open and organized should strong means be employed. Then, there are a great many of the Cape Dutch, and should the British once begin to punish their treasonable actions, they would be obliged to divert valuable energy from the main campaign. As near as can be ascertained, some fifteen thousand of them have taken up arms and are with the Transvaal Boers openly, but a great many more than this are working by secret and underhanded means.

That Kipling's strong letter to *Harpers Weekly* describes the situation exactly, is the opinion of those most familiar with South African affairs. The Cape Dutch have lived for several generations under British rule, enjoying the same privileges as the English-born colonists, yet they have never been weaned away from their loyalty to the parent stock. Doubtless, part of this is due to the natural tenacity and conservatism of the race, but proximity has probably still more to do with it. Let a German emigrate to the United States, and he goes so far away from the mother-country that he is beyond all direct influence of blood; his children are as American as anyone, because America is the only environment which they have known. But suppose that Germany were right over the border where the old influence would be felt and suppose that our German-Americans lived in great colonies instead of dwelling scattered and distributed among people of other blood, and the case would be very different. National ideas and traditions would then be kept warm and alive. This is the situation in Cape Colony and Northern Natal, and this accounts for the prevalence of treason. There are whole districts in both the British Colonies where Englishmen have never dared to assert their loyalty if they wished to keep any social or financial standing in the community. This in spite of the continuous efforts made by the home government to placate this dissatisfied element.

When the war is ended, the British government must de-

Continued on page 9.

DETECTING FORGERIES.

THE SIGNS OF HANDWRITING AS APPLIED TO FRAUDULENT SIGNATURES.

THEODORE KYTKA,
alias Jim the Penman.

THE REVIVAL of the Fair litigation, which hinges entirely upon a question of penmanship, calls renewed attention to the profession of the expert in handwriting. Of all the specialists concerned in the detection of crime, none are scarcer or better paid than these. They deserve the high fees which they receive, for the authority on handwriting must undergo years of training in order to perfect himself in his specialty and must be both a scientist and an artist. Moreover, he must have a reputation absolutely above reproach; once let his name be associated with doubtful practices, and his usefulness as an agent of justice is at an end. There are not over a dozen experts of recognized standing in the whole country, and courts and juries must take their word for almost everything.

The art and science of detecting forgeries in handwriting is Greek to the average person. It is easy enough to distinguish between a genuine signature and a poorly executed copy. Anyone with common sense can do that. But the detection of work done by a skilled forger, with all known appliances for exact production, is a different matter. Forgeries which are glaring frauds to the expert would defy the closest scrutiny of the inexpert. Even the expert would fail, were it not that he works upon scientific formulas, upon lines so well-defined and exact that there can be no deviation. The art of the business comes in a mysterious sixth sense, an instinct for forgery. This sense is the one possessed by expert paying tellers, who "smell" a forgery, they cannot tell why. But the expert must go beyond this point. It is not enough for him to believe in his special senses that a document is forged, he must convince a cold-blooded judge and jury.

There are three characteristics of every hand which cannot be imitated by a forger, and upon these almost all forgeries break before going further. The first is sex; here the signs are unmistakeable. The second is age. Just what constitutes the signs of age in handwriting is a point upon which most experts differ, but they are not to be mistaken. The third is speed. A slow writer cannot imitate a fast one.

Beyond this, every forgery has its foil, as every poison has its antidote. There is not a trick, a dodge of the expert criminal which does not have its method of detection. In examining the separate letters of a piece of writing, the expert looks first for the following distinctive traits: size, shading, position relative to the horizontal line, inclination relative to the vertical line, sharpening of the curves and angles, proportion and elaboration of the different parts of a word or signature. In scarcely one of these particulars can a man imitate a single letter so exactly that it cannot be detected by microsopical examination.

Now, it happens that Nature has given to every human being a natural handwriting as individual and distinctive as his face or his manners or gestures. No one has ever explained just why it is that a person must needs write in his own style and cannot write in any other; it is a fact, and that is all that we can say. Take the first blundering efforts of children in school, when they are set to copy letters of regular form, and they show individuality. This child makes a pointed n, the other a round one; this child forms his l long and slender, the other makes it short and broad. Go on up to the expert writers who engross resolutions at fancy prices, and there is a difference, more subtle, but just as pronounced. No writer ever known to the world has been able to reach the point where his writing became *exactly* like the models of the copy-books.

This fact is the safeguard of society. However cleverly the forger has worked, however much he has sought to sink his identity, there remain those subtle differences However closely he may study, however diligently practice the dozen or less words of a signature, the forger leaves some loophole open, misses some microscopical point where he fails to sink his own personality in that of the victim. There are three insuperable difficulties. The first is the set of personal characteristics in the hand to be imitated; the second is the set of personal characteristics in the hand of the forger; the third is the difficulty of making the hand follow the eye.

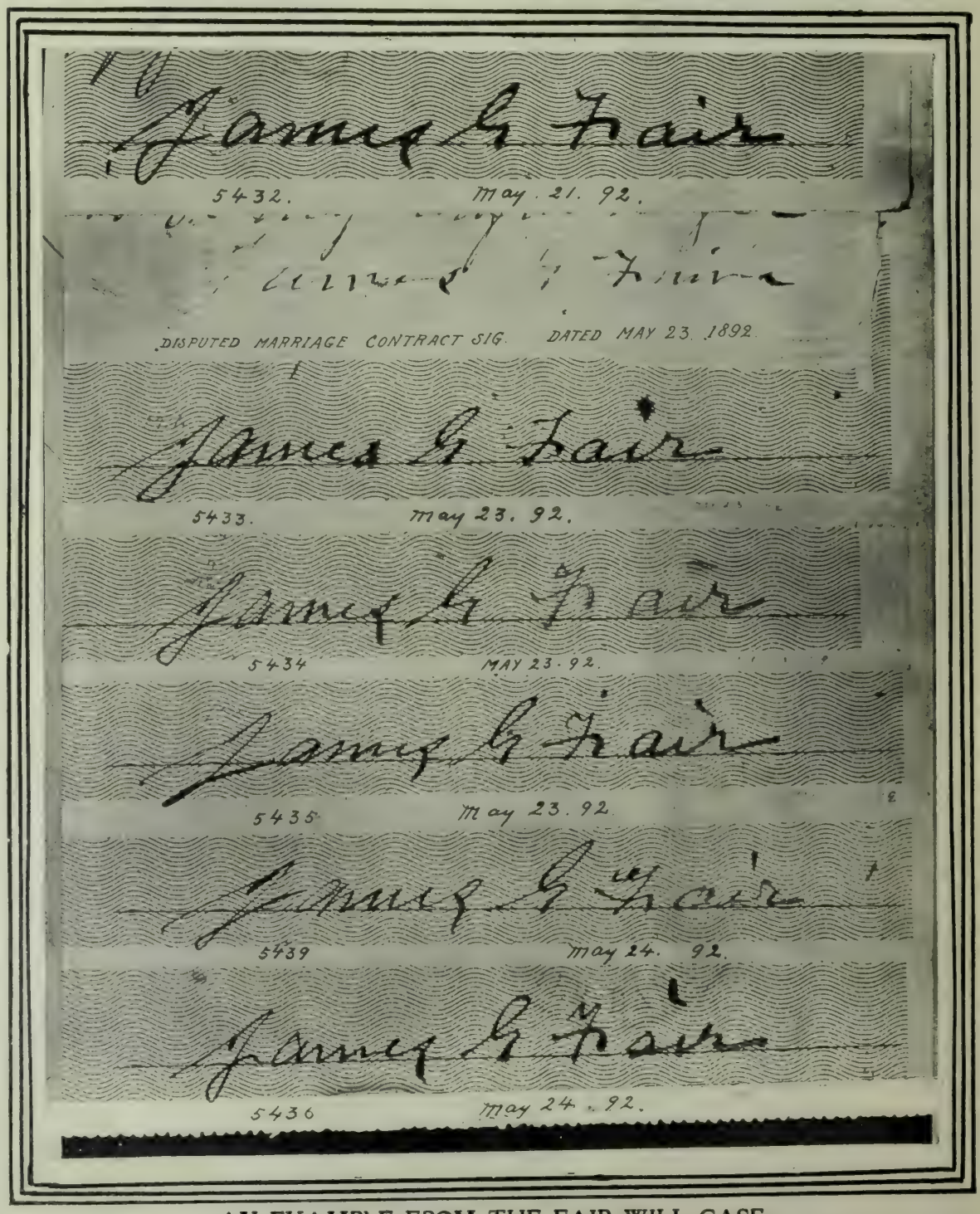
There are four classes of forgers, according to the methods employed. In the first class is the one who works carefully, line for line, with the signature which he is copying in front of him. This is perhaps the commonest from and is the easiest of detection, owing to the fact that the speed must be changed. It is most successful where the handwriting imitated is crude, complicated or slow. The next most common forgery is on the memory system. In this method, the forger practices the signature to be imitated until he feels able to reproduce it, write it off without hesitation. When practiced by a real expert, this kind is the most difficult of detection. The third class of forger works by tracing. This deceives the naked eye, but falls before microscopical or photographic analysis. The fourth class works by photography, and is invariably detected by chemical treatment. Indeed, the experts say that this method tells its own story on the face, that even a paying teller who knows his business can detect such a signature when it is passed over his desk.

In making the statement that a forgery stands less than one chance in a hundred of ultimate detection, a difference and a distinction must be made between two classes. The first is the out-and-out forger of checks, whose only object is to present the paper for cursory examination, take the money and get out of the way of the police before he is detected. In this case the expert forger stands a good chance of success, the ordinary precautions observed by banks and the sixth sense of the teller being the only obstacles. These forgeries are, of course, discovered in the balances, and there is no object in making the fraud so perfect that it may deceive the handwriting expert. Bank officials, if they are honest, will admit that the successful perpetration of this class of crime is much commoner than the public supposes. Unless the criminal is caught and it becomes an object to declare the fraud in order to punish him, bank officials rarely reveal a forgery, on account of the danger of destroying public confidence. In the other class, the one where the forger must be most skillful, is the criminal who manufactures false signatures for legal documents.

Among the most recent discoveries made in connection with the analysis of forged handwriting is that of the macro-photographic process, as elaborated and applied by Mr. Theodore Kytka of San Francisco, the youngest expert in the United States. By this process he enlarges photographs with such exactness that the work produced is superior to that of the microscope. One of the most celebrated cases in criminal jurisprudence was his demonstration of the method employed by Carl Becker, admitted as being the most famous forger of the century. Mr. Kytka applied the opal process and restored the $22,000 draft on the Crocker-Woolworth bank, originally made out for $12 and raised by Becker to $22,000. At present, Mr. Becker is working in the shoe factory at San Quentin.

The Botkin case, the Quackenbush marriage contract, and the William Murdock note case for $480,000 are among the large cases in which Mr. Kytka has figured. Among the more recent trials in which this modern process has been applied is the Alfred Fuller will case in Oroville. To this clever and simple method the State of California is indebted for landing behind the bars of San Quentin for twelve years Dr. Rodley, Mayor of Chico, convicted of forgery and perjury.

For the past five years, more or less, Mr. Kytka has been engaged on the celebrated Craven-Fair case. In this period he has produced over 20,000 photographs, being either contact prints, enlargements or micro-photographs. His selection as expert in the case was vitually a competition, in which the best experts in Europe and America contested, and Mr. Kytka beat them all. At present, he is engaged in the production of a photograph which Attorney Crothers calls one of the grandest specimens of photography ever produced in a court of justice.



AN EXAMPLE EROM THE FAIR WILL CASE.

The disputed signature compared with others admitted to be genuine. The second specimen from the top is the name affixed to the marriage contract. The others are signatures admitted as as. G. Fair's.. The first one from the top was written two days before the date on the marriage contract, the third, fourth, and fifth from the top were made on the same day and the two at the bottom on the day after.

THE MAY-DAY FESTIVAL AT GLEN PARK.

The Bear Receives.

The Wand Drill.

A Girl's Race.

The Sack Race.

An Easy Winner. *Photo by Warfield.*

THE CAPE DUTCH.

Continued from p ge 7.

cide on some course of action toward those who have enjoyed in this open rebellion and underhanded treason. Wholesale execution of those who have performed treasonable acts such as the destruction of supplies and the bearing of information to the enemy is, of course, entirely out of question. So, too, is wholesale arrest. Their numbers are so great that they would fill every prison in the Empire. The most feasible course, the one to which many Tory statesman have already committed themselves, is the tempory or permanent disenfranchisement of all who are proved to have taken this treasonable stand. Whether those who have openly joined the Boer army will be included in this act is an open question.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

The fortune of the late Baron Adolphe de Rothschild, estimated at about 200,000,000 francs, has been left to his wife. The collection of choice pictures, the planting of his Swiss and Austrian estates, and the lovely gardens and immense greenhouses (which rival those of Kew) at Pregny, his domain near Geneva, were the occupations and amusements of the late Baron's life. He cared nothing for general society, to which the Baroness is also indifferent, and the only great personages they troubled themselves to entertain were the late Empress of Austria and her sisters, the ex-Queen of Naples, to whom they were most kind and faithful friends

The Avenue Louise in Brussels is lined with chestnut trees, and an electric tramway runs along one side; the chestnuts on that side lose their leaves in August, then bud again and bloom again in October, while those on the other side keep their foliage till near the end of the year and only bloom again the following spring. It is believed that the electric current of the tramway, passing through the ground, affects the roots, and causes the abnormal behavior of the trees. It has long been known that electricity in the soil does influence vegetable growth.

According to Dr. W. B. Jenkins, in the *Medical Record*, it is not good to read with the print too near the eyes. Objects too near require a strong effort of the ciliary muscle, which controls the crystalline lens, to see them well, and it is probable that the farthest distance at which one can see the print distinctly is the best for the sight. The distance varies with habit and the state of the eyes, but in general is over fourteen inches.

That fatal disease, tetanus, or lockjaw, is propagated by the fodder of horses which conveys the germ of it, and the *Medical News* of New York points out that, with the advent of the motor car in cities, it will probably diminish, or even die out altogether.

The Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") has again shown her sympathy with England by writing a poem praising the attitude of Great Britain in South Africa.

The House of Lords was much amused the other day a an action of the Duke of Devonshire. At the end of a singularly dull debate about the circulation of papers respecting London university, the Duke got up, advanced to the table, put his hat upon it, and after a few minutes' deep deliberation put on his hat again, and sat down. He had not said a word, and his mind on the great question remains one of the unsolved mysteries of the world.

As a sample of the difference between the nations on morality prevalent on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, it may be mentioned that the Boston City Council is trying to pass a measure permitting the sale of tobacco on Sunday and is meeting with determined opposition. The only goods which may be dispensed in the modern Athens on the Sabbath are newspapers, drugs, milk and bread, and these only between certain specified hours.

Wire fences are now regarded by agriculturists as "death-traps" because many cows and other domestic animals which happen to be near them are killed by lightning. There is, however, a means of rendering them harmless. The director of the Weather and Crop Service of Iowa recommends connecting them to "earth" by wires after the manner of lightning-rods.

The new Chinese minister at Washington, being interviewed on the reforms most necessary for the improvement of this country, advocates "more cloth at the top of your women's dresses and less at the bottom."

As Seen by Leila.

AFTER so many years of the frivolities of my small sister, it is rather difficult for me to know how to interest you. I suppose I should first tell you of Cricket's wedding. It was a wonderful affair. She had the twelve girls who made their debut with her, as bridesmaids. It is quite bewildering to me to know whether I should speak of the bridesmaids, three of them being married and one having two children. Cricket would have them, however, to represent bridesmaids. As they are some of the happy people who can look upon life as nothing but a joke, they consented. These girls all wore cream white crepe gowns, the skirts all tucked and made over pink slips, so the effect, I thought, was charming. Cricket's married friends looked quite as young and pretty as those who have not yet taken the real responsibility of life on their shoulders. In fact, I could find no fault whatever with any of the arrangements. Cricket's gown was pearl colored satin, but she is too small to make as fine a looking bride as either Emilie Hager D.an or Helen Thomas Kimble. Still, she suited the Ideal. One is only responsible for one's husband, or one's friends, so I feel I can find any fault I wish with my small sister. Of course, I know she is a dear little girl, and has made an excellent match, and is extremely popular, nevertheless, I do hope now that she is married she will look upon life a little more seriously. A great many people wondered why I was not Cricket's maid of honor. Such an absurd idea never entered my head. Just fancy being maid of honor to one's small sister! It would be an exceedingly irrelevant state of affairs, I think.

The church was decorated in field flowers of every variety, and the green was composed of the different uncultivated grasses. It was all carried out under Cricket's directions, I believe. She managed everything herself, even to the ordering of the breakfast and packing of her trunks. I never have seen such a child in my life. It really tired me out to see her. I hope her "Ideal," as she calls her husband, will not let her marvellous vivacity carry them off to Europe. I find him a very congenial person, and shall miss him very much. We miss Cricket, though continuous chattering and laughter is apt to wear one out. I am so fond of really serious conversation. Perhaps that is one reason I find so much pleasure in women's clubs. I do not know what I should do without my one afternoon a week at the Century. As for the Fortnightly, I find that in belonging to it, I never become rusty in my interest in the large things of this world. Years ago, when I was a debutante, I honestly believe that girls were less frivolous than they are today. Of course, we danced and engaged in a few flirtations of a mild sort, but we certainly never dictated nor were so particular as the buds have been this winter. Even Cricket exasperated me, at times. Why, that child absolutely refused invitations to luncheons, for she hated girlie affairs, as she called them. She would not accept an invitation to a dinner until she knew between what men she was to sit. She only saw the men she liked of a Sunday afternoon, to the others she said in her careless, little coquettish manner, of which I disapprove most strongly, "Oh, yes, you are good enough to dance with, but to talk to, not if I know it. None but my own special crushes ever get in here." These youths considered her pretty and witty, and called again. When I was a maiden of Cricket's age, such behavior would have been, to say the least of it, most unbecoming and insolent. The men would have never called again, and certainly ignored my presence at any party. Yet I was called the "superb Miss Leila," the "belle of the season," and other newspaper terms.

Entertaining then was on a far larger and more magnificent stage. There were the Greenway cotillions. Nothing today here can in any way be compared to these. The decorations, suppers and gowns of the girls were simply superb. Private parties, too, were very much in vogue. There were but few teas, and I am thankful for that, for I know of no form of entertainment at which a person of my stamp shows to less advantage. Cricket could fly about, and see all her friends, and apparently have a "fierce time," as she slangily expressed it, but I saunter around thickly crowded rooms, and become irritated and made miserable by the noise, and crowd, and lack of dignity in the whole affair. I need a ball room to appear as I like. Of course, a dinner is quite acceptable—but these dinner dances—I have indeed a great deal for which to be thankful—they did not exist in my time. We had large dinners, too, but the men were all sufficiently entertaining to talk to after dinner. Occasionally we had a little singing or music, and the affairs were, I acknowledged to myself then, quite pleasant. These boys and girls have really so little to say. They talk college life. I disapprove of co-education and fraternites. This California fraternity life where young boys actually are allowed to drink and play cards and entertain as though they were men! To me it is most detrimental to them morally and physically. I dare hardly express my opinion about this sort of thing before Arthur or Cricket, they find so much humor in it. Alas! I fear this decadent spirit of the age has struck them quite deeply, and they lack the judgment of seeing how permeated with evil this sort of life must necessarily be for young boys and girls.

Another thing which I must criticise is the manner of the up-to-date "engaged girl." She might almost as well be married. At a dance she spends the whole evening at the side of her fiancee. Neither dreams that there are other girls or men who need a little of this young man's or girl's society. She does not care, she likes this way of doing things, so she goes along ignoring all possible politeness or thoughtfulness of her hostess. One would hardly dare to ask this girl to any entertainment without her fiancee. She rides and drives and walks alone with him. In fact I think she sets so little value on herself that after a while older people wonder that the young man can care so much for something that is so easy to get whenever he pleases to have it. But, I suppose the men are as lax as the girls and I must, with the aid of a few of my friends, endeavor to bring about a reform.

MRS. FRED KIMBLE,
formerly Miss Helen Thomas, married at the First Uniterian Church, April 25th.

Cricket received a letter from Mary Crocker on Monday asking her to be one of her bridesmaids, as she is to be married in June. Mary Scott, Caro Crockett and Genevieve Carolan are to be the others. Of course, Cricket being married I had to write and explain to Mary. I am sorry it is not to take place in San Francisco. I think I might enjoy meeting Mr. Burton Harrison. He is quite a charming fellow, I believe.

Wednesday mama and I had a very charming time at Mrs. Burke Halliday's. I like Mrs. Collis P. Huntington and find her exceedingly well read, one of the women who get the very best there is out of life. She knows the books to read, is up on all the interesting things of the day, and is very accurate. I do like accuracy in women. The table was a mass of eschscholtzias and I liked the effect very much.

Mrs. Maus's luncheon at the University Club was composed of girls of all ages and seasons. Cricket and I each had a nice time as we found girls of our own season there.

I received at Mrs. Kittle's tea on Thursday last. It was not large enough to prove disastrous to my feelings, so I had a pleasant afternoon. It was given in honor of Miss Anna Scott, who is here on a visit from Washington, D. C. Miss Scott and I found a great deal in common, as Mr. Lexetre, my fiancee, and her brother are college friends.

Dear Diary, forgive my letter. After one passes through as many stages of the game as I have, one speaks from experienae.

Cricket asked me particularly not to forget to announce the engagement of Miss Ethel Dorothy Patton to Mr. R. Nagelmachers.

Mrs. Patton and Ethel are to spend some months on the continent before her marriage.

Were Cricket writing this, she would go deeply into particulars, but all I can wish them is all the happiness as nice a girl as I have always found Ethel, can have.

Cricket particularly told me to tell you dear Diary (Dear for your willingness to listen to her prattle for so long) what an exceedingly good time Arthur and she had at Alysse Latham's tea in San Anselmo last Saturday afternoon. It was quite a large affair. Most of her friends live on this side of the Bay so the fun on boats was a sort of prelude of the entertainment. The Lathams own an exceedingly attractive home with a beautiful garden. The roses were blooming everywhere, and hanging from the veranda of the house in heavy masses. Cricket said the whole garden was so full of flowers it quite looked as though it might have been decorated for the occasion. All the girls and young men of the younger set were present and, if I can judge by Cricket, spent a splendid afternoon. I like Alysse Latham, she has a fine, strong character, and I quite approve too of Wyatt Allen, and think that they will make their home very attractive not only to the young but also to the older people.

Mr. Edward Baker is one of the New York men now in San Francisco who is doing quite a good deal of quiet entertaining. He is a stranger here, but has been so well liked that he was invited everywhere. He is now giving theatre parties with a supper afterwards to his friends. In fact he is reciprocating kindness, an act so little understood by the men of today. People do not expect it, one hears young men say. No that is true, but people do appreciate the unexpected exceedingly when it is done.

Katherine Dillon gave quite a large dinner to Anna Voorhies on Wednesday evening. As is usual in Mrs. Casey's house the Worns' decorated the table. It is hardly necessary to remark further upon it, except to say it was quite as effective a table as any one ever expects to see. After dinner Fosselli the Palmist came in and a great deal of fun was enjoyed hearing of the things one might or might not do, had one only a little less laziness in one's composition. A palmist once told Cricket she would make a great pianist. We suffered untold agonies listening to her constant practising. Fortunately, Cricket's strong point was not perseverance, realizing how long it would take to do anything really of any merit she gave it up, and now never plays anything but ragtime music and sings coon songs.

LEILA.

* *

OAKLAND.

Mrs. F. M. Smith had a large affair on May Day. There was a battle of flowers, a May pole, and the grown up people and the children had a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. Will H. Taylor, accompanied by Miss Anna Voorhies, sail for Europe May 5th.

Mr. Stone and his ushers leave on the 5th. for Chicago, to be at the wedding of Miss Havemeyer and Mr. Stone, which will take place on May 17th.

If you have not tried Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale, you have yet to enjoy the most delicious of beverages.

FOR SWELL DRESSERS.

The "Knox" hat is absolutely correct. Eugene Korn, 726 Market St., sole agent.

ASK THE TICKET AGENT

to send you from Chicago to New York, Boston, or other Eastean cities over the **Nickel Plate** (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) Quick time, satisfectory service, and no extra fares charged passengers.
JAY W. ADAMS, Pacific Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker bldg., San Francisco Cal

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

GERMEA

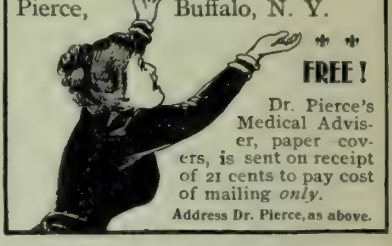
The Ideal Breakfast Dish

YOUR CHILD IS IN DANGER

From many diseases. Children who are well nourished successfully resist disease to which an ill-nourished child succumbs. Your child has enough food. Does the food make flesh? If not there is something wrong with the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. That wrong can be quickly righted by the use of

• DR. PIERCE'S •
GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

In ninety-eight cases out of every hundred it completely cures indigestion and other diseases of the digestive and nutritive system in both young and old. You can consult Dr. Pierce by letter free. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



FREE!

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent on receipt of 21 cents to pay cost of mailing *only*.
Address Dr. Pierce, as above.

1900- 36th -1900

Annual Statement

—OF THE—

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.)
Life and Accident Insurance
JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

Paid-up Capital, $1,000,000.00

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2 049 222.72
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,810 269.96
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate	5,921,842.52
Interest accrued but not due,	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security,	1,497,175 51
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,305 307 27
Deferred Life Premiums,	340,997.04
Prems. due and unreported on Life Pol.	259 449 36
Government Bonds,	789,016 96
County and municipal bonds	3,114 997 64
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819 225.19
Bank s ocks	1,258 674 00
Other stocks and bonds'	1.288.350 00
Total Assets,	$27,760,511.56

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 3½ per cent, Life Dep't.,	$20 406 734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accdt. Dep't	1,500,369.52
Present value installment Life Policies,	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment,	219 833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance,	33,178 11
Special Reserve for unp'd taxes, rents,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000 00
Total Liabilities,	23,739,827.61
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	4,020,683.95
Surplus,	$3,020,683,95

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	17,165,686.00

Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	1,522,417.06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	16,039,380.95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	15.386
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	339,636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	$1,227,977.34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	23,695,539.94

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	$ 2 750,394 40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	39,734,920 89

S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary
E. V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies
B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

IN BOOKDOM

IT IS both inconvenient and dangerous, as Mark Twain has many times complained, to have the reputation of being a humorist. It almost unqualifies an author for serious work. After the first funny book, people read everything a man writes for the joke he has hidden somewhere behind his words. The more serious, the better the joke. He can no more make anyone believe him to be a plain-spoken pen-and-ink prophet. He cannot even make his publishers believe it, if he has ever in his life written a king's fool's jest book.

The Harpers have just published Max O'Rell's first novel, *Woman and Artist* by title. There is nothing particularly funny about the book. It is not humorous. It is not witty. It does not consist of nonsense chiefly. Instead, it is an entirely serious and sympathetic little study of an estrangement that grew up between two young married people of the artistic temperament in London. In a way it is tragic, for their only child dies while these true lovers are separated. And yet the publishers thus announce the volume: "An amusing tale of a London artist who attempts to sell a patent to both the French and Russian governments. As a result both he and his wife become entangled in a series of diplomatic complications."

I do not see how publishers can have the heart to censure reviewers for not reading the volumes they write about when they themselves display such gross ignorance in relation to their own books. This too upon a book's own protective wrapper; words distinctly intended for the prospective purchaser to guide him in his choice; perhaps even intended for the reviewer, to guide him in his judgment. Such things have been.

This is the story. A young artist and his wife have been happily married for five years when the man invents a new shell. He wishes to make himself and wife independently rich. He begins by selling his invention to France, and then tries Russia. The Russian agent becomes infatuated with the inventor's wife before the negotiations are closed; but her husband advises her not to seem to notice it. At the last the direct insult is given, and the wife, thinking that the husband has been playing her off for his own pecuniary gain, will have nothing more to do with him. Then there is a duel, contracts are torn up, a friend effects a reconciliation, and the two artists (the wife also is an artist) revert to their former ideals of happiness. Although the action is a little improbable, there are some very pretty touches in the book, and some good analysis of character. The story is interesting throughout. It would probably never occur to anyone, however, except the young man who "guessed out" the publishers' advertisement, to call it "an amusing tale of a London artist who attempts to sell a patent."

* *

The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill is the self-explanatory title of a new piece of editing that will interest Professor Sill's friends on the Coast. The contents of the book are largely drawn from the "Contributors' Club" in the *Atlantic Monthly*; although many of the longer papers first received publicity as lectures or as more formal magazine articles. I wish to quote two or three paragraphs from one of the little essays on the use of words:

It is interesting to notice what a difference there is in words as to their atmosphere. Two terms that the dictionaries give as being nearly or quite synonymous may have widely different values for literary use. Each has its own enveloping suggestiveness—"airs from Heaven," or emanations from elsewhere. Of two words denoting the same object or action, one may come drawing with it "alight, a glory, a fair luminous cloud;" the other bringing a disagreeable smudge. Accordingly, in the literary art, it is not enough to use language with an exact sense of definitions; one must add to this logical precision a nice instinct for atmospheric effect. Just as a tone of a particular pitch is one thing on a flute, and another on a horn, each having its own timbre, so a term having a precise meaning is one thing if it has dropped caroling out of Grecian skies, and from the delicate hands of Keats and Shelley, but quite another thing if it has come clattering and rumbling up out of clod-hoppers' horse-talk. Moreover, just as the difference between tones on various instruments is due to their diverse groups of harmonic over-tones, one superposed on another, so the individual atmosphere of any word comes from its having its own composite set of associations, some faint and vague, some strong and definite, that have through all its history been clustering upon it.

In that passage from Wordsworth's "Brougham Castle"—a warm bit of color that stands out from a cold poem like a flash of red sunset on bare trees in the snow,—

> Armor rusting in his halls
> On the blood of Clifford calls;
> "Quell the Scot!" exclaims the Lance;
> "Bear me to the heart of France!"
> Is the longing of the Shield.

What could have been substituted for *quell?* Crush, beat, kill, smash,—either would have been out of the question. Or what could have been used instead of *bear?* Bring, take, fetch, lug,—each is impossible. *Quell* and *bear*, by the way, are not terms of every-day use in common speech; yet this is the poet who is popularly supposed, by those who have read about him more than they have read him, to have abjured all merely literary language.

The truth is, as Mr. Sill points out, that Wordsworth's distinction is rather that of "having passed honest coins instead of counters." He continues:

No doubt one of the most charming among the atmospheric qualities of words is the inevitable suggestion of sincerity in their use which clings about the homely diction of every-day intercourse. Not only Wordsworth, but all of the good modern poets, sing for the most part in the same language in which they would talk; and, for that matter, did not Chaucer, and did not Shakespeare? The best literature and the best conversation contrive to get on with but one vocabulary. It is only the dreary scribblers that persist in prodding our inattentive brains with startling forms of speech. It is already merry times in literature when we are not any longer afraid of our mother tongue. We instinctively sheer off from any writer who uses what Rogers called "album words." Certain type-metal terms have come to serve as ear-marks of insincerity and of the mere ambition to write something,—terms that are never used in honest speech, and the employment of which in conversation would make a man feel absurd. When we find the ideas common and the words uncommon we have learned that we may as well put down the volume, or turn the leaf of the magazine.

Here is a paragraph from another paper, the application of which to current San Francisco "art" squabbles it is not my intention to hint at. I quote it for quite another purpose, as showing a phase of Mr. Sill's more serious work in critical prose. I quote it for the purpose of interesting the reader in this suggestive book, so that he will desire to read further in it. Mr Sill is talking about the principles of criticism:

The secret of all art is then within the reach of our hand when we have realized one single fact concerning man. As we look out upon life we see its myriad activities all springing from certain desires. But there is one desire among them which is permanent, and paramount to all. It is not the desire for mere pleasure, for it often overrides that; it is not the desire for mere happiness, even, for it often overrides that. It is the desire for life: not the poor negative desire to escape death and cling to existence, merely, but the aspiration for full and abounding life. To be alive in every faculty; to have the greatest possible total of conscious being, in physical impression and effect, in intellectual force and grasp, in emotional glow, in the out-stream of the active will; in short, completely to be and live: this is the one paramount human desire. There is only one thing we really dread: it is death. There is only one thing we really desire; it is life.

And now where is to be found a perpetual source of this power and activity that we perpetually desire? Nowhere but in the expressed power and activity of other human spirits,—and that is art.

We have seen that in their very elements the arts are based on the ability to satisfy this desire. For the beauty of form consists in giving the sense of sight its greatest total of unchecked apprehension; and the beauty of tone, both in those consecutive harmonies which we call melodies, and in amassed harmonies, in giving the sense of hearing its greatest total of uninterrupted impression. And when we pass beyond mere sensuous delight we find the same essential effect—but on the mind now, and the whole soul—from the ideas expressed by the artist.

The test, then, for all art is that expressing much life it shall give much life. That painting, statue, symphony, is the greatest which adds the greatest total to our conscious existence. But we must mark well a distinction here. There are higher or lower grades or planes of existence. But by what test? By no other than this same test,—their tendency for or against renewed and increased life in the whole nature. That pleasure is low which tends to belittle the nature; that one is high which tends to enlarge it. That art is low which only stimulates feelings and ideas most apt to brutalize; that is to say, to restrict and narrow (for that is the distinction between brute and man,—the one little, the other large, in powers and possibilities). That art is high which awakens feelings and ideas that are vital with tendencies toward more and still more of attainment and being.

The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

* *

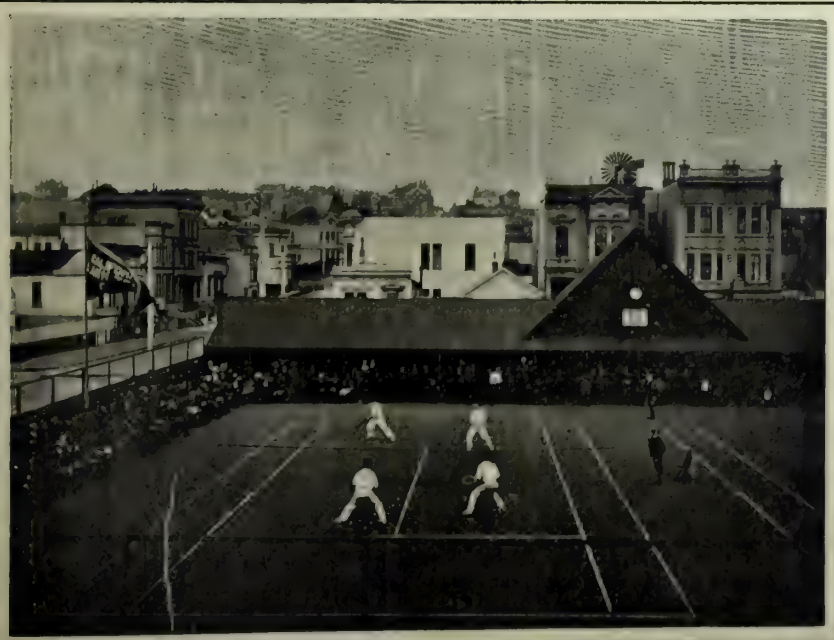
Mr. David Lubin has just published a series of popular papers upon economic and religious subjects that will probably be read with considerable zest by people with unsettled views in these matters. He calls his book *Let There Be Light.* Six seekers for the truth consecrate their lives to certain principles which they think they have discovered in their debating, under the belief that their discoveries will lead to "tangible and potent changes" in the world of economics and religion. They formulate their beliefs, they devise methods of promulgating and perpetuating them, and they deliver to the world a plan for a new church, and an outline of a new social order. The "six" consist of an Irishman, a German, an Italian, a Jew, a negro, and an American Instead of bringing home the evils in the world, and especially in the industrial world, to the "crime of '73," these thinkers conclude that the causes of the inequality of which they feel the burden are to be found in the defects of existing religious systems. The new apostles arrive at a philosophy that will startle and antagonize most people who believe themselves to have come to a final conclusion in economics or religion; but it cannot make much difference to them, after all, for they will probably never know of the book's existence. Mr. Lubin's truths are not new truths but old, old truths; his fallacies are not new fallacies but old, old fallacies. And his ambition to found a modern church is not a new ambition. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

* *

Probably the best illustrated book of its kind that has yet appeared is Mr. Tappan Adney's *The Klondike Stampede*, being an account of the great rush to the North in 1897, and of life and conditions in the Yukon since that time. Mr. Adney was one of the pioneers of the Klondike region, and represented *Harper's Weekly* and the London *Chronicle* as special correspondent. There are nearly one hundred and fifty excellent photographic views embodied in the book. Many of these pictures are panoramic inserts. The text is in no way unique, except in that it brings Klondike matters down to date; but the pictures are distinctly unique. The book is easily the handsomest account of gold mining in the North that has yet been published. Harper & Bros., New York. W. J. NEIDIG.

Shade Won't Work-
because it isn't mounted on
THE IMPROVED
HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLER.
A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?
It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!
IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.
STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO.



THE DOUBLES IN THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS MATCH AT THE CALIFORNIA CLUB COURTS.

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet. 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel. Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 305.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to-lunch.

NEW YORK.

The Last of the Easter Parade.

LONDON.

Social Chatter from the British Metropolis.

NEW YORK.

ONE reason why we Americans have no stable and enduring institutions is our national habit of running things into the ground. As soon as anything rises to the dignity of a settled institution, an assured fact, it becomes a craze. Everybody takes it up; all the world pursues it, and it falls by its own weight. We pet and embrace and laud our heroes beyond all human reason, and then swing to the other extreme and render them unpopular through our very disgust at our own lack of moderation. Dewey is the most glaring example; Hobson is a case in point. We plough through a fashion in a year, and leave it to the great unrecognized, while the elect rush to new things because the fashion of last year has become so common that there is no distinction in following it.

A view of the annual Easter parade on Fifth avenue is the inspiration for this pessimistic reflection. Once, the church parade on Easter day was an occasion for the display of all New York's fashionables in their new spring clothes. It was copied from the London church parade in Hyde Park, a custom which has been as long as the memory of London and which bids fair to last as long as there are churches in England. It was about ten years ago when the newspapers first became aware of the practice and "made mention" of it in the society columns. Then, for a few years it flourished. It was the thing to walk to church on Easter day, instead of calling out your carriage. The fashionables paraded; the populace lined the curb to look on. After that, those who were not in society but desired to be regarded as high in the Four Hundred began to participate. The craze became a fever and was followed by a rapid decline. Two years ago, when the Tenderloin began to take part, the doom of the institution was sealed. But even then, the newspapers kept up the pleasant fiction; it made good copy, it was the excuse for pages and pages in the Easter supplements. Only this year did the public waken to the fact that the Easter parade, in so far as it has to do with society, is over and past.

There was a parade this year, and a big one, but few of the paraders were on churchgoing bent and none of them were of the Four Hundred. The members of the Smart Set and the Silly Set and the Clever Set and all the other companies in the regiment of society went to church as usual, because staying away from church is not respectable in New York, but they drove in their carriages and entered by the side doors and took every other precaution to avoid attention—even going so far as to be very, very quiet about their Easter clothes. The crowd on the sidewalk was a curious mixture. Respectable *bourgeoise* people who were really there for church-going purposes elbowed young clerks in hand-me-down frock clothes who were out as spectators. Here was a sprinkling of the Hackensack "jay," beloved of the comic weekly; there was more than a sprinkling of folk from the tenderloin, gotten up in flamboyant dress. These would-be fashionables paraded and paraded. They stopped to stare, open-mouthed, at the Dewey arch; they glared curiously at one another; they gathered in knots to witness the rapid passage of a "sure-enough Four Hundreder." All the elements which make up middle class New York were represented, but the upper crust was missing.

In their scorn of Easter display, the smart set even refrained from wearing any specially new or striking clothes. They went in gowns as sober as their church manners. There were, however, a few striking and beautiful costumes among the many atrocities on the street. But, in the main, we who study the fashions have been obliged to resort, this Eastertide, to the milliners and modistes themselves. First, as to hats, which are leading features of a fashionable Easter. This year's crop is severely plain in trimming, which is a blessing. They come in tulle, crinoline and chiffon, and also in straw as delicate as any of the three materials mentioned. There is an inclination in Paris to turn the rather broad shapes straight up in front off the face, but this is not by any means a style to be universally followed, as the brim dipping down in front or raised at the side is quite as popular and much more becoming to many faces. Most of the brims are pressed down closely to the head at the back, giving that short, cut-off appearance at the sides which is so essential. Crowns of leaves and brims of flowers form the decoration of the daintiest of toques, and one of the very newest millinery items is presented in dyed skeleton leaves lightly stitched over with sequins. These are used in place of the abused quill.

In the parade crowd itself, I noted that gray was the favorite tint for the gowns—gray in every shade and variation. Two thirds of the gowns which could be really called smart were of this color. A trim figure and dark face looked roguishly demure in the setting of a light gray cloth gown with an Eton jacket of the same set off by stitched white satin revers over a cherry silk bodice. The picture was topped by a coquettish sailor of cherry straw, with great bunches of cherries that looked as though they had been plucked from an orchard in June. Then there was a dark gray gown, cut in the same fashion, worn with a toque made all of folds of lavender chiffon, and a lavender silk bodice. Yet another maid in gray, with just enough of the tailor stamp about her for trimness and enough of the Mademoiselle Fluffy for coquetry, wore a dainty turban of pink straw, with broad soft velvet bows to reduce its agressiveness. There were gray with pale blue, gray with rose, gray with gold, and even gray with black and white.

Black ranked next in claim for attention. A famous artist has said that black is the most brilliant of colors in relief. Many a girl and matron emphasized that chromatic truth by her costume yesterday. Black tailor gowns with old lace appliqued upon revers and cuffs and wide collars, black turbans and toques, with a rose or two or a bunch of violets, brought the sombre color into strong relief.

The prettiest girl of the thousands of pretty girls on the avenue wore a black braided gown over a white silk waist, a big picture hat, heavy with black plumes, and a bunch of violets that measured sixteen inches. The well-groomed young man who walked beside her had undoubtedly presented them. There were black gowns with pink hats, with lavender, with white, with red and with blue hats.

NETTA DYKE.

LONDON.

WAR! war! war! It is the one subject of conversation these days. If there be a story to tell, it is on, of, or about one of the generals that are now fighting. There will be but little in the festivity way this year owing to the numbers of people who are in mourning. Mourning for a soldier who dies far away is quite different from mourning for one who has passed into the other land at home. For the first, one assumes a heroic sort of grief. He is, as a rule, young and a bright future lies before him, and always a hero. To die the death of a hero or martyr fighting for his country is a glorious end. It is a terrible sight to watch the anxious fathers and mothers at the War Office waiting for news of their dear ones. Most of them are too weak from worry to know when the name they dread to hear is added to the killed. Once in a while however, one sees a woman turn white and walk away and the look in her eye, quite dry but cold and cheerless in its aspect, one feels her husband's name was in the list. Lord Roberts, "Bobs" as he is called is the most popular man on the field. Kitchener, Warren, and Buller however, are greatly respected and the people expect them to do great things. Rather a good story is told on Sir Charles Warren, who feels the necessity of a morning bath so tremendously that under no circumstances, no matter how trying will he do without it. On the last occasion of Buller to cross the Tugela it was impossible for Warren to leave his post. Beneath the fire of the Boers in the open battlefield with the absolute sangfroid that differentiates Englishmen from all others, he took his morning tub. Just at that moment Buller wished to confer with Warren. It was quite impossible for Sir Charles to move, so Buller had to ride across the impromptu bathroom, where the two generals conversed on matters of minute importance—one on horseback the other in his tub.

It was rather a surprise even to the Royal household, that the Queen contemplated a visit to Ireland. It had been a particularly frigid morning when Lord Lansdowne remarked to Her Majesty that she would perhaps find the weather warmer in Italy.

"I am not going to Italy, but to Ireland this year. My Irish subjects and I need to see one another again." It is quite remarkable that the Queen's memory is still so perfect. She can remember the most minute details of state affairs and ceremonies, even the relations that exist between her friends. More curious still is her faculty for recollecting the pose or idiosyncrasy of the different literary or artistic people who have been presented to her. The youngest child of the Duke and Duchess of York, being a boy, will be christened Patrick. Had a girl appeared she was to be Princess Hibernia. It is easy to see the fuss the Irish would have made about her.

Mrs. Asquith and her amateur theatrical company quite surprised society by the rendering of "Forget-me-not." Mrs. Asquith played the grande dame as a grande dame. She is forceful, with the magnetism of a genuine personality, and quite brought back the time when Mrs. Patrick Campbell was the greatest of English amateurs previous to her adopting the stage as a profession. In the last act, Mrs. Asquith wore a gown of a pinkish mauve panne. The front was of real lace embroidered with raised sprays of orchids daintily wrought in shades of mauve chiffon. Mrs. Asquith wore her famous pearls. Speaking of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, it is sad to hear, of the death of her husband just when he was achieving fame, owing to his bravery. He was a splendid sportsman, could shoot and ride and a great deal was expected of him when he volunteered in the Imperial Yeomanry, but death, alas, has too soon rendered futile the hopes that were centered upon him. The Campbells, who were an interesting pair, fell in love and ran away to be married when she was 17, and he two years older. After finding it somewhat difficult to earn a good living in England, he started out to the Cape. During his absence, Mrs. Campbell went into the theatrical world and won fame first as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Not only fame but recognition in the substantial form of hard cash. She wrote to her husband, who, was in Beira, a dreary pestilential hole surrounded by swamps, acquainting him of her good fortune, sending him money and begging him to return home. Being an independent man, Campbell would not live on his wife's earnings. He was at the time larder provider to the principal hotel of the place. Later on he returned to England, but when war broke out was a volunteer. Mrs. Campbell will, I believe, visit the United States early next year.

With the deaths of Steveens and Artemus Ward we miss two of the greatest writers of the day. Artemus Ward was the man who brought war corresponding down to a fine art. He acquired a knowledge of soldiering in the ranks, and with his tremendous daring and unfailing energy he could give one the throbbing and terrible sensation of the battlefield. He was perhaps incapable of attaining the brilliancy of style of Steevens, but it was through his wonderful descriptive ability so many of us have felt the power, glory and honor of war. He was fortunate in securing a devoted and kind wife. She was in her day one of the reigning belles in Washington. When her engagement to Artemus Ward was announced, it is said many of the leading young men who were in love with her changed the whole tenor of their lives. He had been in ill health for many years owing to hard campaigning.

KATRIONA.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists.

A Delicious Beverage for all Occasions

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale

Connoisseurs pronounce it "the best imported."

Sherwood & Sherwood,
AGENTS
212-214 Market St.,
San Francisco

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixth (6th) day of April, 1900, an assessment (No. 70) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh (11th) day of May, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday the thirty-first (31st) day of May, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses o sale. By order of the Board of Directors

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Milton and Dollie Noble; Mark Sullivan; W. E. Bates; Little Fred; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman; Buoman and Adelle; Brothers Forrest; Etta Butler; American Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Week of May 7th.
A Powerful Production of Scenic Wealth

The Great Diamond Robbery.

As presented at A. M. Palmer's Theatre, New York.

Every evening at 8 p. m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

In preparation—"Sweet Lavender."

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, MAY 7th.

First time here of CHAS. H. YALE'S Massive, Marvelous, Mechanical, Spectacular Romance

THE EVIL EYE.

Or the many merry misphaps of NID and the weird wonderful wanderings of NOD.

SPECIAL PRICES—$1.00. 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sunday Night, May 6th. Matinees Thursday and Saturday.

Fifth week and Unparalleled success

MR. JAMES NEILL and Company

Presenting the Tremendous Dramatic Sensation

A PARISIAN ROMANCE.

By Special Arrangement with Richard Mansfield.
Packed Houses! Unanimous Praise!
Get Seats Early. No Advance in Prices.
May 13—"An American Citizen."

Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall.

Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons
May 9th and 12th at 3:15 p.m.

PALOMA SCHRAM

The Wonderful Child Pianist and Composer

Assisted by her Sister KARLA.

Reserved Seats 50 and 75 cents.

On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, beginning Monday morning at 9 o'clock.

Tavern of Castle Crag

AND SODA SPRINGS

SEASON OPENS JUNE 15.

Located in the midst of grand and impressive mountain scenery. With Mt. Shasta and The Crags for a background.

Fine hunting and fishing.

Unsurpassed cuisine and service and reasonable rates.

RAILROAD FARE round trip, including sleeper both ways $14

For rates, terms and other information address E. B. PIXLEY, Manager.

Care Pacific Improvement Co., Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Alfred Cane, Luther A. Teague, Frederick Teague.

Teague, Cane & Teague,

DENTISTS.

Claus Spreckels Bldg. Phone Main 1459.

Third and Market Sts Sixth Floor, S. F., Cal.

AT THE THEATERS

James Neill, it is said, does not aspire to the title of a great actor; he only claims that he is the most versatile leading man in the business and as such the one best suited to stock company work. He has proved his claim in San Francisco. We have had him in a Sol Smith Russell part, a Maurice Barrymore part, a Nat Goodwin part, and next week he is to give Mansfield a go. In no single one of these roles has he approached the original creator, but in each one he has given an intelligent and acceptable performance. The company is from fair to middling. The stage management is excellent in every way. The scenery and accessories are tasteful. These excellencies, added to the merit of the star, make the present engagement at the California the best theatrical money's worth we have had in San Francisco for many months. The chief defect in Mr. Neill's acting is his lack of magnetism, which is a fault inseparable from great range of abilities. An actor who can play in the dashing Sothern style one week and in the subtle Mansfield manner another must sink his own personality under so many layers of artifice that there is little chance for the spontaneity which gives magnetism.

In "The Gilded Fool," a comparison between Neill and Nat Goodwin leaves the younger man far behind at the outset. The episode of the Fool's rising after a wild night, is with Mr. Neill of little more importance than the dialogue between surbordinates which precedes with it, Mr. Goodwin it is probably the piece of business that is kept longest in one's memory of play. Goodwin is rollickingly funny, Neill is merely very tall and very thick of utterence. In fact, the impression he makes all through the first act is a vague one. But in the second, he comes out forcibly and leaves Goodwin behind in this stretch; here there is a buoyancy, a vigorous boyishness about Mr. Neill that Goodwin cannot assume with all his humor. This is Mr. Neill's best act. He is sincere through all, but in none of the more melodramatic passages is he as interesting as in these bursts of young enthusiasm. The business is farcical, but it is well done.

Miss Chapman is a tall young woman who carries an impossible head of hair, and whose delivery has a range of about three notes in pitch. In spite of these distractions she was very womanly at times, and at the last of the play carried her scene charmingly. Miss Julia Dean is a clever ingenue, fresh, original, and clear-cut. In this play she is a terrible example to certain young ladies who wear two thirds of their hair over the left eye. Even Miss Dean's cleverness could not make her love scenes convincing with that coiffure.

The voice of Mr. Ben Howard is a delight, making the other voices on the stage thick and muffled by comparison. It is crisp, beautifully moderated with never a tone of the melodramatic, although the role gives all a villian's temptations. His impersonation of the bad brokerman is one of the best things in the performance.

* *

Etta Butler, with her imitations, is the star feature of the Orpheum bill. Her mimicry is undoubtedly clever, but she shows a tendency to overimpersonation, which is, at times, a serious defect. San Franciscans are hardly able to judge of the most of it, because Miss Butler imitates only the reigning stage favorites of New York and it has been a long, long time since any of them have been on the play-forsaken Pacific Coast. The imitation of Mrs. Fiske as "Becky Sharp" is, perhaps, her best act. The Forrests are clowns with one new feature, and dozens of "gags" as old as the theatre. There are three "sketch teams." Rae and Brosche are very bad knockabout people. Buoman and Adelle, on the other hand, are clever and amusing. The man of the team is a genuine comedian. Mr. and Mrs. Sidman have a sketch reminiscent of the "Old Homestead." Sidman's Down-East accent is even more accurate and subtly humorous than that of Denman Thompson. Little Fred's trained animals go at their work with enthusiasm. The football game, which ends their act, is amusing from the joy with which the dogs enter into the sport.

* *

At the Orpheum, the Fulgora Company will enter on its second and last week with an entire change of bill, and Etta Butler will give a number of new imitations. The rest of the bill is entirely new. Milton and Dollie Nobles will present Mr. Nobles' latest comedietta, "A Blue Grass Widow." Neither the actor-author or his wife need any introduction in San Francisco. Mark Sullivan is a young monologist recently risen to prominence in the Eastern country. W. E. Bates is a cornet soloist. The Biograph returns with entirely new views, most of them representing present events in South Africa. There will also be a number of the campaign in the Philippines. The holdovers are: Little Fred and his wonderful performing animals; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman, who will present "Back Home," a sequence to the piece they are playing this week; Buoman and Adelle; Brothers Forrest and Etta Butler.

* *

Yale's big spectacular production "The Evil Eye" is to be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning with next Monday night. Three cars are utilized for the transportation of the trick mechanical effects, scenery and costumes. The celebrated German comedian Al. H. Wilson, Rosaire and Elliott the pantomimists; and the Phasey Troupe are with the company. The story tells of the Man Merry Mishaps of Hid and the Weird Wonderful Wanderings of Ned.

* *

Paloma Schramm, the child pianist and composer, well known in San Francisco, will give two concerts at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, next Wednesday and Friday afternoons, May 9th and 12th. She will be assisted by her little sister Karla. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

* *

At the California Theatre next week the Neill Company will present, by special permission of Richard Mansfield, "A Parisian Romance," Octave Feuillet's powerful romantic play. Mr. James Neill will appear as the "Baron Chevrial." Matinees are given Thursday and Saturday.

* *

Next week at the Alcazar, Alfried and Wheeler's sensational melodrama, "The Great Diamond Robbery," is to be the bill. There will be a new and elaborate stage dressing, a large cast, and many new people in the supernumerary roles.

* *

John Drew and his company have started West and will play two or three cities before their arrival here. They are in Cleveland this week presenting "The Tyranny of Tears."

LADIES' KNOX DUDE

Straws now open. Korn, the hatter, 726 Market St., sole agent.

Say what you may about the slowness of justice, but the courts have acted promptly and properly in deciding that the only Napa Soda that may be sold by that name is Jackson's, bottled at the Napa Soda Springs. The public stomach ought to be a public trust, and there is no deadlier enemy to the stomach than vile carbonated waters bottled in imitation of a genuine and standard article. It is now a sure thing that wherever you ask for Napa Soda you will get it and nothing else. For nearly half a century this water has been famous for its purity and for its peculiar tonic properties.

Before Milton J. Green, Referee in Bankruptcy

April 28

303—In re John A Magee 2962, hearing on oppn to discharge, examn of bkt 11 a m

April 30

133—In re John Cardoza 2749, hearing on oppn to discharge 10 a m

246—In re Henry Ulfelder Clothing Co 2966, hearing on objns to claims 10 a m

366—In re Barnard Curran 3191, final meeting of creditors 11 a m

367—In re W H Richardson 3235, first meeting of creditors 11 a m

May 3

293—In re Chas Fauser 2991, confn of trs sale of pers prop 11 a m

374—In re Louis Rothenberg 3239, first meeting of creditors 11 a m

May 7

379—In re Ernest Powell 3214, first meeting of creditors 11 a m

236—In re Francis-Valentine Co 2762, hearing objns to claim 2 p m

May 8

328—In re Abijah C Cook 3209, examn of bkt 11 a m

May 16

338—In re David Ross 2813, meeting of creditors to pay court fees 11 a m

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,213,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28,563,655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....210,067
Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Joseph D. Grant, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address **WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE. SEND US YOUR ORDER,** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing our **1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Mesinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our **binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them, however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at **$8 to $10** each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for **Bargain List. OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. Mention name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

SCIENCE WINS OUT.

"UNDOUBTEDLY the first man to recognize the true value of placed hits," said the man with the crooked fingers as he banked the forge fire, "was the manager of the team with which I made my first professional appearance. Our proficiency in that line was the result of hours of practice, but it paid, and when I think of it as the means of retiring from the game one of the greatest outfielders and dirtiest players in the profession, I consider it time well spent.

"It was early in the eighties and I had been playing for a season or two with semi-professional teams. I finally caught on with one of the clubs in a small league down in Pennsylvania, being signed to catch. When the contract was sent to me there came an order with it to report about two months before the opening of the season. That struck me as unusual, but I was anxious to break into the game professionally, so about the first of March I reported. I was the last man on the ground, being the only newcomer, and when I stepped off the train there was the manager waiting for me. As we walked up the street he asked whether I had brought a uniform and, seeing that I was surprised, he said:

"'You might as well understand now that my team is run strictly on scientific principles. There is never a play made that hasn't been all planned out, and that's why you were ordered to report here so early. All the other men are last year's players. We dropped the catcher because he slipped up on a triple play trick that we had practised for three months. I just tell you this so that you will know what's expected of you. Hurry over to the hotel, get on a uniform of some sort and come down to the training quarters.'

"Now, I'll leave it to you if that wasn't a pretty fierce game to steer a young player against, and I did a whole lot of thinking while I changed my clothes. The more I thought it over the poorer seemed my chances of holding down the job. But I was there, and I had no coin and little prospect of getting any except from the manager of the team. I finally made up my mind that I was there to make a pretty good bluff, at any rate, and when I came down to the hotel office and asked the clerk to direct me to the training grounds I was beginning to recover my nerve. The clerk looked me over, nodded his head and then asked whether I was the new catcher for the team. I told him I was, and he said:

"'The manager's a queer sort of chap, too blamed scientific to my way of thinking, but he took a lot of raws last season and made them pennant winners, and if a man has the game in him why Mike'll bring it out. Can you hit?'

"I was strong at that game and when I told him my average he allowed that I would be all right, if I followed instructions and called science to my assistance. The training quarters were in a roller skating rink, giving plenty of room for batting practice, and when I walked in the team was at work with the stick. What I saw surprised me more than a foul tip on a split finger. Way down at the far end of the rink was a half-dozen 18-inch squares chalked out on the floor, and up near the entrance was a bunch of the players batting. It was 300 feet, if it was an inch, from where they stood to the squares. But they just laced the ball into those squares, apparently without an effort, and as I was rubbing my eyes to make sure I was awake the manager throws a fearful roast into one of the men because he happens to strike the line. Then he saw me and walked over, shook hands, called the rest of the gang over and introduced me and then handed me a club. One of the pitchers shot up a nice one and I copped it square. The ball goes on a line near the top of the rink and pushes out a window. I looked to see what the manager thought of the hit and saw him rubbing his chin.

"'You hit 'em hard enough,' says he, 'but you need training. If that hit had been made by a scientific batter it would probably have gone further. It's where the ball lands that counts, even if it is just out of reach instead of over the fence. But you'll learn, and I guess you can draw on the club for a little money.'

"Well, the rest of that morning I put in watching the other players at work. The way they dropped a ball just where they wanted was something wonderful. Next morning my training began. For two hours I just practiced swinging a bat, and when we stopped work for the morning the manager assured me that inside of a month I would be an average place hitter. That was encouraging, and in the afternoon I worked like a Turk, so that when we stopped for the day I was was assured that I should have a crack at the ball next day. They did as they had promised and set me at trying to drive the ball into a space about the size of a piano box. By noon I could get it there pretty accurately, batting fungo, and in the afternoon I had the ball pitched to me. That was harder work, and I felt discouraged at my failure to land the ball right and the manager gave me a call for carelessness. I braced up then and by the end of the week they had made my box a quarter smaller.

"By the time I had reached the 18-inch box stage it had become evident that I would make the team. After six weeks I was pronounced all right on long-distance batting, and then began the practice of short hits. The great aim in this branch of the work was to get the ball just out of reach, for, as the manager said: 'Get 'em anywhere near a man and he goes after 'em. If he jumps for a high one he may strain a cord or when he comes down may turn his ankle. If you're going to play scientific ball you must figure on all these things.'

"Things ran along in this way until the opening of the season, and when we played the first game on the home grounds the place was jammed. We won that game just by placed hits and the local papers handed us all sorts of bouquets, so that we began to grow a bit chesty. But the manager was there to call us, and we steadied down. We made a runaway race of it for the first month and the attendance when we played fell off, as people grew tired of seeing one team win all the time. We grew careless and lost a number of games, and the first thing we knew were fifth instead of first. To make matters worse, when we were practising one morning on the home grounds our left fielder, one of the best men on the team, was stung by a hornet on the eye, putting him out of the game. The hornet came from a big nest in the corner of the fence and we were for burning the things out some night. The manager wouldn't hear of it, but warned us to keep away and not disturb them, and then we knew that there was a real warm time in prospect for some one. It was in the second series of home games that we learned who was to be the victim.

"It seemed that the catcher, who had been released the season before, had caught on with one of the other terms in the league and had put them next to a lot of our tricks. He was playing left field and would tip off our plays to the other men, so that it was only by the hardest kind of work that we managed to win one game out of the three on his team's grounds. When we came to our town we were there to get back and when he crippled one of our men by spiking him in the leg we had all the more reason for wanting to do business with him. There was but one game of the home series left, and we were desperate. We had tried to pick a fight with him on the grounds, but that wouldn't work, and his manager kept him in nights after the games.

"The morning before the last game we had a long talk with the manager, and when he said that he had it all fixed we were crazy to know the game, but he refused to tip us off until the time to turn the trick. During our batting practice that morning he fastened up a big bunch of rags over in the corner of the fence in right field and kept me plugging away at it. It wasn't such a big hit for me, and after a few trials I had it down pat; could nail the bunch every time. Then he asked me if I could do the same thing in left. I said 'Yes,' and called to the pitcher to shoot one up until I plastered the hornets' nest. I never sat down so suddenly in all my life, and when I turned to ask the manager what he meant by pulling my legs out from under me, he said:

"'Do you want to queer the whole game? Why, I should think that you could see what I wanted. Here I've had you batting at the fence corner for two hours and you don't see that that's the way we expect to put that guy out of the game! Maybe you think I had that hornets' nest left up for fun? Well, you've got another think. If you don't push the ball right into that bunch of winged fire this afternoon, you ought to quit the game. You can do it, if you try, and we'll put a stop to dirty ball by other people.'

"That game I'll remember after I've forgotten everything else. For six innings neither side scored, and in the seventh they run in five on us. Our manager was having forty kind of fits, and the way he jabbed the assegai into us when we came to the bench was frightful. In our half of the seventh we made two runs, leaving us three to the bad. It was one-two, three with the other side in the eighth, and then we came in to win the game. After two were out a little single and a couple of passes filled the bases, and it was up to me. I looked out at that guy in left field and saw him grin. That settled it. Two strikes were called and twice I fouled the ball into deep left, to get Mr. Dirty Ballplayer to move out and play deep. Then I got it just where I wanted it and punched it straight out over his head.

"He saw that it was going back of him and turned and ran with the ball. It was a great race, but the ball reached first. Smash it went into the hornets' nest like a shell from a six-inch gun. Just as it struck, Mr. Dirty Ball was about six feet back, running like a deer and unable to stop himself. He saw the fence and threw up his hands to break the force of the collision. What the ball didn't do his hands did. The fiercest and wildest war dance ever executed was tame to his. I tore around the bases and then lay down on the ground and howled.

"The other players thought he had a fit and rushed over to him, and then they danced. The crowd was on, and how they yelled! I had seen enthusiastic people at a ball game before, but never a crowd like that. There was that bunch of out-of-town players fighting the hornets, while the umpire was trying to get the game to go on, the crowd was cheering at the way the dirty player had got what had been coming to him for some time, and our manager was promising to raise my pay and then shouting: 'What did I tell you about scientific ball? Do you think that any ordinary person could have placed a hit like that? Never! Such a feat was possible only for a man trained by me. Hurry up there and get the game going!'

"But the battle with the hornets had crippled the members of the other team to such an extent that they couldn't finish, and of course we won. Mr. Dirty Player was in the hospital for about three weeks, and when he came out was the sickest looking wreck you ever saw. He wanted to try and square himself with us, but we wouldn't stand for it, and the last we heard of him he was holding down a job as ground-keeper out West. It was pretty hard luck, but he started it, and people who undertake to interfere with the development of science, even in baseball, must be checked."

New York Sun.

1.

Amelia there, my destined bride!
I would that I were at her side.

2.

I have it! With this little stone
I'll bring her to her ownest own.

3.

How like a rising star she flies!
Past now are all my tears and sighs.

4.

Excuse the liberty I take.
'Twas done, you know, for your sweet sake.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it; 25 cents.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

WASHINGTON AND ALASKA STEAMSHIP CO.

For Cape Nome

Transpacific Passenger Steamship

TACOMA

Registered Tonnage, 2811 Tons
Cargo Capacity, 4000 Tons
Passenger Capacity, 800

This Magnificently Fitted-up Steamship will sail from Yesler Wharf,

SEATTLE

On or About

MAY 25

For Further Information apply to

DODWELL & CO., Limited
General Agents
113 James St. SEATTLE, WASH.
Telephone Main 479

Moët & Chandon

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World).

White Seal (Grand Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal.*

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m. May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, June 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 11 a.m. May 1,6, 11, 16, 21, 26 31, June 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. May 3 8,13, 18, 23, 28 June 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. May 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27,31. June 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, June 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Alameda, for **Australia**, Wednesday, May 16 at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, May 30 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb, 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7. 17. 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

R. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

Through Trains and Cars

BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE — via OGDEN ROUTE Daily

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
IN CONNECTION WITH

Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Line

OVERLAND LIMITED—Solid Vestibuled Train of Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and Composite Car

Leave San Francisco . . . 8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento . . . . 11:25 A.M.
Arrive Chicago . . . . . 9:30 A.M.

Westbound train leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P.M.

Rock Island Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car and Dining Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco . . 8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento . . . 11:25 A.M.
Arrive Salt Lake City . 2:10 P.M.
Leave Salt Lake City . . 8:05 P.M.
Arrive Denver . . . . . 9:15 P.M.
Arrive Chicago . . . . 7:59 A.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 10:00 P.M.

Burlington Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco . . . 6:30 P.M.
Leave Sacramento . . . 10:30 P.M.
Arrive Denver . . . . . 9:00 A.M.
Arrive Chicago . . . . 2:15 P.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 11:00 P.M.

Connections are made at Sacramento from and to both Southern and Northern California for all three trains.

The Rock Island and Burlington Route cars pass between Ogden and Denver over the Rio Grande Western and Denver & Rio Grande railroads.

For folders and more complete information, go and see

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.
110 Montgomery St ,S. F.
Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

Telephone Main 199.

Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER

53, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.

WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.

American and European Plan.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALPS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

A MATTER OF TEMPERAMENT.—In English journalism, short-hand reports of political meetings are much more important than in America. The Liverpool *Post* once sent a reporter, not a strict teetotaler, to report a campaign rally at Dublin. The programme was carried out up to the point of the return of the reporter to the office, where he arrived in a most business-like condition and sober as a judge. But when he sat down to his work and attempted to write out, not a line could he make sense of. The editor was in despair. One of his sons came to his assistance, but it was of no avail. At last, this young man had a brilliant idea, and broached it to his father. He said, "It's quite clear that Simon was tipsy when he took the speech. It's quite clear that he will never be able to write it out. Things cannot be worse than they are. What if I take him out on the spot and make him tipsy again?" It was the last resort. Away they went. The desired temperament was speedily produced, and when the veteran reporter came back, thick in his voice and apparently by no means clear in his ideas, he wrote out the whole of the speech without the slightest difficulty.

x

DARKEY GOOD NATURE.—Just before dawn on the night after the battle of El Caney, a part of the 25th (colored) Infantry was filing past General Lawton's roadside headquarters. By the light of his camp-fire, the General noted that one big corporal was carrying, in addition to his own equipment, the gun and trappings of a wounded comrade who limped beside him. Besides this, he was bent under the weight of a big, black dog, the company mascot. "Here, Corporal," said Lawton, "didn't you march all last night?" "Yessah," said the corporal, trying to salute. "And didn't you fight all day?" "Yessah." "And haven't you marched since ten o'clock tonight?" "Yessah." "Well, then, what in blazes are you carrying that dog for?" "Why, boss," said the corporal, as he shifted the beast from one shoulder to the other, "the dog's tired!"

x

A REMARKABLE CHANGE.—Frankfort Moore, the English journalist and author, was once approached by a timid little woman, who explained that she wished to interview him. She added that this was her first detail and she proved by her first few questions that she was entirely inadequate to the task. Taking pity upon her, Moore sat down and wrote a racy and interesting interview with himself. Moore met the city editor of the lady's paper a few months later. "Do you know," said the editor, "I think that you must have a wonderfully interesting personality?" "And why so, pray?" "I sent a new reporter to interview you a while ago. The story she turned out was capital, but she has never come anywhere near it since!"

x

A SMALL SALARY.—George Harvey, editor of the *North American Review*, is regenerating the publishing house of Harper. Shortly after he took hold of the business, Harvey said to the senior member of the firm: "There are too many of the Harper family drawing large salaries out of the business. Until we get the business on a sound footing, I shall expect that no one is to draw more out of it than I myself." "That is a good idea," said Mr. Harper, "How much do you expect to draw?" "Nothing at all," responded Harvey.

x

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.—Rev. Dr. Clark, best-liked chaplain in the British army, gained his popularity in this wise:—It was in the Zulu war, and a detachment of British soldiers were defending their camp against a native impi. Ammunition was low, the enemy were swarming on all sides, and it began to look like a forlorn hope, wherefore the men began cursing roundly. The "swear words" came to the chaplain's ears, and he rushed along the line, shouting: "Don't swear, men, don't swear, don't swear—shoot the——s!"

x

A SLIGHT SHRINKAGE.—A Cincinnatti man, having bought some red flannel shirts which were guaranteed in every respect, came into the place of purchase after a fortnight and complained that the article was not what it was said to be. "Why not?" asked the clerk, "have they faded or shrunk?" "Faded! shrunk! Young man, when I came down to breakfast with one of them on, my wife asked me, 'What are you wearing my pink coral necklace around your throat for?'"

x

TWO MISFITS.—Sir James Paget was once waiting in a hatter's shop while his silk tile was being ironed, when an excited individual rushed in and, mistaking him for the proprietor, began to register a lively "kick"—"Do you see this hat? Well it doesn't fit, I tell you it doesn't fit!" The baronet looked him over very quietly, and answered: "Well, now that you call my attention to it, your coat does not fit very well, either."

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

For nearly a quarter of a century these Hotels have been the recognized headquarters for Tourists and Travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shopping districts and amusement centers), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate charges.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as *the* place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

REPSOLD

Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner

This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants

A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

THE

White Pass and Yukon Route

The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between

Skaguay and Lake Bennett.

Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
ATLIN, DAWSON AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.

S. P. BROWN General Agent 536 Market St., S. F.

E. C. HAWKINS General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Mede from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents,

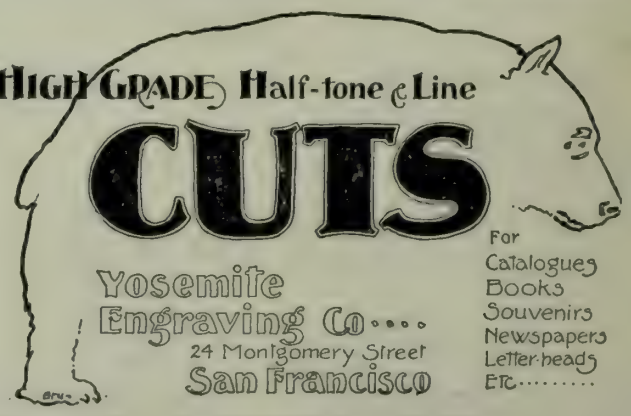
W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

W Make the Cuts in this Paper.



Kitro Tonic.

King of all. For men and women. A fine Grape Fruit Tonic. Recommended by all Physicians. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Dealers.

The Wave

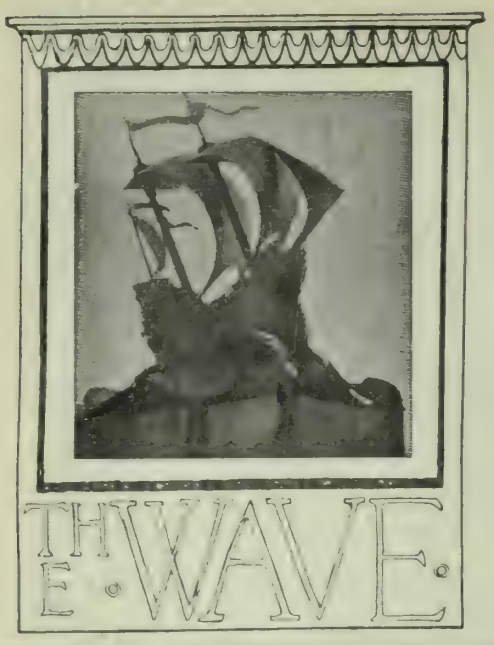
1900

VOL. XXI. No. 16 SAN FRANCISCO—MAY 12 1900 SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

To be taken from the Library.

CALIFORNIA STATE

F. H. Bushnell's Champion Smooth-Coated St. Benard, "Le Prince, Jr." Winner at the San Francisco Bench Show.



Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—May 12, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Back-yards in San Francisco 4
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 5
Views of Architectural Competition 6
Architectural Competition 7
With the Boer Army 7
Sacramento Street Carnival 8
Views of Sacramento in Carnival Attire 9
As Seen by Leila 10
In Bookdom, by W. J. Neidig 11
Correspondence—New York, London 12
A Germinium Tragedy 13
At the Theatres 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

Roberts Advances on Transvaal.

Lord Roberts has advanced at last Driving the scattered Boer forces before him, he is moving on toward the Transvaal with the main body of his army. His cavalry and skirmishers have cleared away the dangerous Boer force at Thebanchu, and routed several inferior bodies at points along the front. The British scouts are now operating nearly a hundred miles beyond Bloemfontein. In the early part of the movement, the burghers interposed only a very spiritless resistance. But on Tuesday, General Hutton, leading the advance cavalry, was checked while operating along the Zand river and attempting to capture a Boer convoy. He was led into an ambush and forced to give way and retreat for several miles in order to save his troops. It seems likely that the British are nearing the points where Botha and the Boers under his command will solidify and hold themselves ready for active resistance. The languid fighting by which they opposed Roberts' advance from Bloemfontein thus far is only part of their tactics. They have never sought to oppose the British seriously in the Free State, but only to hinder them as long as possible. Now, however, Roberts is approaching Transvaal and the true seat of the war. It is now known that Roberts' delay was caused by lack of transport more than by any other one thing. His horses and mules have been dying at the rate of thousands a week, the climate being fatal to all unseasoned animals. Hardly a beast which was with the British army when it landed at the Cape is now alive. Part of the difficulty is to be obviated by the use of traction engines on the level space between Bloemfontein and the border. The Transvaal Volksraad has reopened, the delegates coming in from the front to attend its sessions. Ten of the body have died in this war, and many others carry wounds. In opening the body, Kruger made his accustomed bitter complaint of the English and added some charges of murdering the wounded and ill-treating prisoners. It is said that the body is by no means unanimous or the war question. A strong faction is for opening peace negotiations on a basis which is said to be extremely distasteful to Kruger and Leyds. In England, the popular feeling is one of almost superstitious reliance on Roberts, the one general who has shown the ability to meet new conditions with new tactics.

The Philippine War.

Last week, this department had Aguinaldo dead or missing. Now it appears that the Filipino leader is very much alive and is as mischievous as ever. General Young, who came so near to laying hands on him in the chase of last winter, reports that he has rejoined the forces of the insurgent general, Tino, in the north and that they have assembled a considerable force in the mountains. Young is certain that Aguinaldo is preparing to do battle and asks for reinforcements. From all quarters come reports which indicate that the insurrection is still active. In Panay, in Leyte, in Samur, there have been scattering attacks on American garrisons. In Bulan, South Luzon, they drove out a small American garrison and sacked the town, killing a great many Spanish and Chinese. On the other hand, the rebels have lost one of their ablest leaders. General Pantelon Garcia, the highest insurgent officer except Aguinaldo, has been captured by Lieutenant E. P. Smith of General Funston's staff in the town of Jaen, three miles northeast of San Isidro, province of New Ecija. Spies reported that Garcia was sick and had been compelled to hide there, and Lieutenant Day and forty cavalry surrounded the town. The spies led them directly to the house where Garcia was disguised as a peasant. Garcia commanded all the insurgents in Central Luzon, several generals, including Pio del Pilar and Mescardo, being under him. Otis has gone at last, and the whole American army of the Philippines breathes free once more. His expressed opinion that organized rebellion is over is opposed by a late article in *Leslie's*, the work of Edwin Wildman, former vice-consul at Hongkong, known to fame as "the man who armed Aguinaldo." He is probably as extreme on his side as is Otis; the truth may lie between them. He says: "Although General Otis would have us believe that the war in the Philippines is over, I learn from private sources of information of the highest authority that there exists a veritable reign of terror in most parts of the archipelago within a gunshot of our army posts. Aguinaldo's forces have scattered into marauding bands, and leaguing themselves with the mountain Tulisanes and Ladrones, terrorize the country and effectually check the cultivation of crops and the sale of marketable products. The few ports that have been obtained, have shipped away what little supplies they contained, and the tons upon tons of hemp, sugar and rice that are stored in the interior are beyond the reach of buyers. The money paid for the thousands of bales of hemp shipped from garrisoned ports has found its way into insurgent coffers, and the revolutionary juntas at Hongkong and Singapore are making extensive purchases of arms, preparatory to a renewed season of filibustering and general hostilities as soon as the rainy season is over. Our army is busy protecting its posts while the insurgents carry on their operations in the interior and paralyze agriculture and trade. Scattered bands of armed insurgents wage war against all who hesitate to acknowledge the Aguinaldo government, and the inhabitants are in a state of terror that prevents honest industry or open alliance with American sovereignty. The American troops make short work of these robbers, but our garrisons are so far apart and so few in numbers that they invariably are obliged to fall back to a seaport town, where they can get supplies from Manila, for the insurgents have so thoroughly ravaged the country that it is impossible to supply even a small battalion with native products. If we ever hope to put an end to this Indian warefare we must send additional forces to the islands. Our present corps is totally inadequate to cope with the situation and bring the war to a close. The islands, commercially or otherwise, will be utterly useless until life and property are made safe."

The Basutos and the Transvaal War.

"The most disagreeable feature of the latest news from South Africa is the uneasiness of the Basutos." This was the comment made a few days ago by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, one of the greatest and best military experts of England. The Basutos inhabit the northeastern portion of Cape Colony, occupying an irregular, oval-shaped country, comprising about 10,293 square miles. The country is fertile and productive, with a delightful climate. No whites are allowed to inhabit the region, so that the country remains just as it was two hundred years ago, when the tribe was first discovered. The population of Basutoland numbers about 218,000. They are an agglomerated race, being composed of several tribes that have fused together in comparitively recent times. Like many mixed races, they are stronger, bolder and more warlike and active than any of the branches from which they sprung. While they are nominally under British rule, at no time have the British authorities ever felt sure of their allegiance to the crown. Time and time again the Basutos have risen in open revolt, and their chiefs still retain almost absolute authority, and in their "pitusus" or parliaments no consideration of the British crown is taken, whatsoever. The recent trouble in South Africa has stirred up these people, who are ever willing to engage in war, and should they come to the conclusion that England is suffering at the hands of the Boers, it is feared that they would soon throw off their allegiance to Great Britain and take up arms with the burhgers. By blood, however, they are akin to the Kaffirs, who have borne much at the hands of Kruger's people, and there is a possibility that a certain strong pro-British element may gain control and turn them against the Boers. The difference is this; the Boers, in their extremity, would be likely to avail themselves of the assistance of the blacks, while Great Britain, sure of ultimate success, fears, and with good reason, to bear before Europe the responsibility of turning savage warfare upon white people.

Premier Salisbury Commits an Indiscretion.

Lord Salisbury, the British premier, who enjoys the distinction of being the most indiscreet among the English statesmen, has made an exhibition of himself again. His speech at the opening of the Primrose League on May 9 has startled all England, shocked his own party and overjoyed the opposition. The Tory papers are making no comment, while the Liberal organs denounce it in unmeasured terms. The head and front of his offending was a tactless and offensive paragraph concerning the Irish Nationalists. Coming just at this time, when all England, from the Queen down, is disposed to be friendly to the Irish, when the Transvaal War is being made the excuse for bridging the gulf between the two races, it seems all the more inexcusable even to the Tory party. This is the offending clause in full: "Mr. Gladstone, in an evil moment for the fame of the country and for his party, attached himself to the idea of the separation of England and Ireland. No one can say the home rule cause presents any element of sanguine anticipation for the future. I am assured that there is no hope of the predominant party ever giving to Ireland practical independence. We have learned something from the South African war—how that loyal government, in spite of warnings, could accumulate armaments against the most powerful combatant and thus secure a terrible advantage. We now know better than we did ten years ago what a risk it would be if we gave a disloyal government in Ireland the power of accumulating forces against this countrol." The *Daily Express* voices the general sentiment in England when it declared that Salisbury is one of those indiscretions which, as Lord Beaconsfield said, may be apologized for but can never be explained. The paper adds that the maladroitness of his sentences is regrettable in every way. After recalling the services of the Irish in South Africa and the Queen's reception in Ireland, the paper asks if it is the right moment to fling, even by the awkwardness of a phrase, the insult of comparison with the rebel Dutch in the face of Irishmen and says emphatically that it is not. It adds that Salisbury has rarely made a worse mistake than in raising the buried question of Irish disaffection at this moment, when the feud of centuries seems buried for good and the kindly trustfulness of the Queen had disarmed the last garrison of rebel feeling in the sister land.

A New Factor in Naval Warfare.

The *Holland* submarine boat, recently purchased by the United States government, has introduced an entirely new element in naval warfare. Boats of this kind have been under consideration, both in England and France, for ten years past. The French have adapted a form of their own, whose exact features are not fully known, owing to the secrecy with which military and naval secrets are guarded in France; England has invariably rejected the plans. Mr. Holland, the inventor, has been perfecting his plans and urging them upon our government for several years. The *Holland* is shaped like a sweet potato, is 53 feet 4 inches long and 10 feet 3 inches in diameter at the broadest part. When cruising about one-eighth of her bulk would be above the surface, and she would draw about eight feet of water. She can be wholly submerged and yet operate in a depth of twelve feet. Propulsion is effected by a screw that derives its power from a gasoline engine when the boat is running at the surface. When she is submerged the screw is driven by an electric motor and storage battery. This battery would be previously charged by the boat's own engines. One charge of the battery ought to enable her to run seventy-five miles under water. When submerged her speed would not exceed four or five knots. When cruising she can travel a little faster. She has made a speed of seven or eight knots on the surface. The *Holland* has two rudders, a vertical and a lateral one. By combining these, the vessel may be made to sail at any angle and in any direction desired. For breathing under the water, the men are supplied with compressed air. This latter day dream of Jules Verne's *Nautilus* is designed to carry three Whitehead projectiles, twelve feet long and sixteen inches in diameter. The boat also has what is called an "air gun." Its object is to throw into the air a projectile containing high explosives. The fact that the vessel can run under water adds greatly to her aggressive power, as she is not only theoretically, but practically, invisible, a thing which cannot be said of any other torpedo boat known. This new destroyer is intended only for harbor and coast defense, and cannot navigate deep water.

Large Frauds in Cuba.

The unsettled condition of governmen in Cuba and the necessity of some permanent form of control is recalled by a discovery of great and extensive frauds practiced in the postoffice system of the island by one Chas. F. Neely, an employe high in the Havana postoffice. The shortage may yet reach a million dollars. It goes without saying that such an extensive fraud could never have been perpetrated in the postoffice system of the United States proper, because it would have been discovered long before it had mounted to that sum. It was first suspected when, last month, the inspectors found a shortage of $12,000 in the whole island. This was, however, set down to errors in balances, and nothing was done. But the following month the shortage was noticed. It was then discovered that, although Cuba was evidently doing more postal business than ever before, receipts for each month of this year were less than for any corresponding month of last year. Suspicion pointed to Neely; he was arrested and figures went up at once. The estimate of a million dollars' shortage is based upon the rise in receipts for the period since the arrest. It is believed that stamps worth $411,000 given to Neely for cancellation were not cancelled but were placed in circulation by him. It is believed that he had accomplices and that the whole system of Cuban postoffices is honeycombed with fraud. There will be a general investigation at once.

The New Army Bill.

The new army bill, just passed by the Senate, practically revolutionizes the present military system of this country. It provides that in the future, as vacancies occur in the departments of the adjutant general, the inspector general, the quartermaster general, and the commissary general, are to be filled by details from the line, and that the new appointee is not to occupy the position for a period of more than four years. The corps of engineers, medical department, pay department and judge advocate department are not to be affected by the new regulations. The new bill further states that the present regimental organization of the artillery is to be abandoned, and provides for the establishment of an artillery corps of ten branches, namely;—126 batteries of coast artillery, and 18 batteries of field artillery, with a total of 17,448. It provides that the number of cadets at West Point shall be increased by 100, ten at large from each state, and ten more from the present number of twenty from the United States at large. The commanding general of the army is to be known as the lieutenant general, while the officer now known as adjutant general is to be called major general. The primary intent of the measure is the getting rid of "algerism," the old bureau system which has been the bane of the war department. Under the new conditions, able officers may be promoted and weak ones left at a standstill in a manner which was formerly impossible. It is thought that the incompetence in high places which caused the scandals of our Spanish war will now be done away with.

White Rule in Louisiana.

Ever since the enfranchisement of the negro in the South, the complaint has been made by the native whites in that section of our country that the white man's burden has been borne for the most part by the black man, and that the Caucasian division of the population was of no account whatever, politically. Since the whites have come into control in Louisiana under the new constitution, however, it would seem that the so-called superior race is

guilty of all the offenses previously ascribed to the inferior. Returns show that in the entire state, which in 1890 showed 119,815 negroes of voting age, only 5,313 were registered. Over half of the entire number of negro electors were able to read and write. In many parishes, where the negroes constitute nine-tenths of the population, the entire political control of the parish was in the hands of the whites, who constitute the remaining one-tenth. The reduction of the negro vote is not so much due to the new educational franchise, as to the complicated registration and election laws, aimed directly at the negroes, the avowed purpose of the new constitution and the new registration laws being to get rid of the negro politically. It must be admitted that the project has succeeded admirably, both Democrats and Republicans working to effect the elimination of the colored man. While the vote of Louisiana has shrunk 140,000 since 1896, one good thing may be said—from a Northern standpoint—for the recent April elections: they were the quietest and most peaceful events of their kind that have occurred since 1860.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Useless Municipal Ownership.

HENRY WEINSTOCK, an American citizen and prominent western merchant, in a lecture delivered before an intelligent audience at the Unitarian church in Oakland, on "the purification of a city's morals," gave voice to the following emphatic opinion:

"No nation has ever failed more miserably in the conduct of its municipal affairs than has the American people. Go where we will, pick up what daily paper we may, our ears and our eyes are met with tales of municipal fraud and corruption, of the incompetency of civic officials, of gross extravagance in city expenditures."

There is nothing vague, halting, or uncertain in this declaration. It is a bold, unequivocal charge and has a ring of defiance to it that challenges contradiction.

Mr. Weinstock is not an alarmist, communist or socialist, he is merely a plain, everyday citizen with a large stock of plain everday common sense. That there is truth behind the charge quoted from his address, no one can successfully deny. American municipal politics are corrupt, you know it, your neighbors know it, we all know it. The cause lies deep below the surface, and is not to be eradiated by taking spring remedies for one season. With all our knowledge of crookedness in local municipal affairs, it would seem to be the height of folly for San Francisco to dip into new municipal "business ventures," when it has proved itself so utterly and completely incompetent to manage the matters that are purely and simply municipal.

Suppose you were a large and regular consumer of water, and that Jones was furnishing that water for you. Suppose you had it in your power to investigate and ascertain the cost of Jones' water plant; to swear witnesses and ascertain the cost of construction, the amount of operating, and fixed expenses, etc., and then, after fairly ascertaining these amounts, you had the right to fix the rates, at which Jones must furnish you water, (provided you allowed him a fair return for his money), would you, having this wide power, consider it a wise move to purchase Jones' water works, assume all the risks of droughts, accidents, extraordinary repairs, and then turn the management of such an immense undertaking over to a corrupt or corruptible city government? We think not. Would you consider it wise to take these great works out of the hands of careful economical private management and dump them into the lap of the politician who would deal out positions to his political supporters?

The rate-payer who does not go into the matter may answer, "the consumers pay interest on the water companies' debt." The answer to this is: "you will under municipal rulings pay interest on the city debt." You will pay the cost of municipal management or mismanagement which Mr. Weinstock says, and every common-sense American knows will be one of "fraud and corruption," one of "incompetency of officials," and of "gross extravagance in city expenditures."

If it is in the power of the municipality to regulate rates, if it is in its power to prevent the exacting of an exhorbitant rate and within its source to compel the enforcement of a reasonable rate, what more could it accomplish with municipal ownership? On the one hand you have all the risk and responsibility, all the debts and cost of mismanagement, and in the end, with all of this, you have only acquired the power to fix water rates. On the other hand, you have none of the risk or responsibility, none of the losses of extravagance, and *you still have the power to enforce a fair rate*—fair as between the consumer and the purveyor. Where is the gain through municipal ownership under these circumstances?

THE railway employes who were induced by a hostile press and private beneficial societies to reject the plan proposed by the railway Relief Bureau ought to ponder over the figures given out by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the month of March, 1900, the money paid out on one division is as follows:

Death benefits	$25,250 00
Accident benefits	11,111 00
Sick benefits	23,832 80

The total payments, February 15, 1886, to March 31, 1900, for the six grand divisions comprising the Pennsylvania Railroad, are:

Claims Paid	*Number*	*Amount*
Death benefits	5,518	$3,225,895 53
Accident benefits	108,912	1,435,657 56
Sick benefits	292,023	2,865,640 43
	406,453	$7,527,193 52

The answer of the skeptical employe to these figures is very likely to be "that the money was all contributed by the men, anyhow, etc., etc." The answer to such an employe is, that it would be impossible for any private associations to deal as liberally or return as much for the money. Attached to the railway relief bureau there would be no list of salaried officers, no lodge rooms officers to hire, no running expenses, and more than all of this there would be the security that the guarantee a great corporation would offer, so that a large number of deaths, decreasing membership and the like would not need to bring to the insured employe any fear as to the value of his policy.

COMMUNICATION.

The Election of Senators by the People.

YOUR editorial of April 28,1900, against the proposed amendment of the Constitution of the United States whereby United States Sentors shall be elected by direct vote of the people, fully accords with my own sentiments. You demonstrate that with political parties, as now organized,the people as a mass have little to say in choosing officers. The party organizations, Republican or Democratic, make selections for them, and if they vote at all they are compelled to support one ticket or the other, "you pays your money and takes your choice." The best, most intelligent and industrious class of people have little time to devote to the question as to whether Jones or Smith shall hold this or that office, their time is fully absorbed with the wants of their families, in their private business. There is nevertheless a class of people, some good honest and patriotic, others not so, whose whole time is occupied in political affairs,who are ambitious to secure and deal out the fat offices that are in sight.

Probably not one in a hundred of the voters in the United States know, and not one in a thousand cares, how United States Senators are elected. They only take part when an objectionable character seeks the office, or one attempts to secure it by questionable modes. While it may readily be conceded that there are none of us perfect, yet in the selection of a representative for United States Senator we want him to be a clean man at least, as that is a more laudable characteristic than wisdom or oratory, or both, without moral character.

Roger Sherman, a member of the constitutional convention, speaking of the power conferred upon the Senate,said: "The Senators, *from the provision made for their appointment*,will commonly be some of the *most respectable citizens* in the State for *wisdom* and *probity*. . . . Their being candidates for re-election will probably be one of the most powerful motions (*next to that of their virtue*) to fidelity in office. He also said "I can see nothing in the constitution that will lead to ita dissolution except the *article for making amendments*." One of our city papers of Democratic tendencies seems marvelously zealous in support of such amendment, and would lead one to believe that the idea originated with that journal, while the fact is that it has from time to time during our entire history cropped up,generally in the lower house of congress; but the wisdom and virtue of the Senate itself has been hitherto sufficient to prevent the success of this attack upon our constitution. It is now claimed by said paper that the amendment is unanimously favored except in the Senate itself. The United States Senator having been characterized by the framers of the constitution as the pillars to support it, the Senate, therefore, would hardly be expected to contribute to its overthrow by such changes as proposed. If it be a good thing to elect by direct vote United States Senators, the most important department of the government, why is it not for like reasons a good thing to elect the president of the United States and United States judges by direct vote, and thus at one blow strike down the most perfect federal union and republic the world has ever known, and, simply because legislatures of some states, or some members of them can be bribed.

The journal to which I have alluded says: "the system of Senatorial elections by Legislatures has definitely,completely and incurably broken down." How utterly absurb, ridiculous and false such a statement in the face of our long existence and progress in civilization! To still bear it out, this paper cites: "The shocking revelations of the Clark investigation, boss rule in New York, dead-lock in Pennsylvania legislature, the appointment of Quay by the Governor, the legislative contests in West Virginia, Utah and California." The instances given, assuming that the charges are true, offered the best possible vindication of the Legislature and of the wisdom of the framers of the constitution in providing that United States Senators should be elected by the Legislatures of the respective states, as they conclusively show how difficult it is for an improper man by improper means to secure the place. In the Clark case corruption seems to have been shown,and what was the result? Although Mr. Clark was elected by the Legislature of Montana, and presented himself at Washington he was not permitted by this same United States Senate to take his seat. Every member of which had been elected by the Legislature of the respective states.

As to the New York case, no corruption was shown, or attempted to be shown, nor do I preceive how a man devoid of wisdom, character and respectability can so control the Legislature of the state of New York as to secure his own and his friends,election by corruption without creating a stir in the Senate itself. Mr. Quay is charcterized as a "noted corruptionist," who created a dead-lock in the State Legislature, and received the appointment of the Governor. Well, what happened? Mr. Quay was not permitted to take his seat. That was the result in Utah, West Virginia and, lastly, California.

Here we have five states out of forty-five, whereas there was difficulty in selecting United States Senators because the Legislature could not agree upon any candidate before them. Take California and what evidence of a corrupt Legislature as a body was there shown when rather than take chances of the election of a man of alleged questionable antecedents, that body refused to caucus and adjourned without electing anyone? Could a stronger argument be adduced in favor of the existing mode for the protection of the people from being represented by one unworthy or undesirable!

In a former article by me upon this sul ject, I referred to the great difficulty in the convention of 1789 in secu[illegible] constitution at all. The convention proceeded to divi[illegible] government into three departments, the executive, the [illegible]islative and judicial,(with respect to the executive and judicial there was little controversy.) The legislative department was to consist of two branches,the first branch or house of representatives should consist of members to be elected by direct vote of the people in the several congressional districts into which the states were divided, each state to have representation in that branch in proportion to population. This conclusion was not reached until after much controversy and contention, for the reason that the mass of the population was found in but few of the states, the most of them being sparsely settled. The difficulty that seemed to be insurmountable was that when they came to the representation each state should have in the United States Senate, and how they should be chosen. It was universally conceded that the term of Senator should be different from that of member of the house, in other words a Senator should be appointed for six years while those of the house should be elected for only two years. There were but two modes of electing Senators proposed. One was that the House of Representatives should elect the Senators from a number of persons named by the respective legislatures of the several states,no one even suggested that Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people. It was finally agreed that they should be elected by the several state legislatures. The gravest and most difficult question was as to what representation each state should have in the Senate. It was contended by the larger states that the same rule sould prevail as to representation here as in the lower house, that is, in proportion to population, the smaller states contended that they in such case would always be in the minority, and would practically have no voice in the government, that each state, being soverign, should have equal voice in the Senate,a vote was taken upon a resolution to that effect,and resulted in five states voting in favor and five against the resolution, whereupon a dead-lock ensued. Then Benjamin Franklin reminded the convention that they had now reached the limit of human wisdom, and human argument, that they had failed thus far to seek light from the great father of lights,and moved that thence-forward the meetings of the convention should be opened with prayer, and that the clergy of the city should be invited to officiate. He said in effect that if they preceeded without divine light they would not succeed any better in forming a constitution than the builders of Babel. "We shall be divided by our little partial local interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And what is worse,mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing a government by human wisdom and leave it to chance, war, and conquest." The convention thereupon elected by ballot a committee consisting of one member from each state to consider the situation,and adjourned for three days. Upon meeting after adjournment, the committee reported that each state should have equal representation in the Senate. Upon this, a vote was taken; five states voted for, three against and two divided. Thus was framed the constiution under which we have lived for more than one hundred years. No amendments have been made to it since the first congress in 1789 at New York,except the 13th,14th and 15th rendered necessary by the results of the civil war.

There is no more reason for an amendment of the character proposed now than when the constitution was framed. The men who framed it had studied all the forms of government that ever existed,but found none to meet the circumstances surrounding the thirteen British colonies after they had secured their independence, "forms of government are not to be changed for light and trival causes." The people in respect to government are no wiser now than when the constitution was formed. While under it the nation has made giant strides in the acquisition of wealth,in the arts of science, education and commerce, and her flag waves over acquired territories bearing to the downtrodden of other lands the blessings of civil and righteous liberty reaching toward the highest civilization possible for human beings, we find that the people are actuated by the same hopes and fears, the same loves and hates, the same ambitions, the same local prejudices and jealousies. The reason generally assigned for favoring such an amendment seems to me the strongest possible argument against it. Namely, that the legislators who are elected by direct vote of the people are likely to be corrupted by men of wealth who, wanting in wisdom or integrity, will buy their way into the United States Senate. Very few instances of that kind have occured in which proof was available. Charges of that character have been made in some three or four states,but upon investigation the most of them were found to be false, because if established it would be the duty of the Senate to prevent their being seated, as has been the case when such proof has been made. One reaching the exalted position of United States Senator, and becoming a member of that, the wisest, most exalted,and conservative legislative body in the world will soon find his level, and if he is not possessed of wisdom and probity he is powerless for good or harm.

The people by direct vote elect the legislators who elect United States Senators, they also elect their Governors, and in some states their Judges. I think that it will be conceded that United States Senators elected by legistatures will in character and wisdom compare favorably with any of these thus chosen by the people, and do not think that it will be questioned that the men we select to represent us in the legislature *as a body* fairly represent the intelligence and virtue of their constituency. That there shall be found black sheep in every flock is true, but their number is limited, and they are sure to be discovered and exposed. A man may be a very honest mechanic or artisan, merchant or farmer, but it does not follow that if he became a member of the legislature he would be an honest legislator,or rather office holder. Temptation there presents itself in, to him,an unusual form; and a few fall, but the great body remain true to their oath.

With our laws against bribery of legislators,and our wide-awake sleepless vigilance of our public press,the chances of an unfit man, through corrupt means, reaching the United States Senate,are almost impossible. And if he should succeed, the chances of his being seated in that body are alike difficult when the charges are sustained by proof.

It is only in the newer states admitted into the union long after the adoption of the constitution that any such scandals have arisen. Some half dozen out of forty-five states,and to strike at our organic law in consequence is in my mind the heigth of folly, and should be, as it heretofore has been, indignantly frowned upon by the United States Senate.

NOBLE HAMILTON.

Door-Yards in San Francisco.

A Giant Palm.

Catherine Atkinson,
1032 Broadway St.

Dr. Chas. Brigham,
2202 Broadway St.

S. C. Bigelow,
1500 McAlister St.

David Sixler,
Pierce and Union Sts.

Dr. Chas. Brigham, 2202 Broadway St.

C. Carrington, 431 Bartlett St.

Photos by B. Yates.

THINGS & PEOPLE

By BOSWELL Jr.

The Mayor and the Auditor.

IT IS just as well that the mayor and auditor have locked horns over civil service at this stage of the game, because they may, before they get through with it, settle the vexed question of the mayor's right to make removals. In the opinion of most good lawyers, this power does not belong to the head of the municipality but to the courts, and the mayor who usurps it usurps the prerogative of the courts. An official cannot be removed except for malfeasance or misfeasance, and it is not for the mayor to say whether or no the official has misused his power. The little tilt with the auditor should bring things to a head and settle the question for the guidance and the good of future administrations.

* * *

As for the civil service question, which is quite a different story, it may be said to hang in the balance. Civil service under the new charter is young, and has not been fairly tested, but it has not been a dizzy success. Complaints that the power of the examiners is used by way of favoritism is very general. No proof is advanced to substantiate these grumblings, but they are persistent. Exactly like any other radical law, it cannot be fully enforced until the people in general are ready to accept it. Civil service may be written on every page of the charter, but if the citizens of San Francisco and the officials whom they elect and keep watch on are not ready for it, the instrument is of no practical use. And it must be admitted that the good people under Phelan's rule and the officials who represent them have not signified an overwhelming eagerness to assist. Education all along the line is the thing needed.

***

The Nome Rush in San Francisco.

THE Nome rush is fairly on. The ships which have left the port of San Franciso since the exodus began have been loaded as heavily as the law allows with passengers and freight. Many steamers have been taken off their own lines to meet the demand,and still passage is engaged up to the close of the season. Notwithstanding the amount of Cape Nome business which has gone through the port since the excitement began and will go before it is over, it is doubtful if it will be of much benefit to San Francisco. Fifteen thousand persons, altogether, will be drawn from the city this year. Of these, the majority are people of moderate capital and great energy,young men and vigorous, the class which "makes things go." We could better afford to miss any other class. Still another result which has a bearing upon the welfare of the city will be a lowering of returns in the coming national census. Most of these people will go on or before June and will return next fall, but they will be gone just when the census is in process of being taken. The returns from San Francisco will thus be at least ten thousand short of the true figure.

***

The Youth of the Female Suffragist.

EARL BARNES, an old Californian and an educator known to every teacher in the State, has been making in England some of his well-known experiments in child study. Mr. Barnes is the inventor of this system in education, and his first data were gathered in the public schools of California. The method is a new thing in England, and is quite a craze with the teachers on that side, who are the more ready to accept new things since they have not been pestered to death by cranks, as have the American "school-marmy." Recently, Mr. Barnes tested the ideals of five hundred young boys and girls in the English common schools by asking them the following questions: 1. "Which would you rather be when you grow up, a man or a woman, and why?" 2. "What man or woman of whom you have ever heard or read would you wish to be, and why?" The answers received may not be of much value scientifically, but they are vastly amusing. To begin with, only two boys out of the lot would rather be women than men, and they do not advance reasons, while nearly one-third of the girls would prefer the sex triumphant. Of those who stand by their own sex, there are some female suffragists of eleven who have already learned to rave at the tyrant man. "I wish to be a woman because they have so much more sense than a man," writes one, and another says: "A woman, because they are braver than men; they can do things quickly. Men are clumsy, besides, men drink." "A woman, because women do things while men are just talking," writes a third. Quite at the opposite extreme were two little prigs who rebuked the examiner for asking such a rebellious question. "I would rather be a woman because God has made us all according to his will," and "I would choose to be a woman because Nature made me one, and we must be content." This last one would like to be "a writer of hymns like Mr. Limestone, because he was the author of lovely hymns."

* * *

The one-third who wish to be men have widely different reasons. A good part of them have the war fever and would like to change sexes to go out and fight. One quaint little maid, in whose composition one reads some bitter home experience, says: "I would rather be a man, because a man is more useful and respectable than a woman, especially when a woman takes to drink; then she makes home miserable." Again, one writes: "I should like to be a man because he has no worry preying on his mind, such as women have. The only woman I would care to be is the Queen, because she is waited on, everything is brought to her, she never has dishes to wash, and she ought to be happy," and another: "A man, of course. He just has to get up, and he finds the fire lighted and breakfast ready. He goes to his work, and when he comes home tea is ready; then he does nothing but smoke his pipe, and go out, and do what he likes." And, finally, one prefers her own trampled sex, "Because we can go in for nice situations and we are nicer looking and have more ability than men, besides we are not so much occupied and can go to parties. Women do not dig coal and drain the streets like men and come in with their dirty boots and make the parlor carpet a disgrace!" And then you wonder at the spread of woman suffrage!

***

Yale vs. California.

I PROPHECIED several weeks back that the University of California's 1900 track team would make a comparatively poor showing in the East. It was, therefore, with the camplacence of a prophet who sees his predictions fulfiled that I watched the telegrams come in announcing that Yale had won—8½ to 3½. Not but that I would have been glad with all Californians to see a victory coming to the young men of California's oldest university, but I have felt all along,as other impartial judges have felt, that this is not the year for an Eastern trip. The team now on tour is not an exceptional one, being under rather than over the average. Several stronger aggregations have been gathered at Berkeley, notably the old Eastern team of '95. Moreover, at least three of the best men—Hoffman, Broughton and Drum have shown little or no form this season and seem to be past their best atheletic days. Yale won from the Californians; Pennsylvania, with the wonder Krantzlein, will surely win, as should Princeton, although there the contest will be closer. Plaw is the only Californian likely to get a point in the Mott Haven games, and Wisconsin is just about sure of the Western intercollegiates. This will send the Californians home without a victory worth the mention. It is too bad that it was tried this year, for the excellent atheletic material jurt about to enter from the high schools guarantees Berkeley a crack-a-jack team within the next two seasons.

***

St. Mary's Park.

THE commissioners have done the expected by letting the St. Mary's Park scheme lapse, through lack of general interest. The money appropriated for the purpose goes back to the Panhandle fund, and the chance for a breathing-place to lighten the morals of the region bordering on Chinatown and Barbary Coast is as slender as ever. The experience of other cities proves that the surest way of cleaning out any vice-infected district is to "let in the light" by a park or a public playground. This was pointed out at the time when the park was under discussion, yet indifferent S n Francisco never took any genuine interest, being diverted by the more showy and much less substantial panhandle idea. And it is not likely that official interest will again be aroused. The fault lies with the rank and file of the city's voters who are—whisper it low—vastly and densely ignorant about modern ways in municipal business.

***

An Alaskan Possibility.

THE Alaskan Indians have always been strangely quiet as regards the encroachments of the whites. Every other part of our national domain has been gained only at the expense of bloody wars with the natives. Even in California, where the aborigines were quiet and peaceful almost to the verge of degeneracy, the argonauts met at times with bloody resistance. But Alaska has never known an Indian war. It is only now, when murmurs of discontent are heard among the natives on the borders of Lynn Canal, that we realize the possibility of an uprising. Yet such a thing is strictly within the bounds of probability. The natives of Alaska are nearly as numerous as the whites; they are armed and skilled in the use of arms, and they have, no doubt, their wrongs. The degenerate peoples of the coast will hardly make trouble, but it is different, far different, with the real, true aborigines of the interior, who are a fine, hardy race, as yet almost untouched by Caucasian vices. An Indian uprising during the next summer could make a good deal of history in Alaska.

What is described in the technical language of the laundries as a domestic finish has long been recognized as the only proper way of preparing shirts and collars, and the man who appears with a shiny shirt front displays ignorance of men's fashions. The objection to a shiny surface has now been extended until it included other extremities in man's dress. Bootblacks may work for a long time to give the highest degree of polish possible to shoes, but they are not helping their customer to follow the latest style. In fact, the polished black leather boot is not admissible. It should be only a dull, dead black surface, with no suggestion of a shine. This style is followed nowadays by all men who make a point of keeping up with the latest changes in the fashions and its modishness depends presumably on several circumstances. This style of blacking a shoe shows that it was done at home and not at one of the ordinary places accessible to everybody. It also shows, from the poor way in which it was done, that the manipulator was an Englishman, presumably a groom or a valet. The combination of these various circumstances has made the style imitated by those who think it possesses desirable qualities, even if in the minds of the uninformed it may look as if the wearer had blacked his own boots.

Albert Joseph's "Bloomsbury Baron."

Harold Brown's Esquimaux, "Nuggets."

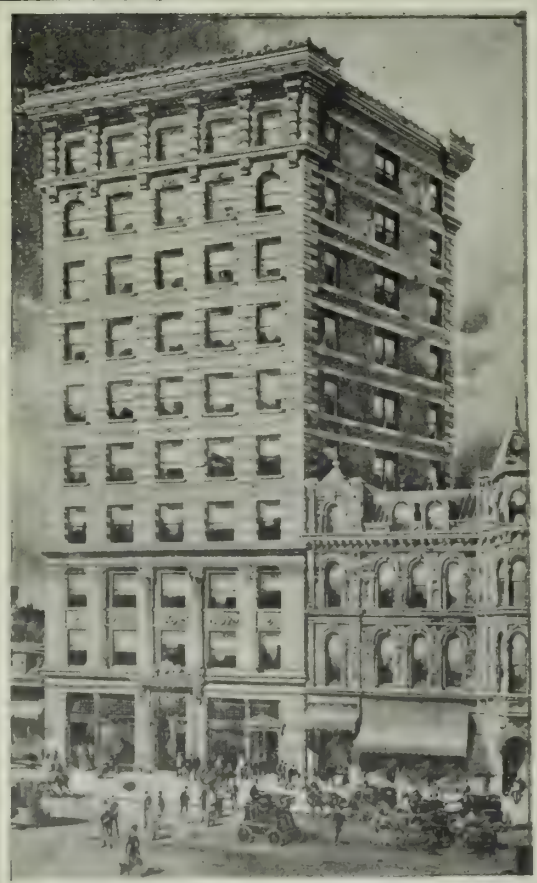
TWO PRIZE WINNERS FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO DOG SHOW.

THE · MVTVAL · BANK · PLANS.

Bliss & Faville

Clinton Day

Tharp & Holmes



E. R. Swain

F. S. Van Trees

G. W. Percy

THE MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK COMPETITION.

First Prize Design by William Curlett.

IT is natural for the public to take an interest in any new building, and particularly one about to be erected on the busiest block of Market street, and on a portion of the once famous Blythe estate.

In January last the Mutual Savings Bank invited a number of prominent architects to enter into a limited competition; of course on the strict assumption, that, since only a limited number were selected, they each and all were considered fit and competent and of sufficient experience and probity to be entrusted with the responsibilities of erecting so important a structure. Consequently it is presumed that no preference whatever obtained other than that based upon the excellence of the plans submitted.

The conditions called for a ten story steel frame fire-proof building to go on the lot, which by the way is 53 feet on Market street and 74 on Geary. The end facing the gore, and which after all will present the most notable aspect on approaching from the ferries, is just 50 feet across. The ground floor is to include a banking office and a 20-foot store on the western boundary of the lot on Market street, also elevator and bank entrances from both streets. The upper floors are to contain offices designed to produce the greatest revenue. After enumerating the drawings required and stating that they are to be submitted anonymously, and that the directors of the bank are to make the awards, the programme, which so far has not contained a superfluous word, comes to a conclusion with the announcement "that it is intended that the construction of building shall be superintended by a builder under the supervision of the successful competitor."

In response, eight architects out of those invited submitted plans. The reader had some idea of the problem, and the pictures herewith presented will give some notion of how the architects solved it—or a part of it, for the entire problem by no means consists in presenting an agreeable structure to the eye of the wayfarer, although that is perhaps what most interests the man on the street and incidentally readers of the *Wave*.

It will be noted that the solutions are various. They represent all shades of architectural intelligence and incidentally show what could be done with the problem and what should be done with the problem, what should *not* be done with it, and also what will be done with it.

In the interest of plain, straighforward competition, reference must be made to a point of great importance in this problem, and one on which the competitors seemed all at sea. Strictly speaking, no property owner has any right to overhang his neighbor. No matter how high one may build, at no altitude is a man justified in projecting out over his neighbor's property, with any mouldings whatever, even to the extent of the fraction of an inch. Both law and common sense are at one on this. Where a tall building abuts a low one, a projection of a four-foot cornice over the latter may neither incommode nor menace the building beneath. But the owner of the latter has a right to demand compensation, or, he may by courtesy permit the overhang, but the transgression should be mutually arranged.

In consequence of a hazy interpretation of this point the plans exhibit all degrees of treatment on the east wall from the plain bald solid brick party wall of Messrs. Pissis and Van Trees, to the absolutely full scheme of fenestration and finish in the design of Mr. Curlett, in which bold treatment the building has three connected fronts—a gore building in fact—instead of two independent and unconnected facades on two different streets. The scheme submitted by Mr. Percy is a frank attempt to solve the problem without begging the question.

The introduction of a shallow light area on the east end of this composition produces a very happy result, as seen in the clever prospective drawing, the work undoubtedly of Mr. Polk. Just how this would affect the plan is not shown. If the one plan published, however, is a fair sample of the others, they must have been of exceptional merit. It is very difficult to conceive how this plan could possibly be improved. It is clear and orderly and is stamped all over with the hall mark of the master—simplicity. The exterior is equally simple and scholarly.

Among the other designs, the most notable appears to be that submitted by Tharp and Holmes, inasmuch as it is an effort to treat a facade as some expression of the new conditions of modern steel construction. As such, the effort is to be applauded. Although the first story is hardly impressive enough for a bank, the design throughout has some character and originality about it that is very modern and very interesting.

Apart from niceties of detail it may be broadly stated that the design adopted, if carried out as shown, will present the most pleasing ensemble, the high pitched tiled roof and the broken skyline producing an effect both agreeable and picturesque—a notable embellishment to the long vista of Market street.

B. J. S. CAHILL.

Second Prize Design by Albert Pissis.

WITH THE BOER ARMY.

Life Is a Military Camp of the Transvaal Army.

WHILE there is no extraordinary work being done by the "descriptive" war correspondents in the South African campaign, there have been some interesting and chatty accounts contributed to the London dailies. Perhaps the best of these are the articles contributed to the *Daily News*. South Africa is many weeks away from San Francisco by the mails, and descriptive articles are mailed and not telegraphed. Therefore, the articles on the campaigning around Bloemfontein, just preceding its capture, are only just now available. Perhaps the best bit in this mass of correspondence is H. F. Prevost Battersby's description of the wounded at Dreifontein. After relating the slow, cover-to-cover progress of the British riflemen, he goes on:

"The path of such a progress tells next day its silent story. Not alone by those spaces of new turned earth that wear only the badge of the regiment's honor, telling by name or burgeon that here and there it left its dead, but by the dark stiff fragments of the first aid bandages, the red stained scraps of newspaper pressed in vain against a wound, a boot still slimy with the blood which filled it, a water bottle with the stuff that dripped on its felt. These and worse, and the worst the least horrible—the claw marks, where desperate fingers tried to drag the wounded body along the ground into some sort of safety, or those deeper scars where the booted toes dug out their groaning agony into the grass.

"That gives one a better conception of the battle than pictures of charging men. Modern fighting is mostly a crawl. The legendary order of Waterloo will have to be amended: "Down, Guards, and at them!" is the new injunction. The old curse of the serpent is become the soldiers' watchword, "Upon thy belly thou shalt go."

But the old valor and the old glory stay. The men of the Essex went over the ridge in a fashion to make hearts leap with envy which were not with them. The hill was long and thick with tangled grass, the edge of the enemy's laagars were red coronets of fire, but nothing could stay them, and nothing that was Boer by nature would stay for them. The old ruse had been tried already. Some Boers had leaped up on the sky line, their rifles slung over their shoulders their hands above their heads, and when our men rose to the whistle, had shot them down. The ruse was repeated on the right, but this time it was the Boers who fell, and those who did not raced for their horses and rode for their lives.

Beside other actions of the war, that at Dreifontein may seem a small one, but Bloemfontein was abandoned because of it, and it may prove to be the last fight on Free State soil.

A Tribute to the Boers.

A. C. Hales, of the *Daily News*, has all along expressed the greatest admiration for Boer pluck and valor. He was taken prisoner in the campaigning around Ladysmith, and followed their army in detention. He says of his experience:

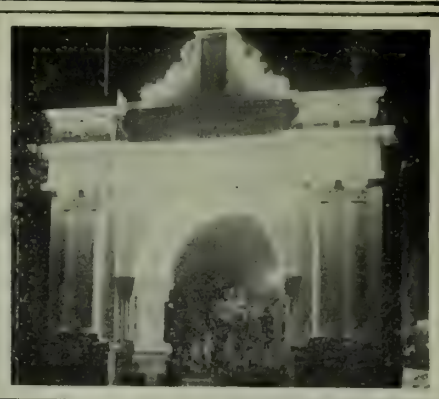
"I was only a prisoner in their hands for about a month, yet every moment of that time was so fraught with interest that I fancy I picked up more of the real nature of the Boers than I should have done under ordinary circumstances in a couple of years. I was moved from laager to laager along their fighting line; saw them at work with their rifles; saw them come in from more than one tough skirmish, bringing their dead and wounded with them; saw them when they had triumphed and saw them when they had been whipped; saw them going to their farms to be welcomed by wife and children; saw them leaving home with a wife's sobs in their ears and children's loving kisses on their lips. I saw some of these old gray heads shattered by our shells, dying grimly, with knitted brows and fiercely clenched jaws; saw some of their beardless boys sobbing their souls out as the life-blood dyed the African heath. I saw some passing over the border line which divides life and death, with a ring of stern-browed comrades round them, leaning upon their rifles, while a brother or a father knelt and pressed the hand of him whose feet were on the very threshold of the land beyond the shadows. I saw others smiling up into the faces of women—the poor, pain-drawn faces of the dying looking less haggard and worn than the anguish-stricken features of their womanhood who knelt to comfort them in that last awful hour—in the hour which divides time from eternity, the sunlight of lusty life rom the shadows of unsearchable death. Those things If have seen, and in the ears of English men and women let me say, as one who knows and fain would speak the plain, ungilded truth concerning friend and foe, that not alone beneath the British flags are heroes found. Not alone at the breasts of British matrons are brave men suckled; for, as my soul liveth, whether their cause be just or unjust, whether the right or the wrong of this war be with them—whether the blood of the hundreds that have fallen since the first rifle spoke defiance shall speak for or against them at the Day of Judgment—they at least know how to die; and when a man has given his life for the cause he believes in, he is proven worthy even of his worst enemy's respect. And it seems to me that the British nation, with its long roll of heroic deeds, wrought the world over, from Africa to Iceland, can well afford to honor the splendid bravery and self-sacrifice of these rude, untutored tillers of the soil. I have seen them die.

"Once as I lay a prisoner in a rocky ravine, all through the hot afternoon, I heard the rifles snapping like hounds around a cornered beast. I watched the Boers as they moved from cover to cover, one here, one there, a little further on a couple in a place of vantage, again in a natural fortress a group of eight; so they were placed as far as my eye could reach. The British force I could not see at all. They were out on the veldt, and the kopjes hid them from me; but I could hear the regular roar and ripple of their disciplined volleys, and in course of time, by watching the actions of the Boers, I could anticipate the sound.

"One sight I saw which will stay with me while memory lasts. They had placed me under a wagon, beneath a mass of overhanging rocks for safety, and there they brought two wounded men. One was a man of fifty, a hard old veteran, with a complexion as dark as a New Zealand Maori. The beard that framed his rugged face was three-fourths gray; his hands were as rough and knotted by open air toil as the hoofs of a working steer. He looked what he was—a Boer of mixed Dutch and French lineage. Later on I got into conversation with him, and he told me a good deal of his life. His father was descended from one of the old Dutch families who had emigrated to South Africa in search of religious liberty in the old days when the country was a wilderness. His mother had come in an unbroken line from one of the noble families of France who fled from home in the days of the terrible persecution of the Huguenots. He himself had been many things—hunter, trader, farmer and fighting man. He had fought against the natives, and he had fought against our people. The younger man was his son, a tall, fair fellow, scarcely more than a stripling, and I had no need to be a prophet to tell that his very hours were numbered. Both men had been wounded by one of our shells and it was pitiful to watch them as they lay side by side, the elder holding the hand of the younger in a loving clasp, while with his other hand he stroked the boyish face with gestures that were infinitely pathetic. Just as the stars were coming out that night between the clouds that floated over us, the Boer boy sobbed his young life out, and all through the long watches of that mournful darkness the father lay with his dear laddie's hand in his. The pain of his own wounds must have been dreadful, but I heard no moan of anguish from his lips. When at the dawning they came to take the dead boy from the living man the stern old warrior simply pressed his grizzled lips to the cold face, and then turned his gray beard to the hard earth and made he further sign."

The London *Telegraph* man has not a very high opinion of Boer marksmanship, believing that the serious damage wrought by their shooting is caused mainly by their clever use of cover. He also contributes something to the discussion regarding the British officer's custom of standing up under fire: *Continued on Page 9.*

The Street Fair at Sacramento.



The Royal Carriage.

SACRAMENTO has risen superior to the weather. The clerk evidently "had it in" for California's capital city, and sent a heavy rain on May 1, May Day, the time set for the floral parade and the main day of the whole street fair by which the town made merry last week. It drenched and spoiled the bunting, it beat in the booths, it turned enclosures of packed earth into trampled mud-holes. But for all that, the good citizens of the town went ahead just the same, replacing the soaked and bedraggled bunting with fresh stuff, withered flowers by new ones, scattering earth and straw over the mud-holes. The weather, realizing that Sacramento was not to be beaten, shifted and helped out; the sun shone brightly in the afternoon, and on May 2, the stores closed, the people thronged the streets and a delayed May Day was held under blue skies.

Sacramento did herself proud all through. To tell the absolute truth, the towns of Northern California have never been as successful as have their southern sisters in carrying out these flower festivals. Nature is kinder in the Southland and the Spanish fiesta lingers among the people, so that they take to it all more naturally. But Sacramento was wise in making it not all a flower festival. It wasa street fair and a good one, with side-shows and fakirs and incidentally some midway features which shocked the susceptible ministry, and the floral parade was only an adjunct. This feature shone by reason of the individual excellence of the rather modest displays, the absence of any artistic abominations such as have disfigured parades of the sort in other California cities, and the prettiness of the girls in the displays. The Queen, this time, was a real beauty, and her tasteful little turnout was a star feature. There were a few horrible arches and some rather eccentric decorations, but those are a necessary evil in an occasion of the kind.

Barring the rain, everything went off with a rush, from the coronation of the queen to the merry and noisy masking which always ends up a California fiesta. A feature which calls for especial attention was the Chinese section of the parade. California has scorned the humble heathen, more or less, in former fiestas. The citizens of the capital were wise in overruling prejudice and giving a chance to the people with whom the pageant is an art. Neither the dragon parade of the Los Angeles festivals nor the small but beautiful display made by San Francisco's Chinatown in the July Fourth parade equalled the Oriental section of this festival. Fittings and trappings had been brought from all parts of the State, the Chinese Consul lent his encouragement, and the humble heathen did the rest. Yes, after all, the honors of the occasion belonged to the yellow stranger within our gates.

The Chinese pageant was a revelation to hosts of the visitors as well as to Sacramentans, who had never seen a demonstration conducted upon such a scale of magnificence, the dragon itself taking up almost a block. The Chinese handled this ingeniously constructed figure so dextrously that they produced at regular intervals a whip of the tail, much to the edification of the Chinese residents and visiting countrymen, who looked upon the spectacle with profound awe. The promoters of the pageant were obliged to give bonds in the sum of $4000 for the safe return of the banners, costumes and accouterments. This feature was not without its humorous accompaniments. In the first days of the Fair, when a band of San Francisco Turks came up with their camels and a dog, the Sacramento pound-man lassooed the dog. It took all the influence which Mayor Clark could summon to save the Arabian beast from the glue pot. So on parade day, when the band of Chinese dragon escorts had landed and started on a tour of the town, they were set upon by the inescapable poll tax gatherers. The Chinese protested that they did not belong in Sacramento, but were engaged for the carnival, but all Chinese look alike to the tax collectors, and they would have levied on them had not the mayor interfered.

WITH THE BOER ARMY.

Continued from page 7.

"The minute fighting begins the men lie down, but the officers stalk about giving signals, waving their arms, smoking cigars and generally behave as if they were in Piccadily. I watched a young man at the battle of Pieter's Hill carrying his rifle under his arm, as one does one's gun when walking between the beats of a covert shoot; in his other hand he had a walking stick, with which he was pointing out where his men were to fire. The soldiers were carefully hidden, and he was under a merciless fire—but I saw him next morning trudging gaily to Ladysmith, none the worst for his day's fighting. Indeed, it does not much matter—if you are going to be hit you'll catch it whether or not you disguise yourself as a private. Habit is a strong thing, hard to get rid of. You may dress a British subaltern or captain of the infantry of the line how you like, but if he is of the right sort you can "spot" him as far asy ou can see him.

"Certainly, at close range the Boers have made a dead set at our officers; an officer of my old regiment got two in his thigh, one through his hand, three through the helmet and his right arm was shot off. This is certainly extremely businesslike shooting, but the damage was done at about three hundred yards, when all men shoot fairly well. On the other hand, the Boers blaze away an alarming amount of bullets which hit nothing at longer distances. I have described my own experiences, but twice I have seen the South African Light Horse under heavy rifle fire, as harmless as it was heavy—three or four men hit out of three or four hundred. Compare this with the shooting of the Bazingers in our zareba at Gubat, where they wiped out every man who stood on his feet. I have already told you how I was missed at close range by twenty or thirty riflemen, and, on the whole, I don't think the Boer army is above our average in shooting. Where they are facile princepes is at mounted infantry work; at seizing and abandoning or reinforcing a position, as necessity may compel; their tenacious clinging to a place they know to be necessary to their safety, and their sure eye for such a position.

"Indeed, against a slowly moving army like ours, whose precise tactics compel it to shift in a leisurely manner, they are very formidable. Each good Boer is a general in himself, each pile of stones he shoots from a fortress in itself; a commando of three hundred men in a good position means three hundred fortresses to be taken. Then the Boers let off their ammunition unstintingly, as far as they can see; they shoot, not because they think they will hit anything, but for the very good reason that nothing demoralizes an enemy more than bullets coming from an unseen rifle; indeed, the Boers produce great moral effects with their little bullets. They are extremely busy at two thousand yards. I will bet any man that he will not walk twenty yards slowly across a bit of flat ground under fire from the Boers at two thousand yards' range and whistle "God Save the Queen" at the same time. If any one accepts my bet, he will see what he will see.

"What affords the Boers most glee is our regular cavalry. Indeed, it does present a ludicrous appearance in this country of stones and kopjes. I often wonder what would happen to a regular cavalry brigade if surprised, armed as they are, with lance, sabre and carbine. The untidy Boer horseman, with his grass fed pony, lopes along quite regardless of his formidable looking adversary. If the lancer attempts violence, the Dopper dismounts and shoots. Our colonial cavalry is a little better, but they suffer considerably from their want of knowledge of horses. Even they are no match for the Boer at the game of hide and seek; fortunately, they are brave and have a general, not yet eradicated, contempt for the Dutchmen, and often achieve by audacity what they would be unable to accomplish if their usually wily enemy did not think them as formidable as they look. Their work in Natal, however, cannot be sufficiently extolled. It is one of the most pleasing features of the campaign. It is almost certain that our cavalry will have to be differently trained, at all events armed with a long rifle. The day of shock action is practically over. Those vast plains of Germany and Austria, where Murat's legions thundered to victory, are now intersected with wire fences."

Boer Life in Camp.

An Australian correspondent, who was for a long time a prisoner to the Free State Boers, gives this graphic description of life in a Boer laager:

"In war time the Boer never, under any circumstancess makes his laager in the open country if there are any kopje, about. No matter how secure he may fancy himself from attack, no matter if there is not a foe within fifty miles of him, the Boer commander always pitches his laager in a place of safety between two parallel lines of hills, so that no attack can be made upon him, either front or rear, without giving an alarm.

"When the scouts are out, the laager is fixed for the night; not a very exhaustive proceeding, as the Boers do not go in for luxuries of any kind. Here a tarpaulin is stretched over a kind of temporary ridge pole, blankets are tossed down on the hard earth, saddles are used for pillows, and the couch is complete. A little way further down the line, a rude canvas screen is thrown over the wheels of a wagon, and a family—or, rather, husband and wife—make themselves at home under the wagon, while the single men simply throw themselves at full length on the ground, wrap their one thin, small blanket round them, and smoke and jest merrily enough, while the Kaffirs light the fires and make the coffee.

"There is scarcely any timber in this part of Africa, and the fuel used is the dried manure of cattle, pressed into slabs about fifteen inches long, eight inches wide and three inches thick. The smoke from the fires is dense, and soon fills the air with a pungent odor, which is not unpleasant. The coffee is soon made, and the simple meal begins. It consists of "rusks," a kind of bread baked until it becomes crisp and hard, and plenty of steaming hot coffee. I never saw any people so fond of this beverage as the Boers are. The Australian bushman and digger loves tea, and can almost exist upon it, but these Boers cling to coffee. They live when out in laager like Spartans, they dress anyhow, sleep anyhow, and eat just "rusks" and precious little else.

"After tea the Boers sit about and clean their rifles; the women move from one little group to another, chatting cheerfully; but I saw nothing in their conduct or in the conduct of any man toward one of them that would cause the most chaste matron in Great Britain to blush or droop her eyes. There is in the laager an utter absence of what we term soldierly discipline; men moved about, went and came in a free and easy fashion, just as I have seen them do a thousand times in diggers' camps. There was no saluting of officers, no stiffness, no starch anywhere. The General lounges about with hands in pocket and pipe in mouth; no one pays him any special deference. He talks to the men, the striplings and the women, and they talk back to him in a manner which seems strange to a Britisher familiar with the ways of military camps. After the chatting, the bridikant, or parson, if there is one in the laager, raises his hands, and all listen with reverent faces while the man of God utters a few words in a solemn, earnest tone; then all kneel, and a prayer floats up toward the skies, and a few moments later the whole camp is wrapped in sleep, nothing is heard but the neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep and the occasional barking of a dog. There is no clatter of arms, no ringing of bugles, no deep-toned challenge of sentries, no footfall of changing pickets."

VIEWS OF SACRAMENTO IN CARNIVAL ATTIRE.

Photos by Woods.

LONDON.

American Stage Favorites of the Hour.

NEW YORK.

Social Gossip of the Demi-Season.

LONDON.

IT SEEMS to me, sometimes, that all the actors on the London stage are destined eventually to come from America, as grand opera people come from Germany and France and acrobats from Algiers! Such a crowd as there has been of late! The Goodwins, Edna May, Holbrook Blinn, Mrs Potter, Mrs. Leslie Carter—the list could be strung out indefinitely. And, when I come to think of it, American things in general are very much the fashion in gay London Some of the conservative ladies of the land with horse-hair ideas on etiquette, have just been complaining editorially that Americanism has ruined the poise and repoise of English life. There is a deal of truth in this; the American tendencies *have* killed the stiffness of British life—the greater the blessing! The gay, *insouciant* free and a trifle saucy American girl is model for the English maiden of high society. Perhaps you remember that little play, "A Box of Monkeys," fashionable for parlor entertainments a decade ago? If you do, you will remember how the stiff, angular English girl therein beseeches the cow-girl from Nevada to teach her "slang and fascination." That is what the English girl is now striving for—"slang and fascination" on the American plan. Our accent, for which, there are few defenders among educated Americans, is sedulously copied; our slang, down to its very worst, is heard in the drawing-rooms; our mixed drinks, and our perpendicular way of absorbing them, our books, even our plays, are "the things." It is an aftermath of the Anglo Saxon alliance, I suppose. When comes the aftermath of our ungrateful attitude on the Boer war, the fashion will change, I suppose. It is only a fad, but just now the term "so American!" is no longer accompanied by a deprecating shrug.

To return to the actors. The vaudeville sensation of the hour is a troop of American zouaves, who have the favored "10:15" turn at the Empire, the period always reserved at that playhouse for the star number. I believe that they are little known at home, so that a bit of history will not come amiss. These people—"The Streator Troupe" they call themselves—are advertised as the "Champion Drill Team of the World," and war-crazy London willingly grants them the claim. They had performed in America about a year when they were caught up and featured by a London manager.

Their origin was due to the enthusiasm of a retired army officer with a home-sickness for drill and and a sanguine belief in the possibilities of the human machine. Major Keller, U. S. A., the gentleman in question, belongs to the little town of Streator, Illinois. Some five years ago he picked out eighteen sober and likely lads of the place, and began to drill them for his own amusement. Good progress was made, though they were all in different business employments and had not much leisure for drilling. In course of time they became so proficient that the Major was proud to show them off at local charity performances. Increase of proficiency and fame came by natural stages, until at last they received such munificent offers as to justify them in abandoning their business and taking to the stage.

Their personal habits are such as would give the W. C. T. U. much pleasure. To a man, they are strictly temperate. They say that they have to do it in order to keep their nerves straight. On their arrival the management tendered them a luncheon, and twenty were present. They had what they liked, and were given *carte blanche* in the matter of liquid refreshment. When the manager saw the bill, he determined to have it framed. The food came to the reasonable figure of £4 10s. The bill for drinks for twenty people was 4s. 6d.! Needless to say, the items were lemonade and ginger-beer.

They are just plain, wholesome middle-West boys, with a Western twang to their voices and free Western ways, and we exiled Americans in London love them for it and are doing our best to spoil them by too many attentions. I have to leave the question of their merits to the military experts, who say that for straight drill it is the greatest *ever*.

The other American star at the Empire is "Doc," a trained Yankee dog with marvellous intelligence and a set of gold-filled teeth, which are heavily exploited by the press-agents. He is a mongrel pup, picked up, as an orphan, from the streets of New York, and educated by Mr. Harry Edson. "Doc" is a born actor, being happiest when exhibiting before company and taking delight in showing off to visitors even in private life. Yes, decidedly, the Yankee zouaves and the Yankee dogs are the Empire's best turns this season.

Then, Mrs. Leslie Carter is preparing to cull New London triumphs in "Zaza," a play of a class much more complacently received in London than in New York. Her leading man, Charles A. Stevenson, is only returning to his own side, for he is Irish-born, although he learned his business in America. I will be very much surprised if Zaza does not catch London's fancy this year.

More than these play-actors is an American builder of plays, Stanislaus Strange, who has rebuilt the drama of "Quo Vadis," using in novel and two forgotten French plays. It is by far the best acting drama yet built on the theme, a play, vital, intelligent to those who have never read the novel, and not a series of tableau strung together on a a thread. Indeed, it follows the book very loosely or not at all; Strange himself claims to have done no more than borrow the atmosphere and names of the original. The production in New York, under the same title was his also, but it was only the germ on which his present conception was built. He has it under rehearsal now, and the first night should come off before this reaches you.

KATRIONA.

NEW YORK.

THE Cuban Orphan Festival has been a greater success than the most enthusiastic New Yorker could have anticipated. The opera house was like a scene in fairyland. The decorations were fitted to represent all the different countries, and women dressed in costumes appropriate for each attended the booths. It is difficult in as great a crowd as filled the house to describe the most picturesque stall or name the most elaborately dressed. Owing to the bad weather the first three days, many people feared a failure, but after that, the crowd was so dense that it was quite difficult to get about. Many of those so deeply interested in the Maine fund concert for the relief of the "Tommy Atkins," given a few weeks ago, attended the fair one or two nights. These few women were not the ones who made the great success of the affair, apparently. They thought by putting in an appearance for a short time, and by the publication of their names in the papers, they would get the benefit of being praised by the American people. It seems curious that daughters of British aristocracy were constant in their attendance, and assiduous in their efforts to swell the receipts of the festival. In fact, the action of the "Tommy Atkins" set as they are how called, both in organizing the "Maine Fund" concert, and in abstaining from participation in the "Cuban Festival" will form a remarkable chapter in the social history of New York. This has been more of a beauty show than a fair, and those who wished to show their appreciation of the trouble and labor spent by the representative New York women, will aid the support of widows and orphans down in Cuba. With the close of this festival, we have a wonderful concert for the relief of the Boer wounded. The progamme has been made most brilliant. Nordica, Nocautelli and Bertram will help to make this affair a great success. Society, with its usual sense of a good thing, will crowd the house. The element of the smart set that is bent on rebuking the snobbish crowd that engineered the "Tommy Atkins" benefit will see that this concert be carried out with appropriate eclat.

Of course a loud protest has come up from the British sympathizer to the effect that with a war of our own in the Philippines, it is a misguided charity to collect for a foreign nation. However, New York has already given twelve thousand dollars to Mrs. Adair for "Tommy Atkins", so that I suppose a similar sum will be raised for the Boer wounded. Mrs. Adair has made herself very unpopular in New York. She is an American who lives in London, and has the entre into a very fashionable set, and frequently entertains the "Prince". She came out to New York to beg from those people whom she had helped socially in London. Mrs. Adair, however, was not sufficiently diplomatic in her work. She made many enemies, was criticized most severely, and not even in London did she reap the reward she anticipated. It seems that her collection did not consist of a sufficient number of ciphers. Perhaps this idea of thinking more of any other nation than one's own must end sooner or later. The papers all over the country have begun to resent the fact that our war is a secondary affair now, to the one that the British are fighting down in South Africa.

The Robert Barret Brownings are again enjoying the pleasure of making themselves the subject of much gossip. Mrs. Browning is at the Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice. She lost half a million about a year ago, and lives in the big Palazzo devoid of a furnace or any other means of artificial heat, owing, she says, to her extreme poverty. She is, of course, in the hands of an English doctor, who finds Venice from a monetary standpoint quite worth while, also a wonderful French chef. Robert Browning is up at Asola with his father's sister. The Brownings' marital affairs commenced to dissemble when Mrs. Browning, who was a Miss Coddington of Albany, decided that the model she had specially imported from Florence was too attractive.

The girl, after passing through a very uncomfortable state of unjust criticism, married an Italian engineer and returned to Italy. A reconciliation between the Brownings was effected, but a large palace and an hysterical wife overpowered Browning, so that now each goes his own way, unhappily.

Now that Mrs. James Brown Potter has been formally allowed a divorce from her husband, rumors of her marriage with Kyrle Bellew and General Kitchener have been announced. Mrs. Potter's friends say that she has often asserted her profound appreciation of how much Mr. Bellew had done for her, both in her professional and in personal affairs. She realizes how keenly he sacrificed his own artistic career in order to further hers. Nothing could induce her, these intimates protest, not even the fascinations of the woman-hating Sirdar, to abandon her long-time colleague, now that he has to a certain extent outlived his usefulness.

A quite remarkable dinner took place at Sherry's the other night. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish was the hostess. It was given as a sort of farewell for the season, and each member of her particular set was allowed to be as lively as possible. Owing to its having taken place in a public place, on Sunday night, a good deal of talk was made of it. Curious how these things come out. It rather suggests the story of Helen Gould's secretary. Helen is a quiet young person, who would, perhaps, be quite happy were she not boomed by newspapers. She often wondered how it was her most minute act of charity became public property. She again and again reproached her secretary, but to no purpose. When, however, the minutae of her private correspondence was made into a very readable article for one of the papers, Miss Gould suggested to her secretary the necessity of leaving New York. It seems that Miss Gould trusted this young girl absolutely and had the greatest faith in her honor. The secretary is now seeking another position.

It is quite surprising these days how many navy men marry actresses. On the vessels in navy yards from time to time, a reception is given to actresses, which could not be possible anywhere else. New York, Boston and Philadelphians hold themselves very much aloof from actresses, whereas singers are very often welcomed there. Elsie de Wolf was in society before she went on the stage, so that she retained her social recognition, as did Annie Russel. A few years ago, when one of the very "advanced" set entertained Sara Bernhardt, society opened its eyes—but attended. Later, this same woman has entertained Duse, Olga Nethersole and many others. Emma Eames is really more in society than Nordica or Calve. The fact is, she has better manners and is as charming to the women as the men. Eames was the only singer and Elsie de Wolf the only actress invited to the Bradley-Martin ball. Of course, these women accept very few of the invitations they receive. Julian Story's position makes both his wife's and his place in society of quite a different nature from that of the absolute professional. Eames is invited not as the prima donna, but as Mrs. Julian Story. The South, with all its pride in blood and family, is infinitely more liberal in affairs of this kind. Perhaps for the reason that many Southern girls of position have gone on the stage, and never afterwards lost their social prestige.

Epicures in society have a new fad. There is a butcher in a queer old stall in the Catherine Market, one of the oldest in New York, who can outrival all others in his method of cooking. He has just been discovered. The fad is to have a beefsteak supper. Caterers who can provide the finest of ices and pale sandwiches know not the art of a well-cooked beefsteak. This mysterious cook is an Irishman who was the head of a culinary department in an Irish club, as a side issue to his stall in the market. He has to be engaged many evenings ahead of time, and with his own furnished steaks prepares the dish. The only things required are bread and butter, salt, red and white pepper and some mustard. As no plate, knives or forks are used the simplicity of the menu is apparent. The bread is rather thick, and upon each slice is placed a piece of steak of generous size. Each piece is treated to some mysterious grilling process, the above mentioned ingredients being used. It is, however, in the making of the sauce that lies the real secret of the beeksteak chef's success.

The bachelor is the chosen advocate and promoter of the beefsteak supper. He is supposed to be able to cook everything, and nowadays gives small suppers to his friends with the aid of this chef, chafing dishes and pewter pots of beer, his servants being dismissed for the occasion.

Many weddings have taken place lately, but the one which is occasioning the most attention is the burlesque wedding at the Artists' Festival tomorrow evening. It is said the bride will be a young man over six feet, whose identity has been kept a profound secret. The bridesmaids will also be young men, many of them members of the Somerset Club. Further particulars will come in next week's letter.

NETTA DYKE.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists.

Headache may be called a woman's ailment. Some men suffer from it. But almost all women have to endure its pain with each recurring month. This fact points at once to the intimate relation between the health of the delicate womanly organs, and the general health of the whole body. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription banishes headache by banishing its cause. It cures the diseases which irritate the delicate womanly organs, fret the nerves and waste the strength. It increases the vitality and builds up the nervous system. "Favorite Prescription" contains no opium, cocaine or other narcotic.

"I want to praise your medicine," writes Mrs. Sarah J. Burney, of Cresent City, Putnam Co., Fla. "I have been sick for twenty years, and have been almost in bed five years, and now I am able to work all day. I have taken eight bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and four of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and one vial of 'Pellets.' I praise your medicine to all. I had the headache but it is gone. My throat is well and cough gone, and all my old troubles are better. I tried many other kinds of medicine and four doctors."

FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION
MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

WASHINGTON AND ALASKA STEAMSHIP CO.

For Cape Nome

Transpacific Passenger Steamship

TACOMA

Registered Tonnage, 2811 Tons
Cargo Capacity, 4000 Tons
Passenger Capacity, 800

This Magnificently Fitted-up Steamship will sail from Yesler Wharf,

SEATTLE

On or About

MAY 25

For Further Information apply to

DODWELL & CO., Limited
General Agents
113 James St. SEATTLE. WASH.
Telephone Main 479

Alfred Cane, Luther A. Teague
Frederick Teague.

Teague, Cane & Teague

DENTISTS.

Claus Spreckels Bldg. Phone Main 1459.
Third and Market S Sixth Floor, S. F., Cal

IN BOOKDOM

WE in the West are no longer surprised when our next-door neighbor proves to be the man of the "vital soul," as Wordsworth phrased it. We are no longer surprised to see the steed Pegasus tied to our neighbor's hitching-post. I have in my hand rather a notable book by Mr. Jack London, who lives in Oakland, and whose work has been watched by some of us for a year or so as it appeared in the *Overland Monthly* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. This book—*The Son of the Wolf*—is a collection of nine Alaskan stories reprinted out of these two magazines. The publishers are Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Mr. London will be remembered by the readers of this paper as the author of a story that attracted considerable attention in the Christmas *Wave*. His work is somewhat unusual for a young man of his age—twenty-four.

Strength—the strength of bone and brawn, the strength of oak in the storm, the strength of steel in the battle-line, the rude, vigorous, native strength of him that overcomes in the contests with nature where nature is most austere, this is the strength that Mr. London exploits in his fiction. For in the White Silence of the North the veneerings of civilization are very soon stripped off a man, and he stands for what he is before his fellows, a giant or a pigmy. But giant or pigmy, he is very elemental man, with all the primitive passions and primitive virtues in strong relief. Brutality—in the physiological sense of the word—is the chief characteristic of him. He is not complex, but simple, as is the brute. His affections are the affections of the dog, his ferocity the ferocity of the wolf. His courage, his selfish unselfishness, his pertinacity, his faithfulness—all of them are brute virtues. His ethics are brutal ethics, mainly concerned with problems of self-preservation.

The same comparison might be made between the early gold coast studies of Bret Harte and these stories by Mr. London as between Bret Harte and Kipling. Bret Harte's stories also were studies of elemental man and the brutal ethics of self-preservation. Kipling, who avowedly took the earlier Californian as a model for the short story, saw this clearly, and elaborated upon the idea, or at least exploited it more definitely as a literary *motif*. His brutality thus at once passed from the naive to the self-conscious. He began speaking of the brute in man with a certain "knowingness" that often offended when he dwelt upon it with special insistence. What with Bret Harte had been but a detail of the story became with him the central idea of the story, as like as not. As a consequence he became known as the prophet of the brute side of human nature, the logical result of which was *Stalky & Co.* In that immortal apotheosis of animality, the *Jungle Book*, however, if in no other of his strong stories, Kipling justified his idea for all time. Yet it must be admitted that the *Jungle Books* are valued beyond the idealization of an idea. They are valued for the very qualities that are lacking in some of the more coarsely grained tales—the quality of being naive, for instance, and the absence of self-conscious "knowingness."

Mr. London is plainly and naturally a disciple of Kipling; in a much closer sense is he his disciple than was Kipling the disciple of Bret Harte. For he like Kipling, as Kipling never like Bret Harte, depicts the brute in man, the naked, elemental, primitive man, as main literary *motif*. In a way he goes farther than Kipling could go. His life in the North is more primitive, more elemental, than Kipling's Indian jungle life could possibly be. The White Silence, the cold white background that stretches into the sky on every side, brings out every nerve and sinew and bone of the hot-veined human body as no other background in the world could do. Mr. London exploits this brutal side of human nature with as great deliberateness as did Kipling, and he gets much the same effects. Whether he have humor or not remains to be seen; but in description, in imaginative phrasing, insight into character, sympathy with the men who break paths, inventiveness, and power of laying bare bone and sinew and nerve dramatically and convincingly, his work is of a very high order.

I quote a passage from one of Mr. London's stories, "An Odyssey of the North," to illustrate the vividness with which he can bring a picture before the reader:

Somebody knocked at the door a second time before Malemute Kid said "Come in." The door swung open. Something staggered in. Prince caught one square look and sprang to his feet. The horror in his eyes caused Malemute Kid to whirl about; and he too was startled, though he had seen bad things before. The thing tottered blindly toward them. Prince edged away till he reached the nail from which hung his Smith & Wesson.

"My God! what is it?" he whispered to Malemute Kid.

"Don't know. Looks like a case of freezing and no grub," replied the Kid, sliding away in the opposite direction. "Watch out! It may be mad," he warned, coming back from closing the door.

The thing advanced to the table. The bright flame of the slush-lamp caught its eye. It was amused, and gave voice to eldritch cackles which betokened mirth. Then, suddenly, he—for it was a man—swayed back, with a hitch to his skin trousers, and began to sing a chanty, such as men lift when they swing around the capstan circle and the sea snorts in their ears.

He broke off abruptly, tottered with a wolfish snarl to the meat-shelf, and before they could intercept was tearing with his teeth at a chunk of raw bacon. The struggle was fierce between him and Malemute Kid; but his mad strength left him as suddenly as it had come, and he weakly surrendered the spoil. Between them they got him upon a stool, where he sprawled with half his body across the table. A small dose of whisky strengthened him, so that he could dip a spoon into the sugar caddy which Malemute Kid placed before him. After his appetite had been somewhat cloyed, Prince, shuddering as he did so, passed him a mug of weak beef tea.

The creature's eyes were alight with a sombre frenzy, which blazed and waned with every mouthful. There was very little skin to the face. The face, for that matter, sunken and emaciated, bore very little likeness to a human countenance. Frost after frost had bitten deeply, each depositing its stratum of scab upon the half-heeled scar that went before. This hard, dry surface was of a bloody-black color, serrated by grievous cracks wherein the raw red flesh peeped forth. His skin garments were dirty and in tatters, and the fur of one side was singed and burned away, showing where he had lain upon his fire.

Malemute Kid pointed to where the sun-tanned hide had been cut away, strip by strip—the grim signature of famine.

"Who—are—you?" slowly and distinctly enunciated the Kid.

The man paid no heed.

"Where do you come from?"

"Yankee ship come down de ri-ib—er," was the quavering response.

"Don't doubt the beggar came down the river," the Kid said, shaking him in an endeavor to start a more lucid flow of talk.

But the man shrieked at the contact, clapping a hand to his side in evident pain. He rose slowly to his feet, half leaning on the table.

"She laughed at me—so—with the hate in her eye; and she—would—not—come."

His voice died away, and he was sinking back when Malemute Kid gripped him by the wrist, and shouted, "Who? Who would not come?"

"She, Unga. She laughed, and struck at me so, and so. And then—"

"Yes?"

"And then—"

"And then what?"

"And then he lay very still, in the snow, a long time. He is—still—in—the—snow."

The two men looked at each other helplessly.

"Who is in the snow?"

"She, Unga. She looked at me with the hate in her eye, and then—"

"Yes, yes."

"And then she took the knife, so; and once, twice—she was weak. . ."

After a little Malemute Kid is made to understand that the Indian had loved the Indian wife of a white man, had lured the twain out upon a trail in quest of gold, and had only returned to repay a grub-stake he owed, it being a question of honor with him

The exhausted head dropped upon the table; nor could Malemute Kid rouse it again.

"It's Ulysses," he said quietly, tossing the bag of dust on the table. "Guess it's all day with Axel Gunderson and the woman. Come on, let's get him between the blankets. He's Indian; he'll pull through, and tell a tale besides."

As they cut the garments from him, near his right breast could be seen two unhealed, hard-lipped knife thrusts.

After a young author has achieved a success—and *The Son of the Wolf* must be considered a distinct achievement—the question is, "And then?" Mr. London has it well within his power to do work that will count in his development of the short story. He no doubt knows his own powers better than anyone else. He will get out of the Kipling manner—although it is a good manner—soon enough. He will have to get out of it, of course. No one can afford to write in another man's manner for long. When he does get out of it his own personality will have a chance to be estimated. It is clear that he has an abundance of native strength, a strong dramatic sense, considerable imaginative powers, the ability to write simply and firmly, and other virtues. The reading public will be interested to see more of his work.

* *

Mrs. M. E. M. Davis has written a little story of life in New Orleans entitled *The Queen's Garden* (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston), now upon this desk. The tale is poetic and has considerable charm; but it would not be called "strong" by many readers, either in characterization or dramatic interest. After all it would be a mad world that contained nothing but strong stories. The poetry of things "far off and dim in ages long ago" is very restful and soothing after the day's work is done. It helps to keep people sane. The hard, cold facts of life, the significant facts, crowd in mightily upon us from every side, and we need now and then to forget them in their baldness. We need these fresh cuttings from the old gardens of poetry to keep us from intellectual scurvy. *The Queen's Garden* tells of a young girl who comes to New Orleans to live with an aunt she has never seen. Her father was something of a poet; for before his death, when she was yet very small, he had told her a great many fairy tales of a certain wonderful garden. Noel arrives at her aunt's house in the midst of the yellow fever epidemic, and is at once placed in quarantine, as it were. She is allowed to see no one, but is given the freedom of her room and of the old garden. This garden proves to be the identical land of faery her father had described so minutely. There is a faery prince, too, who happens to be a newspaper man. While the prince and the princess are getting acquainted the old aunt is carried off by the scourge, leaving Noel alone in the world. Then the prince is stricken. Noel finds a wonderful secret passage from her father's description, and installs herself as nurse. When the doctor finds them she too has the fever. The old tale of faery had ended unhappily; but Noel and her prince are so fortunate as to recover; and of course as they love each other they marry, and unhappiness is no longer a guest in their good garden.

WILLIAM NEIDIG.

JACK LONDON.

Wherever there is a piano there should be a pianola. The pianola plays any piano. Any one can play it. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St., sole agents.

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel. Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 305.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

As Seen by Leila.

I HAVE come to the conclusion, Diary dear, that Cricket was a very industrious and energetic little person. Fancy for years writing a letter each week telling of the things one has been doing, without accomplishing anything. To me it is almost a sin. It certainly is a sin for me to have promised to tell you how things were going in her absence. There is nothing to tell. Everything in the social way is dead. Girls are now spending their time, so I have discovered, helping to make home miserable for papa and mama and brothers and small sisters, by being supremely bored. This is, I think, the time for a girl to develop a love affair. But then, of course, the younger set, if they fall in love, do it in a most precipitate manner, and before another season is passed will break it off if it has reached the engagement stage. Mama and I often wonder why it is young girls are so anxious to marry in their first season, and when they become a little older are so difficult to please and to get off their mother's hands. Of course, it must be the lack of development in the men. But I have said a great deal of that at other times, so will spare you now. I wonder what Cricket would find to interest you. Perhaps that there have been a number of theatre parties to the California to see the Neill Company. I do not care specially for Mr. Neill. He is an egotist. Here is a man who considers himself of such rare importance as to advertise his name alone on the boards—yes, his name alone, with a small picture of himself in each of his characters, surrounding a large picture of him as a nineteenth century young man. I anticipated a wonderful actor. Even Mansfield, and he was supposed to be the most selfish man on the stage, mentioned his cast in his advertisements. Theatre parties, all men and most girls really enjoy. It is so easy a manner of entertainment, and it does not make so much difference if one has not a congenial person beside him. The play absorbs most of his attention, and if there be a pretty girl on the stage—well, then, nothing matters.

A pretty general exodus to the country will begin with the middle of May. The Hagers, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Downey Harvey, are to go to Del Monte; the Morgans, Deans, Caseys, Miss Dillon, Boardmans, Houghtons and Sidney Smiths to San Rafael. The men of the family can go to town daily from San Rafael, Ross Valley, Sausalito and Belvedere; that accounts for the places being so popular. Mama and I shall go to Del Monte. There is no hotel of which I am so fond, and the table is so good there. Cricket and the "Ideal" have taken a house in San Rafael, so have Walter and Emily Hager Dean. It should be pretty gay over there, and were it not that I should be afraid that Cricket might engage in a small flirtation, and thus engender mama's and my unhappiness perhaps, I think I could be induced to spend a short time there.

Notwithstanding the fact that the engagement of Helen Woolworth and Count Pietro Macchi has been announced it is quite without foundation. I received a letter from Mrs. Woolworth the other day and she mentioned the rumor to me, but said there was no truth in it, and that Helen and she were just about to start for Lucerne. Rumors of engagements are just as prevalent in Europe as they are here, and I think do as little harm. Doctor and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies have announced the engagement of their daughter Leila Grantland to Lieutenant Guy Scott, son of Senator Nathan Scott of West Virginia. Leila is one of this year's debutantes. In fact one might easily say the belle of the buds of this season. She is a pretty, jolly, bright girl and quite able to cope with the difficulties of an army life.

Mr. Scott is almost a stranger here, so I have not much to say of him. He has however shown a great deal of judgment in the selection of a bride. The time for the marriage has not yet been set.

The only large affair that I am anticipating with pleasure is a big reception on May 17th, to Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, by Mrs. Homer King. I shall give you further particulars next week.

I do hope someone will do something this coming week so that I can be more interesting to you, Diary dear, for I muchly fear my effort is a failure.

LEILA.

The Indians had bound their captive to the stake, when the conventional happy thought struck the latter. "If you burn me," he explained, "the sun will be darkened tomorrow." "You will find," replied the Indian, "if you calculate the parallax to the forty-third decimal place, that the eclipse does not take place until the day after to-morrow." Saying which, for these simple children of the forest were all graduates of the government schools, they proceeded with their barbaric slaughter.—*Detroit Journal.*

Morning, noon or night you will find a glass of Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale both cheering and refreshing.

FOR SWELL DRESSERS.

The "Knox" hat is absolutely correct. Eugene Korn, 726 Market St., sole agent.

Beauty's a Flower.

Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.

Youth's for an hour, an' the taste o' life is sweet.
Ailes was a girl that stepped on two bare feet.
In all my days I never seen the one as fair as she.
I'd have lost my life for Ailes, and she never cared for me.

Beauty's a flower, an' the days o' life are long,
There's little knowing who may live to sing another song,
For Ailes was the fairest, but another is my wife,
An' Mary—God be good to her!—is all I have in life.

Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.

—*Moira ONeil.*

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

A committee from the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York have perpetrated a genuine "graveyard bull" in erecting a memorial tablet to Rev. Dr. John Hall, late pastor of the church. The inscription on the plate reads as follows:

"Rev. JOHN HALL, D. D., LL. D.
Born County Armagh, Ireland,
July 31. 1829,
Died County Down, Ireland,
September 17, 1898.
For forty-nine years
A Presbyterian Minister.
Pastor of this Church
From Nov. 3, 1867, to Sept. 17, 1898.
'There remaineth therefore a rest
to the people of God.'"

A Delicious Beverage for all Occasions

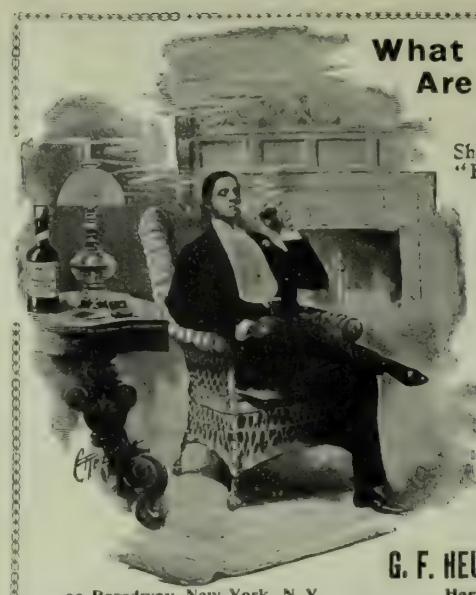
Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale

Connoisseurs pronounce it "the best imported."

Sherwood & Sherwood,
AGENTS
212-214 Market St.,
San Francisco

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish



What Are Club Cocktails?

"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

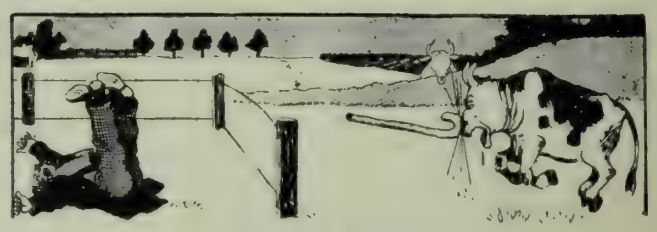
30 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,
Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

AN IMPROVISED CATAPULT.

"Looks terribly vicious."

"Hang that wire!"



"Now I'm done for."

"Heaven helps the brave!"

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address **WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE. SEND US YOUR ORDER,** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing our **1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Mesinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our **binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them, however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at $3 to $10 each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for **Bargain List.** **OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. Give name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

A GERANIUM TRAGEDY.

GERANIUMS were Mary Ellen's fad. Just as a rich girl might take one corner of a conservatory for a miniature violet plantation or a fernery, Mary Ellen took the front window sill of the Casey home, overlooking Mulberry street's most select block. She had arranged eight species of her favorite flower in a row, raised from slips. Four had achieved the dignity of pots, while the others were still in the tomato-can preliminary stage, awaiting their development.

Three were scarlet, one a double variety that was the pride of Mary Ellen's heart. Then there was a verbena geranium with its ornate fragrant leaf and a darling little pink baby that was coming on finely. The others were yet possibilities. Mary Ellen had bought them as a marked-down lot from a street peddler who gave them to her for a song on account of the broken-off flower-stems.

Mary Ellen worked in a big factory uptown. Before six, each morning, she went to her work in a Second avenue car and came home by the same route each night. Her life was extremely monotonous, hard and without color except for her two joys—the geranium farm and Cheesey Cummiskey.

It cannot be said that Cheesey Cummiskey resembled Mary Ellen's other fad in the least. There was nothing floral in his personality. He was the assistant barkeeper in a Mulberry street saloon, and mornings, as Mary Ellen passed on her way to work, he was engaged with a hose and a mop and a broom in washing off various gratings, rubber mats and bric-a-brac that made part of the interior furnishing of the Mulberry street wet-goods emporium where he worked.

Mary Ellen, who in her way was dainty and sweet as her flowers, blushed rosily at the sight of Cheesey's remarkably fine, white arms from which the sleeves of his sweater were rolled back almost to the shoulder. If Mary Ellen had ever visited the galleries abroad she would have compared him mentally to a Greek gladiator done in marble. As it was, she only thought inarticulately that he was as strong as she was little and weak. So she blushed red as the big double scarlet bloom on the window at home. Cheesey appreciatively said, "Ah dere!" And thus the romance, so nearly tragic, dawned.

In time, they spoke to each other in the light badinage of the Mulberry street social code. Cheesey chirruped as Mary Ellen tripped by and she very properly told him to gwan and give her none of his funny bizness.

"A-h-h-h, fergit it," said Cheesey, leaning on his mop socially barring her way. "Will youse come to the Friendly Sons Moonlight Soiree on de eight?"

"What do youse take me fer?" said Mary Ellen indignantly. "I'm no pick up!"

"A-h-h-h!" said Cheesey, "don't I know who youse are? Don't yer father, Mickey Casey, come in here every Satu'day? Ask him who Cheesey Cummiskey is, dat's all!"

In this simple yet circumspect way Mary Ellen acquired Cheesey Cummiskey as a steady. Cheesey with his sweater sleeves was statuesque, but after working hours on his nights off he was resplendent. When he swaggered down the block to Mary Ellen's, silence fell on groups at doors and it was whispered:

"There goes Mary Ellen Casey's gen'l'man friend."

The girls in the block began to set their caps for him in ingenuous Mulberry street style, and for the first time Cheesey experienced the delightful thrill of a genuine lady killer. For Cheesey, until no , had had no dalliance with the tender passion. His ambition had been in the sporting line to the exclusion of any weakness for femininity. He was wont to swing Indian clubs and punch a bag in the cellar of the saloon, secretly fitting himself for an entrance to the profession he worshipped.

But Mary Ellen's eyes, mutely breathing her admiration for him, had touched some vulnerable spot in his makeup. Her pale prettiness and grace were in such contrast to most of the young women in Cheesey's set that he told his associates at the various picnics and balls to which he escorted her that she was a lady, and that the first man who forgot that fact would be jabbed in the slats by him, Cheesey. And the young men, cognizant of Cheesey's mucular arms, desisted.

Now Mary Ellen had her limitations. She was, as the young ladies at the factory said, too damn pertickler to live. She objected to a great many things that are considered strictly up to date in low as well as high circles, and was even called a stuck-up thing by some of the girls, notably Liz Roscoe, who gave imitations of Mary Ellen's prim behavior at balls and mixed-ale parties to which she was bidden as Cheesey's girl.

Mary Ellen had not been out long. That was easily seen as she returned from various functions in late horse cars. When every other girl's head rested in holy slumber on the chest of her escort, Mary Ellen alone sat stiffly upright, allowing Cheesey to hold her hand only under protest. But as the boys said, she had him dead and he only seemed to wax more constant under her harsh treatment of him. That is, until Liz Roscoe began to guy him openly, at the same time luring him with an invitation in her bold black eyes. At first he laughed at her, then he swore and in each case she got back at him in like manner with interest.

Liz Roscoe and her married sister lived on the floor below the Caseys. On the nights that Cheesey called on Mary Ellen Miss Roscoe was wont to array herself in her best and to plant herself at the door, where she greeted him with jeers, Cheesey chasing her on these [illegible] hall screaming with laughter, all of which penetrated to the floor above where Mary Ellen waited for Cheesey, her eyes upon the clock. Mary was one of those girls who do not believe in entertaining one's steady on the doorstep.

Not content with this strategy, Liz Roscoe now began to lie in wait for Cheesey when he left the Casey home about ten o'clock. On these occasions Mary Ellen and Cheesey came out upon to landing to utter their farewells. And to the ears of the girl waiting in the dimly lit hall below were borne sounds that indicated that Mary Ellen was chary of her caresses, more so than Cheesey wished and again Liz Roscoe twitted him at the foot of the stairs, until one night, maddened by her fun-making, his chase through the hall was successful and Mary Ellen, waiting to hear him leave, learned that Miss Roscoe's ethics as to the extent of a gen'l'man friend's farewells were practically limitless.

Next day Mary Ellen went by Cheesey in the golden summer sunrise, passing by on the other side. Had he been a symbolist or a problem play crank, he would have likened her to the Spirit of God, whose ministrations he had forfeited by his own evil deeds. As it was, he merely whistled through his teeth.

On the next night off, Liz Roscoe's black gypsy eyes met him at the door. This ti there was no jeer in them but a tender appeal to his memory. Cheesey gave one glance up to the geranium crowned window above and loitered, intoxicated with his triumph. Liz Roscoe in her red shirt-waist was like a full-blown rose compared to the pale, timid little girl upstairs. Up there Mary Ellen's heart was breaking, as girl's hearts break at 18. She had felt that this night would mark a crisis. Cheesey would appear as usual. She would greet him freezingly until he fully explained and promised to atone for his faitlessness by taking no notice of the siren that lurked in the shadows below.

But Cheesey was only human and he had an idea that Mary Ellen would weaken and come down. Or he would break away and go up later. He counted not on the arts by which girls with black eyes may enchain captives in their glance. At the window crouched Mary Ellen, kneeling by her beloved plants. They were all that were left her now. The bitterness of an Octavia who beholds her Antony in the arms of a Cleopatra consumed her. Hot childlike tears came to her eyes. What a humiliation! Before the whole block! And their voices came up to her.

"Why don't ye go up and see yer girl Cheesey?" asked Liz.

"A-h-h-h! Wot'er ye' givin' us?" said Cheesey.

"I've no use fer ye," said Liz with her lips, while her eyes said that she had.

"Fergit it," said Cheesey.

"I've got a gen'lman fren' of me own!" said Liz. "I've no use fer Mary Ellen Casey's steady!"

"Who said I wuz her steady?" said Cheesey.

"A-h-h-h-h-h-h! Don't every one know ye're dead stuck on her!" said Liz with a touch of passion in her voice and a flash of her eyes that conquered him.

"Fergit it!" he said; "she's too dead slow! Dat's straight! I tell ye, Liz, she don't travel in de same class wit youse! Youse is de real ting! She's a gilly!"

Just then from above, a bolt like that which struck Pygmalion blind when his eyes gazed upon the forbidden beauty of Galatea, came an avalanche of earth, flower pots and loaded tomato cans, together with geraniums in bloom and otherwise. They were aimed with precision and a certain smooth sweeping motion that sent them in a swift imperceptible succession directly at one mark—the head of Cheesey Cummiskey.

He fell stunned and bleeding to the steps, Liz Roscoe screaming with her hair full of earth and double scarlet geranium blossoms. In less than it takes to tell, a crowd, a cop, an ambulance came.

Later that night, a pale little girl was at Cheesey Cummiskey's cot in Bellevue, her arms about his neck and his still gladiator-like arms clasping her as she whispered a terrible confession, between an interval in the bandages about his head. And Cheesey's eyes, looking out mystically and orientally from under his white-bound brows, suddenly comprehended hitherto unsuspected depths and heights in the personality of Mary Ellen, and forgiving her, as men always do for the crime of loving him too much, whispered gently:

"A-h-h-h-! Fergit it—Mame—fergit it!"

1. "Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon!"

2. It is my lady! O! it is my love!"

3. "O! now begone; more light and light it grows!"

4. "Parting is such sweet sorrow!"

5. A change of hair!

6. "No more serenading for me!"

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c
Hall's Family Pills are the best

LADIES' KNOX DUDE

Straws now open. Korn, the hatter, 726 Market St., sole agent.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it; 25 cents.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixth (6th) day of April, 1900, an assessment (No. 70) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh (11th) day of May, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday the thirty first (31st) day of May, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Ezra Kendall; Newsboys Quintette; Louise Gunning; Charles Ulrick; Kleist Brothers; Milton and Dollie Noble; Mark Sullivan; W. E. Bates; American Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Week of May 14th.
E. A. Sorthern's success

The Maister of Wood Barrow.

Every evening at 8 p. m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
In preparation—"Sweet Lavender."

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, MAY 14th.
First time here of CHAS. H. YALE'S Massive, Marvelous, Mechanical, Spectacular Romance

THE EVIL EYE.

Or the many merry mishaps of NID and the weird wonderful wanderings of NOD.
SPECIAL PRICES—$1.00, 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c.
Monday, May 21, John Drew.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers.
[Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sunday Night, May 13th.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday.
Sixth week and Unparalleled success

MR. JAMES NEILL
and Company

Presenting Nat Goodwin's Biggest Comedy Success

N AMERICAN CITIZEN.

Matinees, 25 and 50 cents.
Evenings, 25, 50 and 75 cents.

Tavern of Castle Crag

AND SODA SPRINGS

SEASON OPENS JUNE 15.

Located in the midst of grand and impressive mountain scenery. With Mt. Shasta and The Crags for a background.
Fine hunting and fishing.
Unsurpassed cuisine and service and reasonable rates.
RAILROAD FARE { round trip, including sleeper both ways } $14
For rates, terms and other information address E. B. PIXLEY, Manager.
Care Pacific Improvement Co., Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?
It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

AT THE THEATERS

The only thing lacking to make a typical howling melodrama of "The Great Diamond Robbery" running at the Alcazar this week, is a villain. The play runs to villainesses. All the bad men are only mildly bad but the good ones are the limit. That was where Edwin T. Emery got in his strong work.

It seems that Miss Everett in the leading part had stolen Count Garkiardoff's diamonds, married Mr. Bulford and comes to New York, where she poisons her husband, who is about to discover her guilt, and then fastens the crime on Frank Kennet, played by Mr. Emery.

Then comes a series of bewildering complications, in which everyone in the Alcazar Company is mixed. Geo. Webster as Dick Brummage the detective who finally rights everything is the star of the play. He is right in his element in a show like this one and has the audience with him from start to finish. Laura Crews does a good "tough girl" stunt, and Marie Howe as the second villainess, Madam Rosenbaum, is first class. Ernest Hastings makes a very good Tammany politician, but as usual has trouble with his lines.

Taken all in all "The Great Diamond Robery" is one of the Alcazar's best performances and should be good for a run.

* *

Mr. Neill's impersonation of Baron de Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance" fully justifies the opinion that it takes a great actor to make a play like this a success. It is only the quality and manner of Mansfield that transform a repulsive monstrosity such as the Baron de Chevrial into a character worth seeing. Neill is strong in parts. He is remarkably versatile and will in time be an actor of much note. Neill's instant grasp of the portent of the roles in which we have seen him this season and his facile comprehension of how best to imitate the original actors of different plays is a proof, if proof is needed.

Irene Everett, at the Alcazar Theatre.

Benjamin Harvard as *Henri de Targy* was in one of his very best roles. His stage presence is good. Not one action throughout the performance detracted from the delicacy of his rendition. It is difficult, too, to play the part of the perfect son and martyr husband. Edythe Chapman as *Marrel*, the wife, was excellent. She did not use any of the outlandish or extravagant mannerisms so frequently given in such a character. Julia Dean as *Rose Gwin* was sympathetic as usual, and what was more, looked exceedingly pretty especially in her black ballet costume.

Next week "An American Citizen" is to be put on. Neill will be better in this for his role is the comedian.

* *

At the head of the Orpheum bill is Ezra Kendall, who comes with a collection of entirely new stuff. The Newsboys Quintette is another old favorite with local theater goers. Louise Gunning is a little Scotch girl who has won a world-wide reputation by her simple ballads. She is pretty, a good singer and has the advantage of having been brought up in the land o' cakes. Charles Ulrick performs acrobatic feats with a huge barrel. Kleist Brothers are all-round musicians and their act, in which they introduce a back ground of black art, is said to be original and entertaining. Milton and Dollie Nobles will present "Why Walker Reformed." They will be assisted by Miss Eva Westcott. The holdovers are: Mark Sullivan, W. E. Bates, and the biograph with a series of new views.

* *

"The Evil Eye," which has filled the Columbia, has another week's run. It is a spectacular play with a good German comedian, a few pretty girls and some clever scenic effects. It is intended primarily to please the children and succeeds in this. The week following comes the great feature of the present theatrical season—John Drew and company in "The Tyranny of Tears," a play new to us, and one of the greatest comedies written in this country. This engagement is limited to a week.

* *

"Maister of Wood Barrow," by Jerome K. Jerome, is the Alcazar bill for the coming week. It is a romantic drama which used to figure in the repertoire of E. N. Sothern, and a fairly strong one.

* *

Next week, the Neill Company will present another Goodwin play—"An American Citizen" by Madelaine Lucette Ryley. The piece has been somewhat pruned and improved since Goodwin used it. This is a new play with the Neills and if it "takes" it will be added to their repertoire.

* *

"The Wizard of the Nile" seems out to beat the record-breaking run of "The Idol's Eye." Already, the receipts excel those of the former show for the same number of weeks.

* *

"My Lady Slavey" is the next attraction at the Grand. Arthur Wooley, really the best comedian of last season's Morosco Company, has returned and reinforces this company at a point where they were very weak.

* *

Paloma Schramm, the child pianist, assisted by her younger sister Karla, gave a most interesting concert at Sherman and Clay Hall on Thursday.

* *

It is rumored that Coquelin may possibly include San Francisco in his coming American tour.

* *

The farce-comedy company which is to hold the boards at the California this summer is probably the strongest organization of the kind ever gathered in the West.

Man born in the wilds of Kentucky is of feud days and easy virtue. He fisheth, fiddleth and fighteth all the days of his life. He shunneth water as a mad dog and drinketh much whisky.

He riseth even from his cradle to see the scalp of his grandsire's enemy, and bringeth home in his carcass the ammunition of his neighbor's wife's uncle's father-in-law, who avengeth the deed.

Yea, verily, his life is uncertain and he knoweth not the hour when he may be fired hence.

He goeth on a journey "half shot" and cometh back on a shutter, shot.

He rises in the night to let the cat out, and it taketh nine doctors to pick the buckshot from his person.

He goeth forth in joy and gladness and cometh back in scraps and fragments.

He calleth his fellow man a liar and getteth himself filled with scrap iron, even to the fourth generation.

He emptieth a demijohn into himself and a shotgun into his enemy, and his enemy's son lieth in wait on election day, and lo, the coroner ploweth up a 40-acre field to bury the remains of that man.—*Manila American.*

Will You?

Though the prize of all to seek
On a decimal a week
The epitome of cheek
Would appear,
I, who haven't got a sou,
Very softly say to you,
"Love I offer—will it do?
Will it, dear?"

—*Westminster Gazette.*

"There is but one Napa Soda, and that is Jackson's." This sentence has been [illegible]sively quoted at the bars and other places since it first appeared in the [illegible] several weeks ago. At that time the fact was mentioned that the courts, in protection of the public stomach and a legitimate business, had decided that there was only one "Napa," and that Jackson's, bottled at the Napa Soda Springs, and that all imitations were against the law and their manufactures liable to heavy penalty. Since then it has been safe for a man to order Napa Soda at the cheapest bar as well as at the swellest clubs. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but there is sometimes too much of a good thing.

Before Milton J. Green, Referee in Bankruptcy

April 28

303—In re John A Magee 2962, hearing on oppn to discharge, examn of bkt 11 a m

April 30

133—In re John Cardoza 2749, hearing on oppn to discharge 10 a m

246—In re Henry Ulfelder Clothing Co 2966, hearing on objns to claims 10 a m

366—In re Barnard Curran 3191, final meeting of creditors 11 a m

367—In re W H Richardson 3235, first meeting of creditors 11 a m

May 3

293—In re Chas Fauser 2991, confn of trs sale of pers prop 11 a m

374—In re Louis Rothenberg 3239, first meeting of creditors 11 a m

May 7

379—In re Ernest Powell 3214, first meeting of creditors 11 a m

236—In re Francis-Valentine Co 2762, hearing objns to claim 2 p m

May 8

328—In re Abijah C Cook 3209, examn of bkt 11 a m

May 16

338—In re David Ross 2813, meeting of creditors to pay court fees 11 a m

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,21[illegible]
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,2[illegible]3,146 [illegible]
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 [illegible]
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28,563,655 [illegible]

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 210,067
Contingent Fund..... 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Joseph D. Grant, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✠ THIS SEASON'S ✠

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best road, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco 1:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
650 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m. May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, June 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 11 a.m. May 1,6, 11, 16, 21, 26 31, June 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. May 3,8,13, 23, 28, June 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. May 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27,31. June 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, June 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Alameda, for **Australia**, Wednesday, May 16 at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, May 30 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN **3** DAYS

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Breakfast in Diner on leaving Oakland Pier. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb, 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7. 17, 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE

Through Trains and Cars via OGDEN ROUTE Daily

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
IN CONNECTION WITH

Chicago, Union Pacific AND Northwestern Line

OVERLAND LIMITED—Solid Vestibuled Train of Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and Composite Car

Leave San Francisco . . . 8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento . . . . 11:25 A.M.
Arrive Chicago . . . . . 9:30 A.M.
Westbound train leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P.M.

Rock Island Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car and Dining Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco . . 8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento . . . . 11:25 A.M.
Arrive Salt Lake City . . . 2:10 P.M.
Leave Salt Lake City . . 8:05 P.M.
Arrive Denver . . . . . 9:15 P.M.
Arrive Chicago . . . . 7:59 A.M.
Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 10:00 P.M.

Burlington Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco . . . 6:30 P.M.
Leave Sacramento . . . 10:30 P.M.
Arrive Denver . . . . . 9:00 A.M.
Arrive Chicago . . . . 2:15 P.M.
Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 11:00 P.M.

Connections are made at Sacramento from and to both Southern and Northern California for all three trains.

The Rock Island and Burlington Route cars pass between Ogden and Denver over the Rio Grande Western and Denver & Rio Grande railroads.

For folders and more complete information, go and see

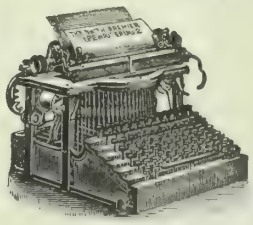
For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

PRETTY WORK
NICE PRESS COPIES



Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co dispensed with all other makes and now use the SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.
110 Montgomery St, S. F.
Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

Telephone Main 199.

Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER

55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

·Old & Valuable Silver·

CAN be made to brighten memories of the past, without fear of scratch or blemish, if cleaned with

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

It's as harmless as the flour you eat. It makes old silver new in brilliancy—and keeps new silver always new.

The proof is yours simply for the asking. Send address on a postal, or 15c. in stamps for box, postpaid. Grocers and druggists sell it.

"SILICON," 30 Cliff St., New York.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.

WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.

American and European Plan.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and specia tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are in valuable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents

323-325 Market St., S. F.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works

409 MARKET STREET

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST COAL OIL.

BUY

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers bookbinders, candymakers, canners dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 6010 608 SACRAMENTO STREET

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

A DODGE THAT FAILED.—During the fighting at Spion Kop, General Hart, commanding the Irish Brigade, discovered a soldier sitting on a rock a long way from the firing-line. "Good afternoon, my man!" he said, "What are you doing here?" "Sir," replied the soldier, "an officer told me to stop here, sir." "Oh! Why?" "I'm a third-class shot, sir." "Dear me," said the general after some reflection—"that's an awful pity, because, you see, you'll have to get quite close to the Boers to do any good! Come along with me, and I'll find you a nice place;" and a mournful procession trailed off towards the most advanced skirmishers.

x

WHY THE JANITOR WAS ABSENT.—A few days ago, the janitor in one of the colored churches in Cleveland was absent on Sunday morning, and the pastor complained that the house was cold and cheerless. In the midst of the minister's criticism, one of the members tiptoed his way to the pulpit, and whispered in the preacher's ears these words, loud enough to be heard by the congregation: "The janitor was arrested last night while stealing coal." Not another word was said on the subject.

x

A FINER DISTINCTION.—Dr. Stubb's, Bishop of Chester, was discussing evolution at a reception, much to the delight of a group of ladies who surrounded him. The current of the Bishop's remarks was broken in on by a pompous young gentleman whs stood by. "It comes to this, Doctor, the only distinction I can see between a man and an ape is that the man can speak and the ape can't." Dr. Stubbs looked at him and added: "Don't you think, perhaps, that there is also this distinction, that the man knows when to ho'd his tongue and the ape doesn't?"

x

A FAMILY TRAIT.—The other evening, while a young San Franciscan was calling, with his little sister, at a residence on Pacific avenue, the little girl was vigorously embracing one of the young ladies of the house. Some one remarked of the little tot: "How very affectionate she is!" "Yes, so like her brother!" responded the young lady, unthinkingly. And then she wondered why every one laughed.

x

AN EASY MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD—During a committee-meeting preceding the late Ecumenical Conference in New York, a speaker was dwelling upon the cheapness of human life in China. He dwelt especially upon the fact that, when a Chinaman is condemned to death, he may always find a substitute to die in his place. "And," he added, "I have heard that many poor fellows earn their living by acting as substitutes in that manner!"

x

YOUTH AND VIRTUE.—A widow in Yorkshire, commissioning the local stonemason to erect a tombstone, stated that she wished to have one that would do credit to her late husband and herself. "I don't want nothing out of th' way, but handsome and simple," she explained. "'William Wilson, died, October 4th, 1896, aged eighty-five. The good die young.'"

x

KITCHENER ON PEACE.—Before going to the Cape, General Kitchener was interviewed on the subject of the peace conference. "What do you think of the prospect of disarmament and universal peace?" he was asked. "I don't think of it." "Then do you think that there is any chance of a general European war?" "Well," answered the general, "this confounded peace has been so violent that it can't last much longer."

x

LONG-WINDED.—When General Butler was in Congress, he once arose and gently complained that the member who was occupying the floor was transgressing the limit of debate. "Why, General," said the speaker, "you agreed to divide the time with me." "I know it," said Butler, "but I did not agree to divide eternity with you."

x

AN IGNORANT PRAYER.—A Scotch minister from a large town once visited and preached in a rural parish, and was asked to pray for rain. He did so, and the rain came in floods and destroyed some of the crops, whereupon one elder remarked to another. "This comes o' intrusting sic a request to a meenister who isna acquentit wi' agriculture."

x

MISPLACED SYMPATHY.—A Birmingham woman, wife of an army reserve man, was being sympathized with because her husband had been sent to the Transvaal. "Oh, it i'm ain't 'im troubled about," said she, "It's them pore Boers! Bill's such a terror when he starts."

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

The high standard of excellence maintained by these hotels is recognized and appreciated by a fastidious and discriminating clientele who regularly make them their headquarters when visiting San Francisco.

The tourist, pleasure seeker and business-man will find the location particularly desirable, being in close proximity to wholesale and shipping districts, places of amusement and with the further advantage of having street cars to all points of interest pass he entrance. American plan. European plan.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

REPSOLD

Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner

This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants

A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

THE

White Pass and Yukon Route

The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.

British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M. T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between

Skaguay and Lake Bennett.

Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY

—TO—

ATLIN, DAWSON AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.

S. P. BROWN General Agent 536 Market St., S. F.

E. C. HAWKINS General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

a Perfect Complexion

Strawberry Cold Cream

Mede from the pure fruit juice at

GREENBAUM'S

200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.

Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents.

W. C. ACHI & CO

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

W Make the Cuts in this Paper.

HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line CUTS

Yosemite Engraving Co.
24 Montgomery Street
San Francisco

For Catalogues Books Souvenirs Newspapers Letter-heads Etc.

Kitro Tonic.

King of all. For men and women A fine Grape Fruit Tonic. Recommended by all Physicians. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Dealers.

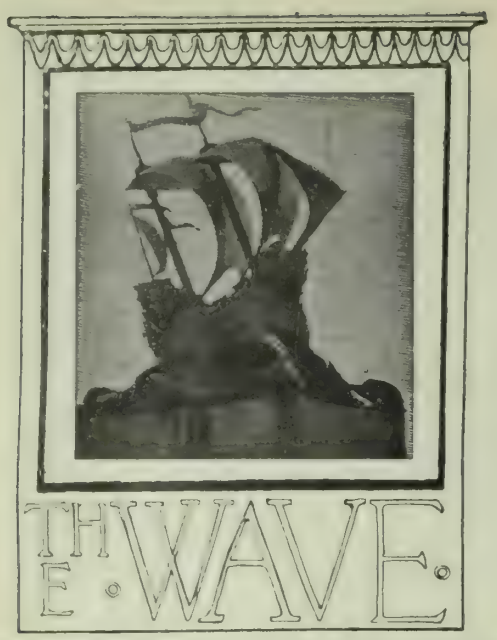
The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI, No. 17 SAN FRANCISCO—MAY 19, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

Mrs. Phœbe Hearst Breaking Ground for the New University of California.
Berkeley, May 12, 1900. *Photo by Courtesy S. F. Call*



is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—May 12, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Scenes at the 1900 Class Day, University of California 4
The Turkish Minister's Bluff 5
Departure of the Steamer *Luella* for Cape Nome 6
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 7
Courtship in the Philippines 8
Berkeley Class Day 8
As Seen by Leila 9
A Useful Complaint 10
In Bookdom, by W. J. Neidig 12
At the Theatres 13
New Stories Re-told 14
Champion Belgian Hare Sanitary Headquarters 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

The War in South Africa.

On both lines of advance—that through Orange Free State and that through Natal—the British movement on the Transvaal Republic is well under way, and has been most successful. Roberts has broken the Boer line which was believed to be stiffening on the borders of their own country. He has passed and taken the important town of Kronstadt and is moving forward with all the speed possible to an army so great as his own. Buller, on the Natal border, has cleared out the region around Ladybrand without much trouble, and is at Belmont, the point where White sustained his first defeat in the retreat on Ladysmith. The fighting has, all along, been very spiritless on the Boer part, and gives verification to the assertion of the English correspondents that the backbone of Boer opposition is broken. Many signs point in that direction. The number of desertions have been large; there is known to be dissension between the Orange Free State people and the Transvaal Boers; a party in the Volksraad, the same faction which opposed the war in the beginning, is known to be in favor of peace proposals. In addition to this, the Associated Press reports have a story which may or may not be true; it is given for what it is worth. It is asserted that a correspondent, who happened to know Dutch, overheard the Boer envoys now on their way to the United States discussing the war and the political situation, that they were very despondent, and that they admitted intervention by the United States as their only hope. However, the interest in the week's events has centered not in the advance of the main British army nor the hope of intervention nor the prospects of peace, but in the plucky siege and defense of the little town of Mafeking. The end of the siege, one way or other, is close at hand. When Buller advanced, he dispatched a column to the relief, it being the first attempt made since early in the war. The Boers seem to have anticipated this move by pressing the attack with all possible energy, hoping to take the post before the relieving force could reach it. Twice has rumor reported the town relieved and once it has had it taken, yet these reports have been refuted. All that is certain is that the relief has worked up to a point within thirty-two miles of the place and is there opposing a Boer position of unknown strength, that Baden-Powell and his men repulsed a heavy Boer assault last week, with considerable loss to themselves, and that the British hold the place. But they cannot hold it unrelieved much longer on a diet of bran and horse-meat, and the decisive battle over this point is close at hand.

Naval Appropriations and German Intentions.

The Naval Appropriation Bill, providing for a number of expenditures all looking toward a great increase of our national sea-power, has passed the Senate after several days of warm debate. The bill provides for the construction of the new and powerful battleships and cruisers upon the lines laid down by the Secretary of the Navy, and makes the initial appropriations for the purpose. An important clause deals with the question of armor which has vexed our naval constructors considerably during the past few years. This section is, therefore, aimed at the more or less mythical armor trust. It provides that the Secretary of the Navy shall pay not more than $445 per ton for the best armor procurable. Failing in obtaining this price, he is to pay not more than $545 for the armor of the most important battleships, including the *Ohio*, *Maine* and *Missouri*, and proceed at once to the erection of a government armor plant, keeping the cost under $4,000,000. Another important item is the authorization for the purchase of five Holland sub-marine torpedo boats. A significant undercurrent of feeling running through the whole debate on the subject was the fear of Germany and her plans regarding the South American countries. Never once was this openly expressed, yet so strongly did it influence the feeling of our legislators that it is understood to have been the tacit argument which won the Senate. But although Germany was not named, a possibility that we may soon be called upon to defend the Monroe Doctrine was hinted at more than once. Said Senator Lodge of Massachusetts: "I am by no means convinced that some European power, perhaps one of those whose navy is just now receiving such a rapid increase, may not test the Monroe Doctrine and that we may find ourselves called upon to protect Brazil or some other South American state from invasion." In line with this, is the recent speech of Secretary Root at a New York banquet: "No intelligent man can read the signs of the times today and not realize that the hour is coming—and coming before many years—when we American people will be forced either to abandon the Monroe Doctrine or else fight for it. And unless greater wisdom and diligence in legislation is displayed in the future than has prevailed in the past, that time is likely to arise and find us in a state of unpreparedness." There is no doubt that Germany is the power referred to and that Brazil and the Argentine Republic are the countries where it is feared that the Monroe Doctrine will be violated. This undercurrent of feeling had its effect even on the armor question. We are now dependent on Krupp, a source of supply which would be closed in the event of a German-American war.

Opening of the American Pavilion at Paris.

In spite of the agitation raised by certain churches in the United States against Sunday opening of the American exhibits in the Paris Exhibition, the National Pavilion was opened formerly on Sunday, May 12. The inauguration was made the occasion of impressive ceremonies, attended by the American Diplomatic Corps, by the French managers of the Exposition and by all the American visitors in Paris. Great crowds thronged the building and all the approaches. Commissioner Ferdinard W. Peck, on behalf of the United States, handed over the building and the symbolic keys; M. Alfred Pichard, Commissioner General of the exposition, responded on behalf of France, and Sousas's band, imported for the occasion, concluded the ceremony with a concert. The Pavilion is one of the largest in the avenue of the foreign buildings, but is generally considered to be inferior to the others architecturally, thus marking the low state of our national art sense compared with that of the nations of Europe. On the other hand, our exhibit taken as a whole, is, both in quality and and quantity, far and away ahead of that of any other nation outside of France. In this exposition, exhibits are arranged by classes instead of by countries, as was the case at Chicago. It cannot, therefore, be seen grouped and as a whole, but it dominates several sections of the big Fair. It is particularly strong in the departments of mines, horticulture and forestry. One feature which is a matter of self-congratulation to all good Americans is the promptness with which our part of the work was done. The Exposition as a whole was far from ready on the day of the general opening, yet every American exhibit stood in place on that day—a fact noted and publicly commended by President Loubet.

Chances for the Canal Bill.

The Nicaragua Canal Bill has been favorably reported in the Senate after a hard fight, and action should be taken inside another week. It stands about an even chance of passing this session. The Republican "steering committee" is understood to be against action at this season, but a strong Republican and Democratic faction are for immediate passage. The Senate is unquestionably in an awkward position, for the reason that as part of the treaty-making power it has advised and consented to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which prohibits the United States from constructing an isthmian canal. It is true that this was half a century since, and that the validity of the treaty is disputed, but the Senate is nevertheless responsible for the acts of the Senate of fifty years ago. On the other hand, the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, in its unratified state, presents no barrier. Hepburn, father of the bill, has shown that, although the much-abused agreement was not ratified, yet the bill is in accordance with its provisions and Great Britain can, therefore, have no valid objection. As it stands now, the measure has nothing to say, for or against, about the tangled question of fortification. Let it be understood that the passage of this bill, should it go through at this session and receive the Presidential signature, will not settle the question nor assure the construction and possession of the canal. Far from it. The Hay-Pauncefote matter must be settled. The two Central American Republics concerned must give their consent. The bill is mainly useful in that it shows to the European nations our intentions in the matter and assures for us pre-emption of the right to construct the waterway and hold the chief claim therein.

Two Important Street-Car Strikes.

The past ten days has witnessed extensive strikes among the employees of the street car tines of Kansas City and St. Louis. In the former, the employers have won easily, and the strikers are shut out completely, in the latter, the trouble still continues. The original ground of difference in both cases was a demand for higher wages. In Kansas City, the Federal courts issued an injunction preventing the strikers and the unions from interfering with traffic. The companies thereupon put non-union men to work, and traffic went on as usual, the strikers failing in their efforts to keep the new force away from the cars by moral suasion. At St. Louis, the situation is more complicated. There, the Transit Company, the main tramway system, experienced the first strike, all conductors and motormen going out on May 8. A sympathetic strike followed on the Suburban line. Within two days, ninety per cent of the street-car men of the city had walked out, and hardly a car was running. An attempt to send out crews of non-union men on the first two days resulted in heavy rioting with two deaths and many serious injuries. The police then took a hand and guarded the lines to prevent blockades and violence. In this manner, many cars were gotten through their usual routes in the daytime, although traffic was and is entirely suspended during nights and Sundays, and business in all lines is pretty well tied up. So serious has the situation become that the governor of Missouri is taking part in the fruitless conferences between the labor leaders and the companies. Neither side gives any sign of yielding and matters are at a standstill, although the companies have a little the best of it, because they are running their cars in the face of the strikers' declaration that they would "tie up every line and keep 'em tied." It may be noticed in passing, that street-car strikes have come to be more common than any other form of labor trouble. The reason is doubtless that the dependence of cities on tramway traffic gives infinite opportunities for mischief, and leaves city business at the mercy of the unions.

Clark of Montana Springs a Sensation.

A new move was made last week in the fight of Senator-Elect Clark of Montana for a right to his seat. This week, the celebrated case, which has dragged out its length during the whole session, was about to be reported adversely by the Committee on Privileges and Elections. Clark got wind of this, and forestalled action by handing in a resignation of his claims. It was supposed that he had given up the fight in despair; far from it. The Governor of Montana, Robert B. Smith, was absent in California at the time, and Lietenant-Governor Spriggs was acting as Executive. In Montana, the regular parties exist in name only; everyone in politics there is a Daly man or a Clark man. Smith belongs to the former faction, Spriggs to the latter. One day after Clark's resignation, Spriggs, in his capacity as acting Governor, declared the Senatorial office vacant and appointed Clark to the place. The Senate's reason for refusing the seat was the proved fact that bribery had been employed by the Montana claimant in winning his own state legislature. Therefore, they argued, the appointment of an acting Governor, made, presumably, through no use of corruption-funds, stood a chance of holding. The chance seems remote, however. The Committee on Elections will hardly sanction credentials obtained in so suspicious a manner, especially since the case has been so widely advertised through the sensational press.

The Populist Conventions.

The two wings of the Populist party held their national conventions last week at Sioux Falls, S. D. The Fusionist wing, which represents the main strength of the dying party, nominated William Jennings Bryan for President, and Charles A. Towne of Michigan for Vice-President. The "middle-of-the-road" wing selected Wharton Barker of Pennsylvania and Ignatious Donnelly of Minnesota for first and second places on their ticket. Bryan's nomination by the Fusion wing was a foregone conclusion; the real fight was over the vice-presidential nomination. A large minority were for deferring the nomination for this office, leaving it to a special committee which should name the man after a conference with the Democratic and Silver Republican leaders. This would seem to be the wiser plan, since the interests of the Fusion Populists and the Democrats are now identical; it was doubtless the fear of jobbery in a selected committee which prompted the convention to vote it down. The final nomination was made only after a struggle lasting several hours. Towne won on a compromise. It is understood that Towne is willing to withdraw in favor of the successful candidate at the Democratic convention, providing the matter can be adjusted with the party. In the "unadulterated" wing, there was more trouble. Barker and Donnelly had been chosen by initiative and referendum of the whole party in 1896, but they were strongly opposed in the convention, Howard of Alabama making the strong fight for first place. It was only when the straight-laced faction of this straight-laced division of the Populist party threatened to bolt in case their favorite theory was turned down, that the rank and file yielded. The two platforms are, of course, a mass of straight comdemnation of whatever is. The Fusion people begin by "roasting" the new currency bill, and make the usual demand for 16 to 1 coinage. Further they ask for government ownership, condemn trusts and imperialism, for both of which they hold the McKinley administration responsible, and extend sympathy to the Boers. The platform also denounces the use of troops in Idaho, declares against the importation of contract laborers, indorses municipal ownership of public utilities. It further declares for election of Senators by direct vote, denounces the use of injunctions in labor troubles and indorses the pension system. The Middle-of-the-Road wing rather slights silver and the other "issues of 1900" and takes up the time declaring its favorite Socialistic theories—initiative and referendum, public ownership, single tax, paper money, income tax, popular election of Senators, Federal Judges, and popular and not electorial vote for President and Vice-President.

Editorial Comment.

Pathos and Bathos.

ONE of the most discouraging facts that confront those who take an intelligent interest in the up-building of organized society and the reformation of those habits and institutions that exercise an evil effect upon human nature, is the waste of force, among those who are earnest and well meaning, through the support of fake agitations that are often used as a cloak by those who are seeking the attainment of sinister purposes, or are freak sensations of the new style of the newspaper press-work that has come into vogue, or are mere ebullitions of gross, though honest stupidity. Among the latter class must be ranged the agitation that has smouldered in certain well-

meaning circles for about two years past against the use of birds, feathers as an adjunct to the adornment of ladies hats and bonnets. The basis of the agitation has been laid along humanitaiian lines. It is in the nature of a protest against what the protestants declare to be the brutal and unnecessary slaughter of "the little feathered songsters," in order to supply the demand of the millinery market. The agitation excited a momentary comment but it fell flat in the end. It fell flat because it was not based upon an intelligent understanding of the evil it was designed to correct. Though still-born, however, it has had sufficient political influence to cause a bill to be introduced into Congress (which Congress has no authority to pass) making it a crime to use the plumage of birds as trimming for hats or bonnets. This measure has had the advantage of the support of that strabismical-minded statesman, Senator Hoar, who could see no wrong in throttling the political life out of the weak but kindly Kanaka of Hawaii, but who, metaphorically, weeps over our attitude toward the ferocious Filipino who has made war upon our soldiers and flag. Senator Hoar recently made a speech in favor of the propending bill. In the course of that speech he became pathetic over the sad case of "the little feathered songsters." This provoked a forewoman in a large flower and feather factory to turn his pathos into bathos in this fashion:

"As a matter of fact, manufactured feathers are made from the plumage of edible birds and fowl—that is to say, when birds and fowl, such as pigeons, chickens, turkeys, geese, pheasants, etc., have been killed for eating purposes, their plumage is plucked and made up by deft hands into the handsome ornaments that adorn the headgear of woman."

But even if it were true that the supply of the millinery market requires the destruction of large numbers of small birds that are valueless for any other purpose, a sound basis for the pending bill or the hysterical agitation out of which it has grown would still be wanting. Man, after all, is but an animal, the maintenance of whose life and the promotion of whose comfort will, so long as this world continues to exist, make the destruction of the life of the lower animals, and of the birds of the air, and of the fishes of the water a necessity. The "humanity" which, while complacently picking the remains of a lamb chop from its teeth, goes to a meeting to protest against the killing of a small bird for the sake of the plumage, is of the bogus variety. That lamb would still be innocently gambolling on the hillside if the market created by the protestant's appetite had not caused the butchers to cut its throat. True, in the form of chops, its body has served a useful purpose for man. So will the plumage of the little bird. It is true, also, that the ladies can get along very well without bird plumages upon their heads, but so could man exist without devouring lamb chops. After all, man differs but little from a tiger except that the latter does his own butchering. So did man in the good old days when he lived in a cave in the woods and slew with his own hand the animals he ate and the skins he wore. Since then he has progressed. He has become too civilized and too refined and too dillettante to do his own butchering; but he has not become too civilized or too refined or too dilettante to devour the hot birds and beefsteaks and roasts that others have butchered for him, or to pay for those things with money that he has obtained by almost squeezing the life blood out of his fellow man and fellow woman.

Philanthropic and humanitarian "movements" of the kind which is backing this measure in behalf of "the little feathered songster" are almost always as illogical and hysterical as they are impracticable and uncalled for. A marked illustration of this was presented about eight years ago when one of the yellow journals, for the sake of a freak sensation, and taking as its text the report of a pigeon shooting match that had been made a "society function" at Del Monte, shed crocodile tears in large quantities over the brutality of killing poor, innocent pigeons for pleasure. The mere fact that there is no more brutality in shooting down pigeons that have just been released from a trap than there is in shooting down ducks, snipe, etcetera, that have just been flushed from their feeding places in the marshes, was a matter that cut no figure with the yellow journalists who had espoused the cause of the poor pigeon. They were not taking what Mr. Huntington would have termed "high ground" and opposing, as the vegetarians do, all destruction of life for the benefit and gratification of either man's appetite or his amusement. Their agitation attempted to establish nothing farther than that shooting pigeons for amusement, and as a method of demonstrating superiority of marksmanship, was cruel. To kill partridges in the fall stubble was left where it always had been—a justifiable exhibition of man's power as the Lord of Creation. Fishing, too, was left in its old place as the most innocent and kindly of all field sports; yet the angler who draws a fish from its native stream and places it in his basket submits that fish to death by a slow torture that rivals the fabled agonies of the Spanish inquisition. Senator Hoar and the other old women who are crying over "the little feathered songster," and the yellow journalists who were crying over the poor pigeon, should bear in mind that there is only one logical basis upon which their contentions can be supported, and that is by accepting the theories of the vegetarians and opposing all willful destruction of animal life as unnecessary and cruel, and the use of flesh for diet as unhealthy and little less revolting than cannibalism. Senator Hoar no doubt means well, but so long as the world is ful of real evils that need reformation, it seems like a pity that he should join Don Quixote in tilting at innocent windmills.

Municipal Ownership.

SHOULD a municipality own and operate street railways, waterworks, gasworks and the like? Equally clever men have answered this question affirmatively and negatively, each giving equally clever reasons for their conclusions. If you would deal intelligently with this problem, you must first determine to your own satisfaction whether or not it is a wise plan to fasten the doctrine of Paternalism upon our government. If you concede the principle to be right and its application wise, then you must concede that, in principle, the government should engage in the manufacturing and sale of flour, for all men use flour; in the manufacture and sale of salt, for all peoples use salt; in the manufacture and sale of clothing, for no civililized people go naked. The list of enterprises in which the government might thus engage is limited only by the wants of man. "But this is ridiculous" you may say. It is only a few years ago that most men declared public ownership of any kind ridiculous. The *principle* which approves the ownership of "public utilities" ought to approve—and if we take the first step, will eventually prevail—in all private undertakings that deal with the great body of the people. The socialist who rails against that modern commercial giant the Trust, fails to recognize in those vast combinations of wealth and energy, conducted under one management, the first step toward government ownership in their respective lines. The merchant of today, who carelessly gives adherence to "municipal ownership of public utilities," and quite as carelessly pronounces it a "good thing" does not look far into the future. We are drifting toward Socialism and Mobocraby. The growth of Populism marks the progress of discontent with the constitution and all that makes our government permanent and secure. The false and misleading cry demanding the "Election of Senators by the direct vote of the people" has grown to include the President, the Vice-President, the judges of the United States Supreme Court and lesser federal officers, and so sure as night follows day it will soon include our ambassadors, and consuls to foreign countries. But even after you have accepted Municipal ownership of water works to be a "good thing" you will not have settled the question, except in the abstract. You must institute a new investigation and come to a fresh conclusion before you can safely apply the theory to a particular case. You would scarcely advocate the placing of new powers, added burdens, and graver responsibilities upon a community that had repeatedly returned public officers who had been derelict in their duty, dishonest, corrupt and utterly incapable of administering the simple and usual affairs of American municipal life.

It is not enough to say "Municipal ownership is a good thing" and then proceed to apply it indiscriminately to every community in the land as a panacea for its political ills. The immense municipal storage dam that recently broke, down in Texas, and resulted in the destruction of so much life and property, was a wretched piece of municipal mismanagement. Corrupt public servants had erected a flimsy structure that gave way when put to the test. You have no insurance of cheaper light, because of municipal ownership. The rumor is current that the municipal electric light plant in Alameda is a miserable and costly fiasco. True, these two instances of failure selected at haphazard from a greater number do not damn either the theory or the position, nor would the citation of a hundred municipal successes along the same line prove the wisdom of municipal ownership. The instances of failure and success set side by side do prove, pretty effectually, as any half way sensible advocate of Socialism must admit, that the theory of Government ownership will not "work" in practice unless all of the surrounding circumstances are in perfect harmony.

These harmonious surroundings must embrace a voting class that is honest in itself, vigilant in public affairs and openly and actively arrayed against dishonesty in public office. Whether this happy combination is possible in a city like San Francisco will be made the subject of further inquiry.

The Populist Platform.

THE Populists have premulgated their platform and a pretty collection of plated platitudes it is, to be sure.

They demand the re-opening of the mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the rate of 16 to 1. The which, has an ancient and fishlike smell.

They demand the government ownership of railroads. Probably no man ever knew a Populist whom he would trust to manage a transcontinental line of railway and yet no man ever knew a Populist who did not believe that he could run a railroad as "easy" as sliding down a greased board.

They declare that the one remedy for the trusts is that the ownership and control [of trusts] be assumed and exercised by the people. We have been expecting some such declaration for years. It is the outgrowth of the municipal ownership fever.

They demand the initiative and the referendum in national affairs. A pretty mess would insue with this innovation engrafted on our national politics. Hell would be an orderly and quiet place beside us if this doctrine should prevail.

They demand the stoppage of the war in the Philippines, and the assurance to the Philippines of an independent form of government. They reject the magnificent oriental archipelago acquired under the treaty of Paris, and declare that to hold the Philippines would be contrary to the constitution and the plain precepts of humanity; in the very next breath, if not in the same breath, with charming inconsistency they thunder out: "The declaration of independence, the constitution and the American flag are one and inseperable. *The Island of Porto Rico is part of the United States*, and by levying special and extraordinary custom duties on the commerce of that island the administration has violated the constitution and abandoned the fundimental principles of American liberty." This is blowing hot and cold with a vengeance. If we are to set up an independent government in the Philippines, then why not in Porto Rico? If the declaration of independence, the constitution, the flag and all the rest of it belong to Porto Rico, why under this canopy should we deny them to the Philippines? The same treaty, the same act, the same bodies, the same war, brought both Porto Rico and the Philippines into the ownership and under the control of this government. Surely the objection offered by a small, a very small fraction of the inhabitants of the Philippines, headed by a blackmailing, designing murderous leader, does not change the reading of the treaty, or the principles of law or right that govern the case. The proceedings of that lively fellow Aguinaldo cannot warrant such a wide variance of policies; or justify two lines of conduct so radically different, for cases so similar throughout. It is merely a vote-catching scheme.

They extend sympathy to the Boers—a plain vote-catching device, for it can bring the Boers no possible benefit.

They denounce the state government of Idaho and the Federal authorities, for employing the military arm of the government to abridge the civil right of the people. The "civil right of the people" in this instance was the right to blow up and burn down costly mills and mining property of American citizens who refused to be run by the miners' union. The "civil right of the people" in this instance, was the right to commit murder, to indulge in riots and to terroize an entire state. It was the right to escape all punishment for their crimes. It was the right to resume control of the state of Idaho, on the part of the miners' union, and drive every poor devil from its borders, who attempted to make a living without first joining the malcontents.

They denounce Japanese immigration, but they are silent as to the thousands of European immigrants who over-run the country, and who are willing to work for a scale of wages as low, if not lower, than that paid to Japanese. They are silent concerning the thousands of mechanics who cross the Atlantic annually during the busy season, to retnrn to their foreign homes when work grows "slack." They are silent concerning every wrong, where the perpetrators of that wrong are represented by resident countrymen who have votes to cast on election day. They demand "the election of United States senators, presidents, vice-presidents and federal judges and all other officials so far as practicable by the direct vote of the people." Think of it. If it is practicable to elect senators and federal judges by the direct vote of the people, what, under their view of the case, would be considered impracticable? Nothing is impracticable to the impracticable man.

It is to be presumed that this wild platform was drawn by Mr. Bryan's friends, with his consent and approval. It is to be presumed, also, that the Democratic Convention will endorse the Populists by embodying in their platform the leading planks here set out. It is all too evident that the coming fight is to be made on practically the same lines as those of the last national campaign. Radicalism is against conservatism, and a bundle of wild "isms" against a plain, straightforward, business-like policy.

Wouldn't It Jar You.

IN the recent Populist convention Mr. Bryan was referred to by the speakers placing him in nomination in terms so highly laudatory that a stranger would be apt to mistake him for some relative of the Deity. They spread adjectives so thick about him as to hide whatever real worth he might possess. Here are a few samples:

Mr. Bryan is a statesman par excellence safe and conservative, . . . true successor of Jefferson in the true republican spirit and love of the common people, . . . the greatest man in life and thought that ever acquired prominence before the American people, . . . a great statesman, a moral man, incapable of a mean act or a mean thought, representing all that is hopeful and glorious and patriotic in the American people, . . . He embodies all that is good, all that is pure, all that is loyal, . . . a statesman of ripe experience, a philosopher, a patriot without a peer in this or any other country. . . . Peerless, bold, determined, . . . an ideal candidate, . . . He is the embodiment of all that opposes plutocracy, greed and the exercise of criminal power in public life, . . . The most American citizen of the age, . . . As an orator and a statesman the equal of Webster and Clay, if not their superior, . . . Magnificent man, hero, statesman and orator.

Gentle reader, in the language of the street, wouldn't this jar you.

1. Professor LeConte's Address to the Class. 2. The Invocation. 3. Presentation of the Phelan Statue. 4. The Farewell Parade—Co-ed Section. 5. President Weeeler at the Ground-Breaking Ceremony.

Courtesy of San Francisco Call. See page 8.

Scenes at the 1900 Class Day, University of California.

THE TURKISH MINISTER'S BLUFF.

WHY McKINLEY CHANGED HIS MIND CONCERNING THE ARMENIAN CLAIMS.

THE shifting of the diplomatic checker-board has made the Turkish Minister, Ali Ferrough Bey, the leading figure in the diplomatic circle at Washington. It is to him more than to any other one man that our State Department looks for a happy solution of the present missionary embroglio. Abdul Hamid and his own cabinet are sunk deep in Mediaeval ideas on diplomacy; there is little hope in that direction. But the present head of the Turkish embassy is probably the keenest and most progressive diplomat who ever came out of Constantinople. His predecessors in Washington were notable failures. He was picked for the work solely because of his adaptability to European ideas. A thorough Mohammedan, he yet appreciates Occidental progress and understands Christian ideas. His first diplomatic appointment was to Paris; there, he followed our customs by enrolling himself in the School of Political Science at the University of Paris. Here, he took a degree previous to his transfer to London. Thence, he went to Bucharest, where he was so successful that he was awarded by an appointment to St. Petersburg, the most important foreign legation of the Turkish government. From there, he was sent to Washington. So valuable has he made himself, that, when he asked to be recalled owing to ill-health some months ago, he was kept at the post by order of the Sulton.

It is this astute Turk who is running on Uncle Sam a most beautiful and successful game of pure bluff. Say no more that we Americans are the bluffers of the world. The Turkish Minister can give us cards and spades and take the chips. For, be it known, it is the missionary element which has pushed us on into making a rumpus over the American claims. This part of the population has always figured in our embroglios with heathen nations. The missionary spirit has been a factor of no small account in the Philippine situation, and it has had much say in Cuban affairs. All this, however, has been done in rather a quiet way; but upon the Armenian subject the missionary people rose up and beat the air. Uncle Sam was urged and cajoled to dispatch a fleet to the Dardanelles at once, and to force immediate payment. And so strong was the pressure that the State Department was seriously influenced thereby.

Now, behold the results of having a Turkish Minister with brains in his head and eyes in his face. He knew, just as well as McKinley, what sort of persuasion was rendering our diplom tic demands urgent and immediate. He received our semi-ultimatum with a diplomatic smile, and telegraphed home for instructions. They came, evidently, and he then presented himself for a conference. He seemed to be begging the question, at first. Instead of plunging in on the crucial matter, he commenced to enquire concerning the status of our missions and missionaries in Turkey.

"You have a great many missions, have you not?" he said.

Secretary Hay informed him that we had. He even went so far as to point them out on the map.

"Exactly," said the Turk, "and I suppose that your friends the missionaries would find it—inconvenient—to have some more destroyed—is it not so?"

"You don't mean to threaten us, do you?" said Mr. Hay.

"Oh, not at all, not at all! But the Turkish mob is an unruly thing, you know. I would deplore any lawlessness, but you might tell your missionaries that, in case an American fleet threatens Constantinople." Saying which, the speakable Turk withdrew and left our Secretary of State to his meditations.

That his bluff worked, is proved by the changed attitude of the State Department, who are propitiating the war spirit by every means in their power. That his threat of mob hostility was more than a bluff, is the opinion of every capable diplomat in Washington For years, only the fear of Europe and its crusading spirit has kept the Sultan from turning his fanatics loose on the Christians of the West, whom they hate just a bit more than they hate the Armenian Christians. But the fear of a revolution is almost as great. The ruler of Turkey must keep the balance between these two terrors. If he lean too much toward Europe, then his fanatics are ready to rise; if he give his savage people too free a hand, then the iron-clads of the West will come down upon him. There is a strongly backed theory in diplomatic circles that the Armenian massacrers had behind them a political motive. For several years the revolutionary feeling had been growing, until Abdul Hamid realized that he had leaned too far toward the powers. It was an emergency which had to be met by desperate means; the Sultan met it by turning loose the mob upon the Armenians. It is not that he incited the massacres; there was no need of that. He simply let go his control for a few weeks, and the crowd did the rest. Under those circumstances, the excuse afforded by an American bombardment of Constantinople would be eagerly accepted.

So far as the internal harmony of his realm is concerned, such a proceeding would give the Sultan the very popularity for which he is so earnestly and continually striving. The spirit of Mohammed and the Caliphs lingers in Turkey; the ruler who would proclaim a holy war would assure the stability of his dynasty to the third and fourth generation. Of course, it is the fear of Europe and European arms which prevents such a move. There are other reasons, and just as grave ones, for hesitation, even though the Armenian claim were ten times as great as it is. It may be questioned whether any naval demonstration before Smyrna, or even the seizure of any Turkish port by the United States, would be sufficient to bring the Sultan to terms. Like most Oriental rulers, he is relatively indifferent to anything that does not immediately affect his own surroundings. Thus the Emperor of China was quite unconcerned when the English and French fleets bombarded a number of his maritime cities and even took possession of Canton. Nor did he yield until the allied troops had taken Peking and destroyed his world-famed summer palace. In the same way it is doubtful whether Abdul Hamed could be brought to his knees until an American fleet had anchored under the walls of Constantinople and trained its guns on his palace of the Yildiz Kiosk, besides threatening to loot his immense hoards of jewels and money. But before reaching Stamboul, the American men-of-war would be compelled to pass through the Strait of the Dardanelles, lined on either side with concealed batteries armed with the latest type of big quick-firing Krupp guns, under the direction and orders of skilled German artillery officers. Even if no stock were taken of the torpedoes and the submarine mines with which the strait is equipped, there is no doubt that any hostile naval force attempting to reach Constantinople from the Mediterranean would sustain serious damage from the enfilading fire of the cleverly designed and splendidly armed system of forts with which the Dardanelles are now defended.

And then, there is Europe to reckon with. It is by no means impossible that an American demonstration of the sort planned would result in the breaking up of Turkey and, incidentally, the opening of the long awaited European war. Sooner or later the break up of Turkey must take place. But at no time could that prove more unfortunate than at the present moment, when England has her hands full with South Africa and Russia is in the throes of economic difficulties of a serious character. France, too, is preoccupied in connection with her international World's Fair, while Emperor William has no wish whatsoever to endanger through a revolution against the Sultan all the commercial, industrial and political advantages which he has obtained in Turkey. So anxious, indeed, are the great Powers of Europe just now to avoid any trouble in Turkey that I have no doubt they would willingly contribute the amount claimed by the United States from the Sultan were the latter to pass around the hat, in order to avert the danger of a European war.

Abdul Hamed is fully alive to all this. He knows that it is to the interest of the great Powers of Europ to keep him on the throne, no matter what he may do, and naturally he takes advantage thereof. Time and again he has defied the foregn Powers, realizing that neither singly nor collectively could they afford to proceed to extremities. Thus he has only paid two or three small installments of the war indemnity which the Congress of Berlin in 1878 directed him to pay to Russia, and all the efforts on the part of the Muscovite Government to collect the balance have proved fruitless. The Sultan was likewise ordered by the Treaty of Berlin, which gave him a guarantee of the great Powers for the integrity of his dominions, to begin a series of wide-reaching and enlightened reforms in Armenia and the Christian provinces of Turkey in Europe. Yet he has not until now made the slightest attempt to put these reforms into execution, although he had solemnly pledged himself to fulfil the engagements exacted from him by the Berlin Congress—engagements of which he is relieved by the Koran, which teaches that promises to unbelievers need not be kept.

These reasons, as doled out to Secretary Hay by the astute and clever Turkish Minister, furnish the true reason why the administration hesitates, and why Abdul Hamed is allowed to sit back on his capital and make promises for the morrow—as he or some other Sultan has done through all the centuries of Turkey's dealing with the Occident.

JOHN DALTON.

ST. MICHAEL'S, ALASKA, IN THE DEAD OF WINTER.

Departure of the Steamer "Luella" for Cape Nome, May 15.

Passengers
Voyagers and Supplies.

Photos by Warfield.

The *Luella* in the Stream
"Seeing 'Em Off."

THE AMERICAN SKY-SCRAPER IN PARIS.

ONE result of the American exhibit at the Paris Exposition may be a revolution in European ideas on commercial architecture. Strong missionary work is going to be done for the "sky-scraper," a type of building hitherto peculiar to America. How great the opposition is likely to be, may be guessed by anyone who has ever watched an Englishman guffaw or a Frenchman shrug his shoulders in the presence of one of those sky-piercing towers. In Europe, the masonry for business houses is low and massive. There is hardly a business block over six or seven stories in height in any capital of Europe. It is an ingrained idea in these capitals that massiveness is necessary to strength. Europeans insist that an "egg-shell" wall is fragile, dishonest and to be despised. How any structure can carry weight without the size and apparent firmness of their own buildings, they fail to see. Any American builder could show in a half an hour that in a "sky-scraper" the weight is carried on the steel frame, and that the walls have practically no burden to support. But it is hard lines reasoning with a prejudice. Elaborate plans, models and drawings of a typical tall building are going across the water, as a tract for the conversion of European architects.

This American skyscraper is being sent across the ocean, says the New York *Herald*, in the hope that Europeans may be convinced thereby that their ideas about walls are wrong. They are to be told that the wall, as newly constructed in America, is not a weight-bearer at all; that the weight of great buildings is now supported by steel skeletons concealed behind their fronts of terra cotta, just as the bones within a man's body maintain him in an upright attitude; that the enclosing bricks and mortar have have no more stiffening power than the coat on a man's back, and serve no other office than to exclude the wind and rain.

The truth of this assertion will be proved by a great picture, showing how the skyscraper may stand on its steel legs, with some of the upper stories built up, while the wind whistles freely through the lower rooms, unimpeded by a single brick; and the Frenchmen will be told also that they might begin at the bottom of a completed building and knock out every brick, and that when seventy-six of the lower walls had been demolished the four walls of the twentieth story would still be standing intact.

The idea of thus advertising the American method of construction originated with the Western Society of Engineers, which had been requested by Ferdinand Peck, the American Commissioner General, to procure some typical exhibits. It was felt that in New York the skyscraper idea had reached its fullest development, and so Corydon T. Purdy, an engineer of that city, was selected and commissioned by the government as "expert in charge." The position, however, carried neither salary nor commission, and Mr. Purdy was also advised that the government would do nothing more than pay the cost of transportation and maintenance. This is figured at $10,000.

Mr. Purdy accepted the commission with enthusiasm, little thinking that the executive labor in preparing specifications and dealing with contractors would be almost as great as that involved in erecting a real building. At first the financial difficulties seemed insurmountable, but at last a construction company agreed to act as "angel" and to stand good for any deficiency which might exist. It will have to do so to the tune of about $8,000, of which $14,000 will be a loss, and the entire cost of the exhibit will be $30,008.

The building chosen to represent the system is a new one of eighteen stories now being erected on the corner of Broadway and Chambers streets, and was picked by Mr. Purdy from a number considered. Beauty of architecture had great weight in the selection, because Europeans in general are better educated in these matters than Americans, and would be prejudiced at once against an ugly structure. Indeed, one of the chief objections urged against our tall buildings abroad is their lack of beauty. The best architects of the world have contributed to the traditions of the low building, but the sky-scraper is new to art. The plaster of paris model was done in St. Paul, Minn. It stands only twelve feet high, while the building which it represents is 228 feet high, and every little detail of the ornamentation is faithfully reproduced in it.

Although this model is perhaps the most beautiful feature of the exhibit, it was really one of the least troublesome. Mr. Purdy's greatest difficulty was over the steel frame, and it took no less than three months to find a machinist who could do the work. To appreciate the magnitude of the undertaking, it is only necessary to say that every beam and joint and upright in that last building had to be reproduced in miniature, and that of them there were no less than twenty thousand separate pieces. Several machinists tried to roll them out of solid metal and failed. At last the work was undertaken by Mr. H. C. Hinchcliff, who used thin sheet brass, laboriously cutting it to the required size and then soldering the sheets together, so as to give the effect of the hollow steel beams used in the actual construction. In each one of these hollow beams four sheets of brass were used, and the whole was nickel plated, so that the discoloration of the original metal might not jar upon the nerves of the Parisian critics.

Beside the plaster model of the building, this nickel plated skeleton will occupy the place of honor in the forefront of the exhibit. It will have imitation boilers, engines and furnace in the basement, and from the last a tall smokestack will rise up through the frame and project above the roof. There will be three elevators, whose twelve feet of height will be expressed in little bronze cages only 5½ inches high, and in which two or three humming-birds could be crowded. In fact, it is interesting to note that if the completed model could be peopled with manikins, each 2½ inches high, they would have just about as much room as full-sized men now enjoy in the real New York sky-scrapers. In addition to the engines the metal skeleton will be fitted with all the steam pipes, water pipes, gas pipes and electric wiring which the real building has, and each of these systems will be expressed in pipes of different colors. One of the little elevators will be run by electricity.

The exhibitors hope, if they are unable to convert the French architects, that the practical, businesslike French public can be convinced that American steel construction is the most economical and useful, if not the most artistic, method of building.

Secretary Hay's collection of first editions of modern authors has been enriched by a copy of Rudyard Kipling's first book of tales, the gift of a Bombay friend.

The Municipal Council of Paris, at the instigation of the city's physicians, have distributed through the city two thousand porcelain signs reading: "Remember the Dangers of Consumption; do not expectorate on the street."

It is said that President-elect Rhees, of the University of Rochester, owns one of the best private collections of Oriental manuscripts in the world.

Things & People.

The Matter With California.

IT is significant as showing the real power making for progress in California that the one person who is most zealously urging Californians to grasp the opportunities afforded them by the spread of the United States is President Huntington of the Southern Pacific Company. Our newspapers have whooped up the war spirit and babbled over the fruits of victory; these things make good sensational "copy" and look well with pen-drawings, but not one daily journal of San Francisco has used its columns to show how we may profit by the new order of things or to "boom" the section. This was left for Mr. Huntington. His speech at the annual banquet of the Southern Pacific officials was perhaps the strongest arraignment ever made of the people of California and of the metropolis in particular for their lazy, indifferent, "manana" spirit, the survival of Spanish days. Take this extract: "The journals of the East fairly teem with the triumphs of commercial enterprise in all directions, and recite the bold deeds of capital in new and untried fields, and the world abroad stands aghast at American daring; very much as in ancient times the songs of the deeds of valiant knights rang throughout the land; but there are certain newspapers, great in the particular fields they cover, which seem to take no interest in deeds which tend to build up and foster the resources of your State, but, rather, seek to belittle human endeavor and tear down not only the worthy enterprise which may represent the work of a life time of effort, but the edifice of reputation as well." Nothing more need be said on the subject, because this expresses everything that there is to be said. If California fails to grasp her opportunities, she may know wherein lies the chief cause of failure.

* * *

The utter, supreme indifference of Californians to the opportunities afforded by the new national life is appalling. From the time when i became certain that the Philippines were to be added to our national domain, the world looked to California and to San Francisco as the section destined to reap the benefit from the new regime. A conservative British scholar dropped a significant remark when he spoke of "London, the present commercial center of the world, as San Francisco is destined to be the future commercial center of the world." Had such possibilities opened for New York, or Chicago, or Mobile or even sleepy New Orleans or conservative Boston, who doubts that the favored city would have eagerly grasped the opportunity and gone to work to do its best in cultivating the possibilities? Who doubts that press and public would have joined in working for the good of the section, in booming it? But San Francisco, careless, indifferent San Francisco, goes the even tenor of her way and takes no notice. The newspapers, which ought to be outvying one another in attracting capital and stimulating those enterprises which are to grow into the great industrial concerns of the future, are tilting at windmills or leading phantom crusades. If one public-spirited citizen, with the exception of Mr. Huntington, has come forward to urge Californians on to their highest interests, I have yet to hear of it. In the name of enterprise, is California going to let her chance of wealth, prosperity and leadership pass by for mere lack of enterprise? And if this is not an opportunity, what should it be called?

***

Country Life in California.

IF Californians do not know how to boom their section or to extend their business, they are most certainly learning how to enjoy life. I notice with gratification that country-life plays an ever-increasing part in the existence of most Californians of means and leisure. It was Joaquin Miller, I think, who, coming back from England, called the attention of Americans to the beautiful, well-rounded life of the English country gentleman—a life which is a mingling of the best things from both town and country. When he advanced this view, novel to us then, the country-dweller was ridiculed and despised by the American of means and education. The Anglo-mania which swept over polite society a decade ago first taught Americans the uses of the country life, and there has been a steady advance in the right direction in all sections of the country. But nowhere has the movement gone so fast as in California, where every millionaire owns his own country place and where the best of the younger generation of millionaires are learning to love the life of the country gentleman. Understand me; by "country gentleman" I do not mean the man who has a country-seat and goes there to while away the summer; I mean him who owns his own broad acres and herds and growing things, who takes a personal interest in them and their growth, and who brings to his country home the comfort and refinement of a city dwelling. The real, pure breed is rare in this country, but it is more common in California than in any other section and is on the increase. It is a beautiful way to live; perhaps the most conducive to the development and maintenance of the sound mind in a sound body.

***

A Case of Criminal Greed.

THE halftone reproduction of the steamer *Luella* leaving for Cape Nome, reproduced on page 6 of this issue, is a commentary without text on the dangers of the Cape Nome rush. The veriest landlubber can see, by the way the vessel sits on the water—sunk to the gunwales—that she is badly overloaded. This, too, with more freight and passengers to be taken on at Seattle. The *Luella* may reach Nome, doubtless will, but it will be a matter of pure luck if she does, because it would take only a very mild storm to put a tragic ending to her voyage. 'Tis a plain commentary on the greed of man, when one comes to think about it. On a pleasure voyage, one would never intrust himself to such a vessel, nor on a voyage of ordinary business, however great the chance of legitimate profit. But for the alluring chance of gold, of sudden, unearned wealth—something for nothing—thousands of people are taking the chances and paying premiums upon tickets. If many more vessels loaded like the *Luella* leave the harbor this year, the *Amy* disaster stands the best possible chance of a repetition. And it may happen to the *Luella* as well as to any other boat.

***

THE OLD PHILOSOPHER.
Portrait Study by Oscar Maurer. *Copyright 1900.*

The Best Laugher Will Wait.

THE sight in the Senate of the United States of Clark moved to tears for the sake of his good name and senators surrounding him to offer condolence would have been an affecting one, but for the fact of that little plan in the Montana background: the absence of the governor from the state, Clark's opportune resignation, and the appointment by Acting-Governor Spriggs. It was not a pretty fight before, it was merely a disgusting one; but now it has its points of beauty. Tears may be stayed and condolences and congratulations would do well to await the action of the Senate upon Spriggs's appointment. Had the report of the majority of the Senate committee on elections been acted upon, the result doubtless would have been a declaration that Clark never had been legally elected to the Senate. Therefore it seems that his claim to a seat in the Senate must now be considered as the claim of one appointed by the executive of a state, after that state had had an opportunity to elect by legal means a senator. If this be the status of the case, it will fall under the rule and will be governed by the precedents that prevented claimants from Pennsylvania, Oregon, Washington, and from this same state of Montana, from reaching their goal.

* * *

What creatures we are of circumstance! But yesterday the name of Spriggs was unhonored and unsung: not one of us marked the difference between it and Smith or Brown. Today an entire country knows of Spriggs of Montana, and only because of the accident of the absence of his superior in office from the state. And how well this name of Spriggs fits, like a glove the hand, such accidental prominence.

***

Morality, Theology, and the Bible.

PROFESSOR THWING, the eminent but somewhat sensational theologian, has been making investigations among college men and women regarding their knowledge of the Bible. He took twenty passages from Tennyson containing biblical allusions, and submitted them for explanation to about a hundred young men and women from the leading universities. Dr. Thwing stumped them all. Not one person in the lot could answer every question, and most of them stuck fast on about one-half. Hence the worthy D.D. takes occasion to moralize on the decline of the Bible in the homes and the decay of private and public morals which he believes to be the inevitable consequence. He declares, and with justice, that fifty years ago, a class of men and women of equal age and intelligence would have been ashamed could they not answer every question in the list. The position of the theologian is so false that anyone should be able to realize the flaw in his argument at once. Fifty years ago, books, objects of beauty, the things pertaining to general intellectual culture were much rarer, at least in America, than they are to-day. We were at the finish of the Puritan spirit, when the Bible was the only book, and we were in an age when literature of all kinds was rarer and more costly than it is today. But the Bible was everywhere, and for the lack of other books men read the Bible. That it is less read today does not mean that its truths or its teachings are the less influential in human society. There is an immense mass of literature which gives out second-hand the teachings of the scriptures and possibly does it as well, from a moral standpoint, as does the original source. "The Idylls of the King" may be, probably are, a source of better and sweeter living in modern life, because, it happens that the ethics Alfred of Tennyson's Arthurian poems are founded on scriptural principles. But a person held to morality by Tennyson, while he might be as good as one who gets it from the Bible straight, could not explain so well as his straight-laced brother a line which referred to Joshua and the moon. This unorthodox view has to do with morality alone and begs the question on theology, which is quite another thing.

***

Spoon-Makers and Horn-Spoilers.

THE little band that meets daily on the corner of Market and Third streets, to darken counsel by words without wisdom, finds one subject that never fails to arouse the ire of those who are gathered together in the name of agitation. He is a poor street orator, indeed, who fails of his share of applause when he launches some platitude against Collis P. Huntington, Irving M. Scott, or any local man who, by his energy and good judgment, has bettered his worldly condition. Yet it is a historical fact that almost every man who has acquired wealth on the Pacific Coast began his business life with little or no capital. If such men have achieved wealth, it was because there were in them qualities of energy, good judgment, and persistency. If any agitator in the band have these qualities, he can, if he will, be a millionaire within the next fifteen years; but to become one, he must work harder than he has ever dreamed of working; work so hard that every other agitator in the land will look upon him as an outcast, no longer worthy to be called one of those who are going to create out of words a new world and a new people, where there will be no more labor nor thought of labor, unless, perchance, some stray capitalist be caught there and harnessed to the plough to make a Utopian holiday.

***

By Way of Announcement.

THE Belgian Hare craze is a fad which is rapidly growing into an industry. A fad occasionally takes such a course. Witness the bicycle, which was a craze with high-priced accessories a few years ago, and settled down to sober materialism, so that a great part of modern life runs quietly and smoothly on ball bearings. Or, to bring the matter down nearer to the subject, take the Jersey cattle in America. Some twenty years ago, we were paying fabulous prices for Jersey stock—prices clear beyond any profit which could be obtained from the cattle themselves. But a few years later, when the animals had become common enough to realize only moderate prices, they had crowded out the common American stock in good dairies, because it paid better to keep them. The Belgian hare industry is on the same lines. The superiority of the meat, the trifling cost at which they may be fed, the lack of risk involved in their rearing, the rapidity and certainty of reproduction, all give assurance that when the "rabbitries" of the Coast have been stocked with the best strains and a few months or years allowed for increase, the hare will crowd out game and poultry on many tables and hare culture will be a profitable business. All this leads up to an announcement. The next number of the *Wave*—an enlarged one—will be mainly devoted to an illustrated review of the Belgian Hare industry in Northern California. It will be a complete synopsis of the business, with articles on the care and culture of Belgian hares, a review of the new industry in and around San Francisco, and views of the chief "rabbitries."

BOSWELL, JR.

Acknowledgment is due to Dr. Arnold Genthe for the excellent portrait of Jack London which appeared in the last issue. It is one of that great photogpapher's best portraits, being not only a remarkable likeness, but an admirable character study.

The "potato town" of Greeley, Colo., in order to encourage improvement of private grounds and care of streets and sidewalks, offers prizes this year for the best display of flowers and shrubbery in private yards, and the best-kept street areas and sidewalks. It is a new plan and is attracting some little attention abroad.

Courtship in the Philippines.

COURTING, befo' de wah, was a ceremonious business in the Philippines, and the path that led to the altar was often a hard road for the man to travel. In some provinces, for example in Tayabas, the young man labored even as Jacob served for Rachel before he could claim his bride. At no time during this servitude was it safe for the apprentice for matrimony to neglect any one of the thousand details of the long Indian Love Code.

Since all the world loves a lover, even the course of true love of an "India pura" in the olden days may be worth following. His mind turned seriously to thoughts of love at an early age, in that country where it is always summer. If then there was no one near his parents' thatched hut that he wanted for mate, he started on a pilgrimage abroad. Perhaps he found the not-impossible She threshing rice in a great "Luzon," the sort of wooden block from which the principal island in the group took its name. Wherever he met her, he would probably begin his wooing by running his fingers lightly along the top of his hair. The Filipino is eloquent with his fingers, and this movement would not be without its significance to Rachel. Seeing, she would understand that this light stroking was the preamble to a petition. Throwing down her flail, she would be done with beating rice, for here was a Jacob to work for her—at least until after marriage. Having found the maiden, the young man thereafter directed his attention almost exclusively to her mother. Without introduction, he could enter the house of his probable mother-in-law as if it were his own. Going in, he said good evening to the parents and was carefully inspected by them. Perhaps they indicated to him that they wanted water; if so, he picked up a heavy pitcher or "bombon" of bamboo and went out and filled it at the nearest spring. There and then his services as "pretendiente" or possible fiancé began. Thenceforward he became entitled to accompany the girl to such social functions as people of their class enjoyed —to church, to fiestas, to choir practice—for among the Filipinos as in old New England, this was an established mode of courtship—and to dances. He piled for her the rice; washed such dishes as there were for the mother; and helped the father in the work of sowing, raising, and harvesting the crops.

Many years ago this term of service lasted two and sometimes three years; later it was usually from harvest to harvest, the "pretendiente," as a general rule, living in the same house with the maid or "dalaga." This close relationship seldom resulted in any formal barriers being broken down, and the exceptions were in those cases where the young people really grew to be fond of each other, and knew that the young man's suit was not looked upon with favor by the girl's parents.

From the begining of the period of serving, two accounts were opened; one kept by the father, and the other by the lover. These Cupid's ledgers make queer reading: for instance, such items as the charge on the part of the lover for a pina handkerchief presented to his inamorata, or so much as the value of his intentions in accompanying the maiden to church. Each day the father gave credit for the work done by Jacob. At the end of the harvest, everything was footed up and a balance struck between the lover's attentions, the work done by him and the value of all he had eaten and drunk. Then there was liquidation and the pretender prepared to receive his sentence, a definite "yes" or "no." In all of these arrangements, the girl's feelings were little considered, and generally she obeyed, without murmuring, the wishes of her parents.

Before the final answer, the lover looked up a sort of preliminary best man, "good fellow" he was called, and these two went to the hut of the lady-love, having warned her of their coming. If they found bare walls and no fire, the outcome for the lover looked gloomy; but if the room was well-furnished after Filipino standards and a cheerful fire blazing, he could take heart of grace. Then the members of both families gathered; preparations were made for supper; and the girl was sought. It was part of the ceremony, however, that she should be in hiding at this time in some neighbor's house. Having found her —and she was always found—the "good fellow" interviewed the father, presenting to him a tray laden with flowers and underneath the flowers a little box that had been filled with siver coins. This offering is called in the native tongue the "habilin." After its presenta ion came supper, and then everybody was as gay and as light-hearted as only these children of the sun can be, eating, drinking, and talking of everything but the probable weddding; then singing and dancing; then home, and the forlorn lover waited another week or a fortnight before learning his fate. This was settled at another gathering of the clans at the same place. If, after supper, the girl's father returned the box of money, there was no hope for the man; but if no money was returned, the "pretendiente" became a duly recognized fiance. If, however, rejection was his fate, he could charge any one who succeeded him as a claimant for the same girl with the balance that the account showed to be due for his services.

Matrimony followed soon after acceptance. The sweethearts, parents, and best man went to the convent, where the parish priest examined into all of the circumstance connected with the engagement; and if it met with his approval, the bans were published. On the eve of the marriage, a great fiesta or celebration was given. It lasted all night and until time to go to the church for the marriage ceremony. Then a procession was formed; and the bridegroom marched with much gravity, alone in the middle of the street or road, at the head of the music. Behind the music, and with equal gravity, came the maiden, loaded with every piece of jewelry she could get hold of; her dress as fanciful and as many-colored as a half-savage taste could make it. The others followed without any regard to their positions in the procession. The ceremony was soon over, and all returned to the house of the bride's parents, where feasting and dancing, almost without ceasing, lasted nine days and nights, during which time the bride's girl friends kept the bridegroom away by never leaving her side; but when the nine days were over, the young couple set up housekeeping in their own thatched nest, without the preliminary of a wedding journey.

F. R. WALL.

"To Church"—The Parish Church at Baliuag.

"To Choir Practice"—Tenors of the Choir at Baliuag.

CLASS-DAY AT BERKELEY.

A NEW dignity was added to the time-worn function of class-day at Berkeley this year. The year 1900 has marked a period in the history of the University of California. More things have happened to the college in this twelvemonth than in any previous decade of its existence. The old, non-progressive ultra-academic spirit has received its death-blow. A young and able president has been installed, with the power in his hands to remodel the institution along approved lines. The new university buildings have been planned and begun. It does not matter whether they are to be constructed upon the plans laid out by Benard or upon a more rational scheme; interest is aroused, the money for a beginning is well in hand, and ground is broken. Next to the princely gifts of the Stanfords, the greatest sum ever given to a college in the West has been added to the endowment. A new college spirit has been awakened among students and instructors. And last, but not least to the students, this has been a year of almost uns interrupted athletic victory. The ill-advised and disastrou. Eastern trip has been the fly in the ointment, but this is but an item. The fact remains that California had much to be thankful for, much to be proud of, in sending out her last class of the century. The class of 1900 entered an institution which had a strong faculty with weak spots, a somewhat antiquated curriculum and wholly antiquated me hods of administration; a college hampered by a mode of governm nt which seemed designed to hold it back to eighteenth-century ideas. No college in America had so poor an equipment of buildings in proportion to its size and importance, and there was no prospect of change in sight. College spirit was at a low ebb, college athetics —always a barometer of a healthy student feeling—were in a spiritless and disorganized state. Their four years course has seen a complete change in conditions and prospects.

It was doubtless a realization of all this which gave the class day of 1900 its dignity. The old "fancy" pageant which had grown into a tradition was dispensed with, which was, perhaps, just as well, for the students have exhausted most of the changes which can be rung on a "josh" celebration, and the affair has languished in the last year or two. Instead, they introduced the ceremony of breaking ground for the new university. As was fitting, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who is almost solely responsible for the changes in administration and the project of new buildings, turned the first spadeful of earth. It was a simple ceremony, even simpler than that by which Wheeler was installed president last fall, and it was the more beautiful therefore. A prayer and a few words of introduction and the little, slight woman with the unassuming, quiet way stepped out from a circle of the college women for whom she has done and planned so much, took in her hands the unaccustomed implement of the other sex—and the new era had begun for the University of California.

THE NEW RULE IN CHINA.

THE *North China Daily News* of recent date contains a description of the deposition of the late Emperor and the situation in the following weeks. It claims to be a translation from the verbal account of an eye witness, an inmate of the Imperial Palace. While this statement may be taken with allowances, the narrative, as given in full, bears the stamp of truth. Following is an excerpt:

"I was one of those who stood around with ink slab and pen for the Emperor to use, while the Empress Dowager herself held out the pen to him. Even then, His Majesty hesitated to take it and sign the ready prepared 'Imperial' decree of abdication held out to him, but an imperious stamp of the right foot and those piercing, menacing eyes of the Empress Dowager frowning upon him seemed to enthral and fascinate the Emperor, who immediately stretched forth a trembling hand, and the next moment, with a groan and a gesture of despair, as it were, the fatal deed was done, and the Empress Dowager triumphantly snatched the 'decree' from her nephew's hand.

"Then a sudden change occurred, which those around her were too accustomed to see to be startled or astonished at. The Empress Dowager's face became instantly suffused with smiles, her eyes became soft and benevolent, and she was all kindness and motherly solicitude for her Imperial nephew! He, poor, fallen Majesty! had sunken down on his chair after signing the fatal paper, and a moment after he had dyed his robe and the carpet with his blood. His Majesty's excitement had been too much for his weak health, and it seemed that he had burst one of his lesser blood vessels.

"Very kindly and gently the Empress Dowager herself attended to the Emperor, and when he seemed to have somewhat recovered himself she supported him on one side, and with a surprising solicitude for his health and comfort arranged the pillows and cushions in His Majesty's sedan chair, which was to carry him back to his prison. She herself escorted the Emperor to his place of retreat. All the way from Peking to his prison I heard the Emperor weeping at his hard fate. He was so utterly broken down and oppressed. Many of us who escorted His Majes y dropped tears of sympathy, and I peeped at the author of all his evils to see how she took it. Her heart seemed to be of stone. There was that the stern look in her eyes, but not the least sign of oftening.

"As a consequence, Kin Lien-shan is praised sky-high as a devoted patriot and supporter of the Emperor by almost every one in Peking, but I may give a warning that the Empress Dowager is determined to have his head even if it should cost her half the empire. There will be nothing left undone in order to encompass her end, and I heard the Empress Dowager say recently to Prince Ching, who as Grand Chamberlain can enter the palace at all hours of the day and night to see the Empress Dowager, that 'others of the Kang Yu Wei and Kin party must also be put out of the way before either she or the new Emperor will be able to rule the empire quietly.' Finally, you may not know that, ever since the fateful, enforced abdication of the Emperior, His Majesty has four times attempted to commit suicide; his last attempt being the refusal of food and drink in order to starve himself to death."

JOE TOBIN.

A HOT MIX-UP.

CHARLES DUNPHY.

ONE OF THE TURN-OUT.

Photos by Towne.

The Polo Game in Golden Gate Park.

As Seen by Leila.

ONE more week nearer, my dear Diary, to the return of my small sister. What a strain it must be to do the same thing week upon week. I fear that were I a regular correspondent I should endeavor to moralize or give my opinion of people and things in too decisive a manner to be pleasant.

I have seen a good many of my girl friends this last week. We have our own small dinners and luncheons, but as they simply consist of half a dozen of us, I fear they would not interest you. Each day, with the greatest regularity, we receive a long letter from Cricket. It must be a great pleasure for her husband to travel with so enthusiastic a young person. She, it seems to me, has a dinner engagement every night, and is on the continual go every day. Mama and I cannot help being alarmed lest she should do too much. Cricket is, you know, the sort of girl that would go until she dropped. That is one of the many things I could not understand in Cricket. To me, nothing is sufficiently worth while. I do not think I am blase either. I may be, however. Perhaps being blase is a condition one would hardly realize oneself—one never can tell. Quite a number of people drove out to the Park to see the Polo game the other afternoon. It was an exciting game, but the afternoon was so unpleasant we did not find much pleasure in watching it. The game of Polo can divert my mind from almost anything. I am, I might say, sufficiently interested in it to spend a week or so at the Burlingame Club. There are a few rooms there in which one can be exceedingly comfortable. I wonder why it is someone has not built a hotel in Burlingame. It is within such an easy distance of San Francisco that I am sure it would prove a splendid investment and a charming resort. People, it seems to me, never think of the really good things to do with their money in California. One of these days some Eastern capitalist will come in and give us points, and we shall complain and growl and wonder why we do not use our brains. It may be that California is not to be the home of the greatest people of the United States. Our climate may yet be our disadvantage. We may court luxury and laziness as the old Spaniards. Papa and I have weighed this problem again and again in our minds. The art and literature of the West is so new. There is such a demand for it, yet we have but very few who can make it interesting. But Diary, you do not like this sort of a letter, and, as I have no news of special interest what can I tell you?

Jane Blair and her brother left for a trip to the Paris Exposition last week. Jane has been in Europe several times before, so she will have a very jolly visit in Paris. This would hardly prove a good time for an ordinary tourist, for the crowd of sightseers must necessarily be large. Papa is thinking of taking a trip to Carlsbad in August or late in July. He thinks the waters there may cure his gout. I think ours here are quite as good, but I suppose it is necessary to have a certain amount of faith in them. I trust next week will find me a little more entertaining to you, Diary.

LEILA.

Miss Clarissa Weaver of San Francisco is to be married on June 3d, at Los Angeles, to Mr. F. S. Boedenfield, a young business man of the Southern city. Miss Weaver is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Weaver, the former an old Californian pioneer, one of the makers of San Francisco, the latter a prominent member of the Century Club and well known in philanthropic and charitable circles. The ceremony, which is to be a very quiet one, will take place in St. Paul's Church, Los Angeles, in which city the young couple expect to reside.

The engagement is announced of Miss Christine Rix, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rix, to Edwin H. Winterburn. Mr. Winterburn is a member of the firm of Foote and Winterburn and a son of Joseph Winterburn.

An exhibition of the work done by the students of the School of Design will be held in the school building, corner of Pine and Mason streets, next Saturday night, May 19, when the awards will be given to the most capable scholars. The exhibition will remain open for three days.

In the London version of Cyrano de Bergerac," prepared by Stuart Ogilvie and Louis N. Parker, "The Song of the Gascon Cadets" is thus translated:

Cadets of Gascony are these,
The Captain de Castel-Jaloux:
Rafflers and rogues, but, if you please,
Cadets of Gascony are these!
Their talk is all of pedigrees,
Quarterings, lineage, who's who;
Where crowns are cracked and the wounded wheeze,
They rush with a shout to the rendezvous.

Lean shanks, but eyes as keen as a bee's,
Pierce bristles cover a tooth or two;
They'll split you if you dare but sneeze
At their heron-legs and their eyes like bees'!
In bad old hats they swagger at ease:
Plumes hide the holes wind whistles through;
And Pierce-paunch, Grim-death, Food-for-Fleas;
Such are the names they answer to.

Cadets of Gascony are these!
They never boast, but dare and do:
A woman smiles—they're on their knees!
Cadets of Gascony are these!
A glance will bring them to their knees
From brown or black eyes, gray or blue,
Maid, wife, or widow, prude or shrew,
French, German, Spanish or Chinese,
They swiftly win who hotly woo:
Cadets of Gascony are these!
They never boast, but dare and do—
Then ride away, and crow "Cuckoo!"

A USEFUL COMPLAINT.

"WHENEVER I hear a young man complain of not having the right kind of a chance in life," said the general life insurance agent, "I think of old Soper, and his one talent, and what he made of it. Never heard of old Soper? Well, he's been dead these fiteen years, but he gave pleasant dreams to one whole generation of struggling life insurance solicitors.

"It was shortly after I had gone to work as a solicitor for the Fraternity Life, nearly eighteen years ago, that I met him first. One day an elderly, well-dressed man came into the office and asked if he could get a few facts about the Fraternity's policies. I got him into a retired corner and proceeded to fill him up. He was a very intelligent man, with a clear head for figures, and he made notes from time to time with a heavy gold pocket pencil in a morocco-covered notebook.

"When I had told him all I knew, he thanked me and said: 'You seem to have an excellent policy and I may wish to talk with you further if you will kindly let me have your card.'

"I did so and suggested an early interview, and after a moment's reflection he named what was in those days the top-notch hotel in New York, and said I might look him up in the smoking room that evening between 6 and 7.

"The rest of that day I spent in trying to conceal my satisfaction from my less fortunate fellow-employees. My career in the insurance business had so far netted me one two-thousand dollar policy and I had begun to have misgivings. But here, plainly, was the insurance solicitors' ideal—solid affluence and strict business, the kind of man that doesn't talk anything less than $10,000. It was probably only a question of whether I had the stuff in me to get the Fraternity in ahead.

"I showed up in the hotel smoking room at five minutes past 6, and about half-past he strolled in with an evening paper. I got him into an easy chair and went to work. I thought I talked well and he certainly seemed deeply impressed. Finally when the psychological moment seemed to have arrived I said:

"'Now, Mr. Soper,'—he had given me his card at the office—'I want to write you for $10,000 at once.'

"'Ten thousand dollars,' he repeated. There was that in his tone that told me on the instant that the sum I had named seemed insignificant.

"'Or better still, $25,000,' I said as soon as I caught my breath.

"'What is your insurance limit?' he asked.

"'Fifty thousand,' I gasped.

"He nodded quietly, and seemed lost for a time in meditation. Then suddenly he arose.

"'Your policy has features which attract me,' he said—with a kindly smile. 'Indeed, the Influential's is the only one that seems to compare with it. I am to see the Influential agent tonight, and if I do not conclude with him I shall wish to have a further talk with you. Just now I must ask you to excuse me as it is my dinner time.'

"'Oh Lord!' I said to myself, 'there's just my luck. I could have the thing nailed in five minutes more, and now that other agent, who's probably an old hand, will practically take that $50,000 commission out of my pocket.' I made a lightning calculation of how much money I had with me, $25, by an accident, and summoning all my nerve asked the old chap to dine with me. He consented graciously, and it looked as though I had my opportunity by the hair.

"I won't bother you with the details of that dinner. After we'd finished soup—Blue Points and soup had always seemed to me a simple matter—I retired from the role of host in confusion, and asked him to take charge, which he did. I had started the wine with a modest hock. He ordered a claret, Lafite, of a vintage, he said, he could recommend, which cost more than champagne, and followed it up with a Montrachet at $6 a quart. And at the end he introduced me to his favorite brand of cigars, a fat thing he called a Celestiale, that smoked like a dream of Araby the Blest, and for which I subsequently gave up 50 cents apiece.

"When I wandered home that night my pocketbook was lighter by $24.75, but what did that amount to? He was going to drop me a line when to come round and finish the thing up—and fifty thousand was the amount he was thinking of.

"But somehow, although I saw him half a dozen times during the next weeks, I handn't quite landed him; although every time I left him it seemed as though everything was over except drawing my commission. He lunched with me three times during those two weeks and dined with me again. I had to borrow the money, but it was no time to look at a dollar or two. And then, sure enough, I got him over to Delmonico's to luncheon, one day, and did land him—for $50,000—and got him around for his examination that same afternoon.

Two hours later I saw our medical examiner. He looked sympathetic.

"'Sorry,' he said. 'Bright's disease.'

"'Oh, look here,' I replied, 'are you sure?'

"'Sure as death,' he said. 'Not very far advanced, but the analysis is plain as day. Absolutely worthless risk.'

"I wrote Soper a note the next day. But, though it was the only decent thing to do, it was several weeks before I got up courage to go round and see him. Finally one night I did hunt him up, but I didn't say my little speech. I found him in the main dining-room at dinner. One Perkins, an agent of the Influential, was doing the honors. There were all sorts of things on the table, solid and liquid. Also an assortment of insurance tables. Perkins was talking earnestly, and Mr. Soper seemed deeply impressed. I retired quietly, pondering as I went.

"A couple of weeks later I ran across Perkins. I mentioned seeing him at dinner, and asked him casually if he had come into a fortune. Then Perkins told me a harrowing, hard-luck story; how he had happened on to this solid, elderly party who was evidently a millionaire, how he had worked at him for three weeks, spent $58 45 in lunches and dinners, finally written him for fifty thousand—no less—and had him thrown down on his medical examination.

"I offered Perkins my sympathy, and after that tried to forget the Soper episode, until one day, young Peasley, our newest solicitor, took me aside. Peasley had been acting peculiarly. Ordinarily he was one of those not unattractive youths who share their hopes and fears with such of their acquaintances as can be got to listen. But lately he had affected a portentous demeanor that had puzzled the rest of the office.

"Peasley swore me to secrecy, and wanted to borrow $50. Fifty cents was considered a substantial accommodation in the office in those days. Peasley noticed my distress and made a clean breast of the matter.

"'Old man,' he said, quivering with suppressed excitement, 'if I can raise $50 I've got a chance of making a year's salary before Saturday.'

"It appeared that he'd picked up an elderly gentleman, who was evidently a millionaire, and who had practically decided to have Peasley write him for no less than $50,000. Bnt, of course, such a deal as that required time and tact. For instance, on several occasions Peasley had taken him to luncheon or dinner. Of course, you couldn't ask a millionaire out to any quick lunch, and Peasley had been able to raise about $45 so far.

"When Peasley paused for breath I advised his withdrawing from the transaction where it stood.

"Why, what's the matter with it?" asked Peasley, bristling.

"'First, your elderly friend's got Bright's disease,' I said, 'second, I believe he's a nice, smooth, gormandizing old fake.'

"Peasley got up and regarded me sternly. He thought it was funny that I could identify his man on such a meagre description, and suggested turning over to me the fake's address after he had withdrawn from the case.

"A fortnight later he came around and apologized handsomely. He mentioned our manager and the police, but I discouraged the idea.

"'If this story gets out now,' I told him, 'we'll be gray-headed before we hear the last of it. Let's keep quiet and give Soper a chance.'

"We kept quiet, and Soper improved his chance beautifully. During the next six months he went through our office like an epidemic. He was an artist. We got so we could spot a new victim by his symptoms—arrogance and mystery, and an urgent need of ready money. And after each man had passed through the ordeal we brought him into our secret conclave and waited for the next.

"Then we made outside investigations, and found that nine-tenths of the life insurance offices in New York were being favored the same way, and the rest were coming into line at the rate of two or three a month. The various medical examiners got so they waived with any formal examination when Soper was brought in. Of course they might have given the whole snap away, but I learned afterward that he won their sympathy at an early period. And as for the insurance solicitors themselves, it got to be a point of honor in every office in New York to keep quiet and give newcomers the benefit of the experience.

"Then, suddenly, Soper dropped out of view and it was a year before any one heard of him again. But one day I happened through his old haunt in the smoking room of the top-notch hotel and found him. He was dreadfully changed and sick looking. I shook hands with him, but he didn't know me. So I introduced myself and got a heart-to-heart talk out of him.

"He had been a bookkeeper somewhere down town, on an extremely meagre salary, and up to the time he was 50 his life had been spent between a dingy office and a shabby boarding house. Then one day an energetic young in surance solicitor had got him interested in a small life policy for the benefit of his sister's children out in Wisconsin. The young man had taken him to dinner at a cheap French restaurant—and the young man's company had rejected him on the ground of incipient Bright's disease. But that modest French dinner had been a bright spot in his career, and it set him thinking. And as a result for nearly three years that lonely life was gladdened by the best table luxuries that the best restaurants in New York could provide.

"And it may seem strange, but a few months later, when poor old Soper went before his final Examiner, an enormous wealth of immortelles, the gift of some sixty odd New York life insurance solicitors, lay as a tribute on his coffin." *N. Y. Sun.*

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

In the allusion to the banquet of Collis P. Huntington to his employees, mention of which is made on another page, one important fact was omitted. The wine used was the White Seal (Grand Cuvee) Moet and Chandon, from the largest and oldest champagne h use in the world, of which Wm. Wolff & Co. are the San Francisco agents.

Paradise.

One sayeth, "Surely this is Paradise
To lie close tented in her tender eyes;"
And one, "For me the nightingale and rose;'
And one, "For me the converse of the wise.'

Yea, all these things are pleasant in man,s
sight;
But those there are that hunger for the might
Of silence and the brotherhood of stars
In cool, calm spaces on the mountain hight.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

From the Persian of Kamal Uddin Ismael.

Oh, jasmine-faced, sweet Turkish slave of
mine,
When Allah made that mouth and waist of
thine,
Sure, waists that year were scarce in Turkestan,
And scarce the little mouths, blood-red as
wine.

—*Theodosia Garrison in the May "New Lippincott."*

A Delicious Beverage for all Occasions

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale

Connoisseurs pronounce it "the best imported."

Sherwood & Sherwood,
AGENTS
212-214 Market St.,
SanF a cisco

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

A Spotless Skin

And a clear complexion are desired by every woman and admired by every man.

Eruptions, pimples and similar blemishes are caused by an impure condition of the blood. These skin blemishes are permanently removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which thoroughly purifies the blood and cures the cause of the disease.

"For about one year and a half my face was badly broken out," writes Miss Carrie Adams, of 116 West Main St., Battlecreek, Mich. "I spent a great deal of money with doctors and for different kinds of medicine, but received no benefit. At last I read one of your advertisements in a paper, and obtained a bottle of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Before I had taken one bottle of this medicine I noticed a change, and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured.

Free. The Common Sense Medical Adviser 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to cover expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address, Doctor R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

1900- 36th -1900

Annual Statement

—OF THE—

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.)
Life and Accident Insurance
JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

Paid-up Capital, - $1,000,000.00

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2 049 272 72
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,840 269.96
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate	5,971,842.52
Interest accrued but not due,	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security,	1,497,175 51
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,305 307 27
Deferred Life Premiums,	340,997 04
Prems. due and unreported on Life Pol.	259 449 36
Government Bonds,	789,016 96
County and municipal bonds	3,114 997 64
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819 225.19
Bank s ocks	1,258 674 00
Other stocks and bonds'	1.288 350 00
Total Assets,	$27,760,511.56

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 3½ per cent, Life Dep't..	$20 406 734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Acc't. Dep't	1,500,369.22
Present value installment Life Policies,	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment,	219,833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance,	33,178 11
Special Reserve for unp'd taxes, rents,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000 00
Total Liabilities,	23,739,827.61
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	4,020,683.95
Surplus,	$3,020,683,95

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	17,165,686.00

Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	1,522,417,06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	16,039,380.95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	15.386
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	339,636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	$1,227,977.34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	23,695,539.94

Totals.

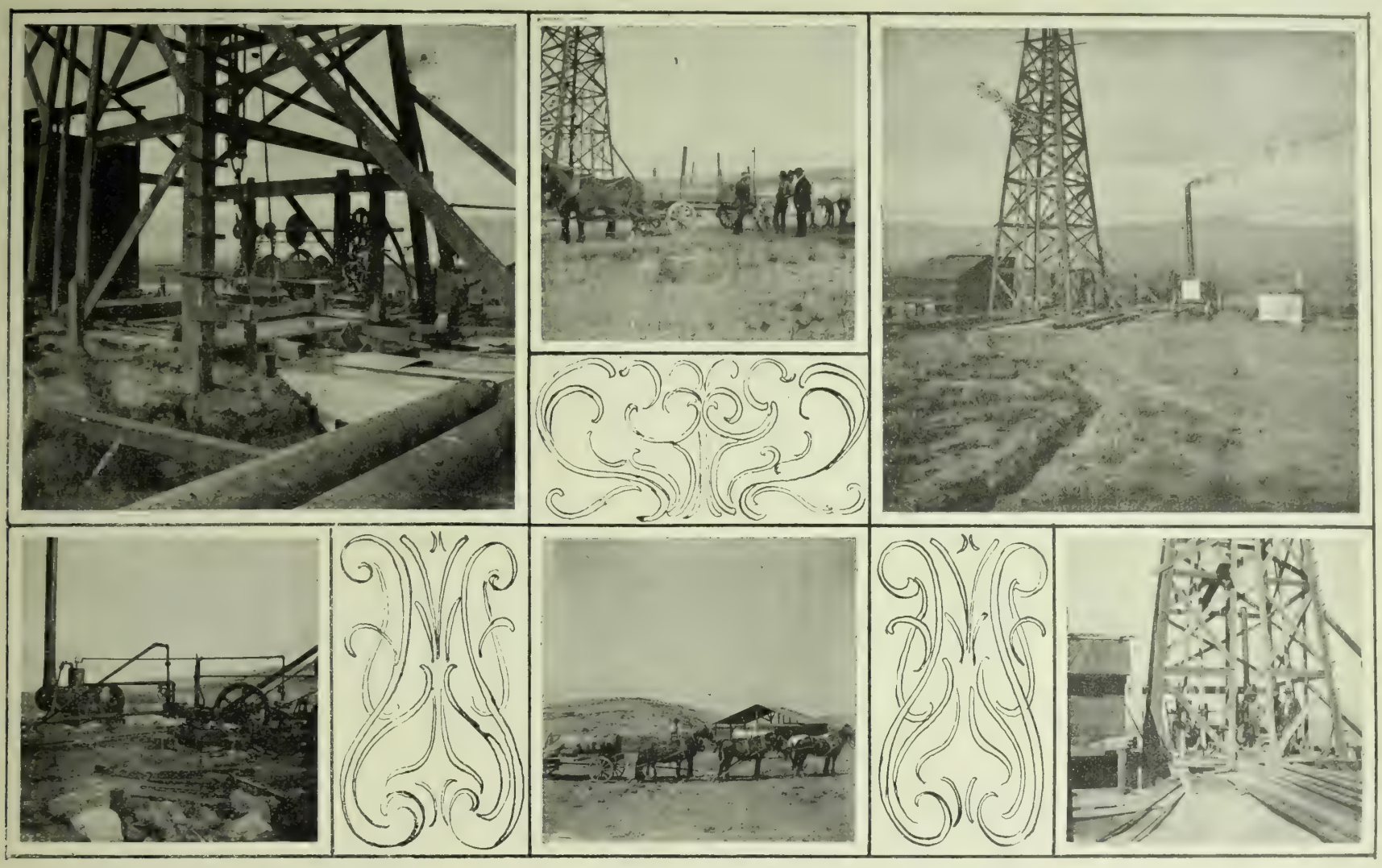
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899.	$ 2,750,394 40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	39,734,920 89

S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary
E. V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies
B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

CHAS. T. WILDER, President
DAWSON MAYER, Vice-President

SIMON DONAU, Treasurer
F. MACPHERSON, Secretary

The Florence Oil Development and Exploiting Company.



The above cuts represent the property of The Florence Oil Development and Exploiting Company located on section 15, township 22, south, range 17, e. m. d. b. and m., Kettleman Hills, Kings County, California. The Directors of the Florence congratulate themselves on their future prospects for oil, as since they commenced to handle their property no less than six other companies have commenced operations in their immediate vicinity; demonstrating the fact that others value the Kettleman Hills as oil bearing lands. The Florence stock has always been in good demand from the first day it was put on the market and to day is selling above par. Boring is now being pushed vigorously ahead and its lucky stockholders may reasonably expect early news of an oil strike on the Florence.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The brain of a Belgian hare weighs less for its size, we are told, than the brain of any other known creature—much less than that of a wild rabbit.

The Board of Health at Plainfield, N. J., is considering the question of adopting a rule which will prohibit the burning of leaves within the city limits. Several physicians have said that the smoke and smudge which come from the burning leaves are the cause of many of the ailments of the throat, lungs, and eyes.

The art and mystery of brewing, which is to be a faculty in the University of Birmingham, will not then enter for the first time into the scheme of formal "education" in England. It has been recognized by several country councils as a subject of instruction worthy of being encouraged by annual grants. The Technical Instruction Committee at Manchester is making arrangements for a complete staff of teachers, with a laboratory, in order to encourage the study of brewing.

A new electric incandescent lamp has been invented by Prof. Nernst of Gottingen. This lamp dispenses with the vacuum bulb of the ordinary incandescent lamp, and in place of the fragile carbon filament Prof. Nernst uses a piece of magnesia. The essence of the discovery is that, when magnesium oxide is heated to a very high temperature, a weak electric current suffices to make it intensely luminous. The difficulty in making the lamp commercially useful lies in heating the magnesia cheaply. At present this is effected by placing the magnesia at the focus of a reflector which concentrates the heat derived from a spiral of platinum raised to incandescence by electricity.

Illuminating shells for lighting areas of ocean in life-saving work or to get the range of the vessels of an enemy have been devised by a New York company. The shell used is a hollow cylinder made of steel tubing, and charged with calcium carbide, which, coming into contact with water, generates acetylene gas. The end of the shell remains above water, and at this end are burners lighted by an electric device contained in the shell. It is claimed that the light produced is of one thousand candle-power, and cannot be extinguished by water. The shell is to be shot from a gun to the distance of two miles, and floats with one-quarter of its length above water.

A French scientist has found that a geranium watered with a solution of butylic alcohol became feeble, drowsy, and apparently intoxicated. It emitted a peculiar odor, and showed a blackening and drooping of the foliage.

Taking as a unity the intrinsic brightness of a sheet of Bristol cardboard illuminated by a standard candle at one metre distance, that of a candle flame itself is from twelve thousand to twenty-two thousand; a kerosene lamp flame, ninety-seven thousand; and platinum at its melting-point, one million eight thousand.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE NAME THUS ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE
Stewart Hartshorn
HARTSHORN

FOR AN OUTING....

Visit one of the many Mineral Springs Resorts along the

California Northwestern Railway Co.

Leesee of San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company. (The Picturesque Route of California.)

Where the Famous Mineral Waters of the World are Duplicated.

If you prefer the simple home life of the Ranch, free from fashion's restraints, there are many in our section from which to choose. But if you would rather the tent in some shady nook, near a lovely lake, or on the bank of some beautiful stream, remember such locations are numerous and free of charge.

Call for "VACATION," a little book just issued by the Company, giving Camping Locations, Hotels, Mineral Spring Resorts, and a list of one hundred and sixty-seven Farms and homes, where Board for the Summer can be secured at from $5 00 to $8.00 per week.

Ticket Office, 650 Market street (Chronicle building).
General Office, Mutual Life building, Sansome and California streets, San Francisco.
H. C. WHITING, General Manager,
R. X. RYAN, General Passenger Agent.

Moet & Chandon

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World).

White Seal (Grand Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal.*

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MINERVA WASHER, DECEASED—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P Boland, Administrator of the estate of Minerva Washer, deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery street, City and County of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Minerva Washer, Deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, May 19th, 1900.
M. C. HASSETT, 308-10-12, Phelan building.
Atty for Administrator.

FINEST LARGEST
FLEETEST SAFEST
The Magnificent China Liner Steamship
VICTORIA
3,502
Direct for Cape Nome.
On or About
MAY 31,
Remember the ice was never known to break from the Nome coast before June 10th.
Secure Your Tickets Now.
Unsurpassed Passenger Accommodations.
For Further Information apply to
DODWELL & CO., Limited
General Agents
113 James St. SEATTLE, WASH.
Telephone Main 470

Alfred Cane, Luther A. Teague, Frederick Teague.
Teague, Cane & Teague,
DENTISTS.
Claus Spreckels Bldg. Phone Main 1459.
Third and Market Sts Sixth Floor, S. F., Cal.

IN BOOKDOM

ROBERT GRANT must be something of a pessimist and cynic or he could never have written such a book as his latest, *Unleavened Bread*. Not only that, but he must be a very satirical misogynist as well. He must be the right prince of woman-haters. For there has been no severer satire written against womankind in recent years, not even Kipling's "Vampire," although the poem, indeed, i on a good deal higher plane as regards the art of it. Young men who contemplate matrimony should let the book alone if they would not have unpleasant doubts raised in their minds concerning the effects of the institution upon the ideals of the individual husband and bread-winner. Young women, however, can afford to read it. Sensible young women will be able to see very clearly why some men do not marry—something, perhaps, worth while for them to see. The other kind will probably deem the story dull, and call quits.

It is a very terrible thing for a sane man to lose faith in woman. Not in her morals nor her ethics; no man is going to lose faith in the morals and ethical standards of his mother and his sisters. No man is going to give up that faith. But in a woman's capacity to sympathize with the very highest aspirations of his innermost soul, and in her willingness to make as great sacrifice for an ideal as he himself is willing to make, men sometimes have not a universal faith. The "not impossible she" sometimes seems almost to have died out when the world was young, so rare is she. But that she lives somewhere men are unwilling to doubt. That fine-souled woman who is to come into a man's life and be a part of himself somewhere exists. Every man normally believes in his heart that she exists. It is a very terrible thing when he loses that belief. It is a very terrible thing to make him lose it.

Therefore Robert Grant must be a very terrible sort of fellow, for he is an iconoclast and a proselyting cynic. He has written a satirical tract against women (against men, too) in the guise of a novel. He has not hesitated to touch with his acid all the poor tinsel of human life he could lay his hands on, turning it black, black, black. And some of it we thought pure gold, more's the pity. It leaves us with a pretty bill on our hands for regilding.

Mr. Grant plans his novel thuswise. He begins by taking for his heroine a very fascinating and beautiful young woman who has passed her life chiefly among books. She is fairly well educated and teaches school for a living. Provincial, of course, but attractive and ambitious. This young woman Mr. Grant marries to a prosperous varnish-maker in town; but Chautauquaism is in the air, the wife comes to consider herself too good for her husband, and after a while there is a divorce. The man goes to the dogs. The woman goes into literature—as editor of a weekly society page for a newspaper. Then a brilliant young New York architect becomes fascinated by the beauty of the heroine and by her seeming sympathy with his own ideals of art, which are of the highest, and forthwith marries her and bears her away to his own home in the city. It takes him several years to find out how shallow a thing is the soul of his wife. When he does at last see how he has been taken in, he finds that he has either to be driven into a commercialism that is the death of all art, or bear the reproaches of the woman because he is not rich. He tries to compromise with himself by doing two men's work, breaks down under the strain, and has the good fortune to die. Which leaves Mrs. Littleton a widow. The woman now runs amuck in the political jungle, and succeeds in spoiling intelligent reform movements, guiding charitable bequests into the one channel in which they never should have entered, and doing other odds and ends of damage. She ends by taking a third husband unto herself, a political charlatan, who becomes Congressman, Governor and United States Senator by more than questionable methods. His new wife is a great aid to him in his casuistical jesuitry. They find that they suit each other to a T. No doubt it is a great thing to be suited to a T in your wife or your husband. A pretty woman can almost always manage it if she keeps trying long enough. The book contains that lesson as one of its morals.

Most of the characters in *Unleavened Bread* are out and out "unpleasant." They are true to life, yes. But they are true to life, as it were, in the letter rather than in the spirit. And they do not give the whole of the letter. A half truth is sometimes less true than a good round lie. Mr. Grant's bitter arraignment of men and women (especially women) and the institutions of democracy could not well have been made more sweeping nor more severe. It is very bitter satire indeed, or else it is very bitter cynicism. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

* *

But if Mr. Grant is a cynic, Mr. W. D. Howells is not. His latest novel, *Their Silver Wedding Journey*, is admirable for quite the qualities that are lacking in Mr. Grant's book—or because it lacks some of the qualities that are present in Mr. Grant's book either way. Simplicity of style, sympathy with the characters he creates, humor, and that sure craftsmanship of experience in prose writing, these qualities Mr. Howells has made to be associated with his work always. When he takes you out driving you know that the horses are not going to run away with you, and that no one is going to pass you on the road, either. You can snuggle back in the seat and enjoy the ride for what it is worth.

Their Silver Wedding Journey is the account of a trip to Europe, made late in life by an editor and his wife. They attempt to see the same things and feel the same emotions they felt when they were newly married. But there is a difference. They are no longer young, and cannot see the same things and feel the same emotions that they did. What they do feel and see forms the background for a very pretty love story that they are watching, the actors being two young people they have become interested in on board ship. The young man actor, who becomes in a way the hero of the book, is an enthusiastic young writer, now on his first trip to Europe. The young woman heroine is ordinarily beautiful, rich, intelligent and good. A steamer acquaintance ripens into love between these two, naturally; and the love affair is aided and abetted by the old editor and his wife because of the appeal it makes to their imagination. They seem to see in it the story of their own courtship.

The end of the voyage is reached without an understanding, however; the young man becomes involved rather awkwardly with an ignorant employer whom he dislikes; the party breaks up hopelessly; the young man follows the girl, proposes at an inopportune moment, and is refused. The lovers by chance are thrown together in the next town they visit, become engaged, and so on. The story ends with a renewal in America of their engagement, which had been interrupted by a lovers' quarrel.

The book is as different as possible from the rainbow-hued fiction of adventure now prevalent. It is much less gorgeous, and doesn't make use of the patent noise effects. While by no means its author's masterpiece, it is a good piece of workmanship and is interesting. Some books seem to be inspired. This is not one of those books. But it does not pretend to be. Published by Harper & Bros., New York.

* *

I have in my hand two new guide-books to Paris, intended for visitors during the Exposition. One of them is *The Woman's Paris*, published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, and the other is *Harper's Guide to Paris*, published by Harper & Bros., New York. Both of them are replete with useful information, yet they are entirely different in plan, and do not seem to overlap. *The Woman's Paris*, for instance, is concerned chiefly with the little details of daily life, such as the prices one ought to pay for service, rooms, food, cabs, and other necessities, and with hints about what a woman ought to see in Paris and how and when to see it. Then, too, the servant question might bother a stranger, and this little book straightens it out:

"In France servants are jovial chums, performing menial offices for hire, it is true, but performing them gayly and (apparently) because they like the family. One's cook does not dismiss one in Paris, but, rather, refuses to be dismissed. There are no afternoons out and no days off. Valentine or Marie may be out every minute when you are, and probably is, but she is on hand when you want her. Her perquisites are secretly levied on the marketing, which is so cheap that it seems impossible there can be a commission. Sometimes she talks very loud; and it does not do to shut her up abruptly, or there might be something louder, by way of conversation. She gives unsolicited advice, comments on the family's affairs—but not outside—the family's visitors and their toilettes; but she means nothing.

"The *concierge*, who is a sort of servant, exists in every domicile, be it ever so haughty or ever so humble, in Paris. It is usually a woman, except in the large hotels. She demands inevitably to be conciliated, or there may be misunderstandings about calling cards, and visits may go unmentioned. The only way to conciliate the *concierge* is with cash. The tenant may try attention to her little ones, sweet smiles, consideration of her steps, and other amiable overtures. There will be no practical amelioration of the general disfavor with which a salaried attendant in Paris regards the person he is salaried to wait upon until that person has signified substantially an intention of paying for service already included in his general mulcting. After the intention has been signified, however, and mutual understanding reigns, the *concierge* will dart up six flights and clear up clouds arising on the shopping horizon when parcels arrive. She will greet visitors with sweet smiles, and explain every one of the tenants' movements for the next week, whether she knows them or not."

Harper's Guide, on the other hand, is much more indispensable, being a very miniature encyclopedia of knowledge, all of it carefully indexed. Everything anyone needs to know about steamship accommodations, cabs, omnibuses, hotels, custom-house regulations, points of interest, streets, municipal matters, theatres, and the Exposition itself, may be found here in alphabetical order, together with quite a considerable array of the ordinary phrases a barbarian might need in order to make himself understood at a pinch. The book comes in pocket size.

WILLIAM NEIDIG.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it, 25 cents.

Morning, noon or night you will find a glass of Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale both cheering and refreshing.

FOR SWELL DRESSERS.

The "Knox" hat is absolutely correct. Eugene Korn, 726 Market St., sole agent.

Wherever there is a piano there should be a pianola. The pianola plays any piano. Any one can play it. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St., sole agents.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address

JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Champagne Record Smashed.

109,303 cases imported in 1899 of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry was never before approached. Carrying an enormous stock of choicest wines, its fine quality can not be excelled, regardless of price. Its remarkable 1895 vintage now imported equals its best predecessors.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,213,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28,563,655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 210,067
Contingent Fund..... 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee. Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Joseph D. Grant, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address **WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE. SEND US YOUR ORDER,** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. **The "MONTROSE" Bicycle** at our Special Agent's sample price of **$16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing our **1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a **RIDER AGENT** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Meisinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our **binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them, however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at $3 to $10 each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for Bargain List. **OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. ☞Give name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Mignani Family; Bartho; Wilson Family Charles Ulrick; Louise Gunning; Newsboys Quintette; Musical Kleists; Ezra Kendall; American Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Week of May 21st.
Henry Guy Carlton's beautiful play

THE BUTTERFLIES

Elegant scenery and effects.
Every evening at 8 p. m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
In preparation—"Sweet Lavender."

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, MAY 21st.
Six nights and special matinee Wednesday in addition to the regular matinee Saturday
Charles Frohman will Present

JOHN DREW

and original company in Haddon Chambers' comedy of temperament
"THE TYRANNY OF TEARS."
Mon. May 28—N. C. Goodwin-Maxine Elliott.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sunday Night, May 20th.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday.
Seventh week and Unparalle'ed success

MR. JAMES NEILL
and Company

In Arthur Pinero's Beautiful Unique Comedy

THE AMAZONS

Packed to the doors. Undiminished popularity
Matinees, 25 and 50 cents.
Evenings, 25, 50 and 75 cents.

Tavern of Castle Crag

AND SODA SPRINGS

SEASON OPENS JUNE 15.

Located in the midst of grand and impressive mountain scenery. With Mt. Shasta and The Crags for a background.
Fine hunting and fishing.
Unsurpassed cuisine and service and reasonable rates.
RAILROAD FARE round trip, including sleeper both ways $14
For rates, terms and other information address E. B. PIXLEY, Manager.
Care Pacific Improvement Co., Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?
It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

AT THE THEATERS

IT IS all very well for us to say from week to week that at one theatre or another a theatrical performance worth seeing is given, and speak of these modest shows in the language we would use were Booth, Barrett and Modjeska once more combined and upon earth, but the fact is that San Francisco has forgotten what a first class performance is like. We have the worst name of any city of the size on the continent. We are ignored, side-tracked—and justly so. We run to vaudeville and the world knows it. Things that go elsewhere halt and stumble here, and we say aloud that it is because they were bad and it took our keen eyes to find it out. And we get personal and say nasty things about the matinee girl's hero and publish the list of the leading lady's husbands and sniff a bit at the kind of clothes the people wear, and advise the manager to take a cheaper house next time he comes round, and lift our artistic eye-brows and wonder how New York and Chicago really stands such insufferably stupid shows; and of course the manager feels pleased; and the leading man and the leading lady and the ingenue are all anxious to come back to a city in which they are treated so politely. And when you meet the manager one day in New York and ask him why he comes no longer to the far Wes,t you learn some things about San Francisco hospitality that you ladies heard so plainly put, and that suffice to explain conditions.

For you know these theatrical people are sensitive, or perhaps you sneeringly call it touchy. They are not on the boards for money alone, they want applause—the hearty hand as the curtain falls, and a word or something beside adverse criticisms in next day's papers. They like to go where they know they please. Oh yes, even the manager, that awful creature who belongs to the syndicate and is supposed to be ruining our good taste and pure morals because we like what he gives us, even this manager prefers a kind word to a cold one and if he were always sure of being accepted as a human being and not a monster he would oftener return and give us the chance to see his pretty play-people.

We're not quite so smart as we think we are; that's the blunt fact. We do know something about plays and how they should be staged and read. But because we have aired our knowledge upon all occasions and takes delight in making people feel unhappy we are left alone in our egotistic glory. The manager has found other fields, quite as lucrative and kindlier, and San Francisco, which was once the best theatre town in the United States is living along today upon a Nid and a Nod and a hank of hair or whatever else you please. London houses are full at twenty shillings a seat. New York turns people away at $2.50 a chair, and San Francisco is struggling to keep two one-dollar houses alive and smoking itself sick elsewhere at fifty cents per. This is not a situation to be proud of. We have the people who want most to see good things. They have the money to pay. Why don't the good people come our way? Twenty plays are running in New York that San Francisco has never seen. Are we too moral for the most of them? That is not the reputation we bear. Are we too far away? That's what they say, but that's not the only reason they stay away. Are our bright boy critics too much for them? There may be something to that. At any rate, our lot is a sad one. But we are learning to do better, learning to behave

Now John Drew is coming, let us be good to him, not because he has come a long way to see us but because he is the sort of stage man we want to see oftener, that we really enjoy, whose friendship is worth cultivating. And perhaps he will tell his friends at the Lombs' Club in New York and they too may wish to see the Golden Gate again.

The stock companies at the California and Alcazar are cruelly compared each time they give a new performance with imported companies who first introduced the plays to our notice. "Neill doesn't do this so well as Goodwin; Hastings doesn't do that so well as Barrymore"—this is not criticism, it is comparison. If we had seen Neill first we might be reversing things, and so with Hastings. In order to get the best the theatrical market affords it is not necessary to make the people who do visit us feel that they are not appreciated. We have carped and criticized the travelling companies into boycotting us and now we want to carp and critize the stock companies into going to Nome or Honolulu and leaving us alone with comic opera and the ever" prosperous Orpheum.

Come shake hands with yourself, dear critic of the daily press, and Mr. Clubman and Miss Passe, and determine for a while that you will smile and not make the whole world grieve because you once saw something better than you can see now. The Orpheum, you must admit, never gave a better show. Koster and Bials seldom sees one as good. Neill gets along bravely upon merit with but one good-looking girl in his company, doing things that Sothern and Goodwin and Mansfield have made famous, and doing them very well indeed. There is nothing great to be seen, no one with a European name, but for auch as we have let us be duly grateful and sweetly sing to them that they may not flee and leave us with no place of amusement but the French restaurant and the City Hall.

F. L.

* *

As all the dailies have declared in advance, it is a good Orpheum bill this week—lively, entertaining and amusing from start to finish. Ezra Kendall, who comes in for the greatest share of attention, is a genuine funny man; the quaint, quiet manner with which he greets his audience captures the house at once. His yarns—new ones, by the way—and his droll ditties make an interesting twenty minutes. Louise Gunning, a Scotch lassie, warbles "Robin Adair," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," and some other heather ballads, in a sweet soprano, but she rather detracts from the beauty of her voice by running into tones beyond its register. The Newsboys' Quintet are old favorites here, especially the colored member of the chorus whose dancing is the comedy feature of the turn. Dolly and Milton Nobles, Mark Sullivan, Charles Ulrick, Cornetist Bates and other well-known names are on the program. The Nobles have a really meritorious sketch.

The Orpheum Circuit Company announces another strong bill for next week. Ezra Kendall makes an entire change of bill. The Mignani family in their sketch, "The Musical Barbers," are said to be bright and clever. The Wilson family, colored entertainers, do a pickaninny stunt which is very funny. Bartho is a pretty premiere danseuse.

* *

"An American Citizen" is Madeline Lucette Ryley's best comedy and manages to hold the interest of the spectators to the end. The characters are drawn with an artists understanding of modern society, the only exaggerated part being the maiden aunt, the hackneyed comedy type. The rendering is very fair, the hero manages to concentrate the interest of the audience on himself, even of the feminine portion, in spite of the really French looking "toilettes" of the ladies. Mr. Niell does not seek to arouse enthusiasm by his acting, he just finds the right expression for his emotion in that gentlemanly, quiet way which the stars have taught us to expect in modern society plays. The second and the third acts are especially well mounted, lacking nothing of the elegance found in the Riviera high life. The effective chant behind the scene, the falling snow and the lighted church windows in the background at the beginning of the fourth act, the simple surroundings in contrast to the former luxury, combined with the sincerity of the acting of both Mr. Neill and Miss Chapman, prove the climax to a most interesting performance.

* *

Mr. John Drew, now in his eighth season as a star under the direction of Mr. Charles Frohman, will come to the Columbia Theatre the week beginning next Monday evening. He will be seen in "The Tyranny of Tears," of which more that is commendatory has been written than of any other play of many years past. It will be presented by the original company, including Misses Isabel Irving, Ida Conquest, Georgie Mendum, and Messrs. Arthur Byron, Harry Harwood, and Frank E. Lamb. The production will also be the same as that seen at the Empire Theatre, New York City, during the run of several months. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott in "When We Were Twenty-One," will follow Drew at the Columbia on Monday, May 28.

* *

Henry Guy Carleton's comedy, "The Butterflies," is next week's bill at the Alcazar. It will be remembered as one of John Drew's old pieces. Its presentation at the Alcazar two years ago was one of the record runs of that house.

* *

The last week but one of their successful engagement will see the Neill Company in Pinero's best comedy—"The Amazons." After them, the farce-comedy stock company.

* *

Henry Miller will probably open his engagement at the Columbia with Jerome's charming play, "Miss Hobbs."

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY

Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists.

LADIES' KNOX DUDE

Straws now open. Korn, the hatter, 726 Market St., sole agent.

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet. 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel. Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 305.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—130 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 439. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.

WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.

American and European Plan.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALPS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 6610 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

NO WATCH IN HIS BOSOM.—A professor at Edinburgh University, noted for his absent-mindedness, was hurrying with a friend to catch a train, when he stopped suddenly, and exclaimed: "There! I've come away and left my watch." "Let's go back and get it," suggested the friend. "No; I don't believe we shall have time," said the professor, and he drew the lost watch out of his pocket, looked carefully at the dial, counted the minutes, and added, "No, there won't be enough time." Then he pressed on toward the station, saying: "Oh, well, I suppose I can get along all right for one day without a watch."

x

HER SPECIALTY.—A housewife in the Western Addition advertised recently for a girl to do general housework. A buxom American lass presented herself. "Are you a good cook?" inquired the lady of the house. "No, indeed, I don't cook," was the reply. "Are you a good washer and ironer?" was the next query. "I wouldn't do washing and roning; it's too hard on the hands," declared the caller. "Can you sweep?" the housewife then wanted to know. "No," was the answer, and it was a positive one, "I'm not strong enough for that." "Well, in the name of goodness, what can you do?" said the lady of the house, exasperated. The placid reply was: "I dusts."

x

PROSPERITY.—During Queen Victoria's recent visit to Ireland, an Englishman lounging in Phœnix Park was approached by a ragged old chap, most gloriously intoxicated. "God save the Queen, sor!" said he. "Certainly," was the reply. "God save Queen Victoria!" reiterated the old fellow. "By all means. Send her victorious, happy and glorious!" "That's right, sor! I wish she came to Dublin every year, every month, every day, sor! Think of what's she's done for the country; think of all the good she does to people. Why, look at me; here am I, as drunk as h—l and never paid a penny for it!"

x

HE KNEW HER.—A philanthropic lady of Pacific Heights, one of the sort of superior slum-raisers shown up in "Fables in Slang," met on one of her tours a little boy who was swearing roundly over a game of marbles. She seized him at once and gave him a good shaking, adding: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! I never heard such language since the day I was born!" The boy, into whose desolate home she had just been bringing light, pulled himself loose. "Yes'm," he said, "I spose dere was a good deal o' cussin' de day you was born."

x

AN EASY PASSING.—"Bobsy" Meade, Lord Granville's scretary, while stationed at Malta, was horrified at the inhuman way in which executions were conducted at Malta, and interviewed the executioner on the subject. That worthy began to expound on his methods of putting people out of existence and to illustrate by examples. "Now there was Mr. Peace, a small man," he said, "I gave him a six-foot drop, and I hassure you, sir, 'e passed hoff like a summer heve!"

x

A LONG GRAFT.—Police Judge Murphy of Denton, Arizona, had a confirmed drunk up before him every few weeks. Once, the culprit was missing for a period of three months, but turned up at the end of that time, mellow as ever. The judge frowned. "This is the eighth time you have been up before me," he said. "Strange, Judge," said the prisoner, "S' strange how some (hic!) men hold onto office."

x

HER CHANCE.—One day recently an elderly woman from the wilds of Cadder landed at Mitchell Lane, Glasgow, and gazed earnestly down that cart-besieged place, while she occupied the central position between the tramway lines. "Man, man," she at length cried to a passing carter, "whaur will I get an electric car?" "Well, mistress," was the gruff reply, "gin ye dinna get oot o' that gey quick ye'll get it in the sma' o' yer back."

x

THE TROUBLE WITH THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.—Two negroes in Atlanta were discussing the political situation. "McKinley am sho'ly a right good man," said one. "He sho'ly am," said the other, "but I ain't gwine vote for him!" "Why not?" "Cause dat wife of his done all dis heah trust business—dat wife of his, dat Hanna."

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure.—One dose stops a cough. It never fails. Try it; 25 cents.

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS

The high standard of excellence maintained by these hotels is recognized and appreciated by a fastidious and discriminating clientele who regularly make them their headquarters when visiting San Francisco.

The tourist, pleasure seeker and business-man will find the location particularly desirable, being in close proximity to wholesale and shipping districts, places of amusement and with the further advantage of having street cars to all points of interest pass he entrance. American plan. European plan.

REPSOLD

Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner

This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants

A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route

The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M. T. & T. Co.

Two first class trains daily between

Skaguay and Lake Bennett.

Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points. We are Authorized United States and Canadian Bonded Carriers.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
ATLIN, DAWSON AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Dexter Horton Bld. SEATTLE, WASH.
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 536 Market St., S. F.
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Mede from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents.

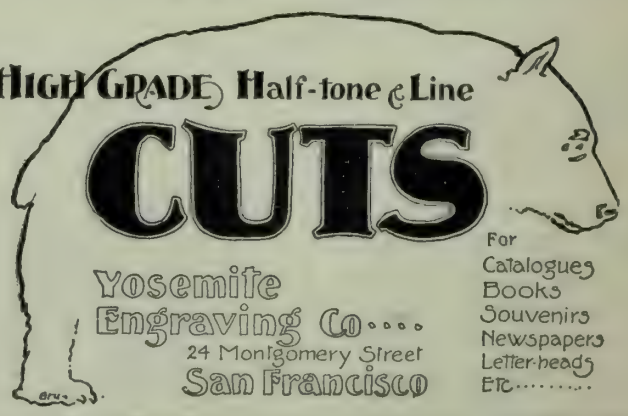
W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

W Make the Cuts in this Paper.

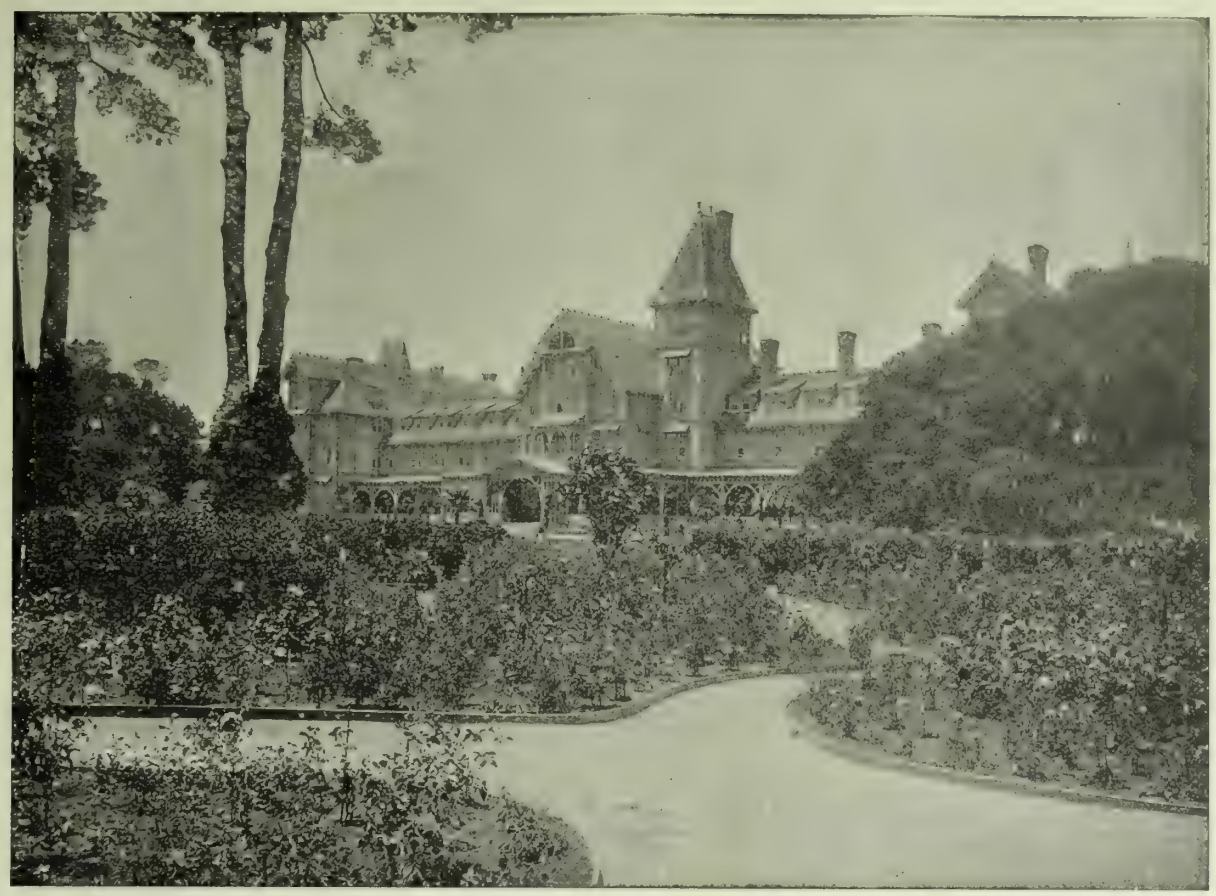


Kitro Tonic. King of all. For men and women. A fine Grape Fruit Tonic. Recommended by all Physicians. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Dealers.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✻ THIS SEASON'S ✻



HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

every day in the year. Pullman Palace and upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
673 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m. May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, June 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 11 a.m. May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26 31, June 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. May 3, 8, 13, 23, 28, June 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. May 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31. June 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, June 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, May 30 at 2 p.m.

S. S. Mariposa, **for Australia**, Wednesday, June 1st, at 8 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

From San Francisco at 10 a. m.

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m. The best of everything.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
617 Market Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class — Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb. 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7, 17, 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE

Through Trains and Cars via OGDEN ROUTE Daily

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
IN CONNECTION WITH

Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Line

OVERLAND LIMITED—Solid Vestibuled Train of Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and Composite Car

Leave San Francisco	8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento	11:25 A.M.
Arrive Chicago	9:30 A.M.

Westbound train leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P.M.

Rock Island Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car and Dining Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco	8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento	11:25 A.M.
Arrive Salt Lake City	2:10 P.M.
Leave Salt Lake City	8:05 P.M.
Arrive Denver	9:15 P.M.
Arrive Chicago	7:59 A.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 10:00 P.M.

Burlington Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco	6:30 P.M.
Leave Sacramento	10:30 P.M.
Arrive Denver	9:00 A.M.
Arrive Chicago	2:15 P.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 11:00 P.M.

Connections are made at Sacramento from and to both Southern and Northern California for all three trains.

The Rock Island and Burlington Route cars pass between Ogden and Denver over the Rio Grande Western and Denver & Rio Grande railroads.

For folders and more complete information, go and see

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

PRETTY WORK
NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.
110 Montgomery St, S. F.
Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

Telephone Main 199.

Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER

55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.

Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles.
Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

CHAMPION BELGIAN HARE SANITARY HEADQUARTERS.

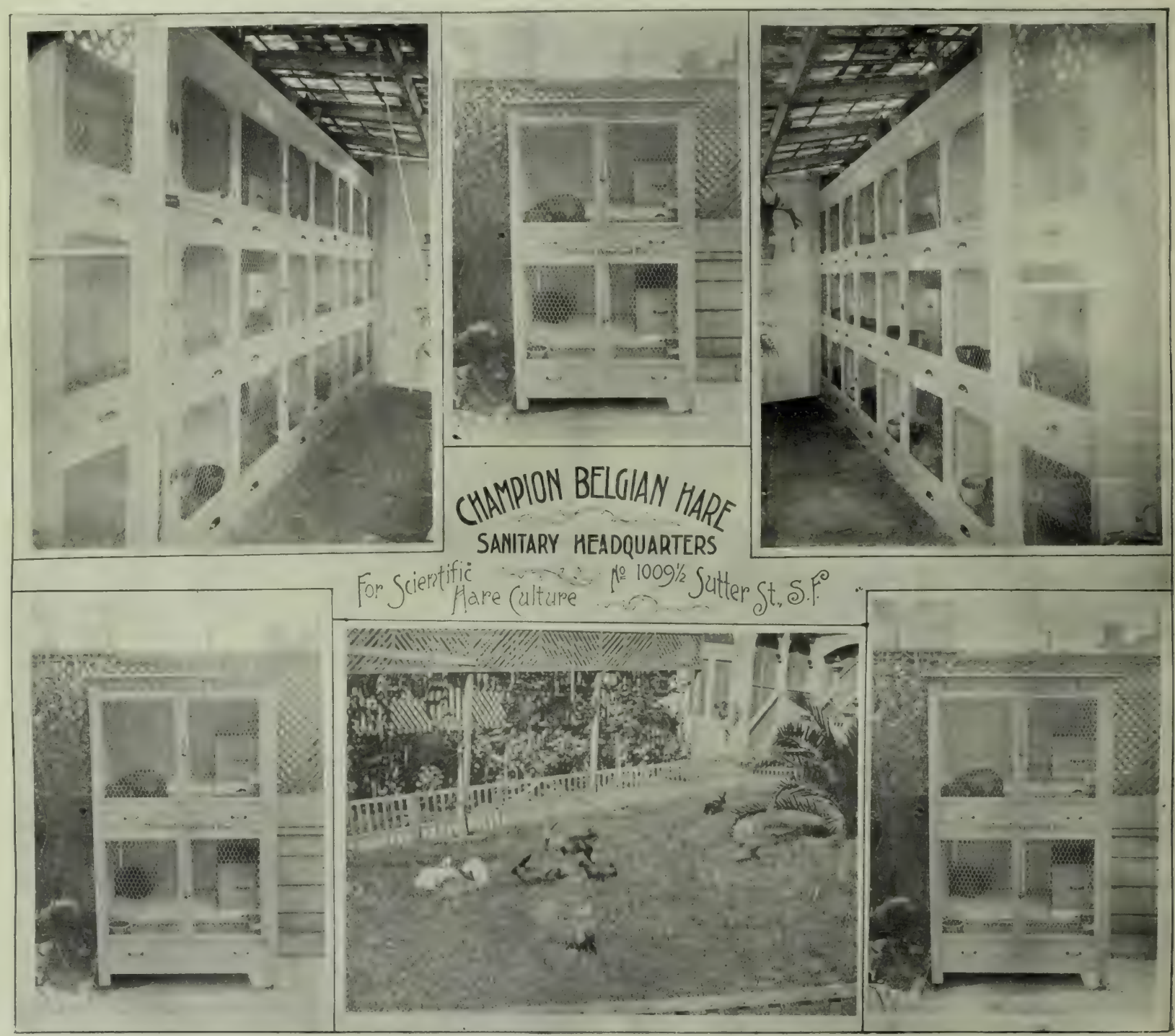
1009½ SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

One of the best sanitary inventions which has lately come into practical u e, is the **SANITARY, SELF-CLEANING HARE HUTCH,** (see engraving on this page) for which a patent has been applied for by the inventors, Halfpenny and Marsh of Los Angeles, Cal. The future of the Belgian Hare, either as a fancy or as a meat proposition, largely depends on the cleanliness of his little home. Many persons have probably been deterred from Hare raising, because of noting the disgusting and slovenly manner in which the hares are maintained in the old style hutches.

The new, Sanitary Hutch, has many advantages over the old one; it makes the raising of Belgian Hares pleasing as well as profitable, and really meets the wants of the most fastidious, for so far as cleanliness and odor is concerned, a Sanitary Hutch full of Hares would not be a nuisance in even the dwelling of the owner; it is self cleaning, for all the droppings are disposed of automatically, and it is convenient, handsome and entirely sanitary; in it the hares are so kept that disease is practically impossible and the customary drudgery of caring for these little pets, is obviated and their raising becomes a pleasure.

The economical question is completely solved, for one person can easily care for a large number of hutches, and the saving in food becomes quite an item, while the beauty and fine points of the fur remain unimpaired.

The many advantages of these hutches was immediately appreciated by Capitalists, Blooded-Hare breeders and expert Fanciers, who noted their general economy and usefullness and especially the fact that the Hares **show to so much better advantage** in these large, light and clean apartments, as distinguished from the cramped, dark and filthy boxes found in most so-called 'rabbitries.'



The first cost is not large, and the numerous advantages possessed by the **SANITARY HUTCH** readily compensate for any additional expense.

Unsanitary conditions in Hare raising are already engaging the attention of the Health Departments, as is shown by the fact that one of the largest and lattest Rabbitries in San Francisco, and containing very fine, imported stock, was condemned as a nuisance by the Health Board Inspectors, ordered abated within 48 hours, and the owner was forced to sell out his whole establishment at a very great loss.

The fact that one large Rabbitry, containing much valuable stock, has already been burned to cinder, caused the Fire Insurance Companies to objec ordinary hutches within the city limits, owing to the bulk of straw, saw-dust and other rubbish constantly accumulating.

Belgian Hare breeding and raising can be done by any person, young or old, and this so-called "fad" may yet be utilized for higher moral purposes and personal culture, in the keeping of young people employed in a legitimate enterprise, instead of as in many instances, following the races, the hounds, frequenting pool-rooms and other degrading sports and amusements; even the ordinary cat or dog-pets, may be superseded by "bunnies," when their care is simplified and made entirely easy by the use of these Sanitary Hutches. Breeders of fine Hares acknoweledge that the meat and the fur of the animals raised in these Hutches is necessary of superior quality, as compared with the old style.

An establishment along the lines mentioned and of a greatly improved type has been inagurated at 1009 1-2 Sutter Street, San Francisco, by Dr. D. A. Hiller, a connoiseur of Belgian Hare stock, and merits the inspection of all lovers of the handsome little animals; this is a model in all respects, and while following the general form of the Halfpenny and Marsh Hutch, the sanitary, economical and altogether pleasing features have been combined to make this, the

CHAMPION BELGIAN HARE SANITARY HEADQUARTERS.

The Agent for these hutches can be found at the same place, and would-be buyers of fine **BLOODED BELGIAN HARES,** will do well to call here and inspect the beautiful "bunnies" offered before making their purchases, as none but the finest stock is kept for sale.

An ABSOLUTE "Snuffle and Slobbers" Cure is also for sale at 50 cents per bottle; one bottle being enough for a whole rabbitry.

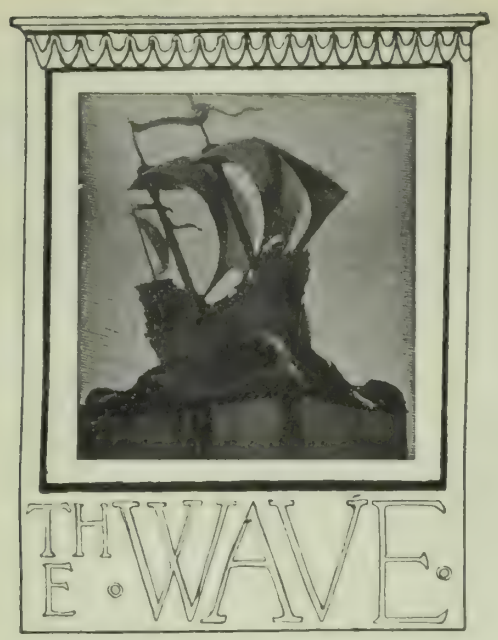
THE BELGIAN HARE IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The Wave 1900

VOL. XXI. No. 18 SAN FRANCISCO—MAY 26, 1900 SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

FEEDING "WANTAGE FOX" (Score 96.)

The Celebrated Imported Belgian Hare, Property of the California Belgian Hare Association, Alameda.



is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—May 12, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Views of the Big Basin Redwood Grove 4
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 5
Views of the Boat-Races at Belvedere 6
Two Filipino Shrines 6
The Belgian Hare in Northern California 7-12
As Seen by Leila 13
Prominent Belgian Hare Men 14
In Bookdom, by F. R. Wall 15
Concerning Man's Queerness 16
At the Theatres 17
New Stories Re-told 18

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Boer Peace Delegates. A Fischer, C. H. Wessels and A. D. W. Wolmarans, delegates from the Boer republics to the United States, have arrived, presented their credentials, and scored a popular hit and a diplomatic failure, and are on their way to stump the country for the failing cause of Kruger. The status of these three delegates is a peculiar one. They have no diplomatic standing, since England has possessed ever since Majuba Hill the right to mould the foreign policy of the Transvaal, and America and that nation have, therefore, made no exchange of ministers. They are merely private citizens, so far as our government is concerned, coming to seek an official hearing. The position is like that occupied by Benjamin Franklin when he went to France in order to plead the cause of the unrecognized American colonies. The delegates landed in New York early last week, were met by committees of Boer sympathizers, among them being many Congressmen, and were escorted to Washington. Once there, they requested the privileges of the floor of the Senate. A measure to this effect was rushed before that body, but was defeated, after a hot debate, by a tidy majority. It was noticeable that few of the senators participating dared to defend England; most of those speaking against the measure gave as their cause for opposition the rashness of interfering in the quarrels of a friendly Power. Failing here, the delegates saw President McKinley and Secretary of State Hay and were equally unsuccessful. The President was courteous, but firm in his refusal to mix this country in the muddle. The Boer envoys will now travel through the country, stirring up sympathy. They state that their desire is not for armed intervention, but for peace proposals coming from the United States and having as a basis the securing of the permanent freedom of the two republics.

The South African War. Mafeking is relieved and the forces beleaguring the town have rolled back upon their own frontier, the British are advancing everywhere, Roberts is upon the borders of Transvaal and advancing steadily; the Boers are discouraged. This is the encouraging news which has set London wild during the past week. English prophets, at home and at the front, predict the early close of the war. Its end is, indeed, in sight, and the Burgher cause is hopeless, but whether it will come at once or after another hard campaign, this one rbout Pretoria, is a disputed point. As the end draws near and the history of the war can be seen in perspective, it becomes more and more apparent that the campaign around Kimberly, culmimating in Cronje's capture, was the decisive conflict the turning-point, of the whole war. That movement resulted indirectly in the relief of Ladysmith, opened the way to Bloemfontien and the Free State, and so discouraged the Boers that they have not put up any really tout opposition since. Mafeking was relieved by means of a bold flanking movement, something like the one which French employed in cutting in on Kimberly. The Boers, when they heard that the relief was near, pressed the attack on the city with redoubled fury, but the garrison held out, and when the coloumn finally reached the town, the Besiegers were caught between two fires, one hundred and twenty of them surrendering. The defenders, who had been reduced to rations of horse-meat and bran, were haggard, worn and weak. Roberts is advancing without serious opposition, his horsemen being now upon the Vaal River, his scouts within forty miles of Johannesburg. His greatest success of the week was the surrender of eight hundred Boers squeezed between his own army and the Mafeking relief coloumn. Buller, on the other border, has suffered a slight reverse, a squadron of Colonel Bethume having been ambushed with a loss of over sixty men. This is only a minor affair, but it shows that the Boers are still active. Every line which can be kept on Kruger and his advisers show that they are discouraged and nearly ready to cry quits. In view of the near approach of Robert's forces, a general exodus has begum from Pretoria.

Large Fires Cause a Scare. The recent heavy fire losses throughout the United States and Canada are causing more disturbance in insurance circles than the managers of various companies care to admit. The many commercial journals of the country have espoused the insurance man's cause, and this business, which has always been considered, more or less, one of the necessary evils, is receiving slightly more than its share of attention. Indeed, it seems that there is justice in their demands for higher rates. Their losses during 1899 were over ten million dollars, above all income, and this year, the first four months have shown a loss unprecedented in the history of the business. The various presidents and managers of large companies are declaring that it is hardly fair for companies losing money at the rate of ten millions a year to be considered as trusts, to be legislated against by the differeut states, and decried by the people. If such oppression does not cease, they say, and rates continue to be low, with fire losses as severe as they have been in the past, some big conflagration is liable to sweep a heavily insured city away and bankrupt every company interested, leaving the insurers without a possibility for the recovery of even their premiums. Philadelphia, already, on account of her heavy losses and dangerous districts, is absolutely without safe insurance. The reliable companies have withdrawn and have left the wildcat schemes full sway. The sweeping blaze that carried away the cities of Ottawa and Hull all but annihilated several large corporations; and through the losses of the last few years, the Palatine, a large company, has been absorbed by the Commercial Union. These are not the only changes that are to come, say the managers. No concerns can long stand the prevalent conditions, and there is little doubt that other companies must follow the lead of the Palatine. The alarm has become general and meetings are being held in every state in the union and in England to devise some plan whereby the fire losses may be decreased and higher rates successfully carried.

The Strike in St. Louis Continues. In Kansas City the street car strike is practically at an end, but in St. Louis, the former employes of the St. Louis Transit Company have continued their efforts with such vigor that there is an increase rather than an abatement of the trouble. During the week, President Baumhoff has managed to keep five lines in operation, but the cars have been run only intermittantly and with such danger to traffic that the only success attached to his labors has been the power to keep them moving at all in the face of such determined resistance. Sunday was comparatively quiet, the strike leaders stating that they did not wish to continue the trouble on that day. On Monday, the mobs of the previous week were gathered again and the fight was renewed. The Thirteenth street and the Twenty-Third avenue cars were both stopped. The rioters lined the pavement, firing bullets, and hurling rocks into the passing cars, until all traffic was stopped. Each time, a riot call was turned in and squads of mounted police were hurried to the place to save the working employes and the officers on duty. In the first fight, one boy was killed, and four people seriously wounded. At the Twenty-third street fight, a boy was wounded, a policeman killed and one of the car-conductors beaten almost to death. Three women, who had been passengers on the car causing the trouble, tried to escape, but were overtaken by a mob of women in sympathy with the strikers and all but killed before aid could arrive. There seems to be no thought of either a compromise or surrender. President Baumhoff says that he would like to have the old men return to work, but that he will not discharge the new ones, while President Mahan of the strikers is reported to have declared that there will be no compromise.

No Action on the Canal Bill. The action of the Senate on the Hepburn Nicaragua Bill so strongly fostered by Senator Morgan has about destroyed all hope for the bill's passage during this session. Bills of appropriation have the right of way, now that the session is so nearly ended, and lest there be some hitch with these, Senator Spooner's Philippine resolution is held in constant readiness to act as a "buffer" should Morgan's action become too urgent. During Monday's session there was at least some possibility of bringing the measure forward, but the Alabama senator's poor tact in attempting to rush it when so many of its exponents were absent sent it to the wall once more by the decisive vote of 21 to 28. The Pacific Coast senators voted for it to a man, and worked hard but without success. On Tuesday, Spooner and his resolution again had the floor. During the afternoon, Senator Morgan spoke for his bill. This time it was information he sought concerning the cost of transportation by railroad to the Pacific Coast, the cost of fuel for the trip around the Horn, and the amount of tolls and fares paid by the United States to the Suez canal company. If his questions were a surprise, his resolution, which followed might be called a shock. He called upon the Secretary of the Navy for statistics; the number of vessels sent to the Philippines, the distance of sea to travel, the cost of fuel and the tolls to the canal; and last, the the time and distance covered by the Oregon on her race trip around the Horn, and the coal consumed. Mention of the Oregon was the strongest point he has made. It brought before the Senate that vessel's fast race for time, when time could not be measured by money, and gave the Senators a fancied relapse of the anxiety felt everywhere during that crisis. With those eager for the bill's rejection, there is a sentiment that questions of such a nature should be avoided even if it be necessary to keep Spooner and his Philippines constantly present.

Otis and Peace in Luzon. It could scarcely be doubted, after a review of the week's cablegrams from Manila that General Otis' last report—that the war is over, is true; there have been but six fights of more or less importance since it came. Aginaldo is still at large. He has changed his tactics of late and has now taken to writing proclamations. The latest of these comes from Polillo under date of May 4th, and declares that the recent peace commission is authorized by Congress and invalid. The wily insurgent urges the people of the different provinces to give no credence to the promises or requests of the commissioners, and above all not to lay down their arms. He appeals to them to continue their struggle for liberty, and they have responded with a number of small engagements and not a few casualties to the American troops. Following immediately in the line of Otis' latest report of hostile cessations, comes the news of the fight of Catarma on the Island of Samar, in which th Forty-third Regiment was attacked by a large band of insurgents, and made to fight hard to drive the rebels back. The next day eighty soldiers of the Fortieth Volunteer Infantry were ambushed in the hills near Aquasan, by five hundred natives. The fight lasted some time and had not the Americans been naturally intrenched they could not have held out. But as it was, and is in all of these fights, the Filipinos after their first rush, allowed themselves to be whipped back, and maintained a sullen distance until they were finally driven out entirely. With these and other similar disturbances, the generals on the Islands have become slow to appreciate advices from their major general. General James M. Bell, commanding the hemp provinces of Southern Luzon, has issued orders to his officers not to attempt to organize the municipal government as prescribed by Major General O is. He gives as his reasons the disturbed conditions of the country and the attitude of the natives. The Amer cans are occupying a few Coast towns which the insurgents surround. The garrisons are too small to push operations into the interior and the regiments needed for each Southern province cannot be spared. Added to all these Otis elements of peace, comes the news of the first death of an American from Bubonic plague. Adjutant General Corbin has further added spice to the situation, by asking questions of General Otis concerning a certain peace conference asked for by General Torres. Otis' reply admits such an interview, but states that it was not entirely formal and further was not urged by Aguinaldo himself. The one favorable report comes at the close of the week. It states that ten Filipino companies, consisting of a major, a captain, six lieutenants, one hundred sixty-three men and one hundred sixty-eight rifles surrendered at Tarlac to Colonel Emerson H. Liscum, on May 22nd. In Washington, in the meantime, the Philippino question has the floor with Senator Spooner's bill, to the extent that it is brought up and talked about whenever any other subject is to be avoided With the present outlook, both at the government end and the fighting end of the line, it is hard even to surmise when this cessation of hostilities will come—if it will come at all.

Editorial Comment.

How to Make a Campaign on Public Funds.

IN connection with the question of municipal ownership, we have indicated the consequences that are likely to follow the entrusting of stupendous undertakings to the representatives of a city wherein the government is corrupt. Mr. Weinstock declares that American municipalities are a failure; to be sure, his declaration is not conclusive, but outside of our own convinctions and Mr. Weinstock's declaration there is ample evidence. Alfred R. Conkling, formerly alderman of the City of New York, a member of the state assembly, and one of the founders of the "City Club" of New York, a good government organization, has written a little work on "City Government in the United States" that may be referred to in this connection.

Speaking of the Croton water works of New York, he says:

"A law was passed in 1883 to build a new aqueduct from the Croton River watershed to the city. *This stupendous public work became a harvest for politicians; large sums o money have been squandered upon it, and much of the work had to be done over.* The defective work was, in part owing to corrupt inspectors and engineers, who approved work that was not only contrary to specifications, but done in a most scandalous manner."

And here it may be as well to consider briefly the question of constructing a new plant for San Francisco. Engineers may estimate and submit figures until the crack o' doom, but nowhere do their estimates show the percentage that must be added to the original cost to satisfy corruption, nowhere do they show the percentage for repairs and reconstructing "skimped" work. In the acquisition of water works for San Francisco the inclination of the politician will be strong toward constructing an entirely new plant There is more "politics" in it. More political capital to be made out of inaugurating a "stupendous public work" and to become as Mr. Conkling says, a "harvest for politicians." There are votes and there is power behind the employment of large bodies of men through the several counties to be

traversed by the pipe line. But until the last shovelful of earth has been turned, until the last ditch has been dug, the last length of pipe laid, no human being can foretell where the original cost will end. And after the work has been finished and accepted, flimsy and scandalous work of corrupt contractors will begin to develope, and no man will be able to foretell where repairs and reconstruction will end. The disappointment will grow out of the fact that the original estimates will be found to be placed at a temptingly low figure, so as to deceive the voter and justify his preference for original construction. It will be found, just as it has been found in thousands of cases before, that through "inadvertence" the original estimates were low.

There will be no "politics" to be made in purchasing the Spring Valley Works from unwilling stock and bond holders. Such a transaction would be altogether too tame, it would offer no opportunity to "work" the labor vote, it would lack all of the spectacular effects that would go hand in hand with political ambition and the construction of large public works. If among Spring Valley stockholders there lives a fear that their property may be condemned and purchased willy nilly, they may dismiss that apprehension without further thought, for it is *not* good "politics," and politics will determine the course to be pursued.

Dealing with the question of municipal ownership of water works, Mr. Conkling sets up his ideal system, and we commend it our reader.

"It seems that the cheapest way to supply the inhabitants in a city or town with a satisfactory water service is by a well-guarded and equitable franchise granted to a *private corporation*, with prices *regulated by ordinance*. It is then known in advance exactly what has to be provided for and paid. On the other hand, when the municipality owns the works, the constant appropriations paid out of the tax levy, for various necessary but often times unnecessary purposes, makes the total cost greater, although the rates to private consumers may appear less on the water bills than those that would be paid to a private corporation in a similar city."

The reader must bear in mind that Mr. Conkling is a reformer, a man of high intelligence, and that he lives in a city that has owned its own water works for years. He speaks from experience. Again he says:

"Municipal ownership of water works is constantly growing more popular. When they are thus owned, the average citizen seems to feel a sort of joint proprietorship in our water plant *and the local politician uses the patronage which the operation of the works affords, as well as the contracts required for repairs and improvements, to advance his own interests politically and perhaps sometime-financially.*"

Mr. Conkling's ideal water works, namely the "cheapest way to supply the inhabitants of a city or town with a satisfactory water service" calls for a "well guarded and equitable franchise granted to a *private corporation, with price regulated by ordinance.*" San Francisco already has that. Every purveyor of water in the State is subject to local regulations as to rates. Conditions justifying public ownership existing in some other municipality, cannot be considered applicable to San Francisco, unless it can be shown that all of the surrounding facts and circumstances are identical. In some Eastern cities, corporations owning water works were virtually granted exclusive franchises. Such is not the case here. Anyone may be granted a new franchise and proceed to set up an opposition company. In some Eastern cities, governing local boards have no power to abolish exorbitant and establish fair rates. Such is not the case here. The whole question of rates is vested in a Board of Supervisors elected by the people who consume and pay for water. In some Eastern cities the municipality is at the mercy of the water corporations; in California the water corporations are at the mercy of the cities. It would seem almost foolhardy for a city that already possessed the right to regulate the water rates of private corporations to wilfully embark in the uncertainties of public ownership, when in the end all it would secure to itself would be the naked right to fix the water rates of its own plant. So far as water rates are concerned, the municipality would require no additional power, but it would be cursed with the expensive and unending burden of ownership and this, too, without any certainty that the consumer would receive a dollar of benefit. In communities entirely free from corruption, where the lower class of voters are absent, Mr. Conkling believes it might be safe "to carry out the principle of municipalization of public works so far as is consistent with economy and the wishes of the taxpayers." But he adds, "as I write, municipal officers of all grades in many of the large cities are now under indictment, and many more would be added to the list if it were not for corrupt police magistrates, packed grand juries and negligent district attorneys." He further says: "The tendency of municipal governments in the United States is downward;" and he quotes from Jefferson who said: "The mobs of great cities add just so much to the support of pure government' as sores do to the strength of the human body."

It would scarcely seem necessary in connection with the discussion of municipal ownership to dwell upon the question of corruption, but the voter who is carried away by pure sentimentalism is apt to lose sight of the practical side of the question. Consider for a moment the huge work, the construction of which is now seriously under consideration. A pipe line to some distant and indefinite point in the mountains and a complete water pipe system laid throughout the city only partially tells the tale. Conceive, if you can, the "steals" that would follow and ask yourself the question, "Is San Francisco prepared for this great trust?" Mr. Conkling says: "The public works of American cities are, perhaps, the field of more swindling than any other department of the municipality." And again, "As a general rule, it is impossible to construct a court-house or city hall within the appropriation. Some corrupt contractor commonly finds a deficit in the appropriation and obtains an additional amount to make it up."

It is not the part of wisdom to close one's eyes to a condition of affairs so serious and so manifest. Certain it is, if the public is determined on public ownership, it must scrutinize with suspicion every plan to embark in extensive public works, for here stalks "politics" and corruption. We venture to prophesy—and to this prophecy we will direct our readers' attention months hence—the plan that will be submitted to the voters will call for the construction of an entirely new water system. That will be politics. If the voters approve the bond issue, the original estimate will fall far below the actual cost. That will be intentional. The corrupt contractor and thieving official will make away with large sums of money. That will be boodle. And the author of the mischief will be anathenized from Hell to Hackensack, by indignant citizens and taxpayers. That will be tough.

The New Democracy.

JUDGE ROBERT Y. HAYNE, a thoughtful gentleman, and a Democrat of the refined school, recently suggested that the opposing elements of his party come together and agree upon some "reconciling principle" that would satisfy the demands of the free-silver wing of the party, and at the same time carry with it none of the threat and dread of calamity that goes hand in hand with Bryanism. We have looked in vain for any response to the peaceful overtures made by this gentleman. His standing in the party and his prominence in the state ought to be sufficient to draw from the Democratic press, at least, a discussion of his suggestion. But it did not come.

It is Judge Hayne's suggestion that the gold wing of democracy concede the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and that the silver wing concede the principle of the liberty of contract i. e., the right of the individual to contract for the kind of money he desires to receive. Judge Hayne says:

"Would it satisfy the silver men?"

It certainly ought to do so. For it would be yielding everything they have asked for, viz: the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. There would not be the least discrimination between the two metals. Silver would be on precisely the same plane as gold; and everyone could make use of the kind of money which he preferred. Under these circumstances, whatever merits either metal has could not fail to be manifest; and there would be a greater supply.

Existing obligations, the Judge points out, are no longer an issue. He says:

"The recent Act of congress involves a pledge of the national faith, that existing obligations shall be discharged in gold. It is not probable that any considerable number of voters would desire to see such a pledge violated; and the American people would never sanction it."

Wait and see, honest friend. The Populist convention which nominated Mr. Bryan and which is lighting the way for the stumbling feet of democracy, had something to say of this recent Act of congress, and the Democratic party may be trusted to echo the sentiment. It said:

Resolved, That we denounce the Act of March 14, 1900, as the culmination of a long series of conspiracies to deprive the people of their constitutional rights over the money of the nation and relegate to a gigantic money trust the control of the finances, and hence of the people. We denounce this act. . . . We pledge anew the People's party never to cease the agitation until this financial conspiracy is blotted from the statute books, etc.

True this is Populistic doctrine, but if any respectable Democrat expects his party to repudiate this doctrine he is badly deceived.

The silver man would no more dream of accepting the principle of the right of contract to sustain the value of his metal, than he would of abandoning the issue entirely. The silver man is determined upon the doctrine of compulsion. He believes he can cram his silver dollar down your throat by law. He believes the party can be restored, but it is the essence of his belief that compulsion is necessary. Under Mr. Hayne's plan there is no provision that silver shall be received for customs, dues, taxes, etc., etc., hence he neglects one of their favorite plans. The truth is, gentlemen of the Hayne type are out of place in the party now masquerading under the name of Democracy. It has forsaken every principle that attracted thinking men to the old standard. All that remains is the name. Democracy has deserted the men of the Hayne type. They have not changed their views, the party has simply bolted away from decency. It has fallen into hands that are unclean, and is dominated by men with minds warped by prejudice, and unfit to control its doctrines.

Mr. Hayne says he does not believe that any considerable number of men would desire to see a pledge of national faith violated. The Populists, as he will have seen, are anxious to get a "whack" at that "pledge of national faith," and the convention that so declared also nominates that "peerless statesman and patriot" that "most American American," William Jennings Bryan, to carry out its programme of repudiation.

The Republican Delegates at Large.

THE selection of U. S, Grant, Jr., as a delegate at large to the National Republican Convention is in a sense a vindication of that gentleman at the hands of his party. Now that the asperities of the hardest fought political contest of the state have softened, honest men acquainted with the facts will concede that at no place and at no time was Mr. Grant guilty of a dishonorable or wrongful act in his canvas for the Senate. He conducted a clean, upright fight, and if ever he comes up for office again, his opponents will not be likely to underestimate his fighting qualities.

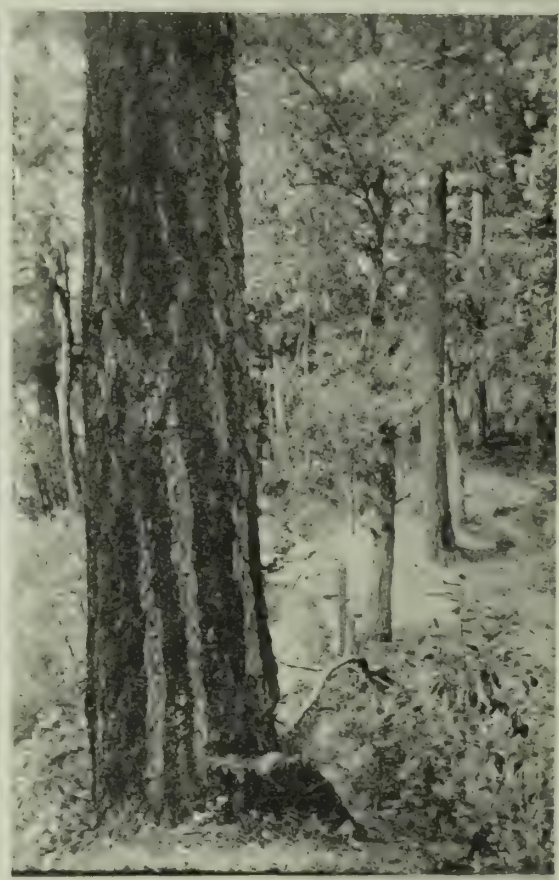
Politically, it was a mistake for Dr. Pardee to indulge his aspirations to serve as delegate at large in the coming national convention. The man who is seeking a gubernational nominational must forgo the small ambitions and turn them to account. There is little enough opportunity for the politically ambitious private citizen to deal out political favors. When the wise man has a sprat and wants a mackeral, he does not eat the sprat and fish with a bare hook. Dr. Pardee's success in this minor matter, purely party affairs, has strengthened him none, but has weakened him some. An equal amount of industry on behalf of men ambitious alone to go to the Philadelphia convention, would have earned him friendships that he will need at the next state convention. The re-election of Knight and Rideout filled the list of delegates over which there was a contest.

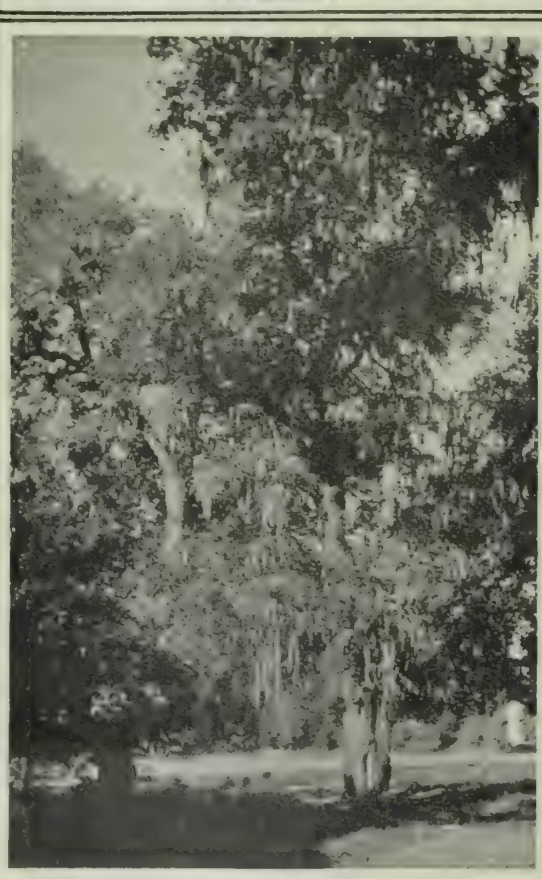
The defeat of John D. Spreckels is variously viewed by various men. It is the writer's opinion that he is stronger today defeated, than he would have been if chosen, that is, it is within his reach to secure a position in the party which, if he had been successful, would have been beyond him. But unhappy attacks on the integrity of the party convention that defeated him are not calculated to assist toward achieving that end. A hostile Democratic press could have been trusted to exploit this view of his defeat to his entire satisfaction. It was in bad taste coming from the *Call*. There is a political door-way yawning wide-open for Mr. Spreckels, and if he enters it with a proper comprehension of the possibilities that lie beyond, and a clear conception of what is needed to win, there may be some startling political developments. It is merely a question of sane management.

An Apparently Just Claim.

THE Senate Committee on claims to which was referred the claim of one Geo. F. Schild recently submitted a report that discloses an interesting tale and a long continued wrong inflicted upon the claimant. It appears that in 1880 Schild took out a patent for an improvement in cassion gates. He had an office at the Mare Island navy yard, where he was employed as a naval architect and draftsman. The dry-dock at the yard was approaching completion; a cassion gate was needed and plans had been prepared for one at an estimated cost of $100,000. A model of Schild's invention attracted the Commandant. One C. C. Wolcott, a civil engineer of the navy, obtained from Schild a copy of the plans of his gate and transmitted it to Washington, recommending its adoption. The government later employed the Union Iron Works to construct a gate after Schild's design under Wolcott's inspection. Schild protested against this as an infringement. Failing to secure satisfaction, he brought suit against the iron works. The verdict was in claimant's favor, but inasmuch as the corporation had merely built the gate under the Departments plans, Schild, while establishing the infringement, received only nominal damages. It was shown that the government had saved $40,000 through the use of the gate. Still pursuing justice, Schild instituted suit against the naval officers who were responsible for the appropriation of his patent. He again proved up his prtent, established an enfringement, and proved up gains and profits to the government amounting to $40,000. This case was appealed to the Supreme Court, where judgment was reversed upon the ground that the defendants, being merely servants of the government, were not individually benefitted and plaintiff could not recover against them.

The committee report that Schild is without remedy save through legislation recognizing the moral obligation of the government. His patent has expired, and the committee recommends that it is the duty of the legislative department to afford, in this case, a remedy which the judicial department finds itself unable to give.





THE BIG BASIN REDWOOD GROVE.

Scenes in the Beautiful Forest Which May be Reserved as a Public Park

Things & People.

ie Projected Subway.

THE daily papers, in commenting upon the proposed underground subway down Market street and, perhaps, under the bay to Oakland and the other towns of Alameda county, have drawn attention to the overcrowded condition of San Francisco's prin- pal thoroughfare. In no other city of the country does ne street bear so great a proportion of the traffic. In the thers, some two or three thoroughfares do duty as arteries f trade, but at the Golden Gate there is only the one. The ity is practically two boroughs, very roughly soldered to- ether by Market street; the joints do not fit, it is true, but o other meeting-ground is possible. New York, though ossessing some six or eight main arteries, experienced the ame trouble with Broadway, and the new underground ailway is a consequence. One has only to walk downtown o business in order to appreciate the dangerous over-crowd- ng of Market street; in one day last week there were three jams" like the famous old Broadway article at the Mar- et-Geary-Third corner. And the trouble will increase vith the growth of the city. The subway is certainly eeded, and it would as certainly pay; whether anyone vill have the enterprise to try it and whether, having tried t, he will not be hampered and delayed by the "municipal wnership" fiends, is another question. As for the subway nder the bay to Oakland, the future of the projected New York-Brooklyn connection must decide. It has never been roved that such an engineering feat is possible and practicable. In theory it is, but the sanction of practice is vanting. But once constructed, it would mean everything o the city. As everyone now knows, San Francisco ought, y all considerations of climate and convenience, to have een placed originally where Oakland and Alameda now tand. That chance is past, but the subway would overcome n great measure the disadvantage of location.

***

The Police Commission Again.

THE Dogberrys of the San Francisco Police Commission have perpetrated some more "woozy" orders. As all the world and his wife knows, they enforced the "six-foot" partition ordinance something over a month ago. In accordance with the terms of this measure, the saloon-men, great and small, went to great expense in pulling down partitions, purchasing curtains, and otherwise making provision to accede to the orders, absurd though they were. No sooner had this been done, than the Commission passed another sweeping ordinance closing all side entrances. It goes without saying that the side entrance is the feeder of the private dining-room or "box." The very class of people who, while visiting places where liquor is sold, do not wish to be seen in the public bar-room, are the very ones who also use the side entrance. Close this means of ingress, and the private dining-room becomes just so much waste space. Knowing this, as the Commission must have known it, common sense of justice should have prevented this injury to a business which is held legitimate by the law and is licesced by the city. One café alone has expended several thousand dollars in making the changes neccessitated by the first spasm of legislation; the money is, of course, a dead loss. There is hardly a saloon, café or French restaurant in town which does not suffer more or less from this injustice.

* * *

I am not defending the side-entrance, with its train of evils. It has been largely responsible for that flaunting of evil which has given rise to the dear old fiction about San Francisco being "the most immoral city, etc." But, in the name of common sense, why didn't the Police Commissioners go the whole thing at once? There is no excuse, absolutely none, for making two bites of a cherry in this manner. The closing of side entrances was the better remedy of the two, without a doubt. The partition rule was a half-measure, hard to define, hard to enforce. It worked injury to restaurants, hotels, bars and other places which were not used for immoral purposes and in which the private dining-room was a convenience. The fault lies in the awkward and blundering way in which the Dogberrys managed it.

***

A Clergyman in a Quandary.

THE University of Chicago's Divinity School, noted for its weird decisions on theology, has perpetrated an ebullition of priestly wisdom which ought to go on record. Some of the heresy-hunters found that a young professor had written a book with the awful taint of unorthodoxy pertaining thereunto. He was hauled up before a court of his peers and sentenced to suspension with the alternative of retracting, apologizing and publishing another book repudiating and declaring false the sentiments expressed in the first one. To express it in another way, the unlucky professor must leave the ministry or say that he lied. If he takes the latter alternative, he admits that he is a liar, and therefore unfit to pose in the ministry as an object of virtue. If, on the other hand, his retraction is not sincere, he is a liar in the second instance. Anyway you look at it, the unfortunate heretic is frozen out. And then you talk about the Iniquisition of the Middle Ages!

Improvement as She is Practiced.

A feature of our municipal business which would make screaming Hoyt farce is the trade of municipal improvement as practiced in San Francisco. The officers of some of these local improvement clubs have made considerable noise lately by demanding general reductions in municipal salaries all along the line in order to pay out the surplus in city improvements. It is very noble of them, even self-sacrificing, considering that most of these watchdogs of the people's liberties are laying for the very salaried positions whose stipend they are trying to cut down. Entirely too many of the officers in these clubs are on the political lists for appointments. A case in point occured a few weeks ago, when a committee of three was sent up with a petition for reduction of expenses. That committee never reported, because two of its members did not come back. They were caught and, much against their will, forced to accept places in the Hall. If the improvement clubs really intend to improve anything except the financial condition of their officers, they should put a stop to the job-chasing feature of their activities.

***

The Belvedere Regatta.

CONSIDERING the matchless bay with its great estuaries lying at our very doors, it is surprising that San Francisco pays no more attention than she does to rowing. The regatta at Belvedere last Sunday attracted comparatively little attention, and the rowing of the individual oarsmen was comparatively poor. Some of the men were strong, fine specimens, as well built for rowing as any man ever seen in an Oxford or Harvard boat, but their work was raw, untrained, stiff, and the team-work of the crews was very ragged. An Eastern expert would have laughed at the evident lack of scientific training shown in some of the boats. As I have said, it is somewhat strange. Perhaps the impossibility of a rowing contest between the two universities, owing to the distance of Stanford from suitable water, has something to do with the case. Amateur athletics of all sorts on the Coast have flourished and languished in proportion to the interest taken at the two colleges. But since it is clearly impossible that the colleges can take a hand, it behooves the rowing clubs to go ahead on their own initiative, learning the business, developing style, swing, team-work and waterman ship.

***

The Nome Drain.

I Mentioned, some two weeks ago, the great rush to Cape Nome from San Francisco and its probable influence upon the city. Later events have proved that my prophecy was no calamity howl. The business season has opened and, in view of the national "tide of prosperity" which is keeping things so lively everywhere else, San Francisco is comparatively dull. The reason has escaped general notice. The men who are going to Cape Nome represent the very best we breed. They are mostly young, energetic and capable, and they are all small capitalists, in that it takes a tidy little sum to purchase a passage and an outfit for Cape Nome. This is the very class which keeps things alive, sets business going, forms the motive power of the industrial machinery. We can not afford to lose the army of young men going to Nome, even for a summer. We will have some of them back again soon, it is true. It would need a heap of gold as big as the Palace Hotel to give profit to all the army who are expending their money and energy in the great rush to the Alaskan fields this summer. It will not pay the most of them, and it assuredly will not pay the city. It is a lasting pity that all this mental and physical force is not being used in grasping the opportunities presented by the new aspect of Oriental affairs. There will be San Francisco's chance in future years, provided she grasps the opportunity—and now, right now in this year of grace 1900 is the fateful and opportune time.

* * *

Meantime I see that some California capitalists are about to begin mining in Siberia. There is little doubt that there is gold in the northern Pacific part of that country. It has practically the same conformation as the rich lands around Nome, and American miners have always believed that there were chances in that direction. Indeed, no one is certain but that Americans have already made a haul there. Placer mining on a small scale is impossible in any lands controlled by Russia. The government of the Czar believes in gripping tight everything within reach. In this case, it has gripped the Siberian gold franchises, making terms for royalties and inspection beyond ordinary means. The San Francisco company in question has worked four years and —if rumor is to be believed—spent considerable money with Russian officials in order to obtain its permits. But Siberia is poorly patrolled, and a Seattle report has it that several Alaskan miners have sneaked in, washed out gold in newly discovered tracts far away from the Czar's police, and gotten away to America before they were discovered. But mining by poor men, except on the sly, is impossible in Siberia.

***

The Season at Morosco's.

MY colleague of the dramatic column stated, when Morosco opened the new extravaganza season at the Grand Opera House, his skepticism as to the result of the venture. Time has fulfilled the prophecy. The present company has been given notice that the season is to close June 1—after which T. Daniel Frawley is to take the management, putting on light comedy. He is at present recuiting a company for the purpose in New York, his last winter's aggregation remaining at the Burbank in Los Angeles. Morosco's has never been a startling success since the close of the good old ten-year run of howling melodrama. The fact is that the structure of the place is against its chances with the ordinary run of stock-company features. It is built on a huge scale; grand opera and melodrama and other things great and loud are, therefore suited to its structure, but light opera and light comedy and all things of that sort lose themselves in its space. These things call rather for a cozy little house, where a comedian may establish confidential relations with his hearers. Frawley will have this to fight against in trying his new stock company. It remains to be seen whether he can overcome the handicap. And speaking of Morosco's, I am reminded that bad news has reached San Francisco concerning Thomas Persse, tenor of the company which appeared at that house last winter. His voice has broken down in Los Angeles, owing to strain and overwork, and he has been obliged to give up the profession for the time at least. 'Tis a pity; it was not a great voice, but a sweet, high and sympathetic one, and the owner knew how to make the most of it.

BOSWELL, JR.

ANOTHER TREE CRUSADE.

THE Calaveras big tree grove is saved, thanks to the good offices of the California Club. The preservation of this noble tract has led to an agitation for the public care of another grove, scarcely less noble. The citizens of Santa Cruz, San Mateo and Santa Clara counties are devising ways and means of saving the Big Basin grove, which caps the junction of the three counties.

The Big Basin grove lies on a plateau which forms the end of the Santa Cruz mountains, the Catskills of California. Here, when the white man came, stood a wild grove of singular beauty, crowned with thousands of magnificent specimens of the *Sequoia sempervirens* which bears about the same relation to the *Sequoia gigantea* of the Calaveras groves which a setter bears to a mastiff. Then, there were in California many other spots of similar growth and of almost eqnal beauty, but their accissibility was their ruin. The Big Basin grove, on the contrary, was too far from transportation to be of much use to the lumbermen. So the trees remained, and with them the birds and beasts and shrubs which flourished under their shade. Today, the spot is almost as it was when the Indian ruled. Wild beasts, the few singing birds vouchsafed to California still abound, and the aisles of the huge grove hold the silence of the forest primeval. Over all, the redwoods rise to a great height. They cannot quite vie with their sister trees of the Calaveras groves, but they come very near it. A score pass the three-hundred-foot mark, and hundreds go over two hundred and fifty feet. Nevertheless, it is not their size but their beauty that makes them worthy of preservation. The *sempervirens* is a much more handsome tree than the *gigantea*. Moreover, it is neighborly and charitable in its ways, permitting other growing things to have a share in the privileges of the forest. This is contrary to the habit of the giant species, which seems averse to other vegetable life in the region, so that the carpet of needles beneath is as bare as a floor. The Big Basin grove has over fifty varieties of tree growth, including redwood, madrone, oak, pine, maple and sycamore. It has also its share of show features and sensational conformations. In one spot, four of the giants stand on the corners of a diamond figure, as perfectly arranged as though they had been laid out and planted by a surveyor. In the confines of the tract are the springs and sources of a score of streams, some of them arising to the dignity of rivers before they empty into the Pacific.

For many years, the possible future of this tract has been a subject of thought to far-seeing Californians. As early as twenty years ago, the project of forming a park there was suggested. It was seen that the settling of the country would soon make it accessible and that the axe of the forest-destroyer would do the rest. It was the purpose of Leland Stanford to purchase the track and keep it as a sort of botanical experiment station in connection with Stanford University. His death prevented this, as it did many of his other plans. And now, the lumber men are stripping the forests along the beautiful Western slope of the Santa Cruz range and are beginning to bite into the Basin. Three or four years more and it will be past saving.

It would be no great strain on the nation or the state to preserve both the Calaveras and Santa Cruz tracts. The time will come, unless our laws are radically changed, when *Sequoias*, outside of public parks, will be as extinct as the buffalo. The government has saved a park of the greater trees, and it is now to be asked to save the smaller, but more graceful and beautiful, *sempervirens*.

The "potato town" of Greeley, Colo., in order to encour age improvement of private grounds and care of streets and sidewalks, offers prizes this year for the best display of flowers and shrubbery in private yards, and the best-kept street areas and sidewalks. It is a new plan and is attracting some little attention abroad.

The Four-Oared Barge Race at Belvedere.

1. The Winning Alamedas Making Ready.
2. The Start.
3. Settling Down—Two Hundred Yards from the Start.
4. The Finish.

Photos by Warfiela.

Two Filipino Shrines.

THE pilgrims to Antipolo in the Philippines probably carry this year Krag-Jorgensens and machine guns. Formerly, in times of peace, the population of Manila and its surroundings, the natives from all of the villages of the neighboring provinces, the inhabitants nearby and those from far away were used to set out in the month of May in coaches, on foot or in small river craft decorated with flags and green branches for the sanctuary of Antipolo, the fiesta of whose saint is celebrated in the month when folk long to go on pilgrimages.

Of all the shrines in the colony that of the Virgin of Antipolo, Nuestra Senora de Buen Viaje y de la Paz (Our Lady of Good Voyage and Peace), is the most popular. There is the image of many miracles. It is said to have been brought in a state galleon from Acapulco, Mexico, in 1626. The legend runs that the people of Mexico were loath to part with the holy image; but the Virgin, wishing to succor the inhabitants of the Spanish Indies, smoothed all difficulties. When she arrived in Manila she was taken in procession to the Cathedral, with bells pealing and guns firing to welcome her. Later the Virgin was intrusted to the Jesuits, and while a church was being built especially for her, she often descended from the altar and showed herself among the branches of a tree called by the Tagalos "Antipolo." The tree was made a pedestal for the image, and so she took her name. Many are the vicissitudes through which the saint has passed since then. She has been safely through fire and rebellion and calmed many troubled waters during her voyages between Manila and Acapulco, on which she has been taken for the safety of the state galleons. Her last voyage was made in 1672, since which time she has been resting on the hills at Antipolo, which place was named for her.

This little village is in the district of Morong, near Manila, and during the month that the festival lasted there was a steady stream of people on all of the highways leading to the sanctuary.

In such processions the gaiety was contagious. No one could withstand the noisy fireworks, the music in the streets, songs, balls in the houses, and the crowds in the church. The village, although every house was opened to the pilgrims, could not hold such an inpouring, and the people overflowed into the country, slept under the trees, or in improvised tents or under sheds of bamboo. In fact, the village depended upon the pilgrims for its existence, as much as forty thousand pesos having been spent during one annual fiesta.

The greater part of the devotees usually tried the water of a mineral fountain near the village of Tanay, close by Antipolo, which water is said to have performed many wonderful cures; nor did they forget, either, to pull leaves from the Tree of Blood that grows by the fountain. These leaves, when beaten to a pulp and swallowed by the natives, have, according to all accounts, effected almost as many cures as the image.

Oblando, also near Manila, is another shrine that was much frequented. There is a tradition among the Filipinos and the mestizos that dancing before the image of the patron saint there cures all kinds of maladies—the more dancing, the greater the efficacy. The procession bound thitherward during this saint's fiesta have a character of their own; for each individual makes it a point to be as capriciously dressed as possible. Everywhere on such an occasion heads could be seen decorated with feathers that bobbed up and down to the music made by timbrels or small guitars carried by the pilgrims. The hot rays of a tropical sun only excited the dancers to greater fury. As they swarmed through the streets of Oblando, the dancing would grow faster and more furious, until there would be forty thousand persons jumping and dancing without ceasing; bubbling over like boiling water; praying and singing and imploring the saint to cure their ills, at the same time exposing a withered arm or a leg covered with sores; never leaving off dancing, not even in the emple.

In order to make the ceremony as imposingas possible and unlike any other in the history of the empire, the Emperor of Japan appointed a commission with the Marquis Ito as the head to perfect a programme for the celebration of the Crown Prince's wedding, which took place recently. A wedding in Japan is always a ceremonious function, but in this instance the show was unusually great, and eclipsed all previous celebrations of a similar kind.

The Crown Prince was born a younger son, on August 31, 1879. By the death of his two older brothers he succeeded to the title of Crown Prince, and was proclaimed successor to the Imperial crown in 1889, when he was decorated with the Grand Order of Merit and received a commission as colonel in the Imperial Royal Guards.

The Emperor was married when he was fifteen years old, and the Crown Prince would probably have followed his example if he had not been in delicate health. Like his brothers who died, he has consumption, and his physicians have made alarming reports as to his condition. He is not the son of the Empress of Japan except by adoption. The Emperor has twelve secondary wives, who come from the noblest families in Japan, and are provided so that, according to the Japanese custom, "the Emperor may not be without an heir." The young prince is the son of Mme. Yanagiwara, one of these Court women, the Empress not having had a son herself.

The Princess Sada Kujio, the fifteen-year-old bride, is the Crown Prince's cousin, and comes from one of the oldest families in the empire. Her genealogical tree dates back to A. D. 650, but her young husband's family records are thriteen hundred years older. A writer on the subject said: "If any unpleasantness happens in the family, he can taunt her with not knowing her grandfathers further back than twelve hundred and fifty years." His ancestry, according to Japanese history, begins with Jimmu Tenno, who ruled Japan 660 B. C.

A marriage in the old Japanese style always takes place in the home of the bridegroom's parents, except in instances where the man assumes the name of his wife, when the ceremony is performed at the bride's home. No ring is used, and no promises are made by the pair as to fidelity, obedience, etc. The main feature of the ceremony proper consists of drinking a number of cups of Japanese wine, or saki, together in certain ways. The bride is always served first during the marriage ceremony, but never again. After marriage the husband is always served first. At the beginning of the ceremonies the bride is dressed in white, but this is changed for a dress which she receives from the bridegroon's parents. The young husband also changes his garb when the ceremony has been performed and puts on new garments which are the gift of the bride's parents.

When George Pauling was constructing a railway in the Philippines, he was much annoyed by the number of Saints' days, each of which the workmen insisted upon celebrating by a general holiday, much to the dislocation of his plans. He noted as a peculiar coincidence that the majority of these Saints' days immediately followed the days on which wages were paid.

So one morning, after his men had treated themselves to a couple of Saints' days in succession, and had returned to earn sufficient for the next general holiday, George called them together and informed that, that day and the following these days being Saints' days, there would be the usual holidays. With the prospects of empty pockets and empty stomachs for so long a period, they asked what Saint in the Calendar they had overlooked? "Saint Pauling," said George without a smile. He kept his word, and from that day he was not troubled with many general holidays.

The BELGIAN HARE

A YEAR ago, the name "Belgian Hare" meant nothing to the average Californian; to-day, there is hardly a person in all California who cannot tell you something of that marvellous industry which has spread with such unexampled speed. The southern part of the State has gone wild over it, so that a person who has not some connection with the industry is looked upon as eccentric. Indeed, it has been a boon there to hundreds of families that have found it difficult to make both ends meet in the past. It has spread to the North, invading San Francisco and the bay region, where it bids fair to equal if not surpass the craze in Los Angeles and the South. It is called a "craze" for want of a better name, but the term is misleading. In reality, it is the beginning of a great and substantial industry. So generally has the breeding of Belgian hares spread on the Coast, that even Alaska is in the movement, inquiries and orders coming weekly from Juneau and Sitka.

The San Francisco Belgian Hare Association is hardly a month old, having been formed late in April at the call of Messrs. Corbett and Langley, two well-known breeders, but it has a hundred members and represents many thousand dollars of invested capital. The names of many prominent men in business and the professions are on the lists, and applications for further membership are coming in rapidly. This organization has crystallized Belgian hare interests and given a great impetus to the industry, so that rabbitries are springing up everywhere as though by magic. The demand for blooded stock is so great that dealers and breeders have great difficulty in filling orders, and San Francisco seems in a fair way to wrest the laurels from Los Angeles and to become the recognized center for the business in California.

A thing which advances immeasurably the chances of the metropolis is the fact that San Francisco has started right. The breed has been propagated by some of the best animals in the country; indeed, there has been little, if any, low grade stock sold or ordered. Further, the control and management of the association and of the business in general has been in the hands of men of judgment, integrity and, in a measure, of experience. For complete experience, the quality of the expert, is undoubtedly lacking; the business is in infancy and handlers have much to learn, but such experience as exists in San Francisco is pretty well concentrated in the management of the association. This is proved by the excellence of the constitution and by-laws, which have won universal commendation abroad, being pronounced the best and most practical in America One feature especially praised is the adoption of the comparison system in judging. All shows held under the auspices of this club are adjudged in this manner and not on cards. Under the latter system, the points are marked on cards, and the animal making the highest score in that manner is pronounced winner. This is beautiful in theory, but it will not work in practice—as was proved at a recent show in Los Angeles, where the award was practically a lottery. In the comparative system, the animals are divided into lots, and the best specimen of each lot chosen to go against the best in another lot. That this is the best and most just plan is shown by the experience of European breeders. For this practical and useful ruling, the San Francisco club is indebted to Mr. H. Langley, probably the wisest expert in the region, for it was he who led the fight against the card system.

But to the industry itself. The chief beauty about Belgian hare-raising is the fact that it can be engaged in without any special initial outlay of capital. It is true that, just at present, the really high-grade stock is held at high prices, but this is inevitable in the early introdution of any advanced breed of animals. Prices are no higher in proportion to returns than those prevailing when Percheron horses and Jersey cattle were first introduced in this country. It is the advice of old hands that the beginner start in a small way, purchasing a few really good animals and then expanding his business through the natural increase of the breed which is, as everyone knows, remarkably fast. If care is taken to introduce new strains through exchange in order to keep up the strength of the blood, one can be in possession of a paying rabbitry in a remarkably short space of time. It does not follow, of course, that the best animals for practical purposes are those held at the highest prices. Chicanery and cheating enter into this, as into any other business matter. Many persons who have stock for sale have bought brood animals of little worth at fancy prices and sell their progeny at the same scale, while being perfectly sincere in the belief that they are advancing a high-class strain. The beginner must guard against this; and he is wise and fortunate who finds an honest and impartial judge to guide him in his early purchases. Many a novice has skinned his pocket-book to buy an animal supposed to score well up toward the 100 mark, but really of little value for either commercial or exhibition purposes.

The "points" in a good specimen, from the view of the commercial breeder rather than that of a fancier, are about as follows: Color is considered a cardinal point. The champion hare is described as being of a general "golden tan" shade. Any tinge of gray or chocolate is a defect. The distribution of the black and white markings is another important consideration. The white should show only on the under part of the belly, the "pads"—by which is meant the soles of the feet exclusive of the toes—the tail and a small spot under the jaws, too much in the last-named place being a grave defect. It should be just visible when the animal is seen in profile. White on the forelegs, nose or upper part of the body would absolutely disqualify for exhibition purposes. Black markings should be confined to two places, "lacing" on the ears and "ticking" on the back. The "lacing" should form a black rim on the edges, well defined and distinct, heaviest at the points and extending well down on the sides. The tint should be a heavy blue-black and should not mix or blend with the other colors; smudgy black is a serious defect.

The "ticking" should be confined to the back, richest near the rump and decreasing on the sides. A little black is allowed on the head, but not too much. "Ticking" is made up of black hairs protruding beyond the shorter golden coat, giving it a wavy appearance, the more wavy the better. Young Belgians do not develop ticking until three months old. Some, known as "late-blooming" specimens, are even later, but these keep their brilliancy longer and are much sought by breeders of experience, since they are believed to hold quality longer. This uncertainty of development makes the judging of young hares by the color a risky business. Experts avoid animals with "ticking" on the legs, chest, and lower parts of the shoulders or sides.

Symmetry in shape is another important item. In a general way, the animal should be long, graceful and of a racy appearance—as in all other features, an improvement upon the wild hare, the rough model. A short, thick-set specimen is particularly undesirable. The back should be nicely arched, flank and ribs well tucked up, fore-legs long, straight and slender, hind-legs powerful in proportion to the fore-legs, but long from back to toe and not coarse. The fore part and chest should be in proportion to the rest of the body and not cumbersome nor heavy. The ideal head is well poised, the nose slightly convex, narrow between the eyes, the jaws not protruding beyond the eyes when viewed from above. There should be good length from the base of the ears to the tip of the nose. The eye, the greatest beauty of a Belgian hare, ought to be large and liquid, resembling that of a fawn. The ears should be about five inches long, smaller or larger according to the size of the specimen. Standard weight is about eight pounds, and many breeders discourage the production of animals going much over this, believing that, so far as fancy stock for breeding purposes is concerned, quality and quantity seldom go hand in hand. Of course, with "meat stock" it is a different story.

These are the main points about a perfect specimen—at least, such as can be set down. Clear above and beyond these is the indefinable "quality," past all description, but recognized at once by the expert judge.

COMPARED WITH DAIRYING.

"FOR sure money returns," said an experienced dairyman of this state, "I would prefer the raising of Belgian hares to my own business. This is no random guess, for I have figured on the profits coming from both industries. Two cows consume enough feed in a year to support 100 does for that length of time, and in a year 100 does will produce 40 young each. At this rate, enough feed to support two cows for one year will give me a yield of 4,000—the lot having a market value of $2,000. My two cows, fed at an equal expense, will yield me $200 in a year—provided, of course, that my cows are a superior stock. You can reckon the rest for yourself. My profits for hare-raising, all other things being equal, would be ten times as great as that which my dairy business yields me."

"Why don't you abandon the dairy business and breed Belgian hares exclusively?" was asked.

"I do not intend to give up an industry which has yielded me solid profits for years" was the reply; "indeed I do not see why the two industries should interfere. Hares can be raised under the same conditions as cattle. I intend to pursue the two together."

COMPARED WITH POULTRY RAISING.

WHILE Belgian breeding will readily engage the attention of all progressive ranchers of moderate means and small holdings, it is to the poultry raiser that it will appeal most directly. The industry appears, indeed, as a fomidable rival to the raising of fowls for market purposes. The rivalry will become the more keen the longer the rabbit industry is established; for, as soon as the craze for fancy stock has passed away, the demand for Belgian hares as a table delicacy will have become a steady one. There is no doubt but that the meat is superior to that of the traditional barnyard staples, the chicken and the turkey, and there is no reason why the increase of demand should not keep pace with the increased production as the merits of the flesh as an edible become better known.

The hare can be bred in localities where poultry raising is impracticable. Properly cared for, the Belgian is much more cleanly than either the turkey or chicken and can be kept in cities and towns where barn-yard fowls could be suppressed as a public nuisance. As a quiet, cleanly animal, a cheap feeder and an easy seller, the Belgian hare can give the hen or the turkey long odds and win in a walk.

AS TO ORIGIN.

The best authorities agree that Belgian hare rabbits originated in Belgium some time early in the present century. They were there known as "Leporines," but that name is now obsolete. In 1850, or there-abouts, a number were sent to English fanciers, who sent about to produce an animal that woule resemble the English wild hare, with all its graceful outlines, beautiful color and size. They weighed well the different types of rabbit which were considered most likely to produce the desired result. One was selected sor its shape, another for color, the next for size and weight, and so on until finally they succeeded in producing an animal with the multiplying qualities of the rabbit and with the color and graceful outlines of their ideal—the English wild hare.

Many persons believe the present type of Belgian wild hare can be found in a wild state in some parts of Europe. While there is a similarity in some respects, their habits and characteristics are entirely different. The wild hare is not giving to burrowing and only breeds twice a year, the young (never more than two) being born well clothed with fur and their eyes open. The Belgian delights in subterranean exploration, and will, if permitted, breed five or more times a year, bringing forth from six to twelve or more helpless young at a litter, their eyes not open for nine or ten days, and in every way showing their common rabbit tendency.

During the history of the Belgian, some enterprising breeder pretended to have succeeded in mating the hare with a rabbit. This theory, however, is groundless, and has never been substantiated.

About 1882 English fanciers who had become interested in the advancement and further development drew up a standard which was universally adopted, but has undergone subsequent revisions until now it seems that most of the fine points are quite well defined, though the progress of the "fancy" side of the business may result in some slight changes.

"Palace Royal" Property of Victoria Rabbitry.

Interior of Victoria Rabbitry.

"The cleanest and most complete Rabbitry we have seen," is the Verdict of Visitors to the **VICTORIA RABBITRY.** We have at stud, PALACE ROYAL, Imported, score 95, 6 prizes, positively the handsomest buck in the county. PRINCE ALFRED, Imported, score 93¾, champion dam and sire. BLENHEIM, one of Bonanza Prince's finest sons. KLONDIKE NUGGET, JR., as shapely a buck as can be found, and a number of other bucks. Call on us and inspect our stock, or write us for wholesale prices. All our hares are pedigreed, and guaranteed to be exactly as represented. They are not only from many celebrated strains, but are fine individuals. All we ask is a trial, we know we can please you. We have also a nice lot of meat does. 1277 7th Ave., East Oakland, Cal.

The Brant Rabbitry.

Brant Buck, "Britain Meteor.

BRANT RABBITRY—The Brant Rabbitry, at 76 South Tenth Street, consists of four well constructed buildings which will accommodate several hundred rabbits. They are constructed on the most scientific principles and are all adapted to climatic changes so that the stock can be thoroughly protected, thereby keeping them all in a perfectly healthy condition. The stock comprises 150 head of pedigreed hares, including all the best strains, as Lord Britain, Lord Banbury, Lord Dearborn, Lord Kitchener, Sir Styles, Fashoda 11-11, Dash 11-11, etc. In stock there are three fine bucks, viz., Britain Meteor, by Lord Britain, service fee $15, Prince Albert and Grand Marshall, service of these two $15.

The Brant Rabbitry is one whose success is founded on strictly honest and business principles and on whose word its patrons can rely implicitly. Parties who cannot visit the Rabbitry can order by mail and the order will be promptly and carefully filled.

CARE OF BELGIAN HARES.

SINCE the raising of Belgian hares promises to become an established industry throughout the State, it is well to give some hints concerning the culture and breeding of the small animals. These hints, coming from actual experience in raising fancy and market stock, will be especially valuable to that army of small farmers who wish to undertake the culture of Belgian hares, at first, as an experiment.

While it is given as a general rule that rabbits will eat any feed fit for a cow or sheep, yet bunny's digestive apparatus is somewhat sensitive and his appreciation of careful feeding is made manifest by results. Indiscriminate feeding, at all hours, may do for the coarser stock, but the blooded rabbit should have his regular meals; three "squares" a day with a light lunch at three o'clock to stay him till supper time.

Unlike the human animal, the rabbit takes his best meal in the morning, his breakfast consisting of a meal mush, compressed into a cake about four times as large as a hen's egg. For luncheon he takes carrots and similar vegetables and grass and green leaves for salad. His evening meal is simple, consisting of hay alone. Oats should be fed in the afternoon, a handful to a rabbit.

Following is a receipt for the mush-cake, of which bunny's morning meal should consist: Oats, bran and corn meal in equal parts, with a tablespoonful of flaxseed to every six rabbits. Add boiling water and mix thoroughly with a little rabbit condition powder. The mixture should be firm enough to crumble when passed through the fingers. This feed is especially beneficial for young rabbits to which hard grain is unsuitable as nourishment, causing "slobbers" and other ailments peculiar to growing rabbits.

After meal time, if the rabbit has not eaten all the food set before him, the leavings should be taken away in order that the little animal may not gorge himself between meals. This important measure is often neglected by rabbit fanciers with the result that their hares become pot-bellied and clumsy—fatal defects in fine stock. Many people ruin their stock by trying to be too kind to it. As a precautionary measure against over feeding, sawdust should be substituted for hay as bedding. The latter, besides being inedible, is also more cleanly than hay. Water should be kept before them constantly and should be changed twice a day to avoid impurities. Considerable room should be given to growing stock in order that the long, racy lines may be developed through exercise.

In breeding the *sine qua non* is vigor; and to preserve this in the stock the greatest care should be taken. Do not breed among near relations if you wish to preserve the finer traits of the sire and dam and to rear a strong, healthy variety. In producing fancy stock a pedigree is of vital importance, as the pure bred Belgian is noted for breeding true and the progeny is easily distinguishable by experts from the marked traits imparted by the parent stock. Any marked dissimilarity is an infallable sign of impure blood in the ancestors.

In breeding, the mated animals should be looked to with regard to vigor of health and beauty. Both should be in good coat and properly matured. Do not mate a buck and a doe who are both deficient in the same quality, as the deficiency will be sure to go down to the young. The doe must have developed a full length of coupling before breeding and should be six months old, or over.

On the day of breeding, it is good policy to breed a doe of inferior stock to act as a nurse doe to the breeding doe, who is almost sure to give birth to more young than she can nurse. Six young are as many as a breeding doe should nurse. The young of the nurse should be destroyed at birth, the remainder of the superior stock being given to her to nurse. By this plan you may avoid the danger of weakening the constitution of your fancy doe and of raising feeble stock. It is a great mistake to take young stock away from nursing too early. A rabbit should remain with its mother or foster mother for two months at least, as early weaning often causes permanent injury.

AT a conservative estimate, there are 150,000 rabbits, old and young, in and about Los Angeles. The care of this number gives constant employment to 1,000 persons and requires a part of the time of many more. An army of mechanics is employed in the construction of rabbitries, hutches, fixtures and appurtenances and a colony of dealers in rabbitry supplies thrives on the commerce of the industry. There has never been any craze in stock which has effected a larger area than the present one, nor has any branch of stock-raising brought quicker or more satisfactory returns.

Examples are numerous.

A Los Angeles confectioner, who had met with serious financial reverses, undertook the breeding of Belgians, in a very small way, as a makeshift to tide over a bad time. The culture of a half-dozen rabbits were entrusted to his wife, who cared for her small stock with intelligent interest. Breeding was rapid and sales so good that the husband at last resolved to sell out his candy business and devote herself exclusively to the culture of hares. Profits have been enormous and the confectioner has become one of the leading importers of the state.

Two months ago a gentleman of the same city was selling butter and eggs, a business which yielded him a bare livelihood. He suffered an attack of the "Belgian fever" and at once borrowed a small sum of money with which he invested in two breeding does. Today, without the investment going outside his original output, the investor has realized some $12,000 in stock and cash. He has become one of the importers of fine stock in America.

The Eureka Rabbitry of 1616 Turk Street San Francisco.

Buck "Lord Fashoda Chief," owned by Eureka Rabbitry.

Buck "Yukon Prize," owned by Eureka Rabbitry.

THE EUREKA RABBITRY, 1616 TURK STREET,

Are importers and breeders of thoroughbred Belgian Hares. Their Rabbitry is headed by that magnificent buck, "Lord Fashoda Chief" (copyrighted), the grandest son of a grandsire. Service fee, $15. He was imported from England in March, 1900, and scored 95½ points. Sired by "Fashoda Chief," winner of 11 firsts and 4 specials. He has magnificent color, superb ticking and lacing, fine length of body, and his hind feet are the kind you read about but seldom see.

A vis't to their rabbitry will pay you, if only to see this grand animal.

They have also "Lady Lutub," imported from England in March. This doe won first prize at Bridlington, Eng., the only time shown. Mason, the leading judge of England, says that she can make any company ashamed of itself. She is from the noted "Prince Leopold" and Lumb's "Noted Doe." A few of her youngsters sired by "Lord Fashoda Chief," are for sale. They are sure prize-winners.

"King Bonanza," "Yukon Prize," and other fine bucks, at stud. "Bonanza," "Britain," "Yukon," "Sir Styles," and does of the other fine strains, at reasonable prices.

Bred does from $10 up.

If you are a beginner, they start you as they started, and you will be successful. If you are a veteran breeder; they can introduce strains of their own breeding that will prove money-makers

You need not take their word for anything. *Call and be conviuced.* Their success is due to honest dealings, absence of misrepresentation, handling hardy Belgians, and having prices that are right.

You are welcome whether purchasing or not.

They will show you Belgian hares from $2.50 to $500 apiece.

A word to the wise——

It does not cost one cent more to feed and care for thoroughbreds than it does for scrubs.

Myron Springer is General Manager of the rabbitry. Dr. T. R. Jacobs, vice-president of the San Francisco Belgian Hare Association, is one of the proprietors. They guarantee every animal to be absolutely healthy and just as represen ed, or money refunded. Every pedigree that leaves this rabbitry is sworn to before a notary public.

As an evidence of the quality of the stock at the Eureka Rabbitry, the following pedigree pertains to Lord Fashoda Chief and incidentally it may be stated that there are quite a number of his youngsters at this abode of these rare and beautiful pets.

- Lord Fashoda Chief.
  - Fashoda Chief.
    - Cham. Edinboro
      - Lincoln Mystery
      - ———————
    - Nobles Cel'd Doe
  - Lady Kelby
    - Cham. Cayenne
      - Brother to Doe 1st Crystal Palace 1898
      - Clifton Peerless
    - ———————

Imported from England March 16th, 1900.

THE CALIFORNIA BELGIAN HARE ASSOCIATION.

Although the Belgian Hare industry through the central part of California is but a few months old, the progress it has made is truly surprising. The California Association in Alameda has been established but a few weeks, but now it has become the largest institution of its kind on the Coast, and one of the leading industries of that city. At its head are the well known capitalists, F. W. Van Sicklen of the Dodge-Sweeney Company, Attorney R. L. Mitchell, W. M. Rank, G. H. Mastick and Mrs. Abby E. Krebbs. The rabbitry is situated on the Neptune Gardens, a pretty little thirty-acre tract near Webster station, and here, a pavilion has been erected large enough to accomodate thousands of Belgian hares. It is here, along with dozens of other bucks of purest strain, that the celebrated Wantage Fox is kept. The stories of animals of pure strain in Southern California is now a thing of the past. The one stud situated just across the bay from San Francisco holds over $15,000 of the best imported stock. In it are two of the three highest scoring bucks in America, each reaching 96

Wantage Fox, that clean-cut and beautiful animal, whose likeness may be seen on the front page of the current issue, leads them all. He is a top notcher, commanding a $50 fee, but he is worth it. In the National Belgian Hare Stud Book of England he is numbered 191. He is by Champion Priory Prince I, out of Wantage Bounce—a pedigree which makes him one of the purest bucks in America. Standing even at $50, the owner of a good doe can accumulate money from his progeny.

In the past week the Californian Belgian Hare Association has had ten of the finest strain rabbits in England imported to its rabbitry, at a cost of $2,750.

Salesroom of the California Belgian Hare Assoc'ation.

When efforts like this are made to give standard to such an institution, there can be little doubt of the intentions of its promoters. In short, the Californian Belgian Hare Association is here to remain. The people who are backing it have done more in three weeks to make it a first-class rabbitry, than others have done in as many years.

Mrs. Abbie E. Krebbs, who is heavily interested in the new association, has said: "Our business is conducted in good faith, and I think the names of the few interested in the company are a sufficient guarantee of this.

"To protect the legitimate dealers," she continues, "all scoring for us is conducted by Mrs. A. M. Bush, the authorized official judge of the Nation l Association." Mrs. Bush, it may be said, has written the score of more thoroughbred rabbits than any other judge in America. She has made the work a life study and her judgment in the many bench shows both in this country and England has never been questioned. The California Association considers itself fortunate in securing her services,

A trip to the the new Rabbitry is well worth the time of any one interested in the Belgian Hare Industry. Neptune Gardens is an ideal park, and the pavilion has been so adapted that it contains both a rabbitry and an exhibit hall.

The inner rooms of the building are arranged for salesrooms and bench shows. The stud and rabbitry proper are separated from a large hall and from each other, while the front of the building has been converted into offices and the other departments pertaining to the business. But descriptions are poor, at best. Only a visit to this place can teach the magnitude and value of the undertaking.

16 to 1," the Champion Cayenne Buck.
Owned by Mt. View Belgian Hare Company.

Mt. View Belgian Hare Co.

Among the comparatively few firms who have become interested in this attractive little animal, with the intention of maintaining a permanent rabbitry, we number the Mt. View Belgian Hare Co., whose rabbitry at 208 Piedmont avenue, and branch at 268 Twelfth street, Oakland, have been especially fitted up both for an effective display of their stock and for a comfortable and healthy home for this delicate little race. It will be manifest to everyone that it is most desirable to deal with a permanent firm who expect to maintain for years a reputation for square dealing, honest pedigrees and first class stock. A number of dealers from the southern part of the State have recently moved into this vicinity, fitted up a temporary salesroom, sold such stock as they could palm off on innocent beginners and then quietly moved on, seeking new pastures and fresh victims. Those who purchased from them have no recourse should a breeding prove faulty, no one responsible should a pedigree be doubted, no one interested in case of sickness, in fact they are victims of avoidable circumstances. So, we say to those intending to purchase Belgians, visit where you will, but confine your purchases to those firms who expect to remain with you and who have a reputation to maintain. The Mt. View rabbitries contain all grades of stock, headed by the justly celebrated champion Cayenne buck, "16 to 1," (imported); the heavyweight grandson of Arapahoe, Lovillard; a handsome son of British Sovereign; a finely colored son of Dexter (imported); 30 fine does recently received from Los Angeles all scored between 92 and 93½; a number of 90–91 does from Denver; 20 does suitable for "meat stock" trade; does with litters by 16 to 1, Sir Impeto, Lord Banbury, Rainier, Tanforan and Chief Dato. Special attention is given to shipping stock and all mail orders receive as careful attention as if purchase was made in person.

"ROSALINE STYLES,"
Property of the Rosemont Rabbitry.
Maple Court, off 14th, near Guerrero, San Francisco.

Belgians in Watsonville.

The Britain Rabbitry of Watsonville, California, owned by J. E. Steinhauser & Co., started in business about a year ago, and they showed their good judgment by buying several hundred youngsters before the boom from the leading strains in Los Angeles. This, together with the large number of fine pedigreed does, which they had bred to the different leading bucks, gives them a string of Belgians equal to any in the State. Among their stock are Britains, Fashodas, Trinidads, Styles, Yukons, etc. The Britain Rabbitry is headed by Prince Britain, (the original) who scored by Bush at five months 94 3-4, Gladiator by Sir Styles, and numerous other good ones. They are selling matured does bred to these bucks at reasonable prices. They guarantee good healthy stock acclimated to the central part of the State. Send to them for free booklet and descriptive price list.

THE BROADWAY RABBITRY.

The Heavyweight Buck "Red William," Score 95
At Stud $7.50.

"Red William can boast of the most aristocratic ancestors of any buck in California.

KITCHENER PRINCE.

Score at five months 92¾, fee $5.

Does from the interior, for breeding, given most careful attention, promptly bred and returned.

We also have a fine lot of high pedigreed does bred and unbred scoring from 91¾ to 94 for sale at right prices.

Also cheaper stock if desired, or young stock not matured.

Mrs. I. E. Hopkinson, official scorer, will score, examine and treat rabbits, and deliver lecture, every Thursday afternoon from 2 to 4 p.m. at our rabbitry. Bring in your rabbits.

Write and state your wants or call and see our stock.

EMERY & SANDFORD,

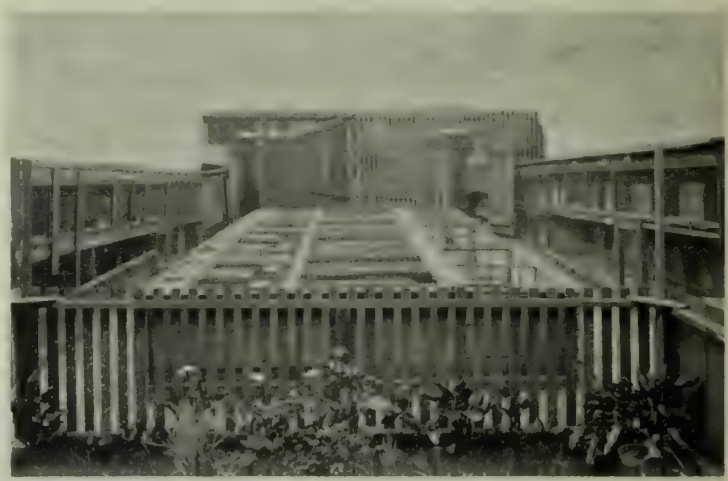
1302 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

P. O. Box 162 Phone Red 2691

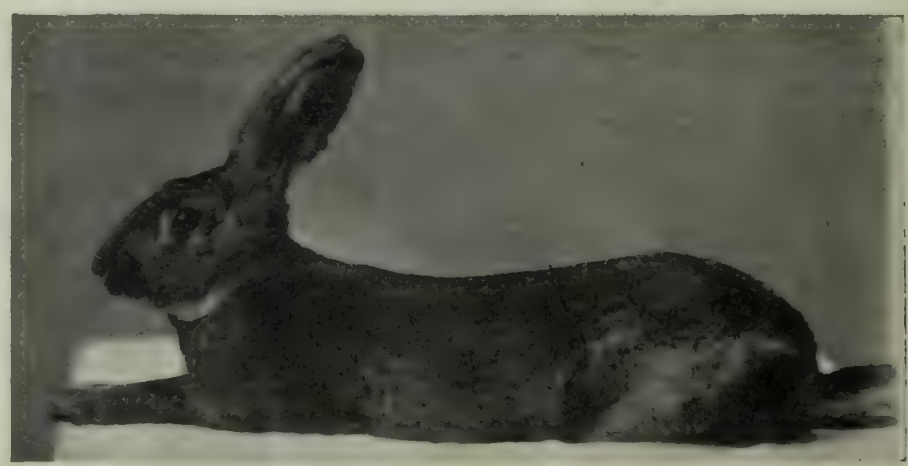
At Golden Gate Rabbitry, 1607 Mission street, near Twelfth, fine pedigreed does and youngsters. Popular strains at reasonable prices. Grand Duke Britain, $5. Nurse does.

The Tremont Rabbitry.

The Tremont Rabbitry stands preeminent as the largest outdoor rabbitry in San Francisco. This in a measure tends to the steady, increasing demands for their stock, as the animals, being raised out-doors, are less liable to the many ills attendant on animals kept indoors. The tendency at present among the breeders is to keep only the high-grade stock, and the masses must be educated to learn that it is only this stock which pays. A great deal of cheap stock is being sold in San Francisco at present to the detriment of the industry. However, the law of the "Survival of the Fittest" will prevail, the weeding out of the unscrupulous vendor, and the Belgian Hare Craze will settle down on a firm basis and continue to be profitable to legitimate breeders. This firm intends to continue their business on the lines already set forth and as a neuclus have gathered the largest number of high scoring does in any one rabbitry in Northern California. Our prices will not be lower than the lowest *but they will be right*, and our stock can always be returned if not as represented. We have only one method of doing business. A booklet on the care and feeding of Belgians can be had by sending six cents in stamps to Tremont Belgian Hare Co. Office, 2134 Fillmore street Rabbitry, 2428 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal. Long Distance Phone, West, 237.



A Section of Out-Door Runs, Tremont Rabbitry, San Francisco, Cal.



"LORD DEARBORN,"
Property of Dearborn Rabbitry.

Pittock's Belgian Hare Rabbitry.

"PRINCE BRITAIN,"
Owned by H. Pittock of Elmhurst, California.

The best known man in the Belgian Hare world of Central California to-day is Mr. H. Pittock of Pittock's Belgian Hare Rabbitry of Elmhurst, California.

He has demonstrated in a very signal manner what may be done with small capital with these justly popular favorites.

He started in the business in December, '98—fifteen months ago—with one doe and her litter and a cash outlay all told, of less than $25 00; he has since added nothing to the business save his labor and what he has made out of the business, but has drawn out over a thousand dollars, and now h s a plant well worth $2,000, and paying fifty per cent upon $10,000. He has a producing capacity of 200 hares per month and ready sale for double that many,

A Section of the Pittock Rabbitry.

but keeps about 300 always on hand. He is a true fancier and breeder and a thorough master of his business, having followed it in England and the London Fancy Market for years. He is very progressive and is constantly adding choice specimens from the most popular strains to his herd, beside those of his own raising, which compare very favorably with the best.

His present favorites are: Red Ranger, Lord Harding and La Prince Jr. of his own raising, and Prince Britain, King Kitchener and Dandy Rochdale amongst his importations, besides many choice does.

His shipping orders are a surprise to all, extending from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from Florida to Alaska, but he is a hustler, attends strictly to business and fills all orders fairly and promptly. Being a pioneer in this industry in Central California, he obtained the lead and by handling only first class stock and fair dealings has kept it and proposes to endeavor so to do, having given up a lucrative real estate business to give his entire time and best attention to this business.

Visitors are always welcome at his Rabbitry and all correspondence receives prompt attention.

"Teddy Roosevelt,"
Highest Scoring Heavyweight in America.

One of the handsomest and most commodious rabbitries in the region around San Francisco Bay is that owned by F. E. Mason and operated by him at 1710 Everett street, corner Buena Vista avenue, Alameda. Mr. Mason is a breeder of integrity and experience. It is his pride that he breeds only from the best strains, thereby keeping his stock equal to the best. The stud is headed by Lord Essex, by Crabtree, an imported animal which scored 93 at four months old, and Teddy Roosevelt, acknowledged the highest scoring heavyweight buck in America and first prize winner at the Los Angeles show in February. Other notable animals in this exceptional establishment include Dandy Styles, son of Sir Styles, imported, Brittan Prince, a son of the famous Lord Brittan, and General Washington, a son of Starbuck. Besides these high-bred bucks, there are over forty does of high grade. Fine-bred animals, both bucks and does, are for sale at reasonable prices.

F. E. MASON,

1710 Everett St.. cor. Buena Vista Ave, Alameda.

Telephone Paru 891.

NONE BUT THE BEST!!!!

LORD ESSEX (imported) score 93 at 4 months by Crabtree, fee $20.00.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT Fee $15.00. Highest scoring heavyweight in America. 1st prize Los Angeles show, Feb. 10, 1900.

DANDY STYLES son of Sir Styles, imported, fee $15.00.

BRITTAN PRINCE son of Lord Brittan and Dr. Platt's doe Avalanche, fee $15.00.

GENERAL WASHINGTON Fee $10.00, son of Starbuck.

And other fine bucks for sale, also 40 standard bred high-class does for sale from $10-00 to $75.00.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

The Celebrated Buck "Rainier."

The Rainier Rabbitry.

I. S. Crocker. F. H. Laws.

The Rainier Rabbitry, 3743 Twenty-third street, one of the largest and most commodious in San Francisco, takes its name from the fine buck Rainier, a splendid specimen sired by the famous Lord Britain.

This rabbitry also owns Lord Neville, a high scoring Banbury buck, Banbury Queen, a fine doe, Britain's Rose, also sired by Lord Britain, and other high-class Belgian Hares from such strains as Yukon, Kitchener, Nonpareil, etc., as well as a large amount of promising young stock.

Correspondence is solicited. Outside orders will be carefully and conscientiously filled.

Imported "Dash Fire," of the Devonshire Rabbitry.

Devonshire Rabbitry.

One of the finest imported bucks on the Coast, Dash Fire, can be found at the Devonshire Rabbitry, 1081 Capp street, San Francisco. He has recently been imported from England, and is sired by champion Dash out of doe by Grenisby Star. At six months old he scored 94¾ and is deloping in his fine points with maturity. In his rich color, exceptionally long, slender feet and fine ticking and lacing he shows his perfect breeding. The Devonshire Rabbitry has also Lord Britain's Best, a fine buck, and well named, being the best son of his famous sire Lord Britain. They have also a large number of fine does of the best strains and a number of promising Britain youngsters. All the animals in this establishment present a remarkably healthy and well-kept appearance and are finely bred.

The Famous London Rabbit Remedies.

The most successful remedies known to Materia Medica for the cure of the diseases so prevalent to the Belgian Hare.

These remedies are the product of years of research and experiments, and are scientifically compounded only of such ingredients as are compatible with the nature and habits of the Belgian Hare.

The following is a list of the remedies that should always be on hand in every well appointed rabbitry.

The London Condition Powder		The London Hare Tonic	
"	Snuffle Cure	"	Slobber Cure
"	Prevention Ointment	"	Choleracide

A treatise on the Belgian Hare will be sent free upon application.

These remedies are on sale at all drug stores.

Belgian Hare Medicine Co.
The Famous London Rabbit Remedies

Room 45 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone South 651.

Golden Gate Belgian Hare Co.

IRA BARKER DALZIEL, Prop.

The best equipped rabbitry in San Francisco. Imported and petigreed Belgiam Hares, wholesale and Retail. Literature giving information how to breed, feed and treat the Belgiam Hare. A full line of rabbitry supplies. Special attention to the treatment of the Belgiam Hare. Nurse does for sale.

"Fashoda King," imported, fashionable strains of imported and pedigreed bucks and does always on hand.

609-611 Golden Gate Avenue,
Between Van Ness Ave and Franklin Street,
SAN FRARCISCO, CAL.

W. B. Sink Jr.'s "American Rabbitry"

MAMMA AND BABY

PAPA.

AMONG the many hare establishments which I visited in the past few days the American Rabbitry, in Emeryville, owned by the well known proprietor of the famous thoroughbred flyer Fomero and other great horses, W. B. Sink Jr., is the only one which is an outdoor establishment. I subsequently was given to understand that it is the only rabbitry in this country which is arranged on this plan, and Mr. Sink gives good reasons for it. Said he: "After giving this matter a great deal of study, I concluded to build hutches for the little animals, and you see that they are not constructed in the light, wasted, flimsy order made use of by so many establishments of the kind, but each hutch is of itself a house and home complete, being built not only as a shade for the mid-day sun, but as an absolute protection against wind and rain. Then I believe the rabbits should be raised out of doors as nature intended they should be, so that the stock can at any time be exposed to any reasonable climate without affecting it. In other words I do not believe the animals were intended to be raised as are hothouse plants. I find the plan to work admirably, and when my customers buy the stock I am not afraid that it shall afterward catch cold. Now then, if you want this for publication," said the genial horse owner to a Wave representative, "let me be emphatic on three points which are observed at my establishment. I have two bucks at the head of my stud, which I will not breed to any doe scoring less than 93. This rule is imperative and cast-iron, like the laws of the Medes and Persians. I propose to deal in high-class unimals only, and my rabbitry will always be an outdoor establishment."

And with this introduction Mr. Sink invited me to look over his fine stock and the style of his outdoor premises. I observed that he has shared one-half his entire grounds to the industry, and a general view of it, which is given herewith, shows its situation to better advantage than I could explain it. There are runways for the animals to exercise in and every modern improvement which the brain of the owner could devise. I noticed particularly that the rabbits looked healthy and all of them were lively and playful. There is no stock kept by him which scores under 92, which I presume, is the reason he can command good prices. The stock should also advance and not deteriorate, which could scarcely be said of the ordinary stock known as second and third class animals, which are usually sold for $10 to $20 apiece.

I learned from Mr. Sink that after the 15th of the present month no rabbit for breeding purposes or for sale will be found at his place scoring less than 92, and when he sells rabbits they will be accompanied by an official score card and a registered pedigree. This is something never before carried out in this or any other country. I was not surprised, as only a man who understands thoroughbred horses could devise such a plan.

As a rule parties owning bucks invariably allow them to serve any class of does which may come along accompanied by the money. This in time depreciates the value of a good sire, as with an inferior mother the stock or progeny cannot be more than ordinary.

At the head of his stud are two bucks which even I, a novice, could not but fancy. Americus is a beauty. His sire is the world renowned Champion Dash and his dam the imported Duchess of Leicester, a doe which scored 93 3-4 when a year and a half old, and having at that time a pronounced dewlap and mothered six different litters. Americus at four months old and yet in his baby coat scored 94 1-2, which is within 1 1-2 points of the highest score on record given to bucks of any age. It looks as if he were destined to be a world beater, and from the attention paid to him by his owner, I concluded that he takes as much delight in him as he does in the thoroughbred horse Fomero, for which he refused the handsome sum of $15 000. Then I looked at a buck named after Mr. Sink's favorite flyer, Fomero. This animal is by Champion Fashoda and gives promise of being a prominent rival of his great sire. Neither of these gentlemen will be allowed to serve any animal of the opposite sex unless her ladyship has a score of 93 to her credit. In this way blood, pedigree and points will be scrupulously observed at the American Rabbitry, and young sters si ed by either buch will be a guarantee as to their superior quality.

WHERE THEY LIVE.

Among the other bucks are: Beau Edinboro' by imported Lord Edinboro whose name is sufficient to recommend him. Bannockburn, sired by Lord Banbury I. These, while splendid high scoring animals, will be used for serving does not quite up to the standard insisted upon in the case of the leader of the stud.

The matrons are also of high degree. Princess Xenia, possibly one of the most beautiful animals in this country (Mr. Sink insists that she is without a rival), has a litter running by her side which gives promise of something very extra among the rabbit family. The Princess is but one of many beautiful, high scoring does to be seen at the American, and when Mr. Sink has occasion to import animals money is no object when it comes down to securing the best stock.

The American Rabbitry. W. B. SINK JR., Prop.

The Finest Outdoor Breeding Establishment in the World.
We Handle None but Fancy High Scoring Hares.

Our specialty hares with red feet. Our stud is without an equal and is headed by

AMERICUS,

Sire, Champion Dash. Dam, IMPORTED DUCHESS OF LEICESTER.
The only living buck, in service, which is never bred to does scoring less than 93. Service $50.
We are the only firm in business which handles no stock scoring less than 92.

PRICES, FROM $20 UP.

Buy something to be proud of. A good doe bred to Americus is worth a carload of cheap rabbits.

IMPORTED PRINCESS XENIA,
The most beautiful doe alive. Always at home at

PARK AVENUE, EMERYVILLE.

Phone, Black 1312.

Mother's Love

Is boundless. Yet it is utterly helpless to give strength to the child born with a low vitality. The time to give strength to the child is before birth and to impart this gift the mother herself must be strong. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gives strength to mothers. It preserves them in robust health in the months before baby comes. It practically does away with the pains of motherhood, and enables the mother to endow her child with a healthy body and a happy disposition. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol and is absolutely free from opium and cocaine.

"I consider Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the best medicine made," writes Mrs. Mary Murdock, of 220 Taylor St., Topeka, Kansas. "I know it has no equal. I am the mother of ten children and only one living—the tenth one. She is one year old and is as well and hearty as can be. She is a beauty. Of my other babies, some were born at right time, but dead, others were premature births; one lived to be one year old but she was always feeble. I tried different doctors but none of them could tell what my trouble was. I was examined by surgeons but they found nothing wrong. I did not know what to do, so I thought this last time I would try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took it the entire nine months and now have a fine baby girl, and I can not praise your medicine enough for the good it did me."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure heart-burn.

Leonharts Belgian Hare Rabbitry

FRESNO, CAL., P. O. Box 980.

Reliable pedigreed stock—Yukon, Britton, Silverpool, Red Ox, Banbury Duke and other strains. Fine imported bucks, score 93½, service $5. Young $3 per pair, bred does $10 each, rich in color and markings. Satisfaction guaranteed or *money refunded.*

RUDOLPH LEONHART, Prop.

Golden Gate Rabbitry

1607 Mission, near Twelfth.

Pedigreed does, bred and unbred. Does with litters, Yukon, Britain styles, and Gold Nugget strains. Nurse does.

Grand Duke of Britain, fee $5.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address

JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

As Seen by Leila.

THE DAYS cannot pass too quickly for me now, my dear Diary. Cricket is to be home on the thirtieth of May. I shall be so glad, it is such a trial for me to be the only daughter. Notwithstanding the fact that Cricket is married, she will always be a member of the family. She is the sort of girl that is always ready to go here, there and everywhere with papa, or Arthur, or if the worst comes to the worst, with mama. Naturally mama is too intellectual a woman to find Cricket particularly congenial, but when I am not available mama makes Cricket do. Papa longs for her. Everyday he says, he realizes more and more how much she was to him. I see Cricket's "finish," as she would say herself, we shall be compelled to have Cricket and her Ideal husband come home to live. It will be annoying to mama, but I shall like it. Cricket is a nice little girl, and I really like her husband. These people have enjoyed themselves wherever they went. They have never spent one evening alone. Cricket loves entertaining, and to be entertained, and I think she has had her fling. In her last letter to papa--she writes to him every day--she said she was just a little homesick, and that her husband had promised her two days to go to the country alone with papa.

I have been taking jaunts with him lately. Two nights we stayed over in San Rafael at the hotel. There were a great many people there, and it seemed quite gay, especially out at the Golf Links. There are a good many quite good players now, and I was agreeably surprised to see the number of men who play all day Sunday. I quite approve of the game. It has certainly developed our women to an amazing extent, and made our men less frequent visitors at the city clubs. I disapprove so strongly of clubs for young men. It was decidedly against my approbation that Arthur became a member of the Bohemian Club. I begged papa to deny him that privilege, but papa, like most men, consider a club almost a necessity, and can see no harm in the Bohemian. However, I disapprove, and my husband will never enter the door of any club. But, of course I am a strong minded woman, so is mama, yet papa belongs to three. That, even though it is rather hard on mama, always appeals to my sense of humor.

After we left San Rafael we went down to spend Sunday at the Belvedere Hotel. We had a very good luncheon. There were a great number of people there, more than usual, I think, owing to the yacht races. I never saw a finer looking lot of young fellows. The greater number are real athletes and it is a splendid sight to see them on their yachts and rowing. I do like muscular young men. One of the girls at the hotel told me in the most naive manner possible that no girl ever left Belvedere without being engaged—"and they marry the fellows too"—she said, proving to me it was no summer engagement. I do not blame the girls for liking these fine strong young fell ws; they are certainly attractive. How nice the girls looked, too on Sunday with their smart shirt waists and pique skirts. I do not wonder Belvedere is so popular, it is an exceedingly pretty place. Mama and I shall spend a little while there later on in the season. The formal opening of the hotel takes place Saturday evening. I shall go, for I want to see if the men are as attractive in evening dress as in their boating costumes. If so, I shall stay there just to encourage them in their athletics. Of course a little, too, for my own pleasure.

There were several small teas last week. Bernie Drown had a few of the girls up at her house on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Homer King had a large tea that same afternoon in honor of Mrs. Collis P. Huntington. It was a most enjoyable affair as Mrs. King had excellent music, singing and recitations. I quite approve of that sort of thing at a tea. Women always feel interested in anything that is anyway cultivating. After I left Mrs. King's, I went to Mrs. Alexander Keyes, to have tea with her. She is an admirable hostess and I feel now that the young married women in San Francisco are becoming more like those in the Eastern cities. It is so nice to find them improving so much. We are to have a good many theatre parties this week. I was asked to three for Monday evening. It rather surprised me, for I am so difficult to please in the way of a man. I insist upon knowing who are to be in the party. One uncongenial person simply spoils my whole evening. I can never adapt myself to a person. I really consider life too short for that sort of thing. That is one of the reasons, perhaps, I am not so popular as Cricket. "To what man would you like to sit next at dinner?" people would telephone to Cricket. She would laugh and say, "It does not matter, if he's not my friend now, he will be before dinner is over." I suppose she is to be envied for having that temperament

I quite enjoyed "The Tyranny of Tears.' It is a clever play and was well acted. Isabelle Irving was such a typical wife. I know so many of my friends who are just as clever in their way as she is. But I became really most interested in Ida Conquest. She is a charming girl and reminded me of one of the girls in Henry James' novels. She is, I think, a typical "James" girl. I was sorry mama was not with me, for I missed her criticisms on the play. The people with whom I went were far less intellectual than I, so of course I could hardly expect them to use any judgment as to the distinct merit of each of the actors. They all liked Drew. I think Drew a fair actor, but it is personal magnetism and his name that fill his houses. The play was quite fair and a piece of pure comedy. Pure comedy is so rare nowadays, I feared lest the greater part of the audience did not understand it. I wanted to have the effrontery of Damrosch, and get up to explain each act to the people so they could be appreciative. I think many of them would have then really enjoyed the play.

I forgot to tell you that Leila Voorhies is to be married to Guy Scott on the 12th of June. It is to be a wedding essentially of her own particular friends. If all I hear be true, their name is legion, for Leila is a popular girl—so the number of cups she has on her table would lead one to believe. The Spreckels girls had a number of young people to tea on Sunday afternoon. I shall be glad when their Pacific avenue house is finished. It is such a long way to go out to their present home. I like their new house, it is so fine and large. Lily Spreckels is a very handsome girl, and looked particularly well on Sunday, so some of the girls told me. I was in Belvedere, so unable to be there.

Only one more letter before me, then you will have your frivolous Cricket to babble to you again. I fear she has not sobered down particularly, and you will not find her changed.

LEILA.

FOR SWELL DRESSERS.

The "Knox" hat is absolutely correct. Eugene Korn, 726 Market St., sole agent.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Wherever there is a piano there should be a pianola. The pianola plays any piano. Any one can play it. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St., sole agents.

A Delicious Beverage for all Occasions

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale

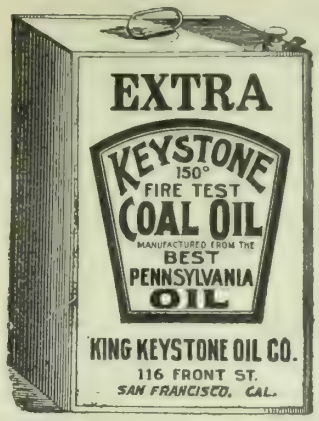
Connoisseurs pronounce it "the best imported."

Sherwood & Sherwood, AGENTS
212-214 Market St.,

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY



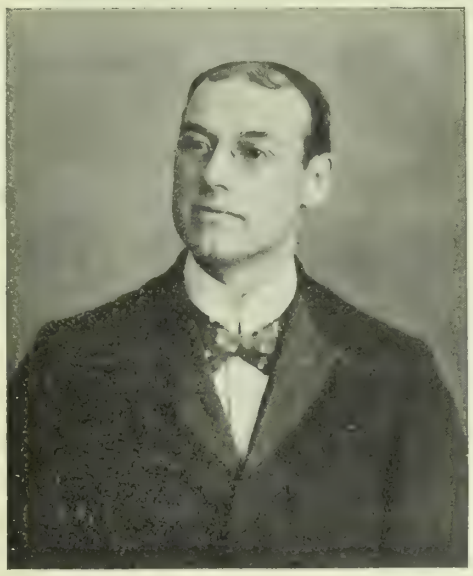
BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALPS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

ELECTRIC
SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS
California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

Langley's Unequalled Rabbit Condition Powder



H. LANGLEY, Belgian Hare Expert.

is indespensible to every breeder of high class stock, it keeps your rabbits healthy, makes them prolific and profitable, by aiding digestion, promoting the appetite and imparting a natural gloss to the coat. For conditioning stock for exhibition it has been indorsed by all that have used it. Sold in packages containing 100 feed rations 25 cents, in larger quantities prices upon application, it is manufactured from a reliable English formula and altered to suit American requirements.

The New Century Belgian Hare Manual and cook book is pronounced by breeders and the press to be the the most complete and authentic work ever issued in America. It is concise and reliable, embracing every feature of interest to the Belgian and vortiran breeder. it is the standard work. Price 25 cents for single copy, liberal wholesale rates to dealers.

We have always a few high class specimens for sale at right prices. We have been supplying customers with breeding stock from Los Angeles for the past two years and have always given satisfaction.

CORBETT & LANGLEY,
310 W. First St,, Los Angeles — 1627 Market St., San Francisco

San Francisco Belgian Hare Co.

SAM C. HAMMOND, Manager.

An immense stock of imported thoroughbred Belgians.

We have in our stud more fine bucks than any other rabbitry on the Pacific Coast, headed by America's Grandest Buck,

Lord Edinboro (imp), fee	$25 00	Lord Edinboro (imp.), fee	$25 00
Champion Fashoda Buck,		Champion Fashoda Buck,	
Duke of Clarence (imp.), fee	15 00	Fashoda Clyde (imp.), fee	10 00
Champion Cayenne Buck,		Champion Edinboro Buck,	
16 to 1 (imp.), fee	10 00	Sir Edinboro (imp.), fee	10 00
Priory Buck,		Lumbs Huntsman Buck,	
Priory Bells (imp.), fee	10 00	Prince Adalphos (imp.), fee	10 00
Lord Lurgan Buck,		Lord Lurgan Buck,	
Sir Lurgan, fee	10 00	Earl of Clarendon, fee	10 00
Belvidere Buck, King Lear, fee	10 00	Rugby (Yukon), fee	5 00
Rugby (Yukon), fee	5 00	Dick Red Cloud, fee	5 00
Lorillard (heavy weight), fee	5 00	Rex (Yukon), fee	5 00
Prince Bismarck, fee	5 00	Ruddy Boy (Sovereign), fee	5 00
Prince Banbury (Banbury), fee	5 00	Victor (Sir Styles), fee	5 00
Sweep Stakes (Sir Styles), fee	5 00	Capt. Kidd (heavy weight), fee	5 00
Lord Armstrong (Sovereign), fee	5 00	Capt. Chris (Flemish), fee	5 00
Senator Douglas (black), fee	5 00	Prince Carbon (black), fee	5 00

America's Champion Buck, Lord Edinboro (imported), fee $25 00
Over 300 does, bred and unbred, to select from; all good stock; prices reasonable.
Duke of Clarence (imported), fee $15 00
16 to 1, Prince Adulphos, Lord Burleigh, Henry Irving and Fashoda Ring (imported) fee, $10 each.
Rugby, Lorillard, Sir Britain, Rex Yukon, Captain Chris (Flemish), fee, $5 each.
Prince of Wales (imported), English lop-ear, fee, $10.

Imported Russian Angoras, Dutch lop-ears, etc.
Bred does and does with litters from all of the above bucks at low prices; also Edinboro and Fashoda youngsters.
Our twenty years' business reputation in this city is a guarantee of responsibility and fair dealing.
Full line of Belgian Hare supplies; improved rabbit jars, hay racks, grain self-feeders (for litters), literature, medicines, etc.

Office and Salesroom, Spreckels Market.
Rabbitry, 1015 Shotwell Street, above 24th.
Open daily until 9 p. m. — Visitors welcome.

Well Known Belgian Hare Men

The recently elected officers of the San Francisco Belgian Hare Club are: President, George H. Fuller; Vice President, Dr. S. R. Jacobs; Secretary, D. C. Bole; Treasurer, Dr. Ira B. Dalziel. Directors: A. T. Hopke, Alex. McDonald, E. C. Fowler, C. A. Muller, Mrs. E. B. Levey. It has been the desire of the Wave to publish a likeness of Mr. George H. Fuller, the highly esteemed and popular president of the new San Francisco Belgian Hare Club, and the absence of his photograph at the hour of going to press forbids the possibility of the presentation of that gentleman's likeness in this issue. Mr. Fuller is, however, everywhere known as one of San Francisco's soundly established and great merchants.

Dr. S. R. Jacobs is Vice President of the San Francisco Belgian Hare Club and an enterprising man of excellent character. His qualifications as an officer of the largest Belgian Hare Club in the United States are all that can be desired, for he is an organizer of the first class order and up in parliamentary rules. Dr. Jacobs is a native son, born in the City of San Francisco, where he resides, and enjoys a high reputation in his profession of dentistry. He is a graduate of the University of California and one of those genial true gentlemen whom everyone likes to meet.

Dr. S. R. Jacobs

Mr. F. E. Mason, of Alameda, the subject of this brief sketch, is so well and favorably known that he needs no introduction. Mr. Mason is President of the Central California Belgian Hare Club as well as President of the Oakland Poultry Association, and these associations owe much of their great success to his active participation. He is a retired capitalist and finds much enjoyment in the pursuit, as a fancier, of the poultry and Belgian Hare industries. He is recognized as a gentleman of honor in all dealings and those who come in contact with him on both business and social lines are profited thereby. His splendidly appointed rabbitry affords one a treat to visit.

Mr. F. E. Mason.

Mr. Henry Pittock, whose likeness we present herewith, is Vice President of the Central California Belgian Hare Club and one of the most enthusiastic supporters. His energy, thrift and sterling qualities as a man make him a valuable acquisition to the Belgian Hare industry, and for his reliability and fairness in dealings he enjoys an enviable reputation.

Mr. Pittock's rabbitry at Elmhurst as illustrated in another part of this edition, is one of the best stocked in the State, and lovers of the hare find it pleasant and profitable to visit there.

Mr. Henry Pittock.

By Comparison.

The Moet & Chandon White Seal Champagne now being sold cannot be equaled in quality by any other brand. It is of the celebrated vintage of 1893, and has been pronounced by ablest experts superior to any ther brand.

Belgian Hare.

Owners will do well by purchasing their alfalfa, oats, etc. at McCLOSKYKE'S.

E. McCloskey 3419 23rd street, San Francisco. Telephone blue 1525.

Shade Won't Work

because it isn't mounted on THE IMPROVED HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.

A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.

Star Rabbitry

PEDIGREED BELGIAN HARES.

We are pioneers in the business in this section, and breed our own stock. By purchasing direct from us you save the dealer's profit.

We have good bucks and breed the leading strains.

Prices according to age and quality.

Send us your order. We guarantee satisfaction.

E. G. MERWIN, Prop.

1017 Harrison Street, Oakland, Cal.

PHONE GREEN 751.

Spring.

The "spring's soft breath" the snowdrop
breathes and gasps;
Awakes from sleep the lithe lascivious snail;
The crocus opens his golden heart and clasps
A lump of hail.

The primrose, technically known as rathe,
Pricks tentatively up her sall w ear;
A marrow-curdling wind confirms our faith
That spring is here.

—*From the Isis.*

Marvelous Champagne Figures.

109,303 cases of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry were imported in 1899, being 72,495 cases more than any other brand. Carrying an immense stock of choicest wines, its quality will always be maintained. Its 1895 vintage now imported is exceptionally fine.

The

Ease and Speed

with which Silver is cleaned with

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

makes it almost self cleaning. You don't need muscle to produce the brilliancy, the "power is in the box."

At grocers or postpaid 15 cts. in stamps. Trial quantity for the asking.

The Electro Silicon Company, 30 Cliff Street, New York.

Florence Oil Company.

Report from the company's superintendent under date May 19, 1900 is as follows: We are now down 560 feet and progressing rapidly, at 450 feet struck very hard quartz, at the bottom of which got into a sand formation, and in the washings of some particles of gold was plainly visible. Its origin must be from the high mountains which would indicate contains gold.

F. MACPHERSON, Sec.,
Room 600, 601 Safe Deposit Bdg.
San Francisco.

Beatty's Belgian Bunnies.

Beatty's Belgian Bunnies. We have a fine lot of pedigreed and domestic hares for sale at very reasonable rates. Call and see us before trading elsewhere. Visitors always welcome. Beatty's Belgian Bunnies, 228 Golden Gate avenue, San Francisco, Calif.

To Baby.

(AFTER THE MANNER OF HORACE.)

Baby, completest Paragon of infants,
Hail, (peradventure) tiniest created
Master, Usurper, Power, Arbitrator,
Autocrat, Hero!

Slumbering, thine unsalaried domestics
Fearful expect thee; tip-a-toe renewing
Offerings votive; this a gutta-percha,
T'other a coral.

—*C. Conway Thornton.*

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel. Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 305.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—130 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

IN BOOKDOM

ALFRED WESLEY WISHART, sometime fellow in church history in the University of Chicago, has, in *Monks and Monasteries*, given a careful historical sketch of the monastic institution to the time of its practical overthrow in the Reformation period. The beginnings of this institution, like so many other beginnings, are lost in the mists of time; but the work well summarizes what is known of the origin of the monastical spirit. The writer's subject is a large one, but its outlines are made as clear as it is possible to make them within the limits of four hundred pages.

The author has gone to many sources for his materials, and frankly acknowledges his obligations; so that in reality the work is, in part, a compilation, but one in which the compiler has brought to the task a mind unusually free from predisposition or prejudice. Both the good and the evil that sprang from a system of living founded in theory on poverty, chastity, and obedience are fairly presented, and he who wishes to follow the Franciscans or Dominicans through the periods of their poverty and good works; nominal poverty but real wealth; corruption and decay may follow them to his own edification in Mr. Wishart's book.

In the opening chapters, the author deals with monasticism in the East; gives us glimpses of hermit life in Egypt during the early years of the Christian era and tells in a picturesque way of the Cenobites and of St. Simeon aloft on his pillars. He then moves westward and treats at some length of the spread of monasticism in Europe between 340 and 380 A. D. Having in this manner cleared the ground and prepared for his real work, the history of the Benedictines, of the Reformed and Military Orders, of the Mendicant Friars, and of the Society of Jesus is gone into. Then, with his historical facts for premises, he discusses the fall of the monasteries, the causes, the ideals, and the effects of monasticism.

Often the writer presents at too great length historical data that he might better have presumed that the reader knows about, such, for instance, as that concerning the corruption of the Roman Empire or the character of Henry VIII. There is, also, about the book a little too much of the tone of the lecture room, as if a series of talks to students had been somewhat loosely brought together. The matter should have been melted down and run into a more homogeneous mould.

We may differ from some of the conclusions reached by the author; but it is not possible to refrain from again praising the fairness with which he has treated the whole subject. Here is, in a convenient shape, matter for him who wishes to take advantage of the labors of another to inform himself, with little effort, of an intensely interesting side of Christianity.

The book is published by Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J., and is hondsomely bound in dark red. Perhaps a binding in a more subdued color might better have suited the friars in orders grey, and the others; but the letter press and the hand-sewed, deckle-edged paper are all that the book lover could desire.

Lafcadio Hearn comes to us again out of the mysterious East in *In Ghostly Japan*. Mr. Hearn has here strung on a Buddhistic thread some Oriental pearls and a few beads of a commoner sort that, with the polish given them by his skillful hands, seem almost to be real gems.

He ranges from a detailed description of the interesting Japanese game of "Incense," where the object of the game is to tell the name of the incense from the odor, to "A Passional Karma," the story of a ghost of a Japanese girl coming from the grave to claim her lover, who is found dead in his room with the bones of the departed maid's arms around his neck. Put in this way, the story has all the crude appearance of graveyard dust; but it is into just such dust that Hearn has breathed the true ghostly spirit that, no doubt, permeates the whole of the Japanese play from which he has taken the tale.

One cannot be always at his best, and at times, as in "Ululation," in which Mr. Hearn tells us what he imagines may possibly be passing in the mind of an old dog that howls without his window, there is reason to think that here is work unworthy of the man, or else that his belief in Karma has carried him far beyond the sympathies of the Western Soul. But turn from "Ululation" to "Silkworms," where the fat catapillars are cared for by one who must seem to them as a Providence, and there is only pure delight in the thoughts themselves and in following the workings of the marvelously delicate mind of that strange man as it weaves the warp of fancy and the woof of man's daily toil into an evolutionary web that stretches from this world to the next, a web of texture finer than grub or man ever before dreamed of spinning.

The book is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. F. R. WALL.

A Low-Price Excursion Through a Charming Country.

The California Northwestern Railway will run an excursion to Ukiah on Sunday, May 27. The fare will be only $2 for the round trip. Each ticket sold guarantees a seat.

A comfortable seat and a quick ride through Marin, Santa Rosa, Russian River and Ukiah valleys, affording a panoramic view of this most picturesque section of California, will make this a most delightful trip.

There has not been a season since 1850 so favorable for the growth of every product of the soil. All plant life this year is exceptional in its development and beauty.

As there will be more than four hours layover in Ukiah there will be ample opportunity for drives in the surrounding country. The livery stables will be prepared to drive persons to Vichy Springs, Indian Rancheria, Asylum and Fish Hatchery of the California Northwestern Railway and other interesting points for a reasonable charge.

The time of departure from Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market street, will be 8:30 a. m., and from Ukiah on the return at 5 p. m. The train both ways will be a special and will not stop at towns in transit.

On page 11 of this edition appears the ad. of the Belgian Hare Medicine Company, who are now placing upon the market the remedies so long recognized by fancy breeders of the Hare in England and Belgium as being the only reliable line of remedies manufactured.

The Famous London Rabbit Remedies are compounded only of such ingredients as are compatible with the nature and habits of the Belgian Hare, and are the results of years of careful study and actual experiments with the hare in England and Belgium.

Noted breeders endorse these remedies as being absolutely faultless. The American breeders will now be given an opportunity for the first time of purchasing these remedies through the druggist, and no rabbitry will be complete without a full line of these remedies in their medicine chest.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY

Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists.

Will You Have a

Club Cocktail

Before Your Dinner?

You can offer this polite attention to the guest who dines with you at your home if you have a bottle of the "Club Cocktails." They are home Cocktails. They are on the sideboards of thousands of homes.

Are they on yours? It's the proper thing to have.

The age of the "Club Cocktails," the pure liquors used, the perfect blending, make them better than you can mix; better than any cocktail served over any bar in the world. Send home a bottle of Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland or Tom Gin, Vermouth or York, to-day.

For sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

29 Broadway, N.Y. Hartford, Conn.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS,

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,

Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

THE STANDARD RABBITRY.

Partial View of the Standard Rabbitry.

One of the largest and best-appointed rabbitries on the Pacific Coast is that owned and operated by the Standard Belgian Hare Company of 109 Liberty street, San Francisco. Several remarkably fine animals are owned by this prosperous company. The pick of their stud is Sir Edwin, (imported) a beautiful specimen remarkable for his racy shape and almost perfect coloring. Next on the list is Lady Teazle, who has now a promising litter by Edinboro, and Lady Margaret, bred to an imported buck. The company's hutches contain a great number of high-class does, which they are selling from $5 up. S. C. C. Lunt is the manager, and can be found at the hutches at 109 Liberty street. The salesroom is Stall 103, California Market. Telephsone, Capp 443 (rabbitry).

Have You a Piano that You do not Use?

Is the piano in your home a musical instrument, and do you enjoy it as such, or does it remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than an article of furniture.

The Pianola

Is bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is bringing music into homes where it has long been a stranger.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study and without practice.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keys of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers.

When not in use the Pianola may be easily detached from the piano and moved to another part of the room.

The Pianola can be used in connection with any Grand or Upright piano, and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

Price $250 Upward.

The Pianola can be bought by monthly payments. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.

Kohler & Chase, Sole Agents.

26, 28 and 30 O'FARRELL STREET.

Concerning Man's Queerness.

"MEN are so queer," said Dorothy plaintively, holding the end of her scarf away from her face, where the wind was blowing it, and turning to look after a hansom which was gaily carrying one of the tribe up the avenue.

I did not see anything particularly queer about the combination of a man and a hansom. It was something which happened in New York almost every day, and I gave my undivided attention to the gorgeous flare of red roses on the corner behind us. It was the flower stand presided over by the old gray-haired women before whom people always stop and say, "Oh, what a fine sketch she would make." I resisted the red roses as long as I could. "I wonder if I happen to have money enough?" I murmured finally, opening my purse. But I had not!

"It is surprising to find out how many things one can really do without," said Dorothy, with the air of a stoic. "Why, I have been getting along all this winter with just two white satin stocks," and then she sighed deeply and said again, "Men are so queer."

I gave up then. I had suspected from the first that Dorothy was in one of her black moods. When anything goes wrong with Dorothy, or she gets discouraged in any way, she falls into the deepest kind of pessimism about men, and indulges in dark innuendoes about the sex. Why, I have never been able to learn, for men are apt to like Dorothy. I tried to look at her sympathetically, as if I too felt the weight of their idiosyncrasies, but just then a woman in a pretty hat which we both wanted to see passed, and the car for which we had been waiting stopped for us, and between the two we had all we could do for the next few moments. Once aboard, however, comfortably hanging to the straps and with the hat far behind us, Dorothy's remark recurred to me.

"Why do you think men are so queer?" I asked her, loud enough for the man who was sitting down in front of me, buried in his newspaper, to hear. It was natural that he should look at me, and equally natural that I should not see that look. But this question was all that Dorothy wanted. Emerson speaks somewhere of "the sentence to contain which the piece was written." Just so does Dorothy often talk a long time in order to finally say something she really wants to say, and has intended to say all along. She clasped her hand around her strap firmly. "Men," she said oracularly, "are like nettles. You must grasp them tightly, if you don't want to be hurt."

The newspaper tilted a little.

"What do you mean?" I asked, sitting down suddenly in the capacious lap of a stout lady behind me—the conductor had just admonished us to "hold fast," and I had failed to do so.

"I mean there is just one attitude for a woman to preserve toward a man," said Dorothy, helping me up. "If she gives that up once, she is lost. Man likes to pursue. It is a trait of the cave days when he chased her for a mile or two, hit her on the back of her head with his club and bore her off to share his sorrows—I don't think there could have been much joy in those days. But women are constantly forgetting this, and ignore the fact that he has really been doing it in one way or another ever since and likes it. It is one of the ineradicated instincts of the days primeval, and there are other ways to knock a woman down besides hitting her with a club. So don't you see that if a woman just keeps herself in that attitude where a little pursuit is necessary, Nature is obeyed and a nice adjustment follows. I tell you there is a basic law at the bottom of it."

Dorothy made such a long pause that our car had time to run into a truck and bring about a conversation between the gripman and truck driver that opened up undreamed-of possibilities of the English language. The passengers could only look at each other apologetically. "Oh, go on, Dick; you're all right," said the conductor, soothingly, to the gripman.

"Well?" I said to Dorothy, interrogatively.

She wrinkled up her brows and lowered her voice. "Do you know that when a woman humbles herself before a man she makes the greatest mistake of her life? There is a certain amount of brutality in every man. It may be very marked in some, and not very apparent in others, but it is there, and it crops out the minute he thinks he has a little power over anybody. It is in the masculine blood. Why, I remember an old house servant at my aunt's in the South, old Uncle John, who was ordered around by everybody on the place. He had authority over one living thing, and that was an old gray horse that had outgrown service. It is the truth that about once a month he took that old horse out and beat it. He just had to do it, you know, because he could. And that is the way it is with every man."

Here the man behind the newspaper arose hastily and went out to the back platform, where he watched us steadily as if he suspected us of some dark design on his sex. We divided between us the seat he had left, and gave our attention for a moment to a most beautiful thing a young woman was wearing at her throat; a Greek head cut out of solid turquoise.

"I don't like it with that hat," said Dorothy severely.

"Dorothy," I asked suddenly, "have you been humbling yourself to a man?"

Dorothy simply ignored my question. "Now, there is the case of my cousin Betty from the South," she said airily, as if she had been talking about cousins ever since we met. "You know she came up to stay a couple of months with me last winter. Now you know how Southern girls are, don't you? They want every man in sight, and then they let each man know—by innuendoes and all those things—that all the other men are dying for them. That is what you have to expect from Southern girls, and what you have to stand, too—and it is a good deal sometimes; though, of course, that depends on the men. There are times when I am very glad to let the Southern girls have every man in sight."

"I have been South," I said.

"Well, then, you know what it is. Of course, Cousin Betty had very sweet little ways; she used to get homesick for her mother, and all that and it was not any time at all before two or three men were in love with her, and she became engaged to one of them. He was a nice man, too," she broke off abruptly, and I fancied there was a suggestion of tears about her voice, not then, but away back some time, certainly tears about that man. "A nice man," she continued after a moment; "one of the nicest men I ever knew. He had been a friend of mine for years. I thought I knew him thoroughly, but it seems I did not, for I never thought he was the kind of a man to fall in love with Cousin Betty, and that is exactly what he did, or thought he did. I never really believed he did."

Here Dorothy studied her right glove intently for a minute. "The very first thing she did," she continued, "was to make him think that there was another man, a friend of his, who loved her and wanted her. And of course he did not like that. Even if he did not want her very much himself, it made him angry to think that another man wanted to take her away from him; and then that made him think he wanted her all the more—and of course, that was just what she wanted, just to gratify her vanity. I know she never really cared for him. Well, things went on this way until one day, to cut a long story short, she wrote him from Podunk—it was summer by this time and she had gone up there—that this man, his friend, had been up that week to see her. This made him desperately angry, because he happened to know that his friend had not been near Podunk all week, and he sat down and wrote her a very short letter telling her what he thought of it. He came and told me all about it the next day, and, do you know, that man was simply frightened to death. He was afraid that he had been too harsh. She was such a dear little girl and had been made so much of she could not help having her little vanities, and this was one of them. He was in a mood to be moulded like putty. He thought Betty might break the thing off and the other man would get her after all. You can see what a fine opportunity it was for Betty. But what did Betty do? Why, Betty was foolish and lost her head. I believe she did care a little for him, after all. At any rate she made the mistake of humbling herself. She wrote him by return post. She begged him to overlook her vanity, she begged him to forget her foolishness, and she begged him, above all, to forgive her. I wish you could have seen him when he got the letter. He was the most deeply wronged man in the world. He said that the way she had treated him was something outrageous; he did not see how he could ever forgive her, and that she had not only betrayed herself, but she had given him aspects of her sex that he had never dreamed of."

Dorothy put her hand on mine, and we laughed together. "I give you my word," she said, with the smile still around her mouth, "that he was the nicest man I have ever known, and yet he acted this way, and just because she had given him the opportunity."

"How did it end?" I asked.

"How could it end?" answered Dorothy, motioning to the conductor to let us off. "There was only one way in which it could end. He made an opening for her to do just one thing, and that was to break the engagement. And yet I shall always think that if she had written him a different letter they would have been married. I am not speaking of the desirability of such an event."

We got off the car and paused in front of a florist's window to look at some Scotch heather and see if our hats were on straight. "So that is why men are queer," I said.

"Well, no," replied Dorothy, reddening slightly; "you see, it is this way. That man had never said a tender word to me in all his life, and yet I had always wanted him to. And last night he came to see me and—and he said it. But don't you see that he would never have said it if Cousin Betty had never written him that letter? A thing like that is only valuable when it happens of itself, and is not dependent on something else. When love is not all, it is nothing. It ceases to be love, and begins to be something else. So when he said those words I have been waiting years to hear him say; these words that I have dreamed over and longed for as only a woman can; when the moment came that I have always told myself would be the great moment of my life—all this rushed over me, and I looked at him with clear eyes, and felt that there had never been a moment when I cared less for him."

There was silence for a few moments between us. "Dear, dear," I said finally. "You are hurt; now don't be. I can give you three good rules about men that a woman ought never to forget. I will give you the third one first, and that is that there is always——"

"It is too late for all that now," interrupted Dorothy.

A sudden suspicion seized me. "Dorothy," I said firmly, "now tell me what you want to—the real thing, mind you. You have been working up to it ever since we got off the car."

A wave of red surged over her face. She hesitated just a moment, then turned toward me squarely and pulled off her left glove. I looked at her bared hand and saw that all the rings she had been wont to wear had come off, but on the third finger was a new ring—very, very new.

"Do you know, I think it is women who are queer, after all," I said, with some irritation.

N. Y. Sun.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MINERVA WASHER, DECEASED—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P Boland, Administrator of the estate of Minerva Washer, deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, No 238 Montgomery street, City and County of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Minerva Washer, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 19th, 1900.
M. C. HASSETT, 308-10-12, Phelan building.
Atty for Administrator.

BANKRUPT NOTICES.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF
AUGUST BERG, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that August Berg, Bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California on Saturday, the 2nd day of June, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, May 19th, 1900.
MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF
JAMES HINDMAN, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that JAS. HINDMAN Bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 2d day of June, 1900 at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, May 18th, 1900.
MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,2 3,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28 563,655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110 681
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 210,067
Contingent Fund..... 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tagheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Joseph D. Grant, Chas S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address ***WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE.*** ***SEND US YOUR ORDER,*** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing our **1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Mesinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our **binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them, however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at **$3** to **$10** each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for **Bargain List.** **OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. ☞Give name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Lillian Burkhart; Midgley and Carlisle; Vandy; Mignani Family; Bartho; Wilson Family Louise Gunning; Ezra Kendall American Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Week of May 28th.

Extra Matinee Wednesday, Decoration Day. Beautiful original production of Clyde Fitch's domestic drama.

A Superfluous Husband

Every evening at 8 p. m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Next Florence Roberts as Sapho, seats by mail or phone, main 254 or at box office six days in advance.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, MAY 28th.

A notable event, appearance of N. C. GOODWIN—MAXINE ELLIOTT in their greatest success

When We Were Twenty-One.

by H. V. Esmond.

Cast and production identical to that seen at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sunday Night, May 27th. Matinees Thursday and Saturday. Last week and Unparalleled success

MR. JAMES NEILL and Company

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights, and special matinee Wednesday, LORD CHUMLEY. Thursday afternoon, CAPTAIN LETTERBLAIR. Wednesday and Thursday night, A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE. Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee, CAPTAIN SWIFT.

Matinees, 25 and 50 cents. Evenings, 25, 50 and 75 cents.

Sunday night June 3rd, Dunne & Ryley's all star cast in "A Rag Baby."

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore. MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Alfred Cane, Luther A. Teague, Frederick Teague.

Teague, Cane & Teague,

DENTISTS.

Claus Spreckels Bldg. Phone Main 1459. Third and Market Sts Sixth Floor, S. F., Cal.

AT THE THEATERS

THAT we are willing to pay the New York price for a New York performance has been demonstrated. John Drew has done the proving. He came for but a week with but a single play and a company of but seven players, and he charged two dollars for an opportunity to look at him, and, what is more to the point, got it. So here we are redeemed in name. No longer can it be said that San Francisco is a dollar town, a jay place filled with jays, the capital of the country of the Yaps and the social centre of the Yahoos. For we have been tried and not found wanting. We have paid the limit for three hours of quiet social study; a spoken chapter from Henry James; not a home on the stage, nor a midnight scene, not a gown from Paris, at least not so advertised, not a woman who had ever had a man killed for love of her, not even one of the men who publishes the love letters of school girls; nothing the whole evening long but a small family passing through a not uncommon situation, and yet we enjoyed it and went home glad that Drew had come to San Francisco, hoping he would come again.

If there ever was a play that is not spectacular it is "The Tyranny of Tears," and it is played by the most reserved lot of people that one could wish to see. The gallery, if there was one, never found where to extend the rejoicing hand. There was no applause, or just the faintest under tone, for there was nothing to cause emotion, nothing to arouse sympathy, sorrow or hatred. Only a woman bullying her husband by weeping —that's all. And the husband in the end gets tired, and says so, and the woman is contrite when the curtain falls. Then you know the play. But how well they all did their work,—players of precision every one.

Every woman has some pet form of blackmail. That is axiomatic. They "hold up" the man in some way and achieve results. The work is artistic, generally. It is directed against the man's weakness. The professional blackmailer of commerce discovers an affair which the public will not endorse and levies tribute as the price of silence. The amateur of the hearth threatens return to mother or a hint to a strict and straight-laced governor, or, worse still, destroys the nerves and drives all peace to the devil by resort to tears. Men are cowards,—that is the first text in woman's bible. Men will sacrifice anything to avoid a scene. Therefore, if you would have your way, dear sister, open the flood-gates, press the hysteria button and the trick is turned. Oh, how easily the thing is done! But one day you go too far; the worm gets over on his back and kicks. Then there's a fight,—woman's system against man's aroused pride and self-respect. And the man wins if he has fortitude. This is the philosophy of "The Tyranny of Tears." It is a play for men, married men particularly. A play at which they may see themselves and be ashamed. Women with a high sense of humor might enjoy it, because it is a trim, air-tight piece of work, clever in its lines and not a line to spare. But no self-respecting woman could applaud enthusiastically a piece so well calculated to lessen her power and reveal the scant springs of her successes. As well might you expect the spiritualistic medium to shout with joy and delight as the informed medium reveals the secret pockets in the cabinet and the trap door through which "papa" is materialized. If I had a wife I would take her to see Drew; well, perhaps on second thought it wouldn't be worth while, she might never know she was being guyed, "poor, sweet thing."

If John Drew was to leave the stage what could he do? Look at him there; dressed so well, so perfect a gentleman in manner. What place have we for such as he in American society except the misty and dreamy half-life of the stage? What could John Drew do off the stage? He could, of course, seek that last resort of all incapables and marry a rich wife, some Burlingame miss with millions, and drive tandem and make one of that polo-playing number, whom Ed. Hamilton described at the Bohemian jinks. He couldn't practice love except like my dear friend Wordii for a club window. He might be a fashionable doctor, yes that might do, and he would look so well driving out Van Ness at a terrible pace, as if Croesus were dying, and turning on some side street and driving back reading letters as if such duties couldn't be found time for in the office or at home. These dear doctors, what a clever lot! Certainly, Drew would be a popular one. But no matter what he might be off the stage, he is the finest walking gentleman on it. So goodbye to you dear stiff-backed friend, we like you and your people, especially Miss Conquest.

DE SIVEX.

* *

San Francisco looks forward with pleasure to the reappearance of Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott in their new play "When We Were Twenty-one" by H. V. Esmond. Parts have been specially adapted to the talent of the two principals and they are said to appear to their best advantage in the coming production. An excellent supporting company include the following: Frank Gillmore, Ysobel Haskins, Clarence Handyside, Harry Woodruff, Estelle Mortimer, Neil O'Brien, Gertrude H. Gheen, Thomas Oberle, L. E. Woodthorpe and others. The production is by far the most elaborate ever attempted by Mr. Goodwin and is identically the same as that seen during the winter season at the Knickerbocker theatre.

* *

An attractive bill is promised for the Orpheum next week. Lillian Burkhart will be well supported in "A Deal on Change," a one-act skit. Miss Burkhart is well known on the legitimate stage and in local society circles. "Vandy," a London success, will show San Francisco several new things in juggling. Midgley and Carlisle will appear in a rural juvenile comedy entitled, "After School." Miss Carlisle is well known to San Francisco theatre goers, having received her early training in a local stock company. The holdovers are: Mignani Family, Barthe, Wilson Family, Louise Gunning and the biograph.

* *

The Neill Company will close their eight weeks successful engagement at the California next week with the repetition of the plays which have scored the greatest hits. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and Wednesday (Memorial Day) afternoon "Lord Chumley" will be played. "Captain Letterblair" will be revived for the Thursday matinee. "A Bachelor's Romance" will be played by request Thursday evening. The remainder of the week will be devoted to the popular "Captain Swift."

* *

Henry Miller will be here during July and August. Among his support will appear Frank Worthing, now in London, and Frank E. Lamb, at present with John Drew.

* *

Dunne and Ryley's all star cast will begin a ten weeks engagement at the California Theatre on Sunday night, June 3rd. Hoyt's "A Rag Baby" will be the opening attraction.

* *

Frank Daniels is soon to appear in this city in "The Ameer." He will bring Helen Piedmont with his company.

* *

Nance O'Neil has completed her Australian engagement and will be here again in September.

* *

"Miss Hobbs" is to be produced here with Margaret Anglin in the title role.

* *

Kellar, the magician, will be with us next month.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

So'd by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

SEND ONE DOLLAR.—Cut this out and mail to us at once enclosing one dollar and we will send you a beautiful twenty-one piece China Tea Set handsomely decorated in three color floral patterns. This set consists of 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 plates, tea pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher. We will not send more than one set to a person. This offer good for 30 days only. EARLE, DILLMAN, WHEELER & CO. Chinaware, Crockery, Glassware and Bric-a-Brac, 2 and 4 Sherman street, Chicago, Ill.

LADIES' KNOX DUDE

Straws now open. Korn, the hatter, 726 Market St., sole agent.

Morning, noon or night you will find a glass of Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale both cheering and refreshing.

Saur says: "The playing of the pianola in my house last evening was a treat, as well as a surprise. Nothing of the kind I have ever heard before can approach it. In the hands of a competent player all the shading, crescendo, as well as modification of tempi, are remarkably accurate." Kohler & Chase, sole agents, 29 and 30 O'Farrell St.

FOR AN OUTING....

Visit one of the many Mineral Springs Resorts along the

California Northwestern Railway Co.

Leesee of San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company. (The Picturesque Route of California.)

Where the Famous Mineral Waters of the World are Duplicated.

If you prefer the simple home life of the Ranch, free from fashion's restraints, there are many in our section from which to choose. But if you would rather the tent in some shady nook, near a lovely lake, or on the bank of some beautiful stream, remember such locations are numerous and free of charge.

Call for "VACATION," a little book just issued by the Company, giving Camping Locations, Hotels, Mineral Spring Resorts, and a list of one hundred and sixty-seven Farms and homes, where Board for the Summer can be secured at from $5.00 to $8.00 per week.

Ticket Office, 650 Market street (Chronicle building).
General Office, Mutual Life building, Sansome and California streets, San Francisco.
H. C. WHITING, General Manager,
R. X. RYAN, General Passenger Agent.

DUNCAN SPRINGS HOPLAND Mendocino Co.

Two miles from railroad station; 101 miles from San Francisco; enequalled soda and magnesia springs; hospitable management; first-class table; hard-finished hotel; picturesque site and surroundings; two trains daily; long-distance telephone; terms $10 to $12 per week; housekepping cottages $15 to $20 per month. Waters bottled by W. H. Bone, 605-607 Merchant street, S. F. Through fare $3 80 Send for circulars. Address O. HOWELL.

Tavern of Castle Crag

AND SODA SPRINGS

SEASON OPENS JUNE 15.

Located in the midst of grand and impressive mountain scenery. With Mt. Shasta and The Crags for a background.

Fine hunting and fishing.

Unsurpassed cuisine and service and reasonable rates.

RAILROAD FARE round trip, including sleeper both ways $14

For rates, terms and other information address E. B. PIXLEY, Manager.

Care Pacific Improvement Co., Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Moet & Chandon

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World).

White Seal (Grand Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal.*

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5010 808 SACRAMENTO STREET

OVER A MILLION
Bright Women
say it's easily done and well done with

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH
It cleans Silver without a blemish whatever the form or finish. If you doubt it's best, why not make the test.
Trial quantity for the asking. Box postpaid 15 cts. in stamps. Grocers and Druggists sell it.
"SILICON," 30 Cliff St., New York.

FINEST LARGEST
FLEETEST SAFEST
The Magnificent China Liner Steamship
VICTORIA
3,502
Direct for Cape Nome.
On or About
MAY 31,
Remember the ice was never known to break from the Nome coast before June 10th.
Secure Your Tickets Now.
Unsurpassed Passenger Accommodations.
For Further Information apply to
DODWELL & CO., Limited
General Agents
113 James St. SEATTLE, WASH.
Telephone Main 470

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.
American and European Plan.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BULLION MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth (16th) day of May, 1900, an assessment (No. 56) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 20th (20th) day of June, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on Tuesday the tenth (10th) day of July, 1900, pay to the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses o sale. By order of the Board of Directors

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office: Room 11, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to-lunch.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

A POOR EMPLOYER.—"Nick o' the Woods" is the name by which an Oregonian lumber-king is known to the army of woodsmen who labor in his northern forests. So vast are the holdings of this magnate that there are many corners of his domain which he has never seen, and there are many workmen who have toiled for years under his supervision, yet never looked upon the face of the man who employs them. One day, recently, the old gentleman was driving through a densely-wooded canyon when his road was blocked by an ox which a venerable forester was goading into action. "Hello, my man!" said Nick o' the Woods, "whose ox is that you have there?" "B'longs to the feller I work fer," replied the other. "And who, pray, is your employer?" persisted the capitalist blandly. "Nick o' the Woods, the —— —— —— old skinflint!" answered the woodman as he gave the ox another vicious cut.

x

THE INJURED PARTY.—A certain newspaper man of this city is noted for his clothes, which are numerous as the sands of the sea and resplendent as the colors of the rainbow. Another quality which renders him more or less intimately acquainted with a certain class is the slowness—the extreme slowness—with which he pays for the above distinguished wardrobe. The other day a long suffering tailor man called and asked if Mr. Blank would be so kind as to give him a few dollars cash. "How much do you want?" asked the debtor. "Forty-five dollars if you can spare it," replied the tailor meekly, "I have a large bill to meet tomorrow." "I think it's mighty cheeky of you to come here and ask me to pay your bills," remarked Blank in agrieved tone as he showed his creditor to the door.

x

IN KENTUCKY.—An Eastern politician was travelling on horseback through a country district in Kentucky lately. As night came on he stopped at a wayside hotel and enquired of the landlord if a night's lodging were available. "What's yer business, stranger?" asked the lank proprietor. "I'm a politician," answered the traveller. "Don't believe yer!" remarked the incredulous host. "Why, if you want to take my word for it," said the politician, "I'll show you my credentials." "Credentials be hanged," was the curt reply. "Where's your gun?"

x

NO WONDER.—Two young clergymen sat together at a lecture given by Rev. B. Fay Mills in this city a short time ago. As the speaker mounted the rostrum, the first divine remarked to his brother that a look of worriment seemed to ruffle the wonted placidity of Mr. Mills' brow. "Mr. Mills has cause to worry," said the second divine. "He has found a new theory of justification to justify his former departure from religious paths. How to justify his justification is the problem that now confronts the poor dear man."

x

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.—At the first performance of "The Lady of Lyons" in the Temple City, Brigham Young bought thirteen seats in the second row, orchestra, and brought his twelve better halves to see the classic drama. At the close of the second act, however, Brigham and his family arose as a unit and filed out of the house. At the door the much-worried business-manager accosted the prophet. "Not going, Mr. Young, I hope?" "Yes," replied the Mormon, as he led away his twelve. "I can't see why they're making all that fuss over one woman!"

x

SAVE YOUR BULLETS.—At a practice meet held by a local Scheutzen verein at Scheutzen Park lately, a new range was established and much inaccurate shooting restricted. In vain the marksmen of the club sighted with practiced eye and blazed away at the evasive bull's eye. Scores were abominable. At length a corpulent rifleman grounded his piece and, shaking his fist at the distant target till the medals on his chest rattled and clinked, he cried; "Stop it, chentlemen! Stop dot shooting mit pullets! Plaze avay mit plank gartridges till you gits der range, den pang avay and plow 'em to plazes!"

x

HIS DISAPPOINTMENT.—During Paderewski's last week in this city, just as he was about to enter the carriage which was to bear him from the theatre to his private car, he was stopped by a slender youth who evidently had something of importance to say. "Are you Mr. Paderewski?" asked the young man breathlessly. "Yes," replied the distinguished Pole, "What is it that you wish?" "Are you the feller that plays the piano?" persisted the boy. "Yes." "Pshaw!" he sighed, almost, tearfully as he turned away, "I read in the papers that you got a hair-cut!"

PALACE and GRAND HOTELS
The high standard of excellence maintained by these hotels is recognized and appreciated by a fastidious and discriminating clientele who regularly make them their headquarters when visiting San Francisco.
The tourist, pleasure seeker and business-man will find the location particularly desirable, being in close proximity to wholesale and shipping districts, places of amusement and with the further advantage of having street cars to all points of interest pass he entrance. American plan. European plan.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND
REPSOLD
Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner
This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.
and Canadian Development Company, Ltd.
THROUGH LINE TO DAWSON.
Two first-class trains daily between Skaguay and Bennett, B. C. Ten first-class steamers operating between White Horse and Dawson. Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points.
SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
KLONDILE AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.
FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash.
Phone Main 574
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 116 Yesler Way, Seattle Wash

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Made from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents.

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

W Make the Cuts in this Paper.
HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line
CUTS
Yosemite Engraving Co.
24 Montgomery Street
San Francisco
For Catalogues Books Souvenirs Newspapers Letter-heads Etc.

Kitro Tonic.
King of all. For men and women. A fine Grape Fruit Tonic. Recommended by all Physicians. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Dealers.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✻ THIS SEASON'S ✻

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m. May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, June 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 11 a.m. May 1,6, 11, 16, 21, 26 31, June 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. May 3,8,13, 18, 23, 28, June 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. May 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27,31. June 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, June 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports. 10 a. m. seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
o. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Ca-

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, May 30 at 2 p.m.

S. S. M· p33a, at 8 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

From San Francisco at 10 a. m.

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m. The best of everything.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
617 Mark tStreet (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Feb, 2, 12, 22.
Columbia sails Feb. 7. 17, 27.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

Through Trains and Cars

BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE — via OGDEN ROUTE Daily

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
IN CONNECTION WITH

Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Line

OVERLAND LIMITED—Solid Vestibuled Train of Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and Composite Car

Leave San Francisco	8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento	11:25 A.M.
Arrive Chicago	9:30 A.M.

Westbound train leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P.M.

Rock Island Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car and Dining Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco	8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento	11:25 A.M.
Arrive Salt Lake City	2:10 P.M.
Leave Salt Lake City	8:05 P.M.
Arrive Denver	9:15 P.M.
Arrive Chicago	7:59 A.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 10:00 P.M.

Burlington Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco	6:30 P.M.
Leave Sacramento	10:30 P.M.
Arrive Denver	9:00 A.M.
Arrive Chicago	2:15 P.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 11:00 P.M.

Connections are made at Sacramento from and to both Southern and Northern California for all three trains.

The Rock Island and Burlington Route cars pass between Ogden and Denver over the Rio Grande Western and Denver & Rio Grande railroads.

For folders and more complete information, go and see

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

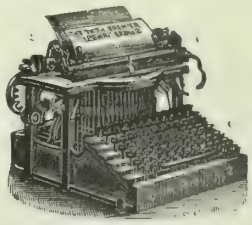
Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS COPIES



Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the *SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.*

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.
110 Montgomery St, S. F.
Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

Telephone Main 199.

Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER

55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.

Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles.
Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

CHAMPION BELGIAN HARE SANITARY HEADQUARTERS.

1009½ SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

One of the best sanitary inventions which has lately come into practical use, is the **SANITARY, SELF-CLEANING HARE HUTCH,** (see engraving on this page) for which a patent has been applied for by the inventors, Halfpenny and Marsh of Los Angeles, Cal. The future of the Belgian Hare, either as a fancy or as a meat proposition, largely depends on the cleanliness of his little home. Many persons have probably been deterred from Hare raising because of noting the disgusting and slovenly manner in which the hares are maintained in the old style hutches.

The new, Sanitary Hutch, has many advantages over the old one; it makes the raising of Belgian Hares pleasing as well as profitable, and really meets the wants of the most fastidious, for so far as cleanliness and odor is concerned, a Sanitary Hutch full of Hares would not be a nuisance in even the dwelling of the owner; it is self cleaning, for all the droppings are disposed of automatically, and it is convenient, handsome and entirely sanitary; in it the hares are so kept that disease is practically impossible and the customary drudgery of caring for these little pets is obviated and their raising becomes a pleasure.

The economical question is completely solved, for one person can easily care for a large number of hutches, and the saving in food becomes quite an item, while the beauty and fine points of the fur remain unimpaired.

The many advantages of these hutches was immediately appreciated by Capitalists, Blooded-Hare breeders and expert Fanciers, who noted their general economy and usefulness and especially the fact that the Hares **show to so much better advantage** in these large, light and clean apartments, as distinguished from the cramped, dark and filthy boxes found in most so-called 'rabbitries

The first cost is not large, and the numerous advantages possessed by the **SANITARY HUTCH** readily compensate for any additional expense.

Unsanitary conditions in Hare raising are already engaging the attention of the Health Departments, as is shown by the fact that one of the largest and lattest Rabbitries in San Francisco, and containing very fine, imported stock, was condemned as a nuisance by the Health Board Inspectors, ordered abated within 48 hours, and the owner was forced to sell out his whole establishment at a very great loss.

The fact that one large Rabbitry, containing much valuable stock, has already been burned to cinder, caused the Fire Insurance Companies to object to ordinary hutches within the city limits, owing to the bulk of straw, saw-dust and other rubbish constantly accumulating.

Belgian Hare breeding and raising can be done by any person, young or old, and this so-called "fad" may yet be utilized for higher moral purposes and personal culture, in the keeping of young people employed in a legitimate enterprise, instead of as in many instances, following the races, the hounds frequenting pool-rooms and other degrading sports and amusements; even the ordinary cat or dog-pets, may be superseded by "bunnies," when their care is simplified and made entirely easy by the use of these Sanitary Hutches. Breeders of fine Hares acknoweledge that the meat and the fur of the animals raised in these Hutches is necessary of superior quality, as compared with the old style.

An establishment along the lines mentioned and of a greatly improved type has been inagurated at 1009 1-2 Sutter Street, San Francisco, by Dr. D. A. Hiller, a connoiseur of Belgian Hare stock, and merits the inspection of all lovers of the handsome little animals; this is a model in all respects, and while following the general form of the Halfpenny and Marsh Hutch, the sanitary, economical and altogether pleasing features have been combined to make this, the

CHAMPION BELGIAN HARE SANITARY HEADQUARTERS.

The Agent for these hutches can be found at the same place, and would-be buyers of fine **BLOODED BELGIAN HARES,** will do well to call here and inspect the beautiful "bunnies" offered before making their purchases, as none but the finest stock is kept for sale.

An ABSOLUTE "Snuffle and Slobbers" Cure is also for sale at 50 cents per bottle; one bottle being enough for a whole rabbitry.

From Admiral George Dewey:

Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco: Dear Sir—I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent me at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly. Very truly yours,

George Dewey.

A GRADUATE

George Mayerle

German Expert Optician

Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED

107½ Market St.

near Seventh

Telephone Mint 257

German Eye Water 50 cents.

From General Wm. R. Shafter:

Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco: Dear Sir—The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair. Very truly yours,

Wm. R. Shafter,
Major-General U. S. V.

The Wave

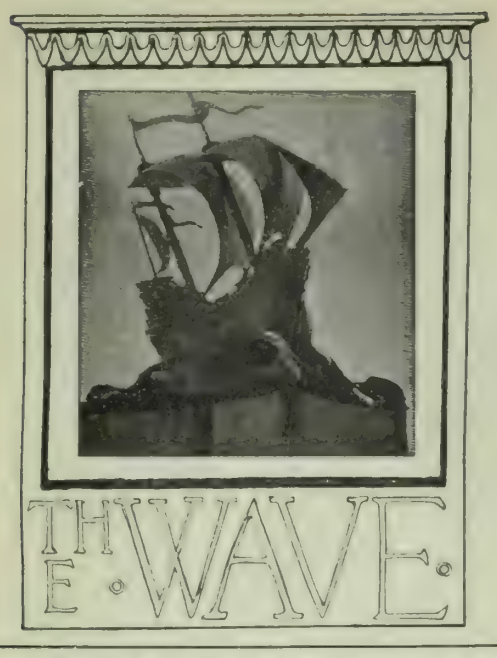
1900

VOL. XXI. No. 20 SAN FRANCISCO—JUNE 9, 1900 SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

THE OLD PATRIOTISM AND THE NEW.

Veterans of the Civil War and Veterans of the Spanish War Countermarching in the Decoration Day Parade, San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA STATE



is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—June 9, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Scenes in Chile 4
The Capital of the "Lone Star" Republic, by Douglas White 5
Form in Automobiles 5
Up the Tanana River 6
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 7
Scenes at the Departure of the Cape Nome Steamers from Seattle 8-9
Meditations of a Matron 10
Along the Seattle and International Railroad 11
In Bookdom, by W. J. Neidig 12
A Military Fraud 13
At the Theatres 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

Aguinaldo Reported Dead.

Emilio Aguinaldo, Chief of the Filipino insurgents and, by that bad eminence, one of the most notorious men in public affairs during the past two years, is supposed to have reached the end of his career. One of the scouting bands of American troops which have been following the trail of the insurgeant chief during the past six months caught up with his party on May 19 and killed or severely wounded the officer in charge. Circumstantial evidence strongly indicates that this person was Aguinaldo. Major March's detachment of the Thirty-third Infantry is credited with the achievement. They had been pressing the party of the rebel chief for about two weeks. On May 19, they attacked and drove in his outposts. Just at sunset, they swept into the town of Legat, scattering the native force before them. On a hill about a thousand yards away, they saw a body of about twenty-five Filipinos, from their dress evidently men of consequence. Their leader was on horseback. Suspecting that he was Aguinaldo himself, the Americans fired a volley which brought him down from his saddle. The Filipinos took up the body and got away in the gathering darkness. The horse from which the man had fallen was captured. It was richly caparisoned and in the blood-stained saddle-bags were the diary and other private papers of Aguinaldo. This is the strongest circumstantial evidence. Pushing further on, the Americans learned two days later that the same native party had rafted down the river on May 20, carrying a dead body, covered with leaves. These bits of evidence are not entirely conclusive, but it is a fair presumption that the misguided Tagala chieftan is out of the way. The papers captured show that he has been a fugitive for many months, having little to do with the direction of affairs and dodging from district to district in continual peril from the wild and hostile Iogorotes, who have murdered many of his followers. Outside of this, there has been little activity in the Philippines lately. The Philippine Commission has arrived at Manila and begun its work. General Otis has landed at San Francisco and given vent to the new and original opinion that the war is over. General MacArthur, replying to a Congressional query about the number of natives killed in the war reports: "Filipinos killed 10,780; wounded, 2014; captured and surrendered, 10,424. Number of prisoners in our possession, about 2000. No systematic record of Filipino casualties at these headquarters. The foregoing is compiled from reports made immediately after engagements, and is as close an approximation as is possible, owing to the wide distribution of the troops. The number reported killed is probably in excess of the accurate figures; the number reported wounded probably much less, as the Filipinos managed to remove most of the wounded from the field and comparatively few fell into our hands." The Federal Volunteers having enlisted only until June, 1901, preparations are already being made to bring them home before the term of enlistment expires, replacing them with regulars. To do this, part of the garrison in Cuba will have to be withdrawn. There are now 62,000 troops in the Philippines, equally divided between regulars and volunteers; the permanent garrison will consist of about 40,000 regulars.

The Strike at St. Louis Continues.

The street car strike at St. Louis has settled into a long conflict between the police and the company on one side and the strikers on the other. Since the former gained their point by sending their cars through under non-union carmen, riots and squabbles have been of continual occurrence. Hardly a day has passed but that some policemen, striker, militiaman or innocent bystander has been killed or injured. The night of May 30, 31, there were six such fatalities. Twice, an attempt has been made to blow up the car-barns, where many employees and policemen are quartered, by dynamite, and attempts to wreck and derail trains have been common. The militia and the police have been entrusted with keeping order. They proved themselves inadequate in the early days of the strike, however; their numbers were hardly sufficient and their general sympathy with the strikers rendered their work half-hearted. This led the sheriff of the county to resort to an unusual measure. By the laws of Missouri, he has the right to summon any reputable citizen as an emergency deputy. He decided to avail himself of this law, and to enroll a posse of 2,500 solid and respectable business and professional men who could be entrusted to enforce order without prejudice. Naturally, the class of citizens which he desired to enroll have attempted to evade duty; nevertheless, he has managed to enlist about 1,000 and is going on with the work. The citizens of the city have had much to do with the strike on both sides. The laboring classes have, of course, been all for the strikers, and have taken a hand in the disorders of the past two weeks. A deputation from the district inhabited mainly by this class sent an ultimatum to the company last week, declaring that if the police and non-union employees were not disarmed at once, they themselves would attend to the matter—"to protect our wives and children." On the other hand, a committee of solid and influential citizens have been striving for a compromise. They have held several meetings with representatives of the company, the strikers and Governor Stone, who is on the ground trying to adjust matters. On June 2, they submitted a proposal embodying the return of all the strikers to their situations, and the employ of union men only, no advance in wages to be made. This was accepted by the company, and it was thought that the strikers would accept these terms, as they had already lost the points for which they were contending, but the committee refused and affairs stand as they were. Stone and the citizen's committee are, however, still working for a compromise.

The Chinese Crisis Grows Alarming.

The Boxer insurrection in China has assumed such proportions as to alarm all the Powers and to threaten the existence of the present Chinese government. At present, the great city of Pekin, capital and metropolis of the Empire, is menaced by the advancing horde of rioters. The disloyal and disorganized Chinese army is doing little in defence of the capital, the only force available being a handful of marines from the allied fleets in the harbor of Taku. The rioters have worked toward Pekin all the week, killing native Christians and destroying railroads and other European improvements as they advanced. In the early days of the insurrection, the foreigners escaped, but there have been many fatalities among missionaries and engineers during the week. One English party was set upon and four were killed and four wounded before they were rescued by a detachment of European troops. Another party of eleven engineers is missing and although a detachment of Cossacks was sent in search of them, they have left no trace. Still other parties, known to be stationed in the disturbed district, have failed to materialize in the cities to which most of the Europeans have fled and grave fears are held for their safety. The Chinese government is doing little; all resistance comes from the Europeans. The ultimatum from the allied Ministers, demanding that foreign marines be permitted to defend the consulates at Pekin, expired June 1. China yielded, and 300 marines of various nationalities, with five guns, were rushed by railroad from Taku to Pekin. The situation growing more serious and the Boxers having been reported close to Pekin, additional marines were rushed to both the Capital and Tien Tsin. Minister Conger and Admiral Kempff, representing the United States, have cabled for more troops and a gunboat. They unite in pronouncing the situation most critical. It is apparent that some hidden hand is guiding the Boxers. In the first outbreak, German political critics asserted that Great Britain had raised the disturbance in order to have an excuse for siezing a point near Pekin, and had been frustrated by the action of the Powers in making it an international matter. The continuance of the trouble goes to disprove this assertion. The action of Russia has been suspicious all through. She has nine warships at Taku against three or less for ony other one power, has eleven thousand troops on the border within short march of Pekin and holds fourteen thousand in readiness at Port Arthur. The fact that such forces were in a position to take the field argues a foreknowledge on Russia's part. But most suspicious of all is the attitude of the Chinese government. The troops have made but feeble resistance, even for Chinese, the Cabinet has tried to prevent foreigners from landing marines, and it has just been discovered that the governors of provinces are instructed to treat the rioters with all "gentleness." It looks like a part of the Empress' reactionary and anti-foreign policy. If so, it means the near break-up of China and the end of the Tartar dynasty.

The Boer War.

The announcement made last week that Pretoria was taken was premature. Nevertheless, the Boer capital is now in the hands of the British, who gained it after some sharp fighting. Simultaneously comes the news that in the preliminary fighting they lost a battalion of yeomanry, taken prisoners. Roberts, after taking Johannesburg, threw his advanced columns toward Pretoria. It seems that upon the approach of the British column, the Boers were at first in favor of evacuating the city peaceably. But warlike counsels prevailed, for some reason or other, and the usual Boer masked fire from small arms and artillery met the invaders outside the city. The British troops attacked with spirit; their loss was heavy, but after a day's hard fighting, they forced the place and occupied it. The Transvaal army withdrew into the mountains toward Watervalhoven, taking their women and most of the British prisoners which had been kept at Pretoria. The official entry was made June 5, and the news set all Great Britain wild. The motive of the rather weak defence put up by the Boers—considering that the place is most strongly fortified and should withstand almost any siege—is still greatly in doubt. From Boer sources it is reported that the battle before the town was simply a disturbance kicked up by the rear guard to hold the British off until the main body could get away. This same report adds that the Boers evacuated with intention, believing that their best chance lay in keeping up guerilla tactics in the mountains. This opinion is rather weakened in force by the fact that Mrs. Kruger and Mrs. Botha were both captured inside the town. Had the Boers been withdrawing deliberately, it would seem that they would have taken the wives of their commanders with them. It is too early yet to judge of motives. Meanwhile, Robert's advance guard is following the retreating burghers into the mountains.

The House Anti-Trust Bill.

Just before adjournment, the House of Representatives passed an anti-trust bill. This body had already beaten a constitutional amendment giving Congress the right to regulate, licence and control such industrial combinations. The new bill was passed with only one dissenting voice—Mann (R) of Illinois. In effect, it only increases the old Sherman law. It provides that anyone conspiring to create any combination tending to restrain commerce between the states or with other countries is guilty of a crime, and may be punished for each offence by a fine of not less than $500 nor more than $5000, or by imprisonment for not less than six months nor more than six years, or by both. The definition of "person" and "persons" in the present law is enlarged so as to include the agents, officers or atttorneys of corporations. For purposes of commerce it declares illegal all corporations or associations formed or carrying on business for purposes declared illegal by the common laws; provides that they may be perpetually enjoined from carrying on interstate commerce, and forbids them the use of the United States mails. It provides for the production of persons and papers, and confers jurisdiction upon United States Circuit and District Courts for the trial of causes under it, and authorizes any person, firm or corporation or association to begin and prosecute proceedings under it. The Democrats proposed a number of amendments with socialistic trend. Only one of these went through, a clause providing that the law shall not be construed so as to brand labor-unions as trusts. The fact that this bill went through the House just before adjournment, when too late for the Senate to take it up and make it a law until after the Presidential campaign, is being used as ammunition by the yellow branch of the Democratic press. It is pretty certain that anti-trust agitation will be a leading Democratic argument this fall. Such being the case, the Democratic papers assert that the measure was passed by the Republican House just at the edge of adjournment in order to knock this position from under the feet of the Democrats.

Work of Congress During the Session.

The session of Congress ended June 6, leaving a record for work unsurpassed by any previous Congress. It is true that many measures of great importance have been passed over or laid upon the table until next year, but this meeting of our national legislators had more work piled up before it than any previous one since this was a nation. A resume of the work accomplished may be of interest:—The total list of appropriations was about $700,000,000, a little more than the average. The Financial Act, which definitely settled this country on a gold basis, was probably the greatest achievement of the year. This measure was passed with comparatively little haggling. Not so with the Porto Rico bill, the measure next greatest in importance. One clause in this act, that imposing a duty of 15 per cent. on the Dingley schedule, made all the trouble. In the end, it passed. The bill, besides providing for the tarif, creates a provisional civil government for the island, limits corporate franchises, and provides that the revenues collected since American occupation shall be applied for the improvement of Porto Rico. Next in importance was the bill providing for the government of Hawaii. This is territorial in form, with an appointed governor, an educational qualification for the franchise and a congressional delegate who has a voice in Congress but no vote. In executive session, the Senate has made and discussed several important treaties. Of these the treaties with Great Britain and Germany closing the triparite government in Samoa and awarding to the United States the island of Tutuila, with its valuable harbor of Pago-Pago, has been ratified, while the commercial reciprocity treaties with France and the British West Indian islands and the Hay-Pauncefote treaty concerning the interocoanic canal go over without action. The Nicaragua canal measure and the shipping subsidy bill have been threshed over and the problems presented have been greatly simplified, but no final and definite action has been taken, although the canal measure went through the House. Cuba and the Philippines were passed over, the latter being the occasion of much fruitless debate. A new army bill does away with "Algerism," and another measure designed to limit this tendency still further by making staff and bureau service alternate goes over into next session. The Senate has provided for a Pacific cable, but the measure has not passed the House. The general pension laws have been considerably changed, always on the side of liberality. The free homes act becomes a law, and throws open large tracts in old Indian reservations to ordinary homestead proceedings. The Alaska code bill, providing laws for the Northern Territory, has passed both houses and needs only the President's signature to become a law. Considerable general legislation is carried on appropriations. These provisions include the amendments to the military academy bill, making the commanding General of the army a Lieutenant-General and the Adjutant-General of the army a Major-General; also the amendment to sundry civil bills appropriating $5,000,000 for the St. Louis Exposition. Both of these bills are still pending. The naval appropriation bill adds two battleships, three armored cruisers, three protected cruisers and five submarine boats to the naval strength and may include special legislation as to armor plate and a government plant. The other appropriation bills, in the main, carry the usual government supplies. The usual number of small appropriations and measures of minor importance went through. Taken all in all, it was a quiet but energetic session, and probably holds the record for work accomplished. The main factors in waste of time were the Porto Rican tariff debate and the contests over seats in the two houses.

Editorial Comment.

Senator Perkins and His Traducers.

THE California Republicans who will object to the appointment of M. M. Estee to the position of United States District Judge at Honolulu are very few. The *Wave* has opposed Mr. Estee in some of his political ambitions, but the opposition was not so much directed against the individual as it was against his unfortunate surroundings. We believe Mr. Estee to be well meaning. He was ambitious politically, but he lacked the qualities that bring personal political success. That Mr. Estee will make an acceptable judge we do not for a moment doubt. He is stronger as a lawyer than he is as a politician, and it is not thinkable that he will carry the faults of the latter into his judicial life. We congratulate the gentleman and feel confident a conservative career upon the bench will confound his enemies, who fail to distinguish between Estee the politician and Mr. Estee the lawyer.

Besides being qual fied by ability, the misfortunes that have overtaken him in his old age are calculated to awaken sympathy in the breasts of most men who have any red blood in their veins. Political defeat has been his lot. Ambition after ambition has been swept from out of his reach; associates have proven treacherous and ungrateful, designing men have stolen his legal business; his beautiful home ranch, which represented years of toil and savings, has been taken from him for debt. He has lost in death those whom he most loved, and now at the end of his career, in the darkest hour of his life, it is pleasant to know that recognition has come and that he has been chosen to serve in the direction where his ability is greatest, we trust for life, and we hope with complete success. The appointment of Mr. Estee gave yellow journalism an opportunity to attempt to breed discord among Republicans and to throw a little mud at Senator Perkins. It seems that Judge Green of Oakland is a "bad loser." Senator Perkins had promised to join the California delegation in supporting Judge Green for the appointment, and at the last session of Congress did endorse him for the place. But since that time things have happened that made it inexpedient for California to rest all of her claims to the Honolulu judgeship upon the fitness or ability of Judge Greene. Mr. Estee's name had been brought before the President for two offices, and his endorsements were such that it required an effort to disregard them. Indeed the President had broadly intimated that he would appoint Mr. Estee to the Philippine commission. Other influences prevailed, however, and Professor Moses was given the honor. It is not difficult to conceive why the President should now notify the leaders of the California delegation that this state might have the appointment of the Hawaiian judgeship if our representatives would agree upon Mr. Estee. There was something owing from the President to Mr. Estee which obligation the President was prepared to liquidate.

California was not entitled to the appointment as a matter of right, and if, rather than lose the place to the state, the delegation switched to the support of the only man in the state upon whom the President was inclined to bestow the favor, Senator Perkins certainly is not to blame. Judge Greene's evidence of displeasure is scarcely in good taste, and is more inclined to demean himself than to injure Senator Perkins. Judge Green is too good a man to be dragged into a controversy that will be likely to work him an injury among party men, and among the many friends of Senator Perkins throughout the state. The yellow branch of Democratic journalism was not slow to take advantage of Judge Greene's attitude for the purpose of stirring up party discord.

To prove Senator Perkins unworth, the *Examiner* published what purported to be a conversation between General Barnes and Irving M. Scott. Here is what the *Examiner* said:

"Then, during the long Senatorial dead-lock of a year ago last winter, General Barnes and Irving M. Scott were discussing their respective chances. Scott declared that Perkins was for him; Barnes insisted that he himself had the Senator's backing and favor. "Why, just read this letter from him," said Scott. Barnes took the letter, and read it over, whistled and exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be danged! Why, Scott, just read this," and he took a letter from his pocket and passed it over to the ship-builder. Scott read, whistled and exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be keel-hauled!"

Then the two statesmen stared at each other and began to cuss. In came Major McLaughlin and the situation was explained to him. "Why, Dan Burns has one of those letters too—Perkins is for him, first, last and all the time."

So they went out and rounded up the other candidates. Perkins was, according to his letters, heart and soul for every last one of them."

If Senator Perkins had been guilty of such contemptible duplicity, it would have entitled him to the contempt of all men. But now comes General Barnes, in a letter to the *Examiner*, in which he denies ever having held such a conversation with Mr. Scott, denies ever having received such a letter, and denies that Mr. Scott ever exhibited such a letter to him. Mr. Scott backs up this statement, denying absolutely that he received a letter from Senator Perkins promising his support, or that General Barnes had ever exhibited any such letter to him. It was a lie pure and simple.

Senator Perkins will probably admit the possession of his share of the faults that belong to man; but that he deliberately breaks his pledges, or promises support to more than one man for the same office is not believeable. The trouble is, that men seeking political appointments are too apt to jump at the conclusion that kindly treatment is equivalent to a promise of support. Courtesy to political aspirants has given rise to more charges of bad faith than has actual bad faith itself. The press and people of the state will not fail to recognize the wrong attempted on Senator Perkins.

Municipal Ownership Again.

OUT in Rutland, Vermont, their has been published a series of pamphlets comparing municipal with private ownerships, from one of which we make some extracts, because they fortify every stand we have taken on the subject. He says:

"Permitting a city to engage in speculative ventures or commercial industries, involves a most serious question, reversing the policy that has governed cities for hundreds of years, allowing them to assume all the hazards, risks and liabilities that attend the investment of money in business enterprises." That eminent author and jurist Judge Dillon says in this connection: "The legislature should be prohibited from allowing municpal corporations to engage in extra municipal projects or to incur debts or levy taxes for such purposes. To clothe them with powers to accomplish business which can better be left to private enterprise is unwise. Their chief function should be to regulate and govern."

We have declared the American municipalities to be unfit and unprepared for government ownership. Mr. Francisco quotes from Hon. Chas. Waring on this subject, who said "that he favored the purchase of street railways in Great Britain, but that in the United States it would *be utterly out of the question on account of the attendant political evils.*"

Mr. Franicsco runs over a long list of municipal failures of municipal ownership. The losses shown run far up into the millions. City after city that embarked with enthusiasm into the new fad of public ownership have large debts left to prove the wisdom of the moralist's dream. Mr. Francisco says:

"When the advocates of municipal ownership find themselves unable to disprove the facts disclosed under municipal management in this country they invariably fall back upon Glasgow and the wonders achieved there by municipal ownership. The conditions are not the same in Glasgow as are found in the United States. The government is entirely different and the political situation that exists in this country is not found there. Wages are less than half those paid in this country. Conductors on street cars are paid 93 cents per day the first year and $1.04 the third year, while conductors on street cars in New York are paid $2.00 the first year and $2.25 after that. The average wages for railroad men in Glasgow are 78 cents per day, while in New York it is $1.88. Here we have a difference of more than 100 per cent in wages alone.

"Any one who has traveled over the street railroads in Glasgow knows perfectly well that the whole equipment and accommodations are antiquated and behind the age, while the service furnished there would not be tolerated in any city in the United States. We are also told that the profits of street railways in Glasgow pay all the expenses of the government. Instead of there being no taxes in Glasgow, they are more burdensome than in this country. Rents are taxed 12½ cents on every dollar that a man pays, and the owner of the property has to pay the same amount of tax, besides this license taxes are levied. You pay a tax for every servant employed, etc. etc. Mr. Robert Crawford of Glasgow, a strong advocate of the system in that city says: "Before I came to this country I saw no reason why American cities should not adopt municipal ownership and wondered why they had not done so. But now that I have obtained an insight into the conditions that prevail in your cities I have entirely changed my views. As things are now in your cities, municipal ownership is an impossibility. Success in that great undertaking is out of the question so long as party politics figures in municipal elections, and so long as city offices are used to reward political work."

Speaking of experiments in electric lighting Mr. Francisco says "The fact that a large number of cities after investing thousands of dollars and trying the system and finding it impossible to succeed have abandoned the business, is conclusive proof that the statements made by the advocates of municipal ownership as to the cost of lights are incorrect, for is it reasonable to suppose that if the lights only cost the amount these advocates claim, the system would not have been abandoned and a contract made with a private company at a higher price?" And then the author proceeds to quote a long list of cities that have abandoned their public lighting works "In every one of which cases" he says "thousands of dollars were lost." And here we got back to our original statement, that until a city has proven itself capable of attending to purely municipal business it should not be entrusted with new responsibilities. Adding new burdens will not increase the efficiency of an already inefficient government.

The party of Mr. Bryan—it is not the Democratic party has for months laid violent claims to the honor of being only simon-pure opponent of trusts engaged in the business of politics in America. Naturally enough, in as much as they could "holler louder" than the other fellow, an impression has been created among deaf men and damp-hools, that this is true.

A short time ago, the Republicans in Congress proposed a constitutional amendment that would place in the hands of Congress the power to regulate trusts. No one questions the efficacy of the plan proposed. It is conceded to cover every legal objection and is calculated to bring about the ends which Mr. Bryan's party claims as one of the chief purposes of its existence. Under ordinary circumstances one would imagine a *bona fide* opponent of the trust hastening to take quick advantage of this opportunity to "relieve the people." But not so with the Democrats in Congress. And their apathy in the matter gives rise to a pretty well justified suspicion that they are not opposed to trusts, for the purpose of benefitting the people, but only for the purpose of benefitting themselves. They oppose trusts to catch votes, not to kill monopoly. If the trusts could by any possibility be abolished before next election-time, Bryanism would stagger and grow sick under the blow. The Democrats in Congress caucused on the proposed trust measure and resolved to vote against it. "*Because they didn't believe the Republicans were sincere in opposing trusts.*" This is the kind of statesmanship that belongs to the party of that "peerless statesman, who is the equal, if not the superior, of Clay and Webster." The Democratic position is this: "The Republicans will make votes if they are permitted to solve the trust problem. We will make votes if we kill off their measure and keep the trusts alive before the people." Of the two, the party that would make votes by giving relief, is preferable to the party that would kill off promised relief at the hands of an opponent.

COMMUNICATION.

In Defense of the Health Board.

IT would seem to all intelligent minds a self-evident necessity that a community sufficiently extensive and populous should have some person or persons, board or committee to look after the cleanliness and health. And when this board or committee (composed of competent and honorable men be it understood) is given being, then it becomes absolutely imperative on the part of this community or city to uphold the action of its committee or board to the last. Should influential property owners endeavor by injunction or otherwise, to hinder and retard this committee, then the highest tribunals should be invoked and the position of the property owner holding buildings, factories, or lands that menace the public health should be clearly and unmistakably defined. This granted, is San Francisco so upholding its Board of Health? Before answering that question I desire to express my opinion and protest against the ungenerous personal and almost brutal attitude taken up by the majority of the daily papers against this city's health board. I will, therefore, quickly run over the plague as we, the medical profession, know it. By so doing, the unprofessional may judge the justice of my contention. The plague is defined as an acute infective febrile disease accompanied by inflamation of the glands, hardly miasmatic (that is exhalations arising from the ground and floating in the atmosphere) partly communicable and caused by a micro-organism medically known "bacillus fiestes." The history of the plague is of great interest and an idea of its age is gained by a fragment from the writing of Rufus (100 A. D.). The classic Greek Aretæus speaks of it as the "Pestilential Bubo." The Great London plague in 1665 known as the black plague must now, without a shadow of a doubt, be considered a dreadfully malignant form of Bubonic Plague. *Sudden development of the "Severe" out of the "Mild"* has been alarmingly frequent in the history of this disease. Bombay in 1896 was stricken down in all its intensity by persons and things coming from Hong Kong. I pause here to emphatically demand the thorough appreciation of these two startling facts. Pathology brings another startling fact to the surface. The bacillus of the disease shows itself so imperfectly in its slain that the most expert bacteriologists, life-long students of the microscope and its tricks, hesitate in pronouncing it the true bacillus of the plague. This difficulty, bear well in mind, presents itself before the eyes of the bacteriologist in the quiet uninterrupted seclusion of his labratory. What then, can be expected, may I ask, when the study of these bacilli is made in an atmosphere of hurry and viturperation?

The channels of reception are respiratory, digestive and innoculative. Rats that eat infected food get the disease, and rats so infected showing all the symptoms, when intermingled with healthy mice, affect the latter, thus positively proving its contagion. The epidemic is produced by predisposing causes such as long dryness, famines, wars, and other conditions productive of lowered vitality. And almost *hand in hand* with the germ itself comes the condition of *uncleanliness* and *filth* accumulation.

Is Chinatown free from these conditions? Then presents itself the awful possibility of cadaveric infection. How do we know that Chinamen are not burying their dead in our midst? With these absolute truths confronting us, is it not unjust, yes, almost criminally unjust, to in any way hamper, hinder, or trammel the action of a board of health composed of reputable and scientific gentlemen in their strenuous endeavor to protect and further the public. Personal and political enmity to these gentlemen, no matter how high or influential its fountain-head, should have no weight whatsoever in handicapping their conscientious effort, even should their care and diligence err in being too extensive and searching. Oh, the stupidity of it all! Can the San Francisco policeman quarantine the fly and the rat? Poor Medical Board, I pity you, for as sure as death, should this disease light up elsewhere, the very papers that have damned your care will damn your carelessness.

J. WILSON SHIELS.

The Plaza de Armis.

The Calle Ahumada.

Along the Alameda.

The National Capitol.

Scenes in Santiago, Capital of the Republic of Chile.

Photos by Douglas White and Heffer, Santiago.

The Capital of the "Lone Star" Republic.

WHEN you have reached Chile, people are wont to tell you that you are at "the jumping off place of the world." That may be all true as far as distance is concerned, but if any one expects to land on the shores of the republic and find himself surrounded by all the discomforts of a foreign frontier he is doomed to discover that he is in error. If you are coming up from Valparaiso, you may purchase your seat hours in advance in a well kept Pullman car and en route you will stop for refreshments at a station where you will find a much better meal than many of our best North American railways furnish. Outside the station you may purchase a basket of delicious fruit for which, if you are not wise, the clever salewoman will make you pay three times the price. Even then, when you come to investigate its contents you will find the basket more than half full of the best straw which Chili produces, topped by a beautiful layer of fruit. The liberal handed "Gringo" is a splendid mark for all such little financial pleasantries on the part of the native, so that it not only behooves the newcomer to move with care in both great and small investments, but to instill into his mind that even though he is among people who do not patter "English as she is spoke" they are nevertheless filled with the highest quality of intelligence. Unfortunately, many of them do not devote this keenness to the acquiring of wealth by the methods dictated to Moses on those tablets of stone.

Well, you have eaten a splendid luncheon at Llai Llai, have been hoodwinked by a dark-eyed senorita fruit vender and now the train is climbing up the steep grades on the western slope of the lower Cordillera. It is not at all unlike some of the grades which cross our own chains of mountains, and as the train winds in and out among the rocks and dashes through the tunnels one looks back over a beautifully fertile valley covered with vineyards and watered by irrigation ditches from the mountains over which we are now passing. We are passing over a first-class piece of railway engineering, and once at the summit we slide down into the plain of which Santiago occupies the center, having made the run from tide water in splendid time and with a great degree of comfort. We are disembarked at Santiago in an immense and splendidly constructed railway station and have the choice of several hotels, at any of which one can secure not alone comfort but a reasonable amount of luxury.

As you move to the hosteltry of your choice, you are driven through the principal avenue of the city, known as the Alameda or as properly christened the Aveneda de las Delicias. Barring the bad quality of its paving, this avenue is really a grand feature of the city. The Alameda possesses two magnificent drives, each bordered on the inner side by a thickly set line of fine trees, while between the trees and in the center of the way runs a broad and well kept walk broken here and there by a monumental statue or memorial to some individual who has in times past done much for the republic. By far the most striking of these is a colossal equestrian statue of Bernardo O'Higgins. As this famous Chilino is far better known abroad as a naval leader than for any exploits on shore, it is something of a surprise to see him immortalized on the back of a dashing charger, but the explanation comes easily when you are told that not only was O'Higgins a leader of men at sea but that he also distinguished himself by leading Chile's land forces in some of the most desperate battles which the republic has known.

Along the Alameda are scattered some of the finest dwellings of the city, these palaces rubbing elbows with habitations half given over to the vending of small wares or tumbling in a condition nearly approaching ruin. These handsomer residences possess no special characteristics, few of them being other than immense "casas" to which have been added facades designed by French or Italian architects. Nearly all of these palaces possess the antique "patio" with its surrounding apartments and few of them have any heating conveniences, the people preferring to fend off the cold by enduring it until the sun comes back to warm them. Not that fires are a grave necessity in this climate, but there are still many days when the sparkle of a cheerful blaze would add to creature comfort.

One of the features of life in this Chilean capital are the evenings on the "Plaza de Armis." Everyone dines late and feels it a duty to spend a few moments on this little square shortly after the meal is finished. No matter in which direction a gentleman's road may lead, whether to the club, the theatre or toward the first of a series of calling-places, he must make a course which will allow of a few turns around the plaza where he will meet everyone of importance and more than likely doff his hat to the very people with whom in half an hour he has an appointment in another portion of the ci y. This plaza is really an enticing place, with its well-kept walks and lawns, its four sides being faced with the cathedral and Archbishop's palace, the municipal buildings, the "Hotel de France" and the "Bazar Espanol." When from the music stand a really good military band is rendering popular music this diminutive brilliantly lighted park becomes an attractive spot, especially when its throng is enlivened by the elaborate toilettes of the Chileno belles and the heavy, bullioned uniforms of Chile's army officers.

Santiago is noted for its fine private equipages, it being estimated that no city in the world of equal population can boast of more or better private turn-outs than the Chilean capital. All these are of European manufacture and it is the special endeavor of each owner to display its grandeur on every possible occasion. The principal drive is to the Parque Cousino, a well laid out but not thoroughly developed recreation ground at the southern portion of the city. At one place the Parque is given over to a circular drive which closely resembles a modern race course. On the afternoons when driving is thoroughly "the thing" all of fashionable Santiago may be found upon this circle, the carriages travelling around the oval in bunches four and five abreast. It does not seem that these people gather here for the joy of it, for never was conclave more solemn or austere. Slowly the glittering cavalcade will move around the center, their occupants exchanging greetings with the utmost solemnity. Suddenly there will be an unheard yet understood signal, for in an instant will begin a wild dash which would put to blush even the chariot races of ancient Rome. Out through the park entrance the chase leads into the Calle Diezy Ocho, the vehicles fairly jambing this well paved thoroughfare from curb to curb. The wild drive increases in speed until it seems as if half the carriages would be dashed asunder. On they go, until the Alameda is reached, each of the six squares being traversed in time faster than the last, but once upon the broader avenue decorum again takes possession of the wild drivers and the solemn procession which but a short time ago graced the park is reformed on the Alameda and takes up its slow movement up one side and down the other of this broad highway. It is an odd custom and one for which no one offers or attempts to discover an explanation. It exists, it is a part and parcel of Santiago's fashionable life, and that is the end of it.

But a block removed from the "Plaza de Armis" is the "Congreso National" or Capitol building of the republic. This edifice stands in a well kept square and is built upon the site of what was Santiago's most beautiful house of worship. This church was destroyed by fire in 1863 and several hundred people, nearly all women, lost their lives in the conflagration. This reminds me that in Chile as well as in most of the South American Republics the church-going is done almost exclusively by women. It is a sincere kind of church-going, too. There is no such thing as the Easter bonnet and none of that yearning for church toilettes common to the less devout nations of the earth. To church the lady goes shrouded in the deepest black. Not a touch of color or aught by which one may be distinguished from another. Hooded in the characteristic "manta" they plod to and from their devotions with the regularity of clock-work. But of the "manta" there is another story. Generations have taught these dark-eyed beauties how best its folds may be arranged to show off their charms of feature and I am not sure but that many of our own American women would look much better with face framed in this artistically draped setting of the Chilinas than in those wonderful confections from across the seas. At any rate I saw signoras a plenty while I was in Chile, their heads covered with pesos upon pesos worth of French millinery, but not a one of these seemed to compare with the faces wrapped in the "manta" and en route to mass or vespers. In proof that I am more than half right, most of the Anglo-Saxon ladies who come to these republics make haste to adopt the "manta," wearing it on every occasion where it may be considered proper to do so.

Santiago's shopping places are many. Nearly all the goods on sale are of European manufacture, the business-like Englishman and the trade-seeking German having seized the greater portion of the Chilean import traffic. Everything is measured by the metric system and to call for anything measured in feet, inches or yards is a puzzler to the Chilean shop keeper.

While the naval headquarters of the republic are at Valparaiso, the army centers at Santiago. Here is the institution for military education, this, and the army proper, being under the tutelage of German officers. The body of cadets which Chile is educating for her army officers are quartered in barracks in the suburbs of Santiago and are a specially fine body of youngsters. The army itself shows diligent training and for its size is the equal of any fighting force in the world. Both in army and naval affairs Chile is fully up to the times in the art of war, having evidently taken precedent over everything else in this narrow strip of South America.

One of the peculiar features of this as well as all the cities of Chile are the lady street car conductors. It seems that during the wars, which within the last generation called forth all the fighting force which the republic could muster, men became very scarce and the Chilean women learned to do their work. Men returned to take their places in the other fields of industry, but women kept their hold on the street cars; today, the coins are collected and the fares rung up by senoritas on every tram road in the republic. I am told by railroad managers that the system is successful, the women being found to be much more honest than their male predecessors, the difference in revenues being manifest from the inception of the system.

Club life there is in Santiago, and plenty of it. Not the club life of the states, for there is none of the home-like features of comfort which distiuguish our organizations. Nevertheless the Santiago clubs are pleasant places where you will meet the best of the capital's business and professional men. The leading club is the "Circulo del Union" which has a membership of nearly one thousand. The Union occupies a roomy building on the Calle Bandera, to which an elaborate addition in the shape of banquet halls and cafe is now in course of construction.

Chilenos love amusement and the capital possesses one magnificent opera house where in season the wealth and beauty of Santiago listen to French or Italian opera. Besides, there are several minor play-houses, the most important of these being built on the heights of the "Cerro Santa Lucia," a rocky mount in the center of the city which has been transformed into a beautiful pleasure ground. Round about the city and within easy driving distance lie some of those grand estates which have rendered Chile famous.

In this far away corner of the earth there is much to be developed by a study of this effervescent people who, tracing their lineage to nearly every nation of Europe, still maintain the language and principal characteristics of the national mother, Spain, whose yoke the republic threw off nearly a century ago.

DOUGLAS WHITE.

FORM IN AUTOMOBILES.

Why Horseless Carriages Stick to the Old Form of Models.

THE automobile, being now in its infancy, still sticks to the old horse tradition in its shape and appearance. As "horseless carriages" they were conceived and planned, and the appearance of one of these vehicles is still that of a carriage whose horses have run away.

Even a peddler's wagon has more harmony of line and shape in its design. The automobile of to-day is nothing more than a buggy or carriage box with the horses removed and a gasoline or electrical mechanism placed underneath. Sprin gs project in front, the old dashboard style is retained, and but little effort has so far been made by the builders to provide a distinct automobile design which shall contain in its appearance no suggestion of the absence of the horse. The result is that there goes careening through the streets as homely and inartistic a class of vehicles as any community was ever called to look upon.

As a matter of history, builders of the first railroad coaches were as slow in changing the first patterns of their cars as automobile manufacturers are now. The old Harlem and Hudson Railway coach was nothing more than the box of a stagecoach lifted from wagon wheels to car wheels. Even the postillion's seat in the rear and the driver's seat in front were retained and both occupied by passengers who preferred to ride outside. The four windows of a stagecoach were also retained, and when the coaches passed along the way pulled by a locomotive the thought was, as now with the automobile "Where are the horses?" The stagecoach style of railroad coach prevailed from the time of the first construction of a railroad in this country until after 1850. The West was the first to distinctly break away from the style. The old Galena and Chicago Union Road adopted the square box car with diminutive platform at each end. But the ornamental, highly finished railroad coach of to-day did not become an accomplished fact until long after George M. Pullman built his first sleeping car. The modern passenger car, while in a sense an evolution from the stagecoach, was finally designed and accepted by all the railroad companies without any reference to the ancient plans on which road coaches were made.

The automobile has been passing through its infancy, and there have been a hundred important matters to settle before design of box could be considered. It has been easier and cheaper to simply use the old style carriage box. Inventors and manufacturers have had to bother their brains over the style of the motor, capacity, the vibrations, durability, weight, power, speed and kindred subjects. For example, when the automobile first came out in this country people complained that its noise was too much like the noise made by other vehicles. They could not distinguish its approach, and hence were not warned of approaching danger. As a result a new kind of noise had to be devised, one that would give warning. That was more important than a new box design.

Next come the discussion of the relative merits of steam, gasoline and electricity. That is settled now, it being proved that each has its own accepted place. The questions of speed, safety and control are adjusting themselves, and shape will be the next consideration. A Chicago firm has been experimenting in that direction, by doing away with the dashboard, the ugliest feature of the old horseless carriage, substituting therefor a sort of peak or prow, which comes to a point in front and has some additionul use as a wind-break on the principle of the cigar-shaped train. Still another firm is for lowering the driver's seat. In the old horse carriage, a commanding position was necessary; machinery may be commanded from any position. These are only slight changes, but they indicate the general trend; the time is near at hand when the automobile will be no nearer in appearance to the horse-drawn carriage than the Pullman sleeper to the stage-coach. But the change will be gradual, a progression from stage to stage.

At Fresno it has been demonstrated that the blastophaga wasp, which is necessary to the maturing of Smyrna figs, will thrive in this climate. The wasps imported from Smyrna last fall were placed on wild or capic fig trees in glass shelter, and on the first of this month they emerged from the wild figs. As the Smyrna figs were not ready for them, the wasps took refuge in a second crop of the wild fig trees. It is believed now that they will emerge again and fertilize the Smyrna figs. If the experiment proves successful, it will mean that California can produce the white flag of commerce as well as Asia Minor, and it will introduce a new and very profitable industry.

Sunday, April 1, the University of Chicago woke up over $4,000,000 richer than she was on the morning before. The time limit imposed by Mr. Rockefeller for his $2,000,000 gift expired the day before. On Saturday morning the university was short $163,000 of the $2,000,000 which it was necessary to raise to secure the prize. Within two hours' hustling President Harper had not only raised the required sum, but considerably more.

UP THE TANANA.

Voyage of a Party of Miners up an Unknown Alaskan River.

Working on the Sluice.

A Winter Camp.

A Typical Spring Landscape.

TO a party of seventeen gold-seekers belongs the distinction of being the first white men to ascend the largest of the tributaries of the Yukon river—the Tanana, which joins the greater stream at Weare, a trading post about 950 miles from its mouth. The trip was made during August and September, 1898, and demonstrated the practicability of navigating the Tanana for a distance of upwards of 300 miles, with light-draft steamboats—a fact which had until then been unproven, and held much in doubt.

The party comprised two companies of prospectors, each in its own steamer, the smaller boat, named the *Potlatch*, carrying five men, and the *Tanana Chief* having on board a company of twelve. Both vessels were stern-wheel, flat-bottomed river-boats, built expressly for the journey; the *Potlatch*, of ten tons capacity, at Racine, Wisconsin, and shipped to Seattle on a flat car, and the *Chief*, of thirty-five tons, set up at Stillwater, Minnesota, and transported in a knocked-down condition to tide-water. At Unalaska, where a delay of some weeks was experienced owing to the ice in the northern waters at the time of arrival there, the *Chief* was put together, and made the trip acrosst he Behring Sea at the end of a tow-line from the ocean steamer which carried her owners; and both the little boast were completed on the flats just inside the Aphoon mouth of the Yukon. From here they started under their own steam, July 25, reaching Weare just a month later, the strong, swift current and the muddy condition of the water which interfered greatly with the working of the boilers, making progress up the Yukon a matter of slow accomplishment.

At the point of its confluence with the Yukon, the Tanana is as broad as its more famous neighbor, and appears to the eye to carry as great a flood, but it is shallow, and full of ever-shifting sand bars, both here and above, so that even the most experienced pilot could not learn and safely keep to an invariable course. Constant "reading" of the water from the wheel-house was necessary, and most of the time continual sounding by means of poles, to keep the boats from getting aground in midstream. Just above where the current sets into the main stream, the channel is particularly tortuous and confusing, and an examination of the ground was made in a rowboat before venturing with the steamers. Early in the journey the *Potlatch's* engines had proven unequal to the task of keeping pace with her stronger convoy; and so that the men on board each might have the other's help and company, the two vessels were lashed together side by side. Each boat pushed in front of it a square-toed barge filled with provisions and mining equipage; and in this order the flotilla made its way up the stream.

With the start from the little settlemen at Weare, the last vestige of civilization was

Continued on page 7.

Inuit in Summer.

The Steamers Lashed Together.

THINGS AND PEOPLE.

W. R. Hearst's Place in Journalism.

I SEE that W. R. Hearst is to start an evening paper in Chicago. The time has gone by when one can afford to cavil at Mr. Hearst's ability as a newspaper promoter or his place in journalism. Nothing but the very genius of newspaper management could have produced his tremendous success in his chosen field. We all know the *Examiner Journal*. We laugh at it, rail against it, oppose it, but the public reads it. To-day, the *Examiner* has the greatest circulation on the Pacific Coast, the *Morning Journal* the greatest in New York and the *Evening Journal* a greater circulation than all the other New York evening papers combined. The intelligent, educated and refined class of newspaper readers do not take these papers. In New York, recently, I watched the intelligent business and professional men on their way to and from their offices on the Elevated. They were reading the *Times*, the *Sun*, the *Herald*—hardly one of them held the *Journal*. This tremendous circulation, then, comes from the mass of the people, not the upper or governing classes. Mr. Hearst works on the principle that the poor man or the man in moderate circumstances pays as much for his paper as the rich man or the educated one. And with that remarkable journalistic insight which alone explains his success, he has found what this class wants and is giving it to them. In short, he has learned how to reach the greatest number of the American people. Therein lies the success which is measured by the fact that the International Paper Company furnisher twice as much paper stock for Hearst as for any other one paper publisher in the country.

* * *

What is the policy by which the *Examiner-Journal* combination captures the greatest number of subscribers in the country? Reduced to its lowest terms, it consists in presenting the greatest amount of action to the smallest amount of intellect. Consider the tastes of the *clientele* for which it is playing. Their ideal of fiction is the sensational story, their ideal of the drama, melodrama and vaudeville. The *Examiner-Journal* is the vaudeville of journalism. There is always "something doing," something new, something loud and assertive in its pages. It is giving somebody a picnic, relieving somebody's distress, sending somebody to a convention across the continent, outlining and urging some huge, lurid, far-reaching national policy. Troubled by no scruples, it invariably manages to attract the greatest amount of attention, to seem in the lead in everything. This appeals to the American vulgarian. If anyone thinks it is easy to do this sort of thing, let him try it—and fail. It is all very well to laugh at Hearst, to call him brainless and a dude; he is far from brainless, for chance alone would never have established his double and triple successes. And there is hope that, having established place, prestige and circulation, the Hearst combination of dailies may tone down considerably. I, for one, have not forgotten that a generation ago James Gordon Bennett and the *Herald* were regarded as a dangerous and blackguardly combination, yet now the *Herald* has leading place in New York. I shall be very much surprised if Hearst does not succeed in Chicago, which, among all American cities, has the greatest percentage of the sort of people to whom it is Hearst's policy to minister.

* * *

Journalism or Crime?

THE question "How far is newspaper work compatible with a Puritan conscience?" is revived by the publication, in a late issue of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* of a paper in the series "Great Newspaper Feats." In it, a representative of a great Chicago paper tells in the first person and with journalistic pride, how he secured for his journal a copy of the revised version of the New Testament in advance of its general publication in 1881. The most elaborate safeguards had been employed in order to prevent premature publication of this book. The journalist in question crossed the ocean twice, passed himself off as several different sorts of person, twice attempted to steal the book and failed, and finally secured it by a mixture of lying, bribery and betrayed confidence. Few of the ten commandments were spared in his two weeks' active work on behalf of his "scoop." The final consummation of the scheme cost the rightful owners of the Revised Version a pretty sum of money; yet he tells it all in cold blood and with the most evident pride. He calls it, and the publishers of the *Post* call it, "enterprise." To an outsider, not blessed with a newspaper conscience, it looks sadly like crime. It is undoubtedly true that deceit and questionable method which escapes the law is at the bottom of many and many a successful career outside of journalism; only, we do not find the perpetrators thereof bragging about it in print. A lawyer or a statesman who builds upon such a foundation keeps mightily still about it. Only in the newspaper business is this tolerated. It is the logical result of the false ideas of journalism fostered and encouraged by the yellow press. Enterprise is the god of adoration to the sensational papers. Anything, anything, to prove and advertise the enterprise of the "sheet," is the firmest principle in this class of newspaper. Truth, honesty and fair dealing are as nothing beside it.

* * *

A Juggled Argument.

THE fallacy of the average partizan argument is proved by a recent "spiel" made by a rabid teetotaler physician in England. He called scientific methods his aid, taking a squad of laborers on the public highways as his subjects. To one division of the squad he administered a "dram" at two-hour intervals during the day; the other worked thirsty. At the end of a week, the prohibition division had accomplished much more work than the thirsty division. Hence, he puts it down as a proved fact that indulgence in alcohol is weakening, and lowers efficiency, both physicial and mental. This illustrates beautifully the value of half truths. I am going to do some experimenting on my own account. I am going to take a gang of laborers and break it into two divisions. To the one, I am going to give the ordinary "three squares" a day; the other is to be fed a large, full meal every two hours. At the end of a week, the eating squadron, which has been rendered lazy by working on a full stomach, will, I have no doubt, be rods behind the other. Therefore, eating is a bad thing, food is a harmful indulgence to be avoided. The proof is as good in one case as in the other. Alcoholic stimulants sre not supposed to further physical efficiency at the time when they are administered. If they did, athletes would do their work on doses of whiskey. Anyone who has ever coquetted with "the demon rum" knows that. But no more does a full meal further physical efficiency at the very time when it is taken, and no more would an athlete attempt a feat of strength or speed after taking a big dinner. If alcohol is of benefit, its use lies in its effect upon the system when it is resting and relaxed, not when it is strained and at tension. Yet, I have no doubt that the specious and false "proof" of the English fanatic will make an appeal to the half-minded and prejudiced. It is an old system. Hence the Bryanite party.

* * *

Half-truths are often being used in the same cause by our Methodist brethren in the fight against the army canteen system, which occupied most of their late General Conference. Everyone knows that the soldier in the ranks, being "a single man in barracks" and without ties, is prone to indulge in strong waters. The army canteen is an institution wherein the soldier gets the milder forms of alcoholic beverages under conditions whereby he may be controlled, and his tendency toward drunkenness may be regulated. Princeton University which, among all the colleges in the country has the most enlightened method of regulating its student affairs, supports an institution of like purpose, which is situated on the campus and owned by the University. That the army canteen has worked well, is the testimony of every unprejudiced army officer. One need only have studied the Eighth Army Corps' experience in San Francisco to be convinced that a certain amount of drinking is inseparable from army life. When the big volunteer army was resting at Camp Merritt, there was no canteen; the hurry and excitement of the times prevent attention to that detail. Within a month, there sprang up on the borders of the camp a town of drinking-places, most of them of low character and all noisy and riotous, the scenes of unmeasured drunkenness and violence. The soldier would drink; having no place in which he could drink like a gentleman, he went to places where he was forced to drink like a rowdy. Just as soon as our Methodist friends can show that the abolition of the canteen would put an end to all drinking in the army, just so soon will they have a right to ask for the abolition of the canteen. Until that time, common sense would counsel that they choose the least of two things which they are pleased to consider as evils.

BOSWELL, JR.

THE SEATTLE-NOME FLEET.

See Pages 8 and 9.

ALL winter, Seattle has been preparing for the Cape Nome rush. Since the ice closed last fall, the "floating population" men wintering in the city while waiting to take steamer for the North, have made a strange and interesting element in the city. It became the town's chief interest. The ordinary industries, the new spread of Oriental commerce were as nothing to the glittering possibilities of the North. But when the season finally broke and the *Gen. McPherson*, first of the fleet, got away for the North, the croakers said that the Nome rush had been overestimated, that the traders and speculators were destined to "go broke" on the outcome, and that the whole thing had been overestimated. Indeed, it seemed so at the time. Possibly because most of the voyagers were afraid to risk their lives and most of the traders hesitated to venture their freight on the uncertain early passage. Cape Nome transportation seemed slow and sluggish in the fortnight after April 15.

Six weeks have passed since then, and the prophets of a big Nome rush are justified, while the croakers are silenced. More than fifty vessels had gone out under sail and steam up to May 27, carrying exactly 7,924 passengers and 33,672 tons of freight. The most sanguine never estimated the summer rush higher than ten thousand. Yet it has passed the eight thousand mark by the first of June, and still continues. An aggregate greatly over ten thousand is almost a certainty. The business houses carrying goods of the class needed at Cape Nome have been rushed to the limit of their capacity. Dealers in machinery and supplies laid in a large stock of goods during the winter in anticipation of a great demand, but they almost invariably underestimated. Knowing that Seattle dealers have made a special study of conditions in the North, a great majority of the "outlander" gold seekers prepared to purchase their outfits there rather than at home. This undetermined factor played ducks and drakes with business calculations. The wires from Seattle have been kept hot with telegrams for new stock, new orders; many dealers "sold out and quit"—temporarily—owing to the utter impossibility of getting additional goods out in time. The machinery and supply houses have made small fortunes; those who had the foresight to invest in such enterprises last fall have done better than the holders of most Cape Nome claims.

The days on which a Nome fleet was scheduled to sale have been like holidays in Seattle. Whosoever had no business or was temporarily disengaged, crowded to the wharves and docks to witness the departure of the gold-seekers. It was a noticeable fact that there was less tension and real excitement than in the old, burning days of the first Klondike rush. Then Alaska was a land of unknown terrors; now, the terrors are still known to be there, but the dangers are better understood, and therefore seem less potent to the gold-seeker and the girl he leaves behind him. It is the unknown danger which apalls. In this case, the danger has been much lessened by intelligent study of conditions; it is noticeable that nineteen out of twenty men who went North on this rush were thoroughly well provided and prepared and carried little that was superfluous. The Klondike was largely adventure; Nome is business.

UP THE TANANA.

Con. from page 6.

left behind, the waterway up the Tanana being through an unbroken virgin wilderness varied only by the changes in landscape incidental to a comparatively flat count mostly covered with forest, with here and there a stretch of country, a low bluff with face of sharp broken rock, a clay bank, and willows and alders bordering the stream and trailing their green branches in its swift waters throughout almost the entire distance. The native population is sparse and widely scattered; the Indian villages on the Tanana are few, and each consists of but a small collection of log huts. In the summer season these are mostly deserted for the camps located at the most favorable points for catching the salmon which form so large a part of the Indian's diet. Here the natives live in tents or tepees, and the bright orange red of the fish drying in the sunshine catches the eye at the first approach to the camp, standing out in patches of strong color against the green and brown of the trees and the soil.

The Indians of that region are a friendly people, always good-natured, and cheerful even under conditions of existence which to most whites would appear very disheartening. They have no tribal name, but call themselves simply "the people," and each little group of families designates those outside itself and its own immediate neighborhood by words which in their language signify the "up-river people," the "over-there people," and so forth,—names generally having reference only to locality. They have all come more or less under the influence of the missionary, and are nearly all, as one of them expressed it, "Jesus Christ men." Most of them have received in baptism Christian names, taken largely from the Bible, and have dropped their old Indian names. Peter, Andrew, Simon, John, Abraham, Joseph and other worthies of the Old and New Testaments have many namesakes among the Indian of the Tanana.

Bates Rapids, whose lower end is met about 300 miles from the mouth of the Tanana, and which extend for nearly eighty miles along that river, form an apparently impassable barrier to the farther progress of steamers. Shortly before reaching this point, the prospectors on the *Tanana Chief* and *Potlatch* had turned off the main river into a smaller stream called by the natives the Chena, which comes in on the right bank, its general course being from the east, dipping slightly to the southwest. The banks of the Tanana, like many parts of the Yukon abound in sloughs which make it difficult to tell which is the main channel, and the voyagers were helped in finding their into the Chena by an Indian who came aboard at Satswskiholan, one of the two principal villages on the Tanana, the other being Fortilla, further down, at the mouth of the Cantwell or Neenana river.

The Chena, quite a wide stream at its junction with the Tanana, rapidly lessens in size as it is ascended, and is very crooked, with a swift current against at many places it is hard to make headway even with steam-power. Warping up by means of ropes carried ashore was sometimes the only way of getting past swift gorges, around sharp turns or out of swirling eddies. The difficulties of the journey were greatly increased, also, by the fallen logs which lie in the water pointing downstream, threatening to pierce the boats' hulls; and the leaning trees which overhang the river raked the vessels from stem to stern, smashed the cabin windows and often seemed likely to sweep overboard everything that was not fastened down.

The waters of the China are clear as crystal, in marked contrast to the turbid floods of the Tanana and the Yukon; but the machinery of the *Potlatch* having become useless through the wearing out of her injectors while in the lower river, after several days of slow, hard pushing up the China she was run into a slough and dismantled; her crew and stores were taken aboard the *Tanana Chief*, and some 30 miles farther on the diminished size of the stream brought the water journey to an end.

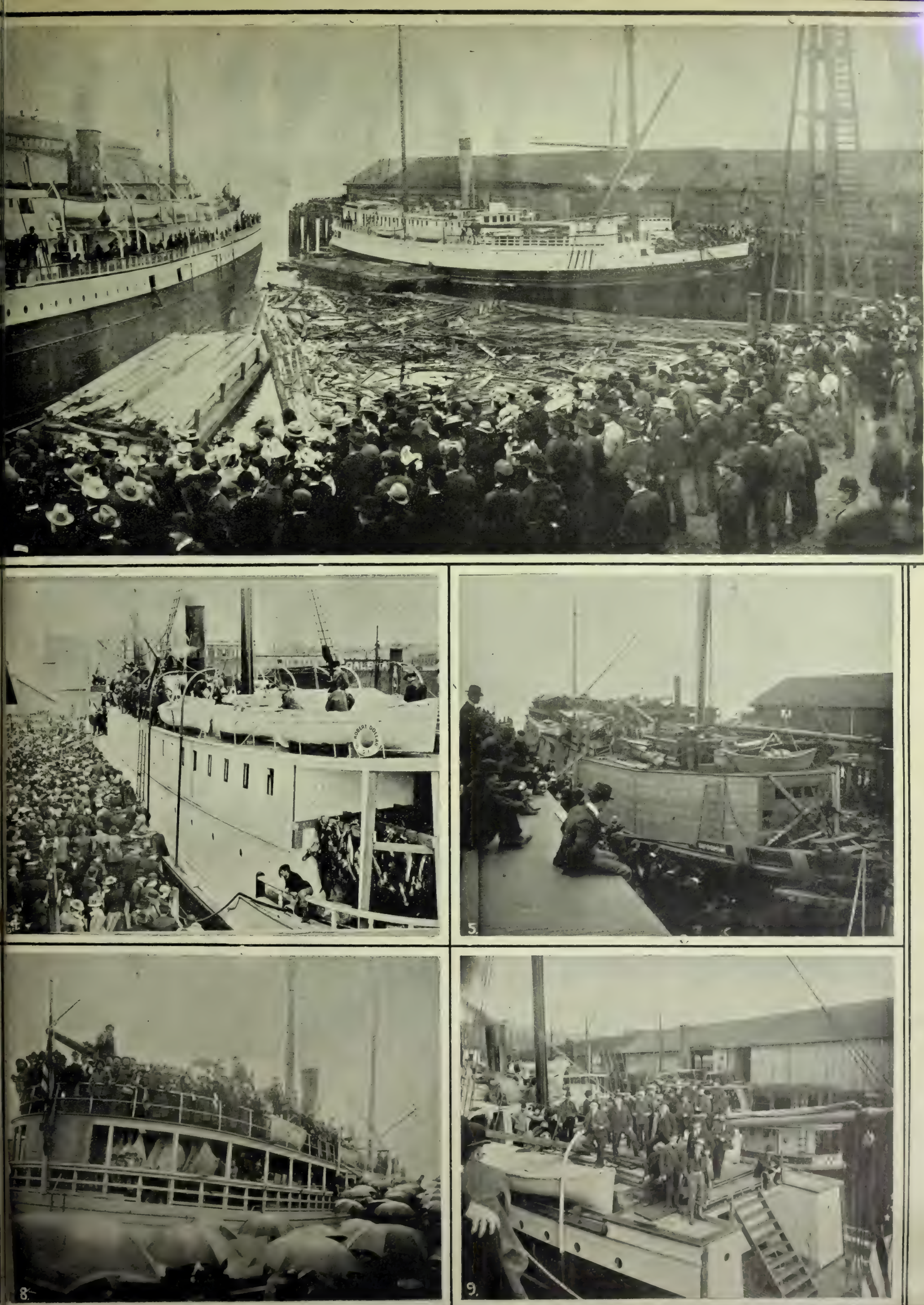
Here winter camp was established and two comfortable cabins were built. The barges were hauled up on the bank and placed on posts and utilized as caches for provisions; and the place was named Fort Chena. Here arrived, on October 4, Lieut. Joseph C. Castner of the U. S. army exploring expedition. His story is among the most exciting of the tales of adventure in the history of that northern land. Parting from the commander of the expedition Capt. E. F. Glenn, at Camp Separation, he had traveled northward with two soldier comrades, had met with disaster in the upsetting of his raft in the river, by which all his supplies, instruments, papers and tools, even his ax and rifle, were lost, so that they were left with nothing but the clothes they stood in, and were obliged to push on as best they could to save their lives. They heard from Indians that a steamboat with white men had come up the Chena and the friendly natives guided him to the camp. When Lieut. Castner arrived at Fort Chena he and his companions had for two weeks had nothing to eat but the wild berries they could find in the woods, and their strength and endurance were well-nigh exhausted. He was furnished with the necessary supplies and clothing and a large yawl-boat in which he made his way safely to Weare.

From Fort Chena progress to the headwaters of the Chena was made by packing on the trail and after winter set in by sledding on the river. Seven small log-cabins were built nine or ten miles apart, as shelter houses, along the river and four men, two from each company, proceeded at once into the hills and sunk prospect-holes, while the rest brought up the goods.

By early spring all were at work on Wolverene Gulch which heads in the Tanana Hills across the divide from Birch Creek, about 100 miles south of Circle. In this vicinity several months were spent in prospecting various gulches, but without finding gold in paying quantities. Eight of the Tanana men descended he river about June 1 to Weare where the *Chief* was purchased by the storekeeper and put into service in connection with the work incidental to the establishment of the military post of Fort Gibbon at that point. Later others descended in an open flat boat some returning to the States and some going to Dawson and still others went across country to Circle. The party on the *Potlatch* was led by Fred J. Currier of River Falls Wisconsin, a former employe of Capt. Healey and experienced gold-miner, the other members of the company being Edward Conrad of Hammond, Wisconsin, and Thomas W. Brown, Oliver G. Torrance and Charles H. J. Bliss of Minneapolis, Minnesota. The Tanana mining company comprised E. M. Wells, Sydney A. Warner, Joseph W. Morgan, Theodore L. Morgan and James E. Orme of St. Paul; Dr. Harry Fowler of Minneapolis; Frank L. Gibbs, Anton Olson and S. C. Sargent of Taylor's Falls, Wisconsin; H. C. Sperbeck of New Richmond, Wisconsin; Wilson Barlow of New York and Thomas Rowlands of Belleville, Ontario. While the pecuniary results of the expedition were insignificant, it is of interest as marking the first entrance of steamers into a region which may yet have some rich surprises in store for the persevering prospector.

1. Departure of the *Oregon*, May 20. Panoramic View of the Wharf. 2. The *Ohio* Under Steam. 3. The *Garonne*. 4. The *Robert Dollar*, Alaska and Pacific Co., First Steamer for N

SCENES AT THE DEPARTURE OF THE



5. The Barge *Skookum*. *E. J. Baily, Seattle, Photo.* 6. The *Charles D. Laue*. 7. The *Lakme*. 8. The *Santa Anna*. 9. Passengers of the *Dora*. *E. J. Baily, Seattle, Photo.*

PE NOME STEAMERS FROM SEATTLE.

Meditations of a Matron.

I AM back to you once more, my dear Diary. It is nice to return to one's adoring family especially the Father. Curious, none of my people ever really appreciate me until I went off and got married. I do not feel changed at all. I am certainly not in the least more dignified. I have not yet had a misunderstanding with the ideal. He is, mama says, a most exacting husband. I have, however, not noticed that side of him yet. It is so fine to be married. I have, already, Diary dear, been chaperon twelve times. That is wherein lies the snap of being married. It was always so hard to get a chaperon that all the fellows and girls would like. I suppose you want to know how I took in other places. I think I must have been a success, for I received a terrific amount of attention. I can count my friends now all over the States. You see I am accustomed to entertain and be entertained. It is a gift, perhaps, but one that may easily be cultivated. I cultivated it with papa and found it gradually grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength, and now it is part of my very being. We went all over New York State and I went out until I thought I needed new clothes. Then we sent out postal cards and I have come home with an entirely new wardrobe, and the most wonderful maid in the world. She is a Portuguese, and the prettiest, neatest person one could wish to see, and so clever with her fingers. I do not now see how any girl can get on without a maid. Yet mama, Leila and I managed with one between us for years—of course, she is Mama's. Whatever she did for me was from love in the evening.

We spent a good while in Philadelphia. The Ideal's people all live there. They, of course, are direct descendants of William Penn. That did not interest me a bit. You see I have been brought upon all the different people, of whom I am a direct descendant, and it has been such a bore living up or down to these tiresome ancestors of Mama's. I guess Papa had none. I have never heard him speak of them. Ancestors is the one of many topics the Ideal and I have decided to bar from our conversations. I really find him the most aimable and generous man I have ever met. It is sometimes embarassing to be married to an overgenerous man. He persisted in showering all sorts of beautiful presents of every kind upon me. I, of course, could not reciprocate, and not being a person who can take everything and give nothing, I determined to do my part too. I went to Howard's on Fifth Avenue, and explained to one of the members of the firm my position. Then I brought forth a diamond sunburst that Papa gave me for a wedding present. The firm was quite willing to give me credit for it, so I bought a present of considerable value for the Ideal. Papa sent on for the sunburst as soon as I told him my tale of woe. Papa is the second nicest man I know. You see I am terribly in love. It is a fine feeling to have, too. I do trust it will last. Mama discourages it quite strongly. I wonder Papa is half as agreeable a man as he is. As for Leila, I really think mama has spoiled her girlhood. But I must not discuss my family affairs even with you, Diary dear.

Ever since our return we have been spending a day or so at each of the resorts to see at which we shall stay. The Vendome's table is the best. We got the best squabs I have ever tasted one night at dinner there. It is so well managed, and the Santa Clara Valley is full of the most wonderful drives. I hope we shall spend some time down there. Then we tried San Rafael. I want a cottage there so much. It is hard to get one; we, you see, are rather late. The Winslows, LeFevres, Eugene Lents, Bob Hookers, and Walter Deans, Thomas, Boardmans, and Sydney Smiths all are most comfortabiy ensconced in houses. There will be lots of entertaining going on, as the season in San Rafael will be pretty gay. The links over there are fine. Mrs. Crooks is playing a pretty good game now, so are Mrs. Green and Mrs. Johnstone. The Ideal has the Golf fever, so we may yet end at the Hotel Rafael. We have been invited down to the Hopkins in Menlo Park to spend the week end. I like to go there, it is so nice to wander about, their beautiful grounds. The Josselyns are giving house parties, so are the Prestons. That sort of thing is what makes owning a country place really worth while.

I was surprised to hear of Leila Voorhies marrying so soon. Elizabeth Huntington is to be her maid of honor, and instead of having bridesmaids she is to have her best girl friends to sit at her table. I am sorry it is not a church wedding. I like to look back on Helen Thomas, Bessie Shreve's and my own wedding. They were beautiful affairs, so were Bertha Welsh Russel's and Emily Hager's. Leila Voorhies I am sure will make a lovely bride. Miss Snider and Johnny Merril are also to be married this month. Leila likes Miss Snider very much indeed, says she is a fine girl. That is high praise from Leila for she is so censorious. I see that Naval Constructor T. Gaines Roberts has announced his engagement to Miss Trowbridge of Brooklyn. I hear she will be quite an acquisition to Mare Island, being a most charming girl. Alice Moffatt and Mr. Doubleday are to be married in Oakland in the near future. I am sorry Alice is to live in the East. She is such a jolly, bright, enthusiastic girl it seems too bad we must lose her. I was so sorry not to have been able to remain in New York until after Mary Crocker's wedding. I should like to see a beautitul Eastern wedding. Mary Scott is to be maid of honor. Jennie Crocker, Caro Crockett, Harriet Alexander, Susie McCook, and Whitelaw Reid's daughter are to be bridesmaids. All the girls with the exception of Mr. Alexander's niece, Susie McCook, are half Californians. Susie is a nice girl, she spent six weeks out here last summer, and I became quite fond of her. She has such beautiful rich coloring. Mary Crocker's veil is very beautiful, her gown ivory satin. Her trousseau is elaborate, but in excellent taste. Mary is an exceedingly well balanced girl and not foolishly extravagant. She has very good taste and fortunately the means to gratify it.

Poor, dear Diary I think I have told you all the news of this week. I have not been home long enough yet to go down to Del Monte, but how I long to get amidst the beautiful trees and flowers. There is no place like it on the rest of this Continent. It will be as usually very gay this year, as the jolliest people in San Francisco intend going there. As mama always says, one is sure at Del Monte to meet as many charming Eastern people as San Franciscans and that in itself is a great pleasure. I do not think I have any more to tell you at present but hope to have lots of gossip all this Summer.

Good bye, Diary dear, I am glad to be back to you all once more.

MRS. CRICKET.

Miss Ethel Clendenning Trowbridge, who will be married to Assistant Naval Constructor T. G. Roberts, of Mare Island, June 20.

Miss Ethel I. Husing was the sole member of the graduating class at the recent commencement exercises of the Convent of the Sacr d Heart at Oakland. Miss Husing is a bright young lady from San Mateo, and is grand-daughter of Senator Jas. D. Byrnes of that place. The exercises at the Convent were unusually interesting. Miss Husing's essay on "The Aim makes Great the Life" evidenced much thought and won high praise.

Most everyone who has whisky for sale compares its virtues to Jesse Moore "AA" whisky.

At the Resorts.

DUNCAN SPRINGS—The following guests are registered at Duncan Springs, Mendocino County: From San Francisco—Mr. and Mrs. C. Herrmann, F. A. Colley and wife, Miss Helen Marie Colley, James Brown, Miss Elsie E. Boyd, Miss Agnes E. Boyd, H. G Tanner, Mrs. E. C. Sargent, Ella S. Montgomery, Elizabeth S. Montgomery, William S. Montgomery, S. Sachs, Mrs. Lucy Wheeler, James M. Kelly and M. Redmond. From Alameda—Mrs. H. Zadig and A. J. Zadig. From Needles—H. R. Humble, wife and child. From Gold Hill, Nev.—Zephaniai James. From San Raphael—Alex Shenits. From Napa—H. H. Brigg.

The Pianola is bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for years. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell street. Sole agents.

A thermostat has been designed to give warning of spontaneous combustion in coal pockets. A compound solder-release thermostat, incased and protected by iron pipe, is placed in the centre of every ten-feet cube of coal, both horizontally and vertically. The thermostat has two operating points, one at one hundred and fifty-five degrees, the other at two hundred and eighty-six degrees and, as these two points are reached, bells are rung, and warning given of an approaching fire. This has been tried in America.

Hard work does not hurt a well woman. It is the weak woman, suffering from diseases peculiar to her sex, who breaks down under the daily strain of household duties. For diseases of the delicate womanly organs Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the standard remedy. Over half a million women owe health and happiness to Dr. Pierce's treatment.

"No tongue could express the pain that I endured before I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicine," writes Mrs. Mollie Colgate, of Randolph, Charlotte Co., Va. "I was not able to do anything at all. Could not eat anything except bread and tea—or if I did the top of my head hurt so it seemed it would kill me; but now I can eat a little of almost anything I want and can do a good day's work as well as any body can. Am better than I have been for years. I think your medicine is the best that ever was made for it is the only thing that ever did me any good. I tried many other kinds but none did me any good but your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I can never praise them too highly."

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL

J. J. Pfister KNITTING CO.

103 Post St., S. F.
near Kearney.

Beautiful New Styles.

Men's, Women's and Children's

BATHING SUITS.

Alapaca and Knitted

At Prices to Suit Everybody.

Sweaters, Jerseys, Golf Vests and Jackets

Outing and Riding Leggings,

Sporting Goods.

Send for Illustrated Catalogues.

A Delicious Beverage for all Occasions

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale

Connoisseurs pronounce it "the best imported."

Sherwood & Sherwood, AGENTS
212-214 Market St..

HOTEL VENDOME.

At San Jose is one of Central California's most beautiful holstries. In the midst of its own twelve-acre park; two blocks from the railroad station where almost hourly trains connect with the outside; the starting point for Lick Observatory; the center of a greater number and variety of attractions than any other place on the Coast; furnished finely, graded and watered roads for driving and cycling lead in every direction; with over 250 elegantly furnished rooms, and suites with bath and toilet; perfect in appointment, service and all the accessories of comfort, and one of the most attractive features of San Jose, the metropolis of the world renowned Santa Clara Valley.

GEO. P. SNELL,
Manager.

FOR SWELL DRESSERS.

The "Knox" hat is absolutely correct. Eugene Korn, 726 Market St., sole agent.

LADIES' KNOX DUDE

Straws now open. Korn, the hatter, 726 Market St., sole agent.

On McAulley's Farm near Arlington.
Sedro Apples, Average Weighs, 27½ oz.

Farm of David Germaine, near Noonsack.
Big Lake, Wash., Looking South.

Along the SEATTLE and INTERNATIONAL R. R.

To those who enthuse over scenic beauties or who feel delight in the contemplation of fertile fields cultivated by the skilled hand of the farmer, the ride from Seattle, Wash., to Vancouver, B. C., over the Seattle and International Railroad is ideal. In no part of the country has nature been more lavish than in the particularly rich territory traversed by this road, and the trip is an equal pleasure to the artist or photographer who seeks to reproduce the varied enticements of the landscape, and to the agriculturalist or dairyman who inspects the country with an eye to its present and future possibilities of production.

The line intersects four great valleys watered by four of the principal rivers of the famous Puget Sound country. Each valley is divided like a checker board, with farms of from twenty to 160 acres, on which fruits, vegetables, and cereals grow in abundance. Dairying and stock-raising are extensively engaged in because of the particular adaptability of the ground to these important industries. The cost of feeding and care of the dairy herd is made comparatively light by reason of the mild climate and luxurious growth of forage crops.

The results obtained under the most favorable conditions elsewhere, may as a rule, be more than reproduced from the virgin soil of these valleys, which seem to be particularly adapted to the raising of all root crops. On the uplands may be raised potatoes that in all points will rival the famous Greeleys of Colorado, and 600 bushels to the acre is a fair average yield. Rutabagas, mangel wurtzels, and in fact all of the coarser roots suitable for stock feed yield abundantly. The known area of land upon which the sugar beet can be successfully grown has been greatly augmented by the addition of Western Washington, where they can be produced as readily as any other crop and will average 35 tons per acre.

Of the cereals, oats, barley, and wheat are the leading crops in the order named, the average yield on good valley land being 100 bushels to the acre for oats, 80 bushels for barley, and 60 bushels for wheat;—good sweet corn can be raised, but field corn does not thrive.

Of forage crops, White Clover is preeminently the plant of the country. It is indigenous to the soil and as ubiquitous as the Johnson grass of the South, and will yield with the slightest encouragement from 4 to 6 tons to the acre. With this magnificent feed in such abundance the farmer is enabled to carry his stock through the winter on a very small amount of dry feed. Of the other varieties of grasses Millet and Timothy are most largely cultivated for hay.

From the line of the Seattle and International railroad a panoramic view is unfolded that, of its kind, is not surpassed anywhere in the United States. The first view of the Snohomish Valley is obtained as the train emerges through a gap in the hills at an elevation of about 200 feet above sea level. As one of the oldest settled parts of Western Washington, it naturally contains many of the best cleared farms in the district. From the Snohomish northward, to the Stillaguamish, a distance of 22 miles, the road continues through timber which everywhere covers the uplands and hills. The Stillaguamish drains a valley equally rich but not so well settled as the Snohomish; still northward 20 miles, it bridges the Skagit, and just beyond passes through the flourishing town of Sedro-Woolly, the hyphenated metropolis of the Skagit Valley. Sumas, the northern terminus of the line, is situated in the heart of the Nooksack county, famed for the excellence of its products, especially the fruits. Nooksack apples are noted in the markets of eastern cities where nine out of ten thousand boxes found a ready sale last year. The pear, prune, plum, cherry, and all small fruits do equally well, and are generally considered far superior in texture and flavor to the California article.

The Seattle & International Railway taps the richest mineral, agricultural, and timber districts of Western Washington and affords to intending settlers every opportunity for farming, prospecting, or lumbering. The heavy belts of timber on either side of this line hide the valleys that are immediately adjacent to it, and which are adapted by the most beautiful work of nature for farming, stock raising and dairy purposes.

You never have a head in the morning from drinking Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey. Try it.

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST COAL OIL.

BUY

Moet & Chandon

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World).

White Seal (Grand Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal.*

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5010 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MINERVA WASHER, DECEASED—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, Administrator of the estate of Minerva Washer, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery street, City and County of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Minerva Washer, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 19th, 1900.
M. C. HASSETT, 308-10-12, Phelan building.
Atty for Administrator.

IN BOOKDOM

I HAVE in my hand this week a book of short stories by Adachi Kinnosuke, the young Japanese writer whose work has been attracting considerable attention the past few years. *Iroka: Tales of Japan*, is the interesting title of this honorable book. Mr. Kinnosuke has some qualities that are usually lacking in Occidental writers; and conversely he lacks many of the qualities usually demanded in Western interpretations of life. He is a writer of "charm" rather than of "strength." He has not the gift of "imagination" in large degree. Instead, he has a very pretty gift of "fancy," which is quite a different matter. The gift of "fancy" is a prettier and more popular gift than that of deep imaginative insight. The charm of a well-turned conceit, indeed, will very often seem to the casual reader to be of the very highest order of excellence. A fanciful allusion in a description will very often seem to be the last word in the art of literary expression. In reality it may not be the last word. And yet it may be very pretty and entirely worthy of praise.

Let me quote a characteristic paragraph from Mr. Kinnosuke's charming book of tales. The conceit is exquisitely, phrased and shows its author at his best:

"Really it was a bit of gauze torn off from the skirt of that vain coquette called spring, in her all-too-hasty and careless way of passing over this earth, and which was caught by the bare branches which had stood lonely, looking very black and ugly upon the snow, all winter long. There were some, not many, who said that it was a cloud made up of tenjo's faces blushing over their face experience in love. An error. But, of course, we can see how they made a mistake like this, seeing that they were poets."

Again:

"The moon, red, and, like a ripe fruit, was falling into the silver plate of the sea."

In another place he describes a mother's despair:

"Her own daughter's voice!

"She reeled.

"Burning from the fire of her emotion and freezing from the ice of dread, almost at the same time; there she was, the mother! What an awful pendulum, swinging over the verge of insanity with heaven and earth in huge eruption before her eyes!"

Other favorite expressions are in the same manner:

"Dusk flew out of the skirts of the weeping willows."

"A thread of pale thin smoke—a stream of curled pathos—issued from its square opening, at once a chimney and a window."

"The sleepy moon reposed quietly on the graceful branch of the kikyo tree in the yard."

"Just then the flying squadron was flanking the Chinese right wing. It did, in truth, look as if some one had pulled up Asama, Vesuvius, and a couple more by the roots, had set them afloat on their sides, so that their craters shot at the horizon instead of the midday sun, and made them fly at the rate of fourteen knots an hour."

"The moon was lighting them, and so also the distant, star-like glimmer of lanterns held up by the twilight-sleeved arms of pine and cherry trees."

"A heavy thud!—and literally the eye-balls of the spectators almost jerked their heads off their shoulders in their hurry to leap out of their sockets."

"Looking toward the West, you could see the bedclothes of the sun on both sides of Fuji-yana. One would have said of the sunset clouds that some rude hands must have massacred angels without number and so outrageously—they were stained, those clouds, with blood of much richer brightness of red than that of mortals, and also they were covered with snowy downs."

All this is very pretty, graceful, charming, but it is not in the least imaginative. Neither is there any evidence in these stories that Mr. Kinnosuke is possessed of any considerable degree of imagination. "The accent of high seriousness, born of absolute sincerity," as Matthew Arnold used to say, is not in that kind of writing. It is built up chiefly of high-sounding, pretty conceits. None the less a pretty conceit, well phrased, is a very charming thing, and one that the world is not in any danger of undervaluing.

A considerable part of Mr. Kinnosuke's difficulty with himself undoubtedly lies in the clash between the artistic and ethical ideals of the Occidental and the Oriental civilivation. The Western attitude toward women, which is not only Western but also distinctly modern, an attitude at the root of all our great literature of chivalrous romance, cannot be reconciled with the Eastern idea between the covers of a single book of short stories. We feel all the while that Mr. Kinnosuke's idea of love is more or less mongrel, neither Western nor Eastern. We Westerners cannot see, for instance, why all the women in this little book commit *hari-kari*, sometimes for the most trifling reasons, judged by our standards; and our standards seem to be the ones by which the book was written. We cannot see why the love stories in spirit should be altogether Western. Were they Eastern in spirit, and not Western, the inevitable *hari kari* would in truth be inevitable. We should not then be disposed to criticise as paucity of invention the meagre plot, and as paucity of imagination the still more meagre characterization. We should not then feel the challenge upon us to judge of the story-telling by the most excellent Western workmanship we know. We could say, these stories are true to Eastern life, and we shall cherish them for their truth and their insight. Instead we say, these stories cannot be true to life, but nevertheless they are gracefully done, and we shall cherish them for their charm.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

* *

The Bewitched Fiddle is the title of the latest collection of tales by Seumas McManus, the young man who came over from Ireland a year or two ago, like the hero in one of his own fairy tales, with his pockets full of manuscripts, and went home again with every one of them turned into gold. And they were not new stories either—not all of them. "Och, but they tasted of Ireland," and that was the secret of the thing. *The Bewitched Fiddle* takes its title from the first story in the present little collection of ten. This title story is the very Irish of Donegal. It is as interesting as it could well be. And yet it is not a new tale. It is simply the "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" done into fascinating Irish prose by a fascinating young Irishman straight out of Ireland. And likewise "Pathrick's Poxy," which is neither more nor less than the John Alden story re-told; and the "Wisdom of Dark Patrick," re-telling the old story how the jingle of money is good payment for the smell of a meal; and so on. The book will not want for readers. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

* *

The romance of adventure seems to be as popular as ever, if we may take published volumes in evidence. Before me are three novels, each excellent in its way. Two of the three are historical. The odd one is a tale of the famous little buffer kingdom lying somewhere between France, Germany and Holland. In all of them the action hangs upon the winning of a woman's priceless love by a certain wonderful knight who is possessed of all the graces and most of the virtues in the world. Which is always extremely interesting, when you think of it.

* *

Robert Tounay is the name of one of these romances, with William Sage as the author of it and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. as publishers. In this case the story is historical, dealing with the period of the French Revolution. Robert Tournay, born a serving man, is the good genius of the tale. The heroine is the daughter of the noble house that commands him. Robert Tournay discovers that he loves the Mademoiselle de Rochefort, gets into an altercation with the noble cad her accepted lover, and flees for his life to Paris, where he becomes colonel in the Republican army. He is enabled to save the Mademoselle from the fate of other aristocrats by asserting her to be the Citizeness Tournay his wife. After conducting her to the German frontier he is thrown into prison by Robespierre, and very nearly loses his head; but the heroine opportunely discovers her own love for him, goes to Paris in disguise, and secures his release from Robespierre at the point of a pistol. After a great many exciting mix-ups Tournay is instrumental in bringing about the death of Robespierre upon the guillotine, and the situation is saved.

The other historical tale is called *The Rebel*, and purports to be the memoir of Arthony, fourth Earl of Cherwell, including an account of the rising at Taunton in 1684, complied and set forth by his cousin, Sir Hilary Mace, Bart., cited, with some notes by H. B. Marriott Watson. The book is published by Harper & Bros. The story tells how my lord Cherwell became interested in the pretty ward of an unscrupulous adventuress, one Lady Ellicott. The villain in the case was the Duke of York, who had a passion for the girl. My Lady Ellicott, in order to advance hsr interests at court, endeavored in every way to deliver her ward into the power of His Highness, but she was always foiled by my lord Cherwell, who ended by wining the heroine's love, marrying her, and at last falling in love with her right and tight. Unfortunately my lord was killed by a hired assassin just after the consummation of great happiness, but that does not affect the interest of the tale.

* *

The buffer-kingdom romance is captioned *The Conspirators*, and is also published by the Harpers. Robert W. Chambers is the author of this tale of adventure, and he has introduced a novelty in heroes, one Lieutenant Hardy, of the United States army, present at Luxemburg in the interests of his government. The action has to do with the intrigues (the usual intrigues) of Germany, France, Holland, and the rest of them, for political advantage. Lieutenant Hardy helps to foil the conspirators. Incidentally he wins him a wife from the very highest ranks of the European nobility. There are two or three very interesting love stories involved in the tale, including one in which the Crown Prince of Germany figures with the young Queen of Holland—which is certainly modern enough even for Americans to admire.

WILLIAM NEIDIG.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY

Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c

Hall's Family Pills are the best

If you have never tasted Jesse Moore "AA" whisky, try it and be convinced that it is the best whisky in the world.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

FOR AN OUTING....

Visit one of the many Mineral Springs Resorts along the

California Northwestern Railway Co.

Leesee of San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company. (The Picturesque Route of California.)

Where the Famous Mineral Waters of the World are Duplicated.

If you prefer the simple home life of the Ranch, free from fashion's restraints, there are many in our section from which to choose. But if you would rather the tent in some shady nook, near a lovely lake, or on the bank of some beautiful stream, remember such locaions are numerous and free of charge.

Call for "VACATION," a little book just issued by the Company, giving Camping Locations, Hotels, Mineral Spring Resorts, and a list of one hundred and sixty-seven Farms and homes, where Board for the Summer can be secured at from $5 00 to $8.00 per week.

Ticket Office, 650 Market street (Chronicle building).

General Office, Mutual Life building, Sansome and California streets, San Francisco.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager,
R. X. RYAN, General Passenger Agent.

DUNCAN SPRINGS HOPLAND Mendocino Co.

Two miles from railroad station; 101 miles from San Francisco; enequalled soda and magnesia springs; hospitable management; first-class table; hard-finished hotel; picturesque site and surroundings; two trains daily; long-distance telephone; terms $10 to $12 per week; housekepping cottages $15 to $20 per month. Waters bottled by W. H. Bone, 605-607 Merchant street, S. F. Through fare $3 80 Send for circulars. Address O. HOWELL.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order. New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet. 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block.

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel. Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 305.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Velox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

A Military Fraud.

THIS happened years ago, when there was no war to hurry promotion and to cause raw boys to be bustled out to Africa, with commissions, to lead seasoned soldiers, after a training or two in the militia or yeomanry, or a few months at Sandhurst. There were limited vacancies and plenty of competition, while the invention of rules of thumb for the selection of fit soldiers to serve Her Majesty afforded scope for the ingenuity of examiners and saved trouble.

"It's no bally use, Tommy; I practically can't see a thing with my left." The Hon. Harold de Hochepied Josynghame had been looking at a card covered with black lines and spots, arranged in various groups and configurations; he had held it at all sorts of distances from his face and at all sorts of angles, and had closed his right eye as he did so. He added a word not taught by army crammers—at least not in their curriculum—and spun the card across the room, where it fell at the feet of Tom Smith, who looked at it without interest and sighed.

"I am awfully sorry, old chap," said his bosom friend, in a tone that hardly seemed to convey quite all the sympathy a friend's tone should. He must have been conscious of it, for he added apologetically: "I'm awfully sorry, you know, but I'm in the same box. There's no help for it; we can't pass the beastly exam. We could have passed into Sandhurst six months ago straight from school as far as the work goes, but we've got to pass the medical in less than six hours from now, and we can't either of us do it; that's all. We can't."

"It's harder on me than you." The Hon. Harold Josynghame looked on the point of tears; after all, if he was six feet high, he was practically a boy, and, if you took into consideration the de Hochepied interest at the Horse Guards, had a career before him. "I could see with both eyes a year ago, but you have always been a squabby little beggar."

Mr. Thomas Smith walked to the window and looked out moodily on Piccadily. They were in the smoking room of a club that gathers in many young men of blameless records and public school education, and welcomes them with open arms if their athletic repute has arrived before them. They had breakfasted early and had the room to themselves.

"Dunno," said Tommy Smith, still inclined to be unsympathetic. "If you will take on a coal-heaver you can't be surprised that he plugs you in the eye. Of course, it's deuced bad luck if the injury turns out permanent, but you shouldn't have done it."

"The brute was licking a woman," retorted the Hon. Harold Josynghame, "and you'd have done the same."

"Of course I should, but, then, if I am too short for the army by a good quarter of an inch, I've never been licked yet, and if I had got under his guard"——

"Then his wife would have fetched a fire shovel and taken you in the rear as she did me, the ungrateful beast! No, Tommy, you're as hard as nails and as strong as a bull and have a thick head, but you'd have been done, too."

"No good arguing about it," said Tommy, still downcast, and added, "I thought you couldn't draw the weight, either. Too light for your height, eh?"

"Oh, I settled that all right," said his friend. "I left off riding for three months, and took a fattening diet. I've put on nearly a stone. I'm not as hard as I was, of course, but I shall satisfy the regulations as far as weight goes."

"Did it hurt much at the time?"

"The eye? Pretty well; but I was so sore all over I hardly knew, and the whack with the shovel knocked me nearly silly. I had a lump on my head as big as a hen's egg."

"Pretty good pluck of you to take on a coal-heaver and his family," grunted his friend, "and jolly lucky the police came up. I suppose your eye is as bad as you think."

"Certainly; it's practically gone."

"You make me wonder if mine's all right. Take the card and try me, Joskin, there's a good chap. I see black spots buzzing about all over the place sometimes at night after mugging at anything in small print."

He stood at the other side of the room and answered questions as to the groups of lines and spots on the card with faultless accuracy.

"When they tell you to close one eye they expect you to put your hand over it," said Mr. Josynghame; "of course, it makes no difference."

"Suspicious beasts," answered Tommy Smith; but he said, a moment later, "I don't know, though; try me again."

"Rot," said Mr. Josynghame, and he repeated his former directions to close the right eye or the left, with the same result of perfectly correct answers.

"Do you mind looking at me once more," said Tommy Smith, in a breathless tone. "Try to think I might be a very slippery sort of chap with a glass eye trying to kid you."

"Rot!" said Mr. Josynghame again, wearily. The performance was gone through again with the same result, and then he added: "Your right hand is about as shapeless as your left, Tommy, but neither is transparent. I should h ave spotted you if you had squinted through your fingers; my eye is good enough for that."

"You did not spot me, all the same," said his friend, coolly. "I used my right eye all the time. When you said 'Cover your left eye,' I covered it with my left hand; when you said 'Cover your right eye,' I put up my right hand, but I covered my left eye again, not my right at all."

Josynghame whistled, and his face lit up perceptibly.

"Of course, the doctor chap may not be such an ass as you," suggested Tommy Smith, still looking gloomy.

"I'll try it," said Josynghame quietly. He had been covering his left eye first with one hand and then the other. "I quite see their point of view; but hang it, if my good eye goes, and I have to leave the service blind, it's my loss as well as theirs."

"And if you become commander-in-chief you'll have gone one better than Nelson. He wasn't blind when he started, and didn't have to spoof a medical board before he got a show; he'd never have got one at all if he had. After all, if you fail, you may look a fool for five seconds—they won't give you longer to think about it—and even then you will be no worse off than you are now."

For five minutes they smoked cigarettes in silence. Suddenly Tommy Smith gave a wriggle in his deep armchair, and sat up, with the first smile on his chubby face that had appeared there that morning. While devising juggles for his friend he had been perfectly solemn; indeed, they both had been. After all, as has been stated, they were at the turning point of their careers.

"By George!" said Tommy Smith, "I'm a much cleverer chap than you, Joskin. I've got it. How big was the bump on your head?"

"As big as a house or a hen's egg, to judge from what it felt like."

"Half an inch high?" asked Tommy.

"Rather!"

"And the shovel?" A new waiter had made up the fire, and forgotten that the heavy and grimy implement he had used was not part of the usual smoking room furniture. Tommy Smith had picked it up and was thrusting it toward his friend. "As big as that?" he asked.

"I never saw the shovel," said Harold Josynghame; "the police told me about it afterward. I knew all about the bump, though, by then—I couldn't get my hat on."

"Joskin," said Tommy Smith, presenting the handle of the club shovel, "be a pal. I'm as near as a toucher a quarter of an inch under height, rather more than less. Put a bump onto my head half an inch high, and I'm through the medical like a hot knife through butter."

Mr. Josynhame took the shovel and looked at him admiringly. "Mean it?" he asked.

"Rather," said his friend. "I'll take it sitting, though. Look sharp, before any one cones in." He sat upright in his chair, gripping the arms of it and clenching his teeth. "Go on. I'll shut my eyes, if you'd rather."

Spang! The Shovel came down on the skull of Mr. Tommy Smith with a sound like a cracked bell, muffled. He gave a little gasp.

"Harder, old chap," he said, blinking, "and a little more in the middle. Can't—you—swing—it—a—bit?"

Spang! It descended again and Tommy Smith gasped and turned red first, then white. A member of the club had opened the door as the blow fell. He gasped, too, dropped a cigarette in an amber mouthpiece fully four inches long, recovered it much damaged, and retired precipitately under the impression that two of his fellow members were settling an affair of honor with the fire irons after drawing lots. He was a gentleman of honor and discretion himself, and he felt that he had no right to intrude or to mention it to the committee.

It was a minute or two before Tommy spoke.

"All right," he said at last, with an uncertain smile, and his friend looked relieved. "I saw a hatful of stars that time. I should think that would work it. I'll sit here—five minutes. Then we'll start. When we're once there, the longer the beggars keep us waiting the better. I feel my hair sitting up already."

Ten minutes later, as they were getting into a hansom, his friend inquired how he felt.

"I suppose I've got a headache," he answered. "I've never had such a thing before, but the bump's rising beautifully."

And did they 'pass their medical?' And did they otherwise satisfy their examiners as to their fitness to hold commissions in Her Majesty's army? I can only say that that night a short, square built youth journeyed from his club to a lodging house in Jermyn street on the roof of a four-wheeler, after offering to carry the cab on his back down Piccadilly, and that the butler at Josynghame House, Knightsbridge, had to help one of the younger hopes of the family and tell his lady mother that much work had made Mr. Harold a bit dizzy.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Wherever there is a piano there should be a pianola. The pianola plays any piano. Any one can play it. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St., sole agents.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to-lunch.

Morning, noon or night you will find a glass of Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale both cheering and refreshing.

For more than fifty years the famous Jesse Moore whisky has been the standard brand the world.

A. O. LINDSTROM — AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?
It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!
IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.
STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms. Elevator Service
THE BRADBURY,
J. A. FERSON, Proprietor.
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL
N. W. Cor. Polk and California Sts.,
San Francisco, Cal.
Excellent Cuisine — References required.
Transient trade solicited. Rates $2 00 and upwards.
Reasonable by the month.
TEL. HYDE 2771

What Are Club Cocktails?
"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."
Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.
The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.
"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.
Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.
For sale by all first class dealers.
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.
29 Broadway, New York, N. Y. — Hartford, Conn. — London.
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,
Los Angeles — San Francisco — Portland

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE
on approval to your address WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE. SEND US YOUR ORDER, state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. The "MONTROSE" Bicycle at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50 is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS and take this method of quickly introducing our 1900 MODELS. This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a RIDER AGENT in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.
SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated Mavis hubs and hanger - the easiest running known; Record "A" tires, the best and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine $4 Mesinger Hygienic saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our binding year's guarantee bond with each bicycle.
FREE to any one sending the $16.50 cash in full with order we will send free a genuine Burdick 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.
CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them, however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. BEFORE ORDERING a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, write us and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.
If you are UNABLE to BUY a wheel we can assist you to EARN A BICYCLE by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred SECOND HAND WHEELS taken in trade which we will close out at $8 to $10 each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for Bargain List. OUR RELIABILITY is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.
SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these special terms of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. Give name of this paper.
J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

WE Make the Cuts in this Paper.
HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line
CUTS
For Catalogues Books Souvenirs Newspapers Letter heads Etc.....
Yosemite Engraving Co.....
24 Montgomery Street
San Francisco

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Van and Nobriga; The Marvelous Merrils; John Camp; Sidney Dean; Joe Hart's Vaudeville Company; Joe Hart and Carrie De Mar; Fleurette and Frank Gardner; Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry; Lillian Burkhart; American Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JUNE 11th.
For a limited number of performances only.
Every night, including Sat. and Sun. Matinee.

KELLAR.

The Great Magician. Displaying his own original discoveries in the realms of the marvelous.

Prices 25 cents to $1.00.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sunday Night, June 10th. Matinees Thursday and Saturday.

"Money in the Bank" will be sung by Mathews and Bulger and a big chorus in DUNNE & RYLEY'S PRODUCTION OF

Hoyt's "A Tin Soldier."

In preperation—"A Milk White Flag," "A Bunch of Keys," "A Contented Woman."

Our Never Changing Popular Prices.

Alcazar Theatre.

ASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Week of June 11th.
The hit of the year, every night at 8:15.

FLORENCE ROBERTS

In a Spectacular Production of

SAPHO.

Seats six days in advance.
Matinees Saturday only.
Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Alfred Cane, Luther A. Teague
Frederick Teague.

Teague, Cane & Teague

DENTISTS.

Claus Spreckels Bldg. Third and Market Sts
hone Main 1459. Sixth Floor, S.F., Cal

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the *SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.*

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.

110 Montgomery St., S. F.

Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

AT THE THEATERS

THE farce comedy is American. C. Hoyt, the Honorable Charles Hoyt of the Vermont legislature, was its creator. Those plays of his which jumped so suddenly into the public eye twelve or fifteen years ago are not the ephemeral things that we all prophesied; they seem to have the classic in them; for they live and perennially bloom and each time please. Therefore their fun is genuine, they come to fill a want, they last because people wish to see them, are willing to pay their gold dollars to enjoy their wit, incongruous situations and clever josh. Their is nothing to take their place. The old time specialty companies have gone aglimmering. Vaudeville has risen and soon we will leave Henry Irving and Richard Mansfield doing a turn upon the variety stage unless something happens to diminish the vaudeville boom. The farce-comedy of the Hoyt school is more however than a series of clever specialties, it is an idea plus the song and dance, a satire relieved by irrelevant whimsicalities. There will be something as its outgrowth, what that something will be the wise man, even the manager, cannot foresee.

It looks as if it were a piece of daring that moved success, this bringing of a star stock company of farce-commedians to California who will give through a series of weeks a revival of the good old things. Certainly, so far the management has to pat itself upon the back. For the houses to which Dunne and Ryley's people have presented "The Rag Baby" have been crowded. And to hear them laugh those happy people who hold their sides as Matthews, Bulger and the rest toss out the fun—well, it is worth the money just to see the audience and know that the whole world is not blase and sorry it was born.

I frankly wish that Mr. Friedlander would present a few more good looking girls—they pay my dear Mr. Manager, and they are not scarce here. Of course the prettiest ones seldom are the cleverest. But that's just it, you don't want cleverness all the time. One can't be forever, like the Prince in the fable, waking the maiden to hear her sing. Give us a drop now of beauty and the California company will be all that heart and eye and ear could wish in the way of a farce-comedy troupe.

de S.

* *

Of the morals of "Sapho," the play, and "Sapho" the book, I leave others to judge. The subject has been threshed over these many months; it is fruitless at the best. Here is a frank, free exposition of the manners and life of the half-world and a great story of that life. If anyone can draw a moral therefrom, let him do so. Myself, I have always felt that "Sapho", the book, should be distributed free as a tract. And for myself, I also feel that much of the moral is lost in "Sapho" the play. It may be the changes made in in Fitch's adaption, it may be the acting, it may be both; certain it is that there has been a curious twisting and turning and changing of the point of view. In the book, *Jean Gaussin* is a crude boy who comes up to school in the metropolis, falls into the toils of a worthless, degenerate woman, gives up all for her and is finally deserted by her in the end. In the play, Sapho is a fallen but noble woman who is madly infatuated with an attractive but selfish man, who alternately spurns her and plays with her, and she deserts him in the end because the mother instinct is roused in her by her child. It misses the moral, but it keeps the story.

But after all, art has nothing to do with morals. Sapho is altogether a more agreeable and less harmful play than "In Paradise", let us say, or "The Girl from Maxims" or any of those Frenchy "tobasco comedies" which treat stolen fruits in the spirit of levity and farce. "Sapho" is a play about a degenerate, perhaps, but the point of view is not degenerate as in that frankly-confessed drama "The Degenerates," It is art, it is a bit of life. If you are grown up and mature and understand those things, there is no good reason that I can see why you should taboo "Sapho." I would take no honest woman to see "In Paradise," which San Francisco passed by without comment; I would take the most chaste matron of my acquaintance to "Sapho," and esteem her better for knowing that there are hearts and affections on the other side of the line.

Florence Roberts played it well at the Alcazar this week; indeed, there were those in the audience who had already seen Olga Nethersole do it in New York and who declared that, leaving aside the Nethersole physique, Florence Roberts vastly excelled her in art. Miss Roberts, always an excellent emotional actress, is deepening and improving. After the first act, where the Alcazer people rather failed in the effort to "jolly up," the performance was consistent throughout. But "Sapho" is a play of one part, after all and Florence Roberts is all that can be desired in that part.

The Orpheum bill is at its height again. No more clever and jolly actress than Carrie de Mar has been seen on the local variety stage this season; with Joseph Hart, she forms a team which has no superior in the country. Lillian Burkhardt, the talented Californienne, keeps her hold on the audiences. She is that rare combination, a "natural" actress who can command both

Miss Lillian Burkhart.

comedy and pathos. Next week, Van & Nebriga with a new sketch, "My Busy Day." The Merrils are trick bicyclists from Berlin. John Camp, "The man who never smiles," is a monologue artist of note and Sydney Dean is a character singer. Lillian Burkhart has a new sk tch, "Fifty Years Ago," written by John Davies of San Francisco.

* *

Dunne and Ryley's all star cast has made a tremendous hit at the California Theater. Beginning to-morrow night "A Tin Soldier," the amusing satire on the plumbing business, will be produced. Matthews and Bulger will sing their famous "Money in the Bank" and the piece will be filled with specialties.

* *

This week ends the record-breaking date of the Goodwins at the Columbia. It will be long before San Francisco sees such a combination of play and acting again. Next week comes Kellar, the magician, with a dozen new illusions each of which will occupy the entire stage of the theatre and countless smaller ones. Popular prices will govern this engagement.

* *

The Henry Miller season opens at the Columbia theatre on Monday, the 25th inst. The play is to be Jerome K. Jerome's comedy success "Miss Hobbs" and it is promised even a greater cast than the one that appeared in the piece in New York and London. Margaret Anglin will play the title role.

* *

"Sapho" seems to be in for an indefinitely long run at the Alcazar. Seats are selling six days in advance. The production will be continued until further notice.

When taken at the proper time a little Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey will prevent a cold.

Champagne Record Smashed.

109,303 cases imported in 1899 of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry was never before approached. Carrying an enormous stock of choicest wines, its fine quality can not be excelled, regardless of price. Its remarkable 1895 vintage now imported equals its best predecessors.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address

JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2 2 3,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28 503,655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110 681
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 210,067
Contingent Fund..... 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings. for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

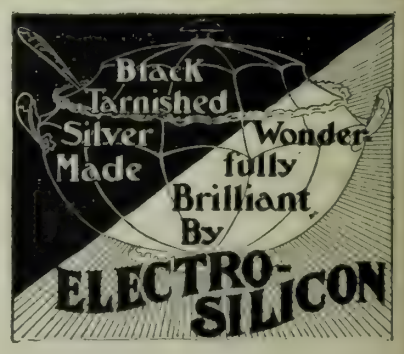
JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOSSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Fra k J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on d posits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.



It's easily and quickly done, without scratching or wearing the most delicate surface. The proof is in the trying; that costs nothing.

We supply the material for that simply for the asking. Box, postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.

Grocers and druggists sell it.

The Electro Silicon Company,
30 Cliff Street, New York.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

California Limited

SANTA FE ROUTE

The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p.m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails June 2, 12, 22; July 2.
Columbia sails June 7, 17, 27; July 7.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Maripcsa, for Aurtralia, Wednesday June 13, at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, June 27 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 11 a.m. June 5, 10, 15 20, 25 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. June 2 7 12, 17, 22, 27 July 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. June 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28. July 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 July 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BULLION MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth (16th) day of May, 1900, an assessment (No. 156) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 20th (20th) day of June, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the tenth (10th) day of July, 1900, pay to the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses o sale. By order of the Board of Directors

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office: Room 11, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE

Through Trains and Cars

via OGDEN ROUTE Daily

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

IN CONNECTION WITH

Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Line

OVERLAND LIMITED—Solid Vestibuled Train of Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and Composite Car

Leave San Francisco	8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento	11:25 A.M.
Arrive Chicago	9:30 A.M.

Westbound train leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P.M.

Rock Island Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car and Dining Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco	8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento	11:25 A.M.
Arrive Salt Lake City	2:10 P.M.
Leave Salt Lake City	8:05 P.M.
Arrive Denver	9:15 P.M.
Arrive Chicago	7:59 A.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 10:00 P.M.

Burlington Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco	6:30 P.M.
Leave Sacramento	10:30 P.M.
Arrive Denver	9:00 A.M.
Arrive Chicago	2:15 P.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 11:00 P.M.

Connections are made at Sacramento from and to both Southern and Northern California for all three trains.

The Rock Island and Burlington Route cars pass between Ogden and Denver over the Rio Grande Western and Denver & Rio Grande railroads.

For folders and more complete information, go and see

T. H. GOODMAN Gen. Pass. Agt

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

From San Francisco at 10 a. m.

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m. The best of everything.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
617 Mark tStreet (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

LIKE A MAGIC TOUCH
So quickly and easily is the brilliancy restored to tarnished Silver by
Electro-Silicon
SILVER POLISH
If in doubt what's best, why not make the test. Simply send address on a postal.
At grocers and druggists everywhere, and postpaid 15 cents in stamps.
"SILICON,"
30 Cliff St., New York City.

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.
American and European Plan.

FINEST LARGEST
FLEETEST SAFEST
The Magnificent China Liner Steamship
VICTORIA
3,502
Direct for Cape Nome.
On or About
MAY 31,
Remember the ice was never known to break from the Nome coast before June 10th.
Secure Your Tickets Now.
Unsurpassed Passenger Accommodations.
For Further Information apply to
DODWELL & CO., Limited
General Agents
113 James St. SEATTLE, WASH.
Telephone Main 470

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Irving Institute Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
2126 California Street, San Francisco
Next season will begin August 7th. Accredited to the Universities. Seminary and Full Conservatory of Music. Primary Department for Children. Carriage will call. For futher information, address the principal. REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A.M.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

ECONOMY.—Oneida, New York, claims to have the meanest man in the country. Recently, he drove into town and asked the price of cheese at a local grocery store. Full cream was quoted at fourteen cents a pound and twelve for a whole cheese, and skim milk at ten cents and eight cents for a whole cheese. The champion economist spent fifteen minutes persuading the clerk to sell him skim milk cheese at eight cents by the pound instead of "by bulk." This accomplished, the clerk asked: "And now, Mr. Hawkins, how many pounds shall I cut you off?" "Waal," said the mean man, as he produced a worn two-cent stamp and deposited it on the counter, "I reckon you can slice off a quarter of a pound and do it up for me. All I want is enough to bait a couple of rat traps, but if I should want any more, I'll call again."

x

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—A little girl of five or six years came into Bellevue Hospital, New York, recently, with her eyes full of tears, and her arms full of cat. To the doctors in charge she explained that pussy's foot had been crushed by an electric car. The physicians were for refusing the case at first, but noting the distress of the little maid, they good-naturedly produced chloroform, instruments and bandages and performed a neat operation, the child bravely assisting. "Now you can take your kitty home with you," said the doctor, when all was over. "It ain't mine," said the girl. "I des found it. Now 'oo take care of it. Dood-bye," and she vanished.

x

THE ONLY WAY.—During Queen Victoria's recent visit to Dublin, rooms were at a premium. An English tourist, just arrived, accosted an Irish cabman on the eve of the important day: "Drive me to a good hotel, jarvey." "Well, sir, which d'ye want?" "Any will do so long as I can get a room." "Then, axin' yer' lave, sir, ye'd betther go across an' throw stones at a peeler." "Why?" "Ye'd get locked up thin, sir, an' 'tis the only way to get a room in Dublin this night, sir, heav'n be praised!"

x

NERVES.—An anxious, nervous-looking woman, followed by a bewhiskered farmer, stepped up to the station master at a little station in Massachusetts, and asked: "Has the three-fifteen gone yet?" "Yes, about ten minutes ago," he replied. "When will the four-twenty be along then?" "Not for quite a time." "Are there any expresses before then?" "No." "Any special?" "No." "Any freight trains?" "No." "Nothing at all?" "No." "Are you quite sure?" "Yes." "Then, Amos, let's cross the track."

x

APPERENT.—While the British army was resting, between advances, at the Modder river, an order was issued forbidding the rank and file to bathe in the stream and sentinels were posted with orders to arrest offenders. One of the sentinels spotted a naked swimmer who persistently ignored his summons to surrender. Finally, he emerged, dripping wet, from the water; the sentinel stepped up and ordered him under arrest. "Confound you!" was the reply, "can't you see that I'm an officer?"

x

THERE BY REQUEST.—The jealousies existing between musicians in general and vocalists in particular are too well known for comment. A well known French baritone saw several bills posted about the street announcing that a rival would make his fifthieth-odd appearance "by request." "By req-q-qest ees eet?" exclaimed the singer. "When he in zee warm countree he will say to ze devi e 'Monsieur, you air glad to see me. I am her, by req-q-qest.'"

x

GOOD AUTHORITY.—An English justice of the peace had before him a case involving the ownership of a horse; a hostler was up as a witness. The case turned upon the brute's age. "Upon what authority do you swear to the age of the mare?" asked the justice. "I'm sure of it!" was the reply. "But how do you know?" "Well, I had it from the mare's own mouth," answered the witness, meekly.

PALACE HOTEL
The high standard of excellence maintained by this hotel is recognized and appreciated by a fastidious and discriminating clientele who regularly ake it their headquarters when visiting San Francisco.
The GRAND HOTEL is operated in conjunction with the Palace to which it is joined by a covered passageway, placing under one management 1400 rooms, more than half of which have baths attached.
AMERICAN PLAN. EUROPEAN PLAN.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

WHEN LEAVING THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE
Safe Deposit Vaults
OF THE
First National Bank
N. W. Corner Bush and Sansome Sts.
Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p m.
EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY
REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

REPSOLD
REGISTERED BRAND
SELECT VINTAGE
REPSOLD
Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner
This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office. 416 Pine Street

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.
and Canadian Development Company, Ltd.
THROUGH LINE TO DAWSON.
Two first-class trains daily between Skaguay and Bennett, B. C. Ten first-class steamers operating between White Horse and Dawson. Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points.
SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
KLONDIKE AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.
FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash.
Phone Main 574
S. P. BROWN General Agent 116 Yesler Way, Seattle Was

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Mede from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents,

From Admiral George Dewey:
Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco: Dear Sir—I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent me at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly.
Very truly yours,
George Dewey.

A GRADUATE
George Mayerle
German Expert Optician
Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED
1071½ Market St.
near Seventh
Telephone Mint 257
German Eye Water 50 cents.

From General Wm. R. Shafter:
Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco: Dear Sir—The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair.
Very truly yours,
Wm. R. Shafter,
Major-General U. S. V.

The Wave

1900

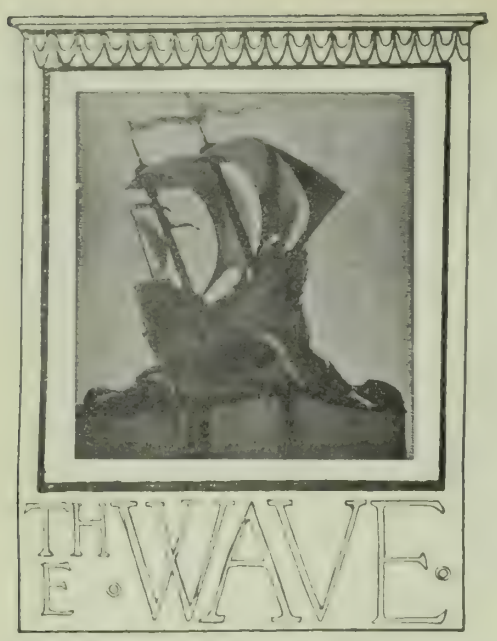
VOL. XXI. No. 19 SAN FRANCISCO—JUNE 2, 1900 SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

STATE

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

ALONG THE WATER FRONT, VANCOUVER.

ON THE INLET. THE C. P. R. DOCKS.



Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—June 2, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Views of Quaint Tangiers 4
The Mysteries of Marksmanship 5
World's Fairs to Date 5
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 6
Vancouver 7
Views of Vancouver 8–9
As Seen by Leila 10
In Bookdom 10
An Alumni Dinner 13
At the Theatres 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Boer War Collapses.

"Pretoria is practically taken, the Boer war is over." This is the latest news which, coming in just as this department goes to press, has set all England wild. It is true that the message lacks official confirmation, but it is almost certainly correct. All the other important events of the war have been heralded by the newspapers from one to three days in advance of the War Office bulletins. The news, as it comes, announces that Roberts has reached a point within two hours' march of the Boer capital, and that, instead of preparing for resistance and a siege, Kruger and his deputies have fled from the city, leaving it open to the British. Startling and sudden as it is, this outcome was not wholly unexpected. Ev r since the main British army crossed the Vaal river into hostile territory a week ago, the world has been surprised at the failure of Boer resistance. Johannesburg, the gold metropolis and the second town in importance in Transvaal territory, opened its gates to the invader, and all through Roberts' swift and certain advance not so much as a skirmish has occurred to block his way. Report and rumor have continually asserted that Kruger was preparing to leave Pretoria as soon as the British should come within striking distance, and the Boer commissioners to the United States, who are in close communication with their people, have admitted that, without intervention, their cause was hopeless and helpless. Yet no one expected the end so soon. To Roberts' genius for strategy and swift movement of troops, England owes this consummation. From the Earl of Rosslyn, held a prisoner at Pretoria, the British newspapers have an account of the progress of events inside the capital. It appears that Kruger has gone to Watervalboven, over a hundred miles from his former capital, where he will set up his government again. This point is in the inaccessible mountains of North Transvaal and is an excellent base for the guerilla warfare which the Boers may continue to wage in hope of intervention. A committee of influential citizens was appointed to meet the British and deliver the town to them. When it was learned that Roberts' army was near and when the Transvaal forces began to retreat from the city, the town authorities and citizens feared violence from the great number of British prisoners confined there. United States Consul Hay solved this problem by securing the release on parole of a number of officers, who kept the men in check and preserved order. Whether this means the end of the war or whether it has only passed into a guerilla stage, no one can tell at this time. In the United States and the hope of intervention now lies Kruger's only chance. It is becoming evident that the Democratic party, at least the ruling Bryanite wing, will make it an issue in the coming campaign, possibly pledging itself to intervention in case of success. This is, of course, a play for popula ity; unofficial sympathy in the United States is greatly in favor of the Boers, and the party declaring for them stands to win votes. But, political dodge though it is, the Boers, being in a state to clutch at straws, have, like the Philippine insurgents, taken this remote chance very seriously.

The War in Luzon.

The uncertain and smouldering quality of the Phillipine insurrection was shown again this week, when the insurgents made a night attack upon San Miguel, within ten miles of Manila. This point was held by the three companies of the Thirty-fifth Infantry. On the night of May 29, the native forces surprised and over powered the sentries, rushed the town, and went through it, shooting Americans right and left. When our troops rallied and got together for resistance, the insurgents withdrew. Five Americans were killed, two, including a captain, are missing, seven were wounded. No insurgent dead were found. On the same date, part of the Forty-sixth Infantry was ambushed near Silang, twenty-one miles from Manila, and lost three killed and several wounded. In both these egagements, the Americans were victorious, as usual, but their occurence within territory supposed to be safely held by our troops proves the discouraging character of our task on the Philippines. Other minor engagements of the week were more encouraging. A scouting party in South Albany has broken up a large body of insurgents, killing seventeen and capturing many others. Large quantities of insurgent arms and munitions have been taken by scouts in Pangasanin province. Major March's division of the Thirty-third, which has been trying to run down Aguinaldo, has returned to Berquet utterly worn out and without finding so much as a trace of the slippery chief.

Tammany Sides with Bryan.

Richard Croker has spoken for Bryan and the last obstacle to the Nebraskan's nomination by the Democratic party has been swept away. It has been known, ever since the nomination for 1900 began to be discussed, that Tammany and the eastern democrats in general would prefer almost anyone who would let the silver question alone to Bryan and free silver. But Croker, the mouthpiece of his faction, has kept silence, waiting, presumably, to measure the strength of Bryan in the party and his chances in the Democratic Convention. Now, that the Dewey boom has failed and Bryan's endorsement has become a certainty, Crocker has "got in the wagond!" by declaring out and out for Bryan. He was seen in London by W. F. Stead, representing the noisome Examiner—Journal conbination, and made a statement, which, for scientific crawling out of holes and dodging of knotty points, is without an equal. He praises Bryan without stint, declares that he will be the next president without doubt, that he will carry Ohio and the doubtful states by a large majority, and that the country with support him on the issues of trusts and imperialism. When pressed to talk about the silver question, Croker was beautifully conciliatory. Silver, he declared, is a side issue, anyway. It is a thing of little importance. The issue had been made to seem more vital than it ever was in reality and the country could get along very well on a silver basis, providing that trusts were smashed and imperialism downed. He was equally clever in avoiding the expression of opionion on the question of intervention in the Boer war." The whole Democratic party sympathizes with the Boers in the fight that they have put up against imperialism and not the Democratic party alone but the American people. The only people who are of a different way of thinking are those tied hand and foot by the alliance with the English government the money power." Observe how deftly he has here suggested that there is a secret Anglo-Saxon alliance, and that the existence of this ghostly compact kept McKinley from extending the "glad hand" to the Boer legates. He gives no expression of personal opinion on the subject, since he is at present in England having business dealings with Englishmen, but prepares for a graceful crawl when he comes into action again in this country.

A Serious Disturbance in China.

The threatened disturbances in China have at last come to a head. Ever since the Empress made her coup and pl ced her puppet upon the Imperial throne, trouble has been feared from the "Boxers," a disorderly and reactionary secret society, whose avowed object is to expel the foreigners by violence. The father of the present boy-Emperor is at the head of that society, and it is known that the Empress favors its objects. The trouble began about the middle of May, when unattached bands of "Boxers" began attempts on the lives of missionaries and others in the central provinces. News from the interior of China is hard to obtain, and the exact course of events is not known; at any rate, last week found a body of "Boxers" of unknown strength marching on Pekin with the avowed object of murdering all whites and forcing the Imperial government to expel the foreigners. The missionaries and other foreigners seem to have fled before them to Pekin; how many were caught and killed is utterly unknown. Russia, the power which has kept most closely in touch with the present government, was the first to act; a strong body of troops was hurried toward Pekin, but was met at the borders of the Province by Chinese viceroys, who forbade entrance until permission was granted from Pekin. For some unexplained diplomatic reason the Russians accepted this pos tion and were, at last accounts, resting on the borders awaiting the Imperial sanction. Russia has been playing the friend to the present regime, and it is probable that the Czar hopes by this stand to strengthen his position with the Empress. The other powers were more decisive in their action. The warships which have been kept in Chinese waters in anticipation of trouble were hurried into the port of Taku, and prepared to land marines in order to protect the consulates at Pekin. The Chinese authorities attempted to throw obstacles in the way of bringing in the foreign guards. The ministers maintained a firm attitude but were informed by the Tsung-li Yamen that it would be impossible to bring up the guards until he had communicated with the Viceroy of Pechili. As this was regarded as an obvious subterfuge in the interest of delay, the ministers replied that if proper facilities were not granted now the fifteen foreign war ships at Taku would land a sufficient force to come to Pekin without the consent of the Chinese government and they called upon the Tsung-li Yamen to give a definite answer at or before 6 A. M. Thursday, May 31 This is expected to produce the desired effect, but the outcome is not yet known. It is reported that the Imperial troops have had a serious brush with the oncoming mob of "Boxers" at Li-Shin-Hi-Sien; no news as to results is at hand. Many experts on Chinese affairs believe that the Imperial troops are as much to be feared as the "Boxers," it being known that the majority of the rank and file hate foreigners and fear their advance. The United States' naval in Taku consists of the cruiser *Newark* and the battleship *Oregon*, a force of 110 marines with a machine gun and a field piece from these ships is held ready to advance as soon as the ultimatum is acceded to.

Editorial Comment.

Let Us Own a Bonded Indebtedness.

UP to the present time San Francisco alone of all of the great American cities has been fortunately free from enormous bonded indebtedness. This happy condition of affairs offers no argument in favor of plunging into a species of financial dissipation, but it does give plausibility to the argument, that the city can well afford to expend with judicious zeal a large sum of money to add to its attractiveness. True, it must use some discrimination in the ma ter, but an exercise of ordinary intelligence will do.

A comparison of the debts of several larger American municipalities will not come amiss here, for the absence of municipal debt is one of the arguments urged in favor of creating an indebtedness. The last comparative figures we have at hand are several years old, but so far as can be ascertained the relative positions of the several cities have not changed. On January 1st, 1894, New York's debt, for instance, amounted to nearly ninety-nine million dollars. Of course, today, with that of Brooklyn added, the sum climbs above a billion. Boston's debt amounts to thirty-five million; Philadelphia to twenty-eight million; Baltimore, sixteen million; Pittsburg, nine million, while the total San Francisco's bonded indebtedness amounted to only six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A mere bagatelle by comparison.

In dealing with municipal ownership of public utilities the tax-payer must carefully consider the extent of the necessary bond issue, the interest, and the annual requirements of the sinking fund, payment of which is safely secured by a tax levy that ultimately evolves itself into a lien upon his property. Professor Henry C. Adams in his valuable work on Public Debts, says:

"The financial evils of municipal administration are so familiar that they cease to be the occasion of surprise; and it is important to learn whether such evils are traceable to a disregard of financial principles, to some radical defect in the organization of city government, or to the imperfect development of society itself."

The trouble is, we do not elect our public officers because of their financial ability. In private affairs the expenditure of twenty or thirty million of dollars is entrusted to men skilled in affairs, all under bonds, or so well known as respects integrity and ability that no one may question their possession of either. In public affairs we vote to spend the money and practically trust to luck.

A study of the increase of population, of assessed valuation together with the increase of municipal debts and taxation is interesting. The following table exhibits the increase in these four items, in the fifteen chief cities, in a period of nine years:

Increase in population, 70.5 per cent.

Increase in tax valuation, 156.9 per cent.

Increase in debt, 270.9 per cent.

Increase in taxation, 362.2 per cent.

The tax rate in San Francisco is not remarkably moderate as it stands today free of large indebtedness; and the prospective bond issue to construct or purchase a municipal water works is not calculated to reduce the already uncomfortable burden, or reassure the tax-payer.

In a thoughtful article published in the *Merchants' Association Review*, for the month of April, Mr. A. S. Baldwin considers at length the question of municipal ownership, and devotes intelligent attention to the subject from a tax-payer's stand-point. In casting about for the available sources of water supply that the city of San Francisco might acquire he first takes up and considers the value of the Spring Valley plant. A thing is very naturally worth what it will bring in open market, although a strict application of this rule would more often work a hardship on the seller, for the market is apt to under-estimate rather than over-estimate. However, he takes the market price and says: "The total market value of the stock and bonds fluctuates somewhat, but is approximated at $28,000,000." Considering the probable cost of the proposed new plant he says, "Colonel Wendell testified before the Board of Supervisors in 1880, that the most available source of supply next to the Spring Valley system, was the Blue Lakes scheme, and that the cost to deliver twenty-two million gallons daily from Blue Lakes to San Francisco would be about $18,399,-200, while in 1889 G. F. Allardt, an engineer of high standing and wide experience, estimated in detail the cost of the Blue Lakes system (thirty million gallons daily) at $33,529,-723, and placed a valuation on the Spring Valley plant of $25,000,000."

From these figures Mr. Baldwin deduces that one is justified today in placing the estimated cost of a new plant at $30,000,000 and the same valuation upon the Spring Valley plant, which has been largely increased in capacity since Mr. Allardt's figures were made. In a tabulated statement he demonstrates that after your plant is constructed and in full and successful operation these must be paid in the first year, for interest, sinking fund, expenses of new construction, operation, etc., an amount equal to $3,050,000. For the next year, $3,023,750. For the next eighteen years the sum to be paid would amount to over two and one-half million dollars per year, and for the next twenty years would exceed two million dollars. Allowing an income of one and one-half million dollars per annum from water rates (and that is the amount now collected from consumers at *present rates*) there is still left an enormous annual deficit which must be raised to maintain the sinking fund, and keep up payments of interest, operating expenses, etc. *This deficit must be met by the tax-payer.* There is no other way in which it can be paid, unless the *present* water rates are *more than doubled.* The first two years this deficit, which must be raised by taxation, amounts to over one and one-half million dollars. For each year of the twenty-one years following the deficit exceeds one million dollars per year, and at the end of forty years it is still in excess of a half a million. The tax-payer will not even find himself in the same fix that is described in the quotation from Mr. Conkling in an article of last week. The local tax-payer will not find that the rates "appear less on the water bills" while the deficit is made up in the tax levy. But according to Mr. Baldwin's figures he will not only find himself heavily in debt, but he will also find that his water rates have, for forty years at least, become firmly and immovably fixed at the same figure that is now being charged and collected by the private corporation. He will find that in *addition* to paying the same rates he paid before, the annual deficits, above noted, are incorporated in the tax levy, adding to his burdens instead of lessening them. He will find that in running away from an imaginary evil, he has stumbled up against the "real thing."

At the end of forty years when the annual deficit will have dwindled down to only a half million dollars, and the tax-payer begins to hope for the dawn of a new day, a fresh and equally disheartening complication will show its head. For as Mr. Baldwin wisely remarks: "At the end of forty years we would undoubtedly have to replace nearly the entire system, especially the hundreds of miles of pipes employed in bringing water from the mountains, if that is the source of supply, and also the distributing system throughout the city." "This," Mr. Baldwin adds, "*would mean another bond issue, probably as large as the first.*"

In the end, what is the city to gain; what new privilege comes to it to justify the taking on of the strange burdens? "The city may then regulate water rates," you say? Under Mr. Baldwin's figures it could *not* reduce them for there would be a deficit even if the present rates were kept in force. It could only *increase* them, to make up the deficit. If the fixed expenses of your new plant are so high as to preclude your reducing the rates, what earthly use will you make of the empty "right" to reduce?

But suppose Mr. Baldwin's figures could be shaved down, and several millions of expense cut off the original cost, the condition would be improved, but not measurably so. You would still be hazarding twenty million of dollars and upwards, for what? For the privilege of exercising a privilege that is fully and completely yours, viz., that of regulating and establishing a fair water rate. You can do that much now. You cannot do any more than this with municipal ownership; you cannot do as much as this under Mr. Baldwin's figures unless the city steals a plant or has it built for next to nothing.

The Boer Commissioners and the Wily Democrat.

THE unnecessary "hub-bub" that is being kicked up by the Democratic press over the "treatment" accorded the Boer Commissioners by the President and the Senate has a suspicious ring to it. It is not genuine, but it may mislead some voter who insists on dragging foreign affairs into American politics. Just why an American citizen should desire this government to intermeddle in European controversies is beyond the understanding of a man who is wholly American in spirit. Without discussing this side of the question or criticising the citizen by adoption who brings his European hates and his affections over with him, let us examine the matter of the Boer Commissioners.

Everyone in California knows Ambrose Bierce. His relations with the *Examiner* extend over years of service. Bierce is now in Washington writing for Mr. Hearst's papers. Editorially the *Examiner* and the *Journal* are indignant over the "insults" heaped upon the Boer Commissioners. Mr. Hearst's editorial writers at their desks in New York and San Francisco discovered in Messrs. Fischer, Wossel and Wolmarans instruments for alienating votes from President McKinley, and they made the most of it. The President, Secretary Hay, and the Senate were in turn denounce for "lack of courtesy, insulting conduct," etc.

But here is what Mr. Bierce says from Washington: "If ever the prayer to be delivered from one's friends could be delivered with sincerity and reasonableness it might so be made by Messrs. Fischer, Wessels and Wolmarans, the Commissioners from the South African Republics. These well meaning and patriotic gentlemen might naturally have been supposed to know without experience that their mission to this country was hopeless from the beginning. Left the untrammeled exercise of the faculties they could hardly have failed to know that much, if they knew anything of the decent and orderly habit of nations, as it is to be presumed they did. But if, under stress of a desperate necessity and the suasion of bad advice, they really had a hope, however faint, of inducing this Government to reverse its traditional policy, to infract the laws of international good breeding and to imperiel its peace in a matter in which it had no concern, common prudence required them to walk exceeding circumspection among the adverse conditions besetting their errand. This they do not do. They suffered themselves to be taken into the camp of the enemies of the Administration to which they were credentialed, to be advised by them, and by them persuaded to try coercion."

It is well known that immediately these commissioners landed at New York they were taken in hand by Democratic leaders, not for the purpose of serving the Boer cause not with a view of accomplishing the sacred object which these men had traveled thousands of miles to attain, not for the purpose of enlisting the symphathy and helps of a brave nation, but solely for the purpose of bringing confession to the administration and creating a resentmen among Boer sympathizers that would make Democratic voters. Their political tricksters were donimated by no high or honorable spirit. They purposely misled and betrayed their confiding people and in cold blood induced them to adopt a cause that meant domination to their cause, even if there had been the slightest chance of success—which there never was and could be. It was a disgrievous selfish and unworthy act, and if Boer sympathizers can be brought to understand the brutality of the deceit practiced on these commissioners the act will recoil against the Democratic conspirators. Bierce says of the Boer course:

"The coercion consisted in an appeal to public opinion. Before taking a single step to obtain an audience of the President, before submitting their credentials at the State Department, they appeared at receptions, made speeches, talked to the press correspondents and reporters, and in Washington, within a stone's throw of the White House, held a public meeting to recite the wrongs of their countrymen in bitter and untruthful words. Not only so, but with incrediable fatuity they permitted one of the most reasonless of their false friends to introduce a resolution into the Senate giving them a destinction denied even to the Ambassadors of the great powers—admittance to the floor of of the chamber.

And if you are a voter who has been affected by the reception of these commissioners, you must concede that if Mr. Bierce speaks the truth you have been mislead.

In explaining why the Democratic managers led their guileless commissioners into such a tangled maze of political briars, Mr. Bierce says:

"That all this was done to force the hand of the Administration and compel official recognition was an open secret. That purpose was, in fact, openly avowed by some of the gentlemen engaged in 'steering' them. That it would not, and could not, succeed was obvious to any understanding not blind and deaf with Anglophobia, but to these poor gentlemen, carefully indoctrinated with foolish views of the power of American public opinion, it doubtless seemed a reasonable presumption that these antics would assist their purpose. They were turned down at the State Department; they were turned down by the President. They had to be in any case, but if they had been better advised their failure would not have left the sting of humiliation, for their action would have been seen by themselves to be, as it was characterized by the distinguished Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, 'entirely irregular, entirely premature, entirely improper.' And they would have spared their gallant countrymen the discredit of having sent to the capital of a great and friendly civilized nation diplomatic representatives destitute of good manners."

Mr. Bierce's article appeared in a Democratic journal; it reflects the sentiment and judgment of a man skilled in journalism and public affairs, and as it is contrary to the express editorial policy of the journal publishing it we may take it for granted as being the true situation. The *Examiner* might lie to prop up its own theories, but it certainly would not blindly publish an untruth that if credited would knock the props from under one of its most discreditable campaign arguments.

COMMUNICATION.

Opulent Optimism.

By a Bryanite.

Editor of the Wave:—

There is good, broad, safe ground basing belief that the result of the national election next November will be the reverse of what was the result in the election of '96.

The writer, who is a Republican, that is, a believer in the political principles of Abraham Lincoln, and not the political schemes of Marcus A. Hanna, spokesman in the Government for Trusts—will here map out what, in his humble judgment, constitutes at least, a part of such ground.

In Ohio, the citadel of Hanna and McKinley, several factors must be figured against Mr. McKinley that do not enter into the solution of the problem in any other state so pronouncedly. These are:

First—Opposition to Hanna's dominancy of the party (Republican), state and national.

Second—The power and influence of Hon. Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo. He will carry to Mr. Bryan practically the entire vote he (Jones) received as independent candidate for Governor in the last state election. This vote (107,000) added to the vote which was polled for McLean (Democrat), would give Bryan 40,000 to 50,000 plurality, even should Mr. McKinley receive the full strength of the Nash (Republican) vote. In connection let it be remembered that McLean was persona non grata (because of his plutocratic proclivities) to many thousands of Democrats who did not vote at all in the state election, but who will vote for Mr. Bryan.

Third—The turning down of Hon. Frank Monett, State's Attorney-General, by Hanna manipulating the party machinery at the State Convention, because he (Monett) refused to dismiss a suit that was pending against the Standard Oil Company. It is in evidence that Mr. Monett has a large circle of friends and wields no inconsiderable influence within the ranks of the Republican party in Ohio. His treatment by Hanna, will, without doubt react against McKinley through resentment on the part of Monnett's friends, of Hanna's high handed political despotism. It was not without significance that Mr. Monett met Mr. Bryan face to face at a banquet given in the latter's honor in the city of Dayton, and in the presence of a thousand and more spectators cordially shook hands with him and exchanged a few smiling words of encouragement. This may, and doubtless does peresage the casting of not a few votes by Republicans for Bryan.

Fourth—Ex-Govenor Bushnell has never buried the hatchet with Hanna. This unquestionably will result in loss of many Republican votes to McKinley. Wherefore, seeing that Hanna is to be chief boss in the McKinley campaign, the chances in favor of Bryan carrying Ohio are decidedly many and good.

As to Illinois, the democracy in that state is perfectly harmonious. Not so with the Republicans. The Porto Rican tariff legislation, and other acts of the Administration and the Administration faction in Congress have aroused the Republicans of Illinois to a degree threatening if not assuring revolt. Senator Cullom is reported to have entreated the Committee which had in charge the framing of a Porto Rican tariff bill to desist from such purpose, or, at least, to release him from the necessity of supporting such a measure, because, as he put it, to do so, would to him mean political suicide. The Senator got his cue from the Republican papers of his State, and from his constituent correspondents. Senator Mason, his collegue, opposed the Porto Rican tariff upon the floor of the Senate. His course was upheld by the leading Republican papers of Illinois, notably the Chicago Times—Herald, H. H. Kohlsaat's paper, which has been a most ardent Administration organ.

The reader can draw from this array of facts safe conclusion as to what may be the result in Illinois when the ballots cast on November 6th next, shall have been honestly counted.

As to Indiana, Beveridge, the junior Senator for that State, plainly declared that his constituents were almost unanimously against the proposed Porto Rican tariff. President McKinley has declared against it in his message to Congress, and the people of Indiana believe with the President, that, "it is our plain duty" to admit the products of Porto Rico to our markets free from duty, said Beveridge.

If this was the preponderating sentiment among the "Hoosiers" before the enactment of the tariff bill, will they not be against ratifying by their votes the imposition of such tariff acquiesced in by the President, in contravention of the spirit and letter of the Constitution? The inference may be reasonably drawn that Indiana is by no means safe for McKinley, especially in view of what the Republicans did just over the border in Kentucky.

Mr. Bryan will carry Kentucky perhaps by 10,000 to 15,000 plurality. Goebel's assassination and the chain of sequential events unquestionably insure such result. Bryan will carry Maryland by a decisive majority; this is almost certain, Gorman and his followers will not oppose him this time.

Wisconsin may be reasonably regarded as probable for Bryan, because of the strength of the German and other naturalized voters who will not support McKinley, because of his pro-Briton leanings. This conclusion is warranted by the tone of the German press of Wisconsin.

Now, if the States enumerated be added to the States Mr. Bryan carried in '96, he has enough votes and to spare in the Electoral College. But, say he may lose the Northwest on account of opposition to retention of the Philippines, (the writer does not regard this as at all likely,) such loss would be offset by the gain of New York. Mr. Bryan is almost certain to carry the great empire State, because the Democracy is united and working harmonously. Supplementing this voting strength by the percentage of voters of Republicans that will go to Bryan on account of his unqualified stand for the principles of the Declaration of Independence and adherence to the spirit and the letter of the Constitution, and it is hazarding nothing to say, that he will carry New York by a pronounced plurality.

The writer holds this optimistic view of the situation and the outlook because he believes the spirit of Lincoln is abroad in the land and entering into the great common people as never before. That as result, manhood will reassert itself over Mammon; conscience will not be subjugated and stilled by commercialism; love of truth, honor, justice, will triumph over greed; the people will not ratify a policy which coins human blood into dollars for moneyed syndicates by preparing the way for exploiting liberty—against peoples in tropical lands, who want and who have the courage to fight to attain their independence from alien control.

Let us all have abiding faith that the conscience of this great nation will not suffer our national motto, "In God We Trust," inscribed upon our coin, to be displaced by, "In Gold We Trust," or, "In Trusts We Trust." Rather, on the contrary, as seemth wise, let us be joyously optimistic, believing that there is to be a new birth of liberty in the land; that government of the people, by the people and for the people, in its literal sense, shall not perish from the earth. That Bartholdi's statue, "Liberty Enligtening the World," will not have to be taken down from it's lofty pedestal on Bedlo's Island, or to be covered by the folds of a black pall in token of the death of Liberty; but that there upon its enduring base of granite it shall continue to stand, truthfully symbolical of our great and exalted mission as a nation among nations.

JOHN AUBREY JONES

1. A Lady of Tangiers. 2. Boatmen Waiting for Passengers in the Harbor. 3. The Door of the American Consulate. 4. A Doorway. 5. Cattle Waiting Shipment. 6. A Siesta. 7. A Typical Guide. 8. A Typical Dwelling. 9. The Old Fort. 10. A Caravan from Fez. 11. Loading Cattle for Shipment. *Photos by Mrs. David Bixler.*

IN QUAINT TANGIERS.

Snap-Shots in the Capitol of Morocco, Where Political Disturbances are Threatening the Peace of North Africa.

THE MYSTERIES OF EXPERT MARKSMANSHIP.

How Out-of-Door Shots are Trained, and Why Record Men at Targets Fail in Practice.

"THAT fellow thinks that he can shoot!" said the old scout—"Why, he hasn't learned the alphabet!"

He and I had been looking at one of those rifle competitions, encouraged by the government and praised by the press, which have been so common in England since the British learned that their crack regiments couldn't hit the broad of a barn. A red-cheeked English boy had just made what was, considering, a pretty fair score. But the old scout, an Americanized Englishman, who has followed big game and fortune in America and Africa and everywhere else where beasts are wild and and men are fierce, looked at the boy and laughed his achievement to scorn. And if anyone was ever competent to talk of shooting it is he, who has that God-gift, beyond all acquirement by practice, of putting a rifle-shot into a flying bird. Therefore, when he lifted his voice and scorned this butt-shooting, I listened.

"If we English expect to learn Boer shooting in this fashion, we are badly mistaken, that is all;" he said. "The colonists have been beating the best Boer shots in rifle-matches in South Africa, but I notice a difference when it comes to shooting out on the veldt. Much talk as we've heard about Boer marksmanship, no one seems to have come down to the heart of it. The difference between shooting at targets and shooting for business is the difference between fly-casting for distance and actual fishing. That fellow there shoots well at the target, I admit, but let him get out in the woods and have a try at a deer, running or standing, and it would be a different story. He has learned here at the butts how to handle the gun, how to bring it to his shoulder, and something about sighting. If he has been careful and cultivated 'form,' he knows enough about shooting position to take a correct poise instantly, just as a trained oarsman, in the hurry of a race, will row in form by instinct; that is all he knows. He cannot judge distance on new and unknown ground. He cannot shoot quickly—on the instant—and that, in nine cases out of ten, is the important thing in hunting or in war. He cannot make allowance for wind and light and a hundred other variants. Above all, he has never learned to keep his head in an emergency. That makes the difference between playing with targets and actual shooting, and I think that you'll agree that our friend there hasn't got past the alphabet.

"The case is mightily different with a Boer or an American plainsman. You know, I consider Americans the best practical shots in the world, even better than the Boers. The South African has the practical training, fast enough, but it takes brains—keen, practical intelligence—to shoot well, and the American excels the Boer in that particular. At the time of Majuba Hill, the Boers were probably the best practical shots alive, because they were still in the lion-killing stage and had constant practice. But now, after twenty years, they have degenerated quite a bit; they have beaten us the game not because they are so extra good, but because we are so poor. But the American plainsman leads now for practical work, as the Rough Riders showed at Santiago, when they took guns they were unfamiliar with and did some magnificent practical shooting against the Spanish trenches. They had been brought up on Winchesters and Marlins and other magazine repeaters with heavy balls, and just about a week before the fight they had to change to a style of gun which was different in nearly every respect, but I hear that they plugged every Spanish head which popped up. How much this means, only a trained shot knows.

"Where does intelligence come in? In a thousand small ways. Shooting is an art which is made up of many little things. A good outdoor shot must have, first of all, steady nerves and good, sharp eyes. Then he must be quick in the head, because, as I have said before, he has to think quickly and act like lightning or he is lost. After that, he must be able to see and appreciate a great many things. On one sort of country, five hundred yards look much shorter than on another, he must be able to calculate on that. For example, a man trained in shooting deer in heavily wooded mountains might go on an Arizona plain and swear that a thousand yards was only three or four hundred. He has to know his gun, and a gun is as frisky and variable as a woman. If you want to carry the comparison further, I'll add that there is only one gun for every man. Your real marksman would never try shooting with another man's weapon. He knows his own gun. He has accommodated its stock to his height of neck and length of arm, he has adjusted its sights to its range of vision and his peculiarities of eyesight—and every man is different in this respect—he knows just how it will be affected by moisture or drought or heat or cold, how much powder it takes to a charge, and how much lead. If he is a real, thoroughgoing expert, he will load his own cartridges to suit his gun. For this often makes a great difference, as does the age of the cartridges. Private Ortheris begs, somewhere in Kipling, for a charge that is 'just old enough to kiss up to the bullet.' There is sense in that, as every good shot knows.

"The fallacies circulated about Boer shooting make a man sick. One London paper's war expert says that we can never equal the Boers until we have rifles fitted with telescopic sights. That is bosh and nonsense. I will wager that there are not three guns fitted with telescopic sights or sliding sights or any other cumbrous patent arrangements in the whole Boer army. All these patent adjustments work beautifully at the butts, but they are useless when a man has to see clearly, act quickly and keep his head all at one and the same time. I happen to know that the Transvaal people use just plain flap sights, not too fine, as do all other rough-and-ready shots the wide world over. With any other arrangement, you use up your precious time fussing with machinery, and the other fellow either drops you or gets away. Myself, I use the same coarse, open sights in shooting flying birds—but I use very little sighting in doing that. In such work, one shoots more by instinct, as in pistol-shooting, and a man can't excel unless he has the instinct born in him. But anyone, with fair eyes and nerves, can acquire by practice the skill to drop a deer or man at three hundred yards, running or standing. That is good enough for ordinary military purposes. Because, if one is sure of his man at three hundred yards, he can make it pretty risky for anyone inside of a thousand.

"Another fallacy which I'd like to explode is the fool idea about the superiority of repeating rifles for military purposes. The advantage of a repeater is, of course, rapidity of fire. But this is nothing to accuracy. One shot well placed is better than twenty fired at random. And a repeater is never so accurate as a single-shot gun. It is a question of balance. A shot who knows his rifle has become accustomed to its balance, so that when he slings it to his shoulder it assumes instantly the position to which he has become accustomed. In a repeater, balance changes continually, according to the number of cartridges left in the magazine. This is a disturbing factor. I can conceive only two good reasons for using a repeater. One is in the case of scouts, who frequently get into a tight place and have to double up in reloading in a great hurry. The other case fits the British army pretty well. It is when a lot of worthless shots have to scatter bullets all over a ten-acre lot in the hope that some of them will hit the people they are after.

"The truth is, for work like that in South Africa, Englishmen living in England will never be of much use, no matter how we encourage rifle clubs. Shooting has to be learned in the open. Colonial troops, trained out-of-doors, were the men who ought to have been turned loose on the proposition from first to last. This would be a rather discouraging outlook for the British army if it weren't for one thing; the opponents in ordinary war are just as bad shots as we are. This Boer war is a peculiar one, and we aren't likely to encounter another one like it for centuries. Germans, Frenchmen, Russians, Austrians know as little as we do about real out-of-doors shooting. It's an even thing, and we are ordinarily at no disadvantage."

AMOS SHELDON.

WORLD'S FAIRS TO DATE.

History of the Expositions Preceeding the Paris Show.

THE first great world's fair was given by England in 1851; the largest was given by the United States in 1893, and the most tasteful and beautiful is now being carried through in France. For the Columbian Exposition, although large, and pretentious and beautiful in its way, was to the present Paris Fair as is the infant art-sense of America to the mature art-sense of France. At this juncture, some account of previous expositions of the sort may be of interest.

The first show of this kind was opened under the auspices of the Society of Arts at Hyde Park on May 1, 1851; it was looked upon as the most stupendous undertaking of the time. The building in which the exhibition took place was built entirely of glass and received the name Crystal Palace. It covered an area of 87,49 square yards, says the New York Tribune, and had 113,622 square yards of floor space. The exhibition remained open until October 11, and was visited by 6,039,195 people, the largest attendance in one day being 110,000. The list of exhibitors included merchants, manufacturers, artists, etc., to the number of 17,000, and 5,187 awards were distributed. The official reports show that the cost of the enterprise amounted to £240,000. The receipts amounted to £506,243, and the surplus was invested in the estate at South Kensington, where the Natural History Museum, the Imperial Institute and Albert Hall now stand.

Paris was not slow to follow London's lead and in 1855 a universal exhibition took place in the French capital. The buildings were erected in the Champs Elysees and were known as the Palais de l'Industrie. They covered 200,931 square yards, and accommodated 24,000 exhibitors. The awards numbered 11,033, and took the form of medals of various values, diplomas and certificates of merit. The visitors numbered 5,160,000, the greatest number for one day being 121,000. The management was good, the interest in the scheme was general, but the exhibition was not a financial success. The outlay was $2,300,000 and the receipts were only $640,000. The State assumed the debt which had been contracted, and the announced to the world that the next Paris exhibition would be a financial success.

England's second universal exhibition took place in the Horticultural Society buildings, at South Kensington, in 1862. The opening ceremonies took place on May 1, and the doors remainder open until November 1, in which time it was visited by 6,211,108 people. The undertaking was also a financial failure. The receipts were only about $2,300,000, and a large deficit remained. The promoters of the enterprise would have lost heavily if the contractors had not consented to take the buildings in payment for their claims, and, to further emphasize their good will, one member of the contracting firm, Sir John Kelk, donated about $55,000 toward making the books balance.

Two years later the French people made another bid for the world's patronage, and Paris again became a great show city. The Exposition of 1867 was opened in the Camp de Mars on April 1, and continued for six months. This was the most pretentious exhibition that had ever taken place, and the financial losses in connections with prior similar enterprises did not discourage the promoters. The main building covered an area of 198,539 square yards, a park of 57,409 square yards was one of the attractions, and a garden covering 9,568 square yards was considered at that time a masterpiece in floral decoration and landscape architecture. The expenditures amounted to about $5,000,000, and when the exhibition closed its doors the syndicate by whom the financial risk had been guaranteed divided a surplus of about $1,000,000.

The merchants and manufacturers of Vienna became envious of London and Paris, and made arrangements for a universal exhibition in their city, and on May 1, 1873, the Wiener Ausstellung was opened in the Prater Park. The exhibition occupied a space of 2,193,500 square yards. The number of exhibitors was small in comparison with the number of awards, there having been 25,552 awards and 42,000 exhibitors. When the final accounts were footed up it was found that against an expenditure of about $9,000,000 there was a receipt account of only $2,328,000. The enormous deficit was borne by the empire.

The next great exhibition took place in the United States, and from May 10, 1876, to November 1, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, was the congregating place of people from all countries. The Centennial Exhibition extended over 1,375,423 square yards, of which 345,649 square yards were covered by buildings. The cost of preparing the grounds and erecting the buildings was about $8,000,000, and the various buildings contained 27,000 exhibits. The machinery was started by President Grant on the opening day, and Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil pressed the electric button which brought the machinery to a standstill on November 10. The total number of admissions to the Exhibition grounds was 9,910,966. On May 1, 1878, another Universal Exhibition was opened in the Champ de Mars, Paris, the Trocadero and the Quai d'Orsai as far as the Alma Bridge, and that part of the Esplanade des Invalides between the quay and the Rue St. Dominique. As on former occasions, Paris made efforts to surpass anything in the way of exhibition buildings and decorations that had previously been done and succeeded in attracting 52,835 exhibitors, between whom the 29,810 awards were distributed. Upward of 16,000,000 people visited the grounds, the largest one day attendance showing 210,000. But the financial result was again disastrous, the net receipts being less than one-half of the $11,000,000 outlay.

The next world's fair took place at Sydney, N. S. W., in 1879, and this was followed by one at Melbourne in 1880. Amsterdam came next in 1885, and Brussels and Barcelona each had exhibitions which were advertised as world's fairs in 1888.

Then in 1889 came the great Universal Exposition in Paris. This was opened on May 6, and covered 551,365 square yards of space. Although the buildings and everything pertaining to this exhibition were made ready at great cost and with a view to the comfort of the visitors and artistic effect, the preparations were less expensive than on former occasions, and the total amount expended did not exceed $8,000,000. The receipts footed up about $10,000,000, the gate receipts alone netting $4,200,000.

The next world's fair was that at Chicago, which opened on May 1, 1893. It was the largest and the most magnificent of all the universal exhibitions, and when the promoters of the Paris Exposition said that their buildings would exceed in beauty those which stood in Jackson Park, and that the city on the Seine would eclipse the white city on the lake, they made a statement which the visitors to Paris will be called upon to verify.

Things & People.

The Plague.

DOES the gentle reader know the bubonic plague? Does he know that this dread scourge has taken off tens of thousands of humanity almost in the winking of an eye? Does he know that this most deadly, this most feared of all diseases that afflicts mankind sweeps with a force almost incredible, and silently strikes down its victims by the thousands with unerring certainty? You must have a clear idea of the deadly and unavoidable consequences of this plague to thoroughly appreciate San Francisco's plight. It is declared that within the past three months *nine* Chinese have died in San Francisco, all suspected of having plague. Think of it, nine in three months. This plague of ours must be a tired-out, worn-out sort of affair. But the wise men say we have it, and have therefore placed a quarantine on Chinatown in San Francisco, to avoid the threatened action of a super-serviceable State Board of Health that proposed to quarantine the entire city. Officially we have the plague. Actually there is not a single known case in the city. And then the quarantine—it is a quarantine against the most terrible scourge known. Yet street cars run through the infected quarter. No white man is permitted to enter the district, but white men may come out, and, to give variety to the situation, the rule is reversed as to Chinese. The Mongolian may enter the quarantine district, but he is not permitted to come out. An infected white man may come out of the district and spread the plague, while a healthy Chinaman is permitted to enter the district, but may not come out. You must bear in mind that this is the historic plague, the deadly overpowering scourge that has swept away half a city in a single visit. Query: Does our Board of Health or any Board of Health having a knowledge of the facts, believe the plague to exist in Chinatown? If so, then the quarantine of Chinatown is a broad farce.

* * *

Not the least peculiar thing about this peculiar "epidemic" is the fact that no one so much as pretends to have seen a living case. Every case so far reported by the Health Board have been discovered on a corpse. The corpses did not catch it after they were dead, or there would be no need of fumigation and quarantine and all that sort of thing. Why hasn't the lynx-eyed Health Board discovered a person in the agonies of the disease, whom they can show to the reputable physicians of the city in order to prove their case? I never before heard of a plague where there were ten deaths and no cases. The whole job smells of the City Hall. And the jobbers of the board go on, merrily spoiling the trade of the State and the reputation of the city for their own political purposes. Already, the summer tourist traffic is growing lighter just when it should be growing heavier, and already the staple commodities of the State are being refused in the Eastern markets. This is not a bald statement; it is a proved fact. Two or three of the largest fruit-growers in the State have had their Eastern buyers refuse contracts for this year "for fear of infection." Now that the scare continues to be noised abroad, these refusals may be expected to become more and more numerous. I am not protesting against the quarantine, remember. Under the circumstances, it was the only thing to do. The groundless fear of the disease is spreading all over the State and the country, and the only way to prove to the timid that they are safe from "infected" San Francisco is to show them that we have isolated the suspected district. As a quarantine, it is a failure; as a moral persuader, it is of some good. "But the bloomin' uselessness of it!"

***

W. R. Hearst for Vice-President.

OF COURSE, Mr. Hearst's suggestion, exploited in the twin monstrosities of modern journalism, that the Democratic clubs of this country meet on July 4th "to renew their pledge of fealty to the republic" has nothing to do with the fact that Mr. Hearst's name has been "mentioned" for vice-president. Who ever heard of the *Examiner-Journal* advocating anything at all which was not solely for the benefit of the republic? Mr. Hearst's senseless and sensational suggestion, all sound and emptiness like an *Examiner* editorial, comes at this time as a mere coincidence. Say, wouldn't this be a glorious republic, with W. J. Bryan and W. R. Hearst running it? Imagine the weird utterances which would emanate from the White House and the Senate Chamber! And imagine the hysterics of the Champions of the Cause of the Oppressed. Here would be one vice-president who would not fulfill the destiny of the office and sink into obscurity—no indeed, not while the *Examiner Journal* kept in commission. We would have Willie scare-headed in the act of saving the commonwealth three times a week. Government of the *Examiner*, for the *Examiner*, by the *Examiner*—"wouldn't she be a beaut?"

***

The Mott Haven Games.

PLAW'S feat at Philadelphia, last Monday, establishes the young hammer-thrower as the greatest amateur in the world and, potentially, as the greatest of them all, amateur or professional. His throw of 165 feet is within five feet of Flanagan's professional record. But Flanagan is an older man and has practiced at the event for many years, while Plaw is a youngster, only a Sophomore at the university, and has many years of training and improvement before him. He is a notable addition to the long list of great athletes sent out from California. Outside of the performances of this one single man, the Eastern trip of the University of California athletes has turned out as disastrously as I predicted in the beginning. It is true that the team has had bad luck in the disabling of Broughton and Hoffman, two of the stars, but even with these men in form, the record would have been almost equally poor. Defeated by a comfortable margin at Yale and walked over by Princeton and Pennsylvania, they would have shown for only one fourth place in the Intercollegiates, had it not been for Plaw, who took a first and a third. They are contesting in the Western games to-day, but stand little chance of winning against such opponents as Michigan and Chicago. Plaw may annex a world's record to-day, as he has been steadily improving on this trip.

* * *

The Mott Haven games emphasized again the ability of that wonderful athlete, Krantzlein of Pennsylvania, undoubtedly the greatest all-round track man who ever put on spikes. In this meet, which represented the pick of America's younger athletic material, he won three first places, tying a world's record in doing so, and took second place in his own event, the broad jump, not contesting in the finals because he was tired. Krantzlein is good not only in one event, but in all classes of events. To show his superiority, I need only mention that, were he to go against every athlete of the Pacific Coast, he could defeat each and every one in his own special event, with two exceptions; Plaw, the wonder, would beat him in the weights, and Henley of Ukiah could beat him in the high jump. Also, Boyd of Stanford might possibly vault higher. Everywhere else, he would have a romp. He holds world's records in the two hurdles, and until recently was world's champion in the broad jump; in practice, he has beaten the present record and will undoubtedly do so in competition before long. He can run the 100-yard dash in 10 seconds and the 220-yard dash under 22 seconds. He can do six feet in the high jump and vaults at about eleven feet. In the quarter-mile he has one superior in the country—Boardman of Yale—he runs the half-mile under two minutes, and, if pushed, could do 4.30 in the mile. He puts the shot 40 feet and throws the hammer over 120. The whole history of athletics shows nothing approaching this. "Lon" Myers, the Virginian who startled Europe some fifteen or twenty years ago, was invincible in the runs at any distance from fifty yards to three miles, but he was a "flat" runner pure and simple and could do nothing in the jumps, weights or hurdles. Krantzlein excels in everything. It will be a national calamity if this great athlete, now in his prime, is not sent to represent America in the Olympic games at Paris, this summer.

***

The G. A. R. and Confederate Monuments.

THE Southern Confederacy was reconstructed some twenty years ago; isn't it about time for the G. A. R. to forget that the war is over? Nowhere do we hear such eloquent protests against sectional feeling, such flowery language concerning the reconciliation of the blue and the gray as from the mouths of the orators at G. A. R. conventions, and yet nowhere, not even in the hottest confederate portions of the South, is there such a disposition to keep alive the dying hatreds of 1860 as in this same Grand Army of the republic. They are the people who prevented the return of the Confederate battle-flags, they are the people who are now preventing the reconciled Daughters of the Confederacy from putting monuments over their dead, buried in national cemeteries. The last gun of the Civil War was fired thirty-five years ago; the G. A. R. people have had all this time to do their hating. Now, in their old age, they might forgive their enemies and play the generous victor.

BOSWELL, JR.

Marion Gunning — Maude Courtney — Mary Marble

THREE MEMBERS OF THE NEW FARCE-COMEDY COMPANY AT THE CALIFORNIA.

VANCOUVER THE GLASGOW OF THE PACIFIC

IN the awakening of the Pacific Coast of North America as the result of the new conditions in the Far East, and especially of the American occupation of the Philippine Islands, three seaport cities have come forward as the great prospective ports of entry. The first is, of course, San Francisco, which possesses the natural advantage of a "flying start" and of grand railway communication; the city of the Golden Gate is the logical outlet for the Southwest and the middle section of the United States. The second is Seattle, which has distanced all rivals in the Pacific Northwest and is about to possess a railway and dockage system which will make the port the outlet for the great inland empire of the Northwest. The third is Vancouver, the port of entry for British Columbia. Youngest of all the three, hardly "old enough to vote," she has made such mighty strides in the past few years, that she has taken from all competitors the right to be classed as the Pacific port of entry for the Dominion of Canada. In time to come, there will be three great Pacific ports for the handling of the Oriental trade, and of these Vancouver, backed by the forests, fields and mines of the awakening Dominion and by "the bank of the open credit, the power-house of the line," will not be the least. Barring turbulent South Africa, the western portion of Canada is the part of the United Kingdom in which the mother country has done the least development work; not even barring South Africa, the Western Dominion is the part of British territory which presents the best field for development.

This is generalizing; let us get down to plain, hard facts. Four great factors, combined with many smaller ones, are making toward the commercial supremacy of Vancouver in the Canadian northwest. The first, and the one holding the greatest possibility for the future, is the spread of Oriental trade just referred to. It is not pretended that this is now the main item in the city's prosperity, but, unless prophecies fail, it is destined to be so at some time within the next two decades. Enthusiastic Vancouver people will tell you that the city is nearer the great ports of the Orient by several days than either San Francisco or Seattle. While this may or may not be rue, it is undoubtedly a fact that the city is more conveniently placed as regards the northern ports of Japan and China and of awakening Korea than any of her Pacific rivals. Moreover, the longest continuous railway line in the world, pending the completion of the trans-Siberian road, acts as a feeder for her ships. Already, the port of Vancouver receives most of the tea which finds its way into North America. Already, British bottoms, booked in that city, carry most of the lumber—they call it "timber" in Vancouver—which goes from North America to the Far East Two great lines of passenger steamers and dozens of freighters are steadily plying between the city and Oriental or South Pacific ports, and a great extension is close at dhan.

It is now pretty certain that the extension of the Great Northern railroad will cause Vancover to be the port of entry for several of the new freighters of that line. The city possesses the great advantage of a large, safe and land-locked harbor, deep enough to admit vessels of any draught at any time and large enough to hold the shipping of the world. Burrard Inlet extends inward from the sea about fourteen miles, with a branch nearly as large. No matter how great the growth of Oriental trade, this body of water can never be crowded to its limit.

Only second to the Oriental trade in the line of future possibilities is the natural advantage possessed by Vancouver in the trade of Alaska, Northern British Columbia and the Klondike country. The new Nome rush has benefitted Seattle principally, because Cape Nome is on American soil and "trade follows the flag." But Vancouver now takes the great bulk of trade with Dawson City and the other great mining camps lying upon British soil, and as time goes on she will come to be the natural depot of supplies for the region. The Northwest Territory trade, which was the original *raison d'etre* of the British Columbian cities, still continues and grows more and more certain and vigorous as time goes on and stable industries replace the arts of half-wild men. In spite of its Northern site, this territory will in time support a fairly large population; Vancouver is in the lead of all the cities striving to minister to the needs of that population.

The factor which is of the greatest present importance to Vancouver's prosperity lies in the resources of the province itself. Of these, mining for the precious metals and coal, lumbering and the salmon industry at present hold the main place. The district is still in the transition stage between the period when man takes what nature has given him, ready to his hand, and the period when man begins to encourage nature. Agriculture, therefore, is of much less importance than it will be in time to come, but it already cuts no small figure. After the woodman's axe comes the farmer's plow; when the forests shall have been thinned somewhat, the matchless virgin soil will begin to lend a golden harvest to the agriculturalist.

Finally, Vancouver has passed all her British Columbian rivals as the great railway terminus of Western Canada. The selection of the city to close the sea-to-sea connection of the Canadian Pacific system assured this. The great line feeds the coast steamers plying north and south to Alaska and the States, and is itself fed by numerous small lines now built or building along the transcontinental way. The Seattle and International Railway gives close connection with the different cities of Puget Sound and the Pacific Coast. This links it with the Great Northern and Northern Pacific systems, but the connection is destined to become even closer, for the enterprising Great Northern, which is doing so much to open up the Northwestern Empire, and a branch now resting at Brownsville, on the Fraser, and the next year may see it coming into Vancouver. The Canadian Pacific is also planning an extension to Stevetson and the great salmon regions of the Fraser River. The Crow's Nest line and the extension of the Columbia and Western, both to be in operation inside the year, will open great tracts of immense natural wealth in mines and agriculture. Besides this, a line up the valley of the Fraser, planned to open up that fertile region, is in contemplation.

In 1880, the spot where Vancouver now stands was occupied by a small saw-mill, a cluster of shanties, and a virgin forest. The mining excitement of the early days had passed and was only ashes in memory; the more stable mining development of the present day was as yet unbegun. The forest was almost untouched by the lumberman; the Pacific trade was an undreamed-of possibility. For the next few years, progress was slow. The exceptional advantages offered by the harbor, the approach of the Canadian Pacific and the general opening-up of the Province combined, however, to the beginnings of a city. In 1886, the town was incorporated, and in the same year it was swept out of existence by a fire. Like Chicago and many other growing towns, Vancouver found in this seeming calamity a great and substantial benefit. A new city began to rise upon the ashes of the old one, and Vancouver's real growth dates from that time. And what a growth it has been! In this short space of time—thirteen years—a city of 30,000 people and growing apace, stands on the shores of the inlet. This record for growth has been eclipsed, it is true, by many and many a "boom" city in the United States, but never by any town which has expanded through the quiet and steady advance of her industries. For continuous growth without any boom features, the record has never been touched.

The city is a modern one, albeit it stands on the western limit of the Anglo-Saxon advance. It is well laid out, well lighted, well paved. It owns its own water supply, which comes from sources capable of ministering to a much larger population. The sewers have lately been improved and extended, so that the sanitary condition is first class. Two hundred thousand dollars were expended in municipal improvement in 1899. The tax assessment for last year was $17,000,000 with a taxation of sixteen mills on an assessment of half value on all improvements. There is a complete educational system, one of the best in any British colonial city, with an enrollment of 2,750 and school property rated at $318,300. There are three daily newspapers, three clubs, three hospitals, several first-class hotels and more building, several bank buildings ranking with the best in the country, fifteen churches and a convent and two good theatres. An era of great building activity has just set in, and substantial business blocks are going up on every hand. And best of all—since we are enumerating the substantial achievements of the city—there is a progressive and enlightened public spirit, a disposition to grasp opportunity as it presents itsel which San Francisco and the other rival Pacific ports would do well to emulate.

To recapitulate. The advantages offered to settlers and investors by Vancouver and the surrounding part of British Columbia are as follows:—For the homeseeker, who comes with moderate capital or with no capital at all, there is an untouched and unbroken country of the greatest fertility and promise in a climate which is the mildest, for the latitude, of any in the world—thanks to the Japan current. There are great lumber mills, in operation or in building, throughout the great forests; there are great tracts heavy with coal and precious metals only partially explored and prospected. But, after all, to this class agriculture offers the greatest chance. For the business man or the capitalist, there are unlimited opportunities. The mines, especially the coal mines, will bear much exploitation, and smelters are badly needed and would return great profit, since most of the ore mined in the region goes into the states to be smelted. The lumber franchises are still open. The salmon industry is not worked to its limit. But the greatest chance of all, for the individual of moderate means who wishes to go into business for himself, lies in the city of Vancouver proper. Here, where the Oriental trade is growing day by day, he has the best possible opportunity of building up a business which holds possibilities for the future. If it is in commerce, he can be assured that the number of keels in Vancouver harbor will increase year by year; if in manufactures, he has the assurance that coal, the great necessity of all manufactures, lies in abundant supply close at hand and that he has, in the nearing Orient, a close and permanent market. In becoming a great city, Vancouver is bound to make great fortunes, and the ultimate possessors of those fortunes will be the ones who seize the present time for a beginning.

F. J. T.

A Sample Log from the Vancouver Region.

Fancy the great towering Park Row building, with its twenty-six stories, on stilts! Yet that must literally be the situation, not alone with this giant, but with its tall neighbor the St. Paul Building, if Contractor McDonald's plans are executed, says the New York *Journal*.

It is truly a problem to tax the brains of engineers, and if no solution be found the plans of radid transit must be materially changed.

As the route is laid out the lower loop of the tunnel with its four tracks will pass eighteen feet below the foundations of these architectural monsters.

The contractor of this section will be called upon to devise a plan by which the buildings may be shored up during the work, and for that matter afterward.

The digging will not be so difficult, for the ground is pure sand. The question is whether the work can be done without risk of destruction to the tallest and heaviest building in the world and its companion. The tunnel loop will pass within two feet of the Astor House, and will cut under the vaults of the Park Row Building in its circle.

Contractors and engineers did not appreciate the seriousness of this problem when they rushed to Mr. McDonald for contracts. It looked like an easy job to tunnel the streets around City Hall Park. It will prove tremendous work, requiring all the best engineering skill.

When the Broadway merchants protested against a tunnel through that thoroughfare on the ground that the foundations of buildings would be disturbed, their protests received the serious attention of the Commissioners. Yet the Syndicate building is vastly greater than any of the Broadway buildings above Warren street.

Another hard problem is found in the fifth section of the tunnel, from Fourth avenue to the Boulevard on Forty-second street, and thence up to Sixty fifth street. The contractor must bore his way through solid rock without disturbing the continuous traffic in the streets.

Contractor McDonald is confident that all problems will be satisfactorily solved as the work progresses. He met many unexpected conditions in his big tunnels in Baltimore, but completed that work with great success.

Calcutta is at last attacked by plague in real earnest. The epidemic has been developing since January. For the week ending March 3, 481 cases had been recorded. During the past few months a still further development has taken place and about one hundred cases a day have been returned. All the theories about subsoil water, malaria and the character of habitations are now cast to the winds. The disease is chiefly prevalent in the northern parts of the city, but the most recent reports show that it is beginning to spread to other districts. Compared with Bombay, however, the figures of plague and general mortality are comparatively small. Bombay with a population of 821,000 and 2,635 deaths last week has a death-rate of over 167 per 1,000 per annum: Calcutta with a population of 650,000 and 947 deaths last week has a death-rate of only 75 per 1,000 per annum.

Panoramic View from

The Cleeve Canning and Cold Storage Co.'s Plant
at New Westminster

Along the River.

The Flaack B

VIEWS IN AND AROUND

ount Pleasant.

The Cleeve Canning and Cold Storage Co.'s Plant at New Westminster.

Housetop View from the C. P. R. Hotel.

Photos by S. J. Thompson.

As Seen by Leila.

THIS is my last letter, my dear Diary. I wonder if that is so delightful a fact to you as it is to me. Letters are always trying, but this regular society correspondence is simply unequalled by anything I have ever known. No one really writes a letter of any particular value nowadays. The notes one receives from girls are hardly readable. The writing in the first place is illegible, and the facts in the note, as a rule, commonplace. As for letters. I never receive any. Mamma does not approve of promiscuous letter writing. I have never known a girl I considered sufficiently interesting to have as a correspondent. Some girls write amusing letters, but as a rule they are overdrawn, and bore me exceedingly. Others go in for being critical and that is so tiresome. Others again gossip and that is dangerous, in letters—I enjoy it somewhat however, when I go calling. It helps to pass the time. I have been down in Menlo Park this last week and have been too much entertained. I think I should like to stay with English people. They, I have heard, let one pass part of the day unmolested. It is a dreadful thing to be continually and continuously amused. If one is of a lazy nature it is very tiring. My friends were very kind. We had breakfast early and then we drove, after driving we walked, then we had luncheon and did a little sewing. Then we drove again, and on our return a few girls came in, and we played tennis or croquet or billiards. Then dinner. There were young men in the family, so we walked and they smoked and played billiards. I stayed there three days and returned to mama exhausted. It is a dreadful ordeal to undergo —yet they, like most Californians, felt that their guest must be amused. How I longed for my afternoon sleep. In fact for a little rest in any part of the day. In England one breakfasts when one pleases, one sees the hostess at luncheon. If one wishes, a carriage is at one's disposal. One would never be criticized or wondered at for spending most of the day in one's room. It is at dinner that all the guests assemble and appear to their best advantage. There are always golf links in the vicinity, and any amount of amusement in which one can partake should one so desire. It is not the obvious fact, however, that one is being entertained.

The night I returned to town I again went to see "The Tyranny of Tears". It has been thoroughly appreciated in San Francisco. the company played to large and fashionable audiences every evening. Some women criticize Haddon Chambers very strongly for writing such a play. I do not. I cannot stand nonsense in women. In fact, I endeavor in every way possible to make my girl friends see life as I do. Trifling and nonsense have never yet given a woman any real place in a man's affection. To be worth something to a man one must—well I am not married yet, so I shall refrain from giving my opinion on the subject.

Monday evening I went to see "When We Were Twenty-one." Maxine Elliott looked lovely. She is more beautiful, I think, than when she was here before, and her acting has certainly improved. Nat Goodwin is inimitable. The play is full of incident and quite different from anything I have seen for some time. I saw any number of people whom I know in the audience. I am exceedingly satisfied now that we are to have so many good actors and actresses this summer. It makes it so agreeable should one feel inclined to come to town from the country for a few days or even to stay over night.

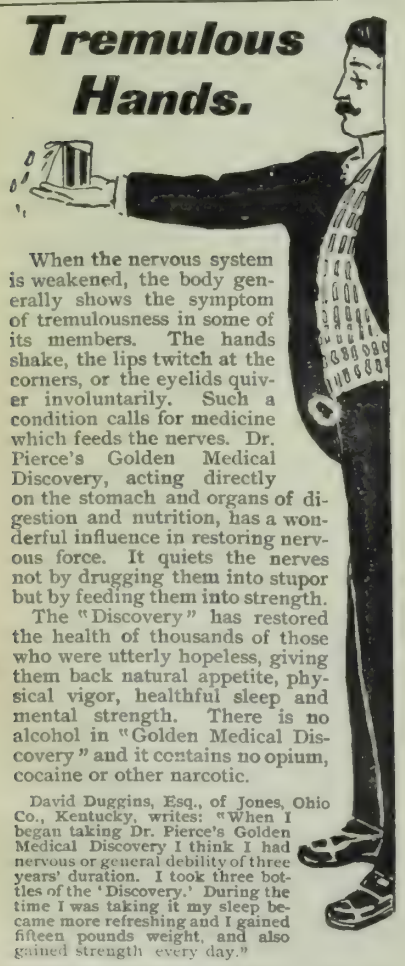
There are a good number of San Francisco people now in Paris. Aunt Sybil, who is there at present writes that the crowds are perfectly horrible. I should not mind that particularly, but Aunt Sybil is a sensitive person, who does not like to be put to any inconvenience whatever. She says that the hotels have not raised their rates particularly, and there are so many "busses and fiacres" that it is very easy to get about. It is a beautiful time of the year in Paris. It seems a great pity that the Exposition buildings are not entirely finished. Mama and I may go over there a little later, perhaps in September or October. The great crowds we hope will then have scattered.

The first of June means an absolute exodus from town. Most of the people I know are going to San Rafael, Burlingame, San Mateo and Menlo Park. It is exceedingly nice that San Francisco has so many agreeable resorts so close to it. As for springs in the vicinity—I really had no idea there was as much water in California as there are springs. Each has its own attractions too, and from each, one can derive a special benefit.

Next week you will have Cricket with you. She is, I believe to stay in San Francisco for a few weeks before she goes to the country. I saw Ethel Keeney in the street the other day. She has had a most glorious winter in the East. She is looking very well, and has some exceedingly nice clothes. Ethel is a girl who always has a good time. She is so bright and vivacious it is a pleasure to have her at any entertainment. LEILA.

The whisky that touches the right spot every time is Jesse Moore; to be had from all first-class dealers.

Tremulous Hands.



When the nervous system is weakened, the body generally shows the symptom of tremulousness in some of its members. The hands shake, the lips twitch at the corners, or the eyelids quiver involuntarily. Such a condition calls for medicine which feeds the nerves. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, acting directly on the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, has a wonderful influence in restoring nervous force. It quiets the nerves not by drugging them into stupor but by feeding them into strength.

The "Discovery" has restored the health of thousands of those who were utterly hopeless, giving them back natural appetite, physical vigor, healthful sleep and mental strength. There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery" and it contains no opium, cocaine or other narcotic.

David Duggins, Esq., of Jones, Ohio Co., Kentucky, writes: "When I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I think I had nervous or general debility of three years' duration. I took three bottles of the 'Discovery.' During the time I was taking it my sleep became more refreshing and I gained fifteen pounds weight, and also gained strength every day."

Free, on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*, Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, 1008 pages. Send 21 one-cent stamps for book in paper covers, or 31 stamps in cloth binding to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

IN BOOKDOM.

GERHART HAUPMANN has now been in the public eye for about ten years, during which period he has written ten plays. For almost as many years he has been known by name outside of Germany as the author of "Von Sonnenausgang" (Before Sunrise), "Einsame Menschen" (Lonely Lives), and one or two other plays of more han ordinary originality. It was not, however, until some five years ago that his work became generally known in America. At about that time the announcement was made that "Hannele"—now known as "Hannele's Himmelfahrt (The Assumption of Hannele), was to be performed at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York. Hauptmann was then on a visit to this country, and had been advertised in the sensational press as a very dangerous sort of man to listen to. Mr. Meltzer, who was associated with him in this production, thus describes the attack upon "Hannele":

"Frank bigots, sham philanthropists, hack writers and political quacks all of a sudden became filled with pious fears as to the supposed tendencies and teachings of this 'Hannele.' In the name of religion they banded themselves into a League of ignorance to prevent, by open action and secret tricks, the production of what they stupidly and ignorantly proclaimed a blasphemous play. Hauptmann, who had neither invited nor desired the performance of his dream poem, was dragged into the controversy. The newspapers took sides. At the solicitation of Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, a Tammany mayor forbade the appearance of the young actress who had been engaged to impersonate Hannele; while the author, the lessees of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and the writer of these lines, who had put the drama into English, were threatened with imprisonment. The warfare waged so bitterly against the Theatre-Libre in France and the Freie-Buehne in Germany had, by some miracle, spread to America. And the attack on the free stage was met here as it had been met abroad. Some hundreds of literary and critical people were bidden to a private representation of the much-talked-of play. Next morning the papers, with a few few impenitent exceptions, published eulogies of 'Hannele.' No one was arrested. And the public performance took place."

The play was not so bad as its advertisers had made out, and failed signally. Had it been really bad it would have succeeded, since then the author has been known in America, though chiefly through his published work. Charles Henry Meltzer, whose words I have already quoted with regard to "Hannele," has recently published a very good translation in English verse of a later play by Hauptmann, "Die Versunkene Glocke" (The Submerged Bell), under the title, *The Sunken Bell.* In point of time the play stands ninth in its author's list of ten; and it perhaps has attracted as much attention from the critics as any. Hauptmann himself describes it as "a German fairy play." It is a fairy play in the sense that about half the characters are supernatural beings drawn out of German folk-lore.

The tale is hung about Heinrich, a young bell-founder who has just completed his master-piece. An elf typifying some earthly influence wrecks the car on which the bell is being borne to its tower, and the masterpiece rolls down the mountain and into a lake. Its maker receives injuries, but is healed by the kiss of a beautiful fay, who loves him. He leaves his home to live with this fair being on the mountain, and she, in her turn, places all magic at his disposal towards the making of a more wonderful chime of bells than ever was. The deserted wife drowns herself. Her dead hand rings the old bell at the bottom of the mere, Heinrich hears, against his will is called back to earth, and thus loses his fairy bride forever, together with all hope of achieving his ideals, unless he drink the mystic draught of death. He chooses death.

The play obviously is more than a mere fairy-tale. It is very obviously an allegory surcharged with hidden meaning and spiritual significances. It is just as obviously a little obscure exactly what the allegory bears upon. Some may interpret the symbolism from an esthetic standpoint. Some undoubtedly will choose to give it a still wider significance —moral, religious or social. Look at it with the eye of an artist and it may be taken as a parable showing the eternal effort of all artists to attain their esthetic ideals. From the standpoint of the reformer it may be interpreted as the tale of a dreamer who strives to remodel human society. Mr. Meltzer thinks that it has still deeper meanings than those. I quote:

"I incline to regard Heinrich, the bell-founder, as a symbol of humanity struggling painfully towards the realization of its dream of the ideal truth and joy and light and justice. Rautendelein (the supernatural heroine) in this reading stands for Nature, or rather for the freedom and sincerity of Nature, missing a reunion with which Humanity can never hope to reach the supreme truth and the supreme bliss of which the sun is the emblem. In Magda, the poor faithful patient wife, whose dead hand, in the tragical fourth act, tolls the bell that arouses Heinrich from his dream, we have the symbol of the domestic loves, the earthly ties, from which no man, however noble and far-reaching be his aims, can be released. Old Wittikin embodies the eternal, passionless philosophy of life. The vicar, the barber, and the schoolmaster stand for the conventions—the half-dead, half-living creeds, theories and superstitions of society, which stand in the way of the idealist. Heinrich makes the attempt to break with them. Filled with despair at the failure of his old ideals (symbolized in the lost bell), and enlightened by communion with Rautendelein, he turns his back on all the shams, and alas, on some of the realities, which bind him to earth. The kiss of the fair elf who heals him when he lies upon his sick-bed broadens his vision, steels his hand, puts youth into his soul. Only by a mystical union with the Nature which society, as it is now constituted, has disowned, can he 'work wonders with the power on high' and fashion the grand peal of bells which is to ring out a new, glad and merciful gospel through the world."

Whatever its significance, the English translation will make the play available to thousands who could not read it in the German. The text is that used for dramatic representation in this country and England. Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

HOTEL VENDOME.

At San Jose is one of Central California's most beautiful holstries. In the midst of its own twelve-acre park; two blocks from the railroad station where almost hourly trains connect with the outside; the starting point for Lick Observatory; the center of a greater number and variety of attractions than any other place on the Coast; furnished finely, graded and watered roads for driving and cycling lead in every direction; with over 250 elegantly furnished rooms, and suites with bath and toilet; perfect in appointment, service and all the accessories of comfort, and one of the most attractive features of San Jose, the metropolis of the world renowned Santa Clara Valley.

GEO. P. SNELL,
Manager.

J. J. Pfister KNITTING CO.

103 Post St., S. F.
near Kearney.

Beautiful New Styles.

Men's, Women's and Children's

BATHING SUITS.

Alapaca and Knitted

At Prices to Suit Everybody.

Sweaters, Jerseys, Golf Vests and Jackets

Outing and Riding Leggings,

Sporting Goods.

Send for Illustrated Catalogues.

1900- 36th -1900

Annual Statement

—OF THE—

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.)

Life and Accident Insurance

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

Paid-up Capital, = $1,000,000.00

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2 049 212 72
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,8.0 269 96
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate	5.9 1,842.52
Interest accrued but not due,	245 983.39
Loans on collateral security,	1,497.175 51
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,305 307 27
Deferred Life Premiums,	310.997 04
Prems. due and unreported on Life Pcl.	259 449 36
Government Bonds,	789,016 96
Coun'y and municipal bonds	3,114 997 64
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819 225.19
Bank s ocks	1,2.8 674 00
Other stocks and bonds'	1.288 350 00
Total Assets,	$27,760,511.56

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 3½ per cent, Life Dep't.,	$20 406 734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Acc'dt. Dep't	1,500,369 22
Present value installment Life Policies,	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586 520.26
Losses in process of adjustment,	219 833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance,	73,178 11
Special Reserve for unp'd taxes, rents,	110 000 00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000 00
Total Liabilities,	23,739,827.61
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	4,020,683.95
Surplus,	$3,020,683,95

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	17,165,686.00

Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	1,522,417.06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	16,039,380.95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	15.386
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	339.636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	$1,227,977.34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	23,695,539.94

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899.	$ 2,750,394 40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	39,734,920 89

S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary
E. V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies
B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

The Alumnae of Irving Institute celebrated their Annual Reunion and Lunch on Friday, May 25. A musical and literary program of high merit was rendered, those taking part being Miss Jessie B. Lyon, '98, Miss Florence A. Smart, '94, Miss Estelle M. Davis, 95, Miss Edna F. Smart, '97. Seventy Alumnae sat down at the social round tables for lunch, all the classes but three being represented. Those present were: Mrs. Anita Boole McKee, President; Miss Florence Smart, Miss Louisa Lucas, Miss Hattie Jackson, Miss Miriam Hall, Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Church, Mme. Nis-Herrera, Miss Ella M. Pinkham, Mrs. Humphrey-Smith, Miss Estelle Guppy, Mrs. Isabel Stewart Bostwick, Mrs. Clara Boole Davis, Mrs. Marian Morrison Cornell, Miss Leila Boole, Mrs. Teen Goodall Keil, Mrs. Lottie Rundle Chapman, Miss Maud Turrell, Mrs. Ella Seaton Tuttle, Miss Dora Howe, Mrs. Ila Lane Allen, Miss Grace De Frest, Miss Laura Levensaler, Miss Bessie Prindle, Miss M ybelle Clary, Mrs. Emilia Johnson Wohlander, Miss Effie Burris, Miss Ethel Lieb, Mrs. Mary Spear Barnes, Miss Sarah Coward, Miss Edith Kennedy, Miss Mabel Southack, Miss Mary Watermann, Miss Estelle Davis, Miss Agnes Stewart, Mrs. Lena Atkins Dawly, Mrs. Agnes Marshall Spalding, Mrs. Ellie Panno Schranz, Mrs. Marie Taylor Bateman, Miss Edna Smart, Mrs. Ellison Vernon Stanford, Miss Myrtle Lieb, Miss Edna Farrow, Miss Maud Case, Miss Ethel Clary, Miss Aileen Day, Miss Gertrude Featherstone, Miss Mabel Gale, Miss Mabel Korts, Miss Mable Norris, Miss Blanch Southack, Miss Maybelle Stone, Miss Jessie Lyon, Miss Blanche Doane, Miss Ida Downing, Miss Jeannette Gillis, Miss Ethel Hendy, Miss Elvira Hobbs, Miss Gertrude Kennedy, Miss Maud McColl, Miss Leila McDermott, Miss Eleanor Soper, Miss Eleanor Averell, Miss Mabel Coxe, Miss Daisy Farrow, Miss Olive Fisher, Miss Lena Hartman, Miss Edna Hepburn Miss Ione Pennington, Miss Carolyn Pool, Miss Paula Zeile Wolff.

If you have never tasted Jesse Moore "AA" whisky, try it and be convinced that it is the best whisky in the world.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Lane and Ninth. American or European plan Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

THE FLAACK BUILDING.

See Pages 8 and 9.

Probably the largest and most beautiful of the new buildings now going up in Vancouver is the Flaack Block, just built for Thomas Flaack at the junction of Cambia and Hastings streets. It is a modern business block in every respect, and for finish, stability and convenience equals any building of its size in the large cities of the continent. The structure, costing $115,000, stands four stories in height above a roomy basement, with a frontage of 92 feet on Cambia street and 104 feet on Hastings. There are five stores and fifteen vaults on the lower floor and sixty office rooms in the three upper stories. In the basement is space for a commodious barber shop and bath rooms and a large restaurant with ample kitchen and pantry room. Swift electric elevators installed by Fenson of Toronto make access to the upper floors rapid and easy. The building is heated by steam throughout and lighted by both gas and electricity. An improvement which adds greatly to the convenience and beauty of the block is the use of tile flooring, of which there is no less than 12,000 feet. The inside finish is of white oak and native cedar, and the front is lighted with plate-glass windows. The Flaack Block is the most modern business building in the city; indeed, it will probably be several years before it is approached, even given that Vancouver has the marvelous growth expected by her citizens.

Most everyone who has whisky for sale compares its virtues to Jesse Moore "AA" whisky.

FOR SWELL DRESSERS.

The "Knox" hat is absolutely correct. Eugene Korn, 726 Market St., sole agent.

Wherever there is a piano there should be a pianola. The pianola plays any piano. Any one can play it. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St., sole agents.

E. G. PRIOR & CO.,

LIMITED LIABILITY

Photo by S. J. Thompson.

DEALERS IN **HARDWARE**

Tools, Iron, Wagons, Carriages, Farm Implements and Machinery. Miners' Tools and Camp Outfits a Specialty. Jessop's, Morton's and Crescent Drill Steel.

VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA, B. C.

Photo by S. J. Thompson.

Fit-Reform Wardrobe

For Gentlemen's High Art Tailor-Made Garments. Suits to Order or Ready-to-Wear at Half Best Tailors' Prices.

334 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

THOS. FOSTER, Sole Controller for Vancouver.

JOHN PUGH

Naturalist and Taxerdermist

Fish Mounting A Specialty

Photo by S. J. Thompson.

315 Westminster St., Vancouver, B. C.

Vancouver Line.

Steamers to Puget Sound . . . Seattle and Tacoma.

NORSH PACIFIC

Leaves Vancouver Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 9 p. m.
Arrives in Seattle at 10:00 a. m. the following day.

Leaves Tacoma 1:00 p. m.—Seattle 9:00. m., Monday Wednesday and Friday.
Landings:—Evans, Coleman & Evans wharf, Vancouver; Yesler wharf, Sattle; and Northern Pacific wharf, Tacoma.

Screw Steamship "Mainlander" now building and will be on the run August 1st.

For full information apply to any of our offices or to

COOK & CO.,

General Agents, Tacoma, Washington.

PIONEER STEAM LAUNDRY.

AND TOILET AND TOWEL SUPPLY.

Photos by S. J. Thompson.

910=12=14 Richards Street, **Vancouver, B. C.**

D. M. STEWART, PROPRIETOR. Telephone 346.

Columbia Brewery

KEPPLER & CO. Proprietors.

Photo by S. J. Thompson.

PALACE LIVERY

J. J. Sparrow, Proprietor.

1003 Pender St., Vancouvor, B. C.

Photo by S. J. Thompson.

Oldest established barn in Vancouver and only fully equipped livery establishment in British Columbia.

THE BRACKMAN & KER MILLING CO.
Limited
36 Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C.
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Flour, Feed, Meals, Hay, Etc.
BRANCHES:
Victoria, New West-minister, Nelson, Rossland and Edmonton.

VANCOUVER BOTTLING WORKS
Wholesale Dealers, Bottlers and Agents for
Pabst Milwaukee Beer Seattle Rainier Beer
J. Brisson & Co., Bordeaux. A.C. Meukow & Co., Coguac. Ruinart and Foureaux Fils, Eperney.
J. A. GILKA, Berlin, Germany.

Commercial Headuarters
Commodious Sample Rooms
Hotel Metropole
VANCOUVER. B. C.
Wm. Hodson, Proprietor
George Parker, Manager

Established 1858.
HENDERSON BROS.
Wholesale Druggists
VICTORIA and VANCOUVER, B. C.
J. N. Henderson, T. M. Hepderson, W. Henderscn.

AN ALUMNI DINNER.

(This tale of San Francisco is from "Stanford Stories, tales of a Young University," by Chas. K. Field and W. H. Irwin, a book just issued by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

Dr. Willirmson's landlady would not listen any further. She stood on the threshold of her lodger's conbination of bedroom and office and said, with an offensively clear enunciation:

"You haven't any patients, and no more have I any longer, and I want that money tomorrow or I rent the room."

The door closed.

Williamson listened to her footsteps, as hard and uncompromising as her voice, and when they had ceased he got up from his chair, a despairing soul. After all, this was the rope's end. He would have to own up to a failure.

If Williamson had been a man of more force he would not have acknowledged so much, perhaps; but he had been conscientious and faithful to the limit of his understanding, patient to the verge of philosophy, and the result discouraged him.

He drew out his last clean collar and put it on, with the vague idea of going somewhere and doing something—what, he could not have told. His eyes fell on a framed document hanging near his mirror, a small but ornate instrument, setting forth that the Faculty and Trustees of the Leland Stanford Juuior University, by virtue of the authority in them vested, etc., conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts in Chemistry on Philip Howard Williamson.

His thoughts turned back toward a morning over four years gone, when he walked down the platform bearing that "last of his childhood's toys," and in imagination P. H. Williamsom, M. D., held conversation with Philip Howard Williamson, A. B.

Williamson, A. B., standing just the other side of the mirror, spoke and said:

"It looks as though you were up against it."

Williamson, M. D., arranging his tie so as to hide his soiled shirt, answered:

"I am up against it. And it's your fault."

Williamson, A. B., did not seem to see it. But he was a conceited creature, anyway.

"It's more than half your fault," went on the man on the real side of the mirror. "You dug and worked, and you thought that if you only kept ahead of your class in Physiology you had a clean sweep to success. How many fellows did you know in college?"

"Some. I never went in for being popular. There are Trueman, and Miller, and Rodney—"

"And how many of them were of the sort to help you? Trueman, without family or brains, and Miller, who lived in the East, and little Rod—"

"They were the best I could meet. They were the only ones who understood that I really wanted people. No one understood how I loved the college and wanted to be in things. I wasn't good at telling; and besides, I had my work to do. They knew the way I used to look across the campus on Spring nights—"

Williamson, M. D., checked him at this point. The impractical creature thought that they were talking of friendship, when it was only a question of Pull. He conveyed that point to the Bachelor.

"Wey didn't you find some friends who would be of use to Me?" he asked, savagely. "While you were following out sutres and involuntary reactions, what was Marshall doing? Running for class president and making the Mandolin Club and getting acquainted with people of some use to him. He isn't one-two-six with me for ability and never was; but he has patients to give away, and I—

Williamson, A. B., came to bat.

"You do mighty well to approach me with all this. How have you done in making friends? Did you work up any connections at Columbia these three years? Have you tried to find anyone here in town? What friends have you? What have you done for yourself, anyway?

The other weakly quoted what the Head Demonstrator had said in his surgery.

Williamson, A. B., held him to the point: "I also was called the keenest student of my time," said he: "but it isn't bringing you patients."

The M. D. broke sullenly away, leaving the A. B. frowning back in the mirror. These dead selves are so crude! He ended the interview by slamming out of the house.

For the twentieth time that week, he cast up accounts with himself, as the electric car sped toward civilization. Assets, one dollar and five cents, just reduced by the grinding monoply from a dollar-ten; liabilities, a laundry bill and six weeks' rent. Truly, a squalid failure. If he could only hold out a little longer! There was in sight a situation as consulting physician to a lodge in his father's Order, which would mean a living at least. He had the promise of it in a month's time. A loan of twenty-five dollars now would save him, but no good angel occurred to him, think as he might, and he had nothing he could afford to pawn.

Troubled in spirit, he sauntered listlessly up Post street from Kearny. The mid-day rain had not yet dried from the pavements, and the air was clear and fresh. Against the last of a Januury sunset, the tops of the city were growing indistinct. The personnel of the crowd on the streets had changed; the promenaders and the cocktail-route procession had dwindled to a few stragglers. There was less of a press now, and most of the people were of the class that work until six, belated bookkeepers and girls from shops and sewing rooms. He watched these toilers with a vague feeling of envy; he dragged the feeling to the light and found that he was coveting the day's work just passed. What would not he had given to be tired at the end of a day of profitable toil? It was the hour when comfortable people sit down to dinner.

In front of an art store he saw Lincoln, the Chronicle man, idly studying the pictures. Williamson had known him as well as he had known any man at Palo Alto, but he walked by without a word, feeling in no mood for companionship. A few steps further he turned and went back and stood behind his friend.

"Hello, Phil!" said Lincoln, in cherry surprise. "Well, you are a stranger! Been keeping pretty close to your office, haven't you?

"Yes," answered Williamson, without going into particulars.

"I haven't happened to get a detail out in your direction and my health is unfortunately good, so I haven't seen you for moons, not since the night at the Zink, last Thanksgiving."

"You newspaper men see more of the fellows than a man in my profession can hope to do," said the physician. "It isn't ethics for me to hunt them up, you know."

"How is practice, so far?"

"Well," answered Williamson, hiding the bitterness of it with a laugh; "the practice is about all I have got out it."

"Not so bad as that, I'll bet," protested Lincoln. "Are you coming down for Commencement, or the Ball, or anything?"

"No, I shan't be able to get down," answered the other, turning in his fingers the lonely dollar in his pocket. "That's the worst of the medical profession," he added, equivocally.

His thoughts came fast as they stood there in the fading daylight before the picture shop. It was entirely probable that Lincoln would lend him the money he needed, and would lend it gladly. Their college friendship had been sincere, and a few years do not change a thing like that. He knew that the man had a good position on the Chronicle and that he saved a large portion of his money—he had been economical at the University. Fortune could never smile on Lincoln sufficiently to work any material change in his dress; he had always looked like a pauper; today, poverty showed in the journalist rather than in the carefully-dressed physician.

Williamson's heart grew lighter. This man, rising before him in his hour of desperation, should tide him over his temporary trouble. He knew his man. Williamson felt himself filled with a faith in Divine Providence.

But it was not easy to ask the loan. To suggest such a thing is less difficult to some people than to others. To Williamson it was anything but a simple thing. He could never broach the subject there on the sidewalk. The matter must be led up in some way; to brace in cold blood was impossible. He moved his fingers in nervous irresolution, and the dollar touched them significantly.

"Say, Lew, let's not stand here all night; come to dinner with me, can't you? We'll have a good Alnmni chat; we don't bump into each other very often."

He felt horribly hypocritical, yet this was the only way.

"You haven't had dinner, have you?" he went on, when Lincoln hesitated a bit.

"No. I'll be glad to, thank you, Phil. Where do you go?"

"Let's try Sanguinetti's for the fun of the thing. We can talk down there, and it won't break us, either."

They found a corner table in the resturant. The room wore the quiet look of Monday evening, the calm that follows the storm of Sunday, when the place rocks with post-picnic revelry. A squat negro, perched on the edge of a serving table by the wall, sang vociferously to a resonant banjo. Now and then a party of swarthy Latins joined in mildly when the selections incurred their favor.

The two college men found it easy chatting. Williamson's dollar had brought a very good dinner, particularly the chicken and spaghetti; the claret was abundant and not half bad when jollied with seltzer. He was trusting to Lincoln for tobacco.

Still the physician could not bring himself to the point for which the dinner was intended to smooth the road. The "Dago Red" had mellowed them both and they talked merrily of the days at Palo Alto, bringing up one good memory after another, drifting gradually to an exchange of Alumni personals of which the newspaper man furnished the larger part. The thought of bringing the serious side of his own case into this chat gave Williamson a chill. It was a foolish bit of pride, but it was getting harder every minute to down it. He deftly turned the subject his way.

"It isn't all prosperty, though. I've noticed that some of them seem to be up against it lately—just hard luck stories, I suppose. There's Rawdon, for example."

Lincoln leaned back comfortably in his chair.

"Let me tell you a case that has come under my notice lately and see what you think of it," he said. "I won't mention names, but it's about a man we both knew at College. He had a place on the paper, and during the political season did very well; after that there came a slump and the city editor let him out; the other papers had no room for him, of course—they were dropping men—and he couldn't get a thing of any sort to do, though he rustled hard. You know Coles and Harrison, the boys call them at the Employment Bureau, they have found quite a number of places for the fellows; but this particular man was evidently up against it, and there wasn't the smallest symptom of a job. He managed to get something in the Sunday supps, but barely enough enough to keep him alive, and nothing certain Meanwhile he pawned his things gradually and grew pretty well discouraged. He got down to bedrock and finally reached the point where he had gone without three successive meals. Pretty rough, isn't it?"

"I should say so," answered Williamson. His own distress was trival besides a trouble like this.

Lincoln fed the alcohol flame burning around the omelet just brought them.

"It seems to me," he went on, "that there is a case in which a man is justified in asking help; he ought to ask it long before he gets to such a pass as that; if he lets his pride prevent him, it's his own fault. We certainly have carried away from the University something of the spirit we learned there. I know for my part that such a man has a claim on whatever help I can give him, and as a Stanford man he has a right to seek it. Don't you agree with me?'

Williamson had been waiting through the course of the dinner for a chance to advance an identical theory. He could not have hoped for a better opening.

"Indeed I do," he said. "You have the old Stanford spirit as strong as ever, haven't you, Lew? Now I want to tell you a story."

At a table near them a woman who looked as though she had a history, one that dated far back at that, began to sing—one of those ballads about home and the wandering boy. The two men tipped back in their chairs and listened to the song. Williamson was planning what he should say as soon as it was ended. It would be better to tell the whole thing.

During the applause that followed, Lincoln dropped his cigarette into his coffee cup and started to speak. Williamson, unwilling that another subject should follow the last words they had exchanged, interrupted him.

"I have a story, too, Lew, and it's about myself. I don't doubt this is rather a surprise to you," he went on, noticing the look on the other's face, "although you know the way of a young physician is hard. The fact is, I have got to the point where I must get a little temporary lift or give up the struggle for a while, and I can't bear the thought of that."

Then he went on swiftly, ignoring his friend's attempts at interruption, until he had told the whole story of his uphill work and his defeat.

"You asked me just now, Lew, if I didn't think one Stanford man should help another who really needed help, if he could. I put up my last coin for an opportunity to ask you the same question, but with a different purpose."

Lincoln's eyes were moist as he reached across the table and grasped Williamson's hand.

"I think you know me well enough, old man, to know my answer to that question. But you did not let me finish my story. You see, I—er—I'm the man I was telling you about."

Copyright, 1900, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY

Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to-lunch.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Seattle Business Directory.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

A. LUNDBERG. Artificial Limb Co. Deformity Apparatus of Every Description. Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensories, Stockings for Artificial Limbs, Shoulder Braces, Rolling Chairs, etc. Rooms 13 and 14 Sullivan blk.

ARTISTS.

JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Cloth-s cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block

MUSICAL.

MME. JULIA ARAMENTI, Vocal Culture. Voices examined daily. Studio, 33 Hinckley block; residence, Rainier-Grand Hotel

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel. Black 1621.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

N. P. HALVERSEN. Specialty, Group Pictures. 1331½ Second avenue, up stairs.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TAILORS.

F. DANEL, Merchant Tailor, 217 Columbia street. Telephone, Main 652.

TENTS & AWNINGS,

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 3.5.

DENTIST.

DR C W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—130 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PHOTOGRAPHER

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS. Dekko and Vêlox Printing. E. L. Gifford, 330 Sutter Street

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

A Delicious Beverage for all Occasions

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale

Connoisseurs pronounce it "the best imported."

Sherwood & Sherwood,
AGENTS
212-214 Market St.,

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Joe Hart's Vaudeville Company and Orpheum Stars. Joe Hart and Carrie De Mar; Fleurette; Frank Gardner; Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry; Wellington and Napoleon; Lillian Burkhart and Co.; Vandy; Midgley and Carlisle; Mignani Family; Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JUNE 4th.
Second and last week. last performance Saturday evening, June 9th.
N. C. GOODWIN—MAXINE ELLIOTT
in their greatest success

When We Were Twenty-One.

by H. V. Esmond.

Cast and production identical to that seen at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

une 11—Kellar.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers.
[Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sunday Night, Ju e 3rd.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday.
DUNNE & RYLEY'S COMEDY FESTIVAL
With their All Star Cast Presenting
Chas. H. Hoyt's Play

A RAG BABY

A Superb Organization. The Original Pony Dance. Wiseman's Male Serenaders. Large and Efficient Chorus

Our Never Changing Popular Prices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MINERVA WASHER, DECEASED—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, Administrator of the estate of Minerva Washer, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery street, City and County of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Minerva Washer, Deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, May 19th, 1900.
M. C. HASSETT, 308-10-12, Phelan building.
Atty for Administrator.

Your sideboard at home is complete if it is not stocked with Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

At the Theatres.

The theatrical clouds have broken in San Francisco; last week a great play and this week a great actor. Both of the plays were new, and both are within a year of their New York success. If "The Tyranny of Tears" is a better piece than "When We Are Twenty-One," the latter is at least the more human, and, therefore, more popular. And of Goodwin's superiority to Drew as a real, true actor, there can be no question. Drew is an actor, by the gift of God and a stage heredity, but it is, after all, his peculiar personality and method and his appearance of gentility which gives him his position and his popularity. In the art of the thing, Goodwin excels every other actor on the Ame ican stage, save only old Jefferson. His rise from vaudeville knockabout to the best of legitimate comedy is one of the wonder-stories of the theatre.

Time was when Maxine Elliot resented compliments for her undoubted beauty, because of her ambition to be famous as an actress alone. Miss Elliott—pardon me, Mrs. Goodwin—will never be a really great actress, that is a thing inborn, but study and practice have made her an intelligent and pleasing one, who can reach any height not requiring absolute genius; of only two American actresses—Nance O'Neill and Mrs. Fiske—can anyone say more. She is as beautiful as ever, and she has twice the art which she possessed when we saw her last.

With these two players, the one somewhere on the border of genius, the other one of the best in the country, is a play far above the average of this season's new pieces. The author has found a rather novel theme, and there are singularly few old, hackneyed situations. One only appeals strongly to the memory—the sacrifice of one friend for another in a love affair. That is about as old as the drama, and might have been spared us.

But take it all in all, it is the best, by far the best, that we have had this season, and one of the best in any season. It is a play and it is acted.

* *

"The Three Guardsmen" at the Tivoli, has, at least, given Ferris Hartman a short respite from his too arduous labors, and the people an opportunity to appreciate some of the others is the company. Hartman is every bit as good in the new opera as in former ones, and is enjoyed quite as thoroughly, only he is not all of the show.

The Three Guardsmen was not intended to be quite as light an opera as the Tivoli company makes it, and it is still a question whether or not the people would rather see a famous opera played as it was written than interposed with recent catchy songs and the latest s'ang. Helen Merrill's sernenade with the chorus in refrain, is a charming song,—indeed the most charming of the whole opera, but Helen Merill is written for the part of Anne of Austria, and just why Anne of Asutria should be out in the moonlight, with a body-guard, serenading a tavern by the sea-shore, it is hard to understand. The song is beautiful; it is the relevancy that is not good. The opera, however, is well worth hearing, and seeing, too. The music is of the stirring kind, strong and full, with a pulse beat, that carries you with it, and permits of no lagging behind, and the scenic work is effective throughtout.

* *

Dunne and Ryley's all-star cast, probably the strongest comedy company ever organized to produce Hoyt's most popular plays, will begin a ten week's season at the California theatre Sunday night, June 3d. "A Rag Baby" has been selected for the opening and the cast will include Mathews and Bulger, who have starred with their own companies during the past few seasons; Walter Jones of New York Casino fame; Mary Marble, the "Daughter of the Regiment" in "A Milk White Flag," Maude Courtney, "the girl who sings the old songs"; Phil. H. Ryley, Tony Hart, John W. Dunne, Bessie Traunchill, Marion Gunning, Ethel Kirwan, Gertrude Wood, the "Eight Mascots" English dancing girls in the famous "Pony Ballet" from the Casino production, "The Man in the Moon" and Wiseman's Serenaders, one of the best male quartets before the public. The regular matinees will be given on Thursdays and Saturdays.

* *

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott in "When We Were Twenty-One," have another week at the Columbia. After that, comes Kellar the magician with new illusions and tricks, and following, the Miller Company. This aggregation opens with "Miss Hobbs," "Jerome K. Jerome's fanciful comedy.

For more than fifty years the famous Jesse Moore whisky has been the standard brand the world.

LADIES' KNOX DUDE

Straws now open. Korn, the hatter, 726 Market St., sole agent.

On next week's Orpheum bill, Joe Hart and Carrie de Mar are the bright particular stars. Hart will be remembered as the shining light of the old combination of Hallen and Hart. Carrie de Mar, his wife, is clever in her work and has a good voice. "A Close Call" is the name of their sketch. Fleurette and Frank Gardner present a turn called, "An Eventful Day." It is lightened by some clever dancing by Fleurette. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry have an original sketch. The biograph will present new views of the British and American wars and among the holdovers will be: Miss Lillian Burkhart, who will present a new sketch, "Her Soldier Boy"; Vandy, the juggler; Midgley and Carlisle, in a new sketch; Mignani Family.

Jesse Moore "AA" whisky is called for everywhere. It is the drink of the people.

FOR AN OUTING....

Visit one of the many Mineral Springs Resorts along the

California Northwestern Railway Co.

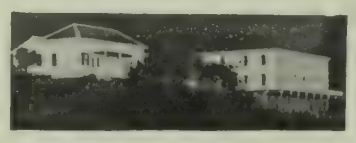
Leesee of San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company. (The Picturesque Route of California.)

Where the Famous Mineral Waters of the World are Duplicated.

If you prefer the simple home life of the Ranch, free from fashion's restraints, there are many in our section from which to choose. But if you would rather the tent in some shady nook, near a lovely lake, or on the bank of some beautiful stream, remember such locations are numerous and free of charge.

Call for "VACATION," a little book just issued by the Company, giving Camping Locations, Hotels, Mineral Spring Resorts, and a list of one hundred and sixty-seven Farms and homes, where Board for the Summer can be secured at from $5 00 to $8.00 per week.

Ticket Office, 650 Market street (Chronicle building).
General Office, Mutual Life building, Sansome and California streets, San Francisco.
H. C. WHITING, General Manager,
R. X. RYAN, General Passenger Agent.



DUNCAN SPRINGS HOPLAND Mendocino Co.

Two miles from railroad station; 101 miles from San Francisco; enequalled soda and magnesia springs; hospitable management; first-class table; hard-finished hotel; picturesque site and surroundings; two trains daily; long-distance telephone; terms $10 to $12 per week; housekepping cottages $15 to $20 per month. Waters bottled by W. H. Bone, 605-607 Merchant street, S. F. Through fare $3 80 Send for circulars. Address O. HOWELL.

Tavern of Castle Crag

AND SODA SPRINGS

SEASON OPENS JUNE 15.

Located in the midst of grand and impressive mountain scenery. With Mt. Shasta and The Crags for a background.

Fine hunting and fishing.

Unsurpassed cuisine and service and reasonable rates.

RAILROAD FARE round trip, including sleeper both ways $14

For rates, terms and other information address E. B. PIXLEY, Manager.

Care Pacific Improvement Co., Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

"The Superfluous Husband," as presented at the Alcazar this week is quite a good play, and draws very well. It is a translation from the German by Clyde Fitch, full of strong situations and clever dialogue. Ernest Hastings has dropped character work this week, taking the part of a bookworm of a husband mated to a society wife. Their troubles are finally cleared up through the keenness of the wife's father, played by Jeffrey Williams. Howard Scott is still holding down this job as stock villain, and is quite unusually good. The role of the wife is well enacted by Irene Everett. It is an even and interesting performance, and well worth the money.

* *

Monday evening, June 4, Florence Roberts opens her season at the Alcazar. Her first week has a double importance, in that "Sapho," of which so much has been heard this year, is to be the bill. The piece is to have a lavish mounting. Miss Roberts has secured for her season some of the most notable London and Paris productions of recent years.

Morning, noon or night you will find a glass of Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale both cheering and refreshing.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,213,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899..... 28,563,655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 210,067
Contingent Fund..... 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings. for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Joseph D. Grant, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

"Dr. Jordan at Bat," an Incident of the Faculty-Senior Baseball Game at Stanford. *Photo by Warfield.*

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✠ THIS SEASON'S ✠

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

BANKRUPT NOTICES.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF
JOSEPH STOREY, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that Joseph Storey, Bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California on Saturday, the 9th day of June, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, May 25th, 1900.
MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California
IN THE MATTER OF
J. L. ROBERTS, Bankrupt.

Take notice that, J. L. Roberts, Bankrupt, above named has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first mee ing of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday, the 9th day of June, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, May 29th, 1900.
MILTON J. Green,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF
LEONARD C. CROSSLEY, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that Leonard G. Crossley, Bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of June 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 9th day of June, 1900, at the hour of 11 a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the state of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, May 28th, 1900.
MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Maripcsa, for Aurtralia, Wednesday June 13, at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, June 27 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 11 a.m. June 5, 10, 15 20, 25 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. June 2 7 12, 17, 22, 27, July 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. June 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28. July 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 July 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BULLION MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth (16th) day of May, 1900, an assessment (No. 56) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 20th (20th) day of June, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on Tuesday the tenth (10th) day of July, 1900, pay to the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses o sale. By order of the Board of Directors

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office: Room 11, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE

Through Trains and Cars

via OGDEN ROUTE Daily

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
IN CONNECTION WITH

Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Line

OVERLAND LIMITED—Solid Vestibuled Train of Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and Composite Car

Leave San Francisco	8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento	11:25 A.M.
Arrive Chicago	9:30 A.M.

Westbound train leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P.M.

Rock Island Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car and Dining Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco	8:30 A.M.
Leave Sacramento	11:25 A.M.
Arrive Salt Lake City	2:10 P.M.
Leave Salt Lake City	8:05 P.M.
Arrive Denver	9:15 P.M.
Arrive Chicago	7:59 A.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 10:00 P.M.

Burlington Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco	6:30 P.M.
Leave Sacramento	10:30 P.M.
Arrive Denver	9:00 A.M.
Arrive Chicago	2:15 P.M.

Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 11:00 P.M.

Connections are made at Sacramento from and to both Southern and Northern California for all three trains.

The Rock Island and Burlington Route cars pass between Ogden and Denver over the Rio Grande Western and Denver & Rio Grande railroads.

For folders and more complete information, go and see

T. H. GOODMAN Gen. Pass. Agt.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
53, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles.
Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.

WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.

American and European Plan.

FINEST LARGEST
FLEETEST SAFEST

The Magnificent
China Liner
Steamship

VICTORIA

3,502

Direct for Cape Nome.

On or About

MAY 31,

Remember the ice was never known to break from the Nome coast before June 10th.

Secure Your Tickets Now.

Unsurpassed Passenger Accommodations.

For Further Information apply to

DODWELL & CO., Limited
General Agents
113 James St. SEATTLE, WASH.
Telephone Main 470

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

ABSENT-MINDED.—A young woman got on a Jackson street car the other afternoon, dreamily opened her pocketbook when the conductor came around for her fare, stuck a gloved finger and thumb into one of the compartments of the same, extracted a couple of foulard samples, and, with that far-away expression still in her eyes, handed them to the conductor. The conductor was a middle-aged man. He smiled and waited for the young woman to come out of her trance. But she held the foulard samples until the conductor, still grinning, had to fetch her back to earth. "Yes, they're pretty, miss," he said, "and I'd like to get my wife a dress off that piece on top, but she's——" The young woman blushed like a red-hot stovelid, dug into another compartment of her pocketbook for a car ticket, and she looked intensely embarrassed when the brutal male persons across the car aisle grinned.

x

A WESTERN SOLOMON.—Texas has a Solomon in the person of Justice I. P. Franklin of Brownville, known to the inhabitants as "Josey." Recently, two women, next-door neighbors, came before the court, each claiming ownership to a hen worth about twenty-five cents. "Josey" heard the evidence, and reserved decision. That evening at sunset, he appeared with the duly accredited officers of the court and with the subject of debate shut in a box, in the road before the houses of the claimants. Just at roosting-time, he turned Biddy loose; she shook her feathers, and made straight for her own perch. "You get the hen," said "Josey" to the successful claimant, "and I assess you five dollars costs, judgment suspended until you come into court again."

x

A WORD IN TIME.—During Cleveland's second term, he was going through the ceremony of handshaking with a party of schoolteachers. Some functionary or other was calling the name of each guest as he approached. "Dr. Lucky of Pittsburg," said the announcer. As Dr. Lucky shook hands and passed on, a seedy, delapidated tramp slipped into the line just behind him and extended his hand to the President. The introducer, not knowing the tramp's name and being generally taken aback, was silent; there was an awkward pause, and everyone looked uncomfortable. The ice was broken by Mr. Cleveland. "And this," he said, "Is Mr. Unlucky, I suppose!"

x

KEEN PREJUDICE.—Mark Twain's prejudice against the practice of vivisection, even as an aid to science, has become so well known as to attract the attention of many physiologists who consider the cutting of live animals as a necessity to the healing art. The humorist was not long ago introduced to a physician who seemed inclined to argue on the topic of vivisection. "As a vivisectionist," began the scientist, "I have been told that your prejudice against the practice is severe." "So severe," remarked Mr. Clemens "as to amount almost to fanaticism. Why, even the thought of practicing vivisection upon a vivisectionist is disagreeable to me."

x

TO PUT IT MILDLY.—At the conclusion of a sermon by a well-known San Francisco divine, a reporter, there in pursuit of duty, came forward and asked for the text. The minister quoted the book, chapter and verse from which it was taken. "But can't you give me the wording?" asked the scribe. "You can look it up in the Bible." "But I'm afraid we haven't any Bible at the *Examiner* office." "Are you heathens at the *Examiner*?" thundered the good man. "Well," said the reporter, "we ain't the Topeka *Capital* by a darned sight!"

x

REASON ENOUGH.—Charles Mathews, the actor, was once very much disturbed by the actions of a number of young bloods who occupied a stage-box and made fun of the performance all through. At last, in the middle of a scene, they arose noisily to go. Mathews came forward and said, sarcastically: "Don't go, gentlemen, there is another act." "That is why we are going," said one of them.

PALACE HOTEL

The GRAND HOTEL is operated in conjunction with the Palace to which it is joined by a covered passageway, placing under one management 1400 rooms, more than half of which have baths attached.

AMERICAN PLAN. EUROPEAN PLAN.

The high standard of excellence maintained by this hotel is recognized and appreciated by a fastidious and discriminating clientele who regularly make it their headquarters when visiting San Francisco.

WHEN LEAVING THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE
First National Brnk
N. W. Corner Bush and Sansome Sts.
Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p m.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY

REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

THE

White Pass and Yukon Route

The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.
and Canadian Development Company, Ltd.

THROUGH LINE TO DAWSON.

Two first-class trains daily between Skaguay and Bennett, B. C. Ten first-class steamers operating between White Horse and Dawson. Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
KLONDILE AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash.
Phone Main 574
S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 116 Yesler Way, Seattle Wash

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms. Elevator Service

THE BRADBURY,

J. A. FERSON, Proprietor.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL

N. W. Cor. Polk and California Sts.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Excellent Cuisine References required.
Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and upwards.
Reasonable by the month.

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

From Admiral George Dewey:

Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco: Dear Sir—I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent me at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly.
Very truly yours,
George Dewey.

A GRADUATE

George Mayerle

German Expert Optician

Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED

1007½ Market St.

near Seventh

Telephone Mint 257

German Eye Water 50 cents.

From General Wm. R. Shafter:

Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco: Dear Sir—The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair.
Very truly yours,
Wm. R. Shafter,
Major-General U. S. V.

The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI. No. 21 SAN FRANCISCO—JUNE 16, 1900 SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

ON THE EDGE OF THE QUARANTINE, SAN FRANCISCO.

How Supplies are Passed Under the Ropes, Down Deserted Dupont Street.

Photo by W. F. Street.

is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—June 16, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Views of an Execution in Uruguay 4
Before the Great White Wall 5
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 6
Views of the Chinatown Quarantine 7
The Camarines Campaign 8
Scenes in Central Mexico, *Photo by Oscar Maurer* 9
Correspondence—New York-London 10
Meditations of a Matron 11
In Bookdom 12
A Bowery Cinderella 13
At the Theatres 14
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

A Grave Crisis in Chinese Affairs.

The Boxer disturbance in China has grown and spread, until it is an insurrection rather than a riot. What was only a possibility last week has now become a certainty; the Powers are virtually holding Pekin, the open breach has occurred between the Dowager Empress and the deposed Kwang Su. The continued forces, landed from the ships at Taku, are plainly only just sufficient to guard the legations at the capital and are doing even that with difficulty, as the Chinese mob in the city is in danger of rising in sympathy with the anti-foreign rioters. The country around the capital is overrun with Boxers, Tientsin is practically in their hands, the missionaries who have escaped death are in the capital, under the protection of the troops. This being the case, the governments interested decided to send in more marines at once, whether the Chinese court allowed it or not. Accordingly, 1,500 marines, of which about 1,000 were English and 100 American were sent from the Taku fleet to Tientsin and thence to Pekin. But the rioters had torn up the railroad track and burned the stations, so that they were forced to set laborers at work building track in front of them. While engaged in this work, sixteen British marines had an encounter with a mob of about 2,000 Boxers and drove them off inflicting heavy loss. This was the first blood spilled by white troops in this conflict. The attitude of the Chinese government is the alarming feature. It is now certain that the Empress' party, now in power, is favoring and assisting the mob in its anti-foreign rioting. The report that governors of provinces have orders not to oppose the rioters is confirmed. Only once have the Imperial troops made a bold stand; then, a serious battle with a loss of 200 men was fought outside the walls of Pekin, but without decisive result. On the other hand, high officers and whole battalions of soldiers have gone over to the rioters. An attache of the Belgian legation was assaulted and a high Japanese official was killed by the Empress' own bodyguard. This is the most startling crime of the week, but there have been plenty of others. Native Christians have been slaughtered wholesale. The missionaries are just beginning to be heard from, and it is known that several of the American lot alone are dead, and several more missing. Inside the town, there are three hundred European marines against the city's millions. The civil males will go into service to resist them. The attitude of the powers is uncertain at this juncture. Russia has taken the most aggressive attitude, and is being watched closely by the others. She has announced an intention of taking action whether or no the others do so. The Powers are passing notes regarding concerted action, and the United States is already falling into her natural place beside Great Britain. That this means the end of the old regime in China, no one doubts. The only question is whether the Powers will divide the country or whether they will establish a protectorate over a progressionist Chinese government. A sensational newspaper account has it that Kwang Su, the deposed Emperor, has sent an appeal to the people of the world and the Powers, asking them to overthrow the Empress Dowager, and set him upon the throne as the head of a progressive government. As this comes from Creelman and through the *Examiner Journal*, it must be regarded with very grave doubts.

The St. Louis Strike.

The St. Louis strike has resulted in a tragedy which has set class strife raging in that city, and has had the effect of rendering the unnecessary struggle more bitter. It will be remembered that the sheriff, finding the police insufficient and the militia unwilling, decided to swear in a posse comitatus from among the solid, influential citizens of St. Louis. About 1,000 of these were secured, armed, and quartered in barracks near the center of disturbance. Last Sunday, the police were withdrawn at noon and the deputies took their places on guard. A disturbance arose through the actions of strikers returning in a body from a picnic given for them, the trouble culminating in an attack upon a car standing just in front of the barracks, a pitched battle and a fusillade of buckshot from the shotguns of the deputies. Three killed and nine wounded is the record of that bloody day. This has led to a boycott among the laboring classes, the supporters of the strikers, who are advocating the refusal of food and drink to the deputies, among whom are some of the most influential citizens of St. Louis. This unfortunate incident had one good effect; it called the attention of the authorities to the gravity of the situation. Immediately, stricter rules regarding meetings and the bearing of firearms were passed by the city fathers and the police; consequently, there has been no bloodshed since, but the situation is strained, and trouble may be renewed at any time. The sensational papers of the city, which encourage the strikers, have had much to do with the prolongation of the disturbance. So, indeed, has the City Council, which contains many demagogues dependent for votes upon the laboring class. This body came near to passing an ordinance revoking all street railway franchises last week. Almost all the lines run regular cars, but under strong private or police guards. The cars are otherwise nearly empty. The strikers claim that the only passengers are people hired by the companies to ride for the moral effect. The paralysis of traffic, the moral effect, and the public fear of this troublesome strike have lost many millions of dollars for the City of St. Louis.

The Third Stage of the Boer War.

Those who believe that the occupation of Pretoria would mean the end of the South African war have seen their belief shattered by the events of the week. Roberts is in Pretoria and his army is resting on Transvaal soil, but the fighting is going on, and Boer resistance is apparently stiffer than ever since the taking of Ladysmith. The war has entered upon its third period. In the first, everything went the way of the Boers and the British poured in money and treasure against their hidden foes in vain. This ended with Roberts' brilliant campaign toward Kimberly and the capture of General Cronje and army. The second period begins there and ends with the occupation of Pretoria. It was a comparatively bloodless campaign, and went invariably against the Boers. The third stage, now beginning, will be marked by long guerrilla warfare. How severe this is to be depends on the sincerity of Paul Kruger's declaration that he will fight it out on guerilla lines until the end. If this is the true Boer intention, then the struggle will be a long one, because the country and the tactics of the Boers are all suited to guerilla warfare. But if Kruger is only putting on a bold front to delay the British while his foreign agents work for intervention, then the game is nearly played to a finish, as Roberts is pressing on, determined to push the war to its outcome while he holds the advantage. Even now, fighting is going on in two directions. Almost simultaneously with Roberts' entry into Pretoria, the Boers made a determined attempt to cut his line of communications. The railway near the border was cut in a determined raid and twenty-four miles destroyed. Had the numbers engaged been anywhere nearly equal, it might have gone hard with Roberts. But his force is great enough to hold the line against the Boers, even though broken. In this affray, the Boers again made a big capture, no one knows exactly how. The whole Derbyshire Regiment, except five or six men, was either killed, captured, or taken prisoners. Desultory fighting went on at that point until June 11, when Kitchener and Methuen inflicted a decisive defeat on the Boer forces on the neighborhood. On the same day, Roberts met Botha in his forward advance and drove him back, and Buller, on the other border, fought an indecisive battle near Laing's Nek. This point has, indeed, absorbed the main attention of the week. This is a strongly-fortified point, the one chosen by the Boers for the opening battle in the war of 1879–80. It has always been regarded as the point where the British would meet the first and greatest shock of resistance in the present Transvaal war. By the fortune of war, it happened that the Pretoria-bound British came in by a sort of side-entrance; the place, therefore, lost its greatest strategic value, but kept enough to make it advisable for Buller to have a trial at its defenses. In his first day's fighting, the English general forced the Boers into suing for conditional surrender. Buller's terms were unconditional, however, and the fighting was renewed. He has now forced the enemy's line of defences back three miles, although without gaining any material advantage, and is hammering away as he did before Ladysmith. The War Office casualty returns up to June 9 aggregate 23,644, besides 792 officers and 12,355 men sent home as invalids, but not including the sick in South African hospitals.

Vice-Presidential Possibilities.

As the national conventions of the two great parties approach, the vice-presidential contest grows in interest. Never before was leading place on either ticket such an absolute "cinch" as it is on both tickets this year. The Dewey boom on the Democratic side is dead, and Bryan's position is as strong in his own party as ever. McKinley is even more firmly fixed at the head of the the Republican procession. Roosevelt is his only possible opponent, and no one believes that the Rough Rider stands any chance. In spite of the representations of the Democrats yellow journals, it is almost certain that his name will not come up. But the second place on both tickets is anybody's. Towne, the vice-presidential nominee on the Populist ticket and Admiral Dewey are the most widely-advertised candidates on the Democratic side. Towne is strong in the West, but there are many things against him. Bryan being a Westerner, his mate should come from the East. Towne hails from Michigan. Moreover, since the silver and gold branches of Democracy have been somewhat fused again through the rise of new issues, the old Democracy should have the courtesy of a place. Towne's position in the party is exactly the same as that of Bryan. As for Dewey, he is more or less of a mystery. His nomination would add strength to the ticket without a doubt, but it is a question if he would accept and if having consented to the use of his name his backers are as shrewd at the game as the experts behind Towne and others. The boom of Wm. R. Hearst, proprietor of the *Examiner-Journal*, is not taken very seriously; it probably has its main use in the advertising which it gives him and his papers. The very fact that Hearst is a Western man in that his interests are identified with the West is alone enough to defeat him. On the Republican side, there are a host of candidates. McKinley is said to favor Secretary of the Navy Long. Roosevelt is the choice of the party's rank and file, but he has given it out positively that he will not be a candidate, and is probably sincere in this position. Roosevelt wants another term as Governor of New York, and doubtless has his eye on the Presidency in 1904. Timothy R. Woodruff, not an especially brilliant man but the possessor of a long "pull," is mentioned, as is Senator Allison. Rumor has it that Senator Wolcott of Colorado, chairman of the National Committee, will try to stampede the convention for himself. He is strong in the West and would add votes in that direction. Finally, Irving M. Scott is gaining ground daily in the East as well as the West, and his is now considered one of the likeliest names.

Bryan's New Attitude on Silver.

It being known that the Eastern Democrats will support the Bryanite wing of the party, if they will let the silver question slide, the Popocratic party is preparing a graceful crawling movement. The indication of their probable policy came not from their own side but from the other, the utterances of Richard Croker, in his new famous interview—"silver counts very little, anyway. It is a matter on which there is a difference of opinion, but other greater issues have overshadowed it, and there is no need of letting it stand as an obstacle." Bryan has cordially accepted this pose, doubtless arranged long beforehand, and with each day is saying less about silver and more about imperialism. Now comes the time of Democratic platform making, and it is understood that Bryan is for modifying the platform so as to give the two "live" issues the preference and put silver into a position of just enough prominence to hold the Western Populistic element in line, and not prominent enough to scare off any Eastern Gold Democrat. It is easy to see why Bryan wishes the revision; it places the responsibility for shelving silver upon the party, not upon himself. Should he be nominated on the platform of 1896 with an additional anti-imperialistic plank, he would have to give much time and attention in the coming campaign to dodging around and explaining away the main issue. On the other hand, Senator Jones and other Western committeemen are for leaving the 1896 platform practically untouched, and letting Bryan do the explaining. There is a grim justice in this position; it is as though the Democracy said to Bryan: "You got me into the Free Silver mess—now get me out."

Japan and Russia in Korea.

The Boxer disturbance in China has temporarily turned the attention of students of the Far East away from the inevitable conflict between Russia and Japan over Corea. In the May number of the *North American Review* is an able and scolarly article by James Murdock, formerly a professor in the Imperial University at Tokio, in which the reasons for believing such a war unavoidable are set forth at length. Japan needs Korea, and Russia wants it. The Japanese people have been increasing with alarming rapidity since the country became Europeanized; even state discouragement of marriage has failed to check the tendency. The latest estimate shows 44,000,000, a gain of 33 per cent in twenty-eight years. Of the 112,000 square miles, only 16,000 are capable of cultivation. Up to the last decade, Japan managed, homehow, to raise most of her foodstuffs, and even to export a little rice, but this is past; last year, she imported $23,000,000 of foodstuffs. This ominous state of affairs is growing worse every year; it is only a question of time until a failure in crops will cause horrible suffering. The wise Japanese statesmen began, a few years ago, to emulate England's policy of economizing productive space by making manufacturing the leading industry. But this was a partial failure, through lack of capital. There is much less loose money in Japan than in either the Dutch Netherlands or Scotland, which are at the bottom of the list for civilized countries. But if Japan does succeed in this purpose, she needs a market, and there is none more convenient and profitable to her than Manchuria and the Middle Kingdom of China. In these sections, as well as in Korea, Japan can have a free territory and market only so long as the Czar wills. This brings her most vital interests into conflict with Russia. The other nations are opposing Russia because of their desire for trade extension; to Japan alone is it a vital matter. Again, it being extremely doubtful whether Japan will succeed in her attempts at establishing manufactures, some over-sea territory must be found for the overflow. Korea is just across the straits of Tsushima from Japan. The population of about ten millions could easily be doubled without taxing the recources of the country, so much of the land lies fallow owing to the laziness of the degenerate Koreans. This makes the securing of a foothold in Korea a cardinal point in Japanese policy. Unfortunately for Japan, Russia is also heavily interested in the possession of the peninsula. Should Japan hold it, she would have full command of the sea communications between Port Arthur and Vlaeivostock. With the whole of Korea in Japanese hands, the overland connections between the two Russian bases would never be safe. It follows that an ultimate conflict between Russia and Japan for the mastery of Korea is inevitable, though, for the present, an outbreak of hostilities is deferred by the Nissi-Rosen Protocol, signed on April 25, 1898. This document embodies an agreement that the Imperial Governments of Japan and Russia will refrain from all direct interference in the internal affairs of Korea, and that, "in view of the large development of Japanese commercial and industrial enterprise in Korea, as well as the considerable number of Japanese subjects resident in that country, the Imperial

Russian Government will not impede the development of the commercial and industrial relations between Japan and Korea." As things stand at present, the Japanese force is much the stronger in the far East than that of Russia, owing to the Czar's army and navy being so far from their base of supplies and communications. This fact, in the opinion of competent observers, will cause the cautious Russians to stave off the conflict until their position on the Asiatic coast is stronger. Yet the diplomatic shuffling caused by the Boxer disturbance may have the effect of hastening a clash.

Editorial Comment.

The Vice-Presidency.

THE name of Irving M. Scott is today most prominently before the people of the United States as a candidate for Vice-President. Where the movemen started no one seems to know. It is as strong in Utah as it is in Oregon. He has as many advocates in the State of Washington as he has at the National capital. Idaho and far-off Montana echo the sentiment. The interior press of California is not more enthusiastic than are the other western states. In the East the New York dailies have taken up the name of Scott with a vim, in Chicago he is editorially endorsed. It is in the air. Since the refusal of Governor Roosevelt to accept the nomination, Mr. Scott's candidacy has been the only one of national importance before the people. Take Oregon, for instance, the *Evening Republican* of Baker City says, "Oregon has done much for the republican party. * * * We deserve recognition. Irving M. Scott of San Francisco is the choice of this paper, and the coast delegates should make an effort to keep the name continually before the people." The Salem *Journal* endorses this, and adds more. The Portland *Telegram* says "If the nomination could be secured for a Pacific Coast man, no one would be more acceptable to the business men of Oregon than Mr. Scott." The Oregon *Statesman* of Salem says, "Irving M. Scott would do exceedingly well as a candidate for Vice-President in case a man from Oregon may not be named." The Forest Grove *Times* says, "Every man in the United States is familiar with his name. Mr. Scott is eligible and popular." There are a full dozen more Oregon papers tha have taken a similar tune. In Utah that well known journal, the Salt Lake *Tribune* says:

"There is not a more typical American alive; not one with a higher sense of honor; not one who has been mentioned who so nearly represents the great mass of working Americans. He graduated from the university of an American machine shop, and when he left it with brain broadened and hands and eyes trained, he, from year to year, took new degrees until he made the platforms for heroes to immortalize themselves from, and so deft was his art that that while the heroes give glory to the platforms, the platforms added to the glory of the heroes. He built the 'Olympia,' and her guns sounded the opening notes of the great chorus out of which Admiral Dewey emerged immortal. He built the 'Oregon,' which took on more glory than ever attached to a ship before, and which, in storm and calm, in peace and war, made for herself a higher name than any ship ever won before, which, indeed, in its reflection gave to the United States a prestige never won by a ship before. Mr. Scott is a working man; his executive ability is of the highest order; he believes in expansion until American ships can do all that is needed in America's work."

The Ogden *Standard* of Utah under the capable management of Wm. Glassman, Esq., said—"His nomination would secure to McKinley the entire Pacific Coast electoral vote and would be a most merited recognition of the West.

Among the many lesser Utah jonrnals of the interior we will quote only from the Bichfield *Reaper* which said—"If it is possible to secure recognition of the West, Mr. Scott would be a popular choice. His nomination would unquestionably strengthen the ticket in the western states."

In Idaho the Boise City *Statesman* speaks as follows—"Mr. Scott grew up under influences that made honesty a cardinal feature of his character, and in anything he undertakes this character shines forth like a beacon light. He is a man of great ability, and the Coast would honor itself in presenting his name for the vice-presidency."

The Moscow (Idaho) *Mirror* says—"Mr. Scott has gained a national reputation on account of his being the builder of the famous battleships 'Oregon' and 'Olympia,' and as it is quite probable that the candidate for the vice-presidency will come from the West if the Coast States stand together, Mr. Scott can be nominated. As he is a clean man there could be no objections to him and strength could be gained for the ticket by his nomination."

The Blackfoot (Idaho) *Mail* endorses the Californian in these words—"Scott is the man for the West, and if we present ourselves in a united and unbroken phalanx we may command his nomination, for 'United we stand, divided we fall.'"

The Wood River *Times* of Hailey (Idaho) emphatically says of Mr. Scott—"No man possesses to a more eminent degree all the qualifications desirable in either a vice-president or a president of the United States."

We quote from two of Montana's best journals. The Great Falls (Montana) *Leader* says—"The West should have this position. The nomination of a man from this section will add to the strength of the ticket, and do much toward bringing back into the Republican ranks those states which four years ago drifted from their moorings. There are other Western men who have been mentioned for this place and who would be acceptable. Senator Wolcott is one of them and Senator Carter is another. The nomination of the latter would particularly please Montana, but with a practical assurance of another term in the Senate it is questionable whether the Senate would care for the nomination for vice-president. Anyhow, if all that is said by his friends about Mr. Scott is true, the Republican party will make no mistake in placing him upon its ticket."

The *Missoulian* of Missoula, Montana, says—"Mr. Scott has a national reputation, yet his name is not a household word; but mention the fact that he built the mighty 'Oregon,' the pride of the American navy, and no further introduction is necessary. Not a schoolboy or girl in the United States who hasn't heard of the 'Oregon.' To most public men and men of affairs in the United States Mr. Scott is known. He is a man of brains, a thorough business man, at the head of the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, a self-made man who has a right to feel as proud of his own design as his friends do. Should Mr. Scott receive the nomination he would be acceptable to all Republicans."

Up in the State of Washington where men do not do things by halves, Mr. Scott's endorsers are enthusiastic and earnest.

The *Washingtonian*, of Hoquiam, Wash., says—"Judge Bartlett Tripp, of South Dakota, is being boomed by Western politicians for the nomination of vice-president, but Pacific Coast people should see if the honor cannot come to them. Irving M. Scott, the great shipbuilder of San Francisco, is a probable candidate, and he would be worthy in every way."

The Chehalis *Bee-Nugget* Chehalis, Wash., says—'The Washington delegation is understood to favor Judge Tripp for the vice-presidency, but at the same time the nomination of so excellent a man as Irving M. Scott would cause hearty satisfaction on the Coast if it could be secured."

The Centralia *News* of Centralia, Wash., says—"This is an excellent selection. Mr. Scott is owner of the Union Iron Works and is a wealthy, respected citizen, besides being a man of splendid executive ability. Mr. Scott is a gentleman and would fill the high and responsible position with the utmost credit."

Other journals in Washington were equally favorable, and in the town of Moro his name was adopted for vice-president at the town Republican club. We cannot refrain from quoting from one more Washington journal, the Aberdeen *Bulletin*. It says—

"Under the new order of things we are entitled to the vice-presidential nomination and, in asking this, it is our policy to put forth a man with a national reputation. This man is Irving M. Scott, of California."

From Arizona, the *Daily Citizen*, of Tucson, says—"Irving M. Scott should be united upon by Western Republicans, and his nomination for vice-president will surely follow. The West should have a representative on the national ticket, and Irving M. Scott is the man."

The *Press* of Benson, Arizona, says—"No better man for a running mate for President McKinley could be found anywhere in the United States."

The *Oasis* of Nogales, Arizona, says among other things—"Mr. Scott would make an ideal candidate. * * * He is one of the great men of the country, and his nomination would be a credit to the party and add great strength to the ticket."

In California the Oakland *Enquirer* and *Tribune*, the Stockton *Independent*, Monterey *Cypress*, Placerville *Republican*, Santa Paula *Chronicle*, Chino Valley *Champion*, Auburn *Republican Argus*, the San Luis Obispo *Reascner*, the Rio Vista *News*, the Vacaville *Reporter*, the Red Bluff *People's Cause*, the Red Bluff *News*, the Alameda *Encinal*, the Morgan Hill *Sun*, the Paso Robles *Leader*, the Santa Clara *Journal*, the San Pedro *News*, the Los Gatos *Mail*, the Pomona *Times*, the Colton *News*, the Lakeport *Press*, the Santa Ana *Blade*, the Bridgeport *Chronicle-Un on*, the Ontario *Observer*, the Healdsburg *Tribune*, the Point Arena *Record*, and a long list of other journals have endorsed Mr. Scott in terms most flattering.

If you, as a Californian, have any interest in bringing this great honor to our state and fellow citizen, Irving M. Scott, it is your duty to urge our own delegation and those of our neighboring states to stand by the only western candidate who can in any sense be deemed a national candidate.

The Political Calamity Howler.

IT is a little sickening to rub up against the whining and doubting republican who has been taking his inspiration from the *Democratic Press*, and who pulls you to one side and whispers in the ear of secrecy his fears of the result next November, his fears of the "harm that Hanna may bring to the party," and his other contemptible, stupid, and profitless forebodings of "danger." He will vote the republican ticket at the next election—he knows it, you know it, and he knows you know it. He does not for a moment believe the slanders that have been heaped upon the administration by a reckless and despairing democracy. He does not believe that Mark Hanna is an ogre, or a rascal, or man who walks upon the neck of labor. In his own suspicious mentality he confesses that Hanna is a typical American, keen, aggressive, active and brimful of the kind of energy that has made America famous the world over. There is among mankind, however, a type of doubting Thomases who can not resist whining their pessimistic fears and auguries into your ears. The republican party is not free of them. These are the fellows who believe every yellow journal comet is going to strike the earth, and borrow trouble from the Sunday supplement that says "the sun's heat is gradually being exhausted."

Republicans may as well come to understand that the *Democratic Press* will never be satisfied with any candidate for president that the party may name, nor will they accept without criticism any chairman that may be selected to manage the republican campaign. Besides this republicans might just as well come to know that the *Democratic Press* will lie—and lie like Ananias about every party leader whose ability threatens the lurid and fantastic hope of Bryanism.

Mark Hanna is not the type of man the cartoonist and Democratic editor would have you believe, and the republican who takes opinions of his party leaders, at second hand, from a hostile press, and upon that opinion builds elaborate apprehensions of calamity is in need of state aid at the home for the feeble minded.

The coupling of Senator Hanna's name with trusts seems most to bother the man who looks at politics through blue spectacles. Dig down into the belly of any great American trust and you will find "leading Democrats" *hiding* away in the dark and sucking industriously at the nipple that draws sustenance from the masses. Recently, in New York the ice trust combined to cinch the people during the hot summer months. Mr. Hearst—who hopes to run on the ticket with Bryan—made up his mind that Hanna and some republicans were at the bottom of the threatened wrong. He bought stock in the Ice Trust and as a stockholder forced open the books of the concern to the public gaze, and uncovered Tammany and a dozen leading New York democrats who were all "opposed to trusts." Investigate the whiskey trust and the tobacco trust and you will find fattening upon their profits, the very democrats who are the loudest against their existence. The attention of the pessimistic republican is respectfully referred to the republican majority that the party rolled up in Oregon. It is an answer to every calamity howl.

Whatever else may be said of Governor Gage no one will charge him with having anything akin to fear in his makeup. He dares to do whatever may suggest itself to him as being the thing to do. Perhaps it is fortunate that he has been called upon to report the facts concerning the bubonic plague quarantine now on in Chinatown. If it be found that what is known as the Phelan Board of Health originated this scare without proper foundation, the Governor may, as befits the case, be expected to indulge in some strictures that will not be altogether pleasant to the gentleman who may be standing in proper perspective thereto.

One curious feature of this very curious bubonic plague that is charged up against us, is that so far as appears, no health board has yet discovered a *live* case of the plague. In every instance the supposed victim was dead when he or she came under the eye of the Board. Thereupon these gentlemen sharpened their knives, whittled off some gland tissue, and presently appeared with a "culture" declared to be the bubonic germ.

Governor Gage will be disappointing if he does not puncture some of the shams surrounding our plague.

COMMUNICATION.

Who Pays Bryan's Expenses?

"Editor *Wave*:—I have noted with some pleasure your criticisms of Mr. Bryan, though four years ago I would have resented them. Will you tell me who has been supporting Mr. Bryan for the past four years? Who has been paying his living and traveling expenses which must amount to more than five hundred dollars per month at a low estimate? This in the past three years would aggregate eighteen thousand dollars. If this man Bryan was the "peerless patriot" his hypnotized followers declare him to be, he would have withdrawn, for he is still young—and permitted Admiral Dewey to take the presidential nomination and be content with the second place himself. Four years from now he could try for first place. This is opinion of a Democrat.

Who *is* paying Mr. Bryan's expenses? Perhaps the silver mine owners are paying him an annual retainer—ostensibly for legal services but really for something else. Perhaps the Democratic whisky trust or tobacco trust have him upon their pay rools. He is not a chameleon—he cannot live on air, he cannot travel for nothing, his family must live meanwhile. The question is pertinent of Mr. Bryan as a public man who is claiming to be the apostle and exclusive representation of the great masses. It would be impertinent to ask the same question of any private citizen.

As to Mr. Bryan's retirement in favor of Mr. Dewey—no one who understands Mr. Bryan could for a moment imagine that the apostle of free silver would do any such thing. He is for Bryan. He has no second claim, no compromise candidate can sway him from his determined purpose of naming himself for President. Unselfish patriot that he is, he knows what "the people" want, and he is going to give it to them if parties, heroes, and the state itself topples and falls into a heap. He had rather be nominated a second time and drag the party to defeat than see another lead it to victory. He is made of the kind of stuff that leads the procession when the "good things" are being handed out. He is for Bryan and that square chin of his says he will "stay put."

F. L. S.

AN EXECUTION IN URUGUAY

The Prison Court.

The Condemned Appears.

The Death March.

The Firing Squad.

Making Ready.

The End.

THE BOXER DISTURBANCE.

The Present Crisis in China, and the Remarkable Woman who has Caused it.

THE Chines Empire has greater interest for the Pacific Coast of the United States than any other foreign country in the world. This statement is made without reservation and a little thought should convince anyone that is is true. We are nearer to that great, bursting, unopened land than any other Caucasian country on the globe. The route thither is reached by an uninterrupted waterway which gives a straight passage, without twists or turns, all the distance, and over an ocean which carries out its name—Pacific—by being the most safely navigable of all. This would matter little if China were a barren, uninhabited or savage country. But it is not. Everyone knows from his geography that it is the most thickly settled region on the earth. The inhabitants have enough civilization of their own sort to have need for European-made or European-cultivated products of all sorts. Moreover, their grade of civilization is just such as to require the goods manufactured or raised in America. Did they need Duchesse lace or kid gloves or paintings or carved ivories, the bulk of their trade would swing to the countries of skilful artisans—France, Germany, Italy. But they do not. They have advanced to the stage where they need staples and nothing more. Flour, sugar, cotton goods, above all, machinery, cover the list of their present wants. And these are the very things which the United States can give them. As matters are running at present, pending the Construction of the Nicaragua Canal, the goods must pass by way of Pacific Coast ports—San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Vancouver. By the same line of reasoning, it is apparent that products raised or manufactured on the Pacific Coast can be shipped much more easily, since the railway tolls will be correspondingly less. But from whatever section the goods come, whether from the Pacific Slope, from the Middle West, from the Atlantic States, the transfer from railroad to ship, involving a good part of the cost of shipping, must be made at some Pacific Coast port. No matter how affairs eventuate, the Pacific Coast is the principal beneficiary of any extension of the China trade. All this has been stated so often that it is almost axiomatic. It must be repeated again and again until Pacific Coast merchants and exporters realize the opportunity that is before them.

Figures prove that this is no dream. The awakening of China is most evidently at hand; the awakening of the United States, so far as Oriental trade is concerned, began May 1, 1898, with the first gun fired at Manila Bay. On paper, we now control ten per cent of the Chinese import trade, as against five per cent five years ago. In reality, counting the trade which goes through Hongkong and is not included in the official totals and the American goods resold through France, England, Germany and Japan, the figures come to fifteen per cent. In figures, we are ahead of Germany, France, Russia and Italy, and yield only to Japan and England, but if Formosa, a Japanese dependency since the Eastern war, is left out of the question, then we lead them all except England. Five or six years ago, we were the last of the bunch.

This is only another way of saying that the present Boxer disturbance, which evidently precludes the division of China among the European Medes and Persians, affects the Pacific Coast almost as intimately and vitally as would a domestic war. Under those circumstances a summary of the Chinese situation, so far as it is known, is of surpassing interest at the present time. It is not a complete story, at its best. No court in the world is better at keeping its business to itself than that of Pekin. There is the natural Chinese deceit to take into account, and the "public be damned" policy traditional with the Tartan dynasty. There are no newspapers in China to pry into the affairs of government and no access of the private citizen to the court; moreover, there is a strict and effectual remedy, which affects the neck, for over-curious persons. On top of this, there are the continual intrigues of the various European nations, waiting, like coyotes around a wounded buffalo, to divide the carcass when it falls. Part of their campaign lies in the circulation of false reports. Finally, the newspaper correspondents in the yellow kingdom are so far from home that sensational reports cannot be denied and run to earth, and they have undoubtedly taken advantage of this to stretch the truth in their own direction. We must sift some things from a mass of conflicting testimony, we must make reasonable guesses at other things, and where both of these tests fail, we must make the most reasonable guess.

It is a story which goes a long way back, if you begin at the beginning—back to the early Chinese civilization which was flourishing when our ancestors were gibbering in the trees. It involves the long war against the Tartars, which ended by a victory for that race and in the occupation of the Chinese throne by an alien race without interest in the governed class. Corresponding to this feeling in the rulers, came a wasting away of patriotism in the masses. Chinese civilization began to petrify some ten centuries ago, and the only perceptible change in the period which has since elapsed lay in this slowly growing indifference of the two classes. It cannot be called antagonism; it is too weak a feeling for that. The conservatism which comes with national petrifaction is the sole cause for the continued existence of the Tartar dynasty. The Chinese obeyed them and their deputies because they had always obeyed; that was reason enough. The rulers aided and abetted this feeling by lopping off every head which could think for itself. Let a Chinaman but rise above the masses to display individuality, and his life paid the forfeit.

European interference, beginning with the suppression of the pirates along the coast, some half-century ago, was the beginning of China's awakening. From that time to this, the European powers have been steadily working for footholds, and "spheres of influence" in China. Yet so slow was their progress, that it is only within the last decade tha they have produced any impression at all. In these ten years, a perceptible change has taken place. Railroads have been accepted in some of the more easily accessible portions; mines have been opened to modern methods, even the telegraph lines and tram cars have pushed their way in. The demand for European-made goods has been phenomenal, considering previous conditions. In provinces and sections where no white man had ever been before them, recent explorers have found the manufactured articles on display in the shop windows. In the ten years from 1889 to 1899, China made greater advancement, as we measure advancement, than in the ten centuries between 889 and 1889. In the year 1899, she made greater progress than in any other year of that decade of light.

The chief agent in this progress was Kwang Su, the Emperor. He was placed on the throne as a boy about ten years ago. The former Emperor died without issue; Kwang Su was the nephew. The Dowager Empress, wife of the old ruler, administered affairs during his minority. In the early years of her reign, a good part of her advisers became touched with Europeanism, and their influence furthered the ear of enlightenment which then seemed about to dawn. This remarkable woman, powerful, designing and unscrupulous as she is, seemed at first to pay little attention to this new departure, seemed, in fact, to be mildly in favor of it. Yet the reformers knew that her natural affiliation lay with the conservatives, therefore, they directed their attention to the young Emperor, in whom, they felt, lay the chance for fulfillment of their hopes. First, they managed to break the court system of the Empire sufficiently to get him under the influence of European tutors and of progressive Chinese advisers. This accomplished, they threw in their power with his party as opposed to that of the Empress. One year ago, a diplomatic coup was executed, whereby the Emperor was given control of things and the Dowager was relegated to private life. Had Kwang Su been a man of force and initiatative, he might have saved China then and there. But he is a logical product of centuries of inbreeding. The degenerate blood of kings is thin in his veins. Diseased, inefficient and less than mediocre he was guided and moulded by his advisers. For six month, European progress went ahead at a racing pace. Railroad franchises and mining grants were given in bunches; throughout the world the impression grew that the awakening of China was close at hand.

Then, all of a sudden, the situation changed. How the old Empress regained her control, no one knows. But in one week, she had seized the reins of government, deposed Kwang Su and made him a prisioner in her palace, and set another child from a remote branch of her family, upon the throne. This was followed by an edict against the reform party which sent its leaders flying for their lives, by the annulment of franchises and by the return to strict conservatism. The very orders for modern arms, by which the progressive party had hoped to make China a first-class power, were annulled, and the army returned to bamboo cannon and halberds. That the Empress is not really intensely non-progressive is the belief of many who have studied thia remarkable woman and her policy. Unscrupulous, ambitious, caring only for her own aggrandizement, she has taken her stand because her own tenure of power lies in a support of the non-progressive element. It is the ambition of one woman which has caused all this trouble. For her, the warships of the Powers have been hurried into Taku harbor for her the lawless element is murdering and pillaging in the middle kingdom.

When the edict against reformers was published, six persons were specially mark for execution. Four fled, and two were caught. One of the four, Tom Tse Tong, returned to die under circumstances particularly dramatic. He was a Christian and a devoted reformer. He heard a boast from the other party that none of the Emperor's party was patriot enough to die for the cause of reform. He went back to Pekin, saying; "Let my head go for China. My blood shall be shed for progress." And he submitted to the axe. Others in lesser places were executed or driven out, and every official suspected of progressive leanings paid for his opinions with his office. By the end of March, China, so far as the government was concerned, was as she was in the year 1000.

Securely settled in power, the Empress began to scheme to rid herself of the hated foreigners who had done their best to favor her nephew and his part. A crusade against the whites under the support of the government, she saw to be impossible. Even she knew that halberds and bamboo cannon stood no chance against rifles and rifled cannon. The Japanese war, if nothing else, taught her that. On all sides were the European powers and their "spheres of influence," working against her party, striving for progress. With direct means impossible, she chose the indirect method characteristic of the Oriental. The father of her latest puppet-emperor is head of a great Chinese secret society, known to Europeans as the "Boxers," or in Chinese, the Ye-Ho-Chuan Tong. It is an organization founded about two hundred years ago with the highest moral and patriotic purposes, but, like the highbinder tongs of San Francisco, it fell from grace and its high estate and degenerated into an aggregation of thugs and murderers. They called this power into play. The regulations which had bound the Boxers were loosened, and emissaries and leaders were sent among them to stir their lawless spirit against the Europeans and the missionaries. At the same time, the government officials and the heads of provinces were warned that the mobs must be only nominally opposed. The organization arose almost at once. With their ranks swelled by the lawless and turbulent, they swept on Pekin, robbing, burning, tearing up the improvements of the "foreign devils" and murdering Christians. The possible outcome is a matter of the history now being made in the Middle Kingdom of China.

Through all this tangle, one catches little glimpses and suggestions of this remarkable character. What are the means by which she holds her power? All the others of those influential and unscrupulous women running down the course of history have held power through the appeal of woman's beauty to man's passion. Even Catherine de Medici, with no beauty of her own, held and corrupted the court of France by the beauties with whom she surrounded herself. But the Dowager Empress, sixty-six years of age and never beautiful even in youth, must rule by something beyond sex-attraction. If she has not brains, she must have behind her someone with that commodity in plenty. That she is not a far-reaching, far-seeing mistress of affairs, is proved by her short-sighted policy in turning her fanatics loose on the Europeans when that action means concerted pressure by the Powers and the downfall of her empire. That she, or the person who does her thinking, is supreme in the narrow range of Chinese internal diplomacy is proved by the clever manner in which she has twice worked things into her own hands. So closely guarded are China's state secrets, that we may never know the true story of her double coup, but we know enough to say that her character and her place in the century's history are entirely unique.

J. V. STETSON.

Before the Great White Wall.

How the Little South American Republic of Uruguay Deals With Red Handed Crime.

THE Republics of South America do not possess the highest reputation for the conviction of their criminals, but there is certainly one of them which seeks to bring to justice the perpetrators of all classes of deeds of darkness. This is Uruguay.

Of course, in a sparsely settled country, such as of Uruguay, the arrest of a criminal is really a hard matter, but once within the toils his case is handled as an example. This is specially noticed in the case where murderers have been brought to justice during the present administration of affairs in the Republic.

There was a special instance of swift-winged justice but a few months ago which will serve to show the manner in which the passing of a murderer is used to impress upon others what their fate will be should they dare to duplicate the crime.

In one of the provinces, not far from Montevideo, a Uruguayan named Chauces had committed a particularly brutal murder. There was a long chase after him owing to his protection by the people of the interior, who harbored him and as far as possible threw the officers off the scent. By almost an accident he was captured and his punishment came swiftly. There was no long drawn trial, there was no stay of proceedings while experts passed on Chauces' sanity. He was tried before one court, declared guilty, and sentenced to the great white wall. Now, this in itself does not mean much, but the white wall is as much a feature of the Latin Republics as are their churches. Before it the prisoner stands or sits, in front of him a file of infantry lines up, there is a command to fire, a quick report, a puff of smoke and all is over. Scientists say that it is more merciful than hanging. At any rate, it is more impressive than the modern methods, at least in the manner of its handling in Uruguay, and the officials there maintain that this very impressiveness is useful as an object lesson.

It was a bright, beautiful morning which was to see the passing of Chauces. His taking off was to occur in the court yard of the penitentiary at Montevideo. Early, indeed, was the hour set for the execution but not too early for the people who had received the privilege of witnessing it. Outside the gates they were already waiting. Inside the courtyard all was silence and sunshine. The walls about had received a fresh coat of white, but for all that the spot where the tragedy was to occur could be easily distinguished by the many indentations made by bullets which had missed their mark on former occasions of the kind.

The time was up and the spectators were admitted, many of them to the upper gallery, while a favored few came to the ground floor of the prison. It was a quiet assembly, over which floated the cloud of tobacco smoke which marks any South American gathering. There were conversations but they were quietly held as the crowd divided into groups. Some examined the white wall and had a tale to tell of previous executions; others crowded about the chair of death—for Urugauyan criminals are executed while seated. Physicians told of slowly dying criminals who had lingered in their hands so long that another volley became necessary. Other executions were discussed, and even the possibility of Chauces dying hard became a topic. At last there was a movement at the end of the court. It was the guard coming to clear the way for the walk to death. Slowly they filed in forming two lines along the narrow court. The clink of their guns as they brought them to an order echoed and re-echoed through the hollow space. Then from the farther end there came through the silence the hum of a man's voice. Nearer and nearer it approached until its words

Continued on page 6.

Things & People.

Oriental Trade Again.

SO far as I know, I am the only person mixed with the newspaper business in California, who has continually and consistently tried to impress upon his fellows the importance of using the advantages now opened up for us in the Oriental trade. I have said, in this connection, that the Californians are strangely sleepy-apathetic in the matter, that their neglect is something little less than criminal, and I have got myself rather severely criticized therefore. Now listen to what an absolutely impartial outsider has to say. I quote from George F. Becker's article, "Are the Philippines Worth Having?" in the June *Scribner's*—an article worth reading, every line of it, by the way— "The Philippines cannot prosper without having a strong effect on the States of the Union which front upon the Pacific Ocean. In spite of a fine climate and great natural wealth, those States have languished as compared with those on the Atlantic coast, and it is manifest that the great obstacle to their prosperity has been a lack of commerce. Even five and twenty years ago the relation between the Pacific States and the Philippine Islands was so evident to that clear-minded traveller, F. Jagor, that he predicted the ultimate annexation of the Philippines to this country." Rather a plain statement, but a just one. Any Californian who looks matters squarely in the face has to agree that the state has never prospered in proportion to its resourc s. And now that the one thing necessary is added, there is only one, lone journalist to point the way to sectional prosperity!

***

That is not the only notable utterance in the article, however. There is another which should be blazoned on every Republican campaign banner, printed in every Republican tract, in the coming election season. For the author has found the truest and best reason for national expansion, and he has expressed it at its lowest terms—"For my own part I look to the influence of our new dependencies for benefits far transcending mere commercial prosperity. As human beings fail to develop their best qualities until the inarticulate appeals of children touch their hearts, so it would appear to me that nothing so improves the character of a nation as responsibility for the weal or woe of dependent peoples, who, in large measure at least, are at the mercy of the suzerain.

***

"It appears to me one of the clearest inductions from history that British politics have been purified by colonial responsibilities; that the ablest men and the cleanest men in Britain have been drawn into unselfish service of the state by the interest attaching to the development of the Empire, and the dangers attending it; that a realization of the contemptible meanness of dealing unjustly with inferiors has quickened the national sense of public honor and raised it to a standard unknown elsewhere; that in dealing unselfishly with plagues and famines, in bringing peace and prosperity to millions of human beings, the character of the whole race has been improved, until over vast areas of civilization (on the word of an Englishman) is equivalent to an affirmation. I am not eulogizing the British; I am well aware of their many faults, but I defy anyone to show that the vast improvement which has taken place in the English character, public and private, during the last hundred years, is not, in very great measure, due to the efforts made to deal honorably with the dependencies of the Empire." Is this not the last word to be said on expansion?

***

An American Engineer in China.

THE Boxer agitation in China and the danger surrounding all Europeans within the zone of disturbance will cause some anxiety regarding the fate of Bert Hoover, a young and rising mining engineer well known in California. His headquarters are near Tien-Tsin, the center of trouble, and it is known that a party of eleven mining men with headquarters there are missing and cannot be located. Hoover is a Stanford University man who graduated from that institution with the class of '95. Since then, he has risen so rapidly in his profession of mining engineer that he is pointed out by the Stanford faculty as the highest-salaried man on its list of alumni. After leaving college, Hoover worked for awhile as a mine laborer, learning the practical details of the business. His chance came when an English syndicate sent to him for a report on some California properties. Hoover's work was so eminently satisfactory that he was given a position in the company's mines at Coolgardie, Australia. There he rose almost at once to the position of resident superintendent, and proved a valuable man. A little over a year ago, the company secured some valuable tracts in China, and Hoover was commissioned to open them. He made a flying trip to this country to marry Miss Louise Henry, whom he had known in college, and took her with him to his new charge. If he is, as feared, among the lost party, it is a short ending to a most brilliant career.

***

Pruning the Berkeley Faculty.

IF the newspaper accounts are to be believed, President Wheeler of the University of California is proceeding to carry out his avowed intention of clearing out the superannuated stock in the Berkeley faculty. It is not a pleasant task for the head of a great college to dispense with men who have faithfully served the institution for years and decades, but it is a task which must be performed if the University of California is to be ranked as a modern institution. All too many of the educators in high places belong to a cult of teaching now out of date, no matter how efficient they may have been in their day and generation. When Mrs. Hearst and others set out to put new life into the University, this was the first task they staked out for the new president. I have no doubt that Wheeler is about to act, and act in the direction indicated by the daily newspaper reports. There will doubtless be some trouble. It is a weakness in the administration of a state supported college that the legislators and the public believe it their right to interfere. But change is inevitable, and I believe that Wheeler will have the backbone to steer a straight course and carry out his intentions.

***

As for Professor Joseph LeConte, he is in a class by himself. No man has ever done so much to give the University standing for scholarship at home and abroad as the venerable philosopher of Berkeley. By long odds, he has been the greatest, in work and service, of California's older group of educators. It would be ungrateful of the University to turn him out now, in his old age. Yet LeConte's days of active service as a teacher or director of a department are over. Plainly, he is too old for such work. His influence as a power in college life and in independent work is not yet done, however, and if it were, his past services should insure him a living from the institution. I am sure that some way can be arranged to give the venerable "Joe" a permanent living and an honorary professorship. I am sure that this, rather than absolute dismissal, is the intention of President Wheeler. Some of the best work of Agassiz was done after he retired from active teaching, and occupied just such a position at Harvard; nor are Agassiz and Harvard alone in this experience.

***

San Francisco and the Boxers.

THERE is no doubt that China is in for a period of disturbance more or less severe, whether or no this latest crash means the overthrow of the existing state of things in China. San Francisco is likely to have a part in making Chinese history. It is reported that two of the three reform leaders who fled from China before the wrath of the Empress are in hiding in Chinatown, making it their headquarters while they spread their doctrines. It seems reasonable enough. Of all the countries where the Chinese have emigrated and founded colonies of their own, this is the one which grants the greatest liberty and opportunity for free action. Besides, it is the largest Chinese city outside of China proper, the place where an exiled Chinaman desiring to keep the greatest possible amount of influence among his people would naturally settle. If the reformers are here, languishing in quarantine, they are likely to take advantage of the present crisis to begin an agitation among their brethren, and we may have a little Boxer disturbance of our own among the highbinder element in Chinatown.

***

The World's Gold Output.

ONE result of the favorable outcome of the British Boer war will be the corralling of the world's gold supply by the Anglo-Saxon peoples. When South Africa and the Rand mines pass absolutely into the hands of the British, England and America will hold all the large gold-bearing tracts of the world. South Africa and Australasia as well as the Klondike region of Alaska will be in the hands of the English. The Americans control the great output of the West, Colorado in especial, and the Cape Nome goldfields, which give the greatest promise of any on earth. Outside of these rich tracts, there are no heavy gold-producing lands to speak of. The Rand region was ahead of all the others by many millions last year, with Colorado second, Klondike third, and Australasia and American Alaska a poor fourth and fifth. This year the war has slightly changed matters. The Boers have been working the Rand mines for their own purposes. To what extent this has been done is not certain, but that this year's output will go many millions below the average is an assured fact. The output from the Rand in 1899 was $68,000,000, it can hardly reach half that sum in 1900. On the other hand, estimates of the Klondike clean-up, based on the "dirt" carried over the winter, put the total at $25,000,000, or within a million of Colorado's figures last year. As for Nome, its output is still problematical, and the estimate of $10,000,000 is a palpable guess.

***

A Juvenile Crime.

THE youngest bank-robber in the world has just shown himself. He made a deposit in a bank in order that he might acquaint himself with its methods, studied the problem out with fiendish deliberation, went that night, broke open the vault, and ran away to spend the results in dissipation. His act, becoming public, caused a run on the bank which shook its financial stability and came near to bringing about its ruin. The young criminal was afterwards arrested in New York, where all this happened, and brought to justice. He was only eight years old! This is no newspaper "Sunday Story." It is a fact. The facts are as follows: Joey Smith is, was, a newsboy, brought up on the streets, a waif without home and without much family. Some time ago, he fell within the sphere of the University settlement, lured thither by tales of Christmas trees and summer picnics. He had a bad reputation as a thief, and the ladies of the settlement started in to correct the tendency. He was encouraged to earn his money by legitimate means and to save it. The good ladies felt that their work had not been in vain when he appeared, one day, with three cents which he asked to be allowed to deposit in the Penny Provident Bank, an institution run for the benefit of the settlement children. The deposit was taken, entered and deposited in the cash drawer which serves as a vault, but there was no joy among the angels that night, for Joey was watching to see how the drawer was operated! He then concealed himself in the cellar and, as soon as banking hours were over and the coast was clear, he made a sortie and took out a five-dollar bill, representing the receipts for one day, all but a few cents. When the lady cashier opened shop next morning, she discovered and reported the theft. The news traveled through the corps of depositors in the Penny Provident like chain lightning. Immediately, there ensued a run which would have shaken the institution off its foundations had not the cashier come forward and offered to make good the loss pending the thief's capture. This was accomplished later by the police, but small good it did her, because Joey had left only thirty-eight cents of the original sum. The rest had gone for peanuts, stick-candy, soda-water, theatre-tickets, a small pistol, and a pack of gold-tipped cigarettes. So hardened was the young criminal that he expressed no remorse, only a fierce joy that he had spent all but thirty-eight cents before he was caught. The chief of police tried to awaken his conscience. "Joey," he said before committing him, "Aren't you ashamed to steal money from these ladies, were so good to you?" "A-a-h, gwan!" answered the bank-robber, "Whatcher givin' us? I could a staid at deir house till I croaked an' never had dat much fun!"

BOSWELL, JR.

BEFORE THE GREAT WHITE WALL.

Con. from page 6.

could be shaped into the prayers for the dead. Everyone knew that the end was near. There are no painful waits in this fatal ceremony.

Up at the end of the court appeared two black-robed priests preceded and followed by a guard. Between them marched the murderer. There was no hesitation nor was there bravado in his actions. He was simply going for his last walk and seemed to take it as a matter of course.

No special change came over the spectators beyond a peering on the part of some to catch a closer glimpse of the condemned. For the most part they watched the soldiers more closely than they did Chauces. Between the lines of infantry the procession slowly moved through the entire length of the sunny court-yard. One of the group was passing through the sunshine for the last time, yet he seemed not to be mindful of the fact. At the further end the chair was reached and back of it the light glared on the scarred white wall. Once as he caught sight of this chair for the first time did Chauces seem to hesitate, but with arms linked into that of the faithful priest he was borne on. The padre's voice had dropped to a murmur, and the end of the walk had come. Two officials quickly seated Chauces, binding him deftly against the high-backed chair. One priest had stepped aside, but the other had remained steadfast at his post holding a crucifix before the eyes of the doomed man, until his sight was cut off by the placing of a black bandage over them, the priest meanwhile uttering prayers for his salvation.

A sharp voice rang out calling the names of five of the assembled soldiers. The men so summoned stepped to the front, formed in a squad and quickly marched to their position. Not a hesitation, not a moment's delay. So easily was it all done that one might have judged that the scene had been rehearsed. One last instant did the priest remain by the murderer's side, then quickly stepped back. Hardly had this man of the church passed beyond the line of fire, when the command rang out to prepare. A moment of suspense, and the order to fire followed. There was the "ping" of five Remingtons, the spatter of one stray bullet against the great white wall, a gush of blood from the neck of the figure in the death chair, a relaxation of the figure's muscles as the head dropped to one side, and the end had come. The quick examination by the prison physician showed that Chauces' death was instantaneous. The firing squad had done its work well and was already moving back to its place in the ranks.

About the horrid figure in the chair the crowd thronged while near at hand the two padres with bowed heads still continued their intercession for the salvation of the departed soul. Their supplication ended, the priests slowly retraced their steps between the long lines of soldiers, following the same rout by which they had come, when instead of two there had walked three abreast. One of them had passed into the great beyond. One of them had passed into the great beyond, his life a forfeit to avenging justice.

From a scarcely perceptible murmur the voices of the spectators rose to ordinary tones, fresh cigarettes were lighted, and one by one they passed out of the court, leaving the prison attendants to perform the final work of unloosening the body and preparing it for burial.

Such is the end which is meted out to murderers in Uruguay. The great white wall at the end of Montevideo's prison court reflects back the glittering sunshine as it awaits the next to be condemned.

DOUGLAS WHITE.

1. A Small Offender. 2. Express Packages. 3. The Milkman. 4. A Conversation Across the Ropes. 5. No Admittance. 6. A Deserted Street. 7. The Barb-Wire Barricade. 8. Work for the Force. 9. They Refuse to be Photographed.

Photos by W. F. Street.

Scenes Outside the Chinatown Quarantine Lines, San Francisco.

THE CAMARINES CAMPAIGN.

Vivid Description of Bates' Trip to Southern Luzon.

IN a recent issue of the New York *Sun*, one of their special correspondents in the Philippines sends an interesting account of the taking of the two Camarines provinces, North and South, by General Bates and 2300 troops of the volunteer army. The Camarines were the last provinces to hold out against American occupation. The men were, it will be remembered, quietly conveyed down the coast by transports and gunboats, and took the province and the town of Nueva Carceres with little trouble. A landing was made on San Miguel Bay, the men being rowed ashore in small boats. The narrative continues:

When the first boats were cast off by the Baltimore they rowed inshore to a strip of black, damp-looking earth about twenty yards wide which ran into firm, green turf. This strip the men took to be the beach. They had no idea what it was. The boats went through the slight surf and ran into this black strip. The fact that the boats, heavily laden as they were, went to the very edge of this strip, where it met the water, did not warn anybody of the character of this "beach."

"Now, men, jump out," sang out an officer, and the men jumped. The first jump produced an exclamation and a sensation, neither of which is reproducible in print. The man who jumped was a long, tall, strong man. He had on his belt with 150 rounds, his haversack with three days' rations and forty rounds more, his blanket rolls and his canteen. He had his rifle in his hands. When he struck the black shiny "beach" there was a splash of this slimy mud and down he went over his knees in the nasty stuff. No feeble "Hully gee" or "Gee whiz" or even a seemingly forceful "Damn it," conveys any impression whatever of what he said. No telegraph or cable company could transmit it with safety to the wires. When it has been in cold storage a great many years it may have cooled down enough to be reproduced in silhouette. It is conjectured that the shot which was fired from his boat was set off by the friction of his remark passing near the rifle which went off. But the shot was a good thing. The most noticeable fact about our men out here is their irrepressible tendency to go toward the fire which happens to be directed at them.

Just as soon as that shot was fired some fellow let out a yell that the "gugus" were firing at them. The effect was instantaneous. The men who had been looking at the mud but a moment before with anything but desire to get into it, hopped out of the boats on all sides and began splashing toward the turfy shore line. Some of them fired as they went, the order having been given not to fire unless fired at. That is always interpreted to mean, "shoot back as quickly as you can." So in two minutes the men were out of the boats, that is nearly all of them. There were a few, and some officers, who had not been excited by the firing, and they deliberately pulled off their clothes and waded ashore with their bundles in their arms.

On the whole it was a great landing. No one on the part of the army out here remembers anything like it. It isn't at all likely to be repeated here. Why the insurgents didn't attack when our men were so helpless in the mud nobody knows. It is simply another to be added to the great number of excellent chances to stop us which they have let slip.

Nueva Carceres is twenty-five miles from the bay, up a shallow river. This, while it was practicable for the gunboats, would not admit the cruisers or transports of deeper draught. The gunboats accordingly slid up the stream, while the troops made a forced march in two columns, hoping to take the town unawares. In this, they were unsuccessful; they entered without resistance and found that the birds had flown.

By Tuesday afternoon, when the news came that the Americans were advancing from Calabanga and Barceloneta, on each side, Nueva Carceres was pretty well deserted by all who intended to get out. There were left the few who meant to risk themselves to the mercies of the despoilers, mostly Chinese, with a very few Spaniards, the Paulist fathers in their seminary, the Sisters of Charity in their convent, the one Englishman, who was having more fun than he had since the row began, and two or three Germans. Besides these, there were the fighting men. Antonio Guevara was in command. He is a braggart coward, who was one of the most active insurgent whips in the early days of organization in '98. He traveled pretty much all over the southern provinces urging the people to rise and defend themselves and their homes against the unrighteous invaders. He stimulated local valor with tales of the wonderful prowess of the Filipino and the craven-heartedness of the American. But when he heard the other day that the dastards had actually struck at both sides of his town at once, he threw himself face down in the dust in the street in front of the Englishman's house and wept aloud. This man was a Colonel, or had been. But when we went to Albay he promoted himself to General and belched forth fire and slaughter and divers dreadful things. His crown was withered leaves now, however, and he didn't choose it any longer. He had between 300 and 400 men armed with rifles and about 1500 others armed with bolos, bows and arrows, and lances made of bamboo with iron heads. Guevera is a Tagal, and his riflemen were of his own tribe. The other poor devils were Bicols. Some of them had been impressed into the army and served against their will, but many of them were willing enough, and such was their faith in their leaders that they actually believed they could withstand the Krag rifle with their foolish weapons of long-gone centuries.

Next in command to Guevara was Pena, an intransigeant scoundrel who has committed too many atrocities to dare to submit himself to the Americans, though he would like very much to be out of his present fix. He, like his chief, had promoted himself after the remnants of the once effective insurgent government had been shattered in the north last fall. Once he was a Major, but now he calls himself Colonel. The whole South Camarines province is full of the tales of the bloody things he has done. He has killed Spaniards and Chinese apparently for the mere sport of the killing with the savage joy of an Apache or a Piute. I have seen scores of letters from him to different Chinese demanding money in sums ranging all the way to $5,000. He is a Tagal, and associated with him is young Eduardo Robles, another Tagal, and as smooth-faced a scoundrel as ever seduced a woman or cheated a hangman.

Well, Guevara was out of it as soon as our men were on solid ground twenty miles and more away. The very minute that his paralyzing fright left him so that he recovered the use of his legs, he got them a-straddle of a pony, and ran the beast for forty miles. The other coward, Robles, ran with him, and the Mindora mestizo, Adolfo Sans, who rejoiced in the title of lieutenant-colonel and was military secretary for Guevara, as oleaginous and vile-faced a ruffian as any frey who ever violated his vows, went also. That left Pena in command. In spite of Gen. Wheaton's contemptuous classification of the Tagals as hounds, because "they wont stand up to be shot," there are some of them who have some courage. Pena seems to have thought himself to be one of these. At any rate, he stayed in Nueva Carceres that night when all the rest of the high officers ran away. He had a thousand bolomen and flecheros—men armed with bows and arrows—drawn up in the street in front of the house where flew the huge flag of the one Englishman in the place, and at intervals all night long he harangued them on their traditional valor and their ancestral fighting ability and how they would rid the fertile earth of its American incumbrance, and a few other choice sentiments of similar purport. He spent some time rocketting about the town and visiting his forces of riflemen. To one not used to them it would have looked very warlike, but the Englishman knew them and how fast and easily they can run. Also he knew that they have no outpost of their own to look out for. The unarmed amigo, the peaceful whelp who hangs out in the field and greets you with a grin, then looks for a chance to bolo you in the back, looks out for that sort of thing. He gives the alarm when the time comes and then trundles out to meet the Americans and saves his skin by being an amigo.

The force swept inland, trying to find and cut off the main insurgent body. At the town of Libmanon, they sent forward their native guide to interview the President and ask if there were any insurgents in the village.

Suddenly the column was halted. The guide had come running back. They were within a thousand yards of the town. He ran up to the Colonel and exclaimed: "Quiere combate, quiere combate." (He wants to fight.) He was badly frightened, and as soon as he had delivered his message he got to the rear and under cover.

Before the men had time to guess what it was all about they were deploying through the rice at the sides of the road. Deliberately but not slowly, B company, ninety men strong, swung off to the right and spread out in a thin line through the grain that rose almost to the arms of the men. A company went to the left of the road. The advance guard was strengthened and deployed across the broad road, the rear guard was called in a little and then they went forward. It was like a spectacle on the stage done with the precision of a play-actor's drill. Nobody knew where the insurgents were. Half a mile down the fields towards town some heads could be seen occasionally bobbin gut of the tall rice. That was all.

The men had advanced perhaps fifty yards when a line of heads rose from the rice well in advance and there came a volley, Mausers and Remington mixed. That was our order to begin firing. We have lost good men out here by waiting for the other fellows to open the fight, but we are conducting war on the humanitarian basis, whatever that is, and we must never shoot except in self-defence. The men fired at will. The ground over which they were advancing was so soggy and uneven and the tall rice so impeded their movements that it was not possible to advance and fire volleys at the same time, and it was better to go ahead than to fire volleys.

The intensity of the fire of our men is a never ending marvel to me, and the great wonder of it is that when they fire at will there is so little of it that is random. Almost every man has a good notion of the general location of the enemy and puts his bullets pretty close to the mark. Now, because they could see that their enemies were in the rice ahead of them, but could not tell how far away they might be, our men shot low and very fast, and the bullets cut through the rice with a terrifying swish. It was fifteen minues past 5 o'clock when the fight began. As our men went forward they saw that their line was not long enough on the right, the insurgents were outflanking us. There was no help for it. We had all the men on the line that could be put there and so our extreme right simply dropped behind ever so little and gave it to the men who were running around that end. After all it wasn't so much an effort to turn our flank as it was to escape from our terrific fire.

Orders to the rear guard were to look out for the wounded, and almost at the start they had work to do. Lieut. Galleher, the battalion adjutant, who was with the point, was hit in the groin very early, and other men were soon brought back to the road for the care of the surgeons. The bullets whistled down the road very unpleasantly, but the work was done as if there were no such thing as bullets. The steady advance of the line never let up. Wherever a head appeared above the rice half a hundred men shot at it on the instant. It got so that the men held their fire looking for the insurgents to show themselves. They realized that they had their enemy in a trap. It was very hard for a man to get out of the rice without rising up, and very few who showed themselves got away. The first volley from the insurgents had been pretty well delivered, but after they had tried their old tactics of holding their guns above their heads and blazing away in the general direction of our line, their Remington smoke was a deadly telltale for many of them. Wherever it rose a hail of Krag bullets followed. On our left the advance of the men was extremely difficult because the ground was so soft. In thick, sticky mud and tall grain a man with fifty pounds slung on him and trying to work a rifle cannot get along very fast. So Capt. Kelly—Yellowstone Kelly, Jed Crook's old scout—ordered his men to cease firing and try to get along faster. But the rifles only tangled in the rice, and not much of an improvement was made, not enough to pay for letting the insurrectos shoot at the men without return, so he set the guns going again.

By this time more than half of the field had been covered and we were getting close enough to town to see that they were firing from the church towers and from some of the larger buildings. There was also a stone wall to go over before we got in and behind that some of the more courageous were still staying and trying to keep up a show of fire. Now, however, we struck our first real business with bolo men. These fellows and a lot of flecheros were lying in the rice wating for our men to come in range. Fanaticism, foolishness or just plain ignorance, whatever it was that actuated them, many a man of them went to his death as steadily as the flower of the trained armies of civilization. Some of the bolo men feigned death and as our men came close to them, paying little attention, they rose and rushed them with their murderous knives. Bayonets had not been fixed and if the bullets did not end the attack it was the clubbed rifle many times. The flecheros did not wait so long and, strange to say, they did more damage than the bolos. They wounded three Americans with their arrows and only one man was cut with a bolo.

American Artillery Entering Nueva Carceres.

Fodder from Outside the Town.

Scenes in Central Mexico, Photographed by Oscar Maurer.

Copyright.

NEW YORK.

The Revival of the Chaperon.

LONDON.

Dramatic Gossip from the British Metropolis.

NEW YORK.

THE East has prevailed against the West; the pendulum has swung again. Chaperons have come back into favor. If you are a chaperon yourself, you will probably call it disfavor, because it means much work and watching for the lady who has passed her frivol-time and is lending the balance of respectability to society. Last year, it was different. 'Twas the fashion to give girls their liberty, and they golfed, rode, and walked with men pretty much as they pleased. But the young girls have hardly shown themselves worthy of the trust in them reposed, therefore the fashion has changed and the lines of chaperonage are being more and more closely drawn with the passage of the days.

In the East the chaperon has always been a more important figure than in any other part of the country, but now her sway is making itself felt more and more throughout the West, and is becoming more insistent even on its native heath. The fact is probably the result of a revulsion of feeling, a protest against the rather startling unconventionality of the new girl, and as such is a tribute to the underlying common sense of modern mothers. A young girl is still a young girl, even though she rides a wheel and plays golf and goes in for slum work and has a deep-rooted conviction that she knows more about life than her mother even dreamed. From time immemorial, the young girl has been an uncertain quantity in matters of discretion, and modern educational methods, while extending the problems, do not seem to have increased the discretion in due proportion.

To the conscientious chaperon, the bicycle used to be a great bother; she breathed a sigh of relief when it wheeled itself into disfavor. Unless she were very young and very spry, no well-conducted chaperon cared to tag a bicycling expedition. The most that she could do was to sit on the porch and hope that her charge would return in the allotted time. I am not so sure but that this terror to chaperons had something to do with the long-continued popularity of the wheel in the highest social circles. It is a war to the knife, when you think of it—the young people against the chaperon, the former trying to go as far as possible, the latter holding them back. The bicycle was a long-range gun for the young people.

Now that strict chaperonage is very much the thing, a new problem presents itself. What shall be the relation of the dragoness to the royal and ancient game of golf? Must she martyr herself to duty and range the links with her frivolous charges? Or is it enough to sit on the steps of the club-house, drink iced tea, and insist upon their return within the allotted space of time? There are slaves to duty who either play the game or trail over the links with the girls, putting a damper upon all the delights of golf flirtation Up at Bar Harbor last summer one incorruptible dragon shadowed her charming daughter so closely even on the links that knowing caddies gathered in a harvest of surreptitious coins by elaborate schemes for circumventing the old lady and engrossing her attention. The story goes that a proposal was actually put with the ball at the eighth hole, while Bob, the caddy, rescued the dragon from a big milk snake that he had turned loose from the caddy bag pocket at a critical moment. The girl was going on to Lenox the next day, and the man was a good-looking detrimental.

"He was a mighty good sort," so Bob told the tale afterward, "and we are great friends, and he says: 'Bob, I'm playing a handicap,' says he. 'You've helped me out of bunkers before. Now, if I begin whistling a "Hot Time," you fix that old lady if you have to take a niblick to her.' I'd been associating with her a good deal off'n on, and I knew how she felt about snakes, so I just loaded up. Gee whiz, what a drive that snake made—lofted her over a creek and a stone wall. He wanted to give me a fiver, but I says: "Nope, I got my pay out of the old lady,' and he holds out his hand and says: "You're all right, Bobby.'"

But chaperoning is a hard graft, anyway you look at it. Each comfortable and complete outfit for a lively American girl ought, it seems to me, to contain at least two chaperons—one regular, who knows and understands the ways of the girl, and an extra to act as relief when the first is knocked out or exhausted. I advocate this reform after watching a May chaperon come trailing in, wilted and exhausted, with a fresh young couple just warmed up by the exercise. May, you see, is the chaperon's worst month. It is a logical time for a halt and a vacation, between the summer and winter season, but there is no vacation for her. If it is not a springtime walk, then it is a college promenade, which is really the worst thing she has to face. To begin with, one duenna has to take six or seven girls to those functions, and she has the wits of several hundred ingenious young men pitted against her wits in devising ways and means.

Oh, those teas in college rooms! and those walks, and those drives, and dances, and those verandas, and those baujo concerts, and those junketings in the wee sma' hours! Argus himself couldn't effectually fill the chaperon's roll. She must put her conscience to sleep or she'll have no sleep herself. One New York woman who chaperoned eight boarding school girls on a promenade trip this season came home, at th end of the five days, and promptly had a case of nervous prostration. She had cause, for the college man, being young and still full of tricks, is especially clever with chaperons and frightfully impudent in his dealings with them.

"If any one of the crowd has a real young married sister bring her along for a chaperon," wrote a Yale junior to his partner for the promenade. "If not, engage a blind deaf mute, and if she's paralyzed so much the better."

There is a class of girls to-day in which the lines of chaperonage are exceedingly vague and adjustable. The independent and self-supporting young woman who is working in New York, is away from her family, and has little or no social position, has grown to be a law unto herself in such matters. If she followed the ordinary social rules she would be practically barred from social recreation and live like the Egyptian hermit, in crowded solitude. Often she carries her liberty of action beyond the bounds of discretion; and by doing it, gives the cause of the other women in the same situation a distinct push backward. The over-resumptuous advocates of woman's independence do more to make the independent woman's position difficult than all the bitter critics of the bachelor girl. Even the most emancipated and self reliant of bachelor girls owes the proprieties the concession of an occasional chaperon; and the young girl with any pretentions to social position in New York must, to-day, resign herself to strict chaperonage, or expect severe and unpleasant criticism.

RAYMOND RUSH.

His Wife Insisted

And he thought he'd humor her, no doubt. The result shows that a man rarely loses by following his wife's advice. Those who suffer from obstinate cough, bronchitis, weak lungs and ailments in general which tend to consumption, will find speedy relief and perfect cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures ninety-eight per cent. of those who give it a fair and faithful trial. It purifies the blood, heals the lungs and builds up the body with firm flesh instead of flabby fat. The "Discovery" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotics.

"Only for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I think I would be in my grave to-day," writes Mr. Moses Miles, of Hilliard, Uinta Co., Wyoming. "I had asthma so bad I could not sleep at night and was compelled to give up work. It affected my lungs so that I coughed all the time, both day and night. My friends all thought I had consumption. My wife had taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it had helped her so much she insisted on my trying his 'Golden Medical Discovery'—which I did. I have taken four bottles and am now a well man, weighing 185 pounds, thanks to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I would like you to print this testimony as it may help some other poor sufferer."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper binding, *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

LONDON.

DOES anyone on my home side of the pond know that London has an official censor of plays, whose duty and privilege it is to sit down on such dramatic performances as he deems improper or immoral? I did not, until his office was mentioned in connection with the mild scandal over "Zaza." Strangest of all is the name and history of the office with which he is connected. "The Master o the Revels," of whom we hear so much in the accounts of the Elizabethan plays, the functionary who, as court stage-manager, stirred up spiced amusement to tickle the jaded palates of the Virgin Queen's court, is the wight who is now intrusted with dictating as to the morals of the English stage. The honors of the office sit now upon the shoulders of George Alexander Redford, who was appointed about a dozen years ago. He passed "The Degenerates", "The Gay Lord Queux", "Nurse", and other plays of the class; therefore, it was hardly to be expected that he would not let "Zaza" go past him.

Yet Mr. Belasco's version of "Zaza" has excited controversy here and agitation in the Lord Chamberlain's office, and this will probably be helpful to the box office. The staid critic of "The Athenæum" remarks that "license upon our stage spreads, and the time seems not too distant when our maids and matrons will find it convenient, as in the days of Wycherley and Dryden, to wear a mask when they visit the theatre." Only one journal has described the play as dull, and that would be the most effective method of emptying the Garrick Theatre. One critic went so far as to refer to Mrs. Carter's acting as a tour de force that would draw the town, and the power of her performance is generally admitted. She had a great personal success on the opening night, when she carried the house with her by the sheer strength of her acting and it now seems probable that the piece, since it was not ordered off by the censor of plays and the Lord Chamberlain, will have a prosperous run. The English critics lay stress upon the fact that she is not Rejane, but this is not a convincing argument against the vigor and intelligence of the impersonation. One of the accepted maxims of London theatrical management is that charm is more important than power in an actress's equipment. Mrs. Carter refutes this stock saying. She has power without charm, and holds her London audiences throughout the play by virtue of this old-fashioned endowment.

Mr. Wyndham's Cyrano is praised in a perfunctory way by the critics, but it does not bear comparison with Coquelin's superb performances at the Lyceum Theatre a year ago. The famous play of M. Rostand cannot be adequately ttranslated into English prose, and the adapters have sacrificed it by cutting out passages which illuminate the part. The performance of the French company at the Lyceum Theatre was so spirited and sympathetic that the English version at Wyndham's Theatre hardly seemed to preserve the essential motives of the original drama, and certainly impairs the force of the scheme of self-sacrifice which imparts dignity and nobility to M. Rostand's work. Neither Mr. Wyndham nor his company is in good form in this play, which seems unsuited to their talent.

The popularity of American stage-folk still continues. Edna May, who took the town in "The Bell of New York," is back again with "An American Beauty"—not so good or successful a play, by half as the "Pelle", but as good a vehicle for Edna's peculiar charm which set the Johnnies agape last year. She is not spoiled be her success, now that she has recovered a little from that slight case of swelled head which afflicted her just after the "Belle" was taken off; she is still the hardest-working actress in all London. When they were preparing the "Beauty," she was on the move in all her waking houas. She was rehearsing, or studying, or having a dress fitted, or being photographed, or coaching the cast the whole day and night long. When there was a lull from these, the charity Bazaar fiend and the autograph demon were hard after her. Her signature is more in demand than any in England, and she could make money by selling it, did she so desire. All these things considered, it is small wonder that she somettmes faints from fatigue.

The reigning small fad of the hour, the American bar of the charity bazaar, was the doings of Mrs. James Brown Potter, who has had the institution under her care ever since. Just now, she is organizing one for the National Bazaar, a great benefit to be given for Tommy Atkins at the Royal Palace Hotel. All the prettiest American actresses in London will serve as barmaids; they will be assisted by a throng of volunteer bartenders, of whom the Duke of Manchester is to be chief.

KATERINA.

Don't drink the first thing the bartender offers. Call for Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey and insist on getting it.

Wherever there is a piano there should be a pianola. The pianola plays any piano. Any one can play it. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St., sole agents.

J. J. Pfister KNITTING CO.

103 Post St., S. F.
near Kearney.

Beautiful New Styles.

Men's, Women's and Children's

BATHING SUITS.

Alapaca and Knitted

At Prices to Suit Everybody.

Sweaters, Jerseys, Golf Vests and Jackets

Outing and Riding Leggings,

Sporting Goods.

Send for Illustrated Catalogues.

A Delicious Beverage for all Occasions

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale

Connoisseurs pronounce it "the best imported."

Sherwood & Sherwood,
AGENTS
212-214 Market St.

HOTEL VENDOME.

At San Jose is one of Central California's most beautiful hostelries. In the midst of its own twelve-acre park; two blocks from the railroad station where almost hourly trains connect with the outside; the starting point for Lick Observatory; the center of a greater number and variety of attractions than any other place on the Coast; furnished finely, graded and watered roads for driving and cycling lead in every direction; with over 250 elegantly furnished rooms, and suites with bath and toilet; perfect in appointment, service and all the accessories of comfort, and one of the most attractive features of San Jose, the metropolis of the world renowned Santa Clara Valley.

GEO. P. SNELL,
Manager.

Meditations of a Matron.

THIS has been a great week for me, my Dear Diary. Every night in a different resort. I do not, in fact, cannot inquire what the Ideal and I are to do this summer. We are seriously considering now, of taking a house in San Rafael this year, in order to have it for next summer. One cannot get a really nice place there at this time for love or money. It is such a nice place, too, in which to rent a house. The life there is so free, in fact, as the people spend all their time on the golf links, or driving, there is no particular occasion for much dress. Another place we spent a day house hunting was at Belvedere. Anyone there now, who has a house to rent, expects the "summer outer" to take it for six months. Both the Ideal and I hold Belvedere in great esteem, but just fancy our living there for six months! It would be almost as bad as living with mama all the rest of my life. Mama and I are not quite so happy as we were previous to my marriage, I am sure I am almost as amenable to reason as before, still mama is exigeant as John Drew so often said of his wife in the "Tyranny of Tears." We saw it in San Jose last week, I quite lost my heart over again to Drew. "He can have me" I said to Robert—that is the Ideal's name. I do not think I ever told you before. I don't call him Bob either. Speaking of San Jose, it is an exceedingly pretty place. We drove for miles into the country, and I was just wild to own a

MISS LEILA VOORHIES,
Who was Married to Lieutenant Guy Scott on June 14.

uit ranch. We investigated the matter and ound that the only sure kind of ranch to ave its one of pears. The frost hurts vines, runes, apples and apricots are not supposed be particularly remunerative. I do not want ranch unless it could pay for itself. Mama as a pear orchard and considers it the best of l her investments. I hope to get an interest it someday, unless she should happen to eed it to either Leila or Arthur, I know if eila becomes the owner I shall get some of e pears—but Arthur—well Arthur is a cluban and is extravagant. Club life, even Robert ys, is an expensive luxury.

Robert and I both wonder how it is that year and year out no matter how the stock marset or anything else is, Del Monte always eeps up its standard of cooking, and serving. hat place is really a wonder. We realize it the property of a rich company, but how few g institutions retain their magnificence all e year.

My girl friends and I have been interested the accounts of Mary Crocker's wedding. e read every day in the papers of the exense of the gown, veil and laces. The truth of the matter is that the lace on Mary's gown belonged to her mother. Mrs. Easton has quantities of lace for the girls, for Mrs. Fred Crocker was very fond of it. In fact, I believe she cared more for really fine lace than she did for jewelry. Caroline Taylor, who was the bridesmaid, is cousin to our Carrie, one of the Taylors of Baltimore. Edith McBean was at the wedding, but neither Caro Crockett nor Genevieve Carolan. Caro is at present in San Francisco. She is one of the girls I particularly like. The wedding must have been a very fine affair, for Mrs. Alexander is an adept at superb entertaining. Johnny Merril and Miss Snider are being quite extensively entertained. Olive Holbrook gave them a dinner at her home last Friday evening, and afterwards Harry took a party of twenty-two to see "When we were Twenty-One." I have now seen it twice. Maxine Elliott is beautiful on the stage, but I never quite realized how stunning looking a woman she is until she joined us at the Bohemian Club afterwards. We had a jolly supper there. All jolly, bright people—the Wheelers, Mamie McNutt, Ella Goodall, Ella Morgan, Mabel Craft, the Buckbees, Ed Greenway, Gus Costigan, and I've forgotten who else. Miss Snider is quite able to keep her end up in bright company. She is quick and very attractive. I have always known Johnny, and as he is a particular friend of mine, it is not necessary to tell you more of him. I have always been noted for the judgment I have displayed in selecting friends.

Leila Voorhies and Guy Scott were married amidst a profusion of beautiful flowers Tuesday evening at her mother's house on California street. Leila made a charming bride. How happy Guy looked. Leila did too, but I suppose she felt a little sad at leaving home and friends. It was a pretty wedding. I know Leila will be happy—that is, if she is anything like me. Of course I was out two years and as mama would say, "a most worldly young person," but I think Leila is a good deal of a girl of the world, even though she is young and has not seen so very much of this life after all.

All the girls of the season were represented. I do not think I ever saw Elizabeth Huntington look nicer. I like her so much. She has not been in the least spoiled by her season's success and she was a decided success, too. Bernie Drown, looked nice; so did Katherine Dillon and Bessie Center.

Now I think Diary dear, I have told you all the news of this week. Even at the Summer resorts things have not yet commenced to brighten up particularly, but I expect they will in the near future.

MRS. CRICKET.

There is not an ounce of headache in a barrel of it—Jesse Moore "AA" whtskey.

Realizing how large a number of our readers at the present time, are interested in and desirous of obtaining the very best of tonsorial wo k, it is a pleasure to write of an establishment that is perfect.

The certainty of absolute cleanliness and comfort at the *Sanitary* shaving, shampooing, hair-cutting, and bathing Parlors in the *California Hotel*, Bush Street, near Kearny, since Louis Frick became Manager is worth a more than passing notice.

All tools and articles used upon and by customers are *thoroughly sterilized daily* by the use of a Lilly Patent, *Formaldehyde Sterilizer*, rendering di ease by contagion impossible. The per fumes ard p wders used are the finest that are imported, and a trial will cause you to send your cup and outfit there.

Most everyone who has whisky for sale compares its virtues to Jesse Moore "AA" whisky.

DEGREES IN INSULT.—An English country schoolmaster, of the old "spare not the rod" kind, had a boy complain to him that another boy had called him a grasshopper. The offender was called up and punished in the usual way. As he resumed his seat, the culprit was heard to whisper: "By George, I'm glad I didn't call him a hippopotamus!"

MARK TWAIN AGAIN.—In giving evidence before the Royal Commission on Copyright, Mark Twain complained that his manuscript was once taxed as "gasworks." "And," said he plaintively, "that hurt me—that did!"

Moet & Chandon

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World).

White Seal (Grand Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal.*

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco | R. H. PEASE, President and Manager. | 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.

Have You a Piano that You do not Use?

Is the piano in your home a musical instrument, and do you enjoy it as such, or does it remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than an article of furniture.

The Pianola

Is ringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is bringing music into homes where it has long been a stranger.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study and without practice.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keys of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers.

When not in use the Pianola may be easily detached from the piano and moved to another part of the room.

The Pianola can be used in connection with any Grand or Upright piano, and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

Price $250 Upward.

The Pianola can be bought by monthly payments. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.

Kohler & Chase, Sole Agents.

26, 28 and 30 O'FARRELL STREET.

IN BOOKDOM

THE magazines this month with two respectable exceptions have the Boer war in common. *Scribner's* had experts on both sides. *Harper's* sympathies are plainly with the Dutchmen, and their man describes the combat purely from the biltong standpoint. *McClure's* expert who, like other contributors to that dashing magazine, had extraordinary opportunities, gives what reads like a very fair estimate of President Kruger's character. In fact, one gathers the impression that the highly vaunted Oom Paul is a specious domineering old robber who justifies his dishonesty out of the Bible,and might, as a ruler of Legislatures and a controller of Judges, give points to Boss Croker at his worst. It is, however, an intelligent study of a contradictory character of great power and determination whom the author declares is wrongly surnamed the Lincoln of South Africa. It is rather Bismark, the man of blood and iron, whom Kruger resembles, though it is a Bismark without nobility or personal charm.

The most important article of the month is unquestionably Nicola Tesla's contribution to the *Century*—"The Problem of Increasing Human Energy." It is an extraordinary document covering not only a variety of research in new domains of science, but it embodies the personal opinions of the writer as to diet, conduct, morality, war and temperance—as conducing to the development of energy. I have not space here to detail half the remarkable discoveries and suggestions contained in this lengthy article, but therein Tesla wanders from an advocacy of vegetarianism to describing a system of oxydizing the nitrogen of the atmosphere for the creation of fertilizers with which the capacity of the earth to support its inhabitants can be indefinitely increased. In another interesting chapter he tells how armaments and armies are to be dimininished and predicts that in the distant future war will be waged by means of machines. Such a machine he devised and called a telautomaton. What is curiously notable about this essay is the simplicity of the verbiage, explaining problems and theories of extreme complexity. Tesla yet does so in such a way that the average man may follow understandingly. One of the highest literary achievements of this remarkable article is a comprehensive statement of the principles of wireless telegraphy.

The *Atlantic*, which grows rather academic under the new regime, has for a start Grover Cleveland, on the "Freedom of the Executive"—his Princeton lecture. Rather a card to have an ex-president for a contributor, and it must be said the article is more notable for its weight than its interest and one cannot help contrasting it with that historic paper in which Olney, Cleveland's Secretary of State, preached originally the doctrine of expansion, and that but two months before Dewey sailed into Manila Bay. Apropos of politics in *McClure's*, there is in the *Century* an article by Theodore Roosevelt on "Reform and Reformers" (characteristically vigorous) in which the errors of the amateur statesman are sagaciously pointed out. *McClure's* supplies, anent this same Roosevelt a glimpse of secret history, in which the passage of the much debated corporation franchise bill is explained. It serves to depict the struggle the Governor had to persuade the members of the Legislature and the representatives of organized capital of his courage and earnestness. He finally did so, and with a vengeance, as Mr. Stephens narrates. It may be history, but it is also a pretty good story.

A fruitful topic at this season is the Presidential contention commencing with the national conventions and ending with the election. *Scribner's*, *McClure's* and *Ainslee's* have all articles describing just how a Chief Executive is created. The *Century* supplies a column skit in "The Stained Glass Political Platform" a type of document that I imagine will find many imitations in the forthcoming contest.

The Philippines are represented in both *Lippincott's* and *Scribner's*. The former has one of General Charles King's genial tales of army life,the scene of which is set in Manila. The hero is a gallant, wealthy, thoroughly well set up volunteer officer, but the heroine whom, after many pages of hardship and misfortune he wins, is the daughter of a regular army officer, so both sides of the service are taken care of. One cannot help thinking what a fortunate happening the Filipino embroglio was for the soldier author, for the old background of the desert post and the Indian raid had been worked nigh to the bone. *Scribner's* has the clearest and most authorative account of our new possessions yet published. It is written by Geo. F Becker. who was detailed in July, 1898, to accompany the army to Manila as geologist and was afforded admirable opportunities to investigate the physical characteristics of the islands and the mental development of their peoples. His conclusions are of great interest. To commence with. He negatives the impression of great gold deposits—the precious metal is found in every stream but investigattion has developed no large quartz veins. Copper and iron are found in Luzon—the former in quantity, the iron far removed from the coal deposits of the islands. These latter are the most valuable mineral asset of the Phillippines. It is a lignite with about two-thirds to three-quarters the heating effect of Cardiff coal. The chief resources of the territory are agricultural. The soil is of extraordinary fertility, the climate is much superior to what it has been represented. No American accustomed to the climate of the Southern States need fear the exactions of Luzon. As for the people, they are mutually immature and as Mr. Becker puts it "their characters are more comparable with those of Anglo-Saxon boys than with those of men of our race." The Chinese Mestizos are really the dangerous element, being ciafty, bold and unscrupulous and the author gives it as his opinion that they constitute the inspiration and backbone of the insurrection.

In the matter of fiction the magazines are well supplied. There's an extraordinary piece of cynicism called "Copy" by Edith Wharton in *Scribner's*; a pretty sketch "The Mouse" in the *Century's*; E. W. Lounshind's "Deput of Jack" in *Harper's* is capital; the Whilomville story by the late Stephen Crane, in which the Johnie Hedge, like his tormentors, is extremely well done. The author has seldom done anything better than the description of the sensation of a boy making his first appearance at a new school. It is exquisitely vivid, real and humorous. The light chaff is delightful. Tommy seems to be losing favor with the readers of *Scribner's* serial. He is really not behaving ideally. I have too much respect for Mrs. Humphrey's ward to read *Eleanor* in installments—the tale is supplying *Harper's* with expensive frontispieces however. Zangwill's drama has got into his prose for the entertaining people in "the Mantle of Elijah" now mere *dramatis personae* and will eventually appear at our leading theatres. There are two pretty good railroad journeys,the better in *McClures*,which has an extremely vivid description of a first run by Elimore Elliott Peake. In the same number is the tale of "The Little Boy and Pa," a charming and touching bit of sentiment.

C.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to-lunch.

Morning, noon or night you will find a glass of Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale both cheering and refreshing.

For more than fifty years the famous Jesse Moore whisky has been the standard brand the world.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MINERVA WASHER, DECEASED—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P Boland, Administrator of the estate of Minerva Washer, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery street, City and County of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Minerva Washer, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 19th, 1900.
M. C. HASSETT, 308-10-12, Phelan building.
Atty for Administrator.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists.

FOR AN OUTING....

Visit one of the many Mineral Springs Resorts along the

California Northwestern Railway Co.

Leesee of San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company. (The Picturesque Route of California.)

Where the Famous Mineral Waters of the World are Duplicated.

If you prefer the simple home life of the Ranch, free from fashion's restraints, there are many in our section from which to choose. But if you would rather the tent in some shady nook, near a lovely lake, or on the bank of some beautiful stream, remember such locaions are numerous and free of charge.

Call for "VACATION," a little book just issued by the Company, giving Camping Locations, Hotels, Mineral Spring Resorts, and a list of one hundred and sixty-seven Farms and homes, where Board for the Summer can be secured at from $5 00 to $8.00 per week.

Ticket Office, 650 Market street (Chronicle building).
General Office, Mutual Life building, Sansome and California streets, San Francisco.
H. C. WHITING, General Manager,
R. X. RYAN, General Passenger Agent.

DUNCAN SPRINGS HOPLAND Mendocino Co.
Two miles from railroad station; 101 miles from San Francisco; enequalled soda and magnesia springs; hospitable management; first-class table; hard-finished hotel; picturesque site and surroundings; two trains daily; long-distance telephone; terms $10 to $12 per week; housekepping cottages $15 to $20 per month. Waters bottled by W. H. Bone, 605-607 Merchant street, S. F. Through fare $3 80 Send for circulars. Address O. HOWELL.

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

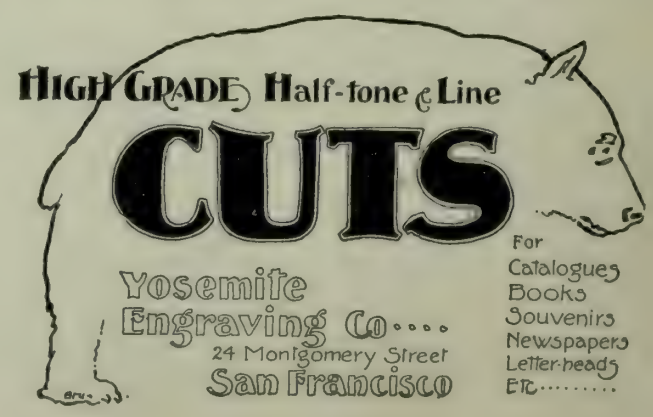
Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.
TEL. 6610 608 SACRAMENTO STREET

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE
on approval to your address ***WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE. SEND US YOUR ORDER,*** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing **our 1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.
SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Mesinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickelling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our **binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.
FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.
CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them, however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9 75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.
If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at $3 to $10 each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for **Bargain List. OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.
SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these special terms of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. ☞ Give name of this paper.
J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.



A Bowery Cinderella.

TERESA MARY McCABE had an absolutely eventless career until the happening which crowned her with an unusual social glory in the eyes of the upper East Side. It was at a ball given by the Harlem Cuckoos that Miss McCabe made her debut. Teresa had never been to a real affair until the evening of the Harlem Cuckoos' "swarry," for that is what the Cuckoos called their annual merry making at Acropolis Hall.

She had dim dreams, however, of a time when she, too, would have acquired a "steady" who would take her to affairs, for all important functions are affairs in the right lexicon of East Side youth. So she practiced dancing all by herself, evenings, on the roof and was an expert in all the fancy steps, although she had never had a lesson in her life. Dancing came naturally to Teresa. She had danced as a two-year old baby, lifting the hem of her petticoat over her chubby legs and making uncertain movements with them which won such encomiums from her auditors that it became a feature to the entertainment offered by the McCabes of an evening.

Then when she grew to be a little girl she danced to the tune of the organs in the street and Tomaso Fornaro, the leading grinder of the section, and reputed to be a Count in hard luck, offered her the sum of five cents if she would accompany him for eight blocks on his evening tour, the monetary arrangement to be a secret between him and Teresa. This lucrative field was abandoned under pressure from the agents of a children's aid society, just as Teresa was beginning to amass money.

After that Teresa took to the roof and danced. She danced mornings before she went to work, sometimes through sheer joy of living. She danced during the lunch hour in the factory and she danced evenings in the twilight and again in the moonlight. Naturally she grew lissome, graceful, easy in her movements, with limbs that swayed like a flower's stalk when she walked. In fact Teresa was not unlike a flower. Her head possessed with chestnut curls that had a reddish glint in them and her skin was transparent white with a few golden freckles on the cheeks. Her eyes were like the opal with strange flames in them of green and red deepening to brown that glittered. But all this did not dawn upon Teresa's friends until after the night of her triumph. The general impression was that she was a tall, thin girl with red hair and freckles and without that designated by the young ladies of the shop as a shape.

At the factory there was much anticipatory talk of the Harlem Cuckoos' swarry. Nearly all the girls were going for they all had gentlemen friends but Teresa. She wondered why she hadn't and put it all to her looks and then puzzled over the fact that Mame Hastings who was cross-eyed and limped, had a lady. Secretly Teresa brooded over the problem as she stitched at her machine. It was beginning to worry her now when the girls talked of what they were going to wear. There was to be a cake walk and the Cuckoos had obtained the promise of the presence of Holleran, now champion lightweight of the world since his noted battle with the Hoboken Wonder, this event preceding the Cuckoo's swarry by only a week. Holleran was a great man now, although he was only 24. He owned a saloon and played a star part in a melodrama that had been written for him, and had diamonds and a furred overcoat but he was not proud and remembered that he had once been a Cuckoo himself.

It was the night before the swarry that Teresa's annoyance reached such a point that she shed tears. The foreman noticed it. It was his duty to walk among the buzzing machines and see that none of the young ladies wasted time, and he was therefore not a favorite, for it was through his misdirected enthusiasm in the cause of earning his salary that the girls often found a shortage in their weekly envelopes on pay day. So their jibes pursued him as he trod the aisles between the machines. Teresa alone desisted from any outward expression of her dislike for the man and he revelled her by passing over all her lapses. It was an undoubted mash, the girls said, but some girls were too slow to know a mash when they had one.

But the night before the swarry Teresa's heart was heavy. Never before had she so longed to go anywhere as to this affair, where she might see Brick Holleran, whose picture had been in the newspapers and who was to wear the champion belt, while he umpired the cake walk. Teresa purposely lingered in the room where the girls hung their hats, until the merry, laughing crowd had disappeared. Then she went out alone and the foreman was waiting for her.

"Going to the affair to-morrow night?" he asked, although he knew quite well that she wasn't. She was the only girl in the room that hadn't talked about it for the last month.

"No," said Teresa crossly.

"Will you give me the pleasure to escort you?" he said, in accordance with the rules of the "Society Guide," which he had even then in his pocket.

"I guess so," said Teresa, and turned and fled up the street.

That night she toiled long over a washtub and later over a hot stove doing up her white swiss confirmation gown, which she had not worn for three years. What to wear on her feet perplexed her until she remembered that she had worn white slippers with her dress, and that her mother put them away with the veil and the wreath that made part of the costume. When they were brought out from the bureau drawer they fitted perfectly.

When the foreman called for her next evening he positively gasped. She looked like a fairy with her red mane aureoled about her face and the thin, girlish gown showing her neck and arms. He realized then that Teresa's debut would be a sensation, how much of a one he never guessed. He desperately resolved that he would impress her with his importance and the ways of good society. So, still with the "Guide" precepts in mind, he said, as he stepped off the car: "It is only half-past 9 and the affair don' begin till 11. Allow me to offer you some refreshments."

Then he steered the way into a brilliantly lit restaurant, where most of the tables were empty, and inquiring of Teresa what she would like and being informed that she desired a soda lemonade, promptly waved the idea away and called for champagne. He did not know if this was in accordance with the "Guide," but it seemed to him a proper and "sporty" thing to do.

Teresa knew it was not good form to drink beer at balls, but she knew nothing about this strange, bubbling stuff the taste of which she approved of. And with an inherited capacity which she was entirely unaware of, for the McCabes had been hard drinkers for generations, she finished her glass as the waiter filled it, while her escort's eyes grew apprehensive. And Teresa felt a strange bubbling of life within her, and everything looked rose-colored and she told the foreman so. Going out she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirrored wall. She was smiling, radiant, her cheeks delicately pink; her hair loosened a bit, glittered in the electric light. Her neck and arms gleamed under their thin covering. The waiters eyed her admiringly as she passed out and the cashier at whose desk they stopped on their way out tendered her the quill tooth-picks—his private stock.

Acropolis Hall was full of Cuckoos and Cuckooesses. The band was playing a waltz and as Teresa and her partner came upon the scene and started to circle over the glassy surface of the floor, a certain hush fell; few recognized in the graceful beauty with whom he undulated Teresa McCabe, the dead slow. As she danced, the enthusiasm an artist feels in his achievements crept into her movements. She fairly floated in the arms of the foreman, her white draperies swerving about her slender limbs; her hair floating in crinkled strands, escaped from the pins. She was a sprite, a wood nymph, and the Cuckoos to a man realized her charm as she danced. Afterward she received the intoxicating homage of sudden belleship. Partners sought her in a school and she laughed and talked with the ease of a fashionable debutante. She seemed to have just awakened.

The general topic was the coming of Brick Holleran. Would he come? Then another question—would he really wear the "champeen" belt? Some said it was kept in a safe somewhere and never worn, like the crown of a king. Others declared that all "champeens" wore diamond belts as other men wear suspenders.

It was past midnight when the floor manager gave up the arrival of the Brick and put on the cake walk. The band began its most rollicking coon melody. The couples pranced down the center of the room, but on the raised dais hung with flags, where Holleran was to award the cake, was only emptiness. And then he came. There was a commotion at the door The band began to hail the conquering hero, the walk stopped, and across the room swung Holleran bowing and smiling right and left, while a cheer went up with many soprano notes in its music. He looked a worthy hero—tall, broad shouldered, handsome as a prince in his evening clothes.

Miss McCabe's performance in the cake walk was a triumph that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Gradually other couples were counted out until she alone with her partner walked the length of the hall together. The grace of her posturing, the poise of her head and the adjustment of her arms were so exquisite that Acropolis Hall rung with plaudits. Her eyes were beautiful with sudden consciousness of her power. A rich music hall manager and two of his company, drifting about town in search of types, kept the air stirring with their inquiries as to who the girl was, as she carried the people by storm with her grace. Then, as she stood panting before the throne, blushing rosily under the gaze of the pugilist, something happened which nearly got into the next day's papers.

A man came up to Holleran carrying a black leather case, which the Brick opened. After bestowing the white, flag-decked cake upon her partner, he took from the case the glittering belt and clasped it about the slim waist of Miss Teresa Mary McCabe, the slow. After that the foreman drifted into the background and Miss McCabe was surrounded, standing like a queen, while the belt was admired.

"I'd give her a thousand a week and put her on just in that dress," said the manager. 'She'd make the town talk."

Brick Holleran said nothing. For the first time the knockerout of men was getting his own knockout blow in the heart—like all chance blows, fatal. And Cupid was his opponent. His defeat was most evident.

They danced together and talked together as though they had known each other for years. A group of men in swallowtails surrounded them. It was when the dance was breaking up and "Home, Sweet Home" was echoing from the orchestra that a memorable incident occurred. The music hall manager, who had waited in vain for a chance to speak to Miss McCabe, finally took a card from his pocket and wrote: "Will the young lady see Mr. Blank, manager of the Star Music Hall, for a moment on important business?"

Holleran took the card and wrote on it: "The young lady is too busy just now."

Back came a sheet of note paper, this time to Holleran. "We will give her a thousand a week to dance for us and star her in every way."

And Holleran sent back this endorsement: "Have decided to star her myself."

The foreman declares that only for him Mrs. Brick Holleran never would have happened. He claims to have discovered her.—*N. Y. Sun.*

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

When taken at the proper time a little Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey will prevent a cold.

Champagne Record Smashed.

109,303 cases imported in 1899 of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry was never before approached. Carrying an enormous stock of choicest wines, its fine quality can not be excelled, regardless of price. Its remarkable 1895 vintage now imported equals its best predecessors.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

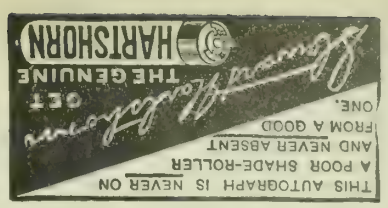
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Gould and Curry Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 7th day of June, 1900, an assessment (No. 90) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shal, remain unpaid on the 10th day of July, 1900, wil be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 31st day of July, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of theBoard of Directors.
ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office: Room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.



HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH

Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms. Elevator Service
THE BRADBURY,
J. A. FERSON, Proprietor.
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL
N. W. Cor. Polk and California Sts.,
San Francisco, Cal.
Excellent Cuisine References required.
Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and upwards.
Reasonable by the month.
TEL. HYDE 2771

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO
Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary
CORRESPONDENTS
New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 California Street
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,213,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28,563,655 41
OFFICERS
President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER
DIRECTORS
B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union
532 CALIFORNIA ST
Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110,681
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....210,067
Contingent Fund.....407,391
E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.
DIRECTORS
George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee,
George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery,
Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira,
E. B. Pond.
Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco
33 POST STREET
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building
Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000
JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier
DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
TRADE MARK
A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.
"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving.
everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's original.) Sample free. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

The Theatres

THE Tivoli, with "Madeline, or the Magic Kiss" on its boards, has had a well-filled house all week, but it is all too plainly Stevens who is the drawing factor, and not the potency of the opera's kisses. It would have been all the same, had the management put on "The Mandarin" or "The Geisha" or "Ship Ahoy!" It is all Stevens—the man who has been away in the big east and has come back to show us what he has learned. On an equal with him in interest is Anna Lichter, the other old favorite. Her pure soprano voice is just as clear and sweet as it ever was, and her encores quite as numerous.

"The Magic Kiss" affords many unique stage opportunities, and not a few humorous dilemmas. The old centenarian, Baron de Grimm, in his search for and attainment of youth through the first three kisses of the maiden Madeline, and his rapid rejuvenation, displays the highest art that Stevens has yet given us. And when it comes to the crisis where the Baron is bound with the horror that a fourth kiss may strike from him his remaining twenty-five years and leave him "yet unborn," the situation becomes ludicrous in the extreme.

Still there is something gone from Stevens, or something changed. He does not stamp about the stage as he once did, nor bellow out his stentorian monologues and boisterous jokes. He is subdued; he officiates less and acts more. We are not displeased—we are puzzled.

Hartman affords a pleasing surprise. In the last few months we have become so used to his jigs and tricks that we have forgotten he could be an actor, too. He has been little more than a funny man heretofore—in this he is a comedian of rank.

In short, the Tivoli was never before so good as it is now. There are three stars in the cast, with Harry Cashman and Miss Grace Orr as satellites of especial brilliancy. "The Geisha" follows with the same people in the cast.

* *

"The Girl from Chili," running during the week at the Grand Opera House, is a queer farce made up of unintelligible and absolutely irrelevant complications. For results it is much after the style of "A Hot Old Time." While feeling that it is entirely beneath your dignity, you are compelled to laugh at its ridiculous features. You are sure that the self-inflicted kick will come afterwards, but you forget the pain to come and enjoy yourself. The company is deserving of little attention.

* *

Charles E. Grapewin, whose specialty is the New York Bowery boy, will head the Orpheum bill next week. His turn is a sketch, "Above the Limit," and he is assisted by Anna Chance and a clever company. "Musical" Dale brings some new bell-ringing tricks. Joseph Hart and Carrie DeMar will present Mr. Hart's famous vaudeville sketch, "The Quiet Mr. Gay," and Van and Nobriga Company will repeat the success of last week in an entire change of repertoire. The holdovers will be: The marvelous Merrills, Sydney Doane and the biograph. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

* *

The one great topic among local theatregoers at present is the approach of the Henry Miller season at the Columbia Theatre. This welcome event begins on Monday evening, the 25th inst., and from all accounts the theatre will prove too small for the thousands who will desire to be on hand to welcome back Mr. Miller, Margaret Anglin, Frank Worthing, Margaret Dale, Mrs. Whiffin and others who will be cast in the comedy "Miss Hobbs." The piece will be beautifully staged, and as concerns the acting there is no room for doubt when such celebrities appear in the cast. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday morning and the prices are to be $1.50, $1, 50 cts., 35 cts. and 25 cts. "Miss Hobbs" will be followed by "The Tree of Knowledge," "Heartsease," "The Only Way," "His Excellency, the Governor," etc.

* *

The third week of Dunne and Ryley's comedy at the California will be ushered in tomorrow night with Hoyt's military satire, "A Milk White Flag." The cast will include Harry Bulger as the Undertaker, J. Sherrie Matthews as the Corpse, John W. Dunne as the Colonel who looks like Napoleon, Mary Marble as the Captain and Bessie Tannehill as the Widow. Thirty other people will be in the production, which will be loaded with specialties.

Mary Marble and John Dunne, in "A Milk White Flag," at the California.

* *

"A Tin Soldier" at the California showed Dunne and Ryley's clever comedians to even better advantage than the initial performance. There are new specialties, and new hits. The play itself is one of the funniest of the Hoyt series; the music is improved and the audiences remain large. Mary Marble is the best card among the women, and Matthews and Bulger, of course, carry off the masculine honors. "A Milk White Flag," that clever hit at the national militia, is the next bill.

* *

"Sapho's" great hit at the Alcazar continues. The play is on for another week, making three altogether. "Carmen" follows. Last Wednesday evening, White Whittlesey, who always plays leading man during the Florence Roberts season, succeeded Ernest Hastings.

* *

Kellar will have another week at the Columbia. His great levitation act is proving a drawing card. There will be a regular performance on Sunday night and on Monday the last week begins. The 25 cent to $1 scale of prices prevail during Kellar's stay.

Lilian Burkhart is a "holdover" in this week's Orpheum bill, but she manages to be the main attraction on the program just the same, owing to her own personality and to her new sketch, "Fifty Years Ago," the work of a local author. Miss Burkhart, who is, by the way, the handsomest homely woman on the stage to-day, bids fair to occupy the place in vaudeville left vacant by Felix Morris. Like his, her talent seems exactly fitted to the thumbnail play. Whether she can do anything with the longer class, remains to be seen. Outside of this star are the Merrills, trick bicyclists, who perform an Orpheum impossibility by taking the last turn and keeping the audience seated to the end. Sydney Dean, the Australian baritone, is tuneful but affected. The bill is a fair one, and above the average in refinement.

* *

For those who appreciate that sort of entertainment, Kellar, the magician, now playing at the Columbia, is about as good as they make them. He has a set of new illusions which are all a vast improvement on those which he brought on his last visit.

* *

Miss Lorena Attwood will join the Alcazar stock in "Carmen," which follows "Sapho."

* *

"Frou-Frou" will follow "Carmen" at the Alcazar.

* *

Fred Belaso and wife who are now in Europe return to America next month.

The reason physicians always recommend Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is because they know of its absolute purity.

The Pianola is bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for years. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell street. Sole agents.

Seattle Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet. 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block.

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel. Black 1621.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 3 5.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address

JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

When that tired feeling comes over you, drink Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

Perfection in Champagne.

The celebrated vintage of 1893 of Moet & Chandon White Seal, now being imported into the United States, is perfection, being the product of the choicest grapes. Its selection by connoisseurs is proof of its high quality.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Grapewin and Chance; Musical Dale; Van Nobriga and Co.; Joe Hart and Carrie De Mar; The Marvelous Merrils; Sidney Dean; Morrisey and Orndorff; American Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JUNE 18th.
Second and last week of

KELLAR.

The Great Magician. Displaying his own original discoveries in the realms of the marvelous.

Prices 25 cents to $1.00.

June 25—Henry Miller and a special company in "Miss Hobbs."

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sunday Night, June 17th. Only Matinees Saturday.

DUNNE & RYLEY'S ALL STAR CAST.

In a Magnificent Revival of Hoyt's Military Satire,

"A Milk White Flag."

Matthews & Bulger, John W. Dunne, Mary Marble, Walter Jones, Bessie Tannehill, and 30 others.

Our Never Changing Popular Prices.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Week of June 18th.
Third and last week of
The hit of the year, every night at 8:15.

FLORENCE ROBERTS

Assisted by White Whittlesey
In the Fascinating Play

SAPHO.

Matinees Saturday only.
Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

In Preparation—Carman.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the *SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.*

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.
110 Montgomery St., S. F.
Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✻ THIS SEASON'S ✻

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

SantaFeRoute

VERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave three times each week in Pullman Vestibuled Tourist Cars and are exceedingly popular with the traveling public. The principal cities of the East are reached by them and the service in all that counts for comfort and convenience is almost equal to the Palace cars. The cars are finished in mahogany, lightened with Pintsch gas and a Porter is in charge to attend to the wants of passengers. Plenty of bed linen is provided and the beds are very comfortable. A handsome folder, describing this service in detail, may be had for the asking at the Company's Office. 641 Market St.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

$12 First Class
$8 Second Class
Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails June 2, 12, 22; July 2.
Columbia sails June 7, 17, 27; July 7.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, June 27 at 2 p.m.

S. S. Moana, for **Aurtralia**, Wednesday July 11 at 8 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 11 a.m. June 5, 10, 15 20, 25 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. June 2 7 12, 17, 22, 27, July 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. June 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, July 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 July 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BULLION MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth (16th) day of May, 1900, an assessment (No. 56) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 20th (20th) day of June, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the tenth (10th) day of July, 1900, pay to the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office: Room 11, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

4th OF JULY

Excursion Rates

WILL BE MADE BY THE

Southern Pacific Company

FOR ROUND TRIP TICKETS BETWEEN ALL STATIONS ON ITS LINES, AS FOLLOWS.....

Fare and a Third
FOR STATIONS WITHIN 125 MILES DISTANCE

Fare and a Fifth
TO STATIONS DISTANT 126 TO 200 MILES

One Fare
TO STATIONS DISTANT 201 TO 300 MILES

TICKETS WILL BE ON SALE ABOUT JULY 1ST TO 4TH INCLUSIVE, AND GOOD FOR RETURN TILL ABOUT JULY 5TH. FOR EXACT DATES AND RATES, GO AND SEE

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

BROWN'S Bronchial Troches
(Made only by John I. Brown & Son, Boston.)
give instant relief in
Hoarseness

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

From San Francisco at 10 a. m.

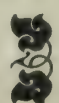
Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m. The best of everything.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
617 Mark Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles.
Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

ELECTRIC



SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

Always keep on hand
Pain-Killer
There is no kind of pain or ache internal or external, that Pain-Killer will not relieve.
Look out for imitations and substitutes, the genuine bottle bears the name.
PERRY, DAVIS & SON.

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.
American and European Plan.

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Irving Institute Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
2126 California Street, San Francisco.
Next season will begin August 6th. Accredited to the Universities. Seminary and Full Conservatory of Music. Primary Department for Children. Carriage will call. For futher information, address he principal. REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A.M.

Alfred Cane, Luther A. Teague
Frederick Teague.
Teague, Cane & Teague
DENTISTS.
Claus Spreckels Bldg. Third and Market Sts
hone Main 1459. Sixth Floor, S.F., Cal

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY
Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

OUT OF ORDER.—In a hotel at Bennington, Vermont, there is the usual list of "rings" posted over the electric button—"one for ice-water, two for hot water," etc. A country couple registered and were shown a room. Five minutes later, the bell in the office began to explode with furious double rings. A bell-boy siezed a pitcher, filled it with hot water, and sped up with the elevator, but the bell in the office never stopped its "pink-pink, pink-pink!" The boy tore into the room. The new arrivals, man and wife, were standing before the electric button. Their eyes were on the card. The man held a bowl carefully under the button, with his head turned away, so that the hot water wouldn't squirt in his eyes, and the woman was pressing the button with regular stroke. They were doing their best to get hot water strictly according to directions. "Here, stop that!" yelled the boy to the woman. "Here's your hot water." The man with the bowl lowered that article and looked at the boy. "What!" says he—the man from the rural districts—"D'ye have to bring it in a pitcher in the old-fashioned way? Wal, I swum! What's the trouble with your water-works here? I've been pres in' this button accordin' to the rewles here on the card, and there hain't a darned drop of hot water come out yit. When things ain't workin' ye ought to hang up a sign sayin' 'Out of Order.'"

x

WORLDLY FAME—Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer, visited California some twenty years ago and extended his trip through the mining camps of the Sierras. This is his account of one of his experiences: "As we drove up, the driver said, 'They are expecting you here, Mr. Sullivan.' I was much pleased, and, when I reached the place, I came across a knot of prominent citizens. The foremost of them came up to a big burly man by my side, and said, 'Are you Mr. Sullivan?' The man said 'No!' and pointed to me. The citizen looked at me rather contemptuously, and, after a while, said, 'Why, how much do you weigh?' I thought this was a curious method of testing the power of a composer, but I at once answered, 'About one hundred and sixty-two pounds.' 'Well,' said the man, 'that's odd to me, anyhow! Do you mean to say that you gave fits to John S. Blackmore, down in Kansas City?" I said, 'No—I did not give him fits.' He then said, 'Well, who are you?' I replied, 'My name is Sullivan.' 'Ain't you John L. Sullivan, the pug?' I disclaimed all title to that, and told him that I was Arthur Sullivan. 'Oh—Arthur Sullivan! he said. 'Are you the man as put *Pinafore* together?' I said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' returned the citizen, 'I'm sorry you ain't John Sullivan. But, still, I am glad to see you, any way. Let's have a drink.'"

x

THE REAL DANGER.—A Scotchman, who had for thirty-seven years brought home his full wages every week, gave to his wife on one occasion sixpence less than the full amount. This so distressed the thrifty woman that she went to consult the "meenister" on the subject. He tried to comfort her by saying that sixpence in thirty-seven years was not a large amount. "It's no the money A'm thinking of," she replied, "but A'm fearing that Mac has been taking to drink and betting maybe, and other worldly pleasures."

x

POLITE.—An Omaha man, noted for his gallantry, was standing in a crowded street-car, hanging to a strap. As the car swung around a corner, the strap broke, dumping him into the lap of a well-dressed young woman. The polite man arose and bowed: "Madam," he said, "this is the first time the street-car company ever conferred a favor on me!"

x

NOT GUILTY.—A soft-spoken old negro was brought into a Georgia court charged with petty laceny. "Are you the defendant?" thundered the judge. "No sah, I has a lawyer hired fer ter do de defendin.' I's de pusson what done stole de articles."

x

IRISH.—Just after the surrender of Conje's army, an Irish corporal reported to his captain that he had captured five of the enemy, "all alone?" "And how did you manage to capture five?" "Plaze yer honor, I surrounded thim."

PALACE HOTEL
The high standard of excellence maintained by this hotel is recognized and appreciated by a fastidious and discriminating clientele who regularly make it their headquarters when visiting San Francisco.
The GRAND HOTEL is operated in conjunction with the Palace to which it is joined by a covered passageway, placing under one management 1400 rooms, more than half of which have baths attached.
AMERICAN PLAN. EUROPEAN PLAN.

Famous FOR ITS **Purity!**

Seattle U. S. A.

WHEN LEAVING THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE
Safe Deposit Vaults
OF THE
First National Bank
N. W. Corner Bush and Sansome Sts.
Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.
EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY
REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND
REPSOLD
Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner
This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office. 416 Pine Street

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M. T. & T. Co.
and Canadian Development Company, Ltd.
THROUGH LINE TO DAWSON.
Two first-class trains daily between Skaguay and Bennett, B. C. Ten first-class steamers operating between White Horse and Dawson. Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points.
SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
KLONDIKE AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.
FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash
Phone Main 574
S. P. BROWN General Agent 116 Yesler Way, Seattle Was

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Made from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents.

From Admiral George Dewey:
Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco: Dear Sir—I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent me at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly.
Very truly yours,
George Dewey.

A GRADUATE
George Mayerle
German Expert Optician
Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED
1071½ Market St.
near Seventh
Telephone Mint 257
German Eye Water 50 cents.

From General Wm. R. Shafter:
Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco: Dear Sir—The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair.
Very truly yours,
Wm. R. Shafter,
Major-General U. S. V.

New Views of Pekin. Views of the Republican Convention.

The Wave

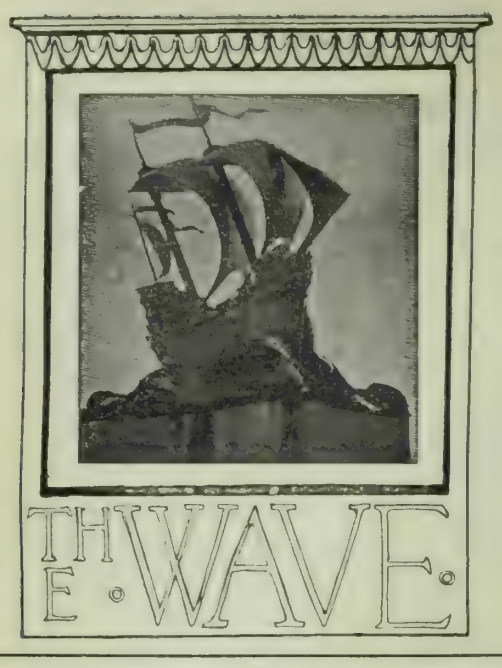
1900

VOL. XXI. No. 23 SAN FRANCISCO—JUNE 30, 1900 - SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

A STREET SCENE IN PEKIN.

View in the Business Section of the World's Center of Disturbance.

Photo by Courtesy of H. E. Bostwick.



is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—June 30, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
The Capital of Uruguay 4
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 5
The Republican National Convention—Illustrations 6
The Crisis in China 7
Views of the Disturbed Section in China 8–9
The Republicans in Session—Illustrations 10
Meditations of a Matron 11
In Bookdom 12
A Flat Failure 13
At the Theatres 13
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Chinese Crisis. This has been an anxious week for the nations interested in the Chinese crisis. Up to June 26th when Tien-Tsin was relieved by a composite force, three considerable bodies of Americans and Europeans were known to be cut off from all communication with their countrymen and in great danger of overwhelming attack. In Pekin, the foreign legations and the three hundred marines who had been rushed in to guard them during the early days of the disturbance were surrounded by a whole army and a turbulent population of many millions. Communications were cut June 12th, so that the world was ignorant of their fate for nearly a fortnight. On the very day when the last news came out of Pekin, Admiral Seymour with a composite force of some four thousand men started from Tien-Tsin to relieve Pekin. The enemy closed in behind him, and he, too, sent back no word. Directly afterwards the city of Tien-Tsin itself was cut off by regular soldiers of the Chinese army. As soon as the communications from the besieged cities ceased, another composite force of something over one thousand men was sent to relieve Tien-Tsin. The corps was ridiculously inadequate to the work in hand, but the situation was desperate and the European admirals in command deemed it their duty to strain every nerve in behalf of the whites surrounded in the two cities. This relieving force met the Chinese on June 20th, and found them well intrenched outside the city and equipped with modern artillery. The whites attacked, and are believed to have inflic ed severe losses on the Chinese, but were forced to retire owing to the superior arms, artillery and numbers of the enemy. This show of Chinese strength made the outlook appear most gloomy. The depression of Europe was enhanced by alarming reports from the besieged points, stating, among other things, that the foreign quarter of Tien-Tsin had been burned, that the town was being bombarded from its own walls, that Admiral Seymour and his men were prisoners, and that the foreign legations had been destroyed. What happened next is mainly guess work, owing to the Creelman school of war correspondents with which China is now cursed; at any rate, the relieving column suddenly made its way to Tien-Tsin, opened communicacions and located Admiral Seymour's party. It was found that the bombardment of Tien-Tsin was not so heavy as reported, and that the foreign party, while they had seen some little fighting, has come off with few losses. What is interpreted as good news came from Pekin also; the relieving force learned that the Ministers and other whites had been sent out of Pekin with a guard, and were presumably of Seymour's party. The situation of Seymour's Pekin relief force was the most remarkable feature. In nearly two weeks he had moved only nine miles beyond Tien-Tsin, and was stalled there, nursing his sick and wounded, and beleaguered on every side by Mongolian hordes armed with Mausers and Maxims. His losses are reported as slight, but he is effectually stalled. This constitutes the military situation. On the political side, the very isolation of Pekin prevents us from learning how the Chinese Government stands, although the presence of trained regiments in the mobs fighting the combined forces would indicate that the government is in the foreign movement, or that there is a remarkably large and well-organized mutiny on behalf of the Boxers. The Chinese Ministers to the various Powers have submitted a demand that the foreign troops be withdrawn, pending the arrival of Li Hung Chang, who is on his way from Canton. This has been unanimously refused, the Powers reminding the petitioners that they must protect their subjects abroad. Every nation concerned is hurrying troops forward. It is now determined that our own force in China will number about 8,000 soldiers and six war-ships of various pattern. The Ninth Infantry embarked at Manila Wednesday and the Sixth Cavalry is at San Francisco en route. Part of the troops will go from the Philippines and part from this country. General Chaffee will be in command. Although a state of war does not yet exist between this country and China, the spilling of American blood in the relief of Tien-Tsin was a *casus belli* and may lead to the formal declaration of war. The President is hesitating waiting to see whether or no the trouble will increase. It is almost certain that it will, as the rebellion seems to be spreading all over the empire. New cases of the murder of missionaries and converts come to light every day. Even at Canton, in the far south, an outbreak may occur at any time. In the hurry and confusion of the common danger, the Russian plots and the conflict between the Czar's people and the Japanese are temporarily forgotten by the correspondents.

McKinley and Roosevelt the Republican Leaders. William McKinley of Ohio and Theodore Roosevelt of New York were nominated for President and Vice-President on the Republican ticket Thursday, June 21, at Philadelphia. The choice for both places was unanimous; never has there been less difference of opinion regarding candidates at any American party convention. It has been a foregone conclusion for a year that McKinley would be the Repnblican nominee for President, and Roosevelt has been the general choice for second place on the ticket. The greatest barrier to his candidacy was, however, his own attitude. Roosevelt persisted in requesting that his name be not offered, as he wished to run for a second term as governor of New York. It was apparent from the first day of the convention that sentiment was wholly in his favor. The administration, as represented by Mark Hanna and his immediate followers, was understood to be against him, but otherwise the feeling was so strong that the administration hedged on the eve of the day of voting. As a result, there was a complete landslide, every vote except his own going to the Rough Rider on the first ballot. Roosevelt was consistent to the last, protesting against the move as contrary to his wishes, but yielding to the wish of the party. To have refused would have been political suicide, and would have ruined his chances for the nomination in 1904, at which he is understood to be aiming. Senator Foraker made the speech nominating McKinley, and Roosevelt seconded it. The selection was made unanimous at once. After the excitement died down, the roll of states was called for vote on Vice-President. Alabama was first on the list but yielded to Iowa, and Delegate Young of that state withdrew the name of Dolliver to place Roosevelt in nomination. Butler Murray of Massachusetts made the seconding speech. The scenes marking the unanimous nomination of Roosevelt were even wilder than those that followed the McKinley vote. In fact, although the whole program was a prophetic certainty before the convention came to order on the final day, the meeting was a most enthusiastic one. The platform differed in no particular from that which the Republicans were expected to adopt. A declaration in favor of gold standard, support of the President's policy regarding our new possessions and re-affirmation of the protective tariff are the main features. The party campaign, as outlined by the managers, will involve an invasion of "the enemies territory"—the West. Roosevelt will probably resign his governorship and make a western speaking tour in opposition to Bryan.

A New Canal Route. Letters and semi-official reports received from members of the Nicaragua Canal surveying party, now at work determining the most practicable route across the isthmus, indicate that the future inter-oceanic waterway may be by neither the Panama nor the Nicaragua routes, but by a course as yet unconsidered. According to these letters, the explorers have found a route thirty-five miles long, or about the length of the Panama line, provided with harbors at either end, and practicable for a side water canal without locks or dams. The one objection to the find is that there is a steep ridge, nearly eight hundred feet high, in the very middle. This is serious, but it is not beyond the power of modern engineering. The rise, moreover, is an abrupt one, the rest of the way travelling along easily-sloping valleys. The advantages are: First, the shortness of the route. Second, the fact that it may be a tidewater channel, the dream of all canal-builders, and without the elaborate lock and dam system of the Nicaragua route. Third, it has none of the intercepting rivers and quicksands which make the Panama scheme so difficult of construction and doubtful of permanence. Fourth, there are natural harbors, requiring almost no dredging or excavating. Fifth, the site is more healthful than that of the other routes. It is suggested that this may be the route discovered by Selfridge in the seventies and subsequently lost by carelessness in recording. It is said to lie about one hundred and thirty miles eastward of the Panama survey, extending from Caledonia Bay to the Gulf of San Miguel.

Prospect of Peace in the Philippines. The enlightened and broad policy which General MacArthur has inaugurated in the Philippine Islands since General Otis turned control of affairs over into his hands has borne its first fruit in an action which may mean the end of the Philippine revolt. On June 21, the two hundred leading native revolutionists in the city of Manila met at the request of MacArthur, and agreed upon the terms on which they would accept peace. None were admitted except those who had all along been openly in favor of the revolt. Fifty Filipino leaders were temporarily released from prison to be present. They included such open, out-and-out rebel leaders as Senors Flores, Paterno and Buencamino, the leader of the movement, General Pio del Pilar, General Garcia and General Macabulas. No coercion of any sort was employed. After four hours' argument the delegates agreed on the following terms which, according to the leaders, would probably be acceptable to Aguinaldo First—Amnesty. Second—the return by the Americans to the Filipinos of confiscated property. Third—Employment for the revolutionary Generals in the navy and militia when established. Fourth—The application of the Filipino revenues to succor needy Filipino soldiers. Fifth—A guarantee to the Filipinos of the exercise of personal rights accorded to Americans by their Constitution. Sixth—Establishment of civil government at Manila and in the provinces. Seventh—Expulsion of the friars. The statement of the seventh condition was vociferously acclaimed, the entire assembly shouting, "Expel, expel!" General MacArthur followed this at once by a declaration of general amnesty to all native rebels who would accept the authority of the United States within ninety days. Although no Filipino will say whether Aguinaldo is living or dead, the natives in the assemblage offered to take news of the proposals and the amnesty to the central Filipino government, wherever and whatever that is. With one exception, the terms of the agreement are such as the United States can readily accept without change of policy. The troublesome clause is the one relating to the expulsion of the friars. It cannot be done without antagonizing the Roman Catholic church and reviving the religious question, which is likely to be the knotty point in the final settlement. The military movements of the week have been unimportant, including only the surrender of a few native bands in Luzon and the ambushing of an American force in Mindanao, which resulted in a victory for our troops with some loss. Otherwise, the wet weather has left both sides inactive.

The Arid Region of Western America. In a somewhat overstrained and extravagant book called "The Conquest of Arid America," Professor William E. Smythe predicts a great future for the one region of the United States which has not yet come under cultivation. While the deductions which the author draws and the future which he predicts are a bit unreal and fanciful, his data and conclusions from fact are based on sound scientific investigation and have attracted some attention in both West and East. What may generally be designated as the arid region of the United States is mapped by Mr. Smythe as embracing all the territory west of the ninety-seventh meridian. The line passes through the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. It divides the area where assured rainfall ends and the arid regions begins. East of it an annual rainfall is expected, adequate to the tillage of the earth, although subject to alternate disaster of drought and flood. Aridity is the distinguishing characteristic of the vast region west of it, or a lack of rainfall sufficient to insure the successful growth of agricultural products without the aid of artificial irrigation. The general healthfulness of the region is one of its main characteristics. The dry atmosphere is the enemy of most disease germs, and already patients afflicted with consumption, chronic malaria, lingering typhoid and other bacterial diseases are sent there to get rid of them. Also, the extremes of climate are much more easily borne. Further, it is immune against dangerous natural phenomena, such as thunderstorms, tornadoes, and cyclones. Outside of the mineral resources, the water-power the coal and oil, all more or less hidden and matters of conjecture, this land is capable of sustaining an immense agricultural population if only water is added. Professor Smythe presents figures to show that by far the greater part of the region can be reached by irrigation without undue expense. Moreover, chemical test proves that the soil is as rich as any on earth. This, startling as the hypothesis may seem, is held to be due to the very dryness of the climate. The same is true of the fertile Nile Valley. In countries where there is a plentiful rainfall, the inundations wash away the rich elements in the soil, while in the arid regions these elements have been accumulating. The chemical process which produced this fertility seems to keep on repeating itself without loss. At least, this has been true in the Nile Valley where, even in places where the river deposits no sediment, the soil has been prolific for four thousand years and shows no sign of exhaustion. The author concludes with the somewhat startling theory that the so-called "American desert" will be the future seat of American greatness.

The South African Situation. While the alarming situation in China has drawn attention away from the South African war, the campaign itself has brought forth little that is new. Lord Roberts, who is good at keeping his plans to himself, gives no intimation of his intentions regarding the main body of the Transvaal Boers, now still further withdrawn into their own country. On the other border the purpose of recent movements is more clear. General Buller has advanced through Laing's Nek, where the British once expected such bloody resistance, joined Robert's force, and is forming part of a cordon drawn about President Steyn of the Orange River State, his forces and his officials. The Free Staters may break through the cordon, but if they stay to fight their capture is assured. In the main body of the Transvaal troops, there is a surprising development. Recently Roberts sent a message containing peace proposals to President Kruger. The messenger was halted in the Boer lines, and informed that Botha had assumed general control "for the good of the Republic?" It was requested that the news be conveyed to Mrs. Kruger and the Boer leaders in Pretoria. No one seems to know the whereabouts of Kruger, and one explanation of Botha's message is that the Boer chief has left South Africa. Roberts has passed stringent rules for the punishment of all persons who aid or abet the Boer forces. A league to maintain the independence of the Transvaal Republic has been formed in France, probably at the instigation of Dr. Leyds, and has issued a call to other Boer sympathizers throughout the world for a union of forces in the common object. The Transvaal, or at least that section held by the British, is settling down to quiet, and the citizens are returning to their farms.

Women are beginning to make their way into the drug business. Colleges of pharmacy held out against them long after law and medical colleges had opened to them. Recently they have been allowed to learn the art of filling prescriptions and have proved to be well fitted for the work. They cannot, of course, take up the drug business unless they have had a good education with some knowledge of Latin, and are willing to put in more hours a day for every day in the week than in almost any other occupation.

Editorial Comment.

The Suicide of a Nation.

THE Empress Dowager of China has gone mad, or the press despatches are wofully unture. The Boxers, a revolutionary force, waging warfare on foreigners, and therefore against the government for their protection, are reported to be aided, if not instigated by the Empress. Under this anomalous condition China is put at swords' points with every civilized nation on the globe. The Empress, it appears, is not enamored of foreigners, resents their intrusion and their religious teachings. While unable, in her sovereign capacity, to drive the white devils out of the Empire, she is reported to be turning to account this Association, whose creed is to kill or rid the country of Christians. It is scarcely conceivable that that wise old man Li Hung Chang has had any hand in this movement. The Empress is either in the hands of ignorance or cunning. One can well imagine that a fellow who has lived in a cave and drawn wisdom from the books of Confucius might so advise the Empress, but no man of prrts like Li, no Chinese who has traveled abroad or kept abreast of the world, would suggest such a hazardous and suicidal course. Perhaps the cunning hand of European diplomacy lies under it all. The partitioning of China has long been lying on the table at the council of nations, waiting to be taken up for discussion. A moving cause has been lacking. It would have been a cold-blooded arrangement deliberately to carve the empire into fractions and divided it without any further excuse than its national weakness. If, however, China is unable to protect, in their lives and property, the missionaries and subjects of other lands, or if, being able she refuses so to, and aids and abets the Boxers in their murderous raids, then under the modern international code she "has proved her unfitness" and offers an excuse for radical action on the part of land-hungry nations of the globe. It is possible, then, that some crafty diplomat has by indirection instigated the Empress to just this course, so making China the author of her own destruction.

Be that as it may, there was but one course open to the United States. It must protect its citizens, wherever they may be. In years gone by Americans have frequently found it to their interest while abroad to claim England as their home. The world has long understood that no Englishman, no matter how obscure he might be, was too small to demand the protection of his government. An injury to an English subject in a foreign land was promptly followed by the appearance of a British man-of-war. Reparation was promptly demanded and quite as promptly made. Such has not been the case with Americans. In some of the South American countries particularly, citizens of the United States have frequently been subjected to indignities that made life unbearable and the boast of American citizenship not only idle and useless but a dangerous thing. In such countries Americans, for their own safety, have been frequently compelled to deny the land of their birth. There are Americans now in China. They have a right to be there. They are entitled to the protection of the Chinese government, and this failing, are entitled to the protection of their own government. Their lives and their property are now in danger. Even the lives of the nation's consular representatives are threatened; the government of China is either unable or unwilling to give to these people proper protection. There is but one duty before the administration—it is plain and simple, viz.: to protect those who have the right to demand our protection at whatever cost.

The Prohibitionists.

THE National Prohibition Party, so say the press dispatches, expect to go before the Democratic National Convention with a list of one million voters pledged to Bryan, if the Democratic party will adopt a prohibition plank in its platform. Very sagely the Prohibitionists declare that they do not expect the Democrats to favor such a plank, but they do believe their tender will prove an entering wedge that will finally split one of the two great parties and build upon the ruins the foundation of a new party. This is a dream. The Prohibition Party is not made up of "deliverable goods." Politically speaking, they are "program" on the liquor question but that they can be picked up and delivered as the political bosses deliver the votes of the corrupt and ignorant is scarcely thinkable. The trouble with the ordinary Prohibitionist is his stiffness of purpose. He is uncompromising, and therein lies his weakness. So long as the Democratic Whiskey Trust has such an enemy it may go to sleep in security. Some years ago the *Wave* pointed out to the California Prohibitionist the mistake of nominating an independent ticket and suggested the solidifying of the prohibition vote to the party that would make the most concessions. If it was proved they could "deliver the goods," in a close state like California they might wield some influence. There are any number of good men—sensible men—and some of them are in the whiskey business, who would join hands in a movement to close out the dead falls and put the traffic on a higher plane. But it is no part of the Prohibitionist's plan to render more respectable a traffic they are sworn to destroy. They proceed upon the theory that the more disreputable it becomes the sooner its complete extermination will follow. But sound judgment does not sanction this plan, nor has time or experience approved it.

Give to one man the swinging of a million votes in a national election, and you will have equipped that man with the powers of a dictator so long as his demands are reasonable, and are not calculated to alienate a large body of voters from the party with which he allies himself. We are probably coming to the time when voting trusts will govern us. An item going the rounds of the dailies states that it has been proposed that Catholic societies band together politically for the purpose of "protecting and asserting their rights." Labor has its flock of voters, the Prohibitionists theirs, and in these days of large combinations, why not divide all the voters into blocks, each with a spokesman who shall meet with party leaders, make their demands upon them and close their trades with the one offering the most advantageous concessions. Then the result of election could be definitely determined before the ballots were cast. The boodler who attends a convention wants money for his vote. That is bribery. The prohibitionist makes no demand for himself, but wants some one else punished, and boldly offers the votes of a million Americans to the party that will serve him. What is that? Is it not morally a case of bribery? It will not be long probably before Aguinaldo and other foreign rulers or pretenders who are anxious to secure the support of America, will throw into our national campaigns large sums of money to aid the party committed to their pretensions. Certainly it would be entirely feasible for some foreign nation having a secret understanding with Aguinaldo to spend several millions of dollars to secure an abandonment of the Philippines by the United States. And there may be more truth than speculation to this suggestion.

THAT the Republican party will win a complete and glorious victory at the polls next Fall seems to be conceded even by the enemy. No feeling of self-confidence, however, should be permitted to suspend or to deaden party zeal. The voters of the country who stand opposed to the heresies of Bryanism, even though their political faith has heretofore been pinned to the Democracy of former days, owe it to the country, owe it to themselves, owe it to the party that once engaged their fealty, to poll such a tremendons protest against Bryanism, as forever to crush it out of existence. The *fear* of Bryanism is of itself an industrial deterrent. There is but one way to eliminate that fear and dread from national politics and that is for intelligent Democrats to support the other ticket. There is but one way for intelligent Democrats to snatch their party from out of the incompetent hands into which it has fallen, and that is to make the victory of McKinley and Roosevelt so complete and decisive as not to leave a shred of hope among the bunglers and demagogues who have present possession.

It is a little hard for a life long Democrat to swallow the national ticket of his lifelong opponent; but it is the only way to purify his own party. It is hard for a man to part with an arm that must be amputated, but to save his life he must acquiesce. It is not pleasant to submit to the surgeon's knife for relief, but the old line that runs "desperate diseases require desperate remedies" applies to politics as well as to the human body. The Democrat who clings to the Bryan ticket because it is falsely labelled with the old party name, does not give evidence of abundant intelligence. He may compromise with his conscience. He may protest against the course of his own party by refusing to vote, and so by the same act escape giving his endorsement of the enemy. But if he follows this course he performs only half of his duty. The fellow who does not vote is not counted. At the last presidential election, intelligent Democracy might have effectually wiped out Bryanism if it had supported Mr. McKinley and in the coming campaign the name of Bryan would scarcely be heard. The democratic press has repeatedly told the story that a change of twenty-five thousand votes in the close states would have elected Mr. Bryan, and they have been feeding on this hope for three years. Doubtless there were enough stay-at-home Democrats who would not vote for Bryan and who would not support the Republican ticket to have put these states out of the field of speculative figures. Their policy of "not voting at all" has operated to sustain the very thing they wish to destroy, has prolonged the disgrace of their party and rendered it possible for the same element to control during the interim. At the next election, let them kill Bryanism, not scotch it.

Henry Irving has contributed $50 to the fund for the new convention hall to be built in Kansas City. Will the democratic party stultify itself now by any more talk about foreign alliances?

Lord Roseberry is said to be the most elusive of all English politicians, because, after twenty years of public life, his real opinions are unknown even to his intimates, and only one of his friends, a young Jew, is said to be completely in his confidence.

COMMUNICATION.

State School Books.

THE attitude of the *Call* on the school book question is somewhat surprising. That journal, which is beyond suspicion of unholy relations with the "school book ring" is openly advocating a return to the old system and an abandonment of the publication of the state series. Certainly, Mr. Spreckels will not be charged with combinations with the Eastern publishers who are anxious to break down our present system, and repeat the scandalous proceedings of years gone by. Mr. Spreckels understands if the text-books of to-day are not all they should be, that the officers charged with the duty of revising them are competent, able, and willing to place them upon a standard as high if not higher than similar books published by Eastern concerns. Some time ago it was whispered about that the school-book ring was preparing for an attack upon the state series. This was several years ago. To be prepared for emergencies the *Wave* wrote every superintendent of schools in the State and asked the following questions concerning the state system: Is it a convenience to teachers, scholars and parents? Does it result in a saving to parents? Do you believe that the State should or should not continue to publish its school books? The answers to these inquiries were almost unanimously in the affirmative. One superintendent says: "I am unqualifiedly in favor of the system. In my opinion it secures uniformity of books throughout the State School Department, thus obviating the necessity of extra expense on the part of the pupils who may change from one country to another, and secures a uniform standard of requirement in the various schools. The series costs less than corresponding books furnished by publishing houses."

Another very intelligent review of the school book question came from a superintendent from one of the interior counties. At the time of making their inquiries, the *Wave*, knowing the power of the book ring politically, promised not to publish names without express permission, hence we omit the name of the writer. Here is what this superintendent says: "At the time the people voted upon the State text-book question, I was a teacher in this county, and opposed the measure, knowing something of Minnesota's experiment in the same line. But since that time, during my incumbency of this office, I have found that parents appreciate the reduction in prices and that teachers can do excellent work with the State Series, especially by the use, with them, of the numerous supplementary books, which by law may be purchased with the Library Fund of each district. It seems to me that the burden is lightened where it rested most heavily, viz., upon the needy parents of large families. The heavy tax payers must bear the expenses not met by the sale of the text-books, and this to me seems right. The exclusion of all competition is a bad thing, of course, but look backward and investigate the workings of free competition by all dealers in text-books; see if the best books were always adopted. I know San Francisco teachers used to say, You have fine readers in your county, while we have and must use the ante diluvian McGuffey's Readers." Under the old system, each county could adopt books entirely different from those of other counties, then the poorer classes, who are generally nomadic from necessity, found upon entering a different county that the dearly bought books were practically valueless. Public criticisms by teachers, superintendents and others tend to keep State books up to the standard. Our last Legislature passed an act to provide for the revision of certain books of the State Series, those most severely criticised, viz., the First, Second, and Third Readers, the English Grammar, and the Advanced Arithmetic. At the same time, a new book, a primary History of the United States, was added to the list.

Now, in view of the fact that the State owns its presses, types, bindery, electrotyping apparatus and all material required in the manufacture of text-books, and for reasons given in another part of this communication, it seems to me that it would be most ill-advised to return to the old method.

Pardon me for writing at so great length; it seemed impossible to say less, and well nigh impossible to refrain from saying more.

I am not ashamed of my convictions, but sincerely hope you will not use my expression of them, except in a general way. Please view this as a request.

We have numberless letters of this character. Many speak of the defects of the books, but declare that such defects may be easily remedied. Nearly every superintendent acknowledges that the burden falls upon the poor, and that the theory is a good one, though its practice might be improved.

J. T. Y.

Divers in the British navy before being passed as proficient in their craft have to be able to work in twelve fathoms of water for an hour, and twenty fathoms for a quarter of an hour.

It is said that a grandson of Major General Robert Ross, who captured and sacked Washington in 1814, will command the new regiment of Irish Guards forming by order of the Queen.

THE CAPITAL OF URUAGUAY.

Some Glimpses at Montevideo, the Fairest of South American Cities.

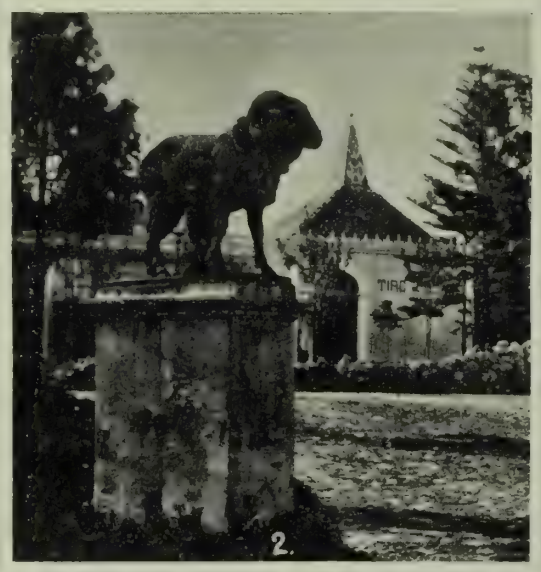
DOWN where the broad stretch of the Rio de la Plata makes a mingling with the sea, on the outermost edge of the little Republic of which it is the Capital, lies the city of Montevideo. Practically hemmed in between sea and river, the city proper is located on a gently sloping peninsula backed up by the rolling lands which form the greater part of Uruguay's country districts.

Time was when this city by the sea held the great commercial supremacy over all the lower section of South America. Then all ocean roads led to the mouth of the yellow Plata. Thence to the interior, communication was had by means of steamers plying on the Plata, Parana, and Paraguay rivers. Now all this is changed, for the people of the Argentine, knowing that Montevideo's weakness, lies in the exposed condition of her harbor, have brought the terminals of all these lines of transportation, both foreign and interior, to the doors of their principal city, Buenos Ayres.

For the Argentinas this was a colossal work, as Buenos Ayres lacked the proper depth of water to give approach to ships of heavy draught. But with money, dredging could be done and piers built and the Argentine Confederation was bound to lead in the question of ports upon the Plata. Consequently Montevideo ceased to be the principal point of distribution for the broad valleys of the Southern Continent.

All of this loss to Montevideo could have been offset by a series of improvements in her own harbor, but as each proposition for breakwaters and other harbor safeguards came up it was talked over and dropped at its very inception. It is said that in several instances where there seemed a possibility of direct action being taken in Montevideo's harbor improvements, Argentine influence had much to do with the abandonment of the idea. Unfortunately, Uruguay has not always been ruled by officials who gave a thought to the people's good. Now, however, there is a chance of something better, for in the person of President Cuestas the Republican has an Executive who has taken upon himself the work of seeing that Montevideo's port shall be transformed into a safe one. He has rendered the beginning of the work a certainty by causing the National Congress to pass an irrevocable law setting aside a good percentage of the customs of the Republic as a fund for this very work. Already, this fund has run into the millions of pesos, not the pesos of most South American Republics which carry a value equal to about one third of the golden dollar, but the peso of Uruguay, which oddly enough possesses to-day and has for years possessed a value at least three per cent higher than that of British or American gold. Cuestas has determined that his term of office shall see the great work begun and with coin at hand his plans will undoubtedly be transferred from possibilities to certainties.

Even with her loss of trade, Montevideo has gone ahead. In spite of revolutions and every other kind and class of political chaos, the city's advance has been steady and the development of the vast resources which lie behind her in the Republic's fertile plains has gone forward with but little obstruction.



One of the very first impressians created by a visit to Montevideo is its cleanliness, which stands in brilliant contrast with the conditions in most South American cities. Besides, there are beautiful business streets filled with well-stocked stores, broken at short intervals by attractive and excellently kept plazas. It seems that as the city grew an artistic unity was maintained. It is impossible to travel any great distance in moving from the landing back to the suburbs without coming upon one of these breathing places well supplied with shade, and with benches in plenty for those who desire to rest within its borders. Then, as a suitable finale to this system of parks, comes the "Prado," situated on the extreme city limits. Here is a pleasure ground several hundred acres in extent, full of pretty nooks and traversed by shaded walks and drives. At its center is a well-kept casino and a refreshment place with an accompanying bandstand, from which one of Uruguay's military bands sends forth a daily concert of those weird airs for which the Southern Republics are noted. These band concerts are a feature of Montevidean life; every evening each principal plaza has its concert by one of the army organizations. Scores are seldom seen on the stands before the musicians and they are at their best when performing the airs which have been developed under the romantic skies of the far southland. Under these conditions their performances are not only pleasing but exceedingly interesting, but when they attempt Strauss or Sousa, the performance loses its charm, and it becomes clearly evident that in handling music of other nations they are far adrift.

Every home of Montevideo, no matter what the class, possesses some touch of desire for beautiful surroundings. It matters not how humble the domicile, in its center is the "patio" embowered in some kind of flowers and greens. And from these humble little touches of floriculture up through the many classes of magnificent "patios" in the dwellings of the wealthy Uruguays to the elaborately laid out and carefully kept grounds of the enormous "quintas," there is seen the same love of nature, the same desire for artistic harmony.

The "quintas" or suburban residences of the better class form one of the prettiest features of this really lovely city. There are hundreds of them, stretching along the streets which lead into the open country, the Paseo del Molino being the most aristocratic quarter. In their construction, the Uruguayan has departed from the conventional Spanish custom of exhibiting no part of his dwelling to the public eye save its facade, and has placed his house in the center of pretty tracts screened from observation only by a fence of iron wicker.

In spite of all the drawbacks under which she has labored, Montevideo has developed into one of South America's most attractive cities and if spared from the designs of ambitions rivals or the destruction of the present administration through some ill-advised resolution, she is destined to regain a good bit of the prestige which might have been held, had her political powers in the past thought less of self and more of their country's advancement.

DOUGLAS WHITE.

1. Plaza de la Constitution, Government Buildings on the Left. 2. A Corner in the Prado, Montevideo's Principal Park. 3. A Fountain in the Prado. 4. Plaza de la Independencia

Things & People.

The Boxers and Certain of Us.

THERE is everything in the point of view. For those missionary sympathizers who scorn the humble Chinaman for his Boxer tendencies, a glance at the history of San Francisco should be instructive. In the years preceding 1880, there was an influx of Chinese immigrants to California. They arrived so fast and so thickly that a great number of our citizens, particularly of the working class, with whom the strangers were most keenly in competition, became alarmed. They had reasons which seemed to them sufficient for opposing the placid heathen. The Chinese were an alien people. Their manners and habits made it impossible for them to live in close relations with the whites unless one side or the other gave up their own ways,and the Chinese showed no disposition to make a change. A spark of resentment was kindled, and agitators fanned it to the flame. Tremendous public feeling was roused. Chinamen were stoned and insulted whenever they ventured out of their own quarter, so that for many years the rowdies among the city's small boys persecuted Chinamen instead of dogs and cats. Chinese were killed publicly by mobs. The laws practically refused them protection, letting whites who had murdered Chinese go free or escape with a nominal punishment. Finally, the government of this country being strong enough to dare to do as it pleased, there being no Chinese warships at its doors to enforce prevention, made a law forbidding further immigration of Chinese.

* * *

I review this well-known passage in San Francisco's history for the deadly parallel. In the years preceding 1900, the Caucasians became very numerous and aggressive in China. Their ways were not Chinese ways, their opinions and ideas were mostly pernicious and hateful to those who held Chinese opinions and ideas. It became apparent that the two could not exist side by side without one giving in to the other. The Caucasians showed no signs of a disposition to give in; on the contrary, they sent people to teach their ways to the Chinese, and troops and ships to force these ways down Chinese throats. Presently, the educated class, with whom the hated foreigners come most keenly into competition, began to grow uneasy. They sent out agitators who stirred up public feeling, and the people, being convinced that the foreigner was bad and that their government was not strong enough to enforce expulsion, rioted with nearly as much noise and bluster as that made by the Dennis Kearney riots twenty years ago, and killed many Caucasians, jvst as the Dennis Kearney rioters would have done to the Chinese had the police and military of the United States been as weak as it is in China. Therefore,the Caucasian powers of the earth, in the year of their Lord 1900, went out and smote the Empire of China, rent it apart, and divided it among the Medes and the Persians of Europe. There you are in the parallel columns. Let us go out and punish the Boxer and the Chinese government if necessary, because it is for us to prove that we protect our citizens abroad as at home, but in the name of justice let us not be self-righteous about it, lest some wise Chinese look up the history of the Pacific Coast.

* * *

Outside of the political aspect of the case, any person of taste and sense must regret the break-up and Europeanization of China. No one with Caucasian ideals believes for a moment that the essentials of Chinese civilization can be matched with those of our own. There is gold amidst all this dross, nevertheless. In some respects, the Chinese are far ahead of us. A year ago, San Francisco saw an example in comparing the Chinese section of the Fourth of July parade with the rest of the pageant. Their part was to ours as a Corot landscape to a chromo. This is only one example, but it serves to illustrate the rest. Encouraged to develop in their own way, to develop their virtues and correct their vices after their own fashion, the Chinese might rise to a civilization of their own, as high as ours, but different and distinctive. As it is, they are doomed to European assimilation. The Chinese articles of daily use, every one of which is beautiful and distinctive, must be replaced by those European wares of plain ugliness, struck off at lightning speed because they are cheap. Their customs, their sciences, their arts must be moulded into our forms. One more thing of beauty is gone out of the world.

***

Father Yorke and Stanford University.

IT was undoubtedly a slip of policy for Dr. David Starr Jordan of Stanford University to stir up the wrath of Rev. Peter Yorke just at this time, when the college is about to ask for tax-exemption. The controversy set Father Yorke crusading. I notice that in all of his commencement addresses delivered during the late graduating season, the champion of Catholicism in this region has thrown in a few remarks against the proposed constitutional amendment. To the unprejudiced outsider, Father Yorke's action seems a little foolish. No enlightened person believes that school property, public or private, should be taxed; the great majority of enlightened persons believe that church property should enjoy the same immunity. Only two states in the Union—California and polygamous Utah—tax their institutions of higher learning. That California does so is due to an unfortunate flaw in her constitution. Not only Stanford University; but Santa Clara College and Saint Mary's and the other universities controlled by the church of which Father Yorke is the champion ought to be exempt. Under these circumstances, the wise course for Father Yorke would be to help and favor the exemption of Stanford University in the hope that when the time should come for the legislators to lift the burden from Saint Mary's and Santa Clara, the large and growing body of Stanford alumni would reciprocate and assist. That is the way in which it would have been done in any other section of the country; the way in which Father Yorke has gone about it to lose the game for both sides is characteristic of the Pacific Coast system of "knocking."

***

The Colleges and the Negro Problem.

THE educated negroes of the South have been holding a conference at Atlanta, Georgia,over their own race and its future. As in any other conference, there was a great deal of talk to the square inch of practical result to the delegates, but it served for advertising purposes. The statistics presented show, on paper, a good rate of progress so far as education alone is concerned. The race has been graduating men and women from the colleges and universities of the country ever since the civil war. Nearly fifteen thousand of them, located permanently in the South, were heard from. Of these the great majority are teaching the members of their own race. A few are in the professions of law and medicine, and many more are clergymen. It is said that no conviction for crime or misdemeanor was ever recorded against a colored college graduate. This is a record which cannot be duplicated among an equal number of white University men, and is in striking contrast with the conduct of the educated Indian. These people seem to be doing the practical work in solving the negro problem, while the Bostonians theorize and the Southerners lynch.

* * *

The uncertainty of criticism of one's neighbors was illustrated by a large Western State,recently,in connection with this same negro problem. There is a large commonwealth not a thousand leagues from California, which prides itself upon enlightened views on politics. There is partial woman suffrage, at least, and a rage for municipal and political improvement. It is a stronghold of education and woman's clubs and churches. Correspondingly, this commonwealth has always been the first to extend noisy sympathy to those whom its citizens imagined to be "oppressed." The Siberian exile system, the Dreyfus case, the Boer war, and especially the lynchings in the South have been public hobbies. But a few months ago, a negro settler perpetrated one of those crimes which the Southerners punish by death without trial. Thereupon, a committee of citizens from this enlightened state went out and lynched him with neatness and dispatch. It makes a great deal of difference whose toes the other fellow treads on.

***

The Grumblers and the Fish.

THERE has been a general complaint, this year, that the trout fishing through the State is poor. Correspondingly, the cranks are crying that the streams of the State are poorly-stocked and fished out, that the government has been lax in replenishing streams and the State lax in protecting the supply, that the sport is going to the devil. The older and wiser fishermen declare, on the contrary, that the supply of brook and river fish has never been better than it has this year. The conditions regulating good or bad fishing are independent of the number of the finny tribe in the streams. This year, the seeming scarcity is a matter of food supply. When there is abundant provender in the river-bottoms, trout will not rise to a fly, because they are too well fed in their comfortable gravel beds to have need of coming to the surface to hustle this year. The late rains have kept the streams swollen and the supply of worms and other fish-food is very plentiful. Therefore, large catches have been the exception, but the fish are there, just the same.

***

A Practical Automobile Test.

TWO Los Angeles automobiles have been taken on trips which prove the possibilities of the horseless carriage in America. The first, owned and operated by Oliver Lippencott and E. Russell, made a run to Yosemite last week. The journey was finished without accident and practically without incident, and in faster time than would have been possible to the best horses. In the climb of the Sierra, the horseless carriage,run below its best speed, averaged eight miles an hour, where the stages make but three. This proves the ability of the "auto" to negotiate any grades possible to ordinary vehicles, and vindicates its reputation. The feat so impressed the Yosemite stage-line people that they have about decided to replace their old-time coaches with horseless carriages. The route between Los Angeles and Yosemite is mostly over toll roads, so that this trip throws little light on the ability of the automobile to deal with heavy going, but Mr. Harry Turner of Los Angeles, who came last week over the route between his own city and San Francisco, discovered that the "auto" is no better than the bicycle in sand. Down in the Tehachipi country he ran onto a sandy stretch which came very near ending the trip. Every now and then the machine would strike a belt of soft sand and stop, the wheels revolving in the hard grains without taking hold. He would meet this emergency by getting out and lifting the hind wheels loose, when the machine would jump forward about twenty feet and stop again. Otherwise, he, like the Yosemite travellers, found that the automobile could go on any roads possible for the bicycle and on grades which would be heavy for even the lightest horse-drawn carriage.

BOSWELL, JR.

The yellow fever antitoxic serum prepared from the bacillus icteroides, after being tried on a dozen cases, has proved a failure, says Dr. Charles Fitzpatrick. Another physician using the Sanarelli serum at New Orleans proclaims that it has produced no cure. The prophylactic fluid prepared by Haffkine's method has given good results in the case of animals, but has not been used yet on man.

A Day's Fishing on the Sacramento River.

1. Roosevelt Searches the Galleries. 2. Senator Mason of Illinois. (The man in the straw hat). 3. Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff of New York and his Wife. 4. The *Enquirer* Building. 5. Secretary Long and Mark Hanna. 6. The Chinese Minister Smiles. 7. Senator Lodge. (The second man in the front group). 8. Senator Mason Brings his Female Relatives. 9. The Veteran Delegates, who Attended the First National Convention, are Introduced. *Further Views on page 10.*

SNAP-SHOTS AT THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The CRISIS In CHINA.

A PUZZLING SITUATION.

Many Opinions on the Inner History of the Boxer Rising.

THERE are as many opinions on the true character of the Chinese Boxers as there are minds and eyes observing them. The Western world began mixing in the imbroglio with the idea that these people are a disorganized and lawless society having for their object the expulsion of all foreigners. The Empress Dowager was,according to this view,silently assisting them, while pretending to use her Imperial army to put down the insurrection. Nine-tenths of the newspapers the world over took this view of the situation at the outset of the trouble.

But time passed,the situation grew more complicated and the position of the contending parties less clearly marked; persons and forces supposed to do certain things signally failed, and the cock-sure journalists of New York, London and Paris began to hedge a little. At the present time there are about four views, widely differing, on the existing condition of affairs.

The first of these,the one put forward by the missionaries, is the one still popularly accepted. It holds the Boxers to be an unrighteous horde which despises Christianity, hates the foreigners,and is taking violent measures against them. This view, curiously enough, is supported by the fact that most of the Boxers whose names reach us are known to be men of education, as Chinese education goes. The leaders of the anti-missionary movements of the past ten years have come from this very educated class. Steeped as they are in Conservation and Confucianism, the Western religion, ethics and customs are particularly distasteful to them. They have not been accustomed to get out and slaughter foreigners along with the mob, but they have worked and planned and plotted,nevertheless. An instance of their attitude is afforded by the remark of a mandarin during the riots of 1895. Being ordered from Pekin to suppress the disturbance, he did it promptly, saying, "Not because they have killed the foreign devils, but because they take any notice of such cattle." If the educated, Confucian class are with the Boxers, say the missionaries, then it must be an anti-foreign, anti-Christian movement. The Roman Catholic missionaries, on the other hand, take still another view. The missions of their faith lie mostly along the borders of the Empire, in a country infested by robbers. Wherever they go, the propagandists of this faith make it a point to elevate the social and material condition of their converts and to organize them against attack. In pursuance of this line of action, they have had countless skirmishes with the bandits. It is but natural, therefore, that they should believe the Boxers to be only a group of these bandits, joined for further plunder. No secret society,no anti-foreign organization, say the priests who know China, only murderers and robbers. In passing, the human tendency to look at things with partisan eyes may be noticed. The Confucians oppose the Protestants; therefore,the Protestants hold the Boxers are Confucians. The bandits plague the Roman Catholics; therefore, the latter call the Boxers bandits.

The explanation given by most of the intelligent Chinese in this country throws the whole situa ion into new and unusual light. It is significant that Celestials of this class in all parts of the United States agree in speaking of the Boxers with respect and deference. The papers of New York, Chicago, Denver and San Francisco contain interviews with Chinese citizens who express independently the same views. The Boxer rebellion is the French Revolution of China,they say. The leaven of foreign progress,set working by Li Hung Chang, by his lieutenants and by certain Europeanized Chinese, has brought about this outburst against the powers that be, the Ming dynasty, and the non-progressive force in China. The Boxers have nothing against foreigners as foreigners,although they would resist any attempt to seize and partition China; on the contrary, most of them are favorable to European ideas and not a few are Christians. It is the awakening of China. For over three hundred years the common people have loathed the Manchu dynasty with a placid loathing which came of quiet submission to the inevitable. The Tartar dynasty came into China by a side door. The true Chinese had fought the Manchu Tartars for centuries and had built the famous Chinese wall against them, but once, after a long and exhausting civil war, a viceroy of the Empire hired Tartar mercenaries to come down and assist his side. Entering the kingdom thus in the guise of allies to one party, the trained Manchu hordes turned against both sides, put their own ruler on the throne,forced their own customs—including the wearing of pig-tails—on their subjects, and have since ruled China by lopping off every head which appeared above the crowd. When the sleeping Chinese nation began to stir and waken, the first emotion which awoke was hatred of the Manchu dynasty. This Boxer revolution has been fermenting for many years, but in a quiet way. In characteristic Chinese fashion, the reformers began their work through a secret society. China is honeycomed with orders of this sort. The Tai-Ping rebellion of fifty years ago, a movement not unlike the Boxer disturbance, owed its origin and conduct to such an organization. Any old resident of San Francisco knows how the continual highbinder disturbances in Chinatown are kept up and fostered by secret societies. Without these associations, no public movement can advance in China. The Triad, which fostered the Tai-Ping rebellion,is so like Freemasonry that it is regarded by many Masons as an offshoot of their own order. The Boxers may, for all we know,be as ancient and as strong. They have chosen this as the accepted time to strike for national freedom because the Empress Dowager is especially hated by the ordinary Chinese, making the reigning dynasty particularly vulnerable just now.

It will be objected that this view takes no stock in the massacre of missionaries and native converts. The explanation of this feature is just where the beauty of Oriental diplomatic method comes in. The Empress, say the Amer-

Bronze Instrument, Pekin Observatory.

icanized Chinese, getting wind of the proposed revolution, and realizing that her fighting forces would be too weak to oppose the Boxer hordes together with the forces which would rally to their aid on account of their loyalty to her deposed nephew, Kwang Su, worked through her agents upon the turbulent and lawless among the common people, causing them to rise and slaughter the Christians in order that she might lay their deeds to the Boxers and call in the foreign powers to assist her in repressing them. On this very basis a Chicago Chinaman has lately explained the difference between her public appeals to the powers and her intercepted private correspondence with her provincial governors. "She calls them "Boxers' when she communicates with the foreign governments. When she writes to her governors, she calls it disturbances among the common people, and never mentions the Boxers." Far-fetched as thsi explanation may seem to the Occidental mind, to one acquainted with the Chinese character it does not appear either strained or unnatural. It would be a Chinese way of doing business. It is weakened, however, by the events of the past week. The repulse of the relief column before Tien-Tsin was accomplished by Imperial troops using Imperial arms and artillery. This, certainly, gives the lie to any assertion that the crafty Dowager is actively against the Boxers.

Old members of the American diplomatic Corps differ from this view, while at the same time regarding the disturbance as the work of a secret society. According to their idea, the Triad and the other societies have changed in both object and purpose. It used to be hatred of the Manchu dynasty, but it has grown into a great, unfaltering grievance against the foreigner. "China for the Chinese" is now the cry of the native patriotic leagues. They believe that the Boxers are backing the Empress and that behind them both is the whole of China save only the little band of enlightened souls who believe in Congress and back Kwang Su. The basis of the Chinese popular hatred of the Manchu dynasty is their aversion to all foreigners, all unaccustomed ways. People stronger than the Manchus, more hostile to their own ways, are overrunning China and controlling the industries of the country, and the Chinese have forgotten the lesser in the greater hatred. And a minority of the diplomats see in the Empress, combination with the lowest and most turbulent of her subjects, the guiding hand of crafty Russia,who has been waiting the opportunity to sweep down and gobble Northern China.

It cannot be denied, says "Ex-Attache" in the New York *Tribune*, that for more than half a century China has been subjected to a degree of indignity, insult, extortion and bullying on the part of foreign Powers which no Christian Power would have tolerated. Treaties have been imposed upon her by force, her finest harbors seized, and vast stretches of her litoral successively placed under foreign rule. She has been compelled to consent to agreements providing for the transfer of her immense river trade to foreign flags and for the gridironing of the entire land by foreign-built and foreign-controlled railroads, while for every concession made by her a dozen new ones have been presented by the foreign Powers. At length, exasperated beyond endurance and driven to the wall, the Empress issued in December last an address to the Viceroys of the various provinces. "The foreign Powers cast upon us looks of tigerlike voracity, hustling each other in their endeavors to be the first to seize upon our innermost territories," she declared. "They fail to understand that there are certain things which this Empire can never consent to do, and that, if hard pressed, we have no alternative but to rely upon the justice of our cause." Four weeks later another edict was dispatched to the same officials by the Dowager Empress who, according to widespread belief in the Orient, has English blood in her veins, her mother having been a Eurasian, or a child of a white father and a Manchu mother. In this second edict the Viceroys were warned to exercise a prudent discrimination toward the disturbers of public peace. "The reckless fellows" who band together and create riot on the pretext of securing reforms were to be punished, while those "loyal subjects who learn gymnastic drill for the protection of their families and their country," that is to say, the members of the "Righteous Harmony Fists Association," were to be favored.

CHINA'S MILITARY RESOURCE.

Why the Yellow People May Surprise Europe in the Coming War.

NINE-TENTHS of the Americans and Europeans who think of the Chinese crisis at all, assume without hesitation that the victory of the combined Powers over China will be comparatively easy and safe. That the yellow people have any chance of ultimate victory or that they can draw out the struggle to any length, few persons believe. And yet, the surprising truth is that the Chinese have a much greater chance than anyone unaquainted with the nation and the country has ever supposed. The basis of the general belief in China's weakness is the comparatively slight resistance which she offered in the war with Japan. The Japanese struggle, however,was fought under circumstances very far different. With Japan, the fight was over a matter of territory, and neither interested nor concerned the average Chinaman. The Emperor's army went out and were whipped and died in an impersonal fashion, because they were ordered and knew no better. In this war, they will be fighting for something which is near and intimate with every Chinaman—for hatred of the foreign devil and his ways. The Japanese war concerned only a small section of the Empire; outside the very center of the Middle Kingdom it was as though the war were not. In this war there will be none of China's three hundred millions who will not be vitally and closely interested. Japan won her war because she overwhelmed the Emperor's few loyalists and took possession of the fruits of victory while the rest of China stood stolidly by. In this war, the Powers will have to subjugate the whole area of a country reaching from the latitude of Mount Shasta to the latitude of Yucatan, and packed with inhabitants as is no other territory on earth. There is every reason to believe that on this occasion the Dowager Empress has at her back not merely her Manchu retainers but all China, and China contains a teeming and seething population of more than four hundred million,who are almost insensible to pain, have no fear of death,and are imbued with fierce hatred of the foreigner. It is true that both Canton and Peking were occupied some forty years ago by an allied Franco-English army of fifteen thousand or twenty thousand men. But Canton and Peking were such immense cities that the Anglo-French forces occupied only a small quarter thereof, and the remainder of the two cities were so little under their control that each morning the heads of those European soldiers who had strayed beyond the cordon of sentinels during the night would be hurled from neighboring houses into the Anglo-French lines. Indeed, the so-called seizure of these immense capitals was so ineffective that not one in a thousand Chinamen will admit that it really took place, and Chinese who were living in Peking at the time of its occupation have declared by all they hold sacred that the story must be untrue, seeing that they never set eyes on a French or English soldier at the time alleged. Moreover, Chinese history ascribes the desaruction of the celebrated Summer Palace not to the French and English troops, as was really the case, but to Divine agencies, as punishment of sacrilege on the part of one of the members of the Imperial family. This merely serves to illustrate the general size of the proposition of which the powers have taken hold.

The difference in spirit, then, is one reason why the Chinese defence will be different in this war. Correspondingly, there has been a great change in the material preparations for war. In 1894, the arms of the Chinese military were antique affairs, palmed off on them by the Germans and in no sense the equal of those borne by the Japanese. Except in the navy, which covered itself with glory in the heroic defeat of the Yalu river, the men hardly knew how to use their weapons. These six years which have witnessed China's greatest period of wakening, have seen as great a change in this particular as in any other. A considerable section of the army now carry Lee rifles, the equal of our United States Naval small arm, and most of the men have been thoroughly trained by European officers. Government factories have been turning out first-class artillery from native ores and can doubtless continue to do so as long as the war lasts. Indeed, the Chinese are manufacturing even their own small arms, and will need to be dependent on no European source of supply when they arm their hordes.

The central force of the Chinese army,the one used by the Emperor on state occasions, is not the body of troops upon which China will rely in case of this or any other foreign war. The backbone of her national defence will be the foreign-drilled troops of Li Hung Chang. The imperial army is taken from a hereditary military caste, descended from the Manchu conquerors. Long interbreeding, conservatism and appointment by the system of classical examination has made this body degenerate, worthless. Their arms and their military customs are those which prevailed five hundred years or so back, when the Manchus were struggling for a foothold, but the military valor of those times has cooled. The burlesque army defeated by the Japanese was taken wholly from this force. This is another reason why the Japanese war has no value as a basis of comparison. The nominal strength of this force is three hundred thousand and it is recruited to that point in war time, but only about eighty thousand are kept under arms in time of peace.

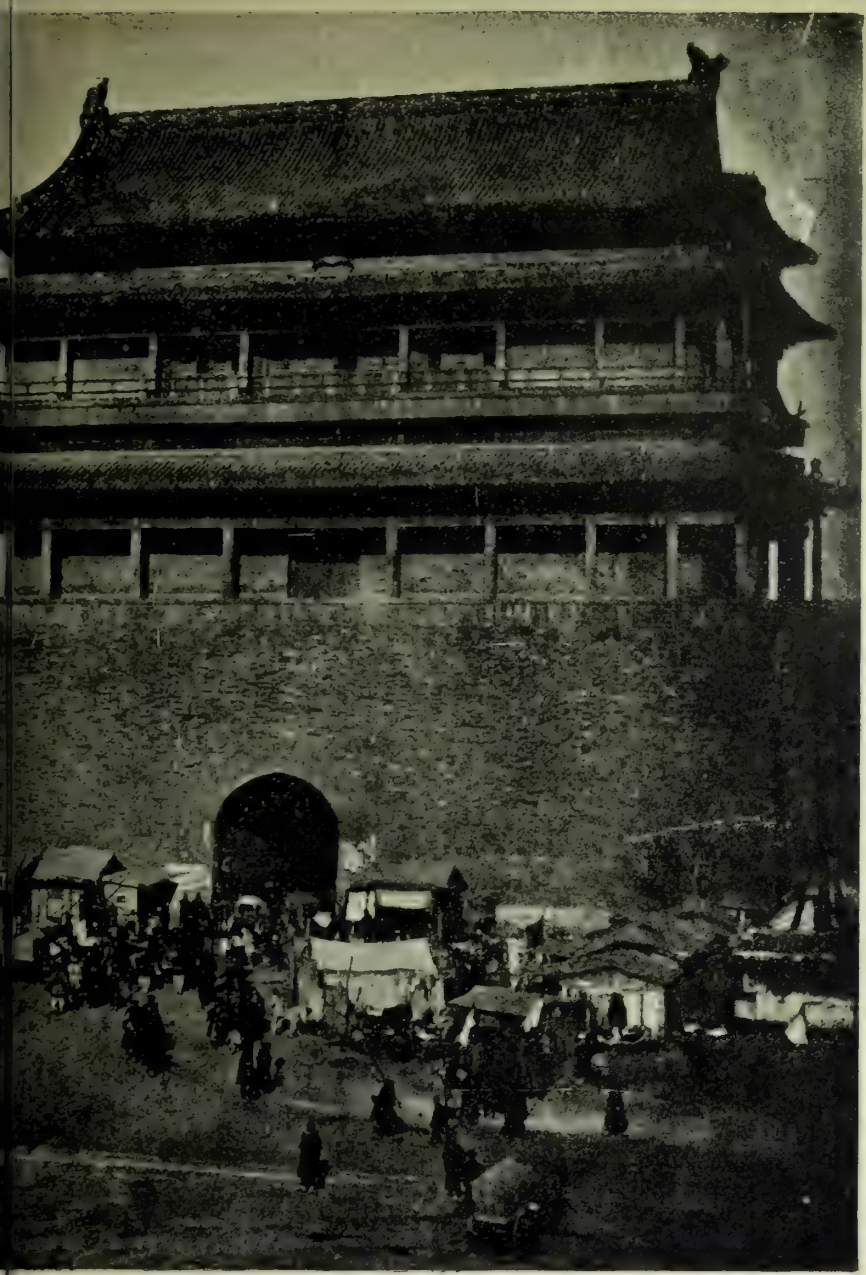
But the real army as it stands now, the one which turned modern rifles and artillery against the Tien Tsin relief force, is composed of Li Hung Chang's thirty-five thousand troops, armed with modern weapons and drilled by Europeans. They are, man for man, the equals of European troops for skill, probably their superior in endurance and contempt of death. Their regular station is at Tien-Tsin, Taku, and the surrounding country, and they will be the first apponents of the European troops. An army of this size,operating on its own base of supplies, is a formidable one, but it is not

Continued on page 10.

The Great Bell Temple, Pekin.
House-top View of Pekin from the Imperial Observatory.

The "Strangers' Gate
The Astor House in the Anglo-Americ
Photos Loaned by Mr. I

VIEWS IN THE DISTURBED SE

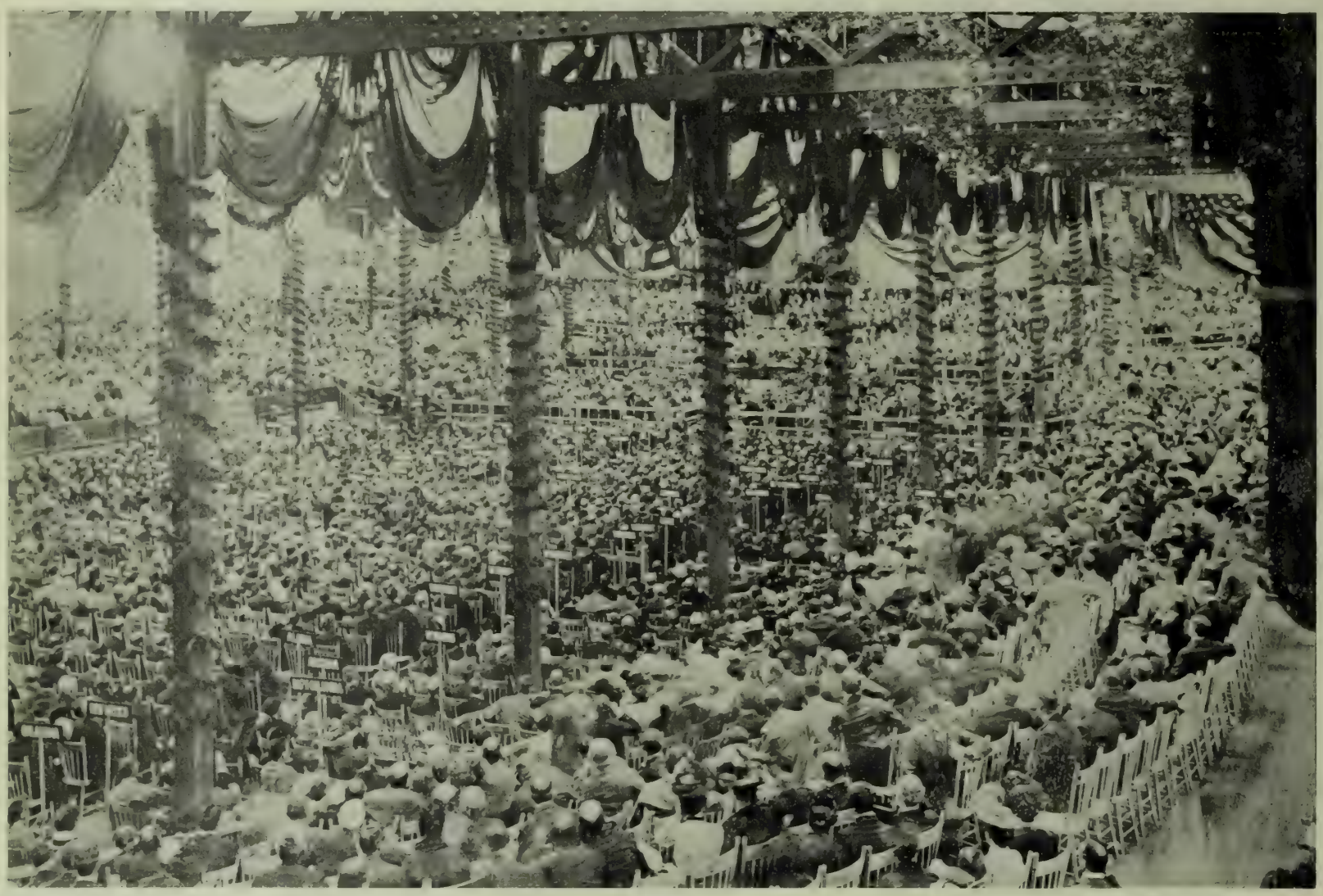


he Chinese Capital.
ction of Tien-Tsin.
Bostwick.

Pagoda Tower, Pekin.
The Cells Where Candidates for Governments Appointment are Examined.

ON OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.



The Opening Session, Looking Toward the Platform.

The Convention Hall.

China's Military Resource.

Continued from page 7.

China's only military resource. Throughout the Empire, a sort of militia makes up a body of nearly one hundred thousand men on a peace footing and nearly six hundred thousand on a war basis. Part of these men are armed and part are not, but the great arsenals which the Empire has been stocking may be able to supply them all before the foreigners scatter Li Hung's foreign-drilled troops. The result will not be trained soldiers, it is true, but with modern arms, courage, overwhelming numbers and fierce hatred may offset the training and intelligence of the Europeans.

The ample provision for war in the shape of arsenals and factories for the making of weapons is the surprising feature of the whole situation. In a general way, it may be said that the coast of China is better provided with guns than that of the United States—and all made in Chinese workshops. To show what one arsenal is capable of producing, a report made out less than two years ago gives the following work in progress in the one at Shanghai: Two 9.2 guns to be mounted on hydro-pneumatic disappearing carriages; two 9.2 guns for garrison batteries; eight 6-inch guns, twelve 4 7 guns, twenty 12-pounders, twenty 6-pounders and fifty 3-pounders, all "quick-firing." All the steel for these guns was made in the arsenal from native ore. The machinery at this arsenal is adequate for the manufacture of all calibres up to 12-inch fifty-ton pieces. Besides this arsenal there are similar institutions at Tien-Tsin, Nanking, Hankow, Foo-Choo, Canton and Ching-Tu. The arsenal at Tien-Tsin is under the provincial government of the Viceroy of Chi-Li. It is well supplied with everything in the way of tools and machinery, and has spare room enough for a plant to supply the whole Chinese army.

Considering the enormous area to be covered, the immense population to be conquered, and the tremendous resources of the country in men and lives, considering the proximity of the yellow people to their base of supplies and our distance from our own, considering, above all, the tenacity with which the Chinese mind holds to an idea once formed, the European nations may well expect a long war and a hard one, with a chance of ultimate defeat.

When that tired feeling comes along, sidetrack it with Jesse Moore "AA"—the best whiskey in the land.

Meditations of a Matron.

I HAVE never in all my life seen such a queer summer, my dear Diary. People are so divided that it is hard to go to any place in California without meeting someone that one knows quite well. In a way it is nice, but of course, it makes life at the principal summer resorts very quiet. I am at Del Monte this week, and am perfectly happy. It is beautiful down here. The weather is ideal. There is no place on earth where the sky is so blue. Robert and I get up quite early every morning and go out to the Links. He plays a very steady game now, and strange to say, I am slowly becoming fond of golf. The Links at Del Monte are very picturesque. I like to get to the third green where there is a most beautiful view of the fields and trees, and the blue, blue water of the Bay beyond. There are quite a number of people now at New Monterey, among them several artists and some of the girls from town have gone there to sketch. Monterey is to San Francisco what Fontainebleau is to Paris, the halcyon dream of the artist, the coloring is so rich. It was there that Charles Rollo Peters painted his finest pictures, which by the way, created the greatest furore in New York. It was in Monterey too that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote some of his most charming sketches. It is a dear place. I love to wander about and to drive over to Cypress Point and take tea under those wonderful old trees. I shall be quite ready to remain the month here, but of course, I do not know whether we can manage to stay away so long from town. Leila will, however, fix that. Papa has been promising to come down here and stay with me when Robert returns to town, but I do not know if I should be quite content without him. It is really wonderful how adaptive Robert is. He is a born diplomatist. Little Cricket thinks she is getting her own way all the time, and in that labors under a delicious hallucination. At least, that is what Arthur says about me. Mama and Leila are still at the Hotel Rafael. Leila plays golf every day. There re eighteen holes on those links, so she takes nine in the morning, and nine in the afternoon. There are many really good players over there. Leila says half the fun at San Rafael is that the members of the Club have little contests daily. They play for balls, for new clubs or for luncheons, so there is always something to add zest to the game. Riding and driving, too, are very popular. A riding club has been established so most of the girls go out every day. As the horses are gentle and yet good, it is a capital opportunity for girls to learn. Leila has taken it up, I should not be surprised yet to hear of Mama's going in for it. Walter Dean is much better now; his mother, Mrs. Walter and he have gone up to spend a few weeks at Castle Crags. Helen and her father are at the hotel. Mr. Gillway gave a large dinner out at Pastoris' on Thursday evening. Almost every day there is something in the luncheon or dinner way. So many people have houses for the summer. The Chauncey Winslows give a dinner this week. At Burlingame, Arthur writes that life is filled with polo and golf. He is very much interested in polo, though Papa disapproves strenuously. He does not think Arthur can afford to keep a stable, but Arthur is determined to play so I suppose Papa will have to give in; he is so accustomed to the inevitable giving in now, that it is almost second nature to him. Edith McBean has been down there this last week; she played golf quite frequently. Arthur specially mentioned a pretty white linen golfing hat she wore. I was astonished at his noticing it. Mrs. Scott is an inveterate golfist and plays an excellent game. I am quite surprised that Mrs. Joe Tobin has not become interested in it. Now, Diary dear, I think I have told you all I know that has happened this week. There is, as you see, no really gay time upon us.

Most people will be quite surprised to hear Walter Magee and Flora Dean are to be married on Friday. I shall tell you all about the wedding next week for I really think I must go up to see Flora married. She has been at Vassar College for the last few years where she really did awfully well. I think Walter and she will make an ideal couple. He is one of the most popular young fellows about town.

MRS. CRICKET.

The White Man's Burden

can be named in the single word—*dyspepsia*. It is the one disease, which more than any other, affects the American people. It is common to all classes and all conditions. It makes life miserable. It mars family happiness. It interferes with business and pleasure alike, and it discounts a man's usefulness just as much as it discounts his happiness.

There's a remedy for dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has lifted this burden from the bodies of hundreds of thousands. It cures ninety-eight out of every hundred who give it a fair and faithful trial.

"I used ten bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and several vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets' a year ago this spring, and have had no trouble with indigestion since," writes Mr. W. T. Thompson, of Townsend, Broadwater Co., Montana. "Words fail to tell how thankful I am for the relief, as I had suffered so much and it seemed that the doctors could do me no good. I got down in weight to 125 pounds, and was not able to work at all. Now I weigh nearly 160 and can do a day's work on the farm. I have recommended your medicine to several, and shall always have a good word to say for Dr. Pierce and his medicines."

Free. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. It contains 1008 pages and over 700 illustrations. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth binding to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. J. Pfister KNITTING CO.

103 Post St., S. F.
near Kearney.

Beautiful New Styles.

Men's, Women's and Children's

BATHING SUITS.

Alapaca and Knitted

At Prices to Suit Everybody.

Sweaters, Jerseys, Golf Vests and Jackets

Outing and Riding Leggings,

Sporting Goods.

Send for Illustrated Catalogues.

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

HOTEL VENDOME.

At San Jose is one of Central California's most beautiful hostelries. In the midst of its own twelve-acre park; two blocks from the railroad station where almost hourly trains connect with the outside; the starting point for Lick Observatory; the center of a greater number and variety of attractions than any other place on the Coast; furnished finely, graded and watered roads for driving and cycling lead in every direction; with over 250 elegantly furnished rooms, and suites with bath and toilet; perfect in appointment, service and all the accessories of comfort, and one of the most attractive features of San Jose, the metropolis of the world renowned Santa Clara Valley.

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—Its valuable properties as a speedy cure for pain cannot fail to be generally appreciated, and no family should be without it in case of accident, or sudden attack of dysentery, diarrhœa or cholera morbus. Sold everywhere. Avoid substitutes; there is but one Pain-Killer—Perry Davis'. Price 25c and 50c.

DUNCAN SPRINGS HOPLAND Mendocino Co.

Two miles from railroad station; 101 miles from San Francisco; enequalled soda and magnesia springs; hospitable management; first-class table; hard-finished hotel; picturesque site and surroundings; two trains daily; long-distance telephone; terms $10 to $12 per week; housekepping cottages $15 to $20 per month. Waters bottled by W. H. Bone, 605-607 Merchant street, S. F. Through fare $3 80 Send for circulars. Address O. HOWELL.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco | R. H. PEASE, President and Manager. | 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address *WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE.* *SEND US YOUR ORDER,* state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. *The "MONTROSE" Bicycle* at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50 is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS and take this method of quickly introducing our 1900 MODELS. This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a *RIDER AGENT* in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated Mavis hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; Record "A" tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine $4 Mesinger Hygienic saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our binding year's guarantee bond with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the $16.50 cash in full with order we will send free a genuine Burdick 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

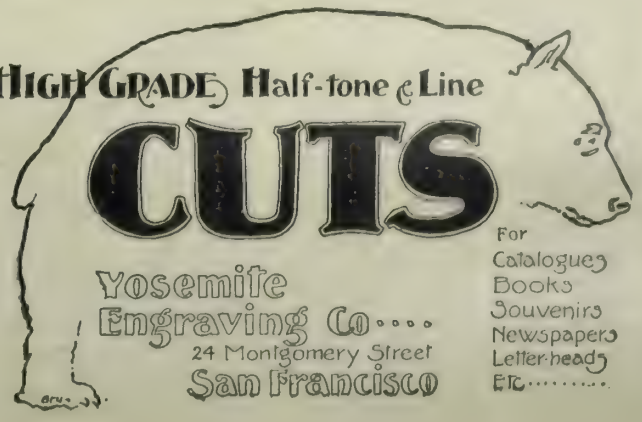
CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them, however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. BEFORE ORDERING a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, write us and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are UNABLE to BUY a wheel we can assist you to EARN A BICYCLE by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred SECOND HAND WHEELS taken in trade which we will close out at $3 to $10 each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for Bargain List. OUR RELIABILITY is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these special terms of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. Give name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.



IN BOOKDOM

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S *Monsieur Beaucaire*, published by McClure, Phillips & Co., is a light and graceful romance of the eighteenth century, of the time of lace ruffles, keen sword-, large oaths, low bows and sweeping courtesies; more especially, of the time when Bath was a great name and Beau Nash, its king, rejoiced when nobles, belles, poets, and statesmen thronged his rooms and when the high play of buck and blood brought him great profit. The Duke of Winterset, of sporting proclivities, plays in a private room with the French ambassador's barber, who detects him with a card up his sleeve. As the price of his silence, the young Frenchman Beaucaire compels the Englishman to introduce him to the fine world of Bath, and in particular to the reigning beauty, Lady Mary Carlisle, as the Duc de Chateaurien. He will cast aside his black peruke, his own hands and his own razor shall cut off his moustache, and invested in white satin he will shine a man of parts, a man of birth and fashion. The Duke of Winterset, blind with rage, is forced to stand by and see the sweet looks bestowed on the debonair ex-barber. More, when the evening ends a red rose that had lain on the beauty's bosom disappears within the superb waistcoat of Beaucaire. In a week the men of the town are mad with envy of his retinue, his equipage, his engaging manners, his success with women. Duels are forced upon him, but he is a master with the rapier and the challengers come to grief. On one occasion he hears a bit of gossip concerning a young prince, cousin of Louis XV., who had been commanded to marry the Princess Henriette and who had rebelled. To defend this lady in particular and all Frenchwomen incidentally he easily runs the traducer through the shoulder and sends a basket of red roses to Winterset, whose rancor he rightly blames for the encounter. One evening all Bath goes junketing to a country-house. Beaucaire attains the coveted honor of riding closest to Lady Mary's carriage; she listens to his tender avowals and everything goes well for the young man's cause, when a party of disguised men come tearing down the road with cries of "Barber! Kill the barber!" Beaucaire defends himself with consummate skill, but is disarmed from behind and seriously wounded. At his cries his servants come to protect him. Lady Mary is on the point of taking him into her carriage when Winterset unmasks and tells the lady what manner of man she has been favoring. Beaucaire listens smiling, he has no words with which to defend himself, and no breath; as soon as the carriage rolls away he falls. On the next great gala night at Beau Nash's, when everbody is discussing the scandalous affair, the young Frenchman, who has been threatened with arrest, jail, a thrashing if he ever shows up in the town again, appears, handsomer than ever, though very pale, a dozen orders shining on his breast. When angry men crowd around to seize him the French ambassador chances on the scene and salutes him with great respect as Prince Louis Philippe de Valois, Duke of Orleans, Duke of Chartres, First Peer of France, Knight of the Golden Fleece, etc., etc. He had fled from France in disguise to escape the King's importunities in regard to marrying. The Beauty of Bath asks to be forgiven, but the spell is broken. "'Tis true there is not a peasant in France who would not have known 'one born,' but they are wonderful, this English people, holding an idea once it is in their head. . . . There is only jus' one in the whole worl' who would not have treat' me in the way you treat me. I am goin' back to espouse mademoiselle, my cousin. My frien's, I ask your felicitations." Monsieur Beaucaire passes out.

* *

The *West End*, by Percy White, at one time editor of *Public Opinion*, Harper and Brothers. This is a novel of London society, dealing chiefly with the family of a man who had done wonderful things in the grocery line and who was finally ennobled by a grateful Sovereign for his well-managed, well-advertised philanthropical efforts. His wife learns how to buy and wear good clothes, how to get her name into the society papers, how to entertain, how to drop her old friends when she is "taken up." Her daughter becomes a success after her first drawing room, but to the great grief of her parents, rejects eligible suitors and falls in love with a poor but handsome young officer, who goes to fight the Boers. The 20-year old son of the house entangles himself with a beautiful divorcee, whose acquaintance his mother had been obliged to drop, marries her secretly and is opportunely killed in South Africa. The story is told by the shrewd, cynical poor relation who lives in the family, steers them clear of social snags and comments wittily on society as it passes before his keen eyes.

* *

As Seen By Me, Lilian Bell, Harper and Brothers, is what the title would convey, pictures of places, impressions of foreign travel as they strike the author. She has a way, denied to many another writer of travels, of seeing the interesting and striking. For example:

People said to me, "What are you going to London for?" I said, "To get an English point of view." "Very well," said one of the knowing ones, "then you must go to 'The Insular,' in Piccadily. That is not only the smartest hotel in London, but it is the most typically British. The rooms are let from season to season to the best country families. There you will find yourself plunged headlong into English life with not an American environment to bless yourself with, and you will soon get your English point of view."

We wrote at once for rooms, and then telegraphed for them from Southampton.

Our luggage would not go on even a four-wheeler, so we took a dear little private bus and proceeded to put our mountainous American trunks on it. We filled the top of this bus as full as it would hold, and put everything else inside. After stowing ourselves in there would not have been room even for another umbrella.

In this fashion we reached "The Insular," where we were received by four or five gorgeous creatures in livery, the head one of whom said, 'Miss Columbia?" I admitted it, and we were ushered in, where we were met by more belonging to this tribe of gorgeousness, another of whom said, "Miss Columbia?"

"Yes," I said, firmly, privately wondering if they were trying to trip me into admitting that I was somebody else.

"The housekeeper will be here presently," said this person. "She is expecting you."

Forth came the housekeeper.

"Miss Columbia?" she said.

Once again I said "Yes," patiently, standing on my other foot.

"If yon will be good enough to come with me I will show you your rooms."

A door opened outward, disclosing a little square place with two cane-bottomed chairs. A man bounced out so suddenly that I nearly annihilated my sister, who was back of me. I could not imagine what this little cubby-hole was, but as there seemed to be nowhere else to go, I went in. The others followed, then the man who had bounced out. He closed the door and shut us in, where we stood in solemn silence. About a quarter of an hour afterwards I thought I saw something through the glass moving slowly downward, and then an infinitesimal thrill in the soles of my feet led me to suspect the truth.

"Is this thing an elevator?" I whispered to my sister.

"No, they call it a lift over here," she whispered back.

"I know that," I murmured impatiently. "But is this thing it? Are we moving? Are we going anywhere?"

"Why, of course, my dear. They are slower than ours, that's all."

I listened to her with some misgivings, for her information is not wholly to be trusted, but this time it happened that she was right, for after awhile we came to the fourth floor, where our rooms were.

I wish you could have seen the size of them. I shall not attempt to describe them, for you would not believe me. I had engaged "two rooms and a bath." The two rooms were there. "Where is the bath?" I said. The housekeeper lovingly removed a gigantic crash towel from a hideous tin object, and proudly exposed to my vision that object which is next dearest to his silk hat to an Englishman's heart—a hip-bath tub. Her manner said, "Beat that if you can."

My sister prodded me in the back with her umbrella, which in our sign language means, "Don't make a scene."

"Very well," I said, rather meekly. "Have our trunks sent up."

"Very good, madam."

There was a pocket edition of a fireplace, and they brought us a hatful of the vilest soft coal, which peppered everything in the rooms with soot.

We climbed over our trunks to sit by this imitation of a fire, only to find that there was nothing to sit on but the most uncompromising of straight-backed chairs.

We groaned as we took in the situation. To our poor, racked frames a coal-hod would not have suggested more discomfort. We dragged up our hampers, packed with steamer-rugs and pillows, and my sister sat on hers while I took another turn at the bell. While the maid is answering this bell, I shall have plenty of time to tell yon what we afterwards discovered the process of bell-ringing in an English hotel to be.

We rang our bell. Presently we heard the most horrible gong, such as we use on our patrol wagons and fire-engines at home. This clanged four times. Then a second bell down the hall answered it. Then feet flew by our door. At this juncture my sister and I prepared to let ourselves down the fire-escape. But we soon discovered that those flying feet belonged to the poor maid, whom that gong had signalled that she was wanted on the fourth floor. She flew to a speaking-tube and asked who on the fourth floor wanted her. She was then given the number of our room when she rang a bell to signify that our call was answered, by which time she was at liberty, and knocked at our door, saying, in her soft English voice, "Did you ring, miss?"

We told her we wanted rocking-chairs. She said there was not one in the house. Then easy-chairs, we said, or anything cushioned or low or comfortable. She said the housekeeper had no easier chairs.

We sat down on our hampers, and my sister leaned against the corner of the wardrobe with a pillow at her back to keep from being cut in two. I propped my back against the wash-stand, which did very well, except that the wash-stand occasionally slid away from me.

"This," said my sister, impressively, "is England."

We had been here only half an hour, but I had already got my point of view.

"Let's go out and look up a hotel where they take Americans," I said. "I feel the need ot ice-water."

Our drinking-water at "The Insular" was on the end of the wash-stand nearest the fire.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists 75c

Hall's Family Pills are the best

Has it ever struck you that you can buy Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey for almost the same price that is paid for ordinary whiskey? You dealer has it.

Wherever there is a piano there should be a pianola. The pianola plays any piano. Any one can play it. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St., sole agents.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

BANKRUPT NOTICES.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF
A. B. PATRICK, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that A. B. Patrick, Bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California on Saturday, the 7th day of July, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three tru tees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, June 20 h, 1900.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California
IN THE MATTER OF
ALBERT BERGSTROM, Bankrupt.

Take notice that Albert Bergstrom, Bankrupt, above named has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1 1898 and that the first mee ing of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chroni le building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday, the 7th day of July, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, June 2 st, 1900.

MILTON J. Green,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Gould and Curry Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 7th day of June, 190 , an assessment (No. 90) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the comt any, room No 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shal, remain unpaid on the 10th day of July, 1900, wil be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 31st day of July, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertisng and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office: Room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND CO THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do. but it will do it BETTER QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH

Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,

415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms. Elevator Service

THE BRADBURY,

J. A. FERSON, Proprietor.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL

N. W. Cor. Polk and California Sts.,

San Francisco Cal

Excellent Cuisine References required
Transient trade solicited. Rates $2 00 and upwards.
Reasonable by the month.

TEL HYDE 2771

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,2 3,146 59
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 30, 1899.....28 503 655 41

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits Jan. 1, 1900.....$26,110 681
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 210 067
Contingent Fund..... 497,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

A FLAT FAILURE.

"I HAVE a charming idea of spending the summer," said Mrs. Dobley over the breakfast table.

"If it is a coaching trip through Germany or a houseboat on the Thames, you may count me out," said Mr. Dobley.

"It is nothing so commonplace," said Mrs. Dobley. "It is simply a gypsyish plan of doing exactly as we please all summer long, stopping in town when we wish or going away indefinitely. We'll close up the house."

"Do you propose that we carry tepees like the Indians?" asked Mr. Dobley.

"No," exclaimed Mrs. Dobley, triumphantly. "I propose that we take a flat somewhere, furnish it up with summery Japanese rugs and bamboo doors and wicker chairs just like a summer cottage. Don't you remember that last year we agreed that the coolest, pleasantest place we found was New York, and how lovely it was to take a day off from the seaside?"

"But what is the objection to remaining right here in our happy, high-priced home?"

"That's just it," said Mrs. Dobley. "We could economize all through summer. Besides, it wouldn't be any fun to stay here! We'd just have to keep on being respectable!"

1. Enjoying forty winks.

3. Help! help!

2. Snakes alive!

4. The mystery unravelled.

"If you summer in a flat, you'll find respectability exciting in the fall," said Dobley; "that is, I've heard Freshington say so."

"My idea is," said Mrs. Dobley, "to have just one Japanese man who will do all the work and who will be prepared to get up dinners and suppers in a chafing dish at a moment's notice. We will dispense with all ceremony. We won't even have to dress for dinner unless we wish. Then people won't know where we live and can't call on us. We shall simply disappear without announcing our intentions or sending out any cards. No one will really know where we are, and we can enjoy the idea that people think we are away when we are really right in town."

"It would be much more mysterious to take another name and a disguise for the summer," said Dobley. "I might wear glasses and an English suit and black whiskers and you could dye your hair red—one of those Titian shades."

"It would seem too suspicious," said Mrs. Dobley, "although I admit it would be great fun. But people are suspicious enough in flats, anyhow."

"But fancy our feelings when the Society Notes make mention of the fact that the John Dobleys have closed their house in Gramercy Park and have taken a cheap flat in Harlem for the summer. It would ruin us. No, we shall have to take another name. I should suggest Blotskovitchky. It would give the impression that we are Russians, and everything we do would be excused. Then it would be mysterious. It would also look well on one of those little tin plates they put over the letter boxes in the hall."

"Here is one advertisement that appeals to me," said Mrs. Dobley. "Just listen: 'Look at these magnificent new apartments in the Out-of-Sight—the most exceptional location in Manhattan—rents 25 per cent. cheaper than any other high-class apartment—strictly fireproof—steam heat—electric light and elevator, all light corner rooms—open plumbing—hot water furnished—tiled bathrooms, needle showers—gas ranges and logs—filtered Croton water—parquet floors—cabinet trimmed—marble pastry table in kitchen—cellar chutes—convenient to elevated and all surface cars—only a few more left.' What do you think of that?"

"It reminds me," said Dobley reflectively, "of a man who advertised for a place as a gardener. He stated that he was a neat, capable, experienced, reliable, educated, refined man who could speak three languages; understood pruning and trimming hedges and the care of horses."

"Your judgment is so keen and correct in all cases," said Mrs. Dobley, "that I want you to go with me to look at this flat."

So the Dobleys proceeded northward and across town by various transfer routes until they came nearly to the city limits.

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said Mr. Dobley, "if we could get fresh eggs, vegetables and good roads up here. And it's so interesting getting here. We have experienced every mode of travel except the underground system. But it is positively sylvan once you get here. It makes me feel as though we were in the Alps and I long to yodel."

"The air is beautiful!" said Mrs. Dobley, sniffing delightedly. "It's so different!"

"And there's so much of it!" said Mr. Dobley; "you get that peculiar bracing effect that one gets on a mountain top."

"It makes you wish to drink in great draughts of ozone," said Mrs. Dobley delightedly.

"Yes—I have often experienced that mountain peak thirst without a restaurant within fifteen miles," said Mr. Dobley. "It is a unique experience!"

The Out-of-Sight was an imposing building. A man in a blue denim suit, came from some underground depth of the flat and jingled keys while he looked over the Dobleys.

"Wanterseethe flat?" he asked.

"We should like to observe its numerous and unaccustomed beauties," said Mr. Dobley. "We have been lured from home by your advertisement, but we want the flat broken to us gently. Joy sometimes kills."

The janitor eyed Dodley queerly and led the way into a small elevator car. He tugged at a wire rope that passed through the car, but it never budged.

"It acts like this sometimes," said the janitor. "It gets as contrary as a mule and again it's gentle as a kitten. Then sometimes it shoots up like a rocket and strikes the roof with a bang. The tenants enjoy it so. But we had to stop the children taking rides for fun. They seemed to think it was some sort of chute arrangement for their amusement—a children's playground."

"It's in one of its pouting moods to day apparently," said Dobley. "Suppose we try the stairs?"

"It's on the thirieenth floor," said the janitor, "you'd better wait till it limbers up."

Suddenly the car with a few convulsive jerks and groans started upward in a series of slow jumps, stopping between floors as though unwilling to proceed further and then going on in a succession of quick leaps.

The car stopped and with a clanking of bolts and bars the door was opened and the Dobleys were released.

"In case of fire in the elevator shaft," said the janitor, "this hall leads to this window at the end where we have rope fire escapes that we drill the tenants in using twice a week. Then there are hand grenades and axes in brackets on the wall, as you see."

The janitor opened a door and led the way through a gloomy and narrow gangway into a room papered in red "with gold freckles," to quote Mr. Dobley. The ceiling had clusters of scarlet circles over its surface set in green leaves.

"What a charming summer effect!" exclaimed Dobley; "a tomato and lettuce salad! With a bottle of mayonnaise painted in one corner this room would be ideal for a dining room."

"These is the parlors," said the janitor, "and them is roses—not tomatoes. The lady who lived here had green brocade satin furniture with gold legs and she had the room done up in this way."

"Let us see the kitchen, please," said Mrs. Dobley; "after all, the kitchen is the most important room in a house."

The janitor proceeded through a dim and dingy room to a dark, cavelike apartment in the rear.

"This must be one of those new and fashionable beefsteak dungeons," said Mr. Dobley. "I declare there is nothing missing in these modern flats!"

Suddenly the janitor flooded the room with electric light and disclosed the fact that the room was a kitchen, one sink and two tubs long by a dumb waiter door and a gas range wide.

"This range is a 'Baby Grand,'" said Dobley, reading from the oven door. "They have a much richer tone than the uprights."

At this moment from under the sink a strange insect procession emerged, taking a winding course over the floor, while Mrs. Dobley's eyes protruded in horror.

"Look!" she said, pointing at the pageant. It was a row of water bugs in perfect Indian file headed by a sedate, fully grown specimen.

The janitor stepped forward to cut off their advance, but Mr. Dobley held him back.

"No crossing the line without a badge while the march is in progress," he said. "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the celebrated tribe of Ogallalas, headed by Chief Rain-in-the-Face."

"They'll never hurt you," said the janitor. "They are tame."

"Tame?" said Dobley. "They're trained. It's the most marvellous exhibition of intelligence I ever saw! And yet they say insects have no brains!"

There was a set of rules on the wall. "Projectiles received from ten to eleven." Dobley looked inquiringly at the janitor.

"We have a new system here," said the janitor. "We have no more hauling up and down of waiters. Each flat has a chute and set of projectiles. Ashes, garbage, and trash of all sorts is sent down in the projectiles at the hour set, and rolls, milk, and groceries are delivered in the same way.

"It's a great system," went on the janitor; "from 10 to 11 you'd imagine a battle was in progress."

Mrs. Dobley shrieked and tried to climb on the gas range at this juncture. A large mouse was standing on his hind legs looking through the glass door in the cupboard.

"That's only Admiral Dewey," said the janitor, with a laugh. "You see the lady who lived here was very fond of animals. She had a cage of white mice, but one day she gave them all their freedom. The result is that this apartment house has a collection of these rare pearl gray mice—just like Dewey. He does all sorts of tricks. Then there's Sampson, Schley, Hobson, and a lot more. They answer to their names."

The janitor opened the cupboard door and threw in some crumbled cheese to Dewey, who turned two somersaults and stood on his hind legs in acknowledgment.

"We only take strictly private families," continued the janitor. "The rule is to let in no families with dogs or children. But what are you to do? They smuggle them in in crates and barrels after the lease is signed. There's a family moved in downstairs—third flat D, front, east. They swore they had no encumbrances of any kind and two days after they were settled along comes a golf case and a champagne basket by express. Next day a two-year-old boy and a fox terrier were in the flat."

"A capital plan," said Dobley.

"This is the butler's pantry," said the janitor, showing an aperture in the wall. "You must pick out a tall, thin one."

"What is the rent?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"Only thirty-five hundred a year," said the janitor. "Summer rate."

"We'll think about it," said Dobley.

"Well, you'll have to decide quick," said the janitor. "There's two parties just crazy to get it. They went down to the City Hall this morning to try and get a copy of their marriage certificate."

"Marriage certificate?" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley. "Why, what is that for?"

"No one gets in here without a certificate," said the janitor, "and references from the last janitor they lived with. I've had to make it a rule."

"But we have no marriage certificate," said Mrs. Dobley blankly.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I can't break the rule. I had a couple bring a family Bible up here in a go-cart yesterday as proof. But as I told them what proof is that? That's too easy."

"But I have my photograph taken in my wedding dress," said Mrs. Dobley; "and orange blossoms and all."

"Sorry, but I can do nothing for you here. We've got to be particular and I can't make any exceptions. It's a rule of my own." He bowed the Dobley's out.

"Well, I certainly think you might have told him that we were really married!" said Mrs. Dobley reproachfully. "You just stood there absolutely quiet. I don't wonder he was suspicious!"

"I thought it best," said Dobley thoughtfully; "to allow his suspicions to become rooted. I feared that he would lease us the menagerie. We would have to hire a keeper to look after the collections and feed the animals. Come, let us go back to the centre of town."

N. Y. Sun.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to-lunch.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is used at all the principal hospitals in the United States. Why is it?

DIVIDEND NOTIDE—Savings and Loan Society 101 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter—The board of directors delared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1900, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits free of taxes and payable on and after July 2, 1900. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1900.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 33 Post street. For the half year ending June 30th, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and aft r Monday July 2nd, 1900.
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California street. For the half year, ending with June 30, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes payable on and after Monday, July 2 1900.
GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California street, corner Webb. For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six tenths (3 6-10) per cent. on term deposits and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1900.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Clayton, White and Company; Quaker City Quartette; The Four Cohans; Todd-Judge Family; Carrington; Holland and Galpin; Gilbert and Goldie; Musical Dale; American Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 2nd.
Second week Charles Frohman presents
HENRY MILLER
and a special company
First week 6 nights, matinees Wed. and Sat.
First time here of the great New York Lyceum Theatre success.

The TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

an original play by R. C. Carton, to be interpreted by the greatest cast ever secured for an American production.

July 9—"A Marriage of Convenience."

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sunday Night, July 1st. Matinees Saturday. Special Matinee Wed. July, 4th.
First time in San Francisco of Hoyt's latest and biggest farce comedy

A DAY AND A NIGHT.

Presented with the full strength of
DUNNE & RYLEY'S ALL STAR CAST.
Appearance of Miss Louise Gunning, and Miss Norma Whally.
Our Never Changing Popular Prices.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Week of July 2nd.
The hit of the year, every night at 8:15.

FLORENCE ROBERTS

Assisted by White Whittlesey
In a costly costume and scenic production of

CARMEN.

Matinees Saturday only.
Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
Special matinee Wednesday July 4th.

PRETTY WORK
NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the *SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.*
Also more than 200 banks use the
SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer
We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue
L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.
110 Montgomery St., S. F.
Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has, by order of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California, been appointed assignee in bankruptcy of Prosley C. Hyman in the place and stead of Henry C. Hyde, the former assignee, deceased.
Dated June 27th, 1900.
FRANK L. OWEN, Assignee.

AT THE THEATERS

When Henry Miller and his company come to San Francisco, the critic must confine himself to the play; the audiences know that the acting will be attended to. Miller is hardly a great actor, but he is just our side of the border; his people are well-chosen, with the metropolitan stamp of taste and without the metropolitan flaw of flashy cleverness. The perfect, satisfying quiet of their methods, the perfect taste of their costuming, the flawless stage-management—Heavens, what a change from our Frawleys and Neills!

The play is a clever, amusing little caprice. It is not comedy, it is not farce, it lies in a border-land bounded by the two and by pure fancy. Its classical counterpart is "As You Like It." When Jerome K. Jerome tries to be either amusing or pathetic in essay or story, he is affected and strained. But the drama is a rather strained form of art, dependent from start to finish on conventionalities, so that this fault loses itself when Jerome tries playwriting, and his excellencies remain. Anyone should have known, reading "Sunset" and "Barbara" which he issued in yellow backs for amateurs in his 'prentice days, that the author's talent lay in that line rather than in the strained "Three Men in a Boat." There are some things wrong in "Miss Hobbs"; the heroine is too fearful and wonderful in her make for any creature of this earth and the theme is as old as the Greek drama, but are willing to forget the faults because it is clean and sweet and above all relaxing and amusing.

The acting is so even and so good that there is little need to pick out one above the others. Miller sinks himself in a secondary part which calls for no great exercise of his powers. Miss Anglin's interpretation of the serious Miss Hobbs shows a new side of her talent. Mrs. Whiffen, "the finest lady on the American stage," has a long role and carries it with distinction.

* *

O Miwosa San, fairest of Geisha girls, is again drawing crowded houses at the Tivoli, in a picturesque setting of a tea-house and palace garden. The costuming and stage pictures of the chorus are a delight to the eye. Helen Merrill in the title role is very pretty and attractive amidst peach blossoms, fans and chrys anthemums. Edwin Stevens as the great and only Marquis Owari is immense in more ways than one; his manner of getting off his tellingly sarcastic remarks is always inimitable, starting a big laugh every time, and his "steam-roller" gait is winning, to say the least. He shares the honors with Ferris Hartman, as the cute Chinese, one of the funniest roles in comic opera land, and with Annie Meyers, who is excellent as the lively Molly Seymour, making the most of all her lines, acting with an infectious abandon, and showing her fine sense of humor, "that rare thing in woman." Helen Davenport is the aristocratic Lady Wynne, with the aristocracy left out. She lacks the high bred which "stamps the caste of Vere de Vere," and speaks her lines monotonously. The English girl with the monocle does better. The costuming of the play is at all points artistic.

* *

An event of unusual interest will be the production Sunday evening at the California theatre of Hoyt's last farce-comedy, "A Day and a Night." This play is a satire on the stage itself. The lines are bright, the situations amusing and the musical numbers new and catchy. Dunne and Ryley's company present among the fun makers Mathews and Bulger, Walter Jones, Tony Hart, Phil Ryley, C. Herbert, N. Sebastian, George Tropy, Mary Marble, Bessie Tannehill, Maude Courtney and Adlyn Estee. Important additions to the play will be Norma Whally, the English beauty, and Louise Gunning, the "Scotch lassie," the first whom comes direct from London, and the second from New York, especially for this production. Much is expected of "A Day and a Night."

* *

"Sapho," which has held the stage for four weeks at the Alcazar, will give place on Monday next to the powerful and picturesque play "Carmen." It will be beautifully set and costumed. The cast includes a selection of the best people in the Alcazar stock with the addition of Lorena Attwood and many supernumeraries. Florence Roberts has never been seen in "Carmen," but judging from her brilliant work in "Sapho" she has nothing to fear from contrast with the very greatest who have appeared in this romantic role. White Whittlesey will prove a valuable "Jose" and the support will be adequate. Special matinee Wednesday, July 4.

* *

The Orpheum next week promises another good bill. The four Cohans will present a new sketch. Clayton White assisted by Louise Muller and Agnes Paul will present the "Waldorf-Metropole Episode." The Quaker City Quartette will present an original musical specialty. The hold-overs will be the Todd Judge family, Carrington, Holland and Galpin, Gilbert and Goldie, Musical Dale, and the biograph. Matinee Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

* *

At the Alcazar "Carmen" will be followed "The Country Girl" by permission of Adah Rehan.

* *

At the Orpheum this week the four Cohans head the bill, and at their head is George Cohan, the Hoyt of the vaudeville sketch and an actor in his own right. The turn is three-quarters of an hour long, which is about the Orpheum record, yet it leaves the audience wishing for more—a crucial test. The standard of the house is rising again.

* *

The wonderful success of "Miss Hobbs" at the Columbia Theatre will be followed by R. C. Carton's greatest success, "The Tree of Knowledge," in which will appear the full strength of the company now at the Columbia. This play will run six nights, beginning next Monday, and Wednesday and Saturday matinees. For the week beginning July 9th "A Marriage of Convenience" will be the bill.

* *

The first of the Burton Holmes Lectures will take place at the Columbia Theatre on the afternoon of the 19th inst. The first of the evening lectures will be held the following Sunday night. "Manila" is to be the subject on both occasions.

* *

There will be a special 4th of July matinee at the Alcazar, Wednesday, July 4th.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 305.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

Seattle Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block. 157 Yesler Way.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

DANCING CLASSES—Stage and Ball-room dancing. Lessons daily. Prof. Wilson, Ranke Hall, 5th ave and Pike street.

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

DRESSMAKERS

MME. SMITH, ladies' tailoring, room 7, Hinkley.

DYEING AND CLEANING.

ATLAS CLEANING and Dye Works. Ladies' and Gents' Cleaners and Repairers. 222 Union street bet. 2d and 3d ave. Tel. Buff 1001

SEATTLE Clothes Pressing Co. Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. 1105 3d st. Tel. Buff 1004

MINES AND MINING.

O. R. DAHL Buys and Sells good Mining Properties, Companies organized. 528 N. Y. Block.

PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street. Tel. Black 1621.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

TENTS & AWNINGS.

THE FELITZ TENT AND AWNING CO. Manufacturers of and dealers in Tents, Awnings Flags, Sails and Ore Bags. 117 Yesler Way.

Tavern of Castle Crag

AND SODA SPRINGS

NOW OPEN.

Located in the midst of grand and impressive mountain scenery. With Mt. Shasta and The Crags for a background.
Fine hunting and fishing.
Unsurpassed cuisine and service and reasonable rates.
RAILROAD FARE round trip, including sleeper both ways $14
For rates, terms and other information address E. B. PIXLEY, Manager.
Care Pacific Improvement Co., Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

A Delicious Beverage for all Occasions

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale

Connoisseurs pronounce it "the best imported."

Sherwood & Sherwood,
AGENTS
212-214 Market St.,

LAKE COUNTY.

New 19-passenger Yosemite Stages, all outside seats, direct to the most picturesque portion of California. Best equipped stage line in the state. Leaves Calistoga daily (Sunday excepted) at 11:30 a. m., direct to Harbin, Seigler, Adams, Howard, Anderson, Astorgo, and Glenbrook; half an hour for lunch at Calistoga; also to Middletown, Lower Lake, Kelseyville and Lakeport. Wm. Spiers, Proprietor. Calistoga, Cal.

.....BUY YOUR.....

Fireworks

.....AND.....

4TH of JULY

Specialties

Direct from the Makers.

California Fireworks Co.

219 FRONT STREET, S. F.

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST COAL OIL.

BUY

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✻ THIS SEASON'S ✻

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

SantaFeRoute

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave three times each week in Pullman Vestibuled Tourist Cars and are exceedingly popular with the traveling public. The principal cities of the East are reached by them and the service in all that counts for comfort and convenience is almost equal to the Palace cars. The cars are finished in mahogany, lightened with Pintsch gas and a Porter is in charge to attend to the wants of passengers. Plenty of clean linen is provided and the beds are very comfortable. A handsome folder, describing this service in detail, may be had for the asking at the Company's Office. 641 Market St.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails June 2, 12, 22; July 2.
Columbia sails June 7, 17, 27; July 7.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana, for Aurtralia Wednesday July 11, at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, July 25 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 11 a.m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. June 2 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, July 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. June 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28. July 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30; July 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BULLION MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth (16th) day of May, 1900, an assessment (No. 56) of three (3) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 20th (20th) day of June, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the tenth (10th) day of July, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office: Room 11, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

4th OF JULY

Excursion Rates

WILL BE MADE BY THE

Southern Pacific Company

FOR ROUND TRIP TICKETS BETWEEN ALL STATIONS ON ITS LINES, AS FOLLOWS.....

Fare and a Third
FOR STATIONS WITHIN 125 MILES DISTANCE

Fare and a Fifth
TO STATIONS DISTANT 126 TO 200 MILES

One Fare
TO STATIONS DISTANT 201 TO 300 MILES

TICKETS WILL BE ON SALE ABOUT JULY 1ST TO 4TH INCLUSIVE, AND GOOD FOR RETURN TILL ABOUT JULY 5TH. FOR EXACT DATES AND RATES, GO AND SEE

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO Pacific Coast Sole Agents

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

From San Francisco at 10 a. m.

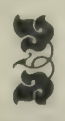
Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, Buffet Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m. The best of everything.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
617 Mark tStreet (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

ELECTRIC



SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.
American and European Plan.

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Irving Institute Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
2126 California Street, San Francisco.
Next season will begin August 6th. Accredited to the Universities. Seminary and Full Conservatory of Music. Primary Department for Children. Carriage will call. For futher information, address he principal. REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M.

Alfred Cane, Luther A. Teague
Frederick Teague.
Teague, Cane & Teague
DENTISTS.
Claus Spreckels Bldg. Third and Market Sts
hone Main 1459. Sixth Floor, S.F., Cal

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY
Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.—The sweet, gentle, intensely feminine, clinging-vine womanly young woman and the fluffy girl went into the drug store. The shrinking violet, lifting her great soft eyes appealingly to the proprietor, timidly asked if she might please look at the directory just a minute. The druggist gave it to her. She thanked him in five or six different styles, then she and Fluffy studied the book for half an hour and took down addresses. They had turned to go when she whispered to Fluffy, "It's a perfect shame not to buy anything when we used his book so long. I'm going to get something." She fished a ten-dollar gold piece from the bottom of her little chatelaine purse, laid it on the counter and with another soft smile and pleading upward look said, "Please give me a two-cent stamp."

x

THE GOLDEN TOUCH.—King Midas started up from his hard golden couch and threw aside the golden coverlet with an angry jerk. "What's wanted now, why can't you let me forget my troubles a few minutes?" The chamberlain, who had been bribed, prostrated himself before his sovereign and murmured apologetically, "I think you've got the drop on the deity that gave you your power, got a chance to do something really great." "Unfold." "There's a man outside from Leadville, seedy-looking party, says he has a gold brick to sell you cheap." "Ha! Admit him. He'll be badly left when I get my work in on his merchandise."

x

OVER THE LINE TO RENO.—A peroxide Juno interviewed a San Francisco fortune-teller on the usual subject. "Lady," said the seer, "you will visit foreign lands and the courts of kings and queens. You will conquer all rivals and marry the man of your choice; he will be tall, dark and distinguished-looking." "Young?" "Yes, and very rich." The fair visitor rose and in her eagerness grasped the fortune-teller by both shoulders: "How, oh, how shall I get rid of my present husband?"

x

FATHER PAYS THE FREIGHT.—The native who had returned after a long absence was inquiring how the family of boys next door had turned out. "Well, they are all at work one way and another. Dick's teaching school, Tom's in real estate, Henry's a musician, Joe has gone in for literature and Rube's running for Congress." "And the old man take's it easy now, I suppose, enjoys his well-earned rest?" 'Oh, he's pegging away harder than ever; he's supporting Dick and Joe and Tom and Henry and Rube."

x

THE SEX TRIUMPHANT.—He had pulled her hair, used bad words, plagued her kitten, eaten her candy, broken her teaset, cut the sawdust out of her doll, put the blame of the stolen preserves on her and when she had been sent to bed without a light he had jumped out of the dark and grabbed her ankles as she went upstairs. She sobbed as she knelt by her bed and prayed: "O Lord, bless brother Tom; he lies, he steals, he swears—all boys do. Us girls don't."

x

PREPARING THEM FOR IT.—An Episcopal clergyman of Detroit was in the habit of making announcements directly after giviug out his text. Recently he perpetrated the following: "My text to-day is taken from Corinthians, x, 16—'For the devil, like a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour.'" Then, without a pause: "The bishop of the diocese, who is making an extensive round of parish visits, will be with us next Sunday."

x

HIT IT BY ACCIDENT.—At a time when every man, woman and child in Colorado Springs was investing in mining-stock and almost every man, woman and child had been badly bitten, it happened that a certain mine-owner and stock manipulator died suddenly. The local paper held the press to put in an account of his death headed, "Death Loves a Shining Mark," but when it came out the people with whom he had had business dealings were surprised and pleased to read, "Death Loves a Mining Shark."

PALACE HOTEL
The high standard of excellence maintained by this hotel is recognized and appreciated by a fastidious and discriminating clientele who regularly make it their headquarters when vis ti Francisco.
The GRAND HOTEL is operated in conjunction with the Palace to which it is joined by a covered passageway, placing under one management 1400 rooms, more than half of which have baths attached.
AMERICAN PLAN. EUROPEAN PLAN.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

WHEN LEAVING THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE
Safe Deposit Vaults
OF THE
First National Bank
N. W. Corner Bush and Sansome Sts.
Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p m.
EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY
REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

REPSOLD
REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE
Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner
This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office. 416 Pine Street

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.
and Canadian Development Company, Ltd.
THROUGH LINE TO DAWSON.
Two first-class trains daily between Skaguay and Bennett, B. C. Ten first-class steamers operating between White Horse and Dawson. Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points.
SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
KLONDIKE AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.
FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash
Phone Main 574
S. P. BROWN General Agent 116 Yesler Way, Seattle Was

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Mede from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave,
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents,

From Admiral George Dewey:
Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco: Dear Sir—I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent me at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly.
Very truly yours,
George Dewey.

A GRADUATE
George Mayerle
German Expert Optician
Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED
1071½ Market St.
near Seventh
Telephone Mint 257
German Eye Water 50 cents.

From General Wm. R. Shafter:
Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco: Dear Sir—The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair.
Very truly yours,
Wm. R. Shafter,
Major-General U. S. V.

The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI, No. 24 SAN FRANCISCO—JULY 7, 1900 – SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

A Show at the Stockton Street Fair.

Photo by W. J. Street.

is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—July 7, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Views Along the White Pass and Yukon Railrord 5
Romance en Route, by Gelett Burgess 6
A Chinese Tract 6
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 7
The Stockton Street Fair, Illustrations 8
The Inauguration of Governor Dole 9
Correspondence—London Paris 10
Our Illustrations 11
Meditations of a Matron 12
The Cowboy and the Lady 13
At the Theatres 13
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Chinese Crisis. War is on in China beyond a shadow of a doubt. This closing year of the nineteenth century sees the reawakening of the oldest existing civilization and the beginning of a conflict which may trouble Europe as much as did the Crusades. This has been a disastrous week and a desparately anxious one for the whole civilized world. It is highly probable that there is not one foreigner left alive in Pekin. Baron von Kettler, the German minister, is known to have been killed. Hard as it seems, the allied army had to fall back and abandon the Europeans, including their Pekin ministers, to the mercy of the Mongolion population. The last news which came from them, sneaked out by native runner, is dated nine days ago and describes a most desperate condition of affairs. The remnant of the foreigners was then gathered in the British consulate, making a final stand. They were surrounded and under almost continuous fire. Their sick, dead and wounded, among whom were many women and children, were gathered with them inside their lines. The mob was surging through the streets carrying the heads of the captured legation guards on poles. Provisions were so low that the women, who had been giving up their food to the children and the defenders, were near to starvation. Worst of all, ammunition was very low. An assault had been made that very day, and had been repulsed, but it seemed doubtful if attack could be resisted. There are four hundred legation guards of various nationalities, including about seventy Americans, in the Chinese Capital, and about six hundred civilians and children. Of these, perhaps eighty are Americans—mainly missionaries. They include the wife, daughter and nieces of Minister Conger. Unless there has been some unknown change for the better in the political outlook, the friends of these whites may give them up for lost. It was found to be impossible to reach the city with the troops at hand. June 30, directly after the relief of Tien Tsin by the allied force, a scouting expedition found Admiral Seymour with the Pekin relief force of 1600 men stalled and unable to advance, although he had moved his army but nine miles. He had been met by such overwhelming numbers of well-armed Chinese that, after fighting seven battles, he decided to accept a state of siege and wait for relief, By attacking together, the two forces, coming in on opposite sides, formed a junction and withdrew to Tien Tsin. Seymour had lost about two hundred and fifty men and, although he had inflicted great damage on the enemy by the superior shooting of his soldiers, he made little impression, owing to the difference in numbers. The admirals in command, taking these facts into consideration, decided that it would require an army four or five times as great as their little handful to cut a way to the capital, and determined to hold Tien Tsin, Taku, and the ground already won. There are about 12,000 international troops at Tien Tsin and 8,000 between that point and Taku. They have all they can do to keep communications open, without attempting to push on. Moreover, they are short of artillery and ammunition, and food is running low. A large and surprisingly well armed native force has pushed in between Tien Tsin and Pekin. It was the van-guard of this army which crowded back Admiral Seymour. The murder of the German minister, which is probably the only case of the sort recorded in history, was committed by a mob, mainly soldiers, it is said. The stories of the affair all implicate the government.

Political Aspects of the Chinese Disturbance. The week's political news of the Chinese crisis is as important and sensational as the military developments. Again the ruling power has shifted. Prince Tuan, father of the puppet boy-Emperor, and head of the Boxers, is in full control of the Empire and the uprising. Kwang Su is dead from poison, taken under compulsion, from whom no one knows exactly. The Dowager Empress was poisoned at the same time, but the drug failed to kill, leaving her insane, however. By imperial decree Tuan has declared war on the world, calling on every province to rise and expel the foreigners. The revolt is spreading in the Southern provinces; even such a strongly European city as Shanghai has apprehensions of trouble. Canton is in a ferment and may become dangerous at any moment. On the European side, no government has as yet declared actual war. The United States has gone in the opposite direction, Secretary Hay notifying the Powers that no state of war was considered by the United States to exist in China, and that the troops sent were solely for the protection of our legations and subjects. Before the entire seriousness of the situation was realized there seemed to be a general disposition among diplomats to draw off European troops and give Japan the free hand which Europe denied her after the Chinese war of 1894. But it is certain that in China's present temper and preparedness no power of Japan's size can do much. The admirals agree that at least 500,000 men with ample artillery and supplies, will have to fight at least a year to conquer the Middle Kingdom alone, and that many more will be necessary to hold the immense empire of 400,000,000 people. It will take about as many troops as Europe can spare. Of the Enropean nations, Germany, nerved by the unprecedented insult offered in the murder of her minister, is most active in preparation. The Emperor William has announced that he will send at once 20,000 troops and five battleships. Even more than this will be needed from each country if the various European nations decide to subjugate China and avenge their ministers, now almost certainly victims of death and torture.

The Democratic Convention. While the late Republican convention was the most harmonious in the history of the country, with practically no disagreement either on platform or candidates, the Democratic party seems to be weakening its case by dissentions in the party assemblage now meeting at Kansas City. When Richard Croker returned from Europe early in June, he gave out to the press an interview which was intended as an olive branch from the conservative part of the party to the Popocratic silver wing. He dwelt upon imperialism, trusts and the mistakes of the administration, passing over silver in a few words as a minor issue hardly worth the notice in view of the "new and vital" problems which have risen since 1896. It was a hint to the western branch of the party to make Free Silver less prominent an issue. There is no doubt that the Eastern Democrats were at that time willing to permit a silver plank to be inserted in the platform provided that it could be given a sort of subsidiary place and provided that Bryan and the rest were willing to treat it as a minor issue except in those rabid western localities in which it would do the most good. It seemed for a time as though Bryan were ready and willing to hedge on silver, by far the wisest course for his party, but as the time for the convention approached, he reasserted his old, uncompromising attitude on the financial question. In the week before the convention, "straw-ballots" showed that the gold forces could probably control the convention, and that, if Bryan should refuse to make a stand either way, the party would be in the obsurd position of having nominated Bryan, the apostle of silver, on a platform without a free silver plank. Bryan came out, however, and took his stand, declaring that he would accept the nomination on no other than a free silver basis, and that if the party repudiated the issue, he would come down by fast train to the convention and address the body in favor of his hobby. Realizing the fact that Bryan is the only man to be thought of in connection with the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, the Easterners swung to another policy. This was the reaffirmation of the Chicago platform of 1896. Although this declaration was for free silver out and out, yet it is felt that, if anything old and hazy like a platform four years old is reaffirmed without a new and specific declaration, the issue can be dodged in the campaign. But even this solution was hateful to the Western men. They made their fight upon a plain declaration. The committee on platform met on July 4, the opening day, and the silver men won. The committee declared for an unequivocal free coinage plank, and the gold minority decided not to submit a report at all. Although the convention may refuse to ratify that report, it is not likely. Free silver will be an issue, and Bryan the candidate—this in spite of the fact that the convention has been much more enthusiastic over Hill than over the Nebraskan. Yet the sages of politics are certain that the prominence of the silver issue now weakens the position of Democracy.

The Vice-Presidential Fight. The Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination has throughout been tied up with the silver question, it being felt that the place would go with the declaration on finance. Now that an open silver declaration is the strongest probability, Chas. E. Towne of Minnesota, vice-presidential nominee with Bryan on the fusion Populist ticket, has a strong lead. It has seemed, all along, that he slightly led the others, most of the delegates pledged to scattering votes on local celebrities having him for second choice. David B. Hill of New York, the gold standard-bearer of his party, was talked of at first; had the free silver compromise been reached, it is probable that he would have been nominated and would have accepted. But when it became apparent that the gold wing would lose, Hill declined any mention of his name as a candidate. Danforth of New York seems now the choice of those who believe—and wisely—that one of the standard-bearers should be an Easterner, preferably a New York man. He is not a particularly strong man personally, but he has the record of having held the New York Democrats in line in 1896, when Hill, Croker and their henchmen were sulking, and he is a non-committal man on the silver issue. Former Vice-President Adlai Stevenson has some backing among the conservatives. Shively of Indiana and Sulzner, the rabid silver advocate, who showed some strength at first, are now conceded to be out of the race. It is anyone's fight so far; our readers may know the issue before this column is in their hands.

The Philippine Peace Attempt. The plan for Filipino reorganization of Luzon and for a peaceful ending to the insurrection, tried last week in Manila by General MacArthur, has not proved a startling success. The course of the movement, the manner in which the natives let it run into the ground and lose itself in the sands, illustrates the lack of backbone in the native character and, incidentally, their incapacity for anything like self-government. Senor Paterno's convention had hardly done with meeting and passing resolutions when factions began to arise between the "military" delegates and the members of Aguinaldo's "cabinet." It resolved itself into a question of job chasing. Each one tried to outdo all the others in zeal for peace, under the belief that he who gained control at the convention would have the best chance for political advancement under the American protectorate. Then, the enemies of peace began an agitatation inside and outside the supposed peace party. As a result, Paterno called another meeting a week later and drew up a new set of resolutions, which, while nominally a program for a protectorate, was really a declaration of independence. MacArthur thereupon revoked Paterno's parole, and the latter took the oath of allegiance, coming under the terms of the amnesty act and going free. Such sincere American sympathizers as Mabini and Buencamino have already withdrawn from the movement. It was made plain by the statements of Filipino loyalists in the convention that the natives are still building hopes on the election of Bryan. Moreover, many believe that the Chinese crisis will sufficiently engage the American troops to cause them to leave Luzon undefended. Upon these two hopes Aguinaldo is supporting the tottering insurrection. The amnesty proclamation is having some effect in the provinces, however. The natives are disposed to be suspicious of our representations, but are slowly gaining in confidence in our intentions. The release of eight generals on parole was a wise move in this connection.

The Filipino Native and American Education. A Spanish paper of Manila, *El Comercio*, declares that as things are now constituted and as affairs are now conducted, the native Filipinos of the city shows absolutely no desire to accept the educational advantages and opportunities which are offered to them by the American government. The attendance at the public schools is slack and scanty, and kept up under compulsion, now that the novelty of the thing has worn away. The Philippine Naval Academy is a good example. It is not only a good school, but it offers an immediate chance for the practical use of an education. It trains youths for officers in the coastwise trade, a class of men for whom there is a constant demand, the vacancies now being generally filled from Spain in default of competent natives. The Americans took the school from the Spaniards and, after improving it considerably, decided to maintain it. Yet there have been only a dozen students during the American occupation. Again, the International Club, a society largely concerned in improvement of the natives, decided recently to offer two scholarships in civil engineering at a first-class American college. The students were to be chosen by competitive examination, and were to have all expenses, including transportation, paid for a full four years' course. The scheme was thoroughly advertised, yet only two applicants appeared. Hence, the Spanish journals conclude that the native Filipino does not want American education, being too lazy to use it.

Two Great Catastrophes. Two of the greatest catastrophes of the year have visited the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of this country during the past week. New York City had a dock fire which caused the loss of between two and three hundred lives, and a street-car accident in Tacoma, Wash., resulted in thirty-six deaths and at least sixty injuries. Many of the wounded will die. The New York fire occurred June 30, on the docks of three German steamship companies. A cargo of oil and one of cotton lay near to each other on the wharf. Fire broke out in the cotton and reached the oil almost at once. The resulting explosion scattered oil everywhere, and the ships on the docks burst into flames, literally roasting the people in their lower holds before they could make an escape The same fire destroyed the great ocean steamship, the immense wharves of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, part of the dock of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, and the Thingvalla Steamship Company, a vast storage warehouse in Hoboken, twelve canal boats and six barges. The ocean liners destroyed were the Saale, the Bremen and the Main. All three of these ships belong to the North German Lloyd Company. The Kaiser Wilheim der Grosse, the fastest and one of the largest passenger ships in the world, was damaged and had a narrow escape from total destruction. The total property loss was about $10,000,000. The Tacoma calamity happened on July 4. A street-car, badly overloaded, was crossing a bridge over a deep, abrupt gulch which runs through a portion of the city. In some manner unexplained, the motorman lost control of the car on a sharp grade just befor the bridge, and the crowded car gained such momentum that it jumped the track just over the chasm. It struck ground first on a bank thirty-five feet down, and then rolled, crushing the passengers on its way. to the bottom of the gulf, one hundred feet from the bridge. There were over a hundred passengers, and of these hardly one escaped death or serious injury. The dead were fairly ground to pieces under the wreckage.

An intoxicated policeman in San Francisco, arrested an aged and respectable woman within a hundred feet of her home, and jailed her as a street walker, because she was out at eleven o'clock in the evening. That the officer Edward G. Ring, was under the influence of liquor seemed undisputed. That the victim, Mrs. Elliot, age 52, is thoroughly respectable is conceded by every one. That the sequel should record the dismissal and disgrace of Ring is the judgment of every man and woman in the community.

Editorial Comment.

The Fresno Rate Case.

UNDER this heading the *Chronicle* reads the Southern Pacific Company a lecture in a temperate tone for threatening to ignore the courts' injunction prohibiting the withdrawal of the "special ticket" to Fresno. The argument that "to no other men is a general respect for law so important as to the owners of great properties is well grounded in reason. It is also true that "they can afford less than any one else to set an example of defiance of the law." The *Chronicle* also speaks wisely when it says "There are times when high handed acts so draw upon great corporations the indignation of communities that the utmost force of society can hardly protect them "but the premises upon which the *Chronicle* basis its argument are not quite as secure as the argument itself. The reasoning is wise but the facts are a little out of order. The railroad company at a time given, placed on sale a certain type of low-priced ticket between San Francisco and Fresno. This ticket the corporation attempted to withdraw. Its right to do so was contested by a resident of Fresno, and the entire controversy was brought for trial before the Board of Railroad Commissioners. Evidence was introduced upon both sides, and arguments made. The Commission, after deliberating upon the matter filed findings of fact, and a conclusion of law based upon such findings. Their findings declared in effect and in terms that the ticket sought to be withdrawn from sale was a "special, non-transferable excursion ticket," and as a matter of law determined that the corporation had no right to withdraw it.

Under the laws of this state, railroad companies are not permitted, having once reduced their fares, to increase them again without the consent of the commission, but they may issue "special tickets" and excursion tickets" at a greatly reduced rate which tickets they may withdraw at will. Just now, at this season of the year, the advertising columns o the daily papers announce that for the first five days of July excursion rates will be made and special tickets issued for round trips, between all stations as follows. A rate of one fare and one third will be charged for a round trip to any station within 125 miles distance. One fare and one-fifth will be charged to stations between 126 and 200 miles distant, and one fare only for a round trip to any station distant between 201 and 300 miles." Upon the fourth of July these "special excursion tickets" will be withdrawn. Does any one question the right of the company to do so? And if they should, would not the company be fully justified in resisting any attempt to that end, and justified in ignoring the rulings of the lower court until the highest court had affirmed that ruling? Yet according to the findings of the Commissioners, there is no legal difference between the Fresno ticket and the Fourth of July ticket. We may tangle ourselves up in a mass of original deductions, but as a cold matter of law and of fact the Railroad commissioners judicially determined after hearing the evidence that the Fresno ticket *was* a "special non-transferable excursion ticket" and then determined as a conclusion of law that the corporation had no right to withdraw it. We have never been able to harmonize the findings of fact with the conclusions of law, and Judge Bahrs has certainly thrown no additional light upon the subject. Indeed it does not seem possible in view of the plain reading of the law, that the Supreme Court can sustain Judge Bahrs.

As to the wisdom of disobeying the injunction—if the state could indemnify the corporation against loss it might well submit until the court of last resort had determined the case, but it is too much to ask one institution to bear al the burden resulting from the error of the state's employes.

A litigant whose property would be injured or whose income would be diminished by the operation of an injunction is permitted upon the filing of a proper indemnifying bond, to proceed as though there was no injunction. If the argument the *Chronicle* makes is sound, that no passenger paying the higher rate would bring suit because of the smallness of the sum involved, it must be equally true that the railway company which would suffer the accumulated losses of every passenger carried between Fresno and San Francisco, could not very well institute proceedings against each individually, nor would it have any recourse against the state.

The Democratic Platform.

BOTH the Republican and Democratic press agree upon the fact that Bryan is in absolute control of the Kansas City Convention. Whatever of good there may be in the National platform of Democracy this year is to be credited to Bryan, whatever of bad, is to be charged up against him. It is well to definitely fix responsibility and it is quite as well to fix it upon the party nominee.

The word has gone forth that unless the platform declare unequivocally for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, Mr. Bryan will decline the nomination. We don't believe it. Of course, Bryanism without a free coinage plank would be like a circus without horses, or a clown without a trick mule. If there had been no free silver question there would have been no Bryan. To omit such a plank would not only alienate the free silver republicans, outrage the populists, and bring disgruntlement into the camps of the "greenbackers" and advocates of fiat money, but it would leave Mr. Bryan hanging in the air without a place to put his feet.

Mr. Bryan's advisers, so say the dispatches, have told him that "a modification of his views upon the currency ratio would mean his certain election to the presidency," and Mr. Bryan is quoted as replying "If by any chance the committee on resolutions decides to report a platform in which there is not a silver plank there must be a minority report and a fight on the floor of the Convention. I will come to Kansas City on the fastest train available, make a fight for silver on the floor of the Convention and then decline to take the nomination if the Convention omits the ratio. This is final."

The Democratic press consider these words heroic. They "point with pride" and indulge in self congratulation at the man's "courage," etc. It reminds one of the gallery applause in a cheap theatre when the hero declares to the villian "If you kill me I will die." But Mr. Bryan is wiser than his political advisers. A new platform, omitting free silver, and sound on every other public question might give worry to the republicans, provided two Democrats of recognized ability were named, whose past career and public utterances harmonized with the platform. But Mr. Bryan would not do on such a platform. He would be out of harmony with it. Mr. Bryan views himself in a proper perspective in this connection, and doubtless realizes that he is Free Silver and that Free Silver is Bryan. Imagine if you can, the Philadelphia Convention threatening to run Mr. McKinley on a platform that renounced Protection and advocated Free Trade, for the purpose of catching the votes of a few doubtful states. One thing is pretty apparent, principles are not going to cut much of a figure in the Democratic platform. They are fishing for votes not enunciating party principles. The questions they seem most auxious to determine are, where can we attack the course of the Administration and receive the most benefit? The Expansion movement is strong in the West and, according to the dispatches, *"both Mr. Bryan and the leaders of the party have been urged not to make the anti-expansion plank too strong, lest the declaration injures the party's chances in the Western States."* Of course, the object of this suggestion is to fool the people. The platform when it is finally adopted will doubtless denounce Imperialism and roundly abuse the administration for a long series of picturesque and imaginary wrongs; will charge the Republican party with intending to do things which it never dreamed of doing, will invent facts, circumstances and policies that never existed and then point at them with scorn and contempt. This vote catching plank will in all likelihood be rounded out with a declaration that Democracy does not oppose the nation's growth or the extension of its power and commerce and will mix "liberty," "constitution," the "flag" and "glorious nation" of meaningless words. But it is a small matter—this democratic platform. Mr. Bryan will not be elected. The only hope we have, is that his defeat may be so overwhelming, so unanswerable, so complete as to forever prevent any successor or imitator from attempting to follow in his footsteps, and so relieve the nation of all fears of future Bryans and Altgelds.

A State of "Knockers."

THE episode known as the Scott Boom for the Vice-Presidency has past. One may not at this juncture revive it with any profit to Mr. Scott's ambitions, but for the sake of the future, in behalf of the really big men of the State who may hereafter aspire, let the press of the state make an attempt toward educating the people of California to a full realization of the unwisdom of permitting its representatives to repeat the contemptible and disloyal performances of the past. As a vote-getter, Mr. McKinley could have no better running mate than Mr. Roosevelt. Even with the California delegation heartily in favor of Mr. Scott, he could not have been nominated probably, but our delegation would at least have standing to its credit a certain something which it sadly lacks. In the national convention four years hence California would stand on a better footing than she will now. If our delegation had attempted to solidify the West, we would have at least made a step toward national recognition.

With such men as John W. Mackay, C. P. Huntington, D. O. Mills, C. M. Schwab and Robert Linderman of Pennsylvania favoring him, with Ex-Mayor Strong, Generals McCook and Thomas and other big men in New York City willing to help, with Henry H. Kohlstad's *Times-Herald* of Chicago pouring out daily broadsides favoring Scott, with Senator Hanna repeatedly declaring that Mr. Scott was entirely acceptable to the President, with the great dailies like the New York *Herald*, Chicago *Times-Herald*, Richmond, Va., *Times*, Boston *Journal*, Washington *Post* and *Times*, Philadelphia *North American*, *Press*, *Times*, Chicago *Post*, Elmira *Advertiser*, New York *Mail and Express* New York *Times* and a long list of great dailies that embrace every state in the Union, endorsing or encouraging Mr. Scott's candidacy, it would seem as though the California delegation had ample justification for supporting their own state. On Friday, June 15, that well known correspondent, Murat Halstead, wired the evening *Telegram* of New York as follows:

"Scenes shift. This morniug New York seems out of the vice-presidential fight. The nomination is going to the Pacific Coast, probably to Scott.

MURAT HALSTEAD."

On the same day the New York *Sun* said:—"Next to the Bliss situation the most active and serious movement in the interest of another candidate is that for Irving M. Scott of California. His boomers are here in number (the California delegation had not arrived then) and they are working hard. Among the party leaders there is a general disposition to look with favor on the claims of the Pacific Coast * * * the indications are that Scott or some other man in the West will be in the lead."

A book of press clippings taken at this time, June 15, endorsing Mr. Scott, from every large city in the union, would fill a scaap book of over one hundred pages. Senator Hanna had repeatedly expressed his preference for Mr. Scott. He was generally regarded by the press and people as the second choice of the administration, some believed the first choice. When the Californians arrived at Philadelphia they found Mr. Scott's candidacy next in importance only to that of Mr. Roosevelt. Just before they reached that city, Chairman George Knight is reported in the Philadelphia *Record* as saying: "We never heard of Scott as a candidate and when the delegation from our state gets here there will be an end to this sort of talk. If there is any chance at all of the nomination going to California, Governor Gage is the man who should get it." And the press of the East insisted on mentioning Mr. Gage as "ex-Governor." The San Francisco *Chronicle's* correspondent wires the situation on the 16th:

"The situation created by the attitude of the California delegation is remarkable. Scott's candidacy has won national recognition and throughout the East has met with a friendly reception * * * The delegation may find itself in an awkward position if it is shown that its opposition ruined Scott's chances. On the other hand its apathy may kill the Scott movement before it reaches a point where that charge could rest."

The *Call* correspondent said on the same day: "Despite this inclination among members of the California delegation to belittle Mr. Scott's candidacy it is regarded more seriously by delegates from other states."

On June 18th the New York *Herald* said: "Irving Scott's Vice-Presidential boom has died a-bornin'. The California delegation refuse to acknowledge interest in it." The great Eastern papers were shocked and surprised at the disloyalty of the Californians, and if any one of the delegation cares to read some of the hard things said of them in the East we will be glad to reprint them.

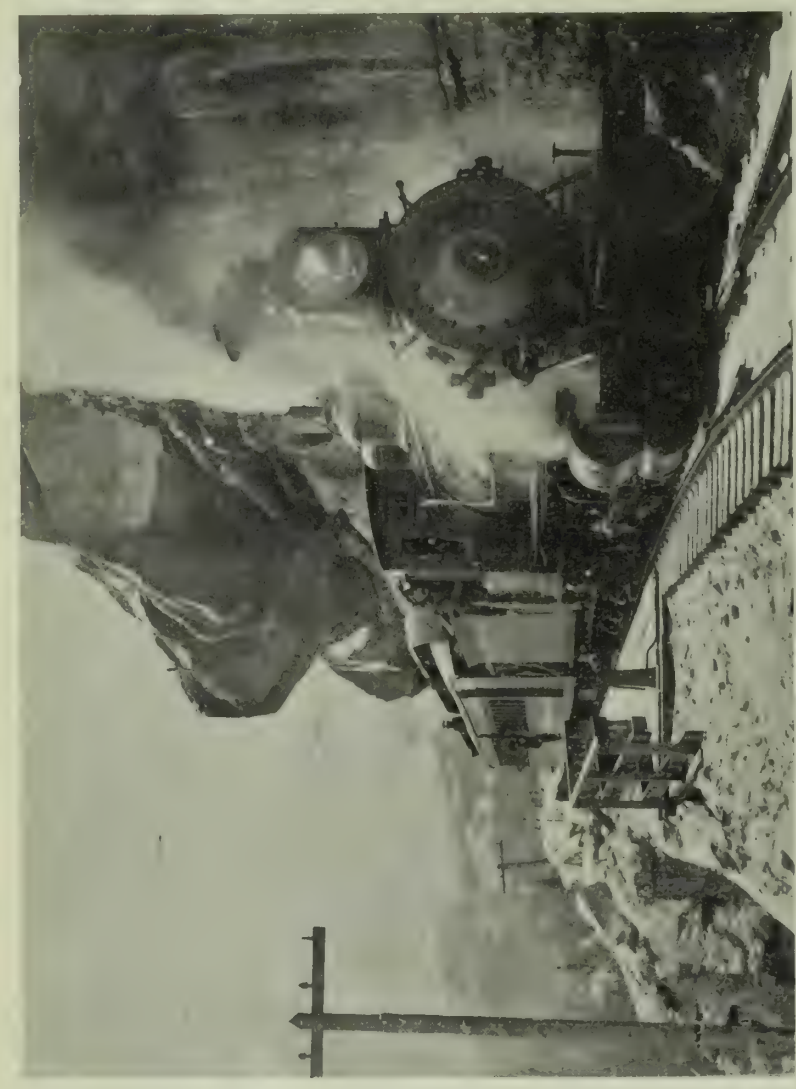
Not for Mr. Scott's sake, but for the sake of the State itself, should the press make an attempt to do some educating along these lines.

Widening Chinatown's Streets.

THE *Chronicle* suggests the obliteration of Chinatown by widening the streets and compelling owners to put their property in a sanitary condition. The suggestion is a good one, and yet where shall we provide for them if it shall be determined to move the quarters entirely? The foreign quarters in New York are quite as disreputable as the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. The buildings on Hester street, New York, are better than those on Sacramento street in San Francisco, but it is to be doubted if the people there are any more cleanly.

The law will not permit the confiscation of the Chinatown property, will not permit the widening of streets without the consent of the property owners, but this much is clear: The power known to the law as the "police power" which includes a supervision of things sanitary, is one of the most elastic and far-reaching of powers vested in the Board of Supervisors. As an initial step toward abolishing the unpleasant features of Chinatown, why not have the Board of Supervisors request an opinion of City and County Attorney Lane as to the most efficacious means of bringing about the suggested improvement—keeping within the law. Mr. Lane is an able lawyer, a man of infinite resources and would no doubt go deep into the subject and in the end present a well-formulated plan of procedure for the Board's guidance.

The world knows the condition of Chinatown. A court would take judicial notice of conditions then prevailing, without testimony. There is a splendid foundation to support any movement having the sanction of law, and Attorney Lane is equal to the emergency.



The Hanging Rock of Clifton.

Lake Bennet.

Skaguay Valley.

Niles Canon.

Some Views Along the White Pass and Yukon Railroad.

Photo by Barley, Skaguay, Copyright, 1900.

LITTLE ENGLAND.

The British Colony of the Barbadoes in the West Indies.

Vendors of Native Pottery.

The Principal Business Street of Bridgetown.

Negress.

DOWN where the Caribbean opens into the equatorial Atlantic, far to the windward of the other Antilles, lies the little isle of Barbados. It is but a speck on the edge of the great ocean, but one that far outdoes its size, having been the scene of more romantic adventures than any other colony over which the Cross of St. George flutters.

The island itself is an odd combination of volcanic and coral origin, those sections produced from the latter cause possessing a special peculiarity in the regularity of the terraces which mark the work of the insects. These terraces are most clearly defined, particularly along the southern coast, where the narrow mesas lining the shore are arranged with mathematical precision. It is evident that in some far-off age a turmoil of the sea threw up the higher parts of the island; abont them the coral has grown through the passing centuries until the original area has been more than doubled.

Back in the days of Cromwell the Barbados received the sobriquet of "Litttle England," all on account of the steadiast loyalty which distinguished the people. Never has the mother country had a foe against which the Barbados failed to declare herself and in all of England's wars during three centuries the diminutive colony has done her share and more in the raising of money, men and ships. Once so great did the ambitions of "Little England" become that she not only equipped a fleet to help along the cause of Great Britain, but with her squadron of tiny craft captured and held an adjacent island which was the property of the enemy. There have been civil wars and internal strifes which shook the Barbados from end to end but through it it all there has ever been a staunch allegiance by all parties to the Monarchy beyond the seas.

Round about the coast of the colony have sailed the ships of every nation and several times the fighting craft of warring peoples have met and contended within sight of the palm-shaded beaches. Our own war of 1812 brought about two encounters of this kind, both fought within sight of Barbados' shores. The first was an engagement between the American privateer "Fox" and the English ship "Lapwing," the other brought into action the British packet "Townshend" and the American schooners "Tom" and "Bony." In both of the encounters the loyal British of the Barbados were compelled to see their beloved flag go down before the Stars and Stripes.

Portuguese navigators were the original discoverers of this bit of prolific land, but they failed to see in it anything to tempt them. So it was left for subjects of James I. to take formal possession in the name of that monarch. This occurred in 1605 and it is the boast of he native Barbadan that since that time no flag save that of Great Britain has ever waved over the island. Those mariners who carved the name of James I. upon one of the island's trees in token that this bit of land belonged to their monarch, builded really better than they knew, for of all the Antilles Barbados is one of the most prolific and attractive. In spite of its latitude, the climate is healthful in the extreme and there is hardly a square mile of its area which is not exceedingly productive. Sugar is the principal product, and each year brings an immense crop. Tropical fruits and vegetables grow in abundance so that the markets of the island are plentifully supplied with every luxury while its people are free from the climatic conditions which render life burdensome during a great portion of the year in most of the other West Indies.

At the southwest corner of the island lies its capital, Bridgetown, facing on Carlisle Bay, the only good anchorage offered on the island's coast, even this being little more than an open roadstead. The Barbados is, however, located in the zone of the Northeast trades and thus the shallow bay is sheltered save when something odd in the shape of a blow howls over the sea. Bridgetown is a quaint spot with its narrow streets and buildings mostly dating from the 18th century. But once beyond the business quarter, the roads widen and are lined on either hand by pretentious villas and beautiful gardens. The government occupies the southern quarter of the town with a fine governor's residence, military barracks and attendant buildings, all surrounded by a well-kept and spacious park.

The visitor is not allowed to remain long in Bridgetown without a sight of the city's monument to Nelson which stands in the principal square, named, like its London prototype, "Trafalgar." Oddly enough, this square in the little port of Barbados is the original in name, and the monument to England's great Admiral which occupies its center is the first memorial of the kind erected to the hero of Trafalgar.

Life in this city down by the equator is one of luxurious ease and tropical indolence. No one ever seems to be in a hurry to get to business but everyone is keen for any event of sport or pleasure. As in all English communities, club life is an important factor, there being two splendid organizations, one formed of the older element, the other of the younger. There is plenty of cricket, tennis and all the outdoor sports so dear to the English heart.

Of course, Bridgetown society centers at the Governor's mansion. Even in so small an outpost there is plenty of it, the brilliantly uniformed officers of the regiment on the station forming the inner circle about which civilian soci l Bridgetown revolves.

The Britisher seems to be able to engraft himself most successfully upon any country in any zone where he may choose to make his dwelling. Inside of sixty days I met subjects of Queen "Vic" happy and contented among the frosty blasts of the Straits of Magellan, and here in Barbados, almost under the equator, I found them just as contented and taking life with the same ease.

But there are drawbacks, even to the lazy life of Barbados. The most important of these is the possibility that the island liss in the track of one of those devistating hurricanes which are common to the West Indies. Several times has the island been swept by these storms, the last disaster occurring in 1898. Each time there has been heavy loss in lives and property. These events are serious setbacks to the Barbados but in spite of them she quickly regains her losses, and the perils of the storm are forgotten under the lulling of the balmy breezes and the blue sky of the tropics.

DOUGLAS WHITE.

Three Montana trees have become famous. One, an oak grows on the edge of a precipice in Alder Gulch, where the first discovery of gold in Montana was made and where ex-United States Senator Sanders acted as chairman of a Vigilance Society. Fifteen men were hanged from the tree. A rope fastened to an overhanging limb stayed their flight as they dropped over the bluff. "Hangman's Tree" was a landmark in Helena, although little now remains of it. For a period of years rude justice was administered from this tree. A painting of it with two men suspended from a limb may be seen in the rooms of the State Historical Society. The third tree, a pine, is conspicuous from the fact that it is the only tree in the city of Butte. The sulphur fumes from the smelters will soon destroy it.

British agents have shipped thousands of American horses to Africa since the beginning of the Transvaal war. By actual trial they have been found superior in adaptability and endurance to any other animals that they can obtain. It is also claimed that they are more intelligent than those of European breed descended from long lines of carefully trained progenitors. This comes about through the fact that our Western horses for generations had to fight against wolves and other wild animals, and to find their living in a wild country in all kinds of weather. Their surroundings have made them not only hardy but keenly intelligent. Colonel Cody with his Wild West Show has done much to bring the American horse to the notice of European cavalry officers.

The Nelson Monument.

The Harbor of Bridgetown.

Native Huts, Interior.

House-Moving at Bacoor.

General Lawton's Last Photograph.

Twenty-Fifth (colored) Infantry Resting.

ROMANCE EN ROUTE.

By Gelett Burgess.

I AM tired of the question, "How do you like London?" and "How do you like New York?" "Would you rather live in San Francisco or Paris? Why, indeed, should I not like London, Kalamazoo, Patagonia, Bombay or any other place where live men and live women walk the streets, eat, drink and are merry? How can I say whether El Dorado is better than Arcady, or a square room more convenient than an oblong one? Every living place has its own fascination, its mysteries, its esoteric delights. Ask me, rather, if I can understand London, if I can catch the point of view of the French *concierge*, if I comprehend the slang and bustle of Chicago. Like them? Show me the town I cannot like! Know them? Ah, that is different! This is the charm of travel—to keep up the feeling of strangeness to the end; never to take things for granted or let them grow stale; to see them always as though one had never seen them before. Then, and only then can we see things as they really are. When I become cosmopolitan, world-old, blase, when I think and speak in all languages, I shall fly to some deserted island to study the last, most impenetrable enigma—myself.

But meanwhile I can purchase Romance retail, at the mere cost of a railway ticket. I can close my eyes in one city and open them next morning in its mental antipode. Romance requires only a new point of view, it is the art of getting fresh glimpses of the commonplace. One need not be transported to the days of chivalry, one need not even travel; one need only begin life anew every morning, and look upon the world unfamiliarly, as the child does. One must be born a discoverer. It was an old trick with my sister and me to regard each other, at times, as strangers, and at those lucid moments much was revealed. Thus one may keep youth, for the sport never loses color. One game won or lost, the next has an equal interest though we use the same counters and the same board. The combinations are always fresh.

Still, though one may find this fountain of perpetual youth in one's breakfast glass, the obvious, conventional method is to go forth for the adventure, and get this famed elixir at some foreign and well-advertised spring. For this purpose tourists travel, taking part in a pilgrimage of whose meaning or whose method they are ignorant. In their boxes and portmanteaus they pack, not hopes of mystery, faith in the compelling marvels of the world, nor the wonder of strange sights, but instead, fault-finding comparisons, and prejudice against all manners and customs not their own. They do not see, in the omnibus of London, the automobile of Paris and the electric street car of New York the pregnant evidence of three several points of view on life, art and commerce, but only grotesque contrasts with their own particular means of locomotion. They do not delight in the incomprehensible hurly-burly of civilization that has produced the City Man, the Bounder and the Coster, nor do they attempt to solve either mystery or get the meat from such strange shells. Instead, they see only the clerk at the lunch counter bolting his chops and half-pint, the incredible waistcoat of the pretentious *blagueur*, or the buttons and "moke" of the ruffling D'Artagnan of the Old Kent Road.

So the tourist travels with his eyes shut, while the true traveler has a lookout on life, keen for new sensations. To do things in Rome as the Romans do, that is his motto. He must eat spaghetti with his fingers, his rice and chopped suey with chopsticks, or he fails of their subtle relish. He calls no Western town crude or uncivilized, but he tries to cultivate a taste for cocktails that he may imbibe the native fire of Occidental enthusiasm. In the East, he is an Oriental. He changes his mind, his costume, and his spectacles wherever he goes, and underneath the little peculiarities of custom and environment he finds the essential real ties of life.

To taste all this tart flavor of living—not to write about it or fit it to sociological theories, but to live it, understand it, be it—this is the art of travel, the art of romance, the art of youth. But there is no Baedecker to guide such a sentimental tourist through such experiences as these—to give the dimensions of delight in a five-o'clock tea to one who comes with a bright eye to that hackneyed ceremonial. Murray, in his handbooks, omits to mention that the chief joy of a *mi-careme* festival cannot be known unless one parades in costume, throws confetti, and speaks the argot of the studios. Hare's "Walks in London" says nothing of talks with battle-struck pensioners on the benches of the Royal Hospital. It takes a lively glance to recognize a man disguised in a frock coat, and find him blood brother to the Esquimau!

Well, there is a place in Utah on the Central Pacific Railroad called Monotony. The settlement consists of a station, a water tank, and a corrugated iron bunk-house. The level horizon swings round a full circle, enclosing a flat arid waste, bisected by an unfenced line of rails, straight as a stretched string. The population consists of a telegraph operator, a foreman, and six section-hands. Yet I dare say I would like to stop there awhile, en route, and perhaps I would taste some charm that London never gave. I am not so sure that but that before I took wing again I might not like it better even than Paris!

A CHINESE TRACT.

A Remarkable Book Written in Aid of the Boxers.

ONE of those sensational stories which are pure fake ninety-nine times out of a hundred and remarkable prophecy the hundredth was published in the *North China Daily News* at the time of the Empress' latest coup this spring. It was from the pen of a Chinese correspondent, and so rambling and incoherent in style that it seemed the work of a madman. Indeed, its publication set Europeans in China wondering that a stable, conservative British paper like the *News* should throw open its columns to such sensational drivel. Yet within three months the events proved the truth of this article. Who the mysterious correspondent is, only the editors of the *News* know, and they are not telling. He must be a person connected with the court, because of his information concerning the inner workings of the Chinese government. Briefly, his article went about as follows:—He began by calling attention to the Boxers' society, whose general president, Prince Tuan, was father of the new boy Emperor. He asserted that they were a secret league against foreigners, and were even then preparing an uprising. In this conspiracy there were not only the Boxers but the Empress herself, all her main advisers and the educated and conservative classes generally. When the time came to strike, the drilled portion of the Chinese army was to do the real, true fighting, while the Boxers were to hang on their flanks, slaughtering missionaries and converts and keeping the revolution boiling throughout the Empire. So far as we can see at this stage, this is exactly what has happened.

But there was another warning, had the foreigners only heeded it. During the past year, there has been circulated in the Chinese Empire a little book, a mere pamphlet, which has produced, most probably, a stronger political effect than any since the Junius letters. It is nothing more or less than a tract against Christianity, and so wide has been its circulation that it has spread to every corner of the Empire. One of the rich, literati members of that educated class which most hates and abhors foreigners, has bought eight hundred thousand for free distribution.

The book is vile beyond translation, obscene almost beyond belief, so that the very fact that it can be received and believed throughout the Empire is a commentary on the ignorance of outsiders in which the low-caste Chinese moves and has his being. It consists in a string of outrageous libels, strung together on a thread. The keenness of the man who wrote it and the Chinese way of doing things is illustrated by this very characteristic. He tries to turn out something about foreigners so low and vile that whenever a Chinaman thinks of the white devils he will associate them with things low, vile and devilish. Who wrote it no one knows exactly. Most probably it was planned and executed by a committee of literati.

"A Death Blow to Corrupt Doctrines," it is called, and it professes to be issued by the Gentry and the People. Like the "Confessions of Maria Monk" and other works issued in this country for underhand polemical purposes, it purposes to be a confession. "A man of Jao-Chow, above all others distressed in heart," professes to have been initiated into the Christian sect and to have taken part in their rites. Many of his statements, most of them, in fact, are too strong for publication. Here are a few that are otherwise:

"They make use of occult and devilish arts and bewitch the ignorant by magical arts and incantations, so they joyfully enter the sect. . . . . When a person enters this religion the teacher gives him four ounces of silver and a pill. When he has taken this pill his whole mind is confused and darkened, so that he destroys his ancestral tablets, and only worships an image of a naked child which points one finger toward heaven and another toward the earth. They say this is the Prince Jesus. Families having daughters, on entering this religion, restrain one of them from marriage. These are the guardians of the locks and keys of the chest containing magical spells and incantations. They are called 'the old women who open the chest.' . . . . In case of funerals, the religious teachers eject all the relatives and friends from the house, and the corpse is put into the coffin with closed doors. Both eyes are secretly taken out and the orifice sealed up with plaster. The reason for extracting the eyes is this: From one hundred pounds of Chinese lead can be extracted eight pounds of silver, and the remaining ninety-two pounds of lead can be sold at the original cost. But the only way to obtain this silver is by compounding the lead with the eyes of Chinamen. The eyes of foreigners are of no use for this purpose. . . . . It is impossible to enumerate all their practices. If we seek for the general motive which leads to them, it is a fixed determination utterly to befool our people, and under false pretence of religion to take possession of the Middle Kingdom."

The "Man Most Distressed in Heart" fortifies his arguments by a great array of quotations from other native writers.

Con. on Page 7.

Rapid Army Transport—One Mile an Hour.

General Pilar, the Man of Mystery.

Captain Quinlan and his Macabebe Scouts.

PEOPLE AND SCENES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Things & People.

Hearst's Chicago American.

JOURNALISM in Chicago is excited over the advent of W. R. Hearst. The Napoleonic proprietor of the *N. Y. Journal* has swooped down on the Windy City with a perfect cohort of literary, artistic and advertising stars and promises to show its effete newspapermen what an evening journal ought to be. All over the burg bill boards announce the forthcoming production of Hearst's *Chicago American*, with portraits of Carter Harrison, David Bennett Hill and J. J. Ingalls as its chief contributors. It is heralded that at the head of each department of the enterprise are Chicago men, at least by birth and early training, though tried in the crucible of New York journalism. The brilliant Carvalho is busy directing the business interests of the publication. He is the man who has made the New York enterprise of Mr. Hearst pay and it may truly be said that what he does not know about newspaper work is of slight moment. On the other hand the newspaper situation in Chicago is different to that in any other American city. The *News* and *Record*, the *Tribune*, the *Times-Herald*, the *Chronicle* and the sundry other big dailies are excellent publications, intelligently directed, respectable, and while conservative, sufficiently enterprising along legitimate lines. The press of a city represents its public and if yellow journalism of the New York type had been in demand there Mr. Joseph Dunlop would not have been sent to Joliet prison for conducting an indecent publication.

* * *

The fight is now on and the reporters are the first to profit by it. The wages of journalists in Chicago were very low. The stars enjoyed large salaries, but the underlings have been ridiculously underpaid. Just as the *Examiner* advanced salaries in every San Francisco local room so has the *Chicago American*. Able advertising men have also found their value enhanced; the same is true of the artists. On the other hand the publishers are not idle. They have discounted the expected red head lines of the new publication by rigging out the obsolete *Journal*, the evening daily, with which Editor Dunlop was connected, with ruddy captions and sable display type. It now is the image of its New York prototype. Other cards are up their sleeves, they say. An astute set of gentlemen they are and, I imagine, will find ways of "coppering" whatever new leads are dealt by the daring invader. It is the *News* that the enterprise is chiefly directed at. Of all Windy City publications it has the largest circulation and is an immense advertising sheet whose features commend it to the Chicagoans. Its rates are very high, and its proprietor, Victor Lawson, is said to have an income of between six and eight hundred thousand dollars a year. The *Tribune* is another big profit-maker. Its Sunday issue of sixty pages teems with the page announcements of the great department stores. *The Times-Herald*, Kohlsaat's paper, has a valuable circulation representing quality rather than quantity and after a hard fight for recognition, is now paying handsomely. The new paper will undoubtedly cut into profits all round. It advertising rates will be so low at first as to tempt the big establishments and they may support it to depress the charges of the established publications.

***

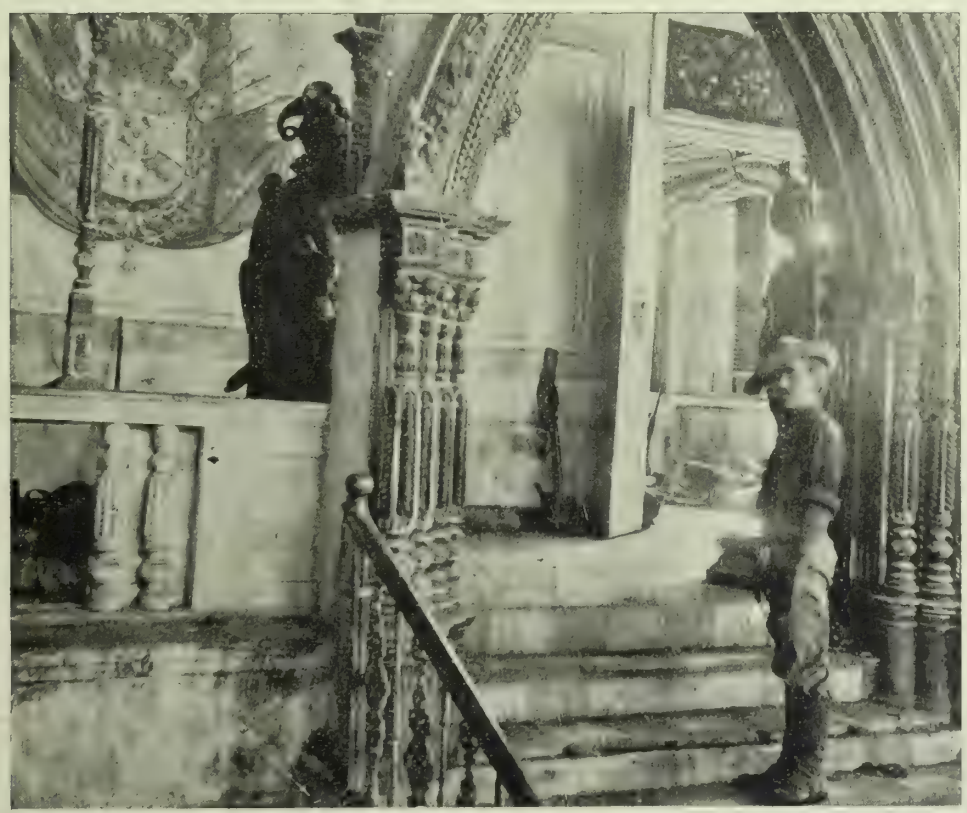
The Political Outlook.

THE topic of general discussion in Pullman sleepers just now is politics. A traveler recently returned informed me that crossing the continent back and forth he had only met two Bryan men, employees of a western railroad. The others and he assured me he had conscientiously talked about the campaign whenever the opportunity offered, announced uncompromisingly that they intended to vote for McKinley. A railway contractor, engaged with big force of men straightening out the Union Pacific, told him Wyoming would this year go Republican, because of the development of the wool industry, which had assumed great proportions. Utah is variously claimed. It is said that Colorado, which within the last five years has become the greatest gold-producing state in the union, will surely turn to McKinley and Roosevelt. The Coast, generally, is conceded to the Republican column, and the Solid South will undoubtedly be broken. On the other hand, it seems to be admitted that a strong fight will have to be made in New York, Illinois, and Indiana. There, the chief battles of the campaign will have to be waged. Though certain of victory, the Republican organization proposes to leave nothing to chance, and will make assurance doubly sure with an energetic propaganda of literature and oratory. I am told that this campaign will exceed in vigor and activity its predecessor. At all events there are likley to be spirited doings between August and November, not only in the country, but along the Coast.

***

Homesickness in the Philippines.

THERE is, I am told, an ardent desire among both officers and men now in the Philippines to return to their native land. There must have been at least 700 officers' resignations in General Otis' hands, which, however, were never acted upon. The force there is required, if not for active service, at least for police duty, and there is little chance of its release for some time to come. The fact is that life in Manila is dreary. There is but little intercourse with the Spanish and Filipinos, and American matrons and maids are few and far between. A man from there recently, told me it was piteous to see the manner in which officers and men would stare at their fair countrywomen when they appeared on the Escolta. There are few amusements; no pleasures have been organized—hence the amount of drinking we hear of. This is a temporary condition, of course. The British manage to make life endurable in Hong Kong with pony races, lawn tennis and cricket The rules of living in tropical countries are not hard to learn. Indeed it is ridiculous to hear of the rigors of the Philppines when it is remembered that the



"LOOT," A PHILIPPINE CONTRAST.
American Troops Quartered in the Spanish Palace, Santa Cruz.

limate is not more trying than that of Alabama, Florida, or Louisiana.

* * *

The prevailing homesickness makes the departure of each outgoing transport a tragedy. Officers and men gather at the docks and endeavor to conjure up the illusion that they, too, are going to the blessed States. The wrecks and shadows of men who have emerged from the over-filled hospitals are envied by their more robust comrades because of this blissful privilege of departure. Something of the spirit that prevails may be gathered from a scene on the transport *Thomas* as she neared San Francisco on a recent trip. About 1 a.m.—it was a moonlight night and clear—the Farallones loomed up in the far distance. Most of the ship's company had retired. A few gay spirits hung over the bow watching for the first glimpse of home. In an instant the glad news was all over the great steamer. Silent a moment before, her decks throbbed with an excited throng which, being satisfied that the dark mass ahead was really America, gave itself up to music and singing until dawn broke, revealing the cliffs of the Golden Gate.

* * *

Two soldiers, one with a crutch and the other hobbling with the assistance of a stick, made their way along the pier at the Presidio from the tug that had landed them from the transport. Reaching shore, the man with the stick rubbed his foot lovingly on the red soil. The oth imitated him. "God's country, all right, Bill," he said. "Strike me if I ever leave it again."

***

A Princely Gift to Education.

THE American millionaire has again added to the country's endowment for education. Two citizens of St. Louis have just turned over to Washington University, a small and struggling institution of that city, property worth $5,000,000 and drawing the annual income of $500,000. These two philanthropists, R. S. Brookings and S. S. Cupples, have shown their wisdom by giving this endowment while they are alive and sound, so that there will be no legacy-hunting relatives contesting their wills. The property is a private railway terminus, and may be expected to increase considerally in value. This raises Washington University at once frem a fresh-water college to an institution of nearly the first rank—so far as funds go. Outside of the Atlantic coast, only Stanford and Chicago are now richer. It is to be hoped that the college will spend some of its new wealth in investigating the morphology of that species of reptile which tears the clothes off women, and which has its habitat in the strike section of St. Louis.

***

The Formal Annexation of Hawaii.

IN the photograph of the Hawaiian annexation ceremonies reproduced in this issue on page 4, there is a bit which is typical of the little island republic in the man holding a child who stands on the platform almost within reach of the new governor. There is something cozy, simple and homelike about the little republic now become a part of our nation. In all its ways its government reminds one of the early days of our own republic, when Jefferson rode his farm-horse to the White House. The tone of Governor Dole's address was a further proof, if any were needed, of the primitive, Cincinnatan simplicity which rules Hawaiian politics. The governor of another American state or territory would have talked on political movements or social reform; the keynote of Dole's address was "purity of the family life!" Imagine it, O politician-ridden United States of America! The old order must pass in the nature of things, as steamship and cable and capital bring Hawaii nearer to the mother country; let us hope that this simplicity of life will not pass with the rest. It is not the soil from which statesmen or poets or others of the great commonly spring, for genius is the flower of a trampled soil, but it is the ideal life for the ordinary man. BOSWELL, JR.

***

A Chinese Tract.

Con. from page 6.

One of these reads: "In the kingdom of O Kwo-Er they constantly practice killing men to sacrifice to Jesus in praying for happiness. . . . . When a principal man dies they offer one thousand men as a sacrifice. To procure victims they catch foreigners and traders coming into their borders, and if these are not sufficient they seize travelers, so that no one dares to go to market alone for fear of being carried off. It is considered honorable to have many wives. The principal man is allowed three thousand." Another sensational scribe, author of "The Mirror of the West," says: "In England they have the art of cutting out paper men and horses, and by burning charms and repeating incantations transforming them into real men and horses. They may, however, be dissolved by beating a gong, or by discharging large guns at them. They may also be dissolved by spouting water over them."

And so one, ad nauseam, a hundred other native writers being called in evidence to substantiate the charges laid against "the dissolute and abandoned non-human species." The citations from these writers exceed in indecency anything that can be imagined, and are too utterly abominable to be even hinted at.

"A Death Blow to Corrupt Doctrines" is not a great work of literature, but it is a work which will live in history if this disturbance precludes, as all observers believe that it does, the break-up of the Middle Kingdom and the end of China as a nation. In passing, it may be observed that the veracious author hits the mark once in a while with a chance shaft. His declaration that the foreigners are "trying to get possession of the Middle Kingkom" is a bit too near the real truth. The quarrel with the facts is over methods, not intentions.

THE STOCKTON STREET-FAIR

Photos by W. J. Street.

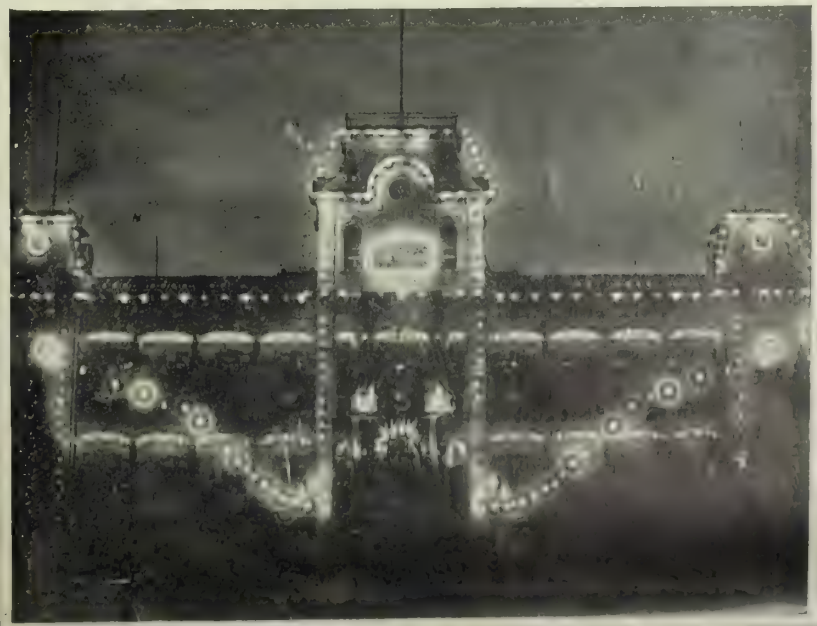
See Page 11.

THE INSTALLATION OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, JUNE 14, 1900.

Governor Dole's Address.

The Last Meeting of the Old Republican Cabinet.

See Page 11.



Illumination of the Government Building.
Photo by Davey, Honolulu.

LONDON.

A Model English Wife.

PARIS.

The American Menage at the Exposition.

LONDON.

MRS. GLADSTONE is dead, and the English papers are giving nearly as much space to her history and biography as they did to those of her distinguished husband; for, like her husband, she represented an ideal of the middle-class English people, being the example which good British matrons hold up to their young daughters. Gladstone, now that he is dead, and now that his career can be seen in perspective, appears as the hero and the logical outcome of the *bourgeoise* class. His virtues were those lauded by Samuel Smiles' Philistine works on "Thrift," "Duty," "Self-Help" and the like; his faults lay mostly in a Philistine point of view on things which were outside the regular British system of morals; even his genius was of a hide-bound sort. To correspond to her husband, Mrs. Gladstone was cut on a conventional mould and made the ideal English wife, at once the beloved of the ordinary Englishman and the abomination of the woman suffragist. One meets the type at every turn in England—quiet, repressed, lady-like, deferring everything to her husband, pleased with his gracious moods, frightened at his wrath or displeasure—the true prototype of Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, "who wept with delight when you gave her a smile and trembled in fear at your frown." With a husband who takes no advantage of the position, this works in practice mightily well; with a brutal one—well, I think that the unhappy English wife is the most unhappy of her kind. On the other hand, few English husbands take advantage of the position, and English wives are a happy lot, in a quiet, contented way. Such a wife was Mrs. Gladstone.

A widely-circulated story of the Gladstone family life illustrates this, as well as the beautifully tender regard in which they held one another. Just after she was married her husband, who had already been a Minister, put to her the question: "Shall I tell you nothing, and you can say anything? Or shall I tell you everything, and you say nothing?" She chose the latter of the alternatives; and he told her everything and she never told anything—except once. Two Cabinet Ministers were dining with her husband, then also a member of the Cabinet when something was mentioned the details of which were known only to members of the Cabinet and to such of their wives as were trusted with their secrets. Mrs. Gladstone said, or did, or looked, something which revealed that she knew. At once there was flashed upon her from the brilliant black eyes of her husband one of those terrible looks he could give; it was a silent but an affrighting reproof. When the dinner was over and Mrs. Gladstone went up to the drawroom, she had a good old-fashioned cry, and wrote down a little note of apology to her husband.

He scribbled back a reply; it was in something like these terms:

"You are always right. You could not do wrong. Never mention it again."

Mr. Gladstone had, of course, forgotten all about it, and his surprise was as great as anybody else's when it was brought back to his memory. One day he was showing some of his old letters to some guests at Hawarden, and in the midst of it Mrs. Gladstone disappeared, and coming down with a little bundle, said she also had her little treasures of the past which she must show, and then out came this little note—faded, scarcely legible, preserved throughout half a century of common life.

This is matched by another anecdote which illustrates Mrs. Gladstone's tact, a quality which is said to have something to do with her husband's success. It throws light also on the absolute worship in which she held her husband. No one ever heard her criticize him or permit him to be critcized in her presence. One evening at the Durdans, when she and Mr. Gladstone were the guests of Lord Rosebery, Mr. Gladstone began to tell a story which he always told with peculiar gusto. Mrs. Gladstone, of course, had heard it often before, and knew the somewhat astounding climax. But she looked round, saw that some of the servants were still in the dining-room, and suddenly, while her husband was in the full tide of the story, turned to Lord Roseberry and with an air of perfect serenity on her face said: "Have you heard from the Aberdeens lately?" There was a terrible flash from the great man's eyes, and he suddenly stopped.

Then the servant went out, and he was allowed to continue his story. It was of two Orangemen. One of them was dying, and his friend was anxious to hear some message from him which would encourage him in the hopes of final salvation for the parting soul. He leant down over the head of his friend, asked him if he had anything to say, and the dying Orangeman in a scarcely audible whisper exclaimed: "D——n the Pope!" "It was not quite what I expected," said his friend, "but still it was better than nothing." It was her desire to spare the servants the scandal of hearing the "naughty" word from her illustrious husband's lips that induced Mrs. Gladstone to make her apparently silly and irrelevant remark.

With all her cleverness she was an absent-minded woman, careless about dress and the despair of maids, and her mistakes have been stock with the English "personal" papers these many years. It is related that once, being in course of dressing for dinner at a country-house where she was visiting, she put on her skirt and was then unable to find her dress-bodice. A clever maid was called in, and she concocted a makeshift bodice out of a white silk shawl. Mrs. Gladstone was about to go out in this, when she felt a lump inside her skirt. Reaching down she found the missing bodice tucked inside. In later life both she and her husband approached shabbiness, and resembled a country couple rather than the premier of England and his wife.

A gentle figure, one that cannot be appreciated by the Americans with their love of womanly independence and vigor nor by the French with their love of cleverne s and wit, but one honored in the highest by the English, she was lost to sight when her husband finished his work and went his way. Her reason for living was gone, and she lived as one who has already played her part in the world.

PARIS.

THE American family, or portion of a family, in moderate circumstances, who have come over to get what they can of Paris and incidentally of the Exposition, and who have no mind to pay the exorbitant hotel rates, wisely conclude to make a study of Parisian life by mingling with the people. To this end they take a furnished flat and find suitable servants, or rather a s rvant, for good cooks can be found who are willing to do almost everything except the washing. An agent, knowing the size of the family and the length of its purse, makes out a list of places and prices: it is then a matter of perhaps a day's work with a cab and a guide, but in the end very desirable quarters are found, consisting of a small dining-room, a smaller kitchen, a "salon," two very small bedrooms and a bathroom, all fairly well furnished. Within a stone's throw are meat shops, groceries, milk, cream, bread, fruit supplies and restaurants, so they will not starve if a cook cannot be discovered at once or if she leaves suddenly. When she comes, however, the family must cease to do its own marketing or there will be trouble. She makes a handsome commission from grocer, butcher, baker and wine merchant, which she regards as lawful perquisites. Her savory salads and delicious soups must reconcile her employers to her financial eccentricities.

The women of the family, if they will investigate, will be amazed to learn to what an extent cooking as a fine art and science is carried in France. They have heard that Paris is the best fed of all cities; they know that it is the *habitat* of the *cordon bleu* in his highest estate, but they have yet to learn of the great cookery academy which religiously guards its traditions and its recipes, teaches classes and gives diplomas and medals to the deserving. When an ambitious cook has served his time and shown what he can do, he is sure of a good position. In middle life he may retire from active service and devote himself to designing new dishes, or he may become a specialist and direct proceedings at cafes for a few hours every day, or he may himself organize classes. No woman has yet arisen to great distinction in this line, which would seem to be peculiarly a woman's; perhaps because while a man may and does give his whole time and thought to the subject, and is a husband and father on the side, so to speak, the woman must be at once housekeeper, seamstress and nurse, mother and teacher of her children; it is a case of divided interests.

The women of the family abroad will not spend many consecutive days at the Exposition, if they are wise. Nothing is so hard on brain and nerves and spinal column as prolonged sight-seeing—pleasure made a business. Perhaps they learned at the Chicago World's Fair how to spend their time to the best advantage by not looking at what did not appeal to them in any way. I know of one woman who spent three weeks at that fair and never once put her nose inside of Machinery Hall; more than that, when taken to task by her menfolks she said she didn't care for all the machinery in the world and she just loved pictures and lace and diamonds.

Women will make the rounds of the great millinery, cloak and dressmaking establishments to see the lovely things as they turned out and get ideas for the co season, then they will go where they ma the things worn—to the races, the polo grounds, the theatre, the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysees. The exquisite finish, the fine handwork on Parisian gowns will appeal to the American woman, but it costs, how it costs! A few gowns will linger in the memory when the steamer is on its homeward way across the Atlantic. A wonderfully simple dress of mauve miroir velvet opening in front over a petticoat of white satin, embroidered with a design of orchids in various shades of mauve, the elbow sleeves and the square neck finished with falls of exquisite lace. A delicate pink mousseline de soie with a deep circular ruffle of black chantilly, the front gore of white covered with white lace, the bodice a yoke of white similarly covered, the lower part of the pink tucked perpendicularly, the sleeves with ruffles of black at the wrist, falling over a flounce of white. A tailor-made gown of light-brown cloth, the skirt and a part of the bodice made together, the plaits of the skirt trimmed with silk straps, a bolero of cream lace over heavy silk of the same shade as the cloth. A charming little dress of heliotrope foulard with lace collar and cuffs and bolero with long ends, the skirt trimmed with bands of lace which pass under the plaits. The little details that mean so much to the stylishly dressed woman—the stocks, the chiffon scarfs, the yokes of valenciennes and applique and insertion and jet, the ideas in cuffs and sashes and ties which shall vary her gowns and almost double the number of them in effect—the observing woman brings these back from her trip to Paris.

BABETTE.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address

JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt.
37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

If you have never tasted Jesse Moore "AA" whisky, try it and be convinced that it is the best whisky in the world.

Champagne Record Smashed.

M109,303 cases imported in 1899 of G. H. peumm's Extra Dry was never before approached. Carrying an enormous stock of choicest wines, its fine quality can not be excelled, regardless of price. Its remarkable red vintage now imported equals its best 1195ecessors.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—Savings and Loan Society 101 Montgomery stree , corner of Sutter—The board of directors declared a dividend for the term en ing June 30, 1900, at the rate of three and one quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits free of taxes and payable on and after July 2, 1900. Dividends not called for are added to and b ar the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1900

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 33 Post street For the h lf ye r ending June 30th, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of thre (3) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payab e on and aft r Monday July 2nd, 1900.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—The Continental Building and Loan Association, corner of California and Sansome streets, for the half year ending June 30th, 1900, has declared a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits; 6 per cent on Term Deposits; 10 per cent to class "B" stock; and 12 per cent co class "A."

CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—Office of the Hibernian Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, June 27 1900.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth [3⅛] per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1900, free from all taxes and payable on and after July 1, 1900.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—Security Savings Bank, 222 Montgomery street, Mills building—For the hafs year ending June 30, 1900, dividend on form deposit at the rate of three and six-tenths [3 6 10] per cent per annum, and on ordidary deposits at the rate of three [3] per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 2, 1900.

S. L. ABBOT, JR., Secretary.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF
MAX WALTER, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that Max Walter, Bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of June 1 1898, and that the first meeting of creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 14th day of July, 1900, at the hour of 11 a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the state of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, July 2nd, 1900.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Smile and Suffer.

That's the motto of many a woman's life. She manages the house, receives friends, entertains company, with a moan in the mouth which is stifled and a smile on the face which is a mask to cover up her pain. Only those who note the dark ringed eyes, the lines about the lips, the occasional pallor of the cheek, know the real story. Such women are among the most grateful for the cures performed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. To smile and not to suffer is something wonderful to them. Women suffering from female weakness, inflammation, ulceration or the drains that so weaken the body, may take "Favorite Prescription" with almost absolute certainty of cure. It's sure to help. It's almost sure to heal. It has cured ninety-eight per cent. of those who gave it a fair and faithful trial.

Mrs. H. A. Alsbrook, of Austin, Lonoke Co., Ark., writes: "After five months of great suffering with female weakness I write this for the benefit of other sufferers from the same affliction. I doctored with our family physician without any good results, so my husband urged me to try Dr. Pierce's medicines—which I did, with wonderful results. I am completely cured. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets.'"

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free*. All correspondence confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Tavern of Castle Crag

AND SODA SPRINGS

NOW OPEN.

Located in the midst of grand and impressive mountain scenery. With Mt. Shasta and The Crags for a background.

Fine hunting and fishing.

Unsurpassed cuisine and service and reasonable rates.

RAILROAD FARE round trip, including sleeper both ways $14

For rates, terms and other information address R. B. PIXLEY, Manager.

Care Pacific Improvement Co., Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

LAKE COUNTY.

New 19-passenger Yosemite Stages, all outside seats, direct to the most picturesque portion of California. Best equipped stage line in the state. Leaves Calistoga daily (Sunday excepted) at 11:30 a. m., direct to Harbin, Seigler, Adams, Howard, Anderson, Astorgo, and Glenbrook; half an hour for lunch at Calistoga; also to Middletown, Lower Lake, Kelseyville and Lakeport. Wm. Spiers, Proprietor. Calistoga, Cal.

A Delicious Beverage for all Occasions

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale

Connoisseurs pronounce it "the best imported."

Sherwood & Sherwood,
AGENTS
212-214 Market St.,

Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is used at all the principal hospitals in the United States. Why is it?

Our Illustrations.

ALTHOUGH Hawaii has been morally a part of the United States this decade long and although annexation has been a certainty since the summer of 1898, she did not legally enter the sisterhood of states until June 13 of this year, when the largest crowd which has ever gathered in the city since the flag-raising of two years ago witnessed the brief ceremony by which Sanford B. Doyle changed his title from President to Territorial Governor. The illustrations on page 9 show the ceremony of inauguration and the last meeting of the Republic's Cabinet, on June 14. Perhaps this is the first time in history when a republic has gone out of existence and merged into another nation without regret on either side and with universal rejoicing. The date is notable, also, as that of the United States' formal and legal commitment to the polity of territorial expulsion. There is now no going back; the boats are burned.

* *

The street fair is into fashion in California. It is a peculiar, hybrid institution, being compounded of the country fair in the East and the native California fiesta. This suits very well the cosmopolitan character of California —Anglo-Saxon ideals and ways grafted on a Spanish basis. It is not so pretty as the fiesta but there is more "business" in it.

Sacramento began it, and Stockton followed. The flour city has not so large a population as the Capitol, and was a bit unfortunate in the choice of some of the managers, but 'twas a pretty and interesting fair and, on the whole, a profitable one. The genus strolling player gathered from far and near. From Bosco, the "snake-eater" to the chutes elephant and lion, they kept the populace amused for a week. The queen was pretty, the parade fair, and the carnival merry, which is about all that is required of the fiesta part. As for the business end—well, 'twill be a long, long, weary time before Stockton puts public affairs in certain itching hands again. The views on the front page and on page 8 will give an idea of the city's appearance.

* *

Time was when every voluteer soldier went to the Philippine Islands with a camera. It was jocularly reported that the Eighth army corps carried more kodak cartridges than Springfield cartridges. He was a poor volunteer who did not come back to this country with films and prints spilling out from his baggage at every opening. That time has passed and whereas the offices of the newspapers, journals and magazines of the country are jammed to the doors with unavailable Philippine stories, sketches, and articles, the output of photographs is small. There seems no good reason for this, but it is a fact that hardly one view or snap-shot of the new campaigns has come into San Francisco. A few amateurs are at work in and around Manila, but that is about all. And the time has also passed when a "view up the Pasig" or "native women at the fountain," or "a nipa hut," are objects of interest to the average American. We are taking the islands as a matter of course and they have no longer the picturesqueness of novelty.

The views reproduced on page 5 are among the most interesting of the latest output. The photograph of General Lawton, taken in January of this year, is probably the last picture of that American hero. He was watching a detatchment of troops crossing a river, and the antics of a soldier wrestling with some baggage caused him to break into one of his infrequent smiles. At that point, the kodak fiend snapped him.

The view of the loaded bullock-carts is a document in explanation of our army's slow movement in the late campaigns. The average rate of movement of these carts is one mile an hour—a mile and a quarter in the morning when the beasts are fresh and racing like deer, and three quarters of a mile in the afternoon when they grow a bit tired from the morning's burst of speed. Even the burro of the Rocky Mountains is a greyhound compared with this.

Captain Quinlan's Macabebe scouts have stood much of the hardest work in the present campaign, being better acquainted with the country and its ways and better able to live off the land. They are finer men physically than the Tagalos as this view will go to prove, and appear more manly in every way. Moreover, they are hereditary enemies of Aguinaldo's insurgent tribe.

The colored soldiery has produced a sensation with the natives of the islands. They are used to the little Negrito, but these huge black men from the United States are a continual terror. Tagalo mothers use this part of the invading army to frighten their children into obedience. Incidentally, the black troops are the best foragers ever turned loose on Luzon.

When a native wishes to move his house, he doesn't send for a contractor, a windless and a set of jack-screws, as is a custom in these United States. He calls in his neighbors, after the fashion of a down-east house raising; they hoist the building to their shoulders and trot away with it. The "moving-bee" shown in the illustration occured at Bacoor, and traversed nearly a half-mile of ground in less than an hour. The more solid structure in the background owes its spotted appearance to the work of Spanish Native and American gunfire. General Pilar, dead this good year, is still one of the mysteries of the war. It is variously asserted that he was killed by his own people because he stood in Aguinaldo's way, that he was murdered by native deserters and that he died peacefully of fever. At any rate, all authorities agree that he is dead. The original photograph from which our photograph is copied was captured in a raid on a native baggage train, and was probably taken shortly before Pilar's death.

* *

One of the greatest feats of railroad building was the construction of the line which binds Dawson City and the Klondike country to the outside world. The country traversed presents such physical features that a railroad across it would be difficult of construction whatever the climate, but the "white silence of the North," the the heavy snowfall, the intence cold, were new problems to the engineers. The route was completed, however, and it throws open to the tourist one of the most beautiful regions, for scenic grandeur, on the Western Continent. The views on page 4 will give a small idea of the country.

You never have a head in the morning from drinking Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey. Try it.

The Sea Kings.

Since the Golden Hind went 'round the Horn
and circled a world unknown,
Whenever the tides of God have beat and the
winds of God have blown,
From the sunrise seas to the sundown seas, by
the storm and the spendrift whirled,
The sons of the men who sailed with Drake
have ruled the water world.

And whether they sail from Plymouth Hoe or
out of the Golden Gate,
They are brothers in blood linked heart to
heart and to resistless fate;
For the quenchless ardor to rule the seas which
time can never slake,
Makes the same blood race through Dewey's
veins that throbbed in the heart of
Drake.

And all the way out of Trafalgar, down into
Manila Bay,
The Anglo-Saxon has sailed and fought and
struggled and won his way;
And wherever the tides of God may beat and
the winds of God may blow,
It will be to-morrow as it is to-day and it was
in the long ago!

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

First Really Good War Poem.

Out of the multitude of indifferent poems which have come from factory and study since the first gun was fired in the Boer-British war, the following, which appears in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has merit beyond its mere meter, says the New York *Press*.

Long since our men went forth, superb and
glistening,
Flushed with the fierce expectancy of fight;
But on us women of England, waiting, listening,
Dreaming alone at night—
O Lord, have mercy!

They revel high, to war's grim banquet bidden,
To the dregs they drain life's cup, but we
sit here,
Silent, obscure, in cloudy shadows hidden,
Tortured with hope and fear—
O Lord, have mercy!

The little feet that once with sweet caressing
The mother fondled, feet of her only son,
Through what red sea of slaughter are they
pressing
Beneath an alien sun?
O Lord, have mercy!

In night illumed alone by the scarlet luster
That lights the valley of death from while to
while,
We hear the winds of winter rage and bluster
Around our lonely isle—
O Lord, have mercy!

On us, who grudge not that which we are giving,
Flesh of our flesh, life of our very life,
Thou, who art Lord both of the dead and
living,
On mother, daughter, wife—
O Lord, have mercy!

Have You a Piano that You do not Use?

Is the piano in your home a musical instrument, and do you enjoy it as such, or does it remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than an article of furniture.

The Pianola

Is ringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is bringing music into homes where it has long been a stranger.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study and without practice.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keys of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers.

When not in use the Pianola may be easily detached from the piano and moved to another part of the room.

The Pianola can be used in connection with any Grand or Upright piano, and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

Price $250 Upward.

The Pianola can be bought by monthly payments. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.

Kohler & Chase, Sole Agents.

26, 28 and 30 O'FARRELL STREET.

Meditations of a Matron.

IT is a curious custom, but one that I have always adhered to, my dear Diary, to be near town about the Fourth of July. I had to come up from Del Monte on Tuesday because I wished to spend a few days with the Hopkins' in Menlo Park. I love their place, and should have liked to spend the whole week there, but I had innumerable things which I felt needed attention. There is so much responsibility connected with matrimony that one really is not ever absolutely free to do as one likes. For instance, Mama thinks it would look very badly were I to let Robert remain in town while I finished my visit at the Hopkins'. The girls wanted me to remain so much. Edith McBean and Theresa Morgan were there and we were having jolly times. Suddenly Mama telephoned me some advice. Of course I returned by the next train, and then Robert and I went to San Rafael. On my way to town I stopped over at Burlingame to have luncheon at the Club. I walked over the Links with Alice Hoffman. She is going in for the Tournament for the Poniatowski cup. She and Mrs. Bowers are working very hard. The Burlingame Links are exceedingly flat, and I think dfficult, for you cannot guage the distances there so well as at Monterey. How I do love that place! I miss the Bay, the beautiful trees and gardens and the hotel, but I shall return they as soon as I can. There were very few people at the Burlingame Club House for luncheon. It is curious, but the atmosphere down there seems to have a tendency to make the people self-conscious. It is perceptible even amongst the men. They never are really cordial. Perhaps it is the climate—one must always blame something. The same people at any other place on earth are very nice indeed. There are any number of smart traps down there. It is remarkable the difference between the horses in San Mateo County and at San Rafael. I came to the Hotel on Thursday and found the people quite 'cliquey.' There are but few men, the Brays from St. Louis, Mr. West from Denver, and Ed. Greenway. Golf is the order of the day. All the girls wear red coats and play all the morning. They get up small informal luncheons mostly at the Golf Club. For dinner Pastori's is quite popular. The Bucklees gave a dinner on Thursday evening out there. Friday night Robert and I went to one in the new private dining room at the hotel given by Ed. Greenway. It is a red room, and I think a tremendous acquisition to the hotel. Mrs. Ben. Oxnard was the guest of honor. She is a pretty little woman with a most fascinating Southern accent. A Mrs. Adams, a Baltimore woman, is also at the hotel. Her husband is in the Navy. She has a really true Baltimore accent, which has won Mama's heart. "Maryland, my Maryland!" is Mama's favorite song. The Boardmans have a house in the town and entertain quite a good deal. Caro Crockett and Genevieve Carolan have been staying there this last week. The Boardman boys are very popular, so is Lawrence Scott. He is staying at the hotel, and has a fascinating skelton golf cart. I should like to have one though I have ridden in more comfortable affairs.

The tennis tournament brought over a good many people. There was some capital playing, too. Robert spent all day watching the game while I went to the Golf Links with Edith McBean. She is playing a good game, but I think I shall surpass her soon. My 'form' is quite remarkable, Mr. Smith the teacher out there says.

The Caseys gave a dinner at the Golf Club on Sunday evening.

Saturday I went to town to see Flora Dean and Walter Magee married. It was such a nice wedding. Flora wore no veil. You know she is one of the most independent of girls. Robert was charmed with her. I never saw a girl who has more friends amongst the older people. You would never have known it was her wedding day; she was as calm and collected as any of the rest of us. She looked beautiful in her white gown and received gorgeous presents. There were not many friends present for it was a quiet affair. Helen Wagner, Leontine Blakeman, Therese Morgan, Gladys Merril and her sister Ethel were at the bride's side. The Hush girls were there and I am sorry to say poor Florence has been laid up with an accident to her knee. Walter and Flora left by the afternoon's boat for a trip to the Orient.

Edith Stubbs is just getting in cups. All the girls are so fond of her, and so delighted at her engagement to Harry Parker that she spends all her time accepting congratulations Harry left here a few years ago and has done so well all his friends feel very proud of him. Edith made her debut this year and has always been very popular. Mama thinks the Stubbs girls are some of the most attractive in town. They are all well educated and most musical. I wish Harry and Edith were not to live in Chicago. Now, Diary dear, I think I've told you all the news of the week—all, anyway, that I can remember.

MRS. CRICKET.

An announcement of more than a little interest is that of the engagement of Miss Jean Mary Hush of Etnemere, Fruitvale, to Mr. Frank Richardson Wells of Vermont. Miss Hush, who is an exceptionally beautiful girl and an amateur violinist of talent, is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine G. Hush. Mr. Wells comes of one of the most prominent families in Vermont, is a son of Major-General William Wells and is extensively interested in railroads and manufacturing. The exact date of the wedding is not yet set, but it will probably occur at Etnemere in the Fall.

Miss Mary Louise Harrison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Greer Harrison, was married June 18th, to Mr. George Britten Walker, at Christ Church, Brondesbury, London.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

So'd by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A fellow once said, "I want some whiskey, and I want it bad;" so they didn't give him Jesse Moore.

The decline of the use of classical quotation in legislative bodies may be traced to the case of Edward Everett, who once concluded a stately speech in Congress with a long, sonorous and superbly modulated citation of a passage from Tacitus, and then took his seat. No sooner was he through than up sprang a burly member from what was then a frontier state of the West. He had once been an Indian agent, and no sooner was he on his legs than he began to pour out a vehement harangue in Choctaw. After awhile the speaker called him to order. "I don't see why my freedom of speech should be abridged," he cried. "You let the gentleman from Massachusetts run on, and I didn't understand the first word of his lingo any better than he does mine." The scene was described as very comical, but it struck the death knell of further classical quotations in a Congress that had not the ray of an idea what the unintelligible lingo of Cicero and Tacitus was driving at.—*Boston Herald.*

Two Toilers.

Behold him pass through tranquil fields,
While twilight shadows round him lie;
Though bowed and burdened, yet he yields
Grace to yon gracious sky.

The grace of simple tasks well done,
That regal human grace is his;
Slow steps he home at set of sun,
Nor knows how great he is.

Beside him goes his little lass
Singing, nor deems the day too long;
She is one of those wise souls who pass
Straightway from toil to song.

HAMISH HENDRY

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a riva and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists.

HOTEL VENDOME.

At San Jose is one of Central California's most beautiful hostelries. In the midst of its own twelve-acre park; two blocks from the railroad station where almost hourly trains connect with the outside; the starting point for Lick Observatory; the center of a greater number and variety of attractions than any other place on the Coast; furnished finely, graded and watered roads for driving and cycling lead in every direction; with over 250 elegantly furnished rooms, and suites with bath and toilet; perfect in appointment, service and all the accessories of comfort, and one of the most attractive features of San Jose, the metropolis of the world renowned Santa Clara Valley.

GEO. P. SNELL,
Manager

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has, by order of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California, been appoined assignee in bankruptcy of Prosley C. Hyman in the place and stead of Henry C. Hyde, the former assignee, deceased.

Dated June 27th, 1900.

FRANK L. OWEN, Assignee.

DUNCAN SPRINGS HOPLAND Mendocino Co.

Two miles from railroad station; 101 miles from San Francisco; enequalled soda and magnesia springs; hospitable management; first-class table; hard-finished hotel; picturesque site and surroundings; two trains daily; long-distance telephone; terms $10 to $12 per week; housekepping cottages $15 to $20 per month. Waters bottled by W. H. Bone, 605-607 Merchant street, S. F. Through fare $3 80 Send for circulars. Address O. HOWELL.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen tar roofers tanners, tailors etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco | R. H. PEASE, President and Manager. | 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address ***WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE. SEND US YOUR ORDER,*** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing our **1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Mesinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our **binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

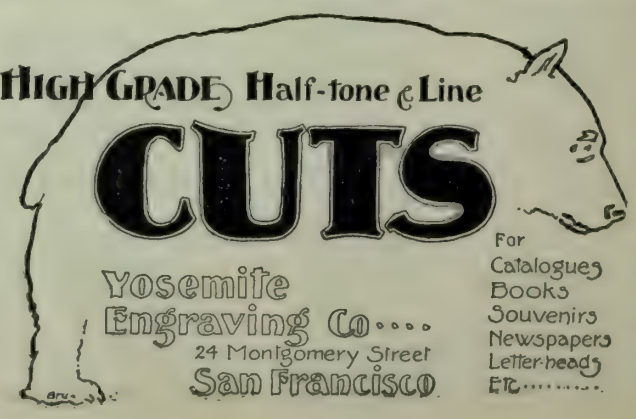
CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at $3 to $10 each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for Bargain List. **OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. ☞ Give name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, **Chicago, Ill.**

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.



The Lady and the Cowboy.

SHE was the prettiest of the pretty girls in the box and they were all stunning young women, the chaperon in the tan box coat being one of the spring's brides and this her first appearance as a duenna. The other girl was the prettiest girl's sister—not yet out. But as Buster Halligan, one of the crack cowboys and bronco rid rs, remarked to Strike-Plenty, the dude Indian, they were three queens and no mistake.

The prettiest girl had a touzle of tawny hair fluffed out over her ears and a gray felt sombrero would about with white silk pushed down over her two wicked looking topaz eyes. She was strictly up to date. She had a foot-round violet bouquet in her lap from which she selected blossoms that she ate liesurely. The two men in the background, the brigegroom and one of his urshers, were of the handsomest athletic, well dressed type that an artist has made famous. Their frock coats were ornamented with hyacinth bouquets. Their gloves were gray castor. Occasional glimpses of their waistcoats suggested Regent street. Their voices drawled musically when they spoke.

The Garden was packed to the roof and there were many children, for it was a Saturday matinee. As the great cavalcade of rough riders, Indians, cowboys, Mexicans, Cossacks and soldiers circled round the ring the hundreds of hoofs making musical thunder, the people rose and shrieked and yelled and waved their handkerchiefs like mad.

The prettiest girl shrank back a little as they thundered by, the flying feet of the horses sending up bits of earth into the box. The stolid painted faces of the Indians turned toward her with horrible grins as they saw the prettiest girl. They saluted her with wild incoherent cries and whoops. On came the cowboys riding like statutes. Among them on a splendid wild-eyed horse was one looked like a god or a devil. His felt hat was jauntily curved over his dark, finely featured face. His shirt, opened at the throat, showed a neck of bronze bound by a scarlet silk handkerchief, the ends flying. The sleeves of his blue shirt were held in place above the elbows by red garters with horseshoe buckles of gold, evidently a trophy. His eyes looked at the prettiest girl admiringly, insolently, hungrily, insultingly. His lips parted in a smile, showing white even teeth. He ignored the presence of the men in the box but he let his eyes pass approvingly over the other girls, then back to the face of the prettiest girl. As he rode by the girls in the box laughed.

"Tottie has another mash," said the bridegroom.

"I'd like to punch his head!" said the other man with a half laugh.

The prettiest girl looked up at him smiling as a girl goes at a man she knows is in love with her.

"Why, he'd shoot you, Jack. He's a cowboy," she said. And she turned back to the ring her eyes following the scarlet handkerchief.

A voice bellowed above their heads: "The next feature on the programme will be a race between an American cowboy, a Cossack and a Filipino!"

The canvas at the back of the garden parted and the contestants came through. The red silk handkerchief shone out like the shirt of a cockey. The band began a quick tune and off started the three horses. Round the ring three times they swept close under the rail that guarded the boxes and the people shouted their admiration of the cowboy who was holding back his horse for a final grandstand play. With the last round he loosened his taut rein and like a shot from a gun his horse flashed out ahead of the others and swept under the smile of the prettiest girl, he turning back over his shoulder with his glance at her face.

"Suppose you sit back a bit?" said the man who was behind her. "That fellow's altogether too fresh!"

"It's only fun," said the prettiest girl. "Don't be grumpy, Jack. He is such a good-looking chap; and can't he ride, though!"

"I think Tottie would flirt with one of the Indians if he encouraged her," said the prettiest girl's sister. "Let us be glad that it isn't worse."

"It's lovely," said the prettiest girl, "to look at these fellows and realize that they are afraid of nothing. They are like kings, fearless, wild, strong, splendid!"

She clasped her hands over her violets impulsively. The two men looked at each other and smiled.

They were leading the bucking broncos into the ring and again the red handkerchiefed man entered with others on horseback and rode slowly toward the animal clowns of the of the show.

"That chap seems lo be in everything," said the bridegroom

"That's because he's so clever," said the prettiest girl with an air of proprietorship.

"He feeds the horses, too, I suppose, when the show is over," said the man who leaned on her chair.

"That's a nice thing to say," said the prettiest girl. "Why, he's one of the stars; probably a college man who has chosen to live that life. I've often read about them."

The man with the red handkerchief looked now and then toward the box of the prettiest girl. He had the same smile in his eyes. He noted that the faces of the men had taken on an annoyed expression and also the flush across the cheek of the girl. He was acting at her, conscious only of her apparently. Across the Garden one of those magnetic currents was making their souls known to each other.

His signal came and he went up to a horse that had its forelegs braced against the rail. Two men held its head. The cowboy went through the usual antics trying to mount it and the animal viciously resisted. It was the worst of the lot. Suddenly with a wild yell he jumped upon its back. His hat flew back in the ring and down the centre of the Garden he came laughing with his hands gripping the tight bridle of the rocking, jumping animal he rode.

Suddenly the horse gave a wild swerve toward the side of the Garden where the prettiest girl sat leaning far over the rail. The animal raised itself on its forelegs almost as though it were about to stand on its head in its efforts to unseat the rider. The prettiest girl half rose with a look of horror in her eyes and as she did so her bunch of violets fell over the rail into the ring. The cowboy saw it and smiled. Loosening one of his hands from the neck of his dancing horse he swung himself out of the saddle, keeping his legs clasped in some way about the animal and steering it, snorting and bucking to the spot where the flowers lay. He picked them dextrously from the ground and threw them gracefully into the lap of the prettiest girl.

"Well done! by George!" said the bridegroom.

"It's next thing to being in the show," said the prettiest girl's sister, "I think Tottie is acting horrid."

"I haven't done anything!" said the prettiest girl. There were tears very near her eyes for she saw displeasure in the eyes of the chaperon and the other man. "I didn't mean to let them fall," she said

The cowboy did not appear during the next few acts—feats of markmanship and tumbling in the ring. There was a silence in the box where the prettiest girl sat with her friends. She had pouted her lips defiantly. She was filled with triumph.

Jack was mad, it was true, but he'd get over it. He usually did.

The grand finale had been announced. The entire company of riders were entering the ring and they advanced riding more slowly than before in time to the music. It was possible now to see the paint gleaming on the bodies of the Indians and the smears about their eyes and noses. On came the cowboys. The man in the box with the prettiest girl tried to get her to turn out of the box entrance before her admirer came nearer. He saw what they were doing and leaned out of his saddle with a gesture that was almost a signal. The man beside the prettiest girl took her elbow firmly and tried again to make her turn but she threw his hand off impatiently. As the cowboy passed the box he raised his sombrero gallantly and as he replaced it, a small folded white paper traveled through the air and fell on the floor of the box of the prettiest girl. She reached for it confusedly.

"Pardon me," said the man at her side as he handed it to her.

She laughed nervously as she opened it. "That's all it is," she said, displaying it defiantly.

It was an envelope addressed: "Mr. Will Harper, Madison Square Garden, Wild West Show."

The party moved toward the entrance. There was an ominous stillness among the women. The bridegroom nudged his bride. His friend signalled a hansom cab at the door.

"Will you excuse me?" he said, lifting his hat. "I have an engagement."

The women bowed. All but the prettiest girl. She climbed in, followed by her sister. The bride showed all her teeth in a smile and moved away with her husband. She said she would never go out again in a party with that girl; that she acted disgracefully and she hoped that Jack would break the engagement.

The prettiest girl's sister said: "I intend to tell mamma just how you acted this afternoon. Jack is angry and he is perfectly right. It was too common of you to act that way and after his sending you that beautiful bunch of violets. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

The prettiest girl calmly threw the violets out of the carriage. Then she raised the roof door and said distinctly: "Driver—please drive slowly about by the stage entrance!" The prettiest girl's sister gasped as though for breath.

There was a crowd of small boys about the door. A couple of broughams waited. Men were passing in and out. There were many loiterers. Up to the door they saw Jack walk and hand a card to the man. The cab stopped suddenly in answer to the prettiest girl's signal.

"He'll kill him!" she said. "He'll kill him!"

There was a pause. The cowboy came to the door. He still wore his red handkerchief and his silk garters. Jack spoke to him. The cowboy's smile had faded. He looked pityingly at the young man with the frock coat, silk hat and hyacinth bouquet. He put up his hands threateningly. The crowd of boys in the street yelled with laughter. The cowpuncher was going to whip the dude right there in the street. Suddenly a remarkable thing happened.

The dude seized the cowboy by the back of the neck, lifted him off his feet with a suddenness and an agility that surprised even the cowboy, shook him several times so violently that his teeth rattled, cuffed him over both ears soundly, and then threw him at the feet of the astonished doorman, while the boys on the curb shouted their delight, disillusioned though they were.

Then the dude straightened his hat, dusted his gloved hands together and walked around the corner toward Broadway. He did not see the hansom nor hear the prettiest girl say: "Drive back to the entrance. I just lost some violets."—*N. Y. Sun.*

For family use Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is a prime favorite, and in thousands of homes it is always on the buffet.

When that tired feeling comes along, sidetrack it with Jesse Moore "AA"—the best whiskey in the land.

Realizing how large a number of our readers at the present time, are interested in and desirous of obtaining the very best of tonsorial work, it is a pleasure to write of an establishment that is perfect.

The certainty of absolute cleanliness and comfort at the *Sanitary* shaving, shampooing, hair-cutting, and bathing Parlors in the *California Hotel*, Bush Street, near Kearny, since Louis Frick became Manager is worth a more than passing notice.

All tools and articles used upon and by customers are *thoroughly sterilized daily* by the use of a Lilly Patent, *Formaldehyde Sterilizer*, rendering disease by contagion impossible. The perfumes and powders used are the finest that are imported, and a trial will cause you to send our cup and outfit there.

The Pianola is bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for years. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell street. Sole agents.

Don't drink the first thing the bartender offers. Call for Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey and insist on getting it.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 305.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the *SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.*

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.

110 Montgomery St., S. F.

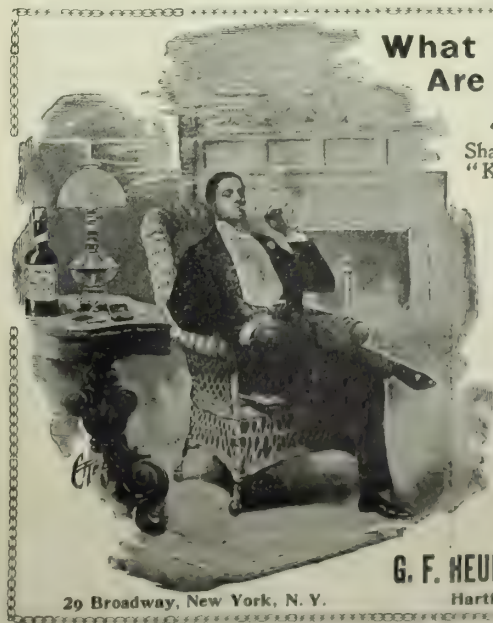
Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

What Are Club Cocktails?



"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

29 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,

Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

MUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Smith and Fuller; Stella Mahew; Barrere and. Jules; The Four Cohans; Clayton, White and Marie Stuart, assisted by Miss Eva Randolph; Quaker City Quartette; Todd-Judge Family; Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 9th.
Thiid week Charles Frohman presents
HENRY MILLER
and a special company
First week 6 nights, matinees Wed. and Sat.
Sydney Grundy's brilliant comedy of manners

A Marriage of Convenience

With its picturesque costumes of the Louis XIV period.

July 16.—"The Liars."
July 19–First Burton Holmes Lecture matinee

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sunday Night, July 8th. Matinees Saturday. Special
Hoyt's Political Satire

A CONTENTFD WOMAN

Presented with the full strength of
DUNNE & RYLEY'S ALL STAR CAST.
Appearance of Miss Louise Gunning, and Miss Norma Whally.
Our Never Changing Popular Prices.
Next.—At Gay Coney Island.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Week of July 8th.
The hit of the year, every night at 8:15.

FLORENCE ROBERTS

Assisted by White Whittlesey
in a modern production of

CAMILLE

Matinees Saturday only.
Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH

Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

AT THE THEATERS

IT was a good play and a good company at the Columbia last w ek; this sen-night it is a good company still, but a passing dull play. "The Tree of Knowledge" is a British drama on a "problem" subject and of the repressed class. Nobody does anything much—only twice, when one gentleman strikes another and goes out and makes an attempt to choke his friend's wife. The characters stand around and talk matters over and express to the audience how thoroughly they are repressing their feelings. The curtains on the acts fall, all five of them, on somebody walking off the stage or somebody standing still and thinking it over. Such a play needs tremendous power of situation or tremendous cleverness of line to carry it, but "The Tree of Knowledge" has neither. The lines break into half-cleverness now and again, but the situations have been old since the first problem plays. There is one good character, a sort of villain or as near to that type as the washed-out drama ever gets in the cynical rake without honor, played by Frank Worthing. The attempts at humor are equally slow. This element is furnished by one character, a man-of-all work with thievish tendencies. The alleged fun of this personage is of the British sort, sad and strange beyond belief to an American. Yes, 'tis a dull play at least to the barbarian Westerner who loves action.

The actors are a different story. This is the second week of the new Miller company, and I dare to put on record my belief that it is the strongest combination of players which has been seen in the city in all these latter days of jayness. Good as Miller is—and he is at the top of the second class—he hardly shows above his company. Indeed, others have had the best chance so far. Margaret Anglin took and held center stage in "Miss Hobbs," while "The Tree of Knowledge" shows E. J. Morgan to the best advantage. Morgan has risen greatly in the profession since we saw him here last summer, and his growth justifies the rise. His part in Carton's play is that of a self-repressed young Englishman suffering from continual stress of emotion. It takes an actor that is an actor to avoid overdoing this thing on the one hand and making it monotonous on the other. Morgan proves himself by doing neither. Next to him, Mrs. Whiffen shines in one of those "mother" parts in which she has no equal. No other actress possesses to such degree as she the power of expressing a lovable personality. Sadie Martinot playing an adventuress with an ugly make-up is another who stands out above the crowd.

* *

When "Children of the Ghetto" first came out in New York, Israel Zangwill the critics and the public had a rather warm controversy over its merits. Zangwill, of course, was on the side of his own show, the critics were almost a unit against it, and the public vascillated between. Zangwill, in his widely-distributed circulars, charged a combination of dramatic critics against him, with a few side-thrusts at the mythical syndicate. The play is out here now for San Francisco to judge, and one must stand by his *metier* to declare that the critics were right. "Children of Ghetto" is one of those plays whose only excuse for being is the fact that they are taken from popular novels and are therefore advertised gratis in advance. The theme was never made for dramatic treatment; it is far too slender for anything but a realistic novel, and the resultant play is quite mild and harmless. Why any Jew would object to it, I cannot see. There is a certain local color which comes partly from the costumes and accessories and partly from the introduction of ceremonies and daily observances common among the orthodox Jews. This, I should think, would appeal to one who knows that his ancestors to remote posterity have been nutured in those same forms. The thing is new to dramatic treatment, and one always loves to see the circumstances of his own daily life before him on the stage. Otherwise, the drawing power of the play is a mystery.

Wilton Lackaye in his own part in the original production and Rosabel Morrison in that of Blanche Bates carry away the honors in the acting. The others run the gamut, from good to fair, and down to bad supes in false noses.

Still, the play is at fault more than the company. The Jew, taken for serious representation, is a new form to the stage. Mr. Frawley's company, with good plays suited to their powers, is in for a successful season and should be encouraged, because the stock company plan is the only hope for a good theatrical future in San Francisco.

* *

"A Day and a Night" at the California is not the best of Hoyt's farces by any means, but the performance is interesting nevertheless. Hoyt, as interpreted by Dunne and Ryley's company, is a thread to string together the specialties of the dozen or so of first-class vaudeville people who make up the company. Norma Whalley, the beautiful, Mary Marble, cleverest of soubrettes, the ever popular Matthews and Bulger, pretty Maude Courtney of the rich voice and Louise Gunning with her silvery top notes—these and many others form a strong combination. The situations are not such as would appeal to the moral sense of the Purity League or to the intellect of a professor of English literature, but that is neither here nor there.

* *

Smith and Fuller will present a musical sketch at the Orpheum next week. They are both said to be clever performers; all the instruments used are the inventions of the Smith of the team. Stella Mayhew will present a specialty. She has been seen here before in legitimate roles. Her vaudeville debut is recent and has been remarkably successful. Barrere and Jules are gymnasts, on parallel and horizontal bars. The four Cohans will present another of George Cohan's pieces, "Money to Burn." The picture of the battle of the Upper Tugela is a biograph feature. Retained from this week: Clayton White and Marie Stuart, assisted by Miss Eva Randolph; Quaker City Quartette, and the Todd-Judge Family.

* *

"Carmen," as presented at the Alcazar, measures the height and depth of Florence Roberts' growth as an actress. The last twelve months have developed wonderful power in this talented California artist. She could never have handled such parts as *Sapho* and *Carmen* at this time last season. The opera has somewhat spoiled us for the play, but it is an interesting if gloomy one, nevertheless. The performance is made notable by the appearance of Lorena Attwood, an actress of grace and charm, with the Alcazar people. White Whittlesey makes, as usual, a good opposite to Miss Roberts.

* *

Hoyt's clever satire, "A Contented Woman," a play which comes much nearer being a drama than most of the author's farces, will relieve "A Day and a Night," at the California next week. Some new specialties are promised.

* *

The Cohans have another sketch, equally strong with "T e Governor" at the Orpheum this week. They are still the main attraction. White, Stuart and Randolph and the Quaker City Quartette are close up in popular favor.

* *

"A Marriage of Convenience," in which the Miller company made such a success here last year, is next week's bill at the Columbia.

* *

"Camille," the most famous of emotional plays and one of Florence Roberts' best roles succeeds "Carmen at the Alcazar.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c
Hall's Family Pills are the best

Has it ever struck you that you can buy Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey for almost the same price that is paid for ordinary whiskey? You dealer has it.

Wherever there is a piano there should be a pianola. The pianola plays any piano. Any one can play it. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St., sole agents.

Perfection in Champagne.

The celebrated vintage of 1893 of Moet & Chandon White Seal, now being imported into the United States, is perfection, being the product of the choicest grapes. Its selection by connoisseurs is proof of its high quality.

Cramps, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, and, indeed, all bowel complaints quickly relieved by PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, a safe, sure, and speedy cure, for all the troubles named. Every reputable druggist keeps a supply. Each bottle has full directions. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

The choicest club whiskey is Jesse Moore "AA," and in club life it is in great demand.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President
CHARLES R. BISHOP ..... Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH ..... Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON ..... Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY ..... Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York ..... Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore ..... The National Exchange Bank
Boston ..... The Tremont National Bank
Chicago ..... Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia ..... Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis ..... Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev ... Agency of the Bank of California
London ..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris ..... Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin ..... Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies ..... Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand ..... The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus $2,238,372 45
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash 1,000,000 00
Deposits July 30, 1900 ..... 28 938 395 12

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, I. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits July 1, 1900 ..... $26,952,875
Paid Up Capital 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 218, 93
Contingent Fund 439,668

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C O G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee. Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on d posits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Gould and Curry Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 7th day of June, 1900, an assessment (No. 90) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shal, remain unpaid on the 10th day of July, 1900, wil be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 31st day of July, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertisng and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office: Room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✻ THIS SEASON'S ✻

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

SantaFe Route

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 5:30 p. m.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave three times each week in Pullman Vestibuled Tourist Cars and are exceedingly popular with the traveling public. The principal cities of the East are reached by them and the service in all that counts for comfort and convenience is almost equal to the Palace cars. The cars are finished in mahogany, lightened with Pintsch gas and a Porter is in charge to attend to the wants of passengers. Plenty of clean linen is provided and the beds are very comfortable. A handsome folder, describing this service in detail, may be had for the asking at the Company's Office. 641 Market St.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class — Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails June 2, 12, 22; July 2.
Columbia sails June 7, 17, 27; July 7.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

R. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana. for Aurtralia Wednesday July 11, at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, July 25 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 11 a.m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. June 27, 12, 17, 22, 27, July 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. June 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28. July 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 July 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of June 1900, an assessment (No. 51) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of August, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 27th day of August, 1900, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

CALIFORNIA BOOKS

A Handsome Series of New and Useful Publications

The Southern Pacific Company has published for free distribution the following books and folders which may be obtained from any Southern Pacific agent, or T. H. Goodman, general passenger agent at San Francisco. If you apply by mail inclose a stamp for each publication.

Resorts and Attractions Along the Coast Line is a handsomely illustrated folder giving a description of the health and pleasure resorts of the coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Shasta Resorts embelished with beautiful halftone engravings, describes the scenic and outing attractions of the vast and wonderful Shasta region, the grandest of pleasure grounds.

California South of Tehachapi tells all about the charms of that remarkably favored semi-trophie garden spot, Southern Pacific.

A Handsome Map of California, complete in detail, reliable, skillfully indexed, and full of information about the State's resources. It is the only publication of its kind conveniently folded for pocket use.

Summer Outings is a 32-page folder devoted to the camping retreats in the Shasta region and Santa Cruz mountains It appeals more directly to that large and growing class of recreation seekers who prefer this popular form of outing.

Pacific Grove is the Chautauqua of the West, and this folder not only describes the pretty place itself, but gives a program of the religious and educational meetings, conventions, schools, etc., to be held there this summer.

Other publications are **Lake Tahoe, Geysers and Lake County. Yosemite, Hotel del Monte, Castle Crags**, each brimful of information about the places named, and printed in the highest style of the art.

Go and see

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO Pacific Coast Sole Agents

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

From San Francisco at 10 a. m.

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, Buffet Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m. The best of everything.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
617 Market Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

Old & Valuable Silver

CAN be made to brighten memories of the past, without fear of scratch or blemish, if cleaned with

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

It's as harmless as the flour you eat. It makes old silver new—in brilliancy—and keeps new silver always new.

The proof is yours simply for the asking. Send address on a postal, or 15c. in stamps for box, postpaid. Grocers and druggists sell it.

"SILICON," 30 Cliff St., New York.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.

WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.

American and European Plan.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Irving Institute Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

2126 California Street, San Francisco.

Next season will begin August 6th. Accredited to the Universities. Seminary and Full Conservatory of Music. Primary Department for Children. Carriage will call. For futher information, address he principal. REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M.

Alfred Cane, Luther A. Teague
Frederick Teague.

Teague, Cane & Teague

DENTISTS.

Claus Spreckels Bldg. Third and Market Sts
hone Main 1459. Sixth Floor, S.F., Cal

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms. Elevator Service

THE BRADBURY,

J. A. FERSON, Proprietor.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL

N. W. Cor. Polk and California Sts.,

San Francisco, Cal.

Excellent Cuisine References required.
Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and upwards.
Reasonable by the month.

TEL. HYDE 2771

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

THE SHADOW OF A GREAT NAME.—When Frederick Remington, the artist, appeared the other day in the Grand Central Station in New York, a thin man from Boston who was accompanied by a fat, red-faced man from Chicago caught sight of him. "Why, there is Frederic Remington!" exclaimed the Bostonian. "Where, where?" asked the pork-packer. "That man coming this way. Shall I introduce you?" "Bet your life. No man I'd better like to see." "I had no idea you cared so much for his work." "Care for it! Nothing like it; knocks the spots off of everything else in the line." The man of culture presented the Chicagoan. "Proud to meet you. Remington is a great name with me." "Indeed," said Mr. Remington. "That's right. My wife will be glad I've run across you. She used to be my stenographer; liked your machine mighty well. I never would use any other and if you want a recommend from——" Mr. Remington turned away. When the Bostonian recovered he explained things. "Artist? Oh, Lord! One of them chromo men. I thought he invented the typewriter. Now wouldn't that kill you?"

x

A CAREFUL MAN.—The Rev. Lemuel Coburn, a Denver divine, had just retired with the wife of his bosom. He was sinking into his beauty sleep, when his wife aroused him: "Lemuel—sh—there's a man in the house!" "Oh, lemme alone. Same old man you've had for fifteen years." "Lemuel" she hissed, "it's a burglar. I can hear the silver rattle! Will you go down or shall I?" "Er—you go, my love," yawned the clergyman, "a man of my cloth must be careful with whom he associates."

x

ANCIENT ONES.—The wife of a professional joke-writer had finished cleaning off her husband's desk and putting things to rights before he discovered her. He dropped the volume of sermons in which he had been finding needed relaxation and sprang to his feet. "Good Lord, Martha, have you thrown 'em into the grate?" "Thrown what, Joe?" "My last jokes. Pull 'em out quick." Mrs. Miller sniffed disdainfully. "Pull 'em out yourself. I'm no catspaw to get out your chestnuts for you."

x

RULING INSTINCT.—Ex-Judge Moore of Chicago, organizer of many steel and iron interests, has a great horror of reporters and never allows himself to be interviewed. A reporter hearing that he was about to go to Europe waylaid him in the corridor but could extort nothing. "You wont say that you are going away, Judge?" "I never talk for publication." "How is the iron business now?" "I have nothing to say for publication." The reporter sighed as he stepped into the elevator and lifting his hat politely said, "A fine day, Judge." "Not for publication," was the reserved answer.

x

SHE WENT TO COOKING SCHOOL.—Weary Willie sighed heavily as the man of the house opened the door. He preferred to deal with women. "You are harsh, sir. You have never known what it is to want bread." "Haven't I though? Ain't I suffering for it now? Don't I want bread of all kinds, to say nothing of plain pie and doughnuts? My wife goes to cooking-school and for months I've been nourished on Spanish cream, charlotte-russe and lady-fingers. Bread? Greatest luxury in this house."

x

HER WOMAN'S WAY.—A young wife who was not a new woman but the same old kind had received from her husband a check-book just after their marriage. In a few shopping trips she managed to exhaust the whole deposit and had been formally notified by the bank officials that her account was overdrawn. She replied at once—"Dear Sir—I am surprised that you have no more money in your bank, as I have several more checks in my book. However, I suppose it must be true if you say so. I enclose a check for the amount overdrawn."

WHAT A DREADFUL THING it is to wake up in the night suffering from cholera morbus, and yet cases of this kind are very common. The trouble, however, will never become serious if you keep a bottle of PAIN-KILLER at hand, for it is a remedy that never fails to cure cholera, cramps, diarrhœa or dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer. Perry Davis'. Price 25c. and 50c.

PALACE HOTEL

The high standard of excellence maintained by this hotel is recognized and appreciated by a fastidious and discriminating clientele who regularly make it their headquarters when visiting San Francisco.

The GRAND HOTEL is operated in conjunction with the Palace to which it is joined by a covered passageway, placing under one management 1400 rooms, more than half of which have baths attached.

AMERICAN PLAN. EUROPEAN PLAN.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

WHEN LEAVING THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE First National Bank

N. W Corner Bush and Sansome Sts

Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p m.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY

REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

REPSOLD

Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner

This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants

A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

THE

White Pass and Yukon Route

The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.
and Canadian Development Company, Ltd.

THROUGH LINE TO DAWSON.

Two first-class trains daily between Skaguay and Bennett, B. C. Ten first-class steamers operating between White Horse and Dawson. Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
KLONDIKE AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash

Phone Main 574

S. P. BROWN, General Agent, 116 Yesler Way, Seattle Was

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

a Perfect Complexion

Strawberry Cold Cream

Made from the pure fruit juice at

GREENBAUM'S

200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.

Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents.

From Admiral George Dewey:

Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco: Dear Sir—I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent me at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly.
Very truly yours,
George Dewey.

A GRADUATE

George Mayerle

German Expert Optician

Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED

1071½ Market St.

near Seventh

Telephone Mint 257

German Eye Wate 50 cents.

From General Wm. R. Shafter:

Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco
Dear Sir—The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair.
Very truly yours,
Wm. R. Shafter,
Major-General U. S. V.

The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI. No. 25 SAN FRANCISCO—JULY 14, 1900—SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

Henry E. Huntington, Recently Elected Vice-President of the Southern Pacific Company.

Photo by Arnold Genthe.

is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—July 14, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
The New York Steamer Holocoust—Illustrations 4
The Sereames of China 5
Famous American Cavalry Rides 5
A Perilous Ride 6
H. E. Huntington 6
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 7
Views of the Japanese Navy 8
Views of Hong Kong 9
Meditations of a Matron 10
In Bookdom, by Grace A. Luce 11
Correspondence—London Paris 12
A Bowery Rivalry 13
At the Theatres 13
New Stories Re-told 16

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Situation in Pekin. All this week, the civilized world has been eagerly waiting news of the situation in Pekin, where nearly a thousand whites, including the foreign ministers, are penned up, surrounded by the Boxer hordes. No authentic news has come out yet, but the reports from Chinese sources are a deal more hopeful. At the beginning of the week, the rumors all had it that the foreigners had been massacred to the last soul. The latest reports, however, state that the British legation was still standing on July 5, and had managed to hold out against repeated attacks. It is in the British legation that most of the foreigners are presumabty gathered. These reports, it is only fair to state, come from Chinese sources, and are just as likely to be unreliable as the sensational tales of massacre. The real state of affairs is still mainly a matter of conjecture; anxious Europe must wait. Immediate relief is impossible. Meantime, the political situation within the city is as uncertain as the fate of the ministers and foreigners. When this record closed last week, it was generally believed, since the report came on the authority of the German foreign office, that the deposed Emperor Kwang Su was poisoned, that the Empress Dowager was insane, and that Prince Tuan had virtually usurped the throne. Now, the reports tell of the Dowager in power. This is strengthened by the fact that her name is affixed to an edict dated June 30, recommending the suppression of the Boxers and the protection of foreigners. The tone of document means nothing, because her policy has always been the furtherance of trouble and the appearance of friendliness, but the general promulgation of her edicts at a date only a fortnight old shows that she was holding power several days after Pekin closed in on the foreigners. It is also asserted that Prince Chun, a brother of Tuan, is opposing the Boxers and protecting the foreigners with part of the army. Any one of these reports may or may not be true. The natural Chinese aptitude for lies and concealment and the free hand given to sensational correspondents make this passage in history an obscure one. The truth will never be known until Pekin is taken.

The Military Feature of the Chinese Crisis. The military phase of the situation goes to confirm the fear that the Chinese will make stiff resistance. When Tien-Tsin was taken and Seymour relieved, the two forces fell back on that point, which was made a sort of base for future operations. On July 3d, however, the large Chinese forces who had been swarming about the place made a determined attack with about 65,000 men, and a number of modern guns. They showed excellent gunpractice, disabling several of the pieces mounted by the 14,000 allies who held the place. Indeed, so fierce was the attack that the allied troops would probably have been forced to abandon the town had it not been for the arrival of naval guns from the British ship *Terrible*—they were the same guns which saved Ladysmith, by the way,—and the coming of a heavy rainstorm, which delayed the Chinese until the Naval guns could be put in position. The loss of the allies is not definitely known, but it was heavy. The relief of Pekin, impossible until an army of passable strength is landed, may possibly be delayed until after the rainy season, now just setting in. The reported massacre of the Pekin foreigners brought the Powers to their senses as regarded their hold upon Japan. That country is closest at hand, has a thoroughly drilled army with an available strength of a half million, and could have relieved Pekin at once had permission been granted. Moreover, the Japanese would have been only too happy to finish the work left over from the Chinese War of 1894. Apparently, Japan will be permitted to go ahead, for 63,000 troops are being gathered as the nucleus of an army of invasion. It is believed that this is done under some definite agreement as to division of spoils when the end comes. Our own share in the coming war is problematical. Part of the Sixth Cavalry is on the way, the whole Ninth Infantry, forwarded from Manila, is due at Taku, and two more regiments are to follow as soon as possible. The other Powers, especially Germany, are to place large forces in the field.

The Democratic Nominations. The National Democratic party has fixed up its differences and compromised on both candidates and issues. W. J. Bryan, the apostle of Free Silver is its nominee for President for the campaign of 1900, with Addai Stevenson of Illinois, a representative of the old-time Cleveland Democracy, as his vice-presidential running-mate. The platform adopted recognizes the free silver issue, being in this concession to Bryan and his wing of the party, but compromises by giving it a secondary place and making Imperialism the dominant issue. The strength of this combination is political rather than popular. It binds together the leaders of both factions, but the inconsistency of the silver compromise, the fact that the Eastern leaders were openly against it in committee, and the further fact that the silver issue will surely be cried from the housetops in the West and slurred over in the East—all this is a weak spot to Republican attacks. Bryan's nomination was, of course, only a formality. Oldham of Nebraska, the mouthpiece of the Democratic leader, placed his name before the Convention and White of California seconded it. The nomination by acclamation was the occasion of a burst of enthusiasm as wild as that which marked the Nebraskan's entry into national politics at Chicago four years ago. This was on July 5th. The vice-presidential situation began to take an unexpected turn from that time forth. The silver compromise, the placing of anti imperialism to the fore and the general harmonizing of the party made it certain that second place would go to an Eastern man, representing those to whom anti-imperialism is vital, as the first place had already gone o a Western man and a free silver advocate. This meant death for the hopes of Towne, the Populist nominee, and the other westerners. Hill of New York was probably the logical candidate and might have won, but he was persistent and seemingly sincere in his refusals. He was evidently trying to advance the chances of Danforth of his own state, a candidate with small recommendations save party loyalty and the fact that he came from New York. Under these circumstances, Stevenson, who had already served a term as vice-president and represented the whole Conservative Democracy rather than one state, gained strength rapidly and finally swept the Convention, being finally chosen by acclamation. For the first time in our history, both places on both tickets have been a unanimous choice before the Conventions. The Silver Republicans, although rather objecting to Stevenson, have indorsed the Democratic ticket, and it seems at this date as though Towne would withdraw his Populistic Vice-Presidential nomination making the ticket a unanimous choice for the free silver parties.

The Democratic Candidates. The two leaders of the present Democratic ticket both began life as lawyers and drifted logically into politics. William Jennings Bryan was born of Virginia stock at Salem, Illinois, on March 19, 1860. He entered Illinois College at the age of seventeen, graduating in 1881. He then studied law at Union College, Chicago, and in the office of Lyman Trumbull, and on admission to the bar began practice at Jacksonville, Illinois. There a year later he married Mary E. Baird, of Perry County. In 1887 they removed to Lincoln, Nebraska. Mr. Bryan made his first reputation as a political orator in the campaign of 1888, and became widely known as an advocate of a "tariff for revenue only." In 1890 he was elected to Congress on a platform written by himself. In the House he attracted national attention by his speech in the debate on the "Wilson Bill." He was re-elected in 1892, but declined a third nomination in 1894 to run for the United States Senate, but failed of election. In 1896 Mr. Bryan was a delegate from Nebraska to the National Democratic Convention at Chicago, where a timely and brilliant speech on the free silver question caused his nomination for President. Adlai Ewing Stevenson was born in Christian County, Kentucky, on October 23, 1835. After graduating at Center College, Danville, Kentucky, he removed with his father to Bloomington, Illinois, where he studied law and was admitted to the bar. In 1859 he settled at Metamora, where he practiced his profession for the next ten years. In 1864 he entered national politics as Presidential Elector on the McClellan ticket, and canvassed the State. In 1874 he was nominated by the Democrats for Congress, and was elected over a strong opponent. He was beaten for re-election, but in 1878 was again elected. Mr. Stevenson was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention of 1884, and after the election of Mr. Cleveland was appointed First Assistant Postmaster General. In 1892 he attended the National Democratic Convention as delegate-at-large from Illinois, when he was named for Vice President on the ticket with Mr. Cleveland. He was elected, and served through the term. Mr. Stevenson married in 1866 a daughter of Dr. W. Green, President of Center College, Kentucky. They have one son and three daughters, all living.

The Democratic Platform. The main, dominant plank in the Democratic platform is imperialism. Discussion of this issue begins the document takes up the first third of the space. The trust issue comes second, and silver is in third place. After delivering a general denunciation of imperialism, the issue is treated separately as affecting Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines. The Porto Rican section is mainly a denunciation of the laws passed for the island by the late administration. For Cuba, the party asks fulfilment of "all the pledges" made before and during the Spanish war. It demands that the nation immediately declare its purpose to give the islands, first, a state of government; second, independence, and third, a virtual hands-off protectorate such as is now given to the South American republics. The rest of the Philippine section is another denunciation. The anti-imperialist chapter closes with a statement of the party's stand on the whole question, as not opposed to extension of the republic's privileges to territories which could ultimately become states, but unalterably against it on any other consideration. Militarism is attacked in a section of its own. Trusts, under the name of "private monopolies," are the next subject of attack. The party is pledged to "unceasing warfare" on this form of ownership. Ways and means of control are suggested, such as postal laws, tariff revision, etc. The silver plank reaffirms the corresponding section in the Chicago platform of 896, and denounces the currency bill enacted by the present session of Congress. These are the main points. Minor issues commended are: popular election of Senators, arbitration between capital and labor, a department of labor in the government, pensions for Spanish war veterans, construction of the Nicaraguan canal, statehood for Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma with territorial home rule for Alaska and Porto Rico, improvement of arid lands, Chinese exclusion, and retrenchment and economy in government expenses. Finally, a denunciation of the alliance with England and the declaration of sympathy with the Boers, close the platform.

Renewal of the St. Louis Strike. It had been generally supposed that the recent trouble in St. Louis caused by the employes of the St. Louis Transit Company was over, but the strike declared off on July 2nd was ordered renewed July 9th, at a meeting of the Street Railway Men's Union at the West End Coliseum. When the strike was settled there were many expressions of discontent among the men, and the dissatisfaction instead of abating grew daily. Meetings were held in the course of the week, and committees appointed to procure proof of infidelity on the part of the company, with the result that the 10th of July at five o'clock was fixed upon for a renewal of the boycott on all the company's lines. The new difficulty arose through the fact that in the opinion of the employees at least, the company had broken faith with the agreement made July 2nd, having, according to affidavits presented by a Committee of the Street Railway Men's Union, been employing outside men since July 2nd. The Transit Company denied that it had intentionally violated any agreement. By a unanimous vote at the meeting called, the strike was renewed. The strikers claimed that this was the second occasion on which the company has broken faith with them and that this time no lawlessness or violence would be used, but by means of a vigorous enforcement of the boycott they hoped to destroy the earning capacity of the company. The agreement claimed to have been violated seems to have been a verbal one, made concurrently with the written one, by which the strikers understood that the old men were to be reinstated within sixty days.

American Versus British Athletes. The superiority of our own branch of the Anglo-Saxon race over our British brethren in the more nervous forms of athletic sports was again proved last Saturday in London, when a team of American athletes bound for the Paris Exposition defeated the London Athletic Club's team, made up of the best amateurs in England, Scotland, and Ireland, by a score of eight events to five. The Americans won all the events except the long-distance runs and walks, which the English took with ease. This, being the invariable rule whenever Englishmen and Americans contest in athletics, has an importance far beyond sporting interest in showing how much the American branch is differentiating from the parent stock. Athletics being an Anglo-Saxon institution, almost all the best American athletes are of Anglo-Saxon stock. For example, the only exception in the present team is Krantzlein, of German ancestry. These contests, then, stretching as they have over many years and having the same result, prove that the American is superior in nervous force, and the Englishman in endurance. In the last six contests, the English have never won a "sprint" race, a short distance run, a hurdle race, or a contest with the weights, and have shown below us in the high and broad jumps, all these being events which call for a sudden outlay of nervous force, while, with the exception of one meet, they have won every run above the half-mile, the American athletes generally being very badly beaten in these trials of endurance. Popular tradition, which attributes the quality of nervous energy to the American and plucky endurance to the Englishman, is thus pretty thoroughly justified.

Editorial Comment.

The Party of Insincerity.

THE plank in the Democratic platform that deals with expansion adheres to the safe but insincere lines prophesied in these columns weeks ago. It opens with a series of ponderous declarations that no man denies and no party, except Democracy, has ever been known to oppose. With the freshness of discovery, it enunciates and endorses the fundamental principles of the government and then, to mislead the man who thinks he thinks, it applies these living principles to a set of imaginary facts that cannot be proven, and which do not exist, unless constant and vociferous repetition make them so. Bryanism has not forgotten how to be insincere. It has not forgotten how to lie and misrepresent and it does not hesitate to prostitute the sacred teachings of our forefathers, to serve an unholy and unpatriotic end. The Devil quoting Scripture to prove there is no God, would present a more attractive spectacle than combined Populism and Democracy appealing to the hallowed spirit of American institutions to fortify conclusions built upon false, spurious and dishonorable assumption of fact.

The platform speaks for itself. Let us analyze the portion of it which refers to expansion. It says:

"We reaffirm our faith in that immortal proclamation of the inalienable rights of man (the Declaration of Independence) and our allegiance to the Constitution formed in harmony therewith by the fathers of the Republic."

This is very pretty, but inasmuch as it is at once the very keystone and foundation of the Republican party, one cannot claim for Democracy any peculiar virtue for adopting it as part of its platform, unless it be a virtue in politics to steal and misapply the principles of your opponent. In a similar lofty vein, but with an awkward disregard of history, the platform proceeds:—

"We hold with the United States Supreme Court that the Declaration of Independence is the spirit of our government of which the Constitution is the form and letter."

This also, as a principle, is very pretty and very true. If memory serves us, the Republican party rejoices in a record for adhering to the Declaration of Independence and sustaining to the fullest measure and extent the spirit and intent of that sacred document which Democracy cannot duplicate. This record of Republicanism will bear the closest scrutiny, and if comparisons are essentials we will lay that record side by side with the record of Democracy and rest our case before the American people. Then, too, this sudden, this beslobbering and unnatural affection for the Supreme Court of the United States brings grim Suspicion stalking in. There have been times—and recent times, at that—when Democracy bitterly and maliciously denounced this very court and with malevolent hate heaped upon the defenceless heads of its grave Justices a storm of calumny and abuse, much as a convicted criminal might curse the Judge who pronounced the judgment of imprisonment upon him.

* * *

But to the platform again. It is gay with mottoes of "Liberty" and "Equality." They have even stolen Lincoln from us, and ten years from now no doubt will quite as gravely claim McKinley. Here is the next declaration:

"We declare again that all governments instituted among men derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; that any government not based upon the consent of the governed is a tyranny, and that to impose upon any people a government offering to substitute the methods of imperialism for those of a republic is an act of despotism."

Think of it! This is from a Democratic platform. Among Democrats this declaration is considered a body-blow to the Republicans, but it requires a pretty young and a pretty thorough-going advocate of Bryanism to find any comfort in the declaration. It is woefully misleading and, while it states what in broad terms are wise conclusions, it is the hardest sort of a lie to meet—half truth and half falsehood. Did this Republic in all the history of its growth and expansion, ever take in any territory wherein all of the inhabitants "consented" to be governed? Did the Mexicans in California "consent?" Did the Apaches, the Comanches or any of the Indian tribes "consent?"

Under this process of reasoning at the close of the civil war the United States became a "despotism," if the Philipine situation is to be regarded as evidencing despotic tendencies. The United States has held Alaska for many years, and has so far escaped censure for it, and escaped "despotism" besides. Mr. Aguinaldo represents probably one-tenth of one per cent of the inhabitants of the Philippines. To day, any half mad fanatic might rise up in America for the purpose of overturning this government or withdrawing his "consent" to be "governed." If one-tenth of one per cent of the American people should join in his protest and withhold their "consent" to be "governed," then we must abandon our form of government or continue a "tyranny." We imagine numbers and common sense cut some figure in these matters. All of the people resident in the Sandwich Islands did not favor annexation. The percentage of Islanders objecting to annexation was many times in excess of the percentage of objecting Filipinos; but they had no self-seeking Aguinaldo among them to obstruct the best interests of the country or the wishes of the majority and hence under Democratic reasoning it is not "tyrannical" to "govern" them. Mr. Bryan dignifies Aguinaldo when he treats that little rascal as the "George Washington of the Orient." A man may be judged by the heroes he worships, but if you apply this rule to the Democratic candidate it renders him worse than we imagine him to be.

* * *

But the platform shouts out more loyal rhetoric. It says:

"We hold that the Constitution follows the flag. (This means the Philippines are to be regarded as territories, then states and all of their inhabitants voters) and we denounce the doctrine that an Executive or a Congress deriving their existence and their powers from the constitution, can exercise lawful authority beyond it, or in violation of it. We assert that no nation can long endure half republic and half empire, and we warn the people that imperialism will lead quickly and inevitably to despotism at home."

There being no intention on the part of the Republican party to establish a nation half republic and half empire, the foregoing shriek simply resolves itself into a string of words. In the settlement and acquisition of every foot of Territory in America, our army was compelled to overcome Indian tribes of more intelligence and better fighting capacity than the Filipines. These Indians were not and are not now permitted to vote, or share in any of the privileges of citizenship. They were "governed" without their "consent" and yet "despotism at home" never followed either "quickly" or "inevitably" or at all. The conditions existing in Alaska are about the conditions that will exist in the Philippines until that people or a part of them have demonstrated their fitness for better things. The hysterical not to say cowardly attitude of Democracy confess a lack of confidence in the Republic itself. It declares that if Bryan is not elected the people will not be strong enough prevent a "despotism at home." It denies to the American people adequate common sense to control the Philippines. It declares that the United States has reached its limit; and that a looting, half-breed cut-throat and a degree or two of longitude has called this nation to a halt. In the Sandwich Islands it is only necessary for some leperous islander to seize a sword and equip a handful of men with guns in opposition to this nation, when, according to Democracy, there will spring up a living principle before which our troops and our nation must stand powerless. Such a declaration will scarcely find approval among intelligent Americans.

* * *

Further referring to this subject, the platform says:

"We condemn and denounce the Philippine policy of the Administration. It has embroiled the Republic in an unnecessary war, sacrified the lives of many of its noblest sons and placed the United States, previously known and applauded thoughout the world as the champion of freedom, in the false and un-American position of crushing with military force the efforts of our former allies to achieve liberty and self-government."

The "policy of the Administration" which Democracy condemns consisted in performing a sacred duty. The day that Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet and broke the backbone of Spanish rule in the Philippines, it became the sacred and bounden duty of this government to preserve order at all hazards and protect from the murderous and looting hands of Aguinaldo's cut-throats the lives and the property of the people exposed to their assaults. Where in God's name would this Democracy have altered the policy pursued? When would they, in their superior wisdom, have withdrawn and forsaken these people to a fate more dreadful than that which now threatens our people in China? The Treaty of Paris awarded this archipelago to this nation. That treaty was duly ratified by a two-thirds vote of the Senate and it became a part of our country. What "policy" would meet with the approval of this Democracy? Would it endorse the right of a President to *give away* any portion of the country?

Would Democracy have the administration haul down the flag and withdraw the protection of the Constitution which it declares "follows the flag?" Democracy urges this cheap and cowardly policy upon the American people because less than one-tenth of one per cent of the inhabitants of the islands, under the leadership of a crafty and self-seeking half-breed, objected to our form of government. What would Democracy have done? It would have given them, so its platform says:

"*First*, a state of government;

"*Second*, independence; and,

"*Third*, protection from outside interference."

* * *

But in the same breath, in the same plank, this same democracy declares—

"The Filipinos cannot be citizens without endangering our civilization!"

Then by all that is good, how can we give to this uncivilized people a "form of government," "then independence," then look the world in the face and say, "Keep your hands off of this unfit, uncivilized republic?" Then when the Spaniards, the Tagalos, and all the other tribes that abound in that archipelago rose up to resist the domination of some long hated tribe, who would restore peace and order? Why, America, of course.

America will give to the Filipinos all that Democracy demands, but will give it in a better way. They will have a "state of government" and it will be a stable and a wise government; they will have "independence" and it will be of the purest and best type guaranteed by the greatest nation on earth; and they will have "protection," but it will come to them as a part of this republic, and in such time and such manner as the American people deem wise and just.

The United States will not assume the grave and fruitless responsibilities suggested by Democracy, and at the same time forfeit and relinquish to the "uncivilized" Filipino who is "unfit for citizenship" unbridled license to do as he pleases, at home and abroad, and embroil us in constant wars and insurrections. The burden that Democracy would place upon this nation would be infinitely greater and require a larger standing army than would the declared purpose of the Republicans. Under Democracy's plan we would have all of the responsibility for the wrongdoing of the Filipinos. And yet we would be stripped of every right to guide or direct them, or prevent the commission of acts that would inevitably lead to vexatious difficulties. The several tribes in the Philippines would accept the control of the United States willingly, before they would bow to the domination of any tribe or faction of the Islands. Indeed, they have already done so.

Municipal Water Works.

SOME time ago we ventured the prophecy that there was a good deal of cheap politics lurking behind the question of municipal ownership of water works in San Francisco; that there would be an era of corruption, scandals and swindling accompanying the movement, because the tendency of those in power would be toward the construction of new works of great magnitude for the reason that there is more opportunity for "politics" in new work than there would be in purchasing any plant already constructed. The movement has been launched and the Board has authorized the ascertainment of the probable cost of several supplies from distant points. It has also authorized the Board of Public Works to hand in an estimate of the Spring Valley plant. In connection with the latter company's works the Board by resolutions some time ago asked that company "to offer for sale" all of its property used in supplying water to the municipality. This resolution closed with a unique and scarcely creditable threat that the water company should "bear in mind that any over-valuation will compel the people to look elsewhere for their water supply," and would result in the "withdrawing of San Francisco as a market for the sale of the company's water," and so "reduce the value of the company's lands to what they are worth for agricultural purposes merely." In plain English the Board notified the water company that if it did not permit the Board to fix the selling price, then it (the Board) would ruin the company's property, and reduce the value of its water shed and reservoirs to what they are worth for agricultural purposes.

* * *

It is one of the peculiarities of "honest" city government that its greatest claim to honesty depends upon its acting dishonestly and unfairly toward every corporation that has dealings with the general public. The people do not want to *steal* a water plant. We doubt very much if they want to own one at all, but if they do, they want to acquire it honestly, and they do not want either politicians, contractors or public officers to rob them in the deal, or "make politics" with their money.

When the Supervisors requested the Spring Valley in this rather brutal fashion to set a price upon its property the company responded in a dignified communication that some how or other failed to get into the daily papers. Some one suppressed it, but it is good reading even now. The corporation pointed out to the Board that in asking for this bid they were not following the provisions of the Charter, that to set a selling price at that stage of the proceedings would be an idle and useless thing. The communication pointed out that the provisions of the Charter required the Board *first* to secure through the city engineers "plans and estimates of actual cost of original construction from all of the several available resources of supply," and after placing them on file that then, and not until then, could the Board enter into negotiations for such utilities as they regard most important and submit to the electors the proposition for acquisition thereof. The communication further pointed out that before submitting the question of original construction or condemnation, the supervisors must consult and consider offers for the sale of existing utilities. Inasmuch as the Board was in no position legally or rightfully to request a selling figure, the company declined to fix a price but said:

"The company respectfully states that under due proceedings it would be willing to submit an offer of its entire system, which is in complete condition and operation . . . or, in lieu of an offer, the company would, under such proceedings, agree to submit the value of its properties to the determination of a majority of a Board of Arbitration, to consist of three members and to be selected strictly as follows: one to be appointed by your Honorable Board, one by the company, and the third to be selected by agreement of the two so appointed. When such Board has fixed the valuation, the company would be willing to deposit its deed in escrow to abide the result of the vote on the bonded indebtedness."

Of course it is perfectfully clear that a man with sinister notions would be interested in concealing this offer of the Spring Valley Company from the eyes of the public. There is an element of fairness to it all that must commend the proposition it contains. If Jones desired to purchase the Phelan building it is not likely that Mr. Phelan would submit its valuation to three arbitrators, one to be selected by Jones, one by Phelan, and the third to be selected by the two first chosen. Some over-clever person will find cunning and duplicity behind this offer. There are always in a community "Smarties" who are over-wise. But even admitting that there is room for collusion in such a plain straightforward plan, the whole question must go before the people, and the city is not bound unless the people so declare. With a sensational press willing to dig scandal from the Bible it is not thinkable that "things" suspected by the "over-wise" would go undetected if they existed in fact. The plan suggested by the company would certainly absolve the Board of any taint of suspicion and would put them on pretty high ground, beyond public or private criticism. Let it become publicly known that the water company has submitted a proposition so manifestly fair, and not a man in the community could maintain an opposition to it. If that end of the community that is interested on principle in acquiring water works for the city would take hold of the question, they might wrest it out of the hands of the man who is moved through purely political motives. Stripped of all political chicanery and resting upon a solid foundation, the movement might attract conservative men to its support. Indeed it is "politics," and the fear and dread of politics in municipal affairs that frighten many away from the municipal ownership theory.

Burning Ships, Piers and Warehouses Viewed from the New York Shore.

Tugs Trying to Beach the *Bremen* and *Ma n.*

Burning Lighters and Canal Boats.

The *Bremen* and *Main* Beached and Still Burning the Morning after the Fire.

THE STEAMSHIP HOLOCAUST IN NEW YORK.

THE SEMERAMIS OF CHINA.

The Intrigues and Murders Which Have Marked the Career of Tsu Tsi, the Slave-Born Chinese Empress

THE scenes have been shifted again in China. Where last week, the Empress Dowager, Tsu Tsi, seemed supreme mistress of the situation, Prince Tuan, a puppet of her creation, has grown to a controlling force. The instrument which she has worked out most of her power—poison—has been turned against herself. Demented, if not dead, she, the ruling factor in China this quarter-century, has passed out of things. The forces which she set loose were to great for her to control; her Frankenstein turned upon its maker.

Of Tuan, little is known, and even his relation with the ruling house is not certain. Some say that he is a brother of the old Emperor, whose unfortunate choice of a favorite slave-girl harnessed the late Dowager on the Empire; others make him a cousin. Of the Empress, quite the most remarkable woman of the nineteenth century, more is known, although much of the devious way of her life is hidden in the dark state secrets of the Pekin Court. It is a bloody record, complete with the commission of every crime in the Christian Decalogue and its Chinese equivalent.

It is romantic enough at the outset. Such of us as were brought up on Sunday school periodicals in our tender childhood remember that one of the worst offenses charged against the blackness of Chinese heathendom was the sale of infants as slaves in time of famine. It was in the great famine of 1831 that a Manchurian noble in reduced circumstances, being in the last extremity of want, sold his pretty seven-year-old daughter as a slave at Canton. The slave was Tsu Tsi Tsu An, afterward Empress regent of China. Just what her antecedents were, is not exactly known; like many a social struggler in another sphere, the Chinese imperial lady has tried to let world lose memory of her ancestry. The fact that her father was a Manchurian noble amounts to little. Among the governing Manchus, as the Gascons, practically everyone is noble. The rumor that she had an immediate English ancestor is persistent, although confirmed by no immediate proof, and is borne out by the fact that she is lighter in skin and more prominent of feature than most Celestials.

But whatever her antecedents, she passed into bondage at the age of seven with no apparent difference from the thousands upon thousands of slave children sold in the year of the Great Famine. Her master was a Canton merchant, and it is recorded that he treated her with great kindness—a strange beginning for her career of blood and slaughter. As she grew larger, she developed some of that beauty which served, in her career, to pave the way for the play of her brains. There she lived, and was the favorite of her master until she was seventeen. At that time, the Emperor Hsien Fung, following the Chinese custom, issued a proclamation calling upon the daughters of Manchuria to present themselves at the palace in order that concubines might be chosen for the imperial harem. With her eye always on the main chance, little Tsu Tsi played for the opportunity to enter the competition. So well did she do her part as to pursuade her master that the advantages he would gain by having a friend at court would outweigh the loss of a favorite slave, and in the end he not only gave full permission but bought the needful costumes and accessories. She won easily, and was installed in the Emporer's household.

The household of the Chinese Emporer is no exception to the other Oriental harems with respect to the intrigues which go on therein. Yet, even at her early age, Tsu Tsi went rapidly ahead, obtaining the Emporer's special favor before she had been there two years. But the chief beauty of her game, the crowning touch of art is the fact that she obtained her access to the Emperor through the Empress herself. The latter was childless, and the throne needed an heir. It was the little Manchurian girl who was chosen to become its mother. And when she gave the Emperor a son, she was fairly launched on her career.

While this heir was still a young child, in 1860, the old Emperor died of indigestion. There was no antopsy, and only a vague hint that the soft yellow hand of Tsu Tsi was in the matter. In the light of subsequent events, however, the opportuneness of Hsien Fung's death becomes significent. Since 1860, at every difficult crises in Tsu Tsi's affairs death has most fortunately stepped in to put the person most impeding her progress out of the way. The fact that her son was the next heir, and that the sooner he began to reign the longer the regency would be, may assist to a correct diagnosis of Hsien Fung's malady. In any event, his death took place, and very soon the small boy was proclaimed Emperor under the title of Tung Chi, with the Dowager Empress and mother Empress appointed coregents.

Things moved smoothly for a time after this. The junior regent took pains not to show herself too dominant, but hers was, in fact, the strong hand of the pair. It was towards the end of the Emporer's minority that his mother noticed certain unpleasant signs of independence. Tung Chi attained his majority, however, and was duly proclaimed Emporer, and the regency ended.

Had Tsu Tsi been an ordinary woman, this would have closed her career. She had climbed higher than any other Oriental woman since the time of the Zenobia; it was for her to rest on her laurels and round out her life in the luxury of a pampered harem-woman. Apparently, she did this; really, she was waiting and watching, like a spider. The opportunity came,—perhaps she made it—who knows? An alarming rumor that the Emperor's health was failing spread rapidly. The regents who had proved themselves efficient before were summoned again to take the reins of state. Within a month the youthful Emperor became, as his subjects were piously informed, "a guest on high." But the Government was saved, for the two Empresses were in full authority. Tung Chi had married a young wife not long before his death, and as she was about to become a mother, it was supposed that if she bore a son he would naturally be proclaimed the heir of his father. Perhaps Tsu Tsi feared the chance of another Empress Dowager. At any rate, for reasons best known to herself, she seated upon the throne a new Emperor in the person of Kwang Su, a young son of a brother of the old Emperor, Hsien Fung. Her choice was a direct violation of ancestor-worship, the most sacred Chinese tradition, since the new Emperor belonged to the same generation as his predecessor, whose ghostly self could, therefore never receive the homage of a living ruler. The permanence of this arrangement was assured by a mysterious and convenient illness which fell upon the widow of the late Emperor and carried her off together with the unborn babe.

After this, there were no more mysterious illnesses in the ruling Manchu family until 1881. This was, chiefly, because no person of consequence arose to oppose the triumphant Tsu Tsi. For in consequential persons, she had the headsman—poison, in her scheme of government, was for the mighty of the earth. But in 1881, there was some friction between the old Empress the senor regent, and her junior colleague, Tsu Tsi. The senior promptly died of heart-failure, leaving Tsu Tsi to rule alone until the young Emperor should attain his majority. When he had reached that age, the air of Pekin became, very suddenly, too strong and malignant for Kwang Su, and his health failed, so that the Dowager had to be called out of her retirement to assume the yoke of government. She did this at once, but the Emperor's health continued to fail. The thing which kept him alive at all was not the skill of the Chinese physicians summoned from near and far nor that of the European doctors. It was the declaration of the Foreign offices that, if the young ruler died, they would demand a strict investigation. Then came the short period when, by some mysterious means, the Emperor and his progressive advisers got control of things. Their triumph was short, for by means equally mysterious the old fiend regained her supremacy, imprisoned the ruler, forced him to abdicate and set the young child of Prince Tuan upon the throne.

After that, the Boxer uprising, in which the Empress most certainly had a hand came along to complicate matters and to drop a veil of obscurity over the stage upon which the drama of Chinese history is being enacted. The truth of affairs in the capital is as deeply hidden as sensational correspondence can hide it, but it now seems that the force which she turned loose became too great for her to control, or that she waited too long before causing indigestion to develope in the the father of her puppet-emperor.

JOHN STOLLARD.

FAMOUS AMERICAN CAVALRY RIDES.

THERE is much of interest to riders generally, but particularly to the United States cavalrymen, in reports that have come from South Africa of some of the long, hard rides made there by the British mounted troops. The specific statement is made that a squadron of the Natal Mounted Rifles recently rode eighty-five miles in twelve consecutive hours. The English press speaks of the rides of sixty miles by detached cavalry troops which are completed within the daylight hours as of frequent occurrence.

At first thought it may not appear that these rides are particularly remarkable, but the fact must be taken into consideration that the rapidity of the march must necessarily be gauged by the endurance of the poorest horse of the outfit. Many of the horses used by the English troopers are American bred, and a natural interest in this country is added to the matter, for it gives a chance to "get a line" on the endurance of the American animal under absolutely strange climatic conditions.

Col. Theodore Ayrault Dodge, United States Army, collected the official records of long-distance cavalry rides. He says that Capt. S. F. Fountain, United States Cavalry, in the year 1891 rode with a detachment of his troop eighty-four miles in eight hours. This record is vouched for, and it is better than that of the Natal Mounted Rifles by about four hours, the distance being within one mile of that made in South Africa. For actual speed this forced march stands perhaps at the head of the American army record, though other rides have been more remarkable. In the year 1879, when the Utes succeeded in getting some United States troops into what was afterward known as Thornburg's "rat hole," several mounted couriers managed to slip through the circling line of savages. All of them reached Merritt's column, 170 miles distant, in less than twenty-four hours. The exact time was not taken, for, as Col. Dodge put it, "rescue was of more importance than records."

It must be understood that all these American rides were were made without changing horses. The best rider, according to cavalry experts, is he who by instinct feels the condition of his horse, and though getting the most of the animal knows how to conserve his strength. The late Gen. Lawton, who was killed in the Philippines, in the year 1876 rode from Red Cloud Agency, Neb., to Sidney, in the same state, a distance of 125 miles, in twenty-six hours. He was carrying important despatches for Gen. Crook, and though the road was bad his mount was in good condition when Lawton, looking five years older than he did the day before, handed over his bundle of papers.

Four troopers of the Fourth Cavalry were sent in 1870 from Fort Harney to Fort Warner with despatches and were told to make the best time possible without killing their horses. They made the distance, 140 miles, twenty miles of the way being through loose sand, in twenty-two hours, the actual marching time being eighteen hours and thirty minutes. At Fort Warner they rested one day, and returned to Harney on the same horses at the uniform rate of sixty miles a day.

The cavalry horses of the American Army have undergone these endurance and speed contests carrying weights of more than 200 pounds, and without any training other than that received in the ordinary course of frontier scouting and daily drill evolutions. The greatest military ride recorded, as it appears on paper, is that of the Austrian Count Strahrenberg, who rode one horse 350 miles in seventy-one hours. The animal, however, carried only the Count's weight, 128 pounds; it had been specially trained for months to undergo the endurance test, and during the whole time of the ride it was kept up on stimulants. The horse died within twenty-four hours after the completion of its task.

Col. Dodge in his summary of remarkable ride stells of a professional express rider, whom he personally knew, who for many months carried mail from El Paso to Chihuahua, through a hostile Apache country. This man on one horse, a broncho, regularly made 300 miles in sixty hours, and then resting his mount for four days, made the return trip. As this was not a cavalry achievement, it is not used for purposes of comparison. Touching the performance, however, the military writer says that, "excepting the ass, there is perhaps no creature on earth so stubbornly enduring as the broncho."

Col. Dodge does not think that if tests were made there would be found much difference between the records which English and American soldiers would register.

Li Hung Chang, who does not believe in republics, said once in discussing governments: "Five thousand years ago China was a republic, just as the United States is today." "What made you change your form of government?" he was asked. "The change," he said, "was the most gradual in the world, and our first emperor was a plowboy."

When Li was in Germany, the Kaiser asked him, "How do our women compare with those of China?"

"I really cannot tell," said Li, slyly, fastening his eyes on the corsage of a lady who was present. "We never see half as much of our women as you do of yours."

THE NEW YORK DOCK FIRE.

See Opposite Page.

THE steamer fire of June 30 on the New York docks, with its attendant loss of life and property, was not only one of the greatest calamities of the decade, but it was made the more dreadful by a few peculiar horrors of its own. To begin with, the sharacter of the fire was unique. Never before has chipping, standing in a harbor, been attacked by a great fire. Then the rapid spread of the flames was almost without precedent. It seemed to observers as though the whole district of docks and ships burst into flame with the spontaneity of an explosion. Men working on the decks of some of the vessels were warned by the noise of the bursting naphtha tank which caused the rapid spread of the flames, and before they could reach the rail aud leap into the water, the whole fleet was wrapped in fire. The tugs which hurried in to push the burning vessels away from the dangerous piers, and the fire-boats detailed to the harbor for just such emergencies were alike powerless to render aid. In this manner three passenger steamers of German lines were caught and ruined almost at once.

But the featurs which will make this conflagration remembered among the catastrophes of the century was the slow torture by which many of the victims lost their lives. In the lower compartments of the burning steamers, the portholes, the only access to the open air except the deck gangways, were not large enough to admit, by any possibility, the body of a man. With the rush of the first blaze, the decks became a sheet of flame, cutting off all access from above, and when the imprisoned workmen and crews rushed to the portholes they found escape impossible. The scenes that followed were dreadful in the extreme. The crews of the tugs without could see the victims, could even speak with them, but were powerless to render aid. A priest on one of the fireboats even steamed down the line of portholes, giving consolation to men slowly roasting to death. Of the two hundred and fifty dead, nearly half must have perished in this manner. One victim shouted through a porthole, while waiting his slow death, that forty people were in the compartment behind him. Not even the bodies of these unfortunates were recovered.

Of the dead whose remains were more than ashes, few could be identified, so thoroughly did the fire perform its work.

A Tug of War on the Ice at 11 p. m.

A Hummock Sixty Feet High.

The *Thrasher* in the Ice.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

Experience of the Steamer "Thrasher" in the Nome Ice Peak.

TWO California men, R. J. Sadler of Los Angeles and E. L. L. Johnson of Oakland, just returned from the Cape Nome country, bring back an interesting story of hardship and peril in the far North. They were among the passengers on the *Thrasher*, a steam whaling-vessel fitted up for Nome passenger trade, and the first steamer to leave San Francisco in this year's Nome rush. She had a most exciting and eventful voyage, and an almost miraculous escape from the perils of a northern ice-pack.

The *Thrasher* left San Francisco April 21, and reached Cape Nome May 28. She carried about two hundred passengers—a hundred too many, by the way—and was but carelessly fitted for passenger service. An upper deck, used in the old days for reducing seal-blubber, had been battened and roofed over for use as sleeping quarters for the cabin passengers. The work had been hastily done, so that the wash of the heavy seas came through the cracks and left about about five inches of water as a bed-mat under the berths. There were also incidental "kicks" about the food all the way North.

The voyage was ill-starred from the first. Just outside the Golden Gate a heavy storm drove the vessel back down the Coast as far as Monterey Bay, so it was six days before she regained the latitude of San Francisco. Two more heavy storms were met on the way to Dutch Harbor. In one, the *Tarasher*, stout whaler though she is, was considerably damaged, two lifeboats being smashed. On May 17 they reached Dutch Harbor, coaled, and struck out on the last lap of the run.

The third day out from Dutch Harbor they began to encounter ice-floes, drifting south. On the following day this changed to "slush" ice, forming a heavy coating over the surface and impeding, although not stopping, the vessel's course. The floes continued and grew thicker, and by the next Arctic night the *Thrasher* was dodging floes, breaking into an opening whenever one presented itself, and stopping when the floes came down on all sides. For two days the vessel beat along in this fashion, in continual danger of being crushed. Whenever they became stalled, the captain would watch for the spot in the field which seemed thinnest and would break it by the vessel's weight. The *Thrasher*, being built for a whaler, has a prow of solid oak fourteen feet thick and built to slide over opposing ice when necessary. The stern would be forced up on the ice, and the vessel would then break through of its own weight.

On the third day of this progress, the floes were seen to be drifting south, and against the vessel's course with alarming speed, indicating that it was being driven by a storm. The return to Dutch Harbor was practically shut off by a pack to the rear, and danger of being crushed by the swift-running bergs became imminent. At that crisis, the look-out spied a huge mass of ice which seemed "anchored" or piled up until, by gradual sinking of its own weight, it lay fastened to the bottom. Toward this the *Thrasher* laid her course. The drifting ice threatening to break either the shaft or the rudder, the passengers were drafted into the crew, and during the remainder of the struggle with the pack, they worked with long poles, shoving obstructions away from the vessel's vital parts.

The "anchored" mass of ice turned out to be a huge field, perhaps five miles across, and shaped like a horseshoe, with the outer curve turned toward the storm, which was coming with increasing violence from the north, and the inner curve forming a safe little harbor. Here the water was as calm as in San Francisco bay. The vessel threw out lines and made fast. Passengers and crew hurried out upon the floe to stretch their sea-cramped legs and explore. It lacked only vegetation to make it in all respects like a veritable island. A ridge like a range of hills ran along the central part, and from this there radiated a number of canyons with rivulets from the slow-melting ice at their depths. A herd of seals and a few walrus lent a semblance of inhabitants.

The passengers, glad to be ashore at any cost, got up a series of athletic games during the long, white night, including a tug-of-war between the port and starboard berths, while the storm beat and the ice drifted on the unprotected sides of the temporary island.

By morning the storm had increased in fury, and the break-up of their friendly floe seemed imminent. Suddenly a rift was spied in the mass to the east, and a pack was forced against the ship, hemming her in. It was several hours before the area in front began to break, leaving a comparatively free channel to the north, in the teeth of the gale. Then commenced the most perilous passage of the voyage. As the great slabs broke from the main floe, they would turn over, churning the sea all round. The heavy swells increased the danger. Several times the vessel lay in the trough of the sea, with a big cake of ice poised above her, seeming about to fall upon the deck. Only cool and clever work on the part of the captain and steersman saved the vessel from this danger. All around, heavy masses were smashing into each other, breaking off and splintering fragments of many tons in weight and suggesting pleasantly the fate of the *Thrasher* should she collide. Gradually the larger cakes passed south, as the steamer shoved into the gale, and at length she emerged into an open sea, beaten by a heavy storm but still free from the dangerous ice. The voyage to Nome was made without further incident.

MARGARET ANGLIN'S SUCCESS.

Perhaps it is true that reputations are gained in the provinces and conferred in the metropolii. Confirmation of the exterior verdict particularly in the case of actors and actresses is often unaccountably delayed. There was Julia Marlowe, for instance—an actress who united beauty and temperament—how long did she knock at the New York temple of fame? The siege of Maude Adams was less laborious. Blanche Bates, on the contrary, obtained immediate recognition, but the seal of approval was denied Nance O'Neil, who surely has dramatic genius. Among the New York critics are several men of real insight and intelligence, yet there has reached us no announcement of a furor over Margaret Anglin. Perhaps she has appealed to San Francisco audiences in a greater variety of roles and we have had better opportunities to form conclusions. She is really one of the foremost actresses on the stage to-day. Voice, temperament, intelligence, vivacity, facility, all are hers. Whoever would deny her genius should see the performance of "A Marriage of Convenience" at the Columbia Theater in which Miss Anglin, as the Countess de Candale has an opportunity to display her talent. It is an exquisite performance she gives, full of delicacy and charm and *finesse*—indeed, as graceful a piece of high comedy work as we have ever had. In a few years or more this actress will have as great a reputation as Ada Rehan and will surely rise higher than Maude Adams, Viola Allen, or Mary Mannering, who are now starring it in the East.

H. E. Huntington

Career of the New Vice-President of the Southern Pacific Company.

SOME four weeks ago announcement was made of the election in New York of Mr. H. E. Huntington as vice-president of the Southern Pacific Company. It is a post of such importance and prominence that the identity of the incumbent becomes of general interest. During the past twelve months many changes have occurred in the ownership of the giant institution that operates the chief lines of traffic in California and neighboring states. The old names for so long identified with the corporation have been crossed out and a new regime has begun. There are no longer conflicting voices in its management, nor antagonistic interests working at cross purposes. One man dominates—he perhaps the greatest railroad man in the country—and his representative at this end of the line is his nephew, H. E. Huntington.

In the course of his nine years residence in San Francisco, H. E. Huntington has been so variously handled by the papers that strange impressions of his personality have been current among his contemporaries. Like his uncle, he is not much concerned about the biographies his enemies have furnished for him, but has gone his way quietly attending to the innumerable duties his original position as assistant to the president imposed on him. When one considers the vast interests concentrated in the executive headquarters of the great system, with its two transcontinental lines and their innumerable feeders, one realizes in a vague way the responsibilities which Mr. Huntington has to shoulder. In addition he is president of the Market Street Railway Company, which operates the immense street car system of San Francisco, and in his private capacity he controls the destinies of the street railway system of Los Angeles, of which he is the chief owner. Of course it is not conceivable that Mr. Huntington attempts to direct all the details of the huge business which he presides over. That is not the function of the great executive. He makes policies, confers with subordinates supreme in their own departments, who report to him, consult him on their difficulties, and submit their new ideas for his consideration. On debated points he has the final say—indeed, is the court of last resort for the institution. In addition to all this, Mr. Huntington is concerned with new construction of railways and car lines, and in this branch of his responsibilities he takes a personal part. Directly under his supervision has been the building of the Coast line, uniting San Luis and Santa Barbara.

For the position he holds Mr. Huntington has been fully trained. Twenty-five years ago he commenced his railroad career superintending the construction of some of C. P. Huntington's southern railroads. He is a shrewd handler of large masses of men and, like his uncle, an excellent trader. He soon manifested his usefulness and was gradually trusted with larger responsibilities. For some years he was vice-president and general manager of the Kentucky Central, which C. P. Huntington subsequently sold to the Louisville and Nashville system. From this road he passed to the Newport News and Mississippi Valley system, whereof he managed the northern division, uniting with these special employments much other work of general superintendence over the innumerable enterprises with which his uncle was connected. When C. P. Huntington was elected president of the Southern Pacific he sent for his nephew and made him his representative in the executive department of the corporation. Since then H. E. Huntington has devoted himself to the affairs of the California institution, of which he is now ostensibly as well as virtually the chief. Considering how well he filled a position the difficulties of

Con. on Page 7.

Things & People.

Mayor Phelan and his Critics.

NO man can do things without making enemies. It may be opportune to suggest to those who are disparaging Mayor Phelan that there are an immense number of important achievements to his credit. He has been an important factor in the political life of San Francisco; through his instrumentality we live under a new charter and while that measure is imperfect it is a thousand times better than the shred and patch work government that preceded it. For the good of San Francisco he has labored honestly, industriously and earnestly. No man has contributed more generously to causes public and private. He has accomplished much and has made mistakes. It is difficult to distribute patronage so as to satisfy a political party. It is difficult to steer a course in an emergency that will commend itself to all sides of a community. Perhaps the Mayor has pursued too single-handed a policy. He has not always consulted the Powers that Be when about to take a decided step, as his predecessors used. Nor can his concurrence in a steal be taken for granted—traits which have earned him disfavor among honest and God-fearing capitalists. No man makes the round of the circle. Mayor Phelan has faults, but who among his critics is perfect? We have in San Francisco to-day an honest administration of the city's finances. Peculation is at a minimum. Reforms, some more radical than expediency would suggest have been made—but the motive has invariably been honorable. Great changes have been effected with comparatively little friction. When the balance is struck, San Francisco's account with James D. Phelan will show so large a profit as to render insignificant the sum total of his errors.

***

Fool Advertising.

THE fact that the California delegation to the Democratic Convention found its hands full of fruit and wine which no one seemed to want, should bring home to the generous citizens who supply these products to the "jolly-boys" doing politics, that such advertising is out of date. In Kansas, instead of the politicians the hospitals reaped the benefit of the unconsumed provender. I don't know who was the fortunate beneficiary at Philadelphia. There was certainly nothing attractive about the California headquarters in the Quaker City, They were in a hotel several blocks distant from national headquarters and the boasted fruit was piled in crates in a corner of a commonplace reception room. It is possible that legions of hungry delegates swooped down upon the supply at intervals but those incursions must have been made at off moments of the busy day. The average man at a convention is too much occupied doing politics to be an available subject for advertising. If he feels the need of fruit he is generally able to purchase it. The last idea that would occur to him would be to seek a fruit stand when for a few cents he might have his fill from the scores of stores displaying the California product in prettily arranged piles. Nor are the coast delegates gainers by their "free-feed" proclivities. True a form of individuality is thereby conferred on them, but their importance is not enhanced, because organization and harmony are characteristics worth a hundred carloads of free fruit and wine and appeal to the intelligent American. As it is, California has the reputation throughout the East of being a state of "knockers."

***

Journalism in Philadelphia.

A company of newspapermen whose names and faces are familiar in San Francisco are engaged in making a great daily in Philadelphia. Among them are Arthur McEwen, Sam Chamberlain, John Lathrop, and Alan Kelly, and under the impetus of their ability and Wanamaker capital the *North American* has become a strong factor in Philadelphia affairs. Little more than twelve months ago McEwen was engaged by young Mr. Wanamaker and found a paper of many traditions and old-fogy ways, which sold between three and five thousand copies per day. Now it is a big publication full of vim and fight and the circulation is up to the 100,000 mark. Fight after fight has been made during this year of growth. The Quay machine, an institution inconceivably corrupt, has formed a fine target for attack. Conditions sufficiently startling to awaken the stolid Philadelphians have been developed, and set forth in McEwen's breezy and brilliant style have attracted the attention of the State. A new building for the publication is in course of construction. Naturally the brisk news methods of the intruders have rather set Quaker City journalism by its ears. A story is told of the first city editor hired by young Mr. Wanamaker, a graduate of the N. Y. *Herald* and a live newspaperman. At midnight his telephone rang. It was the editor of the ———. "What have you got?" asked this deadly rival. "What do you mean?" asked the *Herald* man when he had grasped the identity of the other. "News, of course—have you anything in particular we have not got? If so, let's have it quick!" "Go to——!" was the reply, coupled with the appropriate objurgation. The new-comer discovered next day that in order to avoid the odium of scoops this midnight consultation among the editors was customary. Whoever had an exclusive story turned it over to the others, and so there were no rude advantages taken anywhere.

The Missionaries Again.

THE statement of Ho Yow, the Chinese Consul-General at San Francisco and one of the most progressive Chinese of his race, regarding the Boxer-Missionary shindy in China, is about as sensible a view of the religious phase of the question as has been advanced by anyone, white or black. The trouble, he says, is that the missionaries, instead of keeping strictly to the teaching of religion, are trying to graft Caucasian institutions upon a body politic not yet ready for such institutions. It is as though a Buddhist coming from India to spread his faith, should make widow-murder a part of the essentials for the full acceptance of his belief. Not that I am sure that widow-murder as practiced in India is a part of the Buddhist religion; it may be a Brahmin institution for all I know, but the example will serve. Should the dark-eyed son of India presume to ordain that this way of living, which is or was a part of the national Hindoo customs, be followed by his converts, we would refuse him a hearing and cast him out, having the might and numbers to do so. But the gentle missionaries have a way of decreeing that their converts shall accept European clothes and ways along with Christianity. They are the self-righteous people who put woolen trousers and Mother Hubbard dresses on the South Sea Islanders, living, until then, in innocent nakedness, and brought them all to a Christian Heaven quite early in the game through consumption and general break-down. They are the people who took our plains Indians and made them sleep indoors as part of the plan of conversion, with the result that they made "good Indians" of their converts with gratifying speed. If the plan of salvation as conceived by the missionaries includes the acceptance of white ways, a little figuring should show them that they would gain more souls in the end by letting the powers of the earth go ahead with shell and shrapnel and civilize the heathen according to their peculiar methods, so that the way might be cleared for a general harvest. The present method is quite too uncertain and painful.

***

The Chinese War and Californian Goods.

SOME time ago, a colleague of mine made calculations based upon the records of the Army Quartermaster's Department, which proved that San Francisco has, up to January 1, 1900, received fifty million dollars worth of trade from the army expenditures for the Spanish-Philippine war. These figures make the Alaska gold boom look small by comparison. It seems, now, that the Chinese War is to benefit the Coast in the same way. Owners of horseflesh and transport ships have been receiving inquiries regarding prices from persons who are evidently representatives of the German and French governments, and the signs go to prove that these nations will probably do much of their trading for the war, in Pacific Coast ports. This is, of course, the nearest point of supply for Caucasian made goods, and the logical depot in a European-Chinese war. Australia would be the only serious rival in such trade, but Australia cannot compete with us in many lines of supplies—flour, for example. It will be a great thing for the Coast in its immediate results, and a still greater thing in the introduction and advertising which it would give to Californian products.

***

Cape Nome as a Producer.

CAPE NOME'S productive power is still a mystery. Returning miners tell conflicting stories. This one holds that there is very little gold, the other has it that the yellow metal is there but that the first-comers have staked it out and spoiled the camp for this summer's "tenderfeet." But all agree on one point: Nome is no longer, as in the early days, a "poor man's camp." The first comers hold the beach and a few of the capitalists of the camp are in possession of the diggings further inland. In spite of the finds of doubtful richness to the North and South, the pay dirt in the immediate region is staked out long since. The fact that the region is populated above its productive limit is proved by the return of most of the Dawson City contingent to the British Columbia diggings. Unless some new and extensive fields are unearthed in the immediate region, unless the problematical "Mother Lode" is found, the country will offer nothing to later comers. With Dawson City and the Klondike, it is different. The production there seems greater than ever; new fields of fair richness are continually being discovered. A late estimate places the year's yield from the district at $30,000,000. While this is probably a good-sized over-statement, it is by no means impossible.

***

Poet Markham Returns Favors.

OF COURSE, a poet is supposed to be grateful for favors conferred, and Edwin Markham of "Man With the Hoe" fame owes his literary reputation, or most of it, to the boosting of the *Examiner* when his "masterpiece" first appeared, but the lines to Hearst's new Chicago *American* which appeared in last Sunday's *Examiner* must have been a frightful strain on the poetic conscience. Everyone knows what the *Examiner Journal* is, and how dangerous an influence it has made itself to the spread of those ideas which Mr. Markham, as a "poet of principle," should logically be expected to advocate. Cheap patriotism, tandry "culture," sensational politics, are the bone and firbre and being of the combination, and no one has a right to expect anything better of the *American*. The gist of Markham's labored lines seems to be praise of the new Titan as the foe of trusts and capitalism and the other forces which, according to the "Man With a Hoe," have slanted back the brow and blown out the soul of the laborer. He picked the point well; it is the only point on which he could defend the journalistic combination which discovered him, and preserve a show of fidelity to his principles. It was very nice of Markham, without doubt, but it will not add to his reputation as a Prophet of the Dawn.

***

An Effect of Paint.

THE effectiveness of external polish has been recorded in a number of connections, but never more strikingly than in the instance of the old Montgomery street cars. Proposing to reorganize the system no effort was made by the company to better the service and the antique cars with their mournful "plugs" of horses plied the street. Worn and dingy they were, in sorrowful contrast to the rest of the system, though the degree of their patronage was no better than their appearance. One day Mr. H. E. Huntington, growing tired of waiting for the new franchise which was to change all this, ordered the cars into the Market street shops. They emerged brilliant in new paint and varnish. Lo, within a week the receipts from this line had actually doubled.

***

One Way of Advertising.

THE town of Three Oaks, Michigan, leads the country in patriotic charity and in self-advertising. When the country was contributing toward the *Maine* monument fund, a brass cannon, sent from the Philippines by Admiral Dewey, was offered to the town which should contribute the most in proportion to the population. Three Oaks won out, and the ceremony of presentation was arranged for last month. It was then that the good citizens of that live burg came out and showed what sort they were. Early last month every daily newspaper and every weekly journal in the country received a circular from the enterprising little town. It offered to send, free of all charge, all sorts of articles regarding the celebration. Telegraphic news to any length would be furnished gratis; all the lucky recipient need do would be to write or telegraph the number of words wanted. General articles to be used in advance and "Sunday stories" with illustrations were also offered. The illustrative matter was not in the form of drawings or photographs, but in zinc and copper cuts, all ready for use. With these was a map showing the "principal cities of importance in the United States." In the map received by this and the other San Francisco papers, these points were New York, Chicago, Three Oaks, and San Francisco. In the ones received at Denver, which I chanced to see, the points were New York, Chicago, Three Oaks, and Denver. As a consequence, Three Oaks received a heap of advertising, such as never before fell to the lot of an American town. The reader doubtless read about the celebration, and Helen Gould's presence at the function, and the participation of the military and naval dignitaries, without knowing that the small town paid the freight. It must have cost a pretty penny, but for one day Three Oaks was famous throughout the land. Couldn't some of the leading citizens of that enterprising burg be induced to settle in San Francisco? Heaven knows we need them!

BOSWELL, JR.

H. E. HUNTINGTON.

Continued from page 10.

which his associates alone realize, he is sure to win new honors.

Personally, Mr. Huntington is a man of agreeable personality and of a simple and cordial manner. He is quite without the pretension and affectation which so many men of importance consider proper attributes of their dignity. He is very approachable, quick of decision, and a true friend of his friends. An excellent administrator, he has been successful in building up a large private fortune. He took hold of the Los Angeles railway system when it was losing money and its bonds were far below par. Within a few months he had converted it into a profitable property. Its equipment is now as fine as any line in the country boasts, and the service is admirable.

The time is rapidly approaching when the hostility to corporations which has been the religion of the Californian demagogue must be abandoned if the State would progress. Vice-President Huntington will be surely be a strong factor in showing the way to a more intelligent attitude towards the great business interests of the Pacific Coast.

HONG-KONG THE CENTER

OF FOREIGN INFLUENCE IN CHINA

Victoria Hall.

Queen's Road.

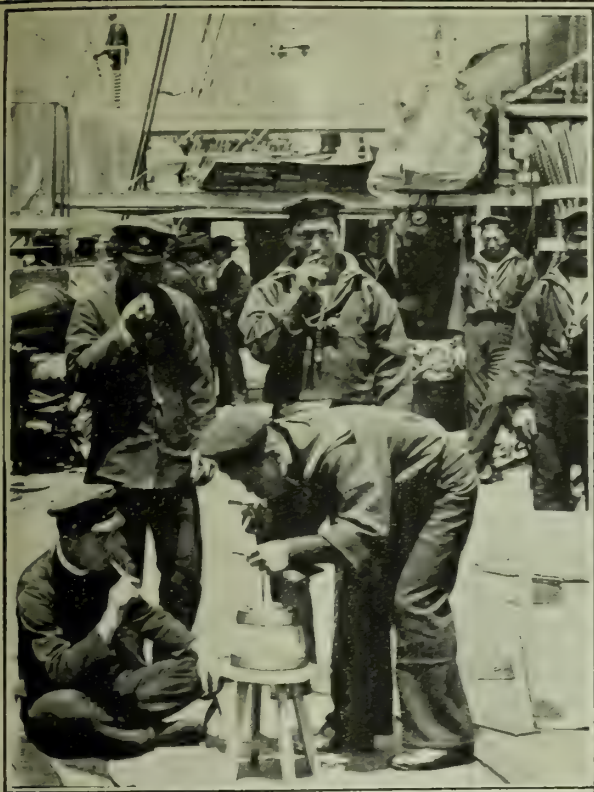
The Foreign Quarter.

"The Peak."

Shipping in Port.

The Harbor.

Vignette Photos by Taber, S. F.



The *Matsushima*, the Bull-Dog of the Japanese Navy.

The *Hiei*.

Quarters on the *Hiei*.

A 7-inch Krupp Gun.

Officers of the *Chitose*.

SOME VESSELS OF THE JAPANESE NAVY IN SERVICE FOR THE CHINESE WAR.

Meditations of a Matron.

THIS has been a wonderfully gay week, my dear Diary. Perhaps not gay in the old way of parties and dinners, but in the way of sport. That is the world in which we are all enjoying ourselves so much nowadays. Robert and I went to Burlingame to stay over the Fourth. There was a great deal of excitement on the Links. Alice Hoffman seemed to be the favorite player. Many people knew the cup would be hers. I had watched all the players for several days, and made up my mind Mrs. Bowers would be the winner. She plays a fine game. She has a quick subtle swing that seems a surprise even to the ball when it dashes through the air. She seems to be perfectly poised and sure of herself. Mrs. Bowers is one of the scientific players with whom it is not always a question of luck. Alice Hoffman's golf is strong and daring, but it is not the graceful game that Maud Scott and Alice Moffit showed us a year ago. Alice is too strong; she is such a determined character, the ball seems to be hypnotized—but that is not golf. Mrs. Gilman Brown and Caro Crockett play the same careful, deeply studied game. They love it, and in the end they are sure to be triumphant. Caro Crockett was a picture when she made her long drive. She is a pretty girl anywhere. Her success was well deserved, and I do not think she ever before realized her popularity. Edith McBean is one of those who will yet be among the foremost players.

After the contest all Burlingame sat about the porch and became quite demonstrative to each other and enthusiastic about the game. It is really unfortunate how few people nowadays feel sufficiently secure of their positions to give vent to their feelings. Even my best friends bow coldly sometimes when in Burlingame, as they say, "How do you do, Cricket?" I endeavor to put a person like that at her ease, for I feel so sorry for her. Mama says that's where being a thoroughbred makes itself obvious. I never saw Mrs. Henry Scott look better than she did on Wednesday. Girls are all fond of her, she is so distinctly sympathetic. Helen Hopkins, too, looked stunning, as did Therese Morgan and Mrs. Joe Tobin. After a long day at Burlingame, I was glad to go to the Hopkins to dinner. We had a very jolly evening and next day I loitered about their place with the girls. We discussed the people we know and talked a deal about the girls who are engaged and half engaged. We always consider an affair a half engagement if it has not been announced. There are several of those on the tapis at present. One of them will unite one of the nicest and brightest girls to a young man who is particularly well endowed with the luxuries of this world. It is going to be a great surprise to most people, for they have not been seen much together. In fact, everyone links his name with that of another girl—but she understands.

It is a great pity that there is not a restaurant like Pastori's down near San Mateo or Menlo Park. Leila is constantly writing me about different dinners to which she goes in San Rafael, and a great number of them take place out at Fairfax. The drive is jolly and then the cooking is excellent. Why does not one fill the two wants of San Mateo by building a beautiful big hotel down there and have an open air restaurant? I am sure it would be a capital investment. Think, too, of the fun we should all derive from it. I begged Robert to make the venture, but he says he is not sufficiently rich. It is a curious thing, but before I married Robert I looked upon him as having a never ending bank account. Such a thing as having to retrench in my housekeeping or anything of that sort never occurred to me. But I find it is just the same as it was with Mama. I have my income, and of course it is very liberal, but Robert will allow no bills. He says they cause too much unhappiness. Bills to me are as natural and necessary as three meals a day. So I have made a little arrangement with Papa to charge things to him and I can pay him when I get ready. Of course I hope Robert will never discover it. I am such a poor manager. When I first received my allowance, it seemed so huge I bought quantities of things I did not need. Now I need the money. I am so glad I have such a duck of a father; he immediately came to my assistance. But that is unfair to Mama and Leila, so I must not let it happen again.

I met Mrs. Harvey in the train the other day going down to Del Monte. She is one of the people who love it. My heart immediately went out to her. If I only could induce Mama to let me stay down there, and Robert could come from Saturday until Tuesday. She does not think I ought to. The Hagers are there and are simply wild about it. The weather is so lovely and I adore the flowers and beautiful big trees. Bertha Dolbee and Helen Wagner are also enjoying the drives and swimming there. They spend most of the mornings on the Links. The people at San Rafael are all dinner crazy. Lelia has an invitation every evening. About the nicest at the hotel was one Mr. Greenway gave on Thursday evening. It was particularly well cooked, and a very jolly crowd were there, There are a good many men at the hotel now. Lawrence Scott, Bruce Webster, Harry Houghton, and ever so many more. The Boardman boys are in the village but they keep up their end by Welsh rarebit parties. Bruce Webster took about twenty to Pastori's on Saturday night. We went over to Lucia Kittle's wedding and joined the party Gerald Rathbone was there and I was surprised to think he had forsaken Burlingame even for a night. That same evening the Johnsons gave a large dinner at their home on the hill. They have an awfully pretty place and one of the finest views in the town of San Rafael. The Houghton's house on Inspiration Point has the finest, for besides the view of the hills they have that of the Bay also. Mrs. Folger, Mama and Mrs. Grant have their euchre parties once a week. Some of the girls occasionally get up a party to pass the afternoon as the Smiths did last week. Mr. and Mrs. Kimball have been staying with the Thomases. I often see Molly dining about. One girl I have particularly noticed over here is Miss Sussman. She is one girl at least of whom I have heard nothing but praise. She has been staying at the Hellers. I wish Robert and I had taken a house here, it is so nice to be able to have one's friends down for a few days. Mama and Leila could have occupied it in our absence.

I must now tell you of the Kittle wedding. Crowds of people wended their way across the Bay to be present. Lucia looked very well indeed. Nowadays I think all brides look well. This idea of being pale and sad seems to have died out. I never could quite see why a girl should be sad on her wedding day.

Dr. Sherman is tremendously clever, one of our ablest young physicians He has been associated with the Children's hospital for some time. I have heard people say there is nothing he does not know about bones.

The Kittle place in Ross valley is exceedingly pretty. After our congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Sherman we sat about mostly under the trees, for the day was very warm. The dear little church was a mass of green and flowers. Just exactly as one expected to see a church in that picturesquely wooded valley. Most of the girls of Marin county wore organdies and other light dresses. Foulards rather represented those who crossed the Bay. I think this is the last of the summer weddings, Lucia's present were very fine. Such excellent taste had been used in their selection.

I had almost forgotten to tell you of the tennis at San Rafael. Leila was there and so was Arthur who is a most enthusiastic tennis player. He felt sad about Hardy losing but said Whitney played a particularly good game. The courts were crowded. Leila said it quite reminded her of years ago, but lately tennis seems to be coming into popularity again. Arthur thinks there is no game like it. The matches at San Rafael lasted from Saturday until Wednesday when Whitney carried off the cup.

Now, I think this is really all, so Diary, Dear, Goodby.

MRS. CRICKET.

Grand Old Men

Some men seem to defy old age. They walk erect. Their eyes are bright. Their laugh is hearty. They are men of to-day—not men of yesterday. They are also men who have kept themselves in good physical condition in the past. As we grow older waste matter accumulates in the system. The body cannot throw it off without assistance. So, little by little the machinery of the body is clogged, vitality is lowered, and enjoyment of life ceases. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, cannot make old men young, but it does make them strong and healthy. By removing the waste accumulations, by increasing the blood supply, by strengthening the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, and thus increasing the assimilative and nutritive powers, "Golden Medical Discovery" makes grand old men.

"I suffered for six years with constipation and indigestion, during which time I employed several physicians, but they could not reach my case," writes Mr. G. Popplewell, of Eureka Springs, Carroll Co., Ark. "I felt that there was no help for me, could not retain food on my stomach; had vertigo and would fall helpless to the floor. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and little 'Pellets.' I am now in good health for one of my age—60 years. I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's medicines."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets greatly benefit old men by keeping the bowels in activity.

Shade Won't Work

because it isn't mounted on THE IMPROVED **HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.** A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has, by order of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California, been appointed assignee in bankruptcy of Prosley C. Hyman in the place and stead of Henry C. Hyde, the former assignee, deceased.

Dated June 27th, 1900.

FRANK L. OWEN, Assignee.

DUNCAN SPRINGS HOPLAND Mendocino Co.

Two miles from railroad station; 101 miles from San Francisco; enequalled soda and magnesia springs; hospitable management; first-class table; hard-finished hotel; picturesque site and surroundings; two trains daily; long-distance telephone; terms $10 to $12 per week; housekepping cottages $15 to $20 per month. Waters bottled by W. H. Bone, 605-607 Merchant street, S. F. Through fare $3 80 Send for circulars. Address O. HOWELL.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.

TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco | R. H. PEASE, President and Manager. | 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address ***WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE. SEND US YOUR ORDER,*** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing our **1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Archcrown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Mesinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our **binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

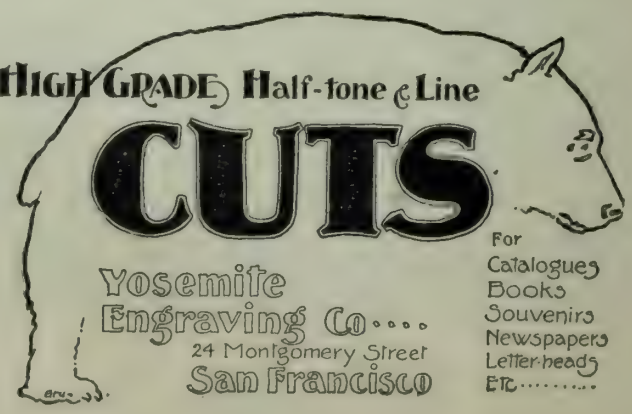
CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at **$8** to **$10** each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for Bargain List. **OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. Give name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.



IN BOOKDOM

WOMEN writers are supposed from the very fact of their femininity to revel in sentiment. It is easy to perceive the pleasure they extract from one of their own romantic scenes, by the length of time it takes them to tell it. The few paragraphs in which a man often glides over the episode of his otherwise interesting hero's, proposal, are very different from the "linked sweetness long drawn out," in which the lady novelist tells how Arabella's head slowly sank upon Algernon's shoulder, and what he did after it was there. As a general thing men's heroines please men, and the woman novelist's hero pleases women. An average human being who has not the eye of genius, can never quite pierce through the roseate light which envelopes the differentiation of the sexes, even in mental capacity, and he sees his heroine either as an unreally perfect creature, or a man dressed up in petticoats, while she—well, if she is a married woman her hero is really too "awfully nice" and gentle for any use, and if unmarried—is just as apt to be a feminine monster wearing a dress suit.

However in the sort of tale which is now in the ascendency—a mixture of the influences of Stevenson, Kipling and other distinctly unpsychological romancers,—it does not matter so much what your hero and heroine are like. His silk small clothes matter more, in a historical novel, and the rapidity with which he can "To horse, to horse," and ride off to thrilling adventures, while the haughty lady in the tower drops a red rose. He always returns and claims her in the end, although (a fact potent only to the reader), he could have had her at any time during the exciting events ensuing, for the mere asking. Upon the cleverness with which the hero is hoodwinked in this regard by the author depends the length of his remarkable activities, and the success of a book. Women writers are learning the trick too. Their character sketching on the whole is becoming more vague and the arrangement of rings and trapezes upon which the characters cavort, more complicated. If a man goes fast enough, he will escape your sight, and if the women and men in a novel will only hurry along at the requisite pace, and perform the necessary number of actions, meeting with an extraordinary amount of picturesque preliminaries to the inevitable ending, what matter it if their qualities are misfits, and their backs conidn't be told one from another?

S. R. Crockett won his place as one of the popular writers of the day by his sympathetic delineations of types of Scottish character. He is also—for a man and a canny Scotchman "unco' fond" of sentiment. He wrote one book, all about a *Lilac Suubonnet*, which is just one man proposing to one girl, and doing it over and over again, from beginning to end. The average reader enjoys a "refined delineation of the affections," and his lad and lassie who made love, whole-heartedly under the *Lilac Sunbonnet* appealed to that general sense—which loves a lover.

But now his latest is *The Isle of the Winds*, a romance of Scotland and the West Indies in the seventeenth century, an adventurous romance. Of course, and how these adventurous romances do sell! They are also easily dramatized. And they stir the heart like the tales of the days of chivalry. In this last romance of Crockett's, long enough to while away a summ r's afternoon (and the sort one would like to burn the midnight oil over to finish) there are plenty of "lassie bairns," "creepie stools," "cruisie lamps," and "hoot awa's," to say nothing of rather grewsome murders and merry lovemakings. It is pulsating with good, warm, human life; and the sturdiness of the adventure, the winsomeness of his coy red-cheeked lassies, the wholesome kindliness of heart, of the men, the quaint humor of his old people, make the romance very charming. Its text, as we are told in the epilogue is that ever new-old one—"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

* *

A residence abroad often seems to do strange things with the Puritanical consciences of our American women. Artists and Litterateurs hope to gain from it that broadening influence, necessary to the development of a mind which seeks to see things in a proper perspective. But there is perhaps such a thing as becoming so broad, under the influence of Old World ideas of morality, as to knock down all one's mental fences, and grow rather dull as to the difference between a question of morals and one of æsthetics.

Blanche Willis Howard's last book, published after her death and written after her residence in Germany, where she had lived since her marriage with an Herr Professor, is rather dull, and certainly steeped in an unconvincing sort of sentimentalism. *The Garden of Eden* she calls it, and the Garden seems to be a cloyingly romantic place, where it is considered legitimate to wander at one's own sweet will, even with another woman's husband—if he happens to love you. The New England heroine—whe is hurried abroad as soon as practicable, where she remains until the end of the book and pursues a somewhat sentimental literary career—certainly has more than her share of ill-luck, as the first man she loves is a married man, and the second one is too and no one else makes any impression on her elevated soul. She flies from one lover at the entreaty of her mother, and forgets him—after years, when she falls in love with the other. This time she does not fly, but enjoys her "Garden of Eden" for awhile, until he dies.

"A little while they had together, and that is all the time there is in the longest life upon this beautiful, sad, glad earth—a little while."

Which is rather a gloomy conclusion for a woman to come to—and at the beginning of her career Blanche Howard wrote some really fresh, strong tales.

* *

Now what is the difference between the sentiment of the one, and the sentimentality of the the other—writer? There are as many sorts of sentiment, as there are individualities,—or books. That which creates a response in one heart, does not in another; but, roughly speaking, the book whose sentiments find the widest response in the hearts of the public is the one that wins, and you may be sure it is not the extreme of sentimentality which does it either. Crockett is to be congratulated upon the vigor and charm of his latest book, and coming in the summer time, it will read well to the accompaniment of mountain rills, or the lapse of waves by the seashore.

* *

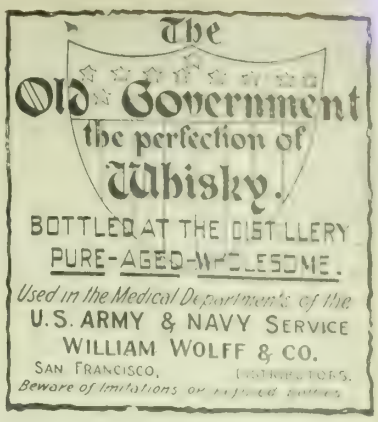
Here is a book by that intrepid woman, who has such independent views of her art, a scorner of critics, and scorner of rules of romance too,—Marie Corelli. She writes for the public direct she says, and somehow she reaches its heart too, though not a critic in England will write a good word for her books. They are reeking with sentiment, but now and then they sound a true note as well, and if they were more simple, and less bizarre and splendid in a way, we have thought, they would stand a chance for a longer life. But here she does give us something more simple, and closer to real life as it is,—in *Boy—A Sketch;* her most important work since the lurid *Sorrows of Satan*, and very different. The language, like a garment which has been carefully fitted, is more suitable for such a theme, and is less likely, too, to burst out into pathological fire-works, of the kind which adorns her more meteoric works. But this book is only the story of a bright, winning child's gradual development into early manhood. It relates the short-comings in his character which overtake him then, to the deep sorrow of his friends, and in the end, his own touching recognition of the fact that he has been a deep disappointment to them and to himself. However, the author kindly allows him to die on the field of glory in South Africa, in the noble fashion of all soldiers who have unostentatiously done their duty. There are several unusual facts in the book—in the first place we are shown distinctly that a boy's best friend is not always his mother, the faults in Boy's character being partly attributable to the fact that his mother, when providentially given the chance, refused to turn him over unreservedly to the wise spinster, who loved him, and would, we are made to feel sure, have brought him up in the way he should go. His mother, however, like a great many other mothers, was very far from being wise or worthy of her charge, and nature having given her the child, had not felt called upon to perfect its work by endowing her with mental powers sufficient to guide him in his development. At the first glimpse of such a situation, one is only too apt to smile, as one does when he hears of a spinster addressing a mother's meeting; but after all there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent a spinster from doing the governing part of a mother's work better than the mother herself. There is nothing truer than that it takes more than one intelligence to properly rear a child. And isn't this rather an odd subject for Marie Corelli, spinster, to be writing about so touchingly and realistically? It strikes us as did the appearance of Ouida's. "The Silver Christ," "The Dog of Flanders," and other little sketches, which showed her in a more idyllic line than heretofore, but which made us like her genius the better. *Boy*, being called *a sketch*, does not lay claim to much in the novel line, but as a delineation it is not uninteresting.

The Isle of the Winds, a Romance of Scotland and the West Indies in the 17th Century; by S. R. Crockett. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

The Garden of Eden; a Novel by Blanche Willis Howard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Boy, a Sketch, by Marie Corelli. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

GRACE A. LUCE.



IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

There is not an ounce of headache in a barrel of it—Jesse Moore "AA" whtskey.

What Are Club Cocktails?

"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties. Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

29 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,
Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

Well No. 2 of the Florence Oil Development and Exploiting Company, operating in the Kittleman Hills, Kings County, California, offices Safe Deposit Building.

Well No. 2 of the Florence Oil Development and Exploiting Company, operating in the Kittleman Hills, Kings County, California, offices Safe Deposit Build ng.

LONDON.

The Archbishop of Rouen and the Bicycle Skirt

The Salle des Fetes, Paris, Erected by the Countess Castellane to Replace the Charity Bazaar.

PARIS.

Charity Bazaars and Smart Costumes.

LONDON.

ACTRESS and lady of title, English and American, middle-class matron, and all the London women are yet laboring for the cause of the armies in South Africa. For the first time in their lives,—to all outward appearances—"smart" people this season have been compelled to take serious views; and flippancy is no longer fashionable. To be "smart" is to be a "thourough-going worldling," and to be a thourough-going worldling here now, you must have not only a patriotic but a personal interest, (if not connection) in the "flower of the army," down there in Africa. The effect of their labors on the Grande Dames is clearly visible even through the quantity of pain on their faces, which is the fashion here now, as the pale cheeks and red lips are in Paris, I saw Lady Georgiana Curzon, the American beauty, and English peeress, on her way down to Woodlands yesterday to try to find some little respite from her ardvous labors as Ambassadress of Mafeking, and the director of the fortunes of the Yeomanry hospitals. But even her time of rest will be no sinecure, as at least one of her private secretaries, is to follow her down, I believe,—and it has taken three the past week to cope with the work of the Mafeking fund alone. By the way, the Duchess of Marlborough chanced to be taking the same train; a beautiful woman; tall, dark and exquisite, but to our American eyes unsuitably dressed in a frock of lite crepe-de-chine, embroidered. But to return—it is not only the grande-dame who makes sacrifices. What would the charitable entertainments be, without the actresses who assist as sellers of programs or drinks, admired of course by the crowd, but to a large degree snubbed by the aristocracy. 'Tis an ordeal which spoils tempers--to say nothing of clothes. Why, the ruin of one costly gown a day at those bazaars is none too liberal allowance. It is admissable for some titled lady, "born to the purple," (or whose husband was) to doff it for the occasion and appear in something servicable, but the actress must look her best. That is what she is there for. That is her cue, as it were, and if she hadn't always taken it heretofore, she wouldn't be there. But princesses, duchesses, actresses, and all feminine world alike, at the National Bazaar last week, trailed their long, fragile gowns over the temporary wooden floor which was rough and dirty. On the first day insult was added to injury by a heavy rain outside imagine then the mud, over which these elegantly attired creatures, stoically glided, rustling about the crowded rooms with both hands full.

The casualties among the lovely gowns of the actresses serving at the American bar were many and tragic. Miss Nellie Stewart succeeded in remaining seemingly oblivious to the fact that her exquisite white-cloth gown, was rapidly acquiring a sombre border, Miss Fanny Ward saw, as the minutes went by, the irrevocable destruction of a delicious French gown of peach-blow *voile* over pink silk, elaborately trimmed with designs in fine lace let into the voile, while Mrs, George Giddons, who had been dainty as a Watteau figure, in a green and whith foulard, with black velvet pipings and vest of Irish point lace—bore smilingly the harrowing knowledge that she was wearing it for the last time. But Mrs. Brown Potter, who had gone home from the Charing Cross Bazaar, in a new white lace dress, black with dirt to the knees, had gained by experience and appeared in an indestructable, easily cleaned, but very smart white alpaca especally mad eover in Paris for the occasion.

Ascot gowns now, as much as the occupation of Pretoria, form the topic of the day, and to make a round of visits to the best dressmakers and celebrated shops, as I have done, fills one's mind with elegant concoctions of light materials and colors, which are to burst forth Ascot week on the most fashionable women of the Kingdom. Black and white, as so often before, seems to be the favorite combination. One costume, to be worn by a brunette who is not slender, was of white and black foulard—the ground white with large-sized round black spots—made with a skirt finely pleated all round, and edged with many rows of fine black lace. The simply fashioned bodice was trimmed with black lace and had the finishing touch of green at neck and waist. The sleeves were something very "late" indeed, tight to the elbows, from which fell a full frill, to be completed by under-sleeves (buttoned to the wrist) of white muslin. A black lace gown, I liked even better, falling over soft shimmering white satin, with glimses of rose-colored chiffon, on the waist, and girdleclasp of jewels. The neck was cut semi-low, not discreetly filled in, but really low, giving space for a string of pearls to be worn. You may be sure that this gown is not intended for one of those, 85 debutanes whose neck has grown scraggy through the stress of many seasons. Then there was a cream guipure gown to be worn with a black picture hat, a gray crepe de-chine, embroidered with fine silver, for which a big pink hat is destined.

But Ascot week, owing to the uncertain British climate, requires cloth as well as muslin, and I saw cloth gowns of pale blue, pink and mauve shades.

The Ascot enclosure will blossom, in places, as the rose, for there are light pink parasols, as well as hats, and petticoats which one is bound at times to see: but on the whole the best dressed women will carry plain silk parasols.

But what a different scene as to costume is now being presented here, in stage-land, where Mr. Beerbohm Tree—ever energetic—is now producing our old American classic—"Rip Van Winkle"—with himself in the title role, of course. The end of the first act of this production is like a scene of revelry in some old Dutch painting. The slender English men and women of the cast are turned by their clumsy costumes into the dumpy stolid Dutch denizens of New York a century ago. Everything is historically correct from the clattering sabots to the dainty white caps on the women's heads. It is Rip himself who dominates the first scene, for Mr. Tree is at his best when bringing out the humorous side of the character. He is in and out everywhere in this act, playing kissing games with the demure Dutch maidens, carrying the children on his back, gaily footing it with the dancers, and finally rolling on the floor at the mercy of his furious wife. In fact, he is a typical picture of the merriest, most reckless ne'er-do-well, with a droll accent, easy philosophy, jolly laugh, and all the other fascinating qualities of an incorrigable. Lily Hanbury, who plays Gretchen, is almost too beautiful for the part, but makes an excellently realistic stage picture in the first act, bending over the queer old Dutch wash-tub and doing quite a respectable bit of washing, her shapely arms shining with soap-suds.

KATRIONA.

PARIS.

FIVE years ago, in America, the question of the bicycle skirt, (or lack of it) for women, ceased to be discussed as a matter of vital importance. It gradually disappeared with the fashion of the wheel itself, until the length (or briefness) of the golf-skirt took its place. Even that is now decided by everyone wearing a skirt long enough, to satisfy the most puritanical. But now over here in France the bicycle skirt comes up again, though it will soon go down—where it belongs. Not in Paris, oh, no,—Paris is occupied with the remaining trails of the glory of the Exposition, visits of royalties, fashions on the Bois, the rise of the American woman as the popular hostess of the hour, picture galleries, and such trifing matters. What to wear on an automobile is a question which has relegated the bicycle to the unfashionable shades. But down in the provinces—at Rouen—some one has discovered, and an Archbishop at that, that women are wearing divided skirts.

One might say that the French ecclesiastical authorities, on the whole, have been having trouble with the wheel and the skirt, ever since they come in juxtaposition. Cardinal Richard not long ago issued his manifesto that priests should not wheel in their cassocks. Why? Because it compelled them to ride women's wheels, and the resulting spectacle was not (clerically) considered edifying.

But that was an earlier effort than this provincial endeavor which has now attracted the attention of Paris. Contrary to the case in Paris, where the passing show is too varied, its movement too fast, for any fad to remain alive very long, the bicycle is not a dead issue in the Provinces. It is the country, where it is somewhat of a necessity, that it is popular. The last ecclesiastic to become exercised over the divided skirt, worn by most of the women riders, is the Archbishop of Rouen. He says that the bifurcated garment is unwomanly and un-Christian. It is neither orthodox nor gentle. Whether or not it is comortable does not enter into the matter,—from the venerable man's point of view. If then, it is wrong for a Christian woman to wear it, the warfare against the garment should have its headquarters at the church. The first militant step taken was when the Archbishop instructed the priests of his diocese to refuse admission to the Cathedral to those women who rode up, attired in reprehensible costume. Now, what is the result? Rouen is a central point, being at the convergence of excellent roads, for many French cyclists and tourists who come to see the Cathedral, and most of the women in these parties arrive unsuspectingly, in divided skirts. The old verger meets them, carrying over his arm the ecclesiastical indulgence of a long skirt, which he offers. He has laid in a large supply. He chooses them out without regard to color or fit. If you are tall you are given a long one, but if you are short you are given a long one too, and what does the verger care for the fact that a blue waist does not go with a green skirt, or vice-versa? He knows only that if you pay a franc, you may put on the ugly, man selected thing, and thus arrayed, enter and survey the wonders of the Cathedral. The women of the city, of course knew about the new order of things, they were warned about the old verger, and bifurcated skirts are becoming a thing of the past on the streets of Rouen. But the English tourist,—she grumbles about the franc, the German accepts the inevitable with docility, the American protests, to her escort—"it is so unbecoming." One replied, I know, with unexampled truthfulness, that "it wasn't, he preferred her so."

We have lively times now in the American colony, the fashionable season here, properly lasting until the close of June. This means that the stream of travel from New York to Paris is becoming smaller by every boat and the rush is over, but those still here are entertaining with magnificence. The Countess Boni de Castellane (Anna Gould) has succeeded in affecting a certain reform in men's attire, at one of her recent entertainments, which many other social leaders, at other times, have labored in vain to bring about. At her dinner dance and flower-fete the men appeared in coats of blue, green, red, white, purple and gray, faced with equally contrasting colors; the result, by those exclusives who were present at the affair, being pronounced most picturesque.

Although French society is the most exclusive in the world, one American has been exceedingly well received therein this season. That is Mrs. Potter Palmer. As everyone knows, she possesses to a remarkable degree, the art of social leadership, and laid for herself the foundation of an international social career, at the time she was President of the Board of Lady Managers of the Chicago Exposition. But it did not follow that she would be the center of American life at the Paris Exposition, yet such has been the case. She is given precedence at dinners, even over Mrs. Peck, wife of the Commissioner, also from Chicago. She has also sent for her silver plate! This may not at first glance seem so significant, but it certainly implies that she in her turn, is entertaining, and entertaining titled foreigners who could not be asked to eat off anything less than private silver plate. Even royalty—who knows?

I heard two girl art-students in a cafe speak of her, the other day, as she passed by in her carriage.

"She was known as one of the handsome Honores in Chicago," said one, "before she married Potter Palmer, who was not so aristocratic as he is now. The Honores, men and women, were all tall and dark-eyed, and this goes well with her prematurely gray hair."

"Let me see," said the other, "her sister married Col. Fred Grant, I think, who belongs to a family, which on the contrary might be called plain." "Yes, and it was while with Mrs. Palmer in Italy," pursued the other, complacently sipping from her glass, "that their daughter Miss Julia Grant, met her future husband, Prince Cantacuzene. They say that when Miss Grant was at West Point, the cadets used to scramble for the petals of the roses that fell from her bouquet." "That was very nice," sighed the other. "At any rate she was married from Mrs. Palmer's home at Newport, and the Chicago woman's social career, seems not to have reached a climax yet. This is not only because she had the Honore beauty, but a good deal of American common sense. "And perhaps that may account for Mrs. Palmer's social success—common sense applied to social leadership.

BABETTE.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a riva and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

A fellow once said, "I want some whiskey, and I want it bad;" so they didn't give him Jesse Moore.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 3:5.

DENTIST.

DR. C W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—130 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the *SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.*

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.

110 Montgomery St, S. F.

Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms. Elevator Service

THE BRADBURY,

J. A. FERSON, Proprietor.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL

N. W. Cor. Polk and California Sts.,

San Francisco, Cal.

Excellent Cuisine References required.
Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and upwards
Reasonable by the month.

TEL. HYDE 2771

A Bowery Rivalry.

ROSY RILEY waited the coming of her steady, Dionysius Jeremiah McGuirk. It was the night of the D. J. McGuirk Association's annual ball and the Riley home was torn up to the very foundation. For Rosy had been invited to lead the march with Dionysius, the President, known to the familiars of his set as Dinny.

Dinny and Rosy had kept company for nearly a year, but as yet he had not spoken the fateful words. He called on Rosy every Sunday and Wednesday night, on which occasions the rest of the Riley family crowded into the two rear rooms and talked in muffled voices. As Rosy's brother said, Dinny was dead stuck. Still the evenings were not marked by any particular progress toward the goal matrimonial. These two young people knew nothing of the playful badinage and make-believes of love. Rosy invariably met her visitor with a surprised "Good evenin', Dinny," and Dinny replied with a nonchalent "Good evenin', Riley," which was not meant for disrespect, for Riley was really a sort of pet name.

After this greeting Dinny and Rosy invariably and immediately seated themselves on the sofa, which now, after a year's routine, had sunk in the center. Dinny's arm stole automatically around Rosy's waist and her head sank gently on his shoulder and thus they remained from eight until ten in an apparent trance, broken only by Mr. Riley's voice declaring aloud the hour as did the watchman of old. Except that Mr. Riley's method was more conversational in this wise:

"Raw-sy—Raw-sy—I say?"

"Yes—Pap-paw?"

"D'yiz knaw what time it iz?"

Which was the signal for an immediate breaking up of the Rogers group on the settee.

But the annual ball of the D. J. McGuirk Associaton had marked an epoch in both their lives. First of all it had brought a rival upon the scene in the person of Mr. Henny Block, the blithe assistant and prospective partner in a thriving undertaker shop in the neighborhood. Henny was something of a blood. He sported russet leather shoes in the winter, wore gaily colored shirts and ties and had a stock of vaudeville witticisms which caused him to be described as splendid comp'ny. Besides this he had once been seen supping with a bleached actress in a Bowery beanery. When Mr. Block met Rosy as she came from the factory one evening and walked home with her despite the jeers of her companions, Rosy knew that she had a mash. Henny's manner was something new to her. It was carefully copied from that of the leading men on the Bowery stages and it affected her strangely after Dinny's matter-of-fact courtship.

"Miss Riley," he said, "will youse giv me the pleasure of your company to the affair Wensda' night?"

"Wensda'," faltered Rosy, remembering it was the night of Dinny's visit. "I d'no—Mr. Block, I'll have to ask me steady!"

"A—h— — — —!" said Henny.

"A—h— — —yerself!" said Rosy. "What d'youse mean?"

"A—h—h—h—He's a mug! He don't know how to treat a lady!"

"Excuse yerself, Mr. Block, he's me fren' and he's a perfeck gentl'm'n."

"Ah-h-h! Giv' him a stand-up and go wit me—an' say, ye won't know dat he ixists!"

"I'll make up me mind," said Rosy, with the instinct of a coquette, "an' I'll let youse know."

"Is dat straight?"

"Dat's straight!"

It was under the impetus of this occurrence that Dinny finally asked Rosy to lead the march at the ball.

"Well, youse go wit me, Riley, see?" he said.

And when she acquainted the Riley family with the honor that had been offered her, they looked at her with increased respect. No sane man could invite a girl to lead the grand march at a ball of his own association unless he meant to single her out from the world as the lady of his heart.

Dinny's manner when he called for Rosy was a disappointment. He was oppressed by a hired dress suit and a new shirt, the collar of which was a thorn in the neck.

Rosy had never looked better. Her lips and cheeks were red and her brown hair done "pompydore" by the girl on the next floor was sufficiently fluffy and pretty to form an admirable setting for her gypsyish face. Then she had a new pink silk shirt waist and a hat off her face with a huge pink rose nodding over its brim.

But Dinny glowered as he waited for her to put on her jacket. First of all he had scrapped with Henny Block for trying to steal his girl, and Henny had retorted with language unfit for publication. In his heart he was picturing Henny in a dress suit which he actually owned, carrying off Rosy before his very eyes. And a man can't very well start a fight at the annual ball of his own association.

So they went out and got into a crosstown car. And on the way uptown Dinny gave Rosy lessons on the proper way to lead a grand march at a chowder club ball.

"If youse get twisted," Dinny said, "I'll give youse de wink and jerk me head how yer to go. See? An' don't fall down or trip over yer feet, see? or dey'll giv' me de laugh."

Rosy listened and promised, but there was a feeling smoldering under the new shirt waist that Dinny did not shine in his role of escort as brilliantly as he did on the occasions of his visits at the Riley home. Rosy was beginning to feel the consciousness of her power. She found herself wondering if Henny would be there.

Before the march had begun Rosy was easily the belle of the ball. There was a certain ingenuousness about her. She did not swear, and she drank only sarsaparilla. Dinny went off leaving her with a group of girls and fellows at the side of the hall. Then Henny came to her side, looking more of a "dood" than ever. He came close to her and whispered in her ear:

"Say—youse is a beauty bright to-night."

"A—h—h—G'way. None o' yer funny biznes," said Rosy. But she blushed.

"Will youse dance wit me once?" hs whispered.

"I'll ask me steady," said Rosy. "I come with a gentl'm'n fren'."

"A—h—h—h—t'ell wit him. I'll break his face—de mug!"

"Excuse yourself," said Rosy haughtily.

"Ah—h—h said Henny. "He don't know how to treat yer. Say, yer out o' sight. Yer perfict hot stuff. Say, dance wit me onct—will yer—just onct?"

Henny's voice had grown low and entreating. Suddenly across the floor she saw a figure approaching—a brawny figure in a badly fitting suit towered over by a chin that looked like iron.

She spoke quickly. "Take a sneak," she said. And Henny, who had also seen the chin, took one.

Dinny took Rosy's arm roughly, pulling her out of the group.

"I'll jab dat dood in de slats if he opens his head to youse to-night," he said.

"Ah—h—h—h I'm only jollying him," said Rosy, trying to laugh. But Dinny's face was terrible to look upon.

Then the march began. Down through the hall Rosy moved on Dinny's arm, her little head poised proudly on her round neck, her pink feet twinkling in and out beneath her skirt in time to the music.

Then with a great flare of the band Dinny let go Rosy's arm at the head of the hall. She was supposed to lead a single column of girls down one side of the room while Dinny led a corresponding file of men. Then both were to meet at the foot of the hall and break into sets for the lancers.

But as Rosy lost the protecting strength of Dinny's arm under her own, she became stricken with stage fright. She faltered and her knees shook.

"Git a move on ye, Riley," said the girl behind her. But Rosy faltered—she had lost the step——.

"Make a bluff," said the girl, "for Gawd's sake, Riley, make a bluff!"

"I can't—I can't move," said Rosy; "I'll drop. Me knees is shakin'!" She began to cry like a baby.

"A—h—h—be a lady, Riley—or say, the floor-manager is on—say, drop out, Riley—on one of de chairs and I'll go on."

Rosy dropped on a chair weeping. At the moment she wished she might have died. She thought of Dinny marching proudly on expecting to meet her at the other end of the room. And now—a blur came before her eyes and she noticed the girls passing by her and commenting on her. The general opinion expressed was that she needed plain seltzer.

Just then Henny Block appeared by her side. He took her arm very gently. "Say," he said, "Miss Riley, come on out o' here. Dey're all rubberin'. Take a brace and come out."

Rosy allowed him to lead her down the narrow aisle left between the girls and the chairs until they reached the door. She was still crying.

"Ah—h—fergit it!" said Henny. "Say, dere's none o' dem rags in it wit youse. Youse de only pebble!"

Henny's lips were at Rosy's ear in a seductive whisper. Suddenly she thought of Dinny's intention to jab the slats of the man who had rescued her. She looked about her in a wild tumult.

"Let's get out o' here!" said Henny.

"I must wait for me gentl'm'n frien'," sobbed Rosy.

"Ah—h—h—! He's in a set. He can't break the set. He won't know where youse is."

"I want to go home then," said Rosy; "I'll get me hat and jacket."

"It'll take ye all night t' get them. I'll take ye home. Say, here's me hankerchief—fergit it!"

Henny led Rosy to the door, his eyes bright with triumph. He called a cab.

Rosy stared with horror. To the girls of the gang a cab was not considered respectable.

"Ah—say—," she said; "what d'youse think I am?"

"Ah—fergit it," said Henny; "I'm a gentl'm'n, I am—an' don't yer make no mistake. Yer can't go home in a car witout a hat an' in dem shoes!"

Rosy colored. She stepped across the sidewalk through the light rain that had begun to fall and entered a hansom that had answered Henny's whistle. She shrank back in the corner.

"Are youse cold?" asked Henny, politely; "dere's a blanket here on de seat."

Henny's chivalrous kindness was too much for Rosy. She burst out in a perfect passion of sobs.

"Ah—say—" said Henny, "fergit it, Miss Riley. Why don't you shake dat mug and be my stiddy? He's nothin' but a tough; say, if you wus my girl I'd do anything fer ye—say, I love youse, Rosy; kiss me onct—just onct."

Just then Henny's remarks were cut short. A heavy body was hurled against the back of the cab with such force that the vehicle jolted up on the horse's back and all but sent the driver reeling.

A white, set face appeared around the hood of the cab and Dinny with a string of profanity that almost equalled the driver's, plunged on Henny like a gorilla, seized him bodily for a minute and almost held him over his head before he flung him out wide of the cab over the wheels onto the cobble stones.

"Ye blankety, blankety, blank, blank body-snatcher," he yelled, "ye will try to steal me girl, will ye?" "Gid-ep!" he said to the driver.

Rosy's heart thrilled. Dinny sank back luxuriously in the hansom as though he were tired. Rosy's head stole gently to his shoulder.

"Dinny," she whispered, "youse can kiss me."

It was the first time, and poets have written reams on the subject of love's first kiss. But if Rosy had analyzed it, she must have admitted that it felt like a dab of cold wet flannel and landed somewhere near her ear.

She nestled close to him.

"Do you love me, Dinny?" she asked, timidly.

Dinny paused a moment as the cab swerved round a corner.

"Damned if I know, Riley," he said.

N. Y. Sun.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY

Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c

Hall's Family Pills are the best

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Don't drink the first thing the bartender offers. Call for Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey and insist on getting it.

The Pianola is bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for years. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell street. Sole agents.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—Savings and Loan Society 101 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter—The board of directors delared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1900, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits free of taxes and payable on and after July 2, 1900. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1900.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 33 Post street. For the half year ending June 30th, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday July 2nd, 1900.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—The Continental Building and Loan Association, corner of California and Sansome streets, for the half year ending June 30th, 1900, has declared a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits; 6 per cent on Term Deposits; 10 per cent to class "F" stock; and 12 per cent to class "A."

CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—Office of the Hibernian Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, June 27, 1900.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth [3⅛] per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1900, free from all taxes and payable on and after July 1, 1900.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,238,372 45
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits July 30, 1900.....28,938,395 12

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, I. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits July 1, 1900.....$26,952,875
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 218, 93
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen Robert Watt, Thomas Magee,
George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery,
Daniel E. Martin, C O G. Miller, Jacob Barth,
E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

MUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Miss Lillian Burkhart; Williamson and Stone; Donohue and Nichols; Smith and Fuller; Barrere and Jules; Stella Mahew; Quaker City Quartette; Clayton, White and Marie Stuart, assisted by Miss Eva Randolph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 16th.
Fourth week Charles Frohman presents
HENRY MILLER
and a special company
Six nights, matinees Wed. and Sat.
In last season's greatest comedy success

THE LIARS

by Henry Arthur Jones.
July 23—"The Only Way," first time here.
July 19—First Burton Holmes Lecture Matinee

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sun. Night, July 15th. Matinees Saturday Only.

Matthews & Bulger in conjunction with DUNNE & RYLEY'S ALL STAR CAST. in a Grand Revival of their Polite Funny Play

At Gay Coney Island.

Next week—"By the Sad Sea Waves.
Our Never Changing Popular Prices.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Week of July 10th.
The hit of the year, every night at 8:15.

FLORENCE ROBERTS

Assisted by White Whittlesey
in an artistic production of

INGOMAR.

Matinee Saturday only.
Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
n preparation—"The Country Girl."

Columbia Theatre.

Burton Holmes Lectures

Direction of Henry Miller.

Illustrations in colors and appropriate Motion Pictures. Two courses exactly alike.

Six Thursday matinees at 2:30
Six Sunday evenings at 8:30.

Manila, July 19 and 22.
Japan revisited, July 26 and 29.
Round About Paris, Aug. 2 and 5.
Grand Canon, Aug. 9 and 12.
Moki Land, Aug. 16 and 19.
Hawaiian Islands, 23 and 26.
Reserved seats $1, 75c., and 50c., ready Mon.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH

Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

When taken at the proper time a little Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey will prevent a cold.

AT THE THEATERS

IT IS scarcely a mooted point any longer which carries a women farthest along the road to success on the stage—cleverness or beauty. Almost all American girls are pretty—but beauties among them are as rare as in other counties. But even if a women has the real thing she is greatly handicapped by a lack of cleverness—at much more of a disadvantage than the plain talented woman, whom we have become used to as the type of the successful actress. Here in "A Contented Woman," at the California we have a beautiful girl, Miss Norma Whalley, in the title-role, and with commendable earnestness she is trying to act up to her looks. It is not an easy job, and of course she fails. Remembering that extremely clever pretty woman, Caroline Miskel Hoyt, in the role, we are not edified by this crude performance of Miss Whalley's. It wouldn't have mattered whether or not the woman in politics portrayed in this play was beautiful, so long as she was charming or had a magnetic personality, or a knowledge of her art, or any of these qualities which outbalance a lack of mere beauty. The play involves the ludicrous situation of one of the supposedly gentler sex running as candidate for mayor of the town against her own husband. The story of the campaign of politics as caricatured by Hoyt in the usual broadly farcical manner, gives opportunity for all sorts of absurdities, and for the usual large number of musical specialties. The characters are those expected to surround a contented woman or any other sort of woman—when she gets into politics. Bulger as *Brighton Bells*, a saloon boss, is true to life and funny in the same old way. He displays the seamy, waydown side of politics, with the able assistance of an ex-prize fighter, taken by Andrew Bode, and "me friend the bar-keep," by C. Herbert. Tony Hart, this time as *Uncle Toddy*, does much better work than in the earlier plays of the engagement. He is about as funny as anything in the piece, and has a laughable situation when at last subjugated by his tyrant better-half, and sent to bed with the chickens. Louise Gunning, graceful and pretty as ever, adds very much to the musical attractions of the play.

* *

By all odds the most interesting feature of the Orpheum bill this week is the work of the Four Cohans in their farce written by George Cohan—"Money to Burn." The lines and situations of the play are genuinely amusing, and each of the Cohans act for all there is in them, tempting one to the opinion that even in a much less clever farce, they could not fail to entertain any audience. The closing of the farce, with George Cohan's tremendously clever dance, as a Salvation Army Recruit, is a fitting climax. George Cohan himself is the favorite with the audience. His rendition of *Splinters*, a tough boy is inimitably done and not overdone.

But it occurs to one to wonder if even the Cohan's could make anything interesting out of that inconceivably stupid playlet—"The Waldorf-Metropole Episode." Not a ray of amusement was visible on the composite face of the audience until the appearance of the physical culture Professor. But even that excitement soon blew over. Marie Stuart rather saved the thing by her clever imitations of foreign music hall singers, and her French song.

The Todd-Judge family of acrobats are the best seen here in some time; the exhibition of muscular developement given by one of them with an open cabinet and calcum lights is a vaudeville novelty.

Stella Mayhew, the negro impersonator, is realistic in her methods, but can scarcely equals the darkey impersonations of Quaker City Quartette, in their barber-shop scene. The audience stays for the Biograph pictures this week, as they are of war subjects in South Africa and the Philippines, and popular.

* *

Florence Roberts, playing "Camille" at the Alcazar this week, attracts large audiences. She invests the part with the same fascination, pathos and fire, with which she endowed "Sapho." This is due to an extemely sympathetic voice, a strong emotional temperament to draw upon, and a natural archness of manner. Also, her irregularly expressive features and quickness of gesture quite fit in with one's preconceived idea of a French woman.

Mr. Whittlesey as *Armand* has a far more difficult part to portray than *Jean*.

Here we have a man who has a taste of the tragedy himself, and goes through all sorts of states of feeling, quite different from the phlegmatic *Jean* from the Provinces. In both plays he presents an appearance attractive enough to warrant some of the fuss made over him. But in "Camille" he is expected to do a good deal more—to express emotions with that Gallic openness so foreign to the Anglo-Saxon masculine temperament. However, perhaps the hardest task for Whittlesey was going through so large a part of the first act with nothing to say. But as a lover he leaves little to be desired, and certainly fairly divides the honors of the performance with Florence Roberts.

* *

With a performance of "A Contented Woman" at the California Theatre to-night Dunne and Ryley's comedians will bid farewell to Hoyt's farce comedies and to-morrow night they will stage "At Gay Coney Island," the piece in which Mathews and Bulger starred for several seasons. The full strength of the company will be in the cast. The specialties will be entirely new.

* *

"The Dancing Girl," probably the most sickeningly sentimental play foisted upon the public in these later days and very popular for that reason, is at the Grand this week, and doing good business. Morosco's is finding its level again, getting nearer and nearer the old days of thrill and scenic effect at every jump. Next week, "The Great Ruby" should make it all seem quite like the old days.

The new Frawleys are, as they were in the days of their late engagement at the California, a mixed lot. There is not an actor in the bunch who is not good in some one line, but a play which fits one-half the cast is generally a misfit on the rest. This week, for example, Mary Van Buren, she of the stately beauty and the sparkle, was cast for a sentimental cripple on crutches, and Frank Mathieu, who excels in a smart society part, played an enamored fisherman full of high ideals and rant. On the other hand, Harrington Reynolds was admirably fitted to his role of melodramatic old man.

This is leaving out Lackaye, who is a good actor wherever he is cast, a perpetual delight. Never since melodrama was called off the boards has an actor at the Grand received such an enthusiastic series of curtain-calls as were given him after the third act of "The Dancing Girl." And he deserved them, if the play did not.

* *

The fourth week of the season at the Columbia Theater, of Henry Miller and his special company, will see the rendition of Henry Arthur Jones' comedy "The Liars," beginning Monday night and continuing the week, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

This is the play with which Miller inaugurated his last season at the Columbia, and its success will be remembered.

For the week commencing Monday, the 23d, they will present "The Only Way," that successful dramatization of Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities," in which Miller has been appearing in New York. Over seventy-five people will be included in the production, and it ought to be the star attraction of his repertoire.

* *

This week witnesses the return of the popular Miss Burkhart to the Orpheum. She is to appear in a new playlet: "Captain Suzanne," written for her by Brandon Hurst. This is the first time it has been put on, and the work of preparation has been thorough and costly.

John Donohue and Miss Mattie Nichols will give an amusing sketch, Williamson and Stone the black-face comedians introduce original novelties, and the Biograph will present new pictures.

* *

The Burton Holmes lectures begin Thursday afternoon, July 19th, at the Columbia Theatre. This lecture will be repeated on the Sunday evening following. There will be six lectures given in two courses, both courses to be alike. The subjects are: "Manila," "Japan," "Round About Paris," "The Grand Canyon of Arizona," "Moki Sands," and "The Hawaiian Islands."

* *

The sixth week of Florence Roberts' and White Whittlesey's performance of well-known plays at the Alcazar will be ushered in with a revival of the old favorite "Ingomar," first presented at the Old Bowery Theater in New York in 1851, and acted by most of the heavy stars since.

PAIN-KILLER, as an internal remedy, has no equal in cases of colic, summer complaint, dyspepsia, dysentery, and rheumatism. It is the best liniment in the world. Its action is like magic, when applied to bad sores, burns, scalds, and sprains. For the sick headache, and toothache, don't fail to try it. Avoid substitutes, there is but one PAIN-KILLER, Perry Davis'. Price 25c. and 50c.

The choicest club whiskey is Jesse Moore "AA," and in club life it is in great demand.

Wherever there is a piano there should be a pianola. The pianola plays any piano. Any one can play it. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St., sole agents.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving.

Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original.) Sample free GERHARD MENNEN Co., Newark, N.J.

HOTEL VENDOME.

At San Jose is one of Central California's most beautiful hostelries. In the midst of its own twelve-acre park; two blocks from the railroad station where almost hourly trains connect with the outside; the starting point for Lick Observatory; the center of a greater number and variety of attractions than any other place on the Coast; furnished finely, graded and watered roads for driving and cycling lead in every direction; with over 250 elegantly furnished rooms, and suites with bath and toilet; perfect in appointment, service and all the accessories of comfort, and one of the most attractive features of San Jose, the metropolis of the world renowned Santa Clara Valley.

GEO. P. SNELL,
Manager

Tavern of Castle Crag

AND SODA SPRINGS

NOW OPEN.

Located in the midst of grand and impressive mountain scenery. With Mt. Shasta and The Crags for a background.
Fine hunting and fishing.
Unsurpassed cuisine and service and reasonable rates.

RAILROAD FARE round trip, including sleeper both ways $14

For rates, terms and other information address R. B. PIXLEY, Manager.
Care Pacific Improvement Co., Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

LAKE COUNTY.

New 19-passenger Yosemite Stages, all outside seats, direct to the most picturesque portion of California. Best equipped stage line in the state. Leaves Calistoga daily (Sunday excepted) at 11:30 a. m., direct to Harbin, Seigler, Adams, Howard, Anderson, Astorgo, and Glenbrook; half an hour for lunch at Calistoga; also to Middletown, Lower Lake, Kelseyville and Lakeport. Wm. Spiers, Proprietor. Calistoga, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—MEXICAN GOLD and Silver Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July 1900, an assessment [No. 64] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary, at the office of the Com pany, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment sh all remain unpaid on the fourteenth day of August 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 5th day of September 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 9th day of July, 1900, an assessment (No. 119) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No 14, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shal, remain unpaid on the 14th day of Aug., 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 3rd day of Sept. 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertisng and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
E. L. PARKER, Secretary
Office: Room No. 14, Nevada block, No. 309 Mont omery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Perfection in Champagne.

The celebrated vintage of 1893 of Moet & Chandon White Seal, now being imported into the United States, is perfection, being the product of the choicest grapes. Its selection by connoisseurs is proof of its high quality.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

SantaFe Route

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 9:00 a. m.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave three times each week in Pullman Vestibuled Tourist Cars and are exceedingly popular with the traveling public. The principal cities of the East are reached by them and the service in all that counts for comfort and convenience is almost equal to the Palace cars. The cars are finished in mahogany, lightened with Pintsch gas and a Porter is in charge to attend to the wants of passengers. Plenty of clean linen is provided and the beds are very comfortable. A handsome folder, describing this service in detail, may be had for the asking at the Company's Office. 641 Market St.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails June 2, 12, 22; July 2.
Columbia sails June 7, 17, 27; July 7.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, July 25 at 2 p.m.

S. S. Alameda for Australia Wednesday Aug. 8, at 8 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m. July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 11 a.m. July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Aug. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. July 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Aug 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Aug. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. July 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Aug. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of June 1900, an assessment (No. 51) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of August, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 27th day of August, 1900, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

CALIFORNIA BOOKS

A Handsome Series of New and Useful Publications

The Southern Pacific Company has published for free distribution the following books and folders which may be obtained from any Southern Pacific agent, or T. H. Goodman, general passenger agent at San Francisco. If you apply by mail inclose a stamp for each publication.

Resorts and Attractions Along the Coast Line is a handsomely illustrated folder giving a description of the health and pleasure resorts of the coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Shasta Resorts embelished with beautiful half-tone engravings, describes the scenic and outing attractions of the vast and wonderful Shasta region, the grandest of pleasure grounds.

California South of Tehachapi tells all about the charms of that remarkably favored semi-trophic garden spot, Southern Pacific.

A Handsome Map of California, complete in detail, reliable, skillfully indexed, and full of information about the State's resources. It is the only publication of its kind conveniently folded for pocket use.

Summer Outings is a 32-page folder devoted to the camping retreats in the Shasta region and Santa Cruz mountains It appeals more directly to that large and growing class of recreation seekers who prefer this populor form of outing

Pacific Grove is the Chautauqua of the West, and this folder not only describes the pretty place itself, but gives a program of the religsous and educational meetings, conventions, schools, etc., to be held there this summer.

Other publications are **Lake Tahoe, Geysers and Lake County Yosemite, Hotel del Monte, Castle Crags**, each brimful of information about the places named, and printed in the highest style of the art. Go and see

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO Pacific Coast Sole Agents

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALPS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

From San Francisco at 10 a. m.

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, Buffet Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m. The best of everything.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
617 Market Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.
American and European Plan.

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Irving Institute Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
2126 California Street, San Francisco.
Next season will begin August 6th. Accredited to the Universities. Seminary and Full Conservatory of Music. Primary Department for Children. Carriage will call. For futher information, address he principal. REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M.

Alfred Caue, Luther A. Teague
Frederick Teague.
Teague, Cane & Teague
DENTISTS.
Claus Spreckels Bldg. Third and Market Sts
hone Main 1459. Sixth Floor, S.F., Cal

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY
Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

ECCLESIASTICAL SURGERY.—Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London a half-century ago, received a complaint once, to the effect that a certain new church in the provinces had been disfigured inside and out, with "useless gewgaws." Consequently, he went down and investigated. He could find nothing amiss with the exterior of the church, nor with the interior, until just as he reached the chancel he looked up and saw four wooden images apparently guarding the pulpit. "What do those figures represent?" he inquired. "The four evangelists, my lord," replied the architect. "They appear to be asleep," said the Bishop. "Do you think so, my lord?" "That's the way they look to me," said the Bishop decidedly. "John," called the architect to a man who was at work on one of the pews, "bring your chisel and open the eyes of the evangelists."

PATRIOTISM.—Judge John L. Hall of Macon, Georgia, adds this mite to the body of our war stories: When war was declared against Spain, the darkies became greatly agitated because there was talk of putting them to the front to fight the Spaniards. They offered all sorts of amusing excuses for not enlisting. One old negro said to a man who was urging him to take up arms against Spain: "What for, Mars George," said the old man. "I ain't got nuthin' aginst them Spaniels. They never done nuthin' to me. I ain't got a thing aginst them Spaniels, what's the use of us fightin'?" "Patriotism," replied the man; "you should fight for love of country." "Heh!" said the darkey, "luv er country. I dun live in town so long I ain't got no use for de country."

HIS PRIDE FORBADE.—A Denver tramp the other day applied at a house which he had carefully chosen because the lawn did not need cutting nor the flower beds weeding. The lady of the house produced a plentiful "hand-out-" "And now I want you to chop some kindlings for me," she said, when he had finished. "I knew you were too weak to do it until you had had a square meal." "You were right, madam, quite right. Now I need the exercise, it would do me good; it would send the blood coursin' through me veins and bring back the sparkle to me eye. But I come of a proud race. I am a Montgomery of Montgomery; I could not use your back yard and its appliances as a gymnasium without payin' you liberal and, madam, I am penniless."

INTERNATIONAL REPARTEE.—Bernard Green, of the Congressional Library, happened to be crossing the Atlantic a few years ago on the Fourth of July. An Englishman of rather unpleasant manners, noticing the flags flying and the band playing, asked, "What is this the anniversary of, anyway. Isn't this to celebrate the battle of Bull Run, or something of the sort?" "Something of the sort," answered Green, "John Bull Run."

HIS MONEY'S WORTH.—When Reymini, the famous violinist, was a young man, he was engaged by a parvenu to play at a dinner, the agreement stating that he was to furnish music from eight oclock to eleven. He began with an Adante movement from Mozart, a composition which opens very low and soft. The host turned to his guests. "That's just like those musicians," he said. "I hired him by the hour, and see how slow he plays."

OBSCURE—A Frenchwoman of great personal charm was visiting a New York family and was being entertained at a roof garden. In an interlude by the ochestra she turned to her host and asked what the the musicians were playing. "I'd Leave My Happy Home For You," answered the host. "Yes, I know," answered the lady with a glance of coquetry, "but ze tune zat zey play, M'sieu—vat ees eet?"

WELL-TRAINED.—An English boy carefully reared in courtesy to toward his elders, was instructed, on going away to school, to telegraph home "Yes," if he found everything satisfactory. He did so, and the busy father having forgotten the arrangement and being therefore puzzled, telegraphed back: "Yes, what?" The answer came: "Yes sir!"

PALACE HOTEL
The high standard of excellence maintained by this hotel is recognized and appreciated by a fastidious and discriminating clientele who regularly make it their headquarters when visiting San Francisco.
The GRAND HOTEL is operated in conjunction with the Palace to which it is joined by a covered passageway, placing under one management 1400 rooms, more than half of which have baths attached.
AMERICAN PLAN. EUROPEAN PLAN.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

WHEN LEAVING THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE
Safe Deposit Vaults
OF THE
First National Bank
N. W Corner Bush and Sansome Sts.
EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY
REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION
Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p m.

REPSOLD
REGISTERED BRAND
SELECT VINTAGE
REPSOLD
Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner
This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office. 416 Pine Street

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.
and Canadian Development Company, Ltd.
THROUGH LINE TO DAWSON.
Two first-class trains daily between Skaguay and Bennett, B. C. Ten first-class steamers operating between White Horse and Dawson. Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points.
SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
KLONDIKE AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.
FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash.
Phone Main 574
S. P. BROWN General Agent 116 Yesler Way, Seattle Was

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Mede from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents,

From Admiral George Dewey:
Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco: Dear Sir—I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent me at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly.
Very truly yours,
George Dewey.

A GRADUATE
George Mayerle
German Expert Optician
Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED
1071½ Market St.
near Seventh
Telephone Mint 257
German Eye Wate 50 cents.

From General Wm. R. Shafter:
Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco
Dear Sir—The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair.
Very truly yours,
Wm. R. Shafter,
Major-General U. S. V.

The Wave

1900

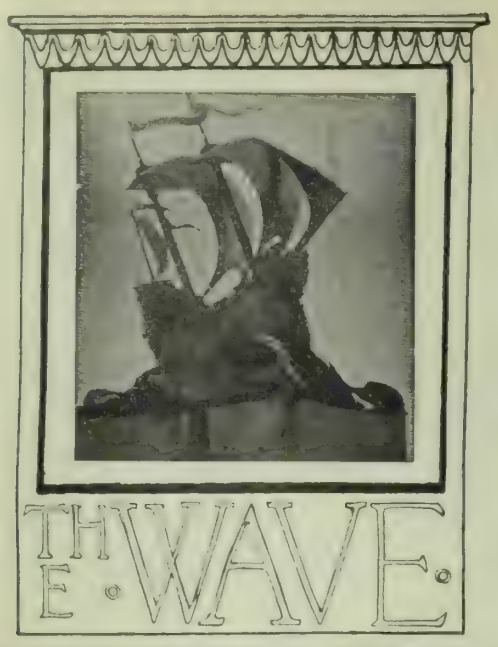
VOL. XXI. No. 26 SAN FRANCISCO—JULY 21, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

Waiting in Line for the First Mail of the Year

The Afternoon Crowd on Front Street.

Photos by Johnson and Sadler.

THE SPRING RUSH AT NOME CITY.



is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—July 14, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 2
Editorial Comment 3
Incomparable Hiya-Ai-Kwang 4
The Deposed Emperor 5
Views of China 5
The Cape Nome Re-Action 6
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 7
Hindoo Devotees in the Ganges, Illustration 8
The Meanest City 9
The Famine in India 9
Meditations of a Matron 10
At the Theatres 11
A Suburban Cinch 12
Correspondence—London 13
New Sugar Enterprises in Hawaii 14-16
New Stories Re-told 18

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Chinese Situation Grows Darker.

Still the safety of the Pekin foreigners, the absorbing topic of the day in the civilized world, is in doubt. This week, however, there is much less cause to hope than formerly, as a number of reports, emanating from Chinese sources but agreeing in the main details, relate that the legations are all destroyed and the foreigners all dead. The information came to the consuls at Shanghai so direct that they cabled it as a fact to their respective governments and it was accepted in all the capitals of Europe. But on the heels of this report, the Chinese minister at London gave out a statement to the effect that the legations were standing and under Imperial protection on July 9th, two days after the date of the alleged massacre. Coming from any other government, this would have been regarded as true; coming from the Chinese who have lied and temporized all through the crisis, it is regarded as a ruse aimed to mollify the Powers until public indignation cools, permitting the news to be broken gently. European diplomats naturally inquire if the ministers are safe and under protection, and if Pekin can so readily communicate with London, why no word comes out from the surrounded legations to their home governments. Every other indication, every other probability points to an awful slaughter in Pekin. It is needless to say that, if it has really happened, the Chinese have perpetrated a crime without parallel in the history of nations. As far back as history goes, the persons of ambassadors have been respected even by the bitterest enemies. The murder of a Roman messenger, who had by no means the standing of an embassador, was made by Julius Cæsar the occasion of exterminating the offending tribe. It is probable that the ensuing war will be one of vengeance rather than of conquest. All this, of course, is conditional on the reports being true. If the Chinese authorities—as seems unlikely—are really guarding the embassies, the trouble must be considered more in the light of a rebellion, which the Powers must assist in suppressing.

The Alleged Slaughter at Pekin.

The story of the slaughter of the Pekin legations is told with such circumstance and comes, with slight variations, from so many sources, that it is worth respecting here on the belief that it is true. Certainly, the consuls at Shanghai, being on the ground, must have been given strong proof of its reliability before sending it to their home governments. At the same time, it may be only a clever hoax of the sensational newspaper correspondents. According to the story, on a date varying in the accounts from July 1st to July 7th, the foreigners, having weakened in the fire which they had kept up incessantly on their native besiegers, seemed to be running out of ammunition. Accordingly, Prince Tuan, placing artillery, attacked them during a whole night. The loyalist Chinese troops who have been making a show of defending the foreigners thereupon attacked the Boxers but were easily repulsed, as many soldiers deserted to the fanatic ranks at the first rush. In the morning it became certain that the last European cartridge was gone, and Tuan ordered a general attack. Thereupon, the whites made a rally in hollow square formation with the women and children inside, hoping as a last chance to cut their way out. They were met outside by a heavy fire from machine-guns, and were forced to halt and make a last stand with the bayonet. The case being hopeless, they killed their women and children, and died fighting bravely. A few cut their way back to the British Compound, but were shot there or were burned to death in the conflagration that followed. The foreigners being all dead, the mob rushed on the native Christians and killed them by torture. With their last ammunition and during the last night of the struggle, the foreigners fairly butchered the closepacked mob of attacking Boxers, so that the streets of Pekin ran red with blood. If this is true, it is an incident without parallel in the nineteenth century. If false, it is a cruel hoax.

Further Chinese News.

So much news, both true and doubtful, has come out of China this week that a very rapid summary must suffice for the rest. For convenience it may be divided into ascertained facts given out by official dispatches, and reports of more or less authenticity, sent in by newspaper correspondents. It is known definitely that the Allied armies at Tien-Tsin have been hard pressed all the week, meeting with severe attacks from overwhelming numbers. It was finally decided to capture the old city, the citadel and the arsenal, which were not taken when the town was first occupied. This was accomplished after a heavy battle lasting two days. The allies lost 775 killed and wounded, the Americans suffering most heavily in proportion to their numbers, losing 215, including Colonel Liscum killed, and Majors Reagan and Lee wounded, all of the Ninth Infantry. Admiral Seymour has returned to the fleet at Taku, and Admiral Alexieff has command at Tien-Tsin. Li Hung Chang has been made governor of Chili, the province just south of Pekin, by whoever rules in the capital. This is regarded as a hopeful sign. In the list of doubtful reports are the following: The Chinese have slaughtered forty foreigners and a hundred native converts in Shanshi, a province heretofore untouched by the Boxer movement. The revolt seems to be spreading. Several Manchu regiments have been despatched by Tuan to the Southern provinces to stir up the Boxer movement there. The Chinese regular troops have captured a Russian transport, massacring its guard, in eastern Siberia. Blagoveschensk, a town in that district, has been sacked and burned by the same Chinese force. Taun has issued in the Imperial name, a general anti-foreign edict. (This is very doubtful.) It fixes a date in advance of the arrival of European troops for a general uprising. Even Shanghai seems to be threatened and residents are sending away their families. The possible or probable action of the European nations is hidden deep in the mists of diplomacy. It was reported late in the week that the Powers were trying to agree on an army and had asked the United States for 20,000 troops as a proportionate share. The raising of so many men would require a special session of Congress. A hurried Cabinet meeting was called; directly on adjournment, it was announced that there would be no extra session. It is understood that our share in the allied army is to be about 10,000 men. Contrary to the belief expressed last week, the Powers, Russia and Germany in especial, are showing no disposition to give Japan a free hand.

The Transvaal War.

The crisis in China, with its suspense and absorbing interest, has deflected public attention from the Boer War even in England, where there is logically the most interest. Yet it is still dragging on, with President Kruger a fugitive and Lord Roberts trying to close in on the government of the Orange River State and suppress it before moving against the main body of Transvaal Boers who, probably with Kruger at their head, are in the mountains somewhere about Watervalhoven, but with lines of communications running out toward Pretoria. In this quarter, the British recently fell into one of those ambushes so characteristic of Boer tactics in this war, and lost four companies captured and many killed in the hottest action since the capture of Pretoria. It is claimed that the Boers baited the ambush by wearing khaki uniforms like those of the British and by abusing the white flag. The main body of the invading army is, however, closing in upon President Steyn and his surviving forces in the western part of the Orange River State. This movement has already occupied a month, as Roberts seems to be making sure of his game before the final coup. A severe setback occurred two weeks ago, when a force of several regiments of Boers fell on part of Methuen's column at Bethlehem, cutting through and escaping into the hills. Report has it that President Steyn is with this column, but Roberts, by continuing his original plan, gives a tacit denial to the theory. Meantime, England has a war scandal of her own regarding the management of the hospitals in Cape Colony, which is declared to have been very bad. Parliament will probably investigate, urged thereto partly by the disaffected at Cape Colony who are growing more troublesome every day. Instead of being discouraged and silenced by the outcome of the war, the semi-hostile Dutch party has become more active and unfriendly. As a result, Premier Schreiner, who was such a figure in the early war time, has broken with the Afrikander leader since he claims to be a Dutch sympathizer but a loyalist first of all.

The Sources of the Alaskan Placer.

Now that the placer mining districts of Arctic America are pretty well occupied by miners and prospectors, a search for the parent lodes from which the loose gold emanated is to be the next movement in Alaskan mining. These deposits, wherever they may lie, should, from all indications, be of surprising and surpassing richness. This means that further expansion work will be done, not by the prospector, working partly by luck and partly by haphazard knowledge, but by trained geologists. The opinion of scientists who have investigated the subject is that the gold was deposited at Cape Nome and Dawson by glacial action. That is, it was carried from gold-bearing ledges by the gradual passage of glacial ice which wore it away and left it in the placer diggings. The parent lodes may, therefore, be hundreds of miles from the present deposits and may even be locked under glacial ice, but scientific study should point the general direction of the rich lands. Even with this ascertained, the ledges may be "blind"—that is, they may be buried under the surface, with no outcropping. This would mean that, after the general direction had been ascertained, the real discovery is to be only a matter of luck. In Idaho, Montana, Colorado and Utah, the gold-bearing quartz which was the source of the placer diggings was of this character, and was found only after a patient search made almost in the dark. If the amount of gold in placer deposits means anything, it would indicate that the quartz ledges of Alaska are of unsurpassed richness. It is but fair to add, in conclusion, that many practical miners take issue with the glacial theory, believing that the sources are much nearer at hand. They argue that the best claims at Eldorado show freshly-broken quartz, a condition which would not exist if the specimens had been carried thither by glacial action, since the erosion of the ice would have worn it "old" and smooth.

American Athletes Win at Paris.

As was expected, the American athletes practically swept the boards in the second international Olympic games, decided last week at the Paris Exposition. This contest was instituted in the Panhellenic festival at Athens in 1896, as a means of promoting good feeling and manly sport among the nations of the earth. The first contest was a tremendously popular affair, and drew a great crowd to Athens. This year the attendance was much smaller, and the interest correspondingly less. Notwithstanding, the best track athletes of the world, saving only two or three Englishmen whose participation could not have changed the final result, took part in the games. There were twenty-one events. Of these, the Americans took sixteen, losing only the discus-throw, for which American athletes rarely train, the tug-of-war, in which our compatriots had no team entered, and three long-distance runs, a department in which our men are generally inferior to the English. The five events lost by our men went to two Englishmen, a Dane, a Swedish team, and a Frenchman. The other sixteen were won under various conditions unfavorable to American athletes, such as turf tracks, unfamiliar distances and new systems of starting, yet the Americans generally won with ease. Kranzlein of the University of Pennsylvania, probably the century's greatest athlete, took four first places—the broad jump, the 60 meter dash, the 200-meter hurdle, and the 110-meter hurdle, in which he broke the world's record. The record for the standing high jump was also smashed by Ewry of New York.

A Philippine Peace Proposal.

It really seems as though General MacArthur's plan for the pacification of the Philippines stands an excellent chance of success. For this, the Americans have to thank Felipe Buencamino, ex-revolutionist but now the strongest friend of American rule in the islands. He has consistently worked for peace since his capture and reconciliation last winter. It was he who called the ill-fated Peace Conference, and even after its collapse he continued his work. He now comes forward with a peace proposal which, it is believed, will have a tremendous effect upon his fellow Tagolos. Briefly, this manifesto provides that the native people shall agree to lay down their arms if the Americans will accede to terms implying autonomous government under American control. The terms are as follows: The United States supremacy shall be recognized, and in return the authorities at Washington shall grant to the natives all rights under the Constitution except political ones. The native leaders shall be allowed to appear freely before Congress and ask for legislative settlement according to their individual opinions. Part of the island revenues shall be applied to the relief of the suffering native army. Congress shall determine the manner of exercising Filipino civil rights. All funds belonging to the Filipino Republic shall be turned over to the United States. There shall be independent municipal rule, and delegates from the different districts shall meet the American authorities from time to time to make requests for the good of the state. The Friars shall be excluded from the administration of church affairs. The peculiar thing about this manifesto is that it demands exactly what the United States has always stood ready to grant—excepting only the section regarding the friars. But the natives have never generally believed the American assertions, nor, indeed, have they understood them. This edict, therefore, being published as a proposal and then accepted as publicly, should go a long way toward restoring confidence. The American authorities, who have closely watched Buencamino, believe that he is sincere. They also believe that the Philippine question is no longer one of armed force, and that the war is over.

Editorial Comment.

Bryanism and Expansion.

THE Democrats insist on warning us that the Republican ticket will lose thousands of votes through what it is pleased to term the "policy of Imperialism advocated by the administration." And then it points with pride to *its* policy of "Expansion" as a thing calculated to satisfy the hunger of the American people without griping the bowels or bringing any uncomfortable consequences." If your house is painted white you would not be likely to permit an envious and contentious neighbor to cram it down your throat that the house was really painted black. Perhaps your neighbor might be a more insistent liar than you and his lungs might be stronger than yours, but he cannot change the color of your house. Don't let any follower of Bryanism cram it down your throat that the Republican party advocates Imperialism, for it is a lie that will not bear the light of investigation. What in the devil does democracy advocate with respect to Expansion anyhow? It approves the acquisition of Hawaii and Porto Rico, but declares against the retention of the Philippines. It declares unwavering allegiance to certain familiar principles, and arguing therefrom, denounces the Poor

co Tariff Bill. Then it calmly casts to one side the prin-
ple it has just used to justify its indignant denunciation
d opens its batteries on the administration for practically
serving the very principles it first advocated.

Democracy says:—

"We hold that the Constitution follows the flag.

For the purposes of this argument admit this to be correct
a matter of law and fact. Where does it lead us? It cer-
inly leads democracy into a tangle of political contradic-
ons. Under this rule, whatever territory comes to this
ation by conquest or by treaty, becomes immediately and
seperably an integral part of the American Union. It is
bject to the operation of the Constitution; and the inhabi-
nts thereof are vested with certain fixed and inalienable
ghts, and charged with specific duties and obligations.
ne fact that the territory is newly acquired, or that the
ghts of its people are young, neither adds to nor subtracts
om our obligations to it, nor does it lessen or minimize the
ities of our newly-born citizens. The people of the new
rritory inherit, immediately, all that belongs to the people
the original thirteen states. This is the substance and
fect of this declaration of democracy. According to their
ew of the case Porto Rico is to-day as much a part of the
nited States as is Massachusetts or Vermont. Whatever
e general government might do with respect to Porto Rico,
might likewise do with respect to Vermont; and democ-
cy says:—

"Believing in these fundamental principles we denounce
e Porto Rican law enacted by a Republican Congress . . .
a bold and open violation of the nation's organic law . . .
d seeks to commit the United States to a colonial policy
consistent with republican institutions."

* * *

This harsh arraignment of the administration can only be
stified upon the assumption that by the Treaty of Paris
orto Rico became a part of the Union, and neither Congress,
r the Administration had a shred of right, legal or moral,
r treating Porto Rico or its inhabitants in a manner differ-
nt from what it would and must treat Arizona and its in-
abitants.

Do you grasp the full meaning of this contention of
emocracy? It means that Porto Rico is firmly cemented
this Union and is as fully and completely a part of it as
assachusetts or Vermont. It means that the Treaty o-
aris and the subsequent ratification of that treaty by the
enate finally and conclusively settled and defined the status
Porto Rico and Porto Ricans.

No stranger nation may now invade this new Island terri-
rry without engaging the resistance of our army and our
avy. No blood-thirsty or ambitious native, heedless of his
untry's good, may incite to rebellion his dusky neighbors
take up arms to resist our authority. Such an act
ould constitute open rebellion, and would bring down
vift and well-deserved punishment, for the treaty with
pain instantly made Porto Rico a part of the United States.
here are limitations upon the powers of Congress with re-
ect to American territories. The things it may not do to
ew Mexico it may do not do with respect to Porto Rico.
he Administration could not sell Arizona, nor may it now
ll Porto Rico. The Administration would not dare relin
uish Arizona to the Apaches because they warred against
ur civilization and expressed disapproval of your authority.
or is power found anywhere to justify an Administration
whittling down the nation's jurisdiction or paring down
boundaries to fit the whims or wishes of sectional desires.
e had a civil war over this question once, and we thought
finally settled at Appomatox.

* * *

Here steps in the absurdity of Democracy's position. The
ame war that brought us Porto Rico brought us the Phil-
ppines. The same treaty that ceded to this nation jurisdic-
ion over Porto Rico and its people, ceded the same jurisdic-
ion over the Philippines and its people. The same vote in
he Senate that ratified and confirmed our jurisdiction in
orto Rico confirmed and ratified our jurisdiction in the
hilippines. All the steps taken with respect to Porto Rico
nd the Philippines were identical, were taken at one time
n one document, by the same authorities. Between the
wo there is not the slightest shade of difference. Yet ac-
ording to Democracy under the rule that "the Constitution
ollows the flag" we should retain Porto Rico and treat it as
part of the Union, while in the Philippines the flag should
e pulled down and the constitution thrown overboard to
eep company with Montojo's fleet. No other party in the
orld would attempt to cram such contradictory conclusions
own the throat of an intelligent people.

They offer an excuse for their attitude, but surely it de-
eives no one. They claim that inasmuch as Aguinaldo and
clique of natives representing one tenth of one per cent of
he inhabitants of the Philippines object to American rule,
hat another and a greater principle is brought into life, that
e are estopped from asserting any rights whatever, that so
ar as the Philippines go the treaty of Paris is a nullity, that
he ratification by the Senate must be regarded as an idle
nd a useless thing and that our nation has been stripped
are of every vestige of right, because Aguinaldo and his
ollowers object. This is a queer condition of affairs, if all
he solemn undertakings of a nation are to be obstructed by
o slight a pretext. When California was ceded by Mexico
o the United States its native population far exceeded that
f the whites. Suppose that well-known bandit Joaquin
Murietta, or any other man for that matter, had decked him-
self out in epaulettes, and gathered about him a band of
natives to make resistance to our governing him. Suppose
by reason of his knowledge of the country he had been able
to hold out a year against our troops,and that he issued a
proclamation claiming a hunger for liberty and a desire for
independence of America's thralldom. Would you have
favored our withdrawal from the conflict and surrender of
this country to this masquerading highwayman? We think
not. When we purchased Alaska of Russia, if the Esqui-
maux residing there had resented our intrusion with mauser
rifles and high sounding platitudes, would you favor giving
up the territory? If you would you don't deserve the name
of being an American citizen. If you would not, then where
can you find the slightest difference between these instances
and the situation in the Philippines?

* * *

If the constitution follows the flag as democracy declares
then either at the moment Congress ratified the Treaty of
Paris or the moment we took possession there by force of
arms,the archipelago became part of the Union. Instantly,
it became an inseperable part of the United States; instantly
it became subject to the operation of our constitution; in-
stantly the inhabitants thereof became vested with certain
fixed and inalienable rights and charged with the perform-
ance of specific duties and obligations; instantly every
swarthy half-breed bearing a gun or a sword a bolo or a bow
and arrow, and bent on resisting the occupancy of the Ameri-
cans, bent on resisting our laws, or guilty of shooting at
our flag or our men, became rebels subject to the treatment
usually accorded to rebels. At what time does democracy
fix the coming of the flag with its constitutional accompain-
ment? Must this government wait until it can take a poll
of the natives of the ceded territory before it can claim any
authority for its Treaties or its Acts of Congress? Is a hand-
ful of rebellious and none-too-honest natives who are hun-
gry for loot and eager for murder to stay the hand that
would extend liberty, protection, and wise government to a
peaceful people? The truth about this party of Bryanism is
that it has laid like a treacherous and relentless tiger watch
ing every movement of the President during all the trying
years of his administration. It has been praying that Mr.
McKinley might err, so that it could reap advantage from
the error While President McKinley has been weighted
down and overwhelmed with distressing cares; while upon
his shoulders have rested grave and serious responsibilities,
involving the very integrity and honor of the nation; while
he has stood patiently and vigilantly at the helm guiding
with rare judgment the ship of state through perils of a most,
threatening character, this contemptible party of Bryanism
hungry for votes and greedy for power, has harrassed and
annoyed the administration with false and malicious charges,
has obstructed the peaceful and orderly conduct of public
affairs, has, instead of diminishing the countries' difficult
ties, added to them; and has prayed hourly that the admin-
istration might err so that Bryanism might profit by it,—has
prayed that the hard-driven man who stood at the head of
the government might sink under the weight of cares, migh-
let something escape his observation that could be distorted
into a wrongful intent. And all of this, for what? All of this
to land that "eminent" and "peerless statesman," that
"rival of Lincoln and Jefferson," that "most American
American" William Jennings Bryan in a place where medi-
ocrity shall never sit so long as intelligence dominates in
America.

Assessor Dodge's Latest Dodge.

If the fool killer would drop down somewhere in the neighborhood of the Peninsula upon which San Francisco is built, he would find his time so occupied that other fools in other communities might look ahead to at least several years of immunity from the creature charged with the duty of removing them from earth.

San Francisco just now is having it dinned into her ears that the present census will place her below her former rating in the list of American cities. There is plenty of reason for it all, but it seems to be nobody's business to mend it and so it will probably continue. We have repeatedly affirmed and re-affirmed the necessity for nursing and expanding our foreign commerce. We have repeatedly urged that an effort be made to get the business of the city out of the hands of the importers and into the hands of manufacturers. Ask any man with an ounce of grey matter in his head what will most quickly increase population and prosperity of the city and State, and he will reply "Commerce and Manufacture." Even the school-boy knows this. We all know and must admit, that the Pacific Coast manufacturer works at a great disadvantage in California. There is not a retail merchant in the city who would not be willing, if it would induce new manufacturies to come here and old institutions to expand, to favor a measure that would exempt all factories—the buildings, machinery and real property in actual use—from taxation. Such a measure must be initiated in the legislature. If couplen with all our woes,brought before that body,the first inquiry that would meet its promoters would probably come from the San Francisco delegation and would be "How much is there in it?" It would not matter how vitally important the question might be to the State and city, all the legislative boodler could see would be the possible profit that would accrue to men with present factories.

Assessor Dodge, by some unlucky ingenuity, has contrived a most effective device for driving business out of San Francisco. He determined to make good the necessities of the city by putting the screws on large corporations and assessing at fanciful figures that intangible thing known as a "franchise" which any five men in the State can procure for two dollars and fifty cents. Such a performance among "honest reformers" is regarded as a clever and effective method of indicating one's complete independence of the "money-power," and a large number of votes are supposed to be obtained by pursuing such a course. Following out this beautiful theory for squeezing dollars out of the unwilling purse of wealth—and incidentally injuring the city abroad—Mr. Dodge assessed the franchise of the Alaska Packing Association at sixty thousand dollars A preposterous and scandalous figure. Everyone knows that the franchise of this association consists merely of the right to be a corporation. Neither the State nor the municipality parted with a dollars worth of property in granting that franchise; neither rights of way nor special privileges of any character went with it. The meetings of the association are held in San Francisco, its operations in Alaska are directed from here, its purchases are made here—all to the vast benefit or San Francisco. Its actual business, be it remembered, is conducted in Alaska. Ex-Mayor Pond, who is one of the directors of the association, declares that unless the unjust and iniquitous tax be relinquished the company will move its entire establishment North. He says:

"We can buy our coal a dollar a ton cheaper there, and in other respects would be quite as comfortable there as in San Francisco. Besides, we should be rid of the annoyance of the unjust tax which this city seems anxious to impose upon us."

The company disburses each year in the city of San Francisco fully a million and a half dollars, and some five thousaud men are employed by it, nearly all of whom are residents of San Francisco.

Heaven deliver us from Dodge's or any public officers like him. The Alaska Packer's Association is not compelled to do its business or make its purchases in San Francisco. Its business consists of catching and canning salmon in Alaska, and it may, on a month's notice, become a packer's association in truth,it may pack up its books and papers and pack off to some other city where it will be treated more fairly. Such a step would injure San Francisco, but the company is justified in making the move if it is to be misused. What is San Francisco's loss will be Seattle's gain, for the latter municipality is not afflicted with the municipal measles and does not break out against every interest that maintains it. Will some one please call Assessor Dodge down and then hold him down?

Respectable Democracy's Duty.

Some time ago we directed attention to a thoughtful article written by Judge Robert Y. Hayne, entitled, "A Gold Democrats's Olive Branch." In this article Mr. Hayne suggests that the Gold and the Silver wings of democracy come together and compromise their differences. Bryanism however was in no mood for such a suggestion, and the platform of democracy reviews its pledge for free coinage of silver, at he old ratio. It is another phase of Judge Haynes, admirable letter, however, to which we wish to direct attention.

He cited as a reason why the two factions of Democracy might come together, the fact that "the situation is somewhat different from what it was four years ago," and defining that assertion he says: "The difference is that *the recent acts of Congress involve a pledge of the national faith* that existing obligations be discharged in gold. *It is not probable that any considerable number of voters would desire to see such a pledge violated; and the American people would not sanction it.*"

We have before now directed Judge Hayne's attention to the overwillingness of Populism to violate this very "pledge of national faith," and now we desire to direct his attention and the attention of every other thoughtful, conservative, Democrat to the platform of his party an this subject,which denounces the very act that Judge Hayne asserts involves a pledge of national honor. It is a duty that Democrats of the higher type owe to themselves and to their party, to make Mr. Bryan's defeat so certain and so overwhelming as to eliminate him and his kind forever from American politics. This may not be accomplished by refusing to vote,but it can be done, and done effectively, by voting for the Republican electors.

Commencing with the issue of Angust 4th the selling price of the "Wave" will be reduced to 5 cents per copy. At the same time the form of the publication will be changed and the number of pages in each issue increased from 16 to 24. The features, illustrative and literary, that now characterize the publication will be maintained. The additional pages will be devoted to reading matter.

INCOMPARABLE HIYA-AI-KWANG

A Half-True Tale of the Taku Bombardment. By A. J. Dawson.

WHEN George Patterson reached the mission station in Tientsin he was a fine-drawn convalescent, with an appetite and a zest in eating which was nothing short of wolfish. This was the aftermath of heat apoplexy in the Red Sea, followed by a pretty severe bout of fever picked up during a day ashore in Ceylon. It was George Patterson's first journey to foreign parts, and the nature of it had been such as to speedily suck out from the young man's cheeks the beefy sap of his native Sussex.

It may possibly have drawn out something else, this voyage. One cannot definitely say just what is lost when the painted vampire East seizes upon and thins young English blood. Patterson had been in the first fight of creditable young enthusiasts, when he had entered the missionary training establishment at Home. The missionary's work was a tradition of three generations' standing in the Patterson family, and what he had done had been expected of George.

But, apart from that, he had taken up the training as a genuine devotee; and, beyond all doubt, he truly believed, when he landed at Tientsin, in the Christian doctrines which it was his business to teach. He had studied the Chinese language, too.

But of course he knew nothing of China. He had never before been farther East than you may travel on the Chatham and Dover Railway. So he came to Tientsin to teach the prehistoric Chinee.

For some reason, or, it may be, for none, the Tientsin station sent him back to the coast, and stationed him at Taku. And that was how George Patterson came to meet Hiya-ai-Kwang, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the respected, but not too scrupulous, Tung-Kwang, the moulder of idols. And that again was the how and the wherefore of various happenings the which are not very likely to be dwelt upon at Exeter Hall next May. Therefore, they may as well be told of in this place.

In the street of modellers and colored light makers at Taku, Tung-Kwang's daughter was known as "The Select and Incomparable Hiya-ai-Kwang," "The Many-Colored and Superior Dove of Radiant and Unassuming Beauty,' "The Superfine and Respected One, whose eyes are like the innermost sheen of the circles in peacocks' feathers," and so forth, in many variations of ornate and delicate eulogy.

One does not hear titles of so versatile and refined a description for nothing in Taku. Hiya was beautiful. Hiya was admired. Hiya was beloved. And all that, before Mr. George Patterson, of Sussex, ever set eyes upon her creamy cheeks, or the chrysanthemum-decked and glossy black locks of her, the which descended in tiny, vine-like tendrils upon a neck, the surpassing delicacy of which (in its nape particularly) had been known to inspire young modellers in Taku to frothy spoken poetry, both abroad, at high noon, and at night, when slumber wafts men into the Middle Air.

Within ten minutes of their first meeting, the young missionary was sorely smitten by the (to him) bizarre attractions of the incomparable Hiya-ai-Kwang.

When a young man of pious upbringing and fresh from a Sussex village, is smitten in this wise, east of Suez, he is generally smitten with very exceptional thoroughness; his fall is very helpless and irrevocable. George found it so.

And for her part, dainty, Dresdeny, little Hiya, with her lily feet and Marshall Neil finger-tips, found the missionary—what would you think? Pious, admirable, impressive?—bizarre, and in much the same way strangely attractive and attractively strange, as she herself appeared in his eyes.

There is a deal of plain truth and human nature in the homely old proverb that says, "Cold rat is as freshly appetising to the person whose customary dish is rice, as are peacocks' tongues to the round-bodied mandarin, whose table groans daily under frogs and puppy pie."

In writing to his missionary friend and chief, the Rev. Edward Platt, whose handsome residence and farm stands, as you may know, beside the Nanku, between Tiensin and Peking, George Patterson said:—"I find our great aim and end is the better served by me when I confine my energies principally to one street, or even for some time, to one house, than when I endeavor to reach the many at longer intervals."

Which reminds one irresistibly of the wise man of Shantung, who said:—"The more dovelike the woman, the greater need is there to beware of serpentlike craft in those whose footsteps her beauty controls."

Now, among the many devout admirers of the Incomparable Hiya, no single man, prior to Mr. Patterson's arrival, had been so favoured, so envied, and so altogether likely, as a candidate for the giving of the betrothal presents, as Ling Po, the substantial and reputable young mandarin of the eleventh order. And Ling Po's father was a warm man whose store of taels and of lacquered objects of art and usefulness had Tung Kwang's unaffected regard.

Ling Po's ancestors, occupying commodious tombs and enjoying every possible filial attention, were above the highest-flying cloudlet of reproach; respected members since time was of that ancient and venerated order the Celestial Brotherhood of Harmonious Amiability; or, as Mr. Patterson's ignorant compatriots would say: "The Boxers."

If Ling-Po had a fault it was that his mind was somewhat inert, a slow-moving instrument. But his pig-tail was of remarkable length and distinguished fineness, and, as his excellent father said: "It is more fitting that a mandarin's thoughts should move with dignity and slowness than that they should scurry hither and thither like hungry and impecunious chairbearers."

For two weeks Ling-Po meditated upon the matter of the missionary's attentions to the Incomparable Hiya, sitting disconsolately upon earth the while, and ascending but very seldom and for fleeting intervals only to the restful Middle Air.

Then he rose and proceeded on foot to the young missionary's home. There he found his rival seated in a tiny pagoda in the mission garden. For fully fifteen minutes Ling- Po engaged the missionary by an outpouring of the most refined and respectful kind of salutions. Then he rose to depart, saying as he did so:—

"This very ordinary and undistinguished person has a request to make, the which he is certain will at once be granted by the pure-minded and noble-descended foreigner before him. It is that the exceptionally superior and admirable foreigner will refrain from again visiting or speaking to that Delectable One whom men call the Incomparable Hiya-ai-Kwang.

"And now, lest he be entirely overwhelmed by gratitude for the prompt and graceful granting of his request, which is certain to be forthcoming, from a nobleman so illustrious to an individual so obscure, this person will take leave to withdraw from the benign radiance of the distinguished one before him."

And the polite "Boxer" accordingly withdrew, leaving the missionary nicely balanced betwixt laughter and annoyance.

Mr. Patterson found that his duties did not justify him in visiting Tung-Kwang's shop fewer than three times a day during the next week. And that was a surprise and the source of more sleeplessness to Ling-Po. At the week's end, the mind of the young mandarin moved again. He proceeded to the local chief of the Celestial Brotherhood, kow-towed with much politeness, and delivered himself briefly and to the point, thus:—

"During some months now this obscure member of the Sacred Brotherhood has been requested to aid and assist in the society's present honorable crusade against the foreign devils. Hitherto, inward conviction of his own worthlessness has led this person to unassumingly decline such honor.

"In all humanity he now, however, wishes to offer his unimportant services, and proposes to begin this evening by burning the yamen of that degraded foreign devil who is called Patterson, and whose trade is the spreading of devilish devices from the barbarous West, under cover of puerile and foolish superstitions connected with the Christian myth."

The local chief bowed and smiled benignly upon Ling-po.

Two days later George Patterson's little house was reduced to ashes and its occupant escaped with little beyond his life and a sleeping suit.

Many men would have retired, baffled, at this point. It took George Patterson by the other arm. He blazed with righteous indignation; his language, though of the pulpit, was anathema—an eloquent out-pouring of pedagogish wrath, stiffened, too, by a smack of robust British insularity.

"Savage and dastardly outrage. The only poor shelter the place afforded me burned about my ears, to gratify an ignorant savage's crazy spite. Ling-Po will be delivered up for punishment, for severe and salutary punishment, or, if I know my countrymen, this barbarous town will speedily share the fate of my house. Not for nothing do British gunboats lie out there! We shall see!"

"But, surely," murmured the Incomparable. Hiya-ai-Kwang, "surely you would never harm the misguided Ling-Po! Or has this person, in her foolish obtuseness, entirely misunderstood the spirit and essence of the pious teachings with which the illustrious foreigner has ravished her senses?"

"The Incomparable does not understand," said Mr. Patterson, almost sulkily. "It would be absurd for this person to tamely submit to such an outrage."

"But your—the Founder of your religion!" murmured the Dove, coyly argumentative. "Has the pious and distinguished Mr. Patterson forgotten the refined and tear-compelling narratives with which he has probed to its remotest depths the unlearned heart of this person? Then, too, that most delectable and not-to-be-passed-over Sermon on the Mountain, of the great Founder; the smiting of the other cheek!

"No, no; the devout and noble listener cannot have forgotten. Has not the great Faith he teaches by its glory-inspired its disciples to die with smiling aimiability in the very red center of great fires for its sake? The burning of a mere house, now—Phwee! It is as nothing to so holy and exalted a mind as that of this person's instructor.

"This person's respected and usually clear-sighted Father affirms that the pious foreigner comes here but to rob us of our country and independence, with devil-sent contrivances cloaked by this religion. This person cannot believe it. She cannot believe that this faith is a mock. No, this person's justly admired listener will never work any harm to misguided Ling-po; he will never set in motion the devil guns of the foreign boats out there; of that he will now melifluously assure Hiya-ai-Kwang, and thus restore peace to her inferior mind."

And then the Incomparable was given her first glimpse of a really angry foreign devil—a missionary in a rage.

There was no personal question involved at all, he said. Justice and his duty demanded the punishment of the guilty and he must do it. She was a foolish and ignorant little girl, so the Incomparable was given to understand; and in the matter of the religious argument she had ridiculously misapplied broad, general principles to inappropriate and quite abnormal details.

Justice had to be respected. The missionary was going at once to the British Admiral on his flagship in the bay, to obtain the means of enforcing its respect.

George Patterson had in his excitement put aside his newly-acquired little knowledge of Chinese tastes and manners. He spoke with sharp Western acidity, by no means softened by the fact that he had not shone in his own view during this little encounter. The thing was a shock to dainty Hiya ai-Kwang.

"So there is reason in what my respected father says of foreign devils, then," she thought. Hiya-ai-Kwang caressed the flowers and foot-long pins in her chignon, and retired with some precipitation and many little bows from before the wrathful missionary.

"The illustrious foreigner will really go to the devil gun-boats?" she lisped, retiring.

"He most certainly will, with no delay."

"And the devil gun-boat will shoot this person's native Taku?"

"There is little doubt of that," said the missionary, with gloomy hauteur; "unless the destroyer of my house be given up to justice."

"Ah! How insufferably no-delightful!"

And the quaint, chrysanthemum-covered head finally bobbed out of sight, behind a hanging dragon.

"And then," she muttered to herself, when alone, "this person supposes they would boil the distinguished Ling-Po in pig-fat, or roast him head downward over a dilatory fire; intolerably undignified deaths, both. What can this weak, if not excessively ugly one, do towards preventing this not desirable consummation?"

While the Incomparable pondered in this wise, a very angry missionary was in sober earnest making his way toward the shore, bound for the ship of the British Admiral, athirst for the meting out of just retribution.

Thirty minutes later, a thing happened about which the entire civilized world was talking, and writing, and wondering, within a few hours. This was nothing less than an act of war, in which the Celestial Empire attacked the allied forces of Europe. And the commander-in-chief of that attack was a young girl.

And that was just like the Celestial Empire. No other than the Sublime Nation could have risen to that—the active defiance of the whole civilized world, at the instigation of one small girl, with pique in her heart and chrysanthemums in her hair!

"Voila! A woman and a parson—who was the man?" That was what the irreverent French sailors said when all was over.

For months the Celetial Brotherhood of Harmony had schemed to bind the gunners of the Taku forts to their cause; and schemed unavailingly. The Incomparable Hiya-ai-Kwang, breathless, her hair awry, her dropt fan borne after her by the respected "Boxer" mandarin, Ling-Po—Hiya the Delectable achieved the desired end—nay, a more desirable end than the "Boxers" had dreamed of—in two minutes.

Without a word of warning the Taku forts belched forth deadly shell and shrapnel upon the peacefully anchored warships of all the Great Powers. In ten minutes half a hundred valuable lives had been lost and two million dollars of damage had been done.

Then came reprisals, and Europe speedily silenced the Taku guns.

Meanwhile, however, George Patterson, aboard the British gunboat, had shared the fate of a number of men who were not less than his equals. A section of the third shell fired from Taku sent George Patterson to his last conversion. And his end was suggestive and emblematic of a good deal betwixt East and West, if one cares to think of it.

There is talk of admitting the Refined and Delectable Hiya-ai-Po, nee Kwang, to the Celestial Brotherhood of Harmonious Amiability. It is known that when her Sublime Majesty the Empress heard the story she immediately gave orders to the effect that on his wedding-day, Ling-Po should receive that much-prized decoration, the Crystal Button, from her own sacred hands.

The Old American Consulate, Tien-Tsin. Now Part of the British Enclosure and the Scene of Heavy Fighting.

Going outdoors bareheaded is a summer fad among eastern men. It originated in the colleges.

The German, French and Russian Consulates at Tien-Tsin.
On the River Bank Shown in this View, the Allied Armies are now Entrenched.

THE YOUNG CHINESE EMPEROR.

"THE Chinese Emperor Kuang Hsu, is in some respects one of the most remarkable characters in the Empire at the present time," says Prof. Isaac T. Headland of the Pekin University. "He is not what we are accustomed to term a strong haracter. As a boy he was interested in all kinds of forign toys and considered everything brought from foreign ountries, from a railroad train, a phonograph, an electric ar or a fine Swiss watch, as a toy to be played with. It as said that his own private apartment was a museum of ll the most wonderful inventions, the most intricate machnery and the most complicated productions of modern art, cience and invention that he had been able to gather, and hat his will must not be crossed in any circumstances, for e was just as likely to dash a fine Swiss watch to the floor, reaking it into a thousand pieces, as a peevish child is to estroy its doll.

"Knowing the disposition of the boy, the officials sought ut all kinds of intricate and peculiar machines as presents o him in order to enhance their interests and prospects. But as the child grew he began to develop other notions not ess peculiar. When some ladies, both Chinese and foreign, presented the Empress Dowager with a magnificent copy of he New Testament, the thing interested his Majesty, to udge from his conduct, more than it did the Dowager Empress herself.

"The day after the present reached the palace an order ame to the American Bible Society in Pekin, which attracted the special attention of the agent of that society. The order was from the Emporer and it was for Bibles—both Old and New Testements—snch as the Society was selling to his people. The Society, of course, did not understand the import of such a move on the part of the Emperor, but it was not long before we discovered what the young man was doing.

"It is a well-known fact that the young Emperor began studying English about the same time, and those who were getting books for him came to our compound and secured a small volume, which had been taken to China as a textbook. When the Emperor began the study of English he departed from the usual methods of men in his position and allowed his teacher to sit and teach him instead of forcing him to kneel in his presence. I myself worked for some time with the grandson of this teacher, teaching him English, and in return he taught me Chinese.

"The study of English, the study of the Bible and all the foreign toys the Emperor had played with, including the great inventions which mark the progress of the advancing civilization of these last years of the nineteenth century, were not lost on the young man. They could not change his impetuous disposition, but they did inspire in him a disposition to see the world and to know what was going on in it. He, therefore, began buying all kinds of books pertaining to foreign affairs.

"One of the eunichs from the palace came to me every day for weeks to get some new book for the Emp ror. He was willing to pay any price, and he would not allow me to refuse him any book which the Emperor had not yet had if it was to be got under any circumstances, for the eunich declared, whether truly or not I cannot say, that he dared not return at night 'without taking the Emperor something new.'

"He bought my wife's bicycle aud took it to his Majesty, and it was afterward reported that his queue caught in the back wheel and he had a very un-Emperor like fall. This led the Dowager to deal severely with the eunuch.

"The Emperor set himself to studying the books he had bought, and the more he studied them the more he became convinced that China was on the wrong road, and in dreadful need of a reformation. He began in a new line with the thought of liberating his people from the yoke that was upon them. On the 13th of June, 1898, he issued a decree establishing a university at Pekin, the design being to open a way by which the young men of the Empire might become acquainted with all the books he had been studying, and might themselves be prepared to issue other books of a similar character. A few days later he ordered the Foreign Office to report on the matter of encouraging art, science and agriculture, at the same time ordering any of those who were opposed to the pr gress and reform to appear before him and give their reasons. He proposed that they adopt Western arms and Western methods of drilling the Tartar troops. He abolished the literary essay as a leading part in the examinations for official distinction and substituted a knowledge of political economy and international law.

"But it was his surgical operations that caused him trouble. So long as he confined himself to the making of new offices there was no trouble, but as soon as he began to abolish old ones and dismiss Viceroys and Governors, there arose a howl which reached the ears of the Empress Dowager, and the palace and the throne of the young man were ruthlessly taken from him, and he was confined to an island in the palace grounds under strict guard.

"It is certain that when the history of China comes to be written the attempted reforms of Kuang Hsu will be classed among those of the best emperors of the past and either he will be restored to his throne to carry out his reforms or he will be looked upon as the first martyr for liberty and progress among the emperors of the Middle Kingdom."

The City of Pekin from the West Gate.

The Cape Nome Reaction.

The Overcrowded Condition and Unsanitary Surroundings of the Great Northern Gold Camp.

Shipping Driven on the Beach by the Spring Storm.

Merchandise and Tents on the Beach.

Passengers Landing Through the Surf.

THERE are two opposing elements circulating false reports about every new mining camp. One element, generally the more active because they have better control of the lines of communication, is composed of the transportation companies and agents and the business men of the town. These people, it goes without saying, are interested in bringing the greatest possible number of people to the camp, and in swelling the boom to the largest proportions. The other element is made up of the miners and prospectors, who are zealous of every immigrant coming to crowd the paying ground. The transportation companies and business men, having control of the wires and holding the ready funds, spread the first wild reports which reach civilization, of unlimited wealth waiting to be drawn from the earth. The rush follows, and about the time that it is at its height, the miners have their say. As they communicate mostly by letter, their opinions reach civilization slowly, so that the reaction is often several months later than the boom. Like any other reaction, it always goes farther than the happy medium. As the boom reports made the camp appear greater than the reality, so do these calamity howls make it appear less.

This is the case with Cape Nome. Last fall, the only news brought out made it appear "the greatest gold camp on earth." Spring had opened, and mining had begun, when the crop of miners, letters now to hand were written. Consequently, the situation as now viewed by the newspapers is reported at its very worst. Nevertheless, it is apparent that the camp has been badly overcrowded by the many who were lured North on the promises of the transportation companies. There is sure to be much suffering before the season is over, because many of the fortune-hunters, disregarding repeated warnings, have gone thither without supplies or money. And unless further strikes are made in the district, thousands of miners, prospectors and merchants will be obliged to return to the states before winter, richer in nothing and poorer by the cost of transportation two ways and a season's maintenance.

In the middle of June, there had been 16,000 men and women landed this season in Nome City, and more coming with every steamer. A little over half of these, perhaps 10,000 had business or regular employment. The rest were a mixed and motly crowd. Prospectors with claims as yet unlocated, people watching for businsss chances, gamblers, speculators and, lastly the riff-raff of the North, men without business and without principle, who followed every mining rush in the Northwest. The city has grown from a few scattered huts and a wilderness of tents to a town of respectable size with fairly substantial wooden buildings, some of them having the added dignity of two stories. The photographs taken last Fall showed a half-dozen shanties along what is now Front street, but the photographs reproduced in this issue will prove that the highway named has grown to quite respectable proportions. Back of it lies Second street, as long and as well-built, and on the outside of the centers stretches a thick cluster of shanties and tents. On the townsite itself there are hardly a dozen vacant lots.

This sudden growth, combined with careless construction of the greater part of the buildings, has caused the sanitary problem to assume alarming proportions at Nome City. Last Fall, it was foreseen that this would make trouble at some time or other. By the break of Spring and the melting of the ice, heaps of refuse which had been accumulating during the closed season began to grow offensive. The swampy tundra became a great pool of stagnant water, filthy and insufferable. The few wells were polluted, so that the wise and cautious began to make a practice of boiling their drinking water. But two were foolish to every one who was wise. The consequence was, as expected, typhoid fever in a malignant form. The disease had not proceeded far when the last news came to San Francisco, but conditions were such that the few doctors in camp were preparing for an epidemic.

But perhaps the worst feature of the situation has been the uncertainty of government, which has prevented civic order, confused established property rights, permitted theft of claims to go on unchecked, and had, up to the end of June, prevented work from going on in many of the claims—particularly the beach-diggings. The town authorities laid the burden of government upon the United States army authorities; the army people claimed that, as the town had a government of its own, the army had no right to interfere. So things went for many weeks. Claims along the beach were jumped and re-jumped. The steamship people occupied valuable mining-land on the beach for the accumulation of their freight, which lay piled up for nearly a mile along the sands. The United States Commissioner was appealed to by both sides, the miners urging him to stop the use of the beach as a storehouse, the transportation agents demanding that the soldiery be called in to clear out the government strip of sixty feet above tide-water. Furthermore, the citizens were continually calling for protection against the lawless element which made its living by fleecing unwary prospectors and which had so disorganized things by June that there intervened a reign of private right, wherein each man sat on his claim with a shotgun, as it were, and defended his own property. Murders and extensive robberies of gold-dust became so common that the citizens began to talk of organizing a Vigilance Committee like the San Francisco one of the early fifties. Such being the condition of affairs, the city authorities did the sensible thing by asking Uncle Sam's soldiers to take full control. This they did, and robbery, bunko-steering and murder ended at once. Advices from the far North were dispatched South before the military men and their advisers had made even a tentative solution of the beach problem, and the great piles of merchandise were still heaped up on rich mining sands.

Shipping in the Harbor—Taken at Midnight in June.

The Business Center.

Such disturbances seem a neccessary part of any mining camp. San Francisco had them; so did Leadville, Butte, Toombstone, Deadwood, and others too numerous to mention. The boom town is slung together in a hurry and by men without civic pride who are there to obtain wealth and leave. Since nature chooses to place wealth in the inaccessible places of the earth, the camp is usually out of reach of adequate control by government or state. Yet common sense and common decency have always won out in the end; this may be the case with Nome. Meanwhile, the output of this "greatest camp in the world" is practically nothing, since the inhabitants are too busy settling their social troubles to stop for gold.

An interesting story is that of the experience of Captain Spence, an English sea-captain, with the Emperor of Germany. It shows a new and kindlier side of the Emperor's many-sided nature. Briefly, it seems that some time ago, the English ship master was piloting his ship, the *North Star*, through a difficult channel in the Weser when he met a German warship entering the river before the wind. A gale of such force was blowing that it was not until the Captain had managed with much difficulty to pass the warship that he noticed she was flying the imperial standard. He was thus unfortunately too late to return the salute. His mistake resulted in a correspondence between his employers and the German Embassy in London, which cost Captain Spence his place. His ship had been saluted by a foreign power, as well as by a foreign sovereign, and he had not returned the salute. He had been guilty of a serious breach of international courtesy at sea.

But the Captain, in his unfortunate strait, sat down and wrote a frank, manly letter about the matter to the Emperor himself, giving a plain account of the facts and expressing his sincere concern for the inadvertence. It seems that in the gale which was blowing at the time, the flag on the warship had been clinging around the mast, preventing him from seeing it in time. This and his anxious navigation on account of the difficulties of the passage were given as excuses.

The Emperor, himself a sailor, promptly on receipt of the letter, communicated with Captain Spence's former employers through Count Metternich, the German Minister at London, to the effect that His Majesty "would feel sorry if Captain Spence would lose his living." His reinstatement followed.

Professor Maximilian Schuller of Berlin claims to have discovered the bacilli of cancer. He says of them that they represent the youngest form of life. Usually there are found about tumors empty capsules, as well as brood capsules. These formations, according to the Professor, are real organisms, and not alterations of cells, nor concrements of salts, as is generally supposed. He has proved this by trial and reaction, and by means of direct observation of the state of evolution made repeatedly on the live tumor as well as on the live culture. In cases of cancer these formations look brownish, and examined alive show light and glossy, which may be ascribed to their passing through interstices of matter. They can be pointed out with the strongest of microscopes. But whether this newly-discovered infinitesmal organism shall be classified with the lowest of animals, or the lowest of plant nature, Professor Schuller has not yet been able to positively determine. Nor can the extent to which his discovery of the cancer bacillus will prove useful to the medical profession yet be decided. That will be the next step.

The Chinese Minister at Washington, Wu, says that the daintiest dishes which can be served at a rich man's table in China are bird's nest soup and shark's fins. The shark's fins are considered the most delicious. They are cooked in a manner known only to the native chefs, in a certain sort of oil, and so prepared, are always included in the menu of an especially fashionable dinner. He declares that he never heard of the tiny mice dropped in honey being considered a delicacy, and pooh-poohs the idea of rodents ever being served in any form whatsoever.

Along Snake Rives.

Things & People.

Commencing with the issue of August 4th the selling price of the "Wave" will be reduced to 5 cents per copy. At the same time the form of the publication will be changed and the number of pages in each issue increased from 16 to 24. The features, illustrative and literary, that now characterize the publication will be maintained. The additional pages will be devoted to reading matter.

The "Examiner's" New Regime.

THE affairs of the S. F. *Examiner* have so often afforded material for comment that the latest development within its institution may be noted here without apology. In the last two years the paper has been a source of dissension in the Democratic party and by impertinent intrusions into its affairs has wrought a havoc the Democracy will find hard to recover from. In future the type of interference which precipitated the Esola scandal will be impossible, as both Mr. Robert the new managing editor and Mr. T. T. Williams, who are to guide its destinies, have no sympathy with such a policy. Mr. Robert is a competent newspaperman of wide experience gained in St. Louis and New York, who has mastered the art of making a sensational paper which will also be sane. As business manager of the *Examiner*, Mr. Williams has been agreat success, for Mr. Hearst's publication today earns the largest income of any daily newspaper on the Coast. He is also one of the cleverest writers in the newspaper profession, gifted with the rare ability to be entertaining on any subject from sport to science. Under the guidance of these two men the proprieties will certainly be observed and we shall be spared those personalities which latterly made the paper so odious.

***

Mr. Morosco's Dilemma.

I SUPPOSE that San Francisco theatre-goers in general wasted much time wondering why Walter Morosco is losing money in experimenting with comic opera, extravaganza and the Frawleys in the Grand Opera House, instead of returning to his old reliable money-maker—cheap scenic melodrama. The old Morosco's had a definite place in San Francisco, it catered to the wants and needs of a definite class and it made a fortune for its lessee. Comic opera, designed to compete with the Tivoli, and Rice extravaganza with glitter and—limbs—failed successively, and the Frawley season is only a doubtful experiment. Under ordinary circumstances common sense would demand that the lessee return to his old, successful line. But the circumstances are not ordinary ones. The Grand was built primarily for the accommodation of the unusual theatrical attractions which visit the city from time to time. There is no other house in town large enough to accommodate the audience which is gathered for a season of Irving or Melba. The owners, wishing to keep up the reputation of the house for just such engagements, looked with alarm upon the character of the audiences which were gathered by the cheap melodrama run under the lease of Mr. Morosco. They therefore issued an ultimatum, early last year, to the effect that the grade of productions and audiences must be altered or the lease would be cancelled. Hence the radical change in policy. Perhaps the Frawley engagement, with its kid-glove British melodrama, may succeed as a compromise. If not—"Morosco's occupation's gone."

***

One Side of the Chinese War.

EVEN at the risk of being tiresome, I must reiterate the surpassing importance of Chinese affairs and the Oriental crisis to the port of San Francisco. The individuality of China is at an end. Whether the great Empire is broken up at the end of the coming hard and bloody war and divided among the European nations, or whether the dynasty is continued under a a protectorate, the Europeans will cram their habits, customs, and ways down the throats of the Chinese. With even a moderate acceptance of Europeanism, the wants of that nation of 400,000,000 people for Caucasian-made goods will be enormous; the present China trade is only a sample in comparison. It follows that San Francisco, being the very nearest of the great Caucasian ports to the market, will have the bulk of the trade if she is willing to reach out and take it. This Chinese war is a bad piece of business; it is likely to end the century as the Napoleonic wars began it, in blood, but it is sure to have its bright side for San Francisco.

***

Chinatown and the Pekin Massacre.

THE Chinatown police and the doorkeepers of the Chinese theatre tell me that hundreds of our resident Mongolians come to them every day, asking "what the Americans are going to do to us if the people in Pekin are killed." The casual observer can hardly fail to note the suspicion and unrest which pervades Chinatown at present. It is a curious sidelight on the Mongolian character, showing that, in spite of their years of residence among us, the Chinatown Celestials still attribute their method of doing things to us. They, who give no mercy, expect none from us. Indeed, their feeling of unrest may not be entirely without foundation. There is still a strong anti-Chinese feeling lingering south of Market, and a slight possibility that if the rumors of a Pekin slaughter are confirmed, mild rioting may ensue. But it can hardly be serious, although the Pekin horror, had it occurred in the sand-lot days, would have led to a duplicate massacre in San Francisco.

***

A Californian at Harvard.

I NOTICE that in the "Sunday Story" on "California Boy at Harvard" in the last *Call* supplement, no mention is made of young Edward Rea, son of "Boss Rea" of San Jose. This is perhaps explained by the fact that he left last year, graduating from Harvard Law School. Young Rea was as original a personality in a quiet way of his own, as has flourished in Harvard in these latter days. Coming to Cambridge from Stanford University, where everybody knows everybody, he was at first amazed by the Harvard reserve, which ordains that no one shall become acquainted with an "outsider." Rea passed most of his first year in solitude. His introduction to Harvard men in general came, however, at the end of that year. One of his classes was ruled by a professor of the pedantic stipe, held in such awe that the average Law School man would as soon have joked with the Pope. This worthy was one day lecturing on the rule in common law which declares a man legally dead after he has disappeared for seven years. He stated a hypothetical case: "We will suppose that a man and his wife are crossing the Atlantic in a heavy storm. A wave washes him away in full view of a number of witnesses. There is no other vessel in sight, and no further trace is seen of him. The wife returns to this country, and, after six years, marries. Two years later, the former husband returns and confronts the wife. Now, how would you proceed in case you were called upon to defend the legality of the second marriage?"—the professor paused, looking for a victim, and spotted Rea, leaning back with his legs crossed and a bored expression, "Mr. Rea!" he said. The Californian shifted legs, shoved his hands in his pockets, and answered in a deliberate Western drawl "Well, professor, if I could get a good, intelligent jury, and had a fair pull with the judge, I think I could prove that man a ghost in just about a minute and a half!" It was fully three minutes before the professor restored order, and Rea was asked for every law-club in Harvard at the door.

* * *

During the next year, Rea boarded in Memorial Hall with a tableful of Harvard men of the Bostonese Back Bay stripe, and bore from them much bantering about the uncultured West in general, and California in particular. He bided patiently his chance to "get it back." It came when, in wandering around Boston, he found a mistake in syntax in a Latin inscription on the Shaw monument. He said nothing at the time to his Back Bay friends, but bribed the negro waiter at his table for an ally and put him through a course of Latin pronunciation. At the very las dinner of the year the waiter, on a pre-arranged signal, stepped up and held forth as follows: "I say Mistah Rea, hab you seen de way dem Boston people hab fixed dis-heah Shaw monument? Dat dere Latin inscription reads dis-heah way"—and he quoted it from start to finish—"Did you notice dis-heah preposition 'ab' has got de accusative in front of it in dat inscription when any blame fool coon knows dat in dis-heah case 'ab' takes de ablative!"

***

Current Prices in Dawson.

REALLY, Dawson City is becoming a cheap city to live in. The market has been so overstocked with provisions and supplies since the railroad came through, that the price of provisions has dropped several notches. Potatoes are down to 8 cents per pound, fresh vegetables may be had at 25 cents per bunch—size not specified—and oranges are as low as $2.50 a dozen. One restaurant quotes lunches at 50 cents, about one-tenth the price prevailing in the days of the rush. Clothing is even cheaper, proportionately. Working clothes may be had at $15 a suit, and light shoes at $5. It is believed that prices will, by next summer, be at the Seattle scale plus transportation charges. Only one article is not a drug on the market; for some unaccountable reason, the whiskey supply is running short. Unless it is replenished by Fall, the terrors of thirst may be added to the horrors of the next Northern winter.

***

New Life in the Mormon Church.

THE Mormon Church, it seems, is again in funds. During the period of its troubles with the government, the tithing system was allowed to lapse, but under the regime now in control it has been put into effect again and one tenth of every Mormon income is paid over to the Twelve Apostles. President Snow has lately surrounded himself with a set of young and vigorous men, who have infused new life into the administration of affairs of the church. The great body of its members have accepted the edict against polygamy as the final settlement of that debated question. A few of the older men adhere secretly to the wives they had married under the old dispensation, but their indulgence is not countenanced by the organization. An interesting effect of the elimination of polygamy is the movement to unite the seceding branches of the faith with the orthodox church. Negotiations are pending with the Hendrickites and with the reorganized church, numbering some 30,000 souls. The former body demand substantial recognition in the apostolic body and doubtless will obtain it, as the heads of the church are most anxious to obtain possession of a certain square of land in the town of Independence, Mo., that is hallowed by Mormon tradition. On this plot the prophet Joseph Smith predicted a Mormon temple would arise and around it a city of Zion would be built. If the Hendrickites are tempted back to the fold, the church will proceed to realize the prophecy, for the others are too poor to do so.

***

The Democracy and the Declaration.

OF all the plays made for the grand-stand during late years, by the present Democratic party, under the leadership of the man of hybrid politics, who has hoisted their standard, perhaps the most patent and absurd was the reading of the Declaration of Independence at their recent convention. Not that this noble document could in itself ever be out of place or undignified, but in this case it represented the raft at which a drowning man clutches. "The Star Spangled Banner" was struck up by the band, the Declaration was read amid cheers, and the cause of the flamboyant misfortune of the party smiled upon the loyal assemblage from the rostrum. The whole thing was like the action of a vaudeville star, who wraps herself in a huge flag at the close of her song, to win the applause she had not been able to get in any other way. The Democratic party which had stood for human slavery and seen that blot on the escutcheon wiped out, in spite of itself, which had tried secession and failed, had croaked "The results of the war are a failure," and been silenced, had stood for greenbacking, flat money, fifty cent dollars, and the abolition of the Supreme Court, and had seen all these protogés sink out of sight under the waves of progress,—now had reached solid ground at last, and safe on the rock of the old Declaration, stood and cheered itself hoarse. In all conflicts, the survival of the fittest is the resultant gain. And whatever else goes under, in the next campaign, it won't be the Declaration of Independence. As a platform there is no fault whatever to be found with it. Still it has not been the custom to leave it to do the whole work, nor has it ever been considered the exclusive discovery of any one party.

BOSWELL, JR.

The next issue of the *Wave* will contain an interesting and instructive article on the Chinese crisis written by Eli Sheppard formerly United States Consul at Tien-Tsin, acting American Minister at Pekin for a time during Grant's Administration, and for sixteen years a resident of China. Probably no American has greater knowledge of Chinese politics and Oriental character, and his views on the situation will carry weight.

L. Johnson, an American, has become prominent among sporting men over in England, through his splendid driving of four-in-hands, and the general fitness of his horses. He has caused much comment by his very un-English method of holding the reins, insisting that it is the preferable way, the English method being tiring to the muscles of the arm, and therefore not suitable for long drives. He admits that the English coach whips to great perfection, but denies that the Britons can, with their system of holding the reins, have anything like the control over the horses that he can. This rank heresy has created much talk, especially as Mr. Johnson is perfectly willing to put his ideas to the test at any time, by competing in trials with any coaching man over there, in such ways as driving figures, short turns, or any test as to the control under which he holds horses. His challenges have not yet, however, been accepted. He also proposes to drive six-in-hand. English coaching men insist that if he tries it, he will become tangled up.

England has a war supply scandal of her own in the Kynoch case, which is interesting the courts, the public and the government just at present. It seems that the company in Birmingham presided over by a brother of the Colonial Secretary, and whose shares are mostly held by the Chamberlain family, has obtained contracts of excessive size for cordite and other munitions of war, notwithstanding the fact that the quality of the stuff supplied proved inferior to that furnished by other manufacturers, and further, the fact that its tender quoted was the highest price. So high was it, that the War Office authorities entered into correspondence with the Kynochs to obtain a reduction, and did not succeed sufficiently to bring the figure down to that quoted by other makers. Plain men, not officially influenced are under the impression that dealings of this kind would not have occurred without somewhat sinister motives coming into play somewhere. But the most rigid investigation fails to disclose the source or amonut of the bribes.

Hindoo Devotees Bathing in the Sacred River Ganges; an Incident of the Annual Pilgrimages in India.

THE MEANEST CITY.

"Life's" Clever Little Hoax on the American People.

IN the number of *Life* dated February 15th, this year, a prize of fifty dollars was offered for the best statement of facts to prove any particular city in this country the meanest one. The contest is ended. We are no longer expected to have a reasonable doubt as to which is the "meanest city in the United States." The stigma has been placed upon unobtrusive Peoria, Illinois. Avoid her now, all unwary emigrants from the Empire state, and you too, from the far West who fondly imagined you saw an "Eastern" city, when you steamed into this former pride of the Middle West. She is forever smirched among cities. For this is what has been said of her:—

Peoria, Illinois, the dirtiest city in the United States, is situated within easy smell of several packing houses, three distilleries, a glucose plant and a stagnant lake.

When it does not rain in Peoria, the inhabitants congratulate one another and exclaim: "Vot a fine day!"

When the sun shines in Peoria, it is last week's sun just penetrating the soot. All business houses close, and the whole community take a holiday.

Hogs run Peoria streets with impunity, as might be expected in a city where everbody is either a Ritzenheimer, an Ottenwoller or an Eckerstein.

The buildings in Peoria are low, because otherwise hundreds of citizens, made desperate by their environment, would seek relief by leaping from top stories. Low structures increase the mortality race.

So mean is Peoria, that it has a flourishing Creve-Coeur Club, composed of men who are broken-hearted over living in the place. The membership and the waiting list together are equal to the same male population. The club is named after old Creve-Coeur fort, erected by La Salle and Tonti near the site of the present city. La Salle and Tonti were broken-hearted because, after braving so many perils, they rounded up at such a spot.

If you reside in the valley of Peoria, so thick are the smoke and dust that when you ascend the bluffs you experience nausea from the comparatively rarefied atmosphere. And if you dwell on the bluffs, you can venture below only when supplied with individual smoke consumer and compass.

Peoria has had two distinguished inmates—Bob Burdette and Col. Ingersoll. Burdette on escaping underwent such a reaction that he became a humorist; Ingersoll, while confined there had implanted in him the firm conviction that there can be no hell after death.

Having briefly touched this subject of Peoria, I must now go and take a bath. *A Fugitive.*

Was the deed in truth done by one of her own ungrateful inhabitants, signing himself in this way, A Fugitive? If so, and his other alias under this pseudonym is discovered, he may well continue his Fugitive act. But the probabilities are that it was no Peorian, who thus carried a dagger under his cloak. For the "Meanest City" contest shows all through the trace of the same hand; the one who promoted the scheme and must have been widely travelled, deluged himself with arguments, and as the crowning effort of his sense of humor, bestowed his own prize upon the gem of his own collection.

For the arguments in this contest bear internal evidence of having all been written by one who is usually an outsider.

By the same token, he is probably a New York man—possibly one of that genus of wandering newspaper man who has worked six months on some paper in every part of the country, beginning and ending with New York.

The offer did not call out any answers for a month—the editors of *Life* probably allowed that length of time before turning their humorist loose, so as to present a decent showing of a contest. Then "Frozen Faced Ike" reopened against the weather of Duluth, which it doesn't require a resident to tell us—is bad. Most of these mythical residents, by the way, harp upon the weather, as does the casual visitor to a place. Jersey City, on the other hand, is mean just because it is Jersey City, Minneapolis because it happened to be born in Minnesota, Butte because it lies in a basin. Wallowing there, "Harry Majors" unpatriotically tries to cut holes through its atmosphere, and when he cuts back to Minneapolis again, as "Subway," gets on the same strain, until he draws himself up with a jerk, and remembers his former effort by a—"not even excepting Butte, Montana." But this Easterner forgets again and rings in that old New York joke on Brooklyn suburbanites, when he is away over in Butte. By the time he reaches Cincinnati, he is weary of thinkiug up pseudonyms, and talks about New York again. When he at last openly attacks the metropolis, his knowledge of details makes out such a bad case, that it really seems the "meanest in the bunch."

The American people like to be humbugged. They are used to it. It is a part of their craving for facetiæ, which makes them laugh over a practical joke even on themselves. But can they laugh over the tragic fact that Northampton, Mass.:—

has practically no men? Better to dwell in the plague-stricken districts of the Orient, or among the wild tribes of Patagonia, than exist in such a place. Northampton is the most afflicted, the most hopelessly null, the most intolerable city in the United States, for the noblest work of God is almost lacking.

The streets of Northampton are choked with spinsters of every variety, Smith College students being an imported injury which it is hard for the original sufferers to endure. There is no virility in the atmosphere; heroic conditions do not exist; everywhere is a sickening safety.

Or at the news from Minneapolis that:—

Some enterprising man has started a stage line to the Falls of Minnehaha, so that people can see something active once a week, and on each trip is the wit who remarks, "The laugh is on us!"

In reading of Boston over Tom Tupper's signature, we come upon the New Yorker's objection to the meanness of a place where a man has to make love to his girl by dictionary. Would that disturb a real bean-fed Bostonese in the least? Or would he find fault with his city because Homer is still rampant there, and it is the home of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company?

"Stub Pen" objects to the very things in Philadelphia which might attract the notice of a New Yorker there on a visit,—its water supply, gas company, and street railway system. Then he wants to buy bread on Sundays. No Philadelphian ever wanted to buy bread on a Sunday, but Franklin, and he was able to do so. It may be true, as the New Yorker says in another letter on the same subject, that, Philadelphia is "dopey with old families," and that there "every old cow has ancestors, and cream sets so slowly that a request to pass the butter takes you back to the middle ages," but a native Philadelphian glories in this.

How this New Yorker's imagination revels in the dullness of smaller Eastern towns, as Watertown, Schenectady, and Somerville! As he proceeds, he comes to use uncomplimentary epithets with greater and greater fluency, and by the time Harrisburg is reached, the vituperation suggests a reckless use of all the mud he has left in stock.

The *Life* humorist then starts West, stopping at Denver to polish off the City of the Plains as follows:—

Denver is a reformed mining camp, sprawling at the foot of the Rockies; but its reformation only came when its mines were played out, and the tough and rugged miner was outnumbered and outvoted by the hollow-chested consumptive from the Land of the East Wind.

The Denver of churches, booms, Puritanism, and respectability closes up shop at 6 p. m.; and then the whirlers from Whirlville get in their work. What the mining shark failed to collect from the confiding tourist by daylight, the nocturnal promoter annexes in the halls of roulette and faro by night.

Denver has periodic spasms of reform based on financial, rather than moral grounds; they are designed to make the nocturnal banditti surrender their hard-earned loot to the daylight skinners of the consumptive city; it is simply spoiling the Egyptians of faro.

The climate of Denver is extreme; in summer it is a bake oven, in winter an ice chest. Denver has been compared to Sheol, which is unjust to Sheol; for while you cannot really cool off in Sheol, you can strike good company.

Tenderfoot.

Perhaps as a climax, and still using the pseudonym of "Tenderfoot," he might brazenly have tried his hand even on San Francisco. He might have begun, "San Francisco is a reformed, over-grown mining-camp, perched on the hills by the Golden Gate," and leaving out considerable, used as one of the arguments for calling it the meanest city in the United States, that "it has periodic spasms of reform based on financial, rather than moral grounds." The Golden Gate is, however, slighted, as are the neighboring burgs of Oakland, Alameda, and Petaluma. There is justice in it. San Francisco ought to run a dead heat with New Orleans as the "laziest city" in the country, but she can hardly be called mean, even by her worst enemy.

The *Life* humorist has, however, visited Los Angeles and even San Diego. He says of the latter:

The town, like a squab pigeon, was bigger at its boom-birth than it ever has been since. In area it is the second largest city in the United States, and in enterprise the smallest. Its taxes correspond with its area, but what it lacks in population it makes up in fleas; so it may be said to be on the jump.

Its city council is larger than most State legislatures; lobbyists say they don't come high, but they "come so d——d often."

The principal amusement of the inhabitants consists of "running down" their neighbors, backbiting, spreading scandal, and "skinning" one another. When not busy with this, they are watching for rain—that never comes."

San Diegans are firmly convinced that there is only one way to climb the encircling wall of stagnation; and when Gabriel blows his trumpet they will still be tugging at their bootstraps."

"Weary Willie" maligning Cleveland speaks in the language of a Chimmie Fadden:

A mug wot dey called Moses Cleaveland founded dat Home for Feeble-minded just about a hundren years back. Wen he seen wot he done, he went out in de woods near Glenville and died. Its a cinch de rest o' de guys wot was foundin' towns about den would a smeared him for queerin' de bizness if he hadn't. He had it comin' to him.

Mean? Why, Cleveland raised Mark Hanna an' she's been gettin worse ever since.

In the same number he has a statistical dab at our, own City of The Angels (?) down below. He has been an "Eastern tourist" and he knows all about it:—

"If an Eastern tourist venture out at noon, he is overcome by heat; if at night, he is frost bitten. Should he wander after dark, footpads rob him of what little the hotels leave. After the footpads finish, the hotel turns him out, and then goes after the footpad.

Hotels charge Waldorf prices for Bowery accommodations.

Each day four oil companies are formed, and ten barrels of oil produced. Gold mines are abundant, gold bricks more so.

It is the graveyard of theatrical troops.

He doesn't own any oil wells down there; he isn't among their boom-born *nouveau riche* aristocracy. He is only plain unenthusiastic New York, and it worries him that:—

Most of its citizens find it convenient to date their pedigrees from the day of crossing the state line; and may adopt the same course in regard to their names. Mr. Black of Boston becomes Mr. White here. To say "a requisition has come" would empty any hall.

But why did he overlook Oakland? We have been defrauded. What is Peoria that she should have been chosen over Oakland?

The Famine In India.

THE latest advices from Simla show that the terrible food and water famine, together with a cholera pestilence, is still going on in India and there is, as yet, no abatement in the deplorable state of affairs. From many of the outlying districts news travels slowly or not at all, so that it is sometimes six months before the mere presence of a famine will become known. Readers of Kipling will remember in his story of *William the Conqueror*, the description of the really heroic efforts made by the English at these times, to lighten the grievous condition of the natives; but when the cholera rages too, it has the effect of driving away those in the famine relief camps. But in spite of this, the number employed in this work was increased by 73,000 during June.

A shortage of the water supply has as usual followed in the tracks of the famine. Springs and small streams have long ago dried up; wells are empty; while even the large rivers are now mere trickling threads of water, meandering through a wilderness of hot rock or burning sand. The drought has turned some of the most beautiful portions of Western India into a place of slow, terrible and lingering death. The people, going in search of help, have died by hundreds on the road, and jackal, pariah dog and crow fattened on their remains. In the cities, the corpse-bearers have been busy every morning removing from sight the offensive evidences of the epidemic. The sights seen in these cities have been too terrible to describe, and they must be much worse in the desolate out-lying hill tracts, where even the small measure of relief possible has not yet penetrated. The pangs of hunger are so great that the people in their desperation have taken to eating the most disgusting and impossible substances. On the borders of the Great Western Desert where is Scinde and Rajputana, not only have 90 per cent of all the cattle died, but the roads which are mere tracks across the sandy wastes, were not long ago littered for miles with human corpses.

The water supply in India depends entirely upon natural sources, except in Nagpore and a few other districts where there are water works, so that the yearly coming of the monsoon is a necessary event. But this year the meteorological reports give rise to the theory that the monsoon currents as sometimes happens, have been deflected from their usual course, the African coast. The horrors of the situation would be unexampled, if the monsoon should thus be very late or poor in quantity. Quite apart from the impossibility of all agricultural operations, it would simply mean that countless thousands of people would die of thirst.

What are some of the needs to be relieved before Finis can be written to this "tale of rotting corpses, glistening skeletons of hundreds of men and cattle, hamlets wiped out, and mile after mile of country utterly desolated?" The English Government is feeding some 6,000,000 people, but it does not provide them with clothing, which would be so bitterly needed, were the rains to come. The Mansion House Relief Fund in England may have reached possibly $300,000, but it is a mere drop in the bucket for the amount that is needed to clothe and feed one-half of the sufferers. All those natives of both sexes who cannot from caste motives engage in manual labor, must be supported from the charitable fund. But the greatest charge of all is the replacement of cattle. If India is to recover from this famine within a period of even ten years, it is absolutely necessary that as soon as the first rain falls and provides food for the cattle, the peasants who have lost their plough beasts should be provided with others. The cattle have perished by the million. No lands can be tilled, even if rains come, unless they are replaced.

It is thought that if only the people of England could be made to understand and realize the true awfulness of the state of affairs in the unhappy country under their rule, they would give with even greater generosity than they have so far done. But one of the greatest difficulties is getting dependable accounts of the state of affairs, in cases like the present, where the famine starts in out of the way districts. Like a canker, it gnaws long at the heart of India before the fact is visible on the surface. For instance, a Maharaja, or Prince, of the old conservative type, knows nothing of what goes on outside of his capital beyond what his entourage chooses to tell him. In any native state the task of famine relief is a long time in organization, because there is no proper staff of engineers or skilled civil servants to superintend things, and because all business is carried on with the utmost dilatoriness. Hence though relief measures may be started comparatively early, they usually come too late to save the thousands who are first victims of the famine. British effort is the only hope.

According to a late Washington report Miss Gail Laughlin, who is a lawyer in New York, has been appointed by the National Industrial Commission to investigate the servant girl problem in the United States. This young woman was graduated at Wellesley in 1894, and at Cornell Law School four years later. She was admitted to the New York bar in 1898, and is a member of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, and of the Committee on Industrial Problems affecting women and children. As a member of that committee she delivered an address last February on women wage-earners, which a member of the Industrial Commission heard. He was enthusiastic in his approval of the address, and as a result suggested her for this appointment. Miss Laughlin is one of those who advocate a training school for domestic servants.

Phonographic archives are about to be added to one of the public libraries, in the Austrian capital, by the Vienna Academy of Science. There will be three sections in the projected department, the first for the preservation of phonograms of every known European language and dialect, to which will be added later on all non-European languages and the second, for the record of the finest contemporary musical performances, supplemented by that of the music of peoples in distant countries. The third section will be for the collection of complete speeches by celebrated men. There are some scientific difficulties of process to be overcome, but if the experiment is a success the Vienna Academy of Science will suggest that the learned societies of other countries take up the matter.

A bacteriological method of exterminating rats, has been discovered by M. J. Danysy of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, and described in "the British Medical Journal." M. Danysy claims to have a certain microbe which can be trusted to breed a regular bubonic plague among rats, which will either remove them from this sphere of action, or reduce their numbers materially, if introduced into a population of them. By experiments on field-mice, suffering from an epidemic disease, he succeeded in procuring cultures, which used upon other rodents, in a number of places, resulted (in 50 per cent of the cases), in the entire disappearance of the rats. In 30 per cent their number was greatly lessened, and in only 20 per cent of the trials, did the method fail.

Meditations of a Matron.

A LULL in the good times seems to have arisen, my dear Diary. I have spent this week down in Burlingame It has been exceptionally quiet. The girls seem to have grown weary of men and dinners and amusements. They are beginning now to take a real summer rest. We all need it, I suppose. How I do hate it. I hate to rest and think and settle down to the inevitable fact that I am a married woman. It is a terrible thing to realize that one cannot do as one likes. Yet I should do it all over again should the opportunity present itself. I am perfectly happy. Yet, I astonished myself the other day by making the statement that happiness was such a relative thing. It paralyzed me, my own audacity. Fancy the bright vivacious Cricket of babbling fame commencing to take herself seriously. I may begin soon to study the Darwinian theory or perhaps get to the stage where Spencer is my favorite literature. I of course attribute it to the fact that I am now a married woman.

You must notice a tremendous change in me Diary dear. The first that manifested itself to me was an uncontrollable desire to give advice to all the girls of my acquaintance. In the beginning each thought it a joke, now Diary dear I am the confidante of most of the young unmarried people I know, and believe I exercise quite an amount of influence over them. A girl told me the other day she was hopelessly in love with one man but he had nothing but a salary. Another who was well supplied with this world's good things cared for her. Six months ago I should have said—If you love a poor man, marry him. Today I said, "Eva, marry the man with the better disposition." She is now engaged to a man, who before my advice, was merely a "best friend."

I am getting amazingly wise. Leila facetiously remarked when I mentioned this to her, that it might possibly arise from the fact that I am in Burlingame. Robert has bought some polo ponies. I am just wondering now what I really want. When he startled me by telling me in an apologetic sort of way that he had bought polo ponies, I immediately confessed my inability to live without accounts at different stores. I forgave him his ponies, and he has decided to obliterate from his mind the foolish repugnance he had for bills. I worry about Robert playing polo, it is such a dangerous game, but he is determined to go in for it. Of course it is Arthur's fault. I really think Diary dear that Arthur thinks he can have the use of Robert's ponies on occasions. Boys of Arthur's sort very frequently have a motive in urging their rich brother-in-laws to indulge in an expensive sport. I told Arthur on several occasions that Robert was not the sort of man to play, but Arthur was obdurate and Robert now has a stable. So much for Cricket's influence.

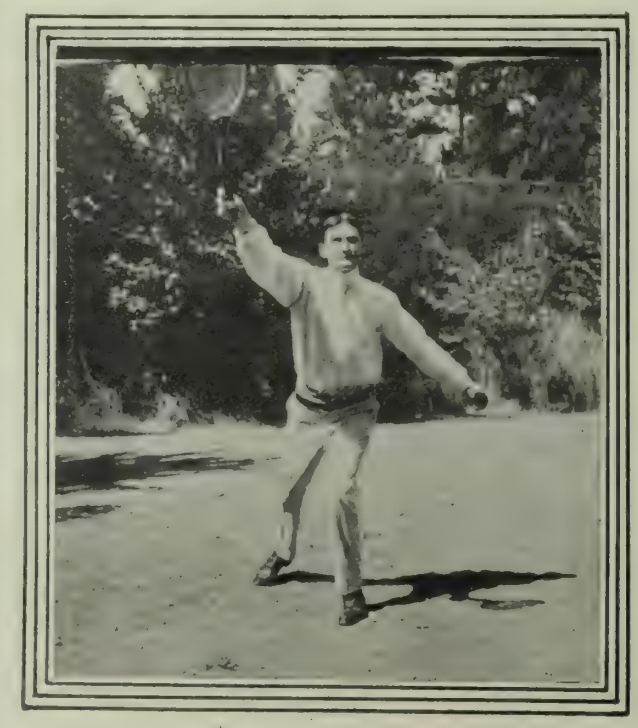
Poor little Cricket; I suppose you are tired of this rhapsody on myself, so I shall tell you of Leila's doings.

That eldest sister of mine is exceedingly gay and popular. There is never a dinner nor luncheon nor tea at San Rafael without her. I cannot for the life of me find wherein lies her exceedingly great charm. It may be a lack of appreciation in me. She says she finds Mrs. Marcus Gerstle the brightest of the young married women in San Rafael, and Mrs. George Heazleton the most intellectual. She awards the palm of beauty and intelligence to Mrs. Avery McCarthy whom she insists has a rarer appreciation of humor than anyone else over there. When I wrote asking her what she thought of the men, she merely replied in her little caustic way "Cricket, the men are all the husbands of their wives." I allow you, Diary dear, to draw your own inferences from that. Robert and Arthur each said that it implied Leila was not a man's woman. I read the list of guests and my conclusion is that there are none but married men at the hotel. Leila, however, is absolutely content, and writes most enthusiastically of golf tournaments and card parties. The last card party was given by Mrs. Smedberg. She has a house near the court house. It is a mass of vines and very pretty. All the older ladies were there. Mrs. Folger was the prettiest, she has such beautiful hair and skin. Leila's favorites are Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Grant. Mrs. Smith is also very popular. One evening Leila and Edith McBean and May Kip and several others met a crowd in town and with Mrs. Maus as chaperon had a jolly Dutch treat dinner and afterwards went to see "The Marriage of Convenience." The men, of course, were the Boardmans, Ed. Greenway and Lawrence Scott. Leila is devoted to those fellows but I always failed to find them wildly exciting for a steady diet. But then I am terribly exigeant. I liked Gerald Rathbone, Harry Stetson, Will Page and Nat. Wilson. Many are the quarrels Leila and I still have over those same fellows.

Next week I am to be in Del Monte again. It is to be with Papa. He and I love the dear old seventeen mile drive, the walks through the grounds, and the harmonious life. When Papa says Del Monte is the Queen of watering places, I immediately compare it in my mind to apollinaris sparkling and harmless. It is both, gay and not gossipy like some places. Of course, it is large and there is a great deal to do there. I have an exceedingly smart bathing suit. So far Alice Hager's ability as a swimmer takes first prize. Helen Wagner and Bertha Dolbeer too have a good deal of fun in the sea. Louise Breeze is quite good at at golf. She has one of the best shaped heads of any girl I know. She evinces quite a talent for sketching too. Castle Crag I have not mentioned, though life up there is very pleasant. I spent my jolliest summer there several years before I came out. It was the time when the Goads and the Martin boys and Marie McNutt were all young. I'd like to go up there again with the same crowd under the same circumstances. Well, wishing hardly tells you news Diary dear, so I shall say adieu for this week. With a fond anticipation of interesting you further next time.

MRS. CRICKET.

Sam and Summer Hardy, Runners-up in Doubles at the Western Tennis Tournament.



George Whitney, Pacific Coast Champion and Probably the Strongest Player in the West.

HER REASON.—A Boston groceryman relates that a little girl entered his store, recently, and asked for a cent's worth of candy.

"It's for papa," she said. "I want to s'prise him when he comes home."

The groceryman proceeded to dig out some of his stock, when the little girl interposed.

"Don't give me that kind. Give me caramels. I just love caramels."

"But I thought these were for papa," the groceryman remarked.

"I know," explained the little girl, "but when I give them to papa he'll just kiss me and say 'cause I'm such a generous little girl he'll give them all back to me. So you'd better give me caramels."

A DEFERRED PAYMENT.—A discharged soldier recently returned from the Philippines says that his company was returning from a long and tiresome scouting trip, in which most of the men had lost the greater part of their wearing apparel, when he saw, on a clothes line in the grounds of a residence adjoining a church, two shirts. As he had at the time only half a shirt to his back, he proceeded to help himself to a whole one, whereupon a woman came out of the house and said to him, in passable English, "You will pay for that on the Judgment Day." "Madam," he replied, "if you give such long credit I will take both shirts," which he proceeded to do.

A NEW TELEPHONE COMPANY.

The installation of a new telephone system in San Francisco will be watched with interest. The People's Mutual Telephone Company began operations on July 6th, installing its plant and system and intends prosecuting work as rapidly as possible. It expects to have its exchange in operation within six months and certainly offers inducements to subscribers which will atrract to it public attention and patronage. The Mutual guarananteeds free phones and switching to every public office including the Fire and Police Department and it is also to pay the city two per cent of its gross receipts. It also proposes to distribute 20,000 shares—$2,000,000 of its capital stock among the users of its phones as a consideration for signing contracts. The capital stock of the new institution is five million dollars—50,000 shares of $100 each. The corporation offers 5,000 shares for sale at $25 per share payable in monthly installments of $5

A fellow once said, "I want some whiskey, and I want it bad;" so they didn't give him Jesse Moore.

The Pianola is bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for years. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell street. Sole agents.

A Mother's True Friend

"I would like to express my gratitude for the benefit received from your wonderful medicine, 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mrs. H. C. Anderson, of South Britain, New Haven Co., Conn., (Box 33). "During the first month of pregnancy I could not keep anything on my stomach. Was so sick that I had to go to bed and stay for weeks. I tried different doctors, but with little benefit. I read about many being helped by using your medicine so I thought I would give it a trial. I began to take your 'Favorite Prescription' in November and I had a nice little baby girl in February following. My baby weighed over eight pounds. I was only in hard labor about one hour and got along nicely during confinement; was up and dressed on the eighth day. I never had the doctor with me at all. My friends thought that I was sick a very short time. I think Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed *a mother's true friend*, for it helped me wonderfully."

FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION
MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

The Old Government the perfection of Whisky.
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
PURE-AGED-WHOLESOME.
Used in the Medical Departments of the
U.S. ARMY & NAVY SERVICE
WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, DISTRIBUTORS.
Beware of Imitations or refilled Bottles

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.
TEL. 5810 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

1875 1900
Safe Deposit and Trust Co.
Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.
PHONE BUSH 165.
Safe-Deposit Boxes from $5.00 per year up. Trunks and Valuables of every Description Stores in Fire and Burglar-Proof Vaults at $1.00 per month.
Office Hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

MUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Meeker-Baker Trio; Joe T. Sullivan and Carrie Webber; Jessie Padgham; Etta Butlea; Miss Lillian Burkhart and Company; Williamson and Stone; Donohue and Nichols; The Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 16th.
Fifth week Charles Frohman presents
HENRY MILLER
and a special company
Six nights, matinees Wed. and Sat.
First time in this city of R. Marshall's new and original farcical romance

His Excellency, the Governor.

Originally produced at Lyceum Theatre, N. Y. July 30—"Brother Officers."
Thursday afternoons and Sunday nights Burton Holmes Lectures.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers. [Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sun. Night, July 22nd
Matinees Saturday Only.

Matthews & Bulger in conjunction with
DUNNE & RYLEY'S ALL STAR CAST.
In their original success

"RUSH CITY."

A Whirl-I-Gig of fun. By Gus Heege, author of "Ole Olson and "Yon Yonson."
Next week—"By the Sad Sea Waves.
Our Never Changing Popular Prices.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Week of July 23rd.
The hit of the year, every night at 8:15.
Eighth week of
FLORENCE ROBERTS
Assisted by White Whittlesey
—AND—

Only the Master Shall Blame

Matinee Saturday only.
Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Columbia Theatre.

Burton Holmes Lectures

Direction of Henry Miller.

Illustrations in colors and appropriate Motion Pictures. Two courses exactly alike.

Six Thursday matinees at 2:30
Six Sunday evenings at 8:30.

Japan revisited, July 26 and 29.
Round About Paris, Aug. 2 and 5.
Grand Canon, Aug. 9 and 12.
Moki Land, Aug. 16 and 19.
Hawaiian Islands, 23 and 26.
Reserved seats $1, 75c., and 50c., ready Mon.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH

Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

There is not an ounce of headache in a barrel of it—Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

AT THE THEATERS

MISS LILLIAN BURKHART in a blatant French farce and Miss Marie Stuart in a clever American one make and mar the Orpheum program this week. As to "Captain Suzanne" I am not blaming Miss Burkhart, mind you. With her native adroitness she handles the hysterical affair so well that we are enabled at times to laugh in the right places and to hold our breath with interest where we ought to be snickering at the pathetic lines. I do not remember much about Miss Stuart's playlet except that the conventional gay husband intrigues and goes out o' nights in the same old way and our old friend the innocent young wife hides the wrong man in the wrong room and gets into complications of antique memory; but I know that I laughed with the rest and voted Miss Stuart a gilt-edged mimic with a naughty, naughty kick.

Stella Mayhew does the down South darky with a realism that is almost too good for vaudeville. Barrere and Jules are clever gymnasts. The Quaker City quartet mask as blacksmiths as an excuse to introduce the time-honored musical eccentricity, while Smith and Fuller do likewise without the formality of a pretext. Williamson and Stone are amusing as burnt cork comedians.

* *

Morosco is gradually sliding toward his favorite melodrama. This week's play "The Great Ruby," is a mixture of a "Duchess" novel with an Anna Green detective story. The scenes, after the manner of late British melodrama, are numerous and short. The countless complications of the plot cause the audience to follow it with breathless interest. Some of the striking features are the driving of a coach and four-in-hand about the stage, a public luncheon scene on the Lord's Cricket Grounds, and the scene which made the play famous, a balloon ascension in which a "thrilling struggle" takes place while the baloon is in mid-air. Wilton Lackeye as *Prince Cassim* and Harrington Reynolds as *Longman*, in this balloon struggling with each other for life, aroused the enthusiasm of the house. The only other curtain call Tuesday night was won by Mary Van Buren, after her sleep-walking scene, a "swipe" from Shakespeare, by the way. As *Lady Garnett* she was as handsome and exquisitely gowned as usual. The part was light comedy, that of an impulsive, independent foolish young wife, and no great strain on the powers of an actress; but she made the character very likeable.

A more difficult role was that of the Russian Countess, *Mirtza Charroff*, played by Corona Riccardo, a new actress to the Coast. She is a very graceful and expressive young woman, with an extremely sympathetic voice. Her stage presence is picturesque, and in the melodramatic scenes she shows that she has much reserve force to call upon. She invests the supposedly wicked little diamond thief with all the womanly charm and allurement that usually goes with the stage Russian. Wilton Lackeye in the role of the Indian, *Prince Cassim*, looked the romantic part to perfection, and gave a realistic, pleasing reprensentation. His method was refined and earnest and not overdone.

* *

In *Sir Simon Beauclerc*, Reginald Travers had a chance to be decidedly funny. Robert Greppo, as *Lord George Hartopp*, gave a more successful delineation. But it was noticeable how early in the play most of the supposedly high-class English people lapsed into a most un-English manner of clipping off their words. *Captain Dalrymple*, for example, was attractive, but not at all English. The part of *Brenda Elsmere*, the pretty young girl of the three volume novel sort of play, was taken by Ruth Berkeley, in a characterization which was simple, winning and realistic. The main interest, however, lay in following the fortunes of the coaching party collectively, (which was the Duchess novel part,) and the story of the great ruby robbery, which was the Anna Green detective part, involving the fascinating Russian and "de diamond gang." The stage settings and elaboration of scenic effect were very good. It is well that they were, as the story offers few situations for arousing the sympathies of the audience.

It is a pity that a woman with such a face and figure as Miss Van Buren, should have so little play of facial expression. This lack was not patent in the sleep-walking scene however, as her handsome features very naturally and effectively took on the necessary glassy stare. But as her lines in this scene as well as the entire situation were only amusing, and didn't come to much of anything in the end. The whole device was rather overdone.

* *

In "The Liars" it is that the opportunity of E. J. Morgan comes in. His rendering of the role of *Edward Falkner* is the fine effect of the piece. The climax of the third act when, at the request of Lady Jessica, he tells the truth to Gilbert Nepean is a masterly situation, but a lesser man could not rise to the height that Morgan does. That speech elevates comedy into tragedy. One realizes how the manner and attitude of the actor have been keyed to it. He is, throughout, the somber, intense enthusiast willing to sacrifice life, honor, career for a cause or a love. There is not a false note in this performance. Miss Anglin was rather more charming, more flexible, more subtly clever than when she rendered the role of Lady Jessica at the Columbia twelve months ago. To see and enjoy her is a privilege we in the Far West may not have again, for she is destined to the highest distinction in the profession and the call can hardly be delayed much longer. Mr. Miller has certainly gained ease and naturalness since last he enacted his *Christopher Deering*. Then a clever and conscientious performance, now it is also a very agreeable and graceful one.

* *

"His Excellency, the Governor," a farcical romance in three acts by R. Marshall is to be the bill for the fifth week of the Henry Miller season at the Columbia Theatre, beginning with next Monday night. The play was a great success in New York and England. The cast for the Columbia will include E. J. Morgan, Frank Worthing, Charles Walcot, Sadie Martinot, Mrs. Thos. Whiffen and others. "Brother Officers" will follow.

* *

At the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night the second of the Burton Holmes Lectures will be given. "Manila" will be the subject. Next Thursday afternoon and the following Sunday night the subject is to be "Japan Revisited." The lectures are proving very popular.

* *

Next week, the Alcazar will have a rather unusual attraction in "The County Girl," one of the oldest plays now on the boards. It was first produced in 1673, being the work of Wycherlie. Afterward, Garrick adapted it for his time. Ada Rehan's name is connected with its revival in this century. Florence Roberts will play the leading role of *Peggy*.

* *

During the coming week Matthews and Bulger, supported by Dunne and Ryley's comedy company, at the California, will appear in their original success, "Rush City." "By the Sad Sea Waves," will follow.

* *

Miss Lillian Burkhart, entering upon this her last week, at the Orpheum, will give by request a number of her most successful plays, including:—"A Passing Fancy," "A Garret Salvation," "Fifty Years Ago," and "A Deal on Change." Jessie Padgham, a Los Angeles girl, will appear on the program for the first time. The Meeker-Baker trio-acrobats, Kitty Mitchell and Donahue and Nichols are among the other attractions.

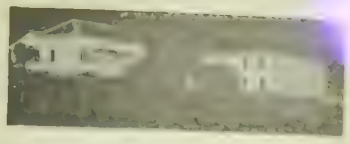
* *

Florence Roberts is starring in "Ingomar" this week to good houses. The play is of the old robust-heroic style and a trifle out of date. The acting is excellent, however, on the part of both the stars and the subordinates.

* *

Matthews and Bulger's old comedy success "At Gay Coney Island," with new specialties, has held the boards this week at the California. Being mainly a clever excuse for the stringing of songs and specialties, it just suits the company. The two head-jokers, Tony Hart as the German grocer and Phil Ryley in a dual role, were special favorites with the audience.

When taken at the proper time a little Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey will prevent a cold.



DUNCAN SPRINGS HOPLAND Mendocino Co.

Two miles from railroad station; 101 miles from San Francisco; enequalled soda and magnesia springs; hospitable management, first-class table; hard-finished hotel; picturesque site and surroundings, two trains daily, long-distance telephone; terms $10 to $12 per week; housekeepping cottages $15 to $20 per month. Waters bottled by W. H. Bone, 638 Merchant street, S. F. Through fare $3 50 Send for circulars.
Address O. HOWELL.

FOR AN OUTING....

Visit one of the many Mineral Springs Resorts along the

California Northwestern Railway Co.

Leesee of San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company. (The Picturesque Route of California.)

Where the Famous Mineral Waters of the World are Duplicated.

If you prefer the simple home life of the Ranch, free from fashion's restraints, there are many in our section from which to choose. But if you would rather the tent in some shady nook, near a lovely lake, or on the bank of some beautiful stream, remember such locations are numerous and free of charge.

Call for "VACATION," a little book just issued by the Company, giving Camping Locations, Hotels, Mineral Spring Resorts, and a list of one hundred and sixty-seven Farms and homes, where Board for the Summer can be secured at from $5 00 to $8.00 per week.

Ticket Office, 650 Market street (Chronicle building)
General Office, Mutual Life building, Sansome and California streets, San Francisco.
H. C. WHITING, General Manager,
R. X. RYAN, General Passenger Agent.

NOTICE,

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has, by order of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California, been appoined assignee in bankruptcy of Prosley C. Hyman in the place and stead of Henry C. Hyde, the former assignee, deceased
Dated June 27th, 1900.
FRANK L. OWEN, Assignee.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—OCCIDENTAL CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Silver Star Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourteenth (14th) day of July, 1900, an assessment (No. 35) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 69 Nevada block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of Aug., 1900 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the eleventh (11th) day of Sept., 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors
ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office: Room 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

TELEPHONE STOCK FOR SALE.

Safest and Best Investment Before the Public To-Day.

PEOPLES' MUTUAL TELEPHONE COMPANY.

Capital Stock $5,000,000 — 50,000 Shares of $100 Each.

Is the owner of the most valuable Telephone Franchise in the United States.
Has 3500 contracts for the use of its telephones.
Has assured net income of over $100,000 a year.
GIVES city FREE telephones and switching in all city offices; FREE Fire and Police Department Wires.
GIVES city telephone users $2,000,000—20,000 shares of its stock for using its phones
Charges lower rates than Bell Company.
Will pay 10 per cent dividends on its stock if supported by telephone users.
GUARANTEES that no assessment will ever be levied on its stock.
Will keep millions of dollars in California that now go to Eastern capitalists.
ONLY 5000 shares for sale, for construction purposes, at $25.00 a share, payable in monthly installments of $5.00. Last day for subscription July 30th, 1900. The price of the stock will be raised after July 25th to $30,000 a share.
Full information furnished upon application to
PEOPLES' MUTUAL TELEPHONE COMPANY,
June 30, 1900. 206 SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

A Suburban Cinch.

"WE'LL get Red Beak Jim to hike us down in his caloosh," said the main guy of the four. The four were job holders in one of the city departments, and they were talking about ways and means of reaching the Sheepshead track for the Suburban.

"Good thing," said the three others. "Go on and ask Jimmy for a figure, down and back, for the bunch. Hey, and don't let him dicker you out o' your gilt teeth. Jimmy's a robber."

So the main guy of the four sprinted after Red Beak Jim. He found him with the major portion of his countenance immersed in the collarette of an open-faced malt magnum.

"Hey, Jim," said the main guy, "hitch 'em up and bring 'em around about noon. Down to the Bay and back. There's four of us. What d'ye say to the note for $10 for the job?"

Red Beak Jim removed the mammoth piece of glassware from his face long enough to remark:

"Nothin' doin'."

"Aint, hey?" said the main guy. "The old caloose's fallen apart at last, hey?"

Red Beak Jim set the beer glass down and wiped off his mouth with the back of his coat-sleeve.

"It'll be jugglin' around when you're yelling for ice at any old price a hunnerd," said he "Nope, I'm 'ngaged f'r th' Bay."

"Say, you've got your fingers crossed or your suspenders," said the main guy. "Give you fifteen for the job."

"Goin't t' take three down," said Red Beak Jim. "Ten a head. Sorry I didn't ask 'em fifteen. Trucks is chargin' ten a head."

"Ten a head, hey," said the main guy, sarcastically. "What in, zinc money? Hey, pull around Jim, or you'll lose a wheel. Ten a head? Get away with that hasheesh. Give us a figure."

"You've got it," replied Red Beak Jim. "Ten per, round trip. I'm a good thing at that. But I'm nagged."

"So's me little sister," said the main guy. "All right, work your edge. What's ten a head to us, at that? Hey, we got the baby to-day Jim, and you want to put some braces under that old caloosh. We'll have two ton of money coming back. Bring 'er around, then, at noon."

"Sure," said Red Beak Jim, and he was there at noon, all right, with the hack all varnished up and dusted off, and the pair looking fit to reel off a mile in five minutes, on the bit. The four were inside.

"At the pump, gents," said he.

They yanked him in to have one before the start, and they all got him over into the dark corner. Then the main guy addressed him.

"Jim," said the main guy, "we're handling this to you because you're all right—from the knees down. On the level, though, Jim, we pass this along to you because it's right. It's prepared. It's a nightingale in the woods, and it'll be s'nging when all the rest of 'em are still trying to find out where the wire is. Horse of the century? Nix. Not for these little Willies. The black, let 'er sleep wonder? Not. We stay out there. The Whitney thing with the Frenchy name? Hoot mon. Pass this squad by. Nope. We got it right, Jimmy. And we're handling you the forty bucks now so's you can plant it right. Here's the forty—and say, you want to remember that you're paid, see? Well, you get over the fence somehow—let a kid tak · care o' your two goats and the caloosh—and you put the whole forty on Kinley Mack. See? Got that chalked? You put the forty on Kinley Mack, and part o' the two ton o' gilt we'll have on the come-back 'll belong to you. Kinley Mack's going to stand 'em all on their heads and twist 'em round. Don't say we didn't put you next. Uneeda win. Well, you win. Nothing to it. Kinley Mack. Ain't that right, you ducks?"

"That's right, all right," said the other three all together.

Red Beak Jim emptied his flagon thoughtfully.

"I got mine at that game," said he, finally. "They made a bum o' me before you people was through playin' jacks. They can run f'r Hogan. These"—salting away the two twenties the main guy had handed him—"will do f'r me. I don't want t' get rich fast, nohow. I'd booze meself foolish. Much 'bliged, gents, but I can't see no Kinley Macks or Billy Bryans, f'r that matter, wit' a spy-glass."

"All right," said the main guy, disgustedly. "But when the ring's around Kinley Mack, and they're paying off the wise people on him, you want to muffle the bleats you'll have coming, see? Don't say we never dished you up a hot one. You're a sport, Jimmy and so's a tadpole. You'll never butt in among the first six. All right. Come on, you people."

They clinked the pieces of ice against the sides of their glasses once more, and then they climed into the hack and were away in a row, to a good start.

At each of the seven places at which they stopped for ice, with trimmings, on the way down to the bay, they announced to friends that they met that it was only going to be a one horse race.

"Run on a fast track, hey?" said the main guy to everybody he knew at the stops. "Say, that's his graft. That's his main plant. A racehorse can run on any old kind of a track. Say, you get tied up with this horse of the century, hey? Say, d'je ever happen to hear of Salvator and Tenny and Hanover and Lamplighter and Henry of Navarre and Sir Walter and Raceland and Hamburg and a few old two-dollar mutts like that? Did, hey? Well, say, do they butt in? Say, Hamburg could've run backward as fast as this horse of the century that you people have all got the bug about. Kinley Mack! Kinley Mack! Hey, fellers?"

"Thash ri'," said the other three, and then they climbed into the hack again.

When they got down to the track entrance and alighted, the main guy of the four, still mindful of his duty toward struggling fellow men, made a final appeal to Red Beak Jim.

"Jim," said he, "how about taking our steer, hey? This is the good thing of the year. It's going to be a long summer. Going to put that forty on Kinley Mack?"

"I'm goin' t' take a nap after I have a smoke," replied Red Beak Jim, filling his pipe.

The four walked away with an air of disgust, while Red Beak Jim grinned after them.

Each of the four had a one-hundred dollar note wherewith to back Kinley Mack off the boards. The temptations of the first three races, however, collared them, and when the state went up for the Suburban they each had a fifty-dollar note wherewith to play Kinley Mack, the good thing. When the horses were at the post for the third race, the main guy, who happened to be standing close to the fence that separates the grand stand crowd from the people in the cheap field, saw Red Beak Jim, with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth, leaning against the rail. He called the hackman, and Red Beak Jim approached the fence with a grin.

"Thought you'd got on, anyhow, hey?" said the main guy.

"Naw, I jes' crep in t' see 'm run an' hear th' hard losers tell how it was they lost." said Red Beak Jim, "Nothin' doin' wit' me.

"Ain't going to put those forty on Kinley Mack, hey?" asked the main guy.

"Not if I'm awake," said Red Beak Jim, and the main guy walked away from the fence with an ex ression of commiseration on his face.

The horses were still at the post for the third race when the main guy was approached by a horseman he knew. The horseman was chewing a straw. He looked very wise.

"Cashed yet on Imp?" the horseman asked the main guy.

"Hey?" asked the latter, bending his ear.

"Only a canter for that one," said the horseman, in a low tone, temporarily removing the straw from his face. "Just a little exercise gallop for the black filly."

"Say, is that right?" inquired the main guy. "Is she so good as all that to-day?"

"Surest thing you know," said the horseman. "She'll give 'em all a fifty-pound beating, or I don't know a hoof from a currycomb. I'm only spinning this along to the people I've got some use for. That's the reason I dip it up for you."

"But, say," whispered the main guy of the four, "I got it straight as a ramrod on Kinley Mack."

The horseman smiled benignly.

"On this track?" said he. "That one would'nt beat a fat man on this track. He wants slop and slush. I'm only telling you, that's all. You splurge on Imp and it'll be all yours."

"I always was stuck on that darned old mare, anyhow," mused the main guy of the four, as as he walked off in search of the other three. "She sure can rip the air when she's ripe. Got a thunder of a notion to switch to her at that. That fellow ought to know. He's been handling 'em long enough. Kinley Mack only a mudder, hey? Had kind of a hunch that way myself, but I didn't want to own up. Last week, before I got this Kinley Mack thing, I was sure going to play Imp and I'd feel like a nickel's worth of lard if she'd go out and spread-eagle 'em, now that I've got this Kinley Mack thing."

He stood still for a moment with his hands in his pockets, oblivious of the jostling crowd, and then he slapped his thigh.

"I've got the hunch—it's Imp!" he muttered. "Lemme find the fellers and put 'em next."

He found the other three. They were putty when the main guy told them what the horseman had said. They'd always liked Imp, anyhow.

Their four fifty-dollar notes went on Imp straight, when the slates went up. They all stood together and rooted for the black mare when the horses got off. When Kinley Mack romped in, an easy winner, they didn't say anything at all. They didn't even look at one another. They avoided one another's gaze, thrust their hands deep into their pockets and studied the jockeys as they dismounted. When the first numbness had passed, the main guy of the four led them to the bar and they drank the longest one of the day in silence They looked into their glasses as they twiddled their spoons, but they didn't look at one another.

There was $17 still left among the four—not enough for any sort of celebration or doings when they got back to town. So the main guy gathered up the $17 in silence and put it all on a horse at 10 to 1 in the fifth race, with the idea of running the shoestring into a tannery. The 10 to 1 shot was never in the hunt at any stage of it, and they were all out. Silently they wended their way out of the gate.

Red Beak Jim was sitting on the seat of the hack, with his legs crossed, smoking a pipe. He looked interested when the four came alongside.

"You'se people must have all kinds," said he.

They climbed into the hack without a word.

"D'je play that one?" inquired Red Beak Jim, picking up the lines.

"Ask me aunt," growled the main guy.

Red Beak Jim clucked at the horses, and they moved off in good style.

The hackman pulled the horses up alongside the step in front of the first roadhouse.

"Hey, don't get too glad all of a sudden," growled the main guy to Red Beak Jim. "Who told you to do that?"

Red Beak Jim disposed of the lines and stepped down without making any reply, while the four watched him gloomily. Then he grinned, hoisted up the right-hand front flap of his livery coat, dug into his right-hand trousers pocket and pulled out a wad about the size of a healthy cantaloupe.

"I'll ask youse gents to split a couple o' quarts on me," said Red Beak Jim. "I got 8 to 1 f'r me forty."

They gazed at him and his wad with their jaws dropping.

"Did you play Kinley Mack?" they gurgled in unison.

"That's the one youse people said, aint it?" inquired Red Beak Jim. "I t'ought I'd take a little flyer on him, jes f'r luck."—*N. Y. Sun.*

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY

Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists.

BAD DRINKING WATER.—Every one suffers greatly from the different kinds of water he is compelled to drink, and nothing is so likely to bring on an attack of diarrhœa. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the only safe, quick, and sure cure for it, cramps and cholera morbus. Avoid substitutes. there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. Price 25c. and 50c.

Has it ever struck you that you can buy Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey for almost the same price that is paid for ordinary whiskey? You dealer has it.

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco | R. H. PEASE, President and Manager. | 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address ***WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE. SEND US YOUR ORDER,*** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing our **1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Mesinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickelling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our **binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

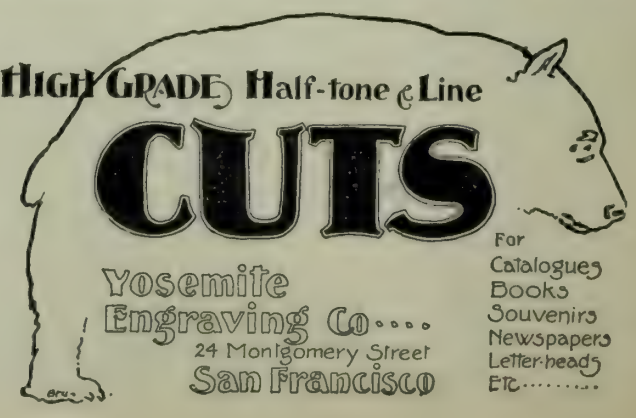
CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at $3 to $10 each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for **Bargain List. OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. Give name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

We Make the Cuts in this Paper,



GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,212
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,238,372 45
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits July 30, 1900.....28,938,395 12

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, I. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits July 1, 1900.....$26,952,875
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....218,093
Contingent Fund.....439,608

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen Robert Watt, Thomas Magee,
George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery,
Daniel E. Martin, C O G. Miller, Jacob Barth,
E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Presiden
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses.

LONDON.

Gowns and Gossip of Ascot Week.

ASCOT this year, as far as dressing went, was a somewhat subdued function, in comparison with the picture of former years. Yet returning to London, the last day, with all the Kaleidoscopic variety of a tired but happy London crowd seething about one in every sort of vehicle, the jaded sight seer has the triumphant feeling, the end of the Ascot race week always brings. She has seen not only some of the finest exhibitions of horse-speed in the world, and a pace in beauty and smart dressing on the part of the women, which only London can set, but she has participated in a sort of "round-up" of all the notabilities of the season. She has been a part of the most important public event of London society.

In past years for a would-be fashionable not to have a seat in the far-famed Enclosure, which is only a small stretch of dried brown grass, set thickly with chairs in uneven rows, divided from the course by only a small iron-railing, was to be the prey of many covetous regrets and much rancor. The haughty dames and blase noblemen, sitting therein in stately rows, and surveying the crowd outside through lorgnon and monocle, with a complacent insolence born of long practice, seemed stamped with a quite mysterious and terrifying superiority. But in 1900, the old-time show of exclusiveness seemed a myth. The occupants of the enclosure were now merely a floating population; many of the smartest and prettiest women, (in the new century mode of entire freedom), roamed about with the men outside, in search of adventure, and seemed quite to shun the rather hackneyed decorum of the enclosure.

I saw a bright-faced young Peeress wandering about with a Life Guardsman, home on leave; her face wore a most pleased expression, doubtless at finding this view of the races novel and entertaining. She wore a becoming white gown with great salmon-colored picotees thrust in her bodice, and a big black hat setting off her auburn hair. Almost every other woman I noticed was also wearing one of these big black hats either resting lightly on her carefully fluffed hair, or set at a coquettish angle. T is was one of the reasons why the effect of the crowd was subdued in general. Gaily colored hats had evidently been discarded, even at the last minute, along with brilliant gowns or parasols. The absence of men at the war was of course another reason, as well as the failure of a Royal semi-state procession. But however comparatively subdued the dressing of the women, the hour for luncheon turned Ascot as usual into a big, bustling picnic. The Royalties, and the Master of the Buckhounds and his party had their luncheon in the dignified retreat of the Royal Stand, while the rest of the world lunched on their coaches, or wended their way to the immense luncheon tents, of which the Guards', the Bachelors' and White's were the smartest. Lady Constance MacKenzie, the fascinating debutante sister of the Countess of Cromartie, was one of a party at the latter place, and had on one of the new gowns which are a revival of the pretty and convenient old fashion of wearing a blouse and skirt of differing material and colour.

Her skirt was in pink foulard, and the bodice of white lace over white, with knots of black velvet put on just the right place to emphasize the graceful curves of her figure. With this gown was worn the inevitable big black hat, but in this case a large pink rose or two under the brim rested against the dark hair of the Scotch lassie who was under the chaperonage of her aunt. She is a typical young sportswoman devoted to fishing and swimming, but made quite as bewitching a picture on the box-seat of the coach in which she drove up as she ever has at tee-side or on the Highlands.

Lady Randolph Churchill, whose engagement to young Cornwallis West has become an accepted fact in spite of the opposition of that social arbiter, the Prince of Wales, was most admired among those in the Enclosure. Cornwallis West, though brother of the Princess of Pless, and member of a family noted for its physical beauty, can not endow Lady Churchill with titles and position, equal to those which her first husband bestowed upon her. On the contrary, in becoming his wife she will give up her precedence at court as the widow of a younger son of a Duke, and whatever royal function she is attending, will enter as only "Mrs. Cornwallis West, C. I.," among the usual mob of "wives of esquires and gentlemen." But this fate does not seem to deter her in the least. Though no longer young she appeared still very handsome at Ascot, in an exquisite white foulard gown with long graceful festoons of flower stems in black. The bodice had a transparent vest of plaited gauze, barred with black velvet, each line of black held in place on either side by a jewelled ornament. Round the throat was worn an immense neck ruffle of white lisse powdered with black velvet spots and edged with tiny rows of black velvet bebe ribbon. Upon Lady Churchill's wonderful dark hair rested a toque made of shirred white tulle, just slightly veiled with black and trimmed with masses of white and black roses. The only touch of color about her was supplied by a huge cluster of Cattleya orchids tied to the ivory handle of a white satin sunshade, covered with very fine black maltese lace. It was indeed a toilette ravishing enough to render any woman happy, and seemed to compensate fully for the unavoidable absence of a young Cornwallis—West.

Another woman who has not been loth to take unto herself a new, young husband, is Mrs. Gerald de Bathe, nee Mrs. Langtry, nee, the world forgets what, but she was the observed of all observers at Ascot, seeming to have drunk of the fountain of perpetual youth—(which comes in small boxes)—and smilingly oblivious to the fact of her new lord and master's (?) continued sojourn at German watering places. He has been there pretty nearly ever since he bestowed his ancestral name upon her. It is his health which keeps him over there across the water. Perhaps it is a case which bears a family resemblance to that of the husband perpetuated in the American joke: "My darling," he says, "the doctor says my health requires that I spend six weeks in the country." "How awful; I can't possibly leave town now," rejoined his devoted wife. "Yes, that is part of the cure."

But Sloan, the invincible jockey, had ridden her horse Merman to victory, and she was as happy as a woman of her years and experience can be. She wore an appropriately simple gown of pale gray canvas. A short white lace coat was worn over the excessively plain gray bodice, and the folded neck band was of white satin, clasped with one of the famous Gebhardt diamonds. Her recent snubbing by the great ladies of New York seemed not to have dampened her spirits in the least, for was she not back safe on her old hunting-ground and in "Tummie's" domain? As chaperone, she had with her, her young daughter Miss Jeanne Langtry, who is now her constant companion. This young girl was dressed with all the Parisian care of what is appropriate to the budding innocence of the young person. Probably the Jersey Lily's greatest pleasure of late years, (next to the admiration of Mr. de Bathe, of course,) has been the proper upraising of this young and tender sprout of the old plant. At any rate Miss Jeanne, who is rather pretty in a girlish way, and is at least unqualifiedly young, was surrounded by admirers at Ascot, and received attention from any number of smart people. She seldom appears in anything but white, and this week at the races wore a little gown of fine white cloth, to watch her mama's horse win the Gold Cup. The skirt of her gown was kilted in narrow pleats, and had no trimming except lines of silk stitching up and down the kilts. She wore a soft white silk blouse, with insertions of cream-colored lace, and a big white hat with blue rosettes under the brim, in a way to match that of her mama's, which was a well known big black hat with the red, white and blue colors in flowers tucked under the brim. I do not think that this was especially intended as a compliment to the flag of the United States. Still, slights make very little difference to one of the Jersey Lily's really well known social position, and she must necessarily have cultivated a forgiving disposition.

KATRIONA.

All bon vivants will be pleased to learn that genial "John" Heinkee supersedes Mr. Justin Ladagnous as proprietor of the famous Maison Riche, so happily named by dainty Aimee in her golden days. Epicures the world over know the Riche. "John" will maintain the high standard that this restaurant has always held in this city.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed byone of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Your sideboard at home is complete if it is not stocked with Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey

HOTEL VENDOME.

At San Jose is one of Central California's most beautiful hostelries. In the midst of its own twelve-acre park; two blocks from the railroad station where almost hourly trains connect with the outside; the starting point for Lick Observatory; the center of a greater number and variety of attractions than any other place on the Coast; furnished finely, graded and watered roads for driving and cycling lead in every direction; with over 250 elegantly furnished rooms, and suites with bath and toilet; perfect in appointment, service and all the accessories of comfort, and one of the most attractive features of San Jose, the metropolis of the world renowned Santa Clara Valley.

GEO. P. SNELL,
Manager

Tavern of Castle Crag

AND SODA SPRINGS

NOW OPEN.

Located in the midst of grand and impressive mountain scenery. With Mt. Shasta and The Crags for a background.

Fine hunting and fishing.

Unsurpassed cuisine and service and reasonable rates.

RAILROAD FARE round trip, including sleeper both ways $14

For rates, terms and other information address E. B. PIXLEY, Manager.

Care Pacific Improvement Co., Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

LAKE COUNTY.

New 19-passenger Yosemite Stages, all outside seats, direct to the most picturesque portion of California. Best equipped stage line in the state. Leaves Calistoga daily (Sunday excepted) at 11:30 a. m., direct to Harbin, Seigler, Adams, Howard, Anderson, Astorgo, and Glenbrook; half an hour for lunch at Calistoga; also to Middletown, Lower Lake, Kelseyville and Lakeport. Wm. Spiers, Proprietor.
Calistoga, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—MEXICAN GOLD and Silver Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July 1900, an assessment [No. 64] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Com pany, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment sh all remain unpaid on the fourteenth day of August 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 5th day of September 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 9th day of July, 190 ,an assessment (No. 119) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No 14, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shal, remain unpaid on the 14th day of Aug., 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 3rd day of Sept, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
E. L. PARKER, Secretary
Office: Room No. 14, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Perfection in Champagne.

The celebrated vintage of 1893 of Moet & Chandon White Seal, now being imported into the United States, is perfection, being the product of the choicest grapes. Its selection by connoisseurs is proof of its high quality.

NEW SUGAR ENTERPRISES IN HAWAIIAN ISLANDS:

Good Work Which Has Been Done on the Plantations and Improvements Now Under Way.

B. F. Dillingham of Honolulu, who has been associated with a number of the best sugar-producing estates in Hawaii, is in this city, a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Statements having been made that Mr. Dillingham was here in the interest of sugar undertakings that gave every assurance of becoming the best paying properties on the islands, he was questioned on the subject.

"Is it a fact, Mr. Dillingham, that you are about to bring out an investment to be offered in this city? "The Post" wishes to secure reliable information on the matter."

"Such is the fact," responded Mr. Dillingham. "The investing people of this city will soon be afforded the opportunity of becoming financially interested in the largest and one of the best enterprises in the production of sugar ever inaugurated in the Territory of Hawaii."

"What have you accomplished, Mr. Dillingham, upon the Island of Oahu, on which Honolulu, the capital, is situated?"

"Since January 1, 1900, I have promoted in whole or in part the following enterprises in Oahu, which were taken up almost entirely by Hawaiian capital, namely: Oahu Railway and Land Company, Ewa Plantation Company, Ltd., Kahuku Sugar Company, Ltd., Oahu Sugar Company, Ltd., Honolulu Sugar Company, Ltd., and Waialua Agricultural Company, Ltd. The entire investment in these properties, including the original cost, is about $13,000,000. The market value to-day in Honolulu and San Francisco of the bonds and stock of the above-named corporations is over $30,000,000."

"It is reported, Mr. Dillingham, that you are building a railroad on the Island of Hawaii, and are also interested in the development of new plantations there. Will you kindly state in a general way what has been done?"

"In 1899 I associated myself with L. A. Thurston, A. W. Carter, M. P. Robinson and others, who together organized the Hilo Railroad Company, and on the 28th of March of that year were granted by the Government of the Republic of Hawaii a franchise for a term of fifty years for the purpose of constructing steam or electric railroads on any part of the Island of Hawaii and for transacting any and all business incidental or relating thereto.

"The Island of Hawaii has an area of 4000 square miles and lies in a southeasterly direction from Honolulu, about 200 miles distant. Hilo, the principal port of entry on that island, has a large harbor and is an ambitious rival of the city of Honolulu.

Hilo Railroad Company.

"The promoters of the Hilo Railroad Company acquired the control by purchase and under long leases of about 35,000 acres of the finest sugar land on the Island of Hawaii. These lands are situated in the districts of Olaa and Puna, in a southeasterly direction from Hilo.

"Two sugar plantations have been organized and incorporated under the laws of the Republic of Hawaii, taking over those valuable lands under the names of Olaa Sugar Company, Limited, and Puna Sugar Company, Limited. The mill site for the first-named plantation is nine miles and the latter twenty-seven miles from the water front of Hilo harbor.

"A standard gauge road (4 feet 8½ inches), with sixty-pound steel rails, has been constructed and equipped with Baldwin locomotives, and cars manufactured at the shops of the Hilo Railroad Company. Regular trains carrying freight and passengers have been running to the Olaa plantation since the 1st of June. Constrction work on the road will be completed to Puna plantation by the end of the year, and regular trains will be running to that point January 1, 1901.

Olaa Sugar Company, Limited.

"The Olaa Sugar Company, capitalized at $5,000,000, divided into 250,000 shares of a par value of $20 each, was the first sugar plantation started on the line of the Hilo Railroad. This plantation controls the largest area of sugar land of any corporation in the territory of Hawaii, viz:

Lands in fee, acres	14,372
Lands under lease forty years, acres	4,500
Lands controlled under option for forty years, estimated, acres	5,000
Total acres	23,872

"Of this large area there are over 20,000 acres of superior sugar land.

Water Supply.

"No artificial irrigation will be required for this plantation. The average rainfall per annum exceeds 100 inches. In no other section of the country is the rainfall more evenly distributed. There is no record of a drought in Olaa sufficient to affect vegetation. Independent of the local rainfall, the company has recently discovered subterranean streams lying near the surface of the ground at an elevation varying from 1650 to 2000 feet above sea level, which, at small expense in tunneling, have been brought out upon the surface and are under the control of the company. There are now five streams developed, flowing by actual measurement 16,000,000 gallons a day of twenty-four hours. The cheapest means known for the transportation of cane from field to mill is by water run in a V-shaped flume, but this method is used by a small percentage of all the plantations in the country, for the reason that water for such a purpose is not available. The water already developed (which, if desired, can be enormously increased) is ample to supply all requirements for milling purposes and to convey to the mill in flumes enough cane to manufacture 400 tons of sugar per day. Should water ever be needed for irrigation on Olaa, this and the undeveloped sources can be made to supply every possible need.

Olaa Within a Natural Rain Belt.

North and west of Olaa are the snow-capped mountains of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa respectively. The clouds from over the ocean, carried by prevailing winds between those lofty mountains, whose summit peaks rise nearly 14,000 feet above the sea level, meet in their passage there the cold, condensing temperature and they are speedily brought to earth in torrents of rain. This natural condition may furnish a satisfactory explanation for the fact that the district of Olaa was never known to suffer from drought.

"Is it not possible, Mr. Dillingham, that there is too much rainfall in Olaa for cane?"

"No, I think not, and my views upon this point are fully sustained by all the best authorities. The strongest reply I can make to this question is to furnish you with a copy of Mr. Thurston's letter to Messrs. Moir and Walton, and their reply, which may also be found printed in full in the prospectus of the Olaa Sugar Company, Limited, copies of which, together with the first annual report, can be had at the law office of Messrs. Chickering, Thomas & Gregory, Mutual Life building, 222 Sansome street, San Francisco.

REQUEST TO J. T. MOIR, MANAGER ONOMEA SUGAR CO., AND C. M. WALTON, MANAGER HAWAIIAN AGRICULTURAL CO., TO REPORT ON OLAA AND KEAAU.

The following letter was addressed to both Mr. Moir and Mr. Walton:

"Hilo, Hawaii, March 22, 1899. — Options to purchase about 10,000 acres of land situate between the thirteenth and twenty-second mile posts in the Olaa district are now held by several gentlemen, with a view to converting the same into a sugar plantation. They also have in contemplation several thousand acres in Keaau. Before going further they desire to secure competent expert opinion as to the adaptability of this land to sugar cane cultivation. On their behalf I respectfully request you to personally inspect said lands and report thereon, giving your opinion upon the following points in so far as they relate to sugar cane cultivation, viz.: Soil—Its depth, character, condition, fertility. Also please state your opinion as to how it compares with the soil of other sugar-growing districts on the island of Hawaii. Climate—Temperature, rainfall, wind How does it compare with the climate of other Hawaii sugar plantations at a similar elevation? Cane—Please examine the specimens now growing on these lands and give your opinion as to their condition, how they compare with cane grown on other plantations on Hawaii, and what, in your opinion, their appearance indicates as to whether or not these lands are suitable for cane culture. In general, please state whether or not, in your opinion, a sugar plantation can be profitably established and conducted on these lands. I remain, your, very truly,

"LORRIN A. THURSTON."

REPORT OF C. M. WALTON, MANAGER HAWAIIAN AGRICULTURAL COMPANY'S PLANTATION, ON OLAA LANDS.

Mr. Walton is a Massachusetts man. He has been fourteen years in the country, during twelve of which he has been in the sugar business. For six years he was overseer of Onomea plantation. From there he became manager of the Waihee plantation for two years. Upon its amalgamation with Wailuku he became manager of Pahala plantation in Kau four years ago. He has made Pahala one of the best-paying properties in the country, and is one of the keenest, brainiest men in the Hawaiian sugar business. His opinion is one that can be banked on.

PAHALA, KAU (Hawaii), March 28, 1899—L. A. Thurston and Associates—Dear Sirs: Your favor of March 22d duly received. By your request I have visited and personally inspected a large tract of land in Olaa, between the thirteenth and twenty-second mile posts, intended to be used by you for a sugar plantation.

Character of Soil.

The soil is a deep, mellow loam, into which a stick may easily be pushed by hand to a depth of several feet.

The greater part of the tract is entirely free from stones or rocks; the remainder being slightly mixed with loose a-a, which is in no way detrimental to the growth of cane—rather beneficial than otherwise.

That the soil is wonderfully fertile is proven by the dense growth of vegetation now on the land and by the rapidity with which a piece of land will again cover itself with vegetation after being cleared. In fact, for fertility I do not think the equal of this land can be found on Hawaii.

Absence of Gulches and Stones.

Owing to the absence of gulches and hills in the contour of the lands and of rocks and the stones in the soil, the plantation can be very easily laid out and worked.

Roads.

There are several macadamized roads at present crossing the lands, making the fields easy of access. The Volcano road also runs directly through them.

Climate.

The temperature seems to be considerably higher than in the Kau district at the same elevation, and there is an absence of cold night winds.

The rainfall is great, ranging from 150 to 180 inches yer year; but owing to the a-a subsoil the water quickly disappears. In fact, a few minutes after a heavy rain there is very little water to be seen.

Growth of Cane.

I have examined cane in several localities on these lands. At an elevation of 2000 feet we were shown cane which at an age of ten months from planting could be trashed to a height of over four feet by actual measurement.

Although in the winter season, seed planted two months ago is now up to a height of seven to ten inches and looks healthy and strong.

The canes seen were of the rose bamboo and yellow Caledonia varieties. These varieties have been grown in Kau for years at an elevation of 2150 feet, yielding at times five tons and over of sugar per acre. During the last twenty months we have planted to a height of 2550 feet and have the promise of a good crop.

Water Supply.

In several places we found small streams of water coming from the ground, and believe that water can be found in sufficient quantities to be of great assistance in transporting the cane to the mill and for use in the mill and boiling-house.

Estimated Yield.

In my opinion these lands should produce a yield of from five to seven tons of sugar per acre, which should be kept up for a long time, owing to the great depth and fertility of the soil. Yours very truly, C. M. WALTON,

Manager Hawaiian Agricultural Co.

REPORT OF JOHN MOIR, MANAGER ONOMEA SUGAR COMPANY, ON OLAA LANDS.

Mr. Moir is a Scotchman. He has been eleven years in the country, all of which has been spent on sugar plantations in the Hilo district. He was successively an overseer on the Wafakea and Hilo plantations, and in 1896 became head overseer at Onomea, which position he held until 1896, when he became a manager of the Honomu Plantation. When Mr. Goodale was appointed manager of Waialua last fall Mr. Moir succeeded him as manager of Onomea, the largest plantation in Hilo. Mr. Moir is one of the leading minds in the executive control of the sugar business. No man in the country is more competent to express a practical opinion concerning any detail of the sugar business.

PAPAIKOU (Hilo, Hawaii), March 28, 1899.—Mr. L. A. Thurston and others—Gentlemen: Your favor of March 22d duly to hand relative to sugar plantation in Olaa. At your request I have personally inspected those lands pointed out to me as the lands you and several other gentlemen have options on in view of making a sugar plantation.

Soil.

In all my experience (which extends over eleven years in the district of Hilo) I have never seen finer soil for raising sugar. The depth of soil is simply wonderful. It seems as though there was no end to it. You can take a stick two inches in diameter and push it down from four to six feet without meeting any resistance. There are very few rocks to be found, and the few that are found are loose a-a, which are rather preferable than otherwise.

The condition of the soil is the finest that could be wished for, being so mellow and open that although it rains quite often and very heavy at times it does not show the least sign of being soggy and wet. The soil being of the a-a formation the rain disappears very rapidly, but the land is so mellow that it retains a large percentage of moisture.

Fertility of Soil—Estimated Yield.

In my estimation these lands will produce from five to six tons of sugar right along without the least strain. I consider this a very conservative estimate, as I have never seen richer soil anywhere on these islands.

Climate.

Climatic conditions in Olaa, in my opinion, for raising sugar cane, could not be improved upon. The rainfall in some districts would be too much, but not so here. The land is so mellow and being of the a-a formation, the rain quickly disappears from the surface, and there being very little wind, the soil retains the moisture.

The Olaa district compares very favorably with the Hilo district at the same elevation. The land that I have examined lies between the thirteenth mile on the Volcano road to the twenty-second mile on the same road, and, in my opinion, is all very suitable for cane.

Growing Cane.

At "Linders," at 2000 feet elevation, there is cane to be seen measuring from four to seven feet, grown in ten months, and measuring over two inches in diameter. Practically the same may be seen at P. Peck's at 1900 feet elevation; the variety of cane spoken of and most favored is Rose Bamboo, but Yellow Caledonia comes in a good second. That growth of cane in the time mentioned above is by far and away ahead of anything that has ever come under my observation in all my experience.

The age of the cane is vouched for by Mr. Linder, whom I am personally acquainted with. I have every reason to believe that he tells the truth.

Finally, in my opinion, a sugar plantation can be established and conducted very profitably on the 10,000 acres which you have options on, with a conservative estimate of an average yearly output of from 15,000 to 20,000 tons of sugar after the most of the island is under cultivation. I remain, yours very respectfully. JOHN T. MOIR.

REPORT OF J. T. MOIR ON KEAAU LANDS.

PAPAIKOU (Hilo, Hawaii), March 29, 1899.—To L. A. Thurston and Others—Gentlemen: Your favor of March 22d duly received, relating to a sugar proposition in Keaau, district of Puna, Island of Hawaii, for which purpose you hold options on several thousand acres.

At your request I have personally examined these lands to to their adaptability for sugar cane.

Soil—I examined the soil very thoroughly and found it very rich. The a-a lands are extremely rich, with a depth of soil of from twelve inches to two or three feet, exactly similar in every respect to the best Waiakea lands, than which there is none better in the district. Pahoehoe (or flat rock) crops out here and there on the surface on what is called the Pahoehoe lands (or flat rock lands), but take it on an average light through there is eight to eighteen inches of very rich black soil of the very best quality.

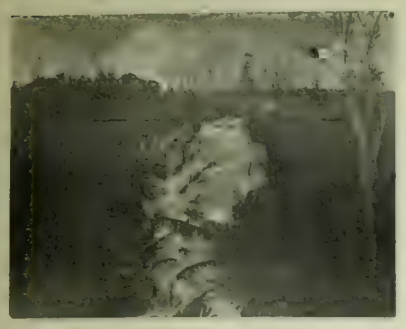
Climatic conditions are just right for cane and rainfall plentiful, as shown by Waiakea plantation close by. Most of the land is covered with guava bushes and heavy ferns, which indicates fertile soil.

The elevation of these lands runs from 100 to 900 feet. In my opinion these lands would raise cane, and be a very profitable investment. There is not the

slightest doubt in my mind that cane raised on these lands will yield from five to six tons of sugar per acre. I remain, most respectfully yours,

JOHN T. MOIR.

(A report on the Keaau land, similar



Olaa Water Head No. 3.—Flow, 2,800,000 Gallons per Twenty-four Hours—Elevation Above Sea, 1650 Feet.

in character to the above, was received from Mr. Walton, but it has been mislaid.)

ANALYSIS OF OLAA CANE, BY E. HARTMANN, CHEMIST FOR THE ONOMEA, PEPEEKEO AND OTHER PLANTATIONS.

The following analysis is of eighteen-months-old Lahaina cane, grown without care or cultivation in Olaa, at an elevation of 1500 feet.

This analysis is higher in sucrose (cane sugar) and purity than the analysis of cane grown on any plantation in Hilo or Hamakua.

ANALYSIS.

Total soluble solids.....	18.61 per cent
Sucrose	17.56 per cent
Purity	94.4 per cent
Glucose	.17 per cent
Glucose ratio	1.0 per cent
Acidity	.35 per cent

The juice extracted from this cane by a nine-roller mill would have approximately the following composition:

Brix	21 per cent
Sucrose	19.95 per cent
Purity	95.0 per cent
Glucose	.29 per cent
Glucose ratio	1.0 per cent

E. HARTMANN.

Papaikou, April 19, 1899.

OPINION OF DR. MAXWELL.

The above analysis has been submitted to Dr. Maxwell and he authorizes the promoters to quote him as saying that "it indicates a cane of a very high quality."

When the above letters were written it was proposed to purchase 10,000 acres. But the quality of soil and climatic conditions were so favorable that the area was increased to 20,000 acres.

Professor Walter Maxwell, who has for a number of years been the director of the Hawaiian Sugar Experiment Station and laboratories at Honolulu, and who is one of the leading authorities of the world upon the subject of sugar cane and soil analysis in connection therewith, after personal examination and analysis of soils of this plantation, made the following report:

REPORT OF DR. WALTER MAXWELL ON SOILS OF OLAA PLANTATION COMPANY—REPORT ON SOILS.

The lands embraced by the Olaa Plantation Company are found in two separate and large sections, viz: "Keaau" and "Olaa."

A. H. Keaau:—The lands of this section, due to the differences in the soils, have to be considered in two or three classes:

(1) Reddish Soils Free From Stone. These soils are located at an elevation of 200 feet and upwards. These lands embrace about 800 acres, much of which is covered with rice, heavy growths of guava, ferns, etc., but few trees. As indicated, the soils are reddish in color; of good depth and resting upon a deep sub-soil free from stone.

The chemical composition shown is as follows:

Soluble Matter Per Ct.	Organic Matter Per Ct.	Lime Per Ct.	Potash Per Ct.	Phosphoric Acid Per Ct.	Nitrogen Per Ct.
80.70	28.70	0.185	0.231	0.371	0.672

These data will be considered in later remarks.

(2) "AA" Soils. The lands of this tract, like those of the former tract, are fine breadths of undulating ground, free from gulches, but in parts somewhat stony. A rich growth of vegetation covers almost the whole of it. The soils are a vegetable mold to a depth of from twelve to twenty inches, and this rests upon an open "aa" subsoil of good depth and porousness. These lands and soil closely resemble those of the Waiakea plantation. In small patches upon this tract of "aa" soils, which comprises over 2000 acres, pahoehoe soils are found. These patches, however, comprise only a few acres of the tract.

The analyses of the respective soils are as follows:

Soluble Matter Per Ct.	Organic Matter Per Ct.	Lime Per Ct.	Potash Per Ct.	Phosphoric Acid Per Ct.	Nitrogen Per Ct.
"AA" Soils—					
70.87	25.29	0.655	0.507	0.370	0.567
"Pahoehoe"—					
74.98	32.40	0.538	0.538	0.281	0.672

B.—Olaa Section:—This section covers such an extensive area that, at first view, it apears impracticable to consider it as a whole. The superficial survey of the lands, with a very careful examination of the character and depth of the soil in the several widely distributed localities, showed, however, that practically only one character of soil was to be dealt with, and this fact caused the examinations and soil analysis to be based chiefly upon the fact of altitude.

(1) Lower Altitudes.—This division was represented in the examination by the lands surrounding the "Halfway House," the samples of soil being taken from the tracts owned by Peter Lee and others, at about 1000 to 1100 feet.

These lands are composed of fine, level breadths, covered with rich vegetation, chiefly of undergrowth. The soils are deep and porous, and overlie very porous subsoils. The analysis gives as follows:

Soluble Matter Per Ct.	Organic Matter Per Ct.	Lime Per Ct.	Potash Per Ct.	Phosphoric Acid Per Ct.	Nitrogen Per Ct.
81.59	29.41	0.271	0.272	0.248	0.724

(2) Middle Altitudes.—The lands included within this division comprise the areas reaching from 1300 to 1800 feet, with "Mountain View" (1500 feet) as the center. Most of those lands are spread out in very level breadths hundreds of acres in size. Excepting very small patches, such as are found about one mile up the so-called "New Road" (1400 feet elevation) are areas free from rock, but covered with a densely rich growth of timber and underbrush. The soils are very deep, and unusually porous to a depth of several feet. The analysis of the soils in this division gave an average as follows:

Soluble Matter Per Ct.	Organic Matter Per Ct.	Lime Per Ct.	Potash Per Ct.	Phosphoric Acid Per Ct.	Nitrogen Per Ct.
73.68	26.38	0.700	0.340	0.217	0.646

(3) Higher Altitudes.—The areas at these highest elevations, ranging at from 1800 to 2200 feet above sea level, comprise lands in every feature similar to those of the middle altitudes. With the exception of some limited portions, the same deep, porous soils are found, overlying very open subsoils. The uncleared areas are covered with dense vegetation, the joint product of a rich

Sluicing Out Reservoir at Twenty Miles, Olaa, on Volcano Road—Elevation, 2000 Feet.

soil and heavy rainfall. The soil analysis gave as follows:

Soluble Matter Per Ct.	Organic Matter Per Ct.	Lime Per Ct.	Potash Per Ct.	Phosphoric Acid Per Ct.	Nitrogen Per Ct.
65.06	19.85	1.410	0.454	0.204	0.532

REMARKS.

In the Keaau section three types of soil have been examined: (a) The "reddish" soils, although of good depth, are not high in the elements of plant food excepting nitrogen. The phosphoric acid is good, but the potash, and more especially the lime, is low. (b) The "aa" and "pahoehoe" soils, which compose the chief areas of this section, are high in lime, potash and nitrogen, and moderately good in phosphoric acid. These soils are of high fertility, and this will be durable, on account of the amounts of the elements contained in the small stones in the "aa" soils, which will gradually be released and made available for the growing crops. The Olaa section, as already remarked, comprises large areas of level, fine-lying lands, and whose soils are of great depth and porousness. This porousness is a guarantee of perfect drainage, but it is also a factor which will cause to be required a most judicious and scientific system of fertilization in order to avoid loss of applied fertilizers and to maintain fertility. So far the leaching action of heavy rains has been retarded by the heavy undergrowths and the large content of humus and organic matter in the surface soil.

In the soils of the "lower altitudes" the lime, potash and phosphoric acid contents are moderately good, while the nitrogen is high.

The soils of the middle altitudes are high in lime, good in potash, moderate in phosphoric acid and high in nitrogen.

The higher altitude soils are very high in lime, high in potash, moderate in phosphoric acid and high in nitrogen.

Considering the high contents of organic matter in these soils, due to large rainfall, it was expected that they would be very sour. All the samples have an acid reaction, and the application of a small dose of burnt lime will be of immediate use. The soils, however, are not sour soils (excepting small wet holes where excess of organic matter has rotted), and this freedom from sourness is due to the high content of lime and to the excellent drainage.

In considering climatic conditions, the chief factor in the present case is temperature, since the rainfall is, and apparently always will be, abundant. The Mauna Coffee Plantation (Mr. Peck) furnished the maximum and minimum readings for the years 1896-97-98 and part of 1899, at the elevation of 1800 and 2000 feet. The results are found as follows:

Average night temperature for three years	63.7
Average day temperature for three years	80.7
Mean temperature for the three years	72.2
Annual mean temperature in Honolulu	74.0

The lowest night temperature recorded in the said Olaa locality during the three years was 6 degrees above the lowest temperature recorded in Honolulu. The present special characteristic of the temperature in the Olaa district in its uniformity. The removal of forest on a large scale may result in decreasing the day temperatures and slightly lowering the night readings.

The relation of the soil to the variations in the air temperature is an important factor. During the night of May 15th, when these examinations were being made, a thermometer was buried in the soil to a depth of six inches. The previous day temperature was 78 degrees. The night was very cool, the air falling to 58 degrees, but the thermometer in the soil at 7:40 did not fall below 69 degrees. Soils of a different nature would have given up their heat to a greater degree to the cool night air. It is thus indicated that the uniformity of the air temperatures, with the moist heat of the days, and the power of the soil to retain heat, will be ample guarantee of the fitness of the conditions for cane culture, which fitness is supported by the cane in different localities now growing. Yet it will probably be found that the cane at the highest altitudes will require more time to mature than at lower levels.

Considered as a whole, the proposition of the Olaa Sugar Company, by reason of its magnitude, is very impressive, and the extent of the lands, with the nature of the soils and the apparent fitness of the climate, promise for the enterprise a great future.

WALTER MAXWELL.

"You have stated, Mr. Dillingham, that the Olaa Sugar Company, Ltd., is capitalized at $5,000,000 and that the company owns in fee and control under lease and otherwise over 20,000 acres of land. May I ask what was paid for the land?"

"Fully paid up stock to the amount of $2,500,000 at its par value."

"What about the other $2,500,000 of capital stock?"

"That represents the cash capital paid and to be paid to the company for the development of the land to a 40,000 or 50,000 ton capacity."

"How much has been called in thus far?"

"Sixty-five per cent of $1,250,000—say $812,500, or 32½ per cent of the whole amount of assessable stock."

"During what period of time has this amount been called in?"

"About one year."

"How much money will be required during the next twelve months?"

"About $1,250,000, during which time the mill, now being landed at Hilo, will be set up and paid for at a cost of $550,000."

"I understand you have about $1,250,000 yet to call in, besides the 35 per cent on $1,250,000, say $437,500, due and payable at the call of the company."

"That is correct."

"Is there any truth in the statement that you are thinking of making an issue of bonds on the Olaa Sugar Company, Ltd.?"

"Yes, the stockholders have decided to make an issue of 6 per cent first mortgage 5-20-year gold coupon bonds, to be secured by a deed of trust covering the entire present and prospective property of the company. The total issue of bonds will not exceed $1,500,000, and probably not more than $1,250,000."

"Do you expect to place all the bonds in this market?"

"No, we expect to place a large amount in Honolulu. Such investments are in demand there for trust funds and will doubtless meet with special favor now for two reasons: First, the company will offer the bonds at par, giving the investors the privilege of changing the bonds at par for stock at par at any time on or before January 1, 1902, at which time the maiden crop will begin to be harvested, covering an area of 4500 acres, which at a low yield of five and a half tons per acre or a fraction more, will give 25,000 tons. With sugar at $20 per ton below the present price, there will be a profit of $750,000 or 15 per cent upon the entire capital

Olaa Water Head No. 1—Flow, May 15, 1899, 5,750,000 Gallons per Twenty-four Hours, Elevation above Sea, 2000 Feet.

stock of $5,000,000. The second reason why the bonds will be sought after in Honolulu is that the Hawaiian Government 6 per cent bonds will soon be taken up by the Government at Washington and nearly $3,000,000 of these bonds are held in Hawaii, and the money, when paid, will seek another home investment."

"Will the public of this city have an opportunity to get in on the 'ground floor' with the island people?"

"Yes, we intend to offer a portion of the bonds to the public of this city upon the terms I have already named, and I am free to say in this connection that no better or safer investment, in my opinion, has ever been offered in any property in the Territory of Hawaii."

"Was not the land turned into the company at a rather high figure, giving the original promoters too much profit?"

"As I am one of the promoters, I am possibly a little prejudiced, but I don't think the promoters received more than half as much as they were entitled to, viewing the business from the usual promotion stand-point, considering that they, the promoters, put up a very large amount in United States gold coin for the land acquired for the company, taking stock for every dollar so invested, besides subscribing to over 20 per cent of the assessable stock, paying therefor the same price per share as the buyer of one single share. These promoters, now large stockholders, are now proposing to turn over all the property on the plantation thus far acquired as security for a mortgage upon which to raise about one-third of the amount they have advanced and allow the purchasers of bonds to thus secure a good 6-per-cent investment and the privilege of changing such investment for stock in the company when it will have become dividend paying, and upon as favorable terms as was granted to the original stockholders whose investment will have been held by them without earnings for a period of nearly two years. I know of no enterprises promoted elsewhere in the world on such a basis."

"Then you don't feel quite satisfied, Mr. Dillingham, with your deal?"

"Certainly I do, or I would not have taken it up. I was simply replying to your query about promotion profits, but the best answer I can give any one as to the value of land and the stock of Olaa Sugar Company as an investment is to refer you to the comparative table showing the value of lands per acre in the best paying plantations in in the Territory of Hawaii. This table was made up from the tax assessors books, and verified at the offices of the agents in Honolulu, and hence may be safely accepted as correct:

TABLE SHOWING AREA OF CANE LAND, PRESENT SELLING VALUE OF THE STOCK AND SELLING PRICE PER ACRE OF CANE LAND OF REPRESENTATIVE PLANTATIONS, AS COMPARED WITH THE PROPOSED CAPITALIZATION OF OLAA.

In each case the price includes not only the land, but all mills, machinery, buildings and other property.

In the case of Olaa, the price quoted includes the cash which will—

(1) Buy the land in fee, except 3500 acres of leasehold.

(2) Buy and install all necessary buildings, machinery, tools, animals, flumes, railroads, water works and appurtenances.

(3) Plant and mature the first crop, so that a dividend should be payable from the first crop.

TITLE.	Plantation	Area of Cane Land	Present Sale Value	Price Per Acre
All leasehold	Makawell	5,750	$4,[illegible]	[illegible]
	Hakalau	7,700	1,[illegible]	240
	[illegible]	4,500	2,[illegible]	[illegible]
	Hawaii	18,000	10,[illegible]	562
1-5 leasehold 4-5 fee	Wailuku	2,820	2,[illegible]	992
	Lahaina	11,000	4,[illegible]	128
	Kohala	2,678	[illegible]	308
	Hutch'son	5,000	1,[illegible]	320
	[illegible]	5,500	8,[illegible]	1,455
All leasehold	[illegible]	10,000	6,[illegible]	672
All fee	[illegible]huku	2,700	1,[illegible]	75
All fee	[illegible]nae	1,500	[illegible]	0
Leasehold	[illegible]			
Leasehold	[illegible]kaa	7,[illegible]	2,[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]mu	1,[illegible]	1,[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	3,[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]mea	1,500	1,500,000	[illegible]
	Pokala	1,800	[illegible]	347
	Pahala	5,000	2,[illegible]	580
	Panuhau	5,000	3,[illegible]	750
	Olaa	19,500	5,000,000	256

Many things must be considered in arriving at the value of a plantation besides the area of the cane lands. But the capitalization per acreo f cane land is, in the rough, a fair comparison of relative values between similarly situated plantations.

It will be seen from the foregoing table that of the twenty representative plantations enumerated, with one exception, Olaa stock is now offered at a lower price per acre of cane land than any other named.

With its enormous area of cane land —1500 acres more than even the Hawaiian Commercial, heretofore the largest in the country—it is as certain as any financial probability can be, that Olaa stock will eventually go to a high premium.

"I notice Ewa plantation is valued at $8,000,000 with 5500 acres of land, which makes the land, under full development, with all improvements, appear to be worth $1450 per acre. Is that land held by the company in fee?"

"No, it holds a forty-year lease from the Oahu Railway Company, bearing an annual rental of 4 per cent on all the sugar raised, which will amount this year to about $84,000. The net profit of Ewa plantation this year will be over $1,000,000, which is equal to the original cost of the whole plantation to the original investors; such a result may suggest the wisdom of getting in on the 'ground floor' and assist in the development of a good sound sugar-producing enterprise. I don't wish to be understood, however, as representing that other new plantations or possibly any other plantation, will produce as much sugar per acre as 'Ewa,' but the best new plantations, with very much larger area of land, having an abundance of water, free from the expense of artificial irrigation, may be able to produce sugar at as low a cost per ton and thereby prove to be equally profitable to their stockholders."

"Mr. Dillingham, there is an impression over here that the islanders have monopolized about everything in that country that is worth having and that they don't really want to see outside investors come in. Is there, in your opinion, good grounds for such an impression?"

"If such an impression does exist, which I am unwilling to believe, nothing could be farther from the truth. There has never, in my humble opinion, been a time when there were better opportunities for safe and profitable investment than the present. The people at the islands are not only willing, but desirous to have capital flow in from the outside world. If people want good, steady, 6 to 12 per cent investments, there are plenty of good dividend-paying plantations that will pay such dividends regularly. The percentage of returns will, of course, vary with the rise and fall of sugar in the world's market. If people prefer to buy stocks in an old established dividend paying plantation, they must expect to pay the market price for such stock, regardless of the original cost, whether it be at a margin of two for one or ten for one. If investors want to get in on the 'ground floor' they must buy into the new plantation and take their chance with the island people. Yes, it is true that the islands have become a very prosperous sugar-producing country. In point of scientific method, high-class machinery and economy of management, Hawaii leads the world to-day in the production of cane sugar and will, I believe, never see the day when she cannot hold her own with any present or prospective competitor. Hawaii as an agricultural country of the highest class, has gained her position through years of struggle, financially and otherwise. The production of sugar in that country was for many years conducted in a most crude and experimental way.

"To bring the sugar industry to the safe, conservative, dividend-paying basis it has reached to-day has cost many hard-earned fortunes and experimental losses that were hard to bear. It is only just and fair to the honest, industrious people of those islands to say they are certainly entitled to all the wealth which the fertile soil of that country can possibly give."

"Speaking of new plantations, Mr. Dillingham, what plantations can you recommend for investment with a view of buying stock that will in your judgment increase in value 100, 200 or 300 per cent upon their original capitalization?"

"If sugar should decline $20 per ton below the present price, I feel confident that the following named new plantations, under their usual good management, will be able to pay 5 per cent upon three or four times their original capital stock, viz.: Honolulu Sugar Company, Ltd.; Oahu Sugar Company, Ltd.; Waialua Agricultural Company, Ltd.; Kihel Sugar Company, Ltd.; McBride Sugar Company, Ltd.; Puna Sugar Company, Ltd; Olaa Sugar Company, Ltd."

"Had you anything to do with the formation of these companies other than Olaa?"

"I was the promoter of all but one."

"If the Olaa Sugar Company issue, as you propose, $1,250,000 of bonds and they should all be taken up and returned January 1, 1902, in exchange for stock of a corresponding amount at par (to be held in the treasury in the meantime), this, as I understand it, would cancel the entire bond issue, and the total capital stock of the company outstanding would represent $5,000,000. Upon that status what would the probable earnings of the company be for the years 1902, 1903 and 1904, according to the present estimate of the management of that concern?"

Estimate of Sugar to Be Produced at Olaa Plantation.

"For the years 1902, 1903 and 1904, as follows:

Estimate for 1902,

Crop, 4500 acres (tons)	25,000
This crop with sugar $20 per ton below present price would pay a net profit of	$750,000
Say 15 per cent upon the entire capital of $5,000,000.	

Estimated crop for 1903.

Crop, 6000 acres, plant cane (tons)	34,000
At $20 per ton below present price of sugar would pay net	$1,020,000
Over 20 per cent.	

Estimated crop for 1904.

Crop, 8000 acres, say (tons)	45,000
At $20 per ton below present price would pay over 27 per cent.	

At the present price of sugar the net profits would be as follows.

1902	$1,125,000
1903	1,530,000
1904	2,025,000
Total for three years	$4,680,000

Say 93 per cent upon the total capital, or an average of 31 per cent per annum.

Estimated Crop for 1905.

When the plantation should be fully developed.

Crop, say 10,1000 acres, the average yield will probably be fully 6 tons per acre; to be conservative, say 5 tons (tons)	50,000
At $20 per ton below present price of sugar will net $30 per ton (or, say 30 per cent on total capital)	$1,500,000
With sugar at the present price the net profit would be	$2,500,000

Or 50 per cent upon the total capital.

"Is it not quite possible Mr. Dillingham, that this wonderful showing of yours will, if published, be criticised by sugar men here at the islands?"

"More than likely, but as I believe that 'truth crushed to earth shall rise again,' I am not afraid to stand by any statements I have made. History would not be repeating itself in this case if severe criticism did not follow. While I have no desire to boom sugar stocks, they are good enough to stand upon their own merits. I see no harm in stating the truth in this connection. It is my good fortune to have been instrumental in starting successfully seven of the best sugar producing properties in Hawaii. Some of them have and all will return a net profit upon their original capital varying from 25 per cent to 100 per cent per annum, yet none of these good properties have escaped the venom of the human tongue.

"In 1892, when Ewa Plantation was in its infancy, it was dubbed a failure. Knowing ones said the water was too salt and the land was sour. Men high in authority on sugar said it could never be made to pay. The agents, Messrs. Castle and Cooke, were strongly advised to abandon that enterprise when it owed them over $400,000 upon the generally accepted theory that the first is the smallest loss. At that time the total capital stock of Ewa was $500,000 and the stock was offered at $70 a share, or $ 50,000 for the plantation. One of the wealthiest sugar men in the islands, who had quite a large holding in Ewa at that time, told me he wished he had never seen that plantation. Nevertheless Ewa Plantation has since that date paid for itself more than five times. The net profit of that plantation will exceed $1,000 000 this year. Oahu Plantation, started in 1867, was also denounced by many 'wise-acres' but it promised to be very nearly if not quite equal to Ewa when fully developed. It turned off about twelve tons of sugar per acre this year, and its stock is held at nearly $200 per share, or double its par value. Such an enormous yield of sugar causes the expense of pumping water for irrigation to sink into comparative insignificence. 'Kahuku,' 'Waialua,' 'Kihel,' 'McBride' and 'Olaa' all in their turn have been severely criticised and even condemned in various ways. But it is very safe to say without fear of contradiction from future results, that no better or safer investments for capital can be found in the world today than the stock in any of the enterprises I have named. And it is also safe to say that it is exceedingly doubtful if the stocks in any of these comparatively new plantations will ever be lower than they are now. In three or four years from now there is good reason to believe that the capital stock of all the plantations started since 1896 will be worth in the markets of the world from two to four times their par value. The real merit of the sugar industry in Hawaii has in the past been little understood outside of the narrow limits of that country. Some very erroneous ideas have been entertained as to the possible development of sugar in Hawaii. It was believed by many that the requirements of the whole of this country for sugar could be produced in those islands. Our present output is equal to about one-eighth of the sugar consumed in the United States, and it is exceedingly doubtful if we ever produce more than 750,000 tons, at which time the consumption in this country will probably have reached 3,000,000 tons.

"The bill recently passed by Congress prohibiting any corporation in the Territory of Hawaii from owning or controlling more than 1,000 acres of land practically prohibits any further development of the sugar industry in those islands by the incorporation of new companies. Sugar corporations conducted upon such a small scale could hardly be made to pay. Hence the increase of production must in future come almost wholly from the further development of the plantations started since 1896, the names of which I have already mentioned."

For further particulars, including financial statement of Olaa Sugar Co., please call at the office of Messrs. Chickering, Thomas & Gregory, 222 Sansome St.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a riva and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Will You Have a

Club Cocktail

Before Your Dinner?

You can offer this polite attention to the guest who dines with you at your home if you have a bottle of the "Club Cocktails." They are home Cocktails. They are on the sideboards of thousands of homes.

Are they on yours? It's the proper thing to have.

The age of the "Club Cocktails," the pure liquors used, the perfect blending, make them better than you can mix; better than any cocktail served over any bar in the world. Send home a bottle of Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland or Tom Gin, Vermouth or York, to-day.

For sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

29 Broadway, N.Y. Hartford, Conn.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS,
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,
Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

Wherever there is a piano there should be a pianola. The pianola plays any piano. Any one can play it. Call and see it at Kohler & Chase, 26 and 30 O'Farrell St., sole agents.

The reason physicians always recommend Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is because they know of its absolute purity.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.

Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 365.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, north east corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Premier Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the *SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.*

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.

110 Montgomery St., S. F.

Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—The Continental Building and Loan Association, corner of California and Sansome streets, for the half year ending June 30th, 1900, has declared a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits; 6 per cent on Term Deposits; 10 per cent to class "F" stock; and 12 per cent to class "A."

CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—Office of the Hibernian Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, June 27 1900.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth [3⅛] per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1900, free from all taxes and payable on and after July 1, 1900.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

Well No. 2 of the Florence Oil Development and Exploiting Company, operating in the Kittleman Hills, Kings County, California, offices Safe Deposit Building.

Well No. 2 of the Florence Oil Development and Exploiting Company, operating in the Kittleman Hills, Kings County, California, offices Safe Deposit Building.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

SantaFeRoute

OVERLAND EXPRESS

very day in the year. Pullman Palace and pholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, ansas City, Chicago and the East. Take arket Street Ferry at 9:00 a. m.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions ave three times each week in Pullman Vestiled Tourist Cars and are exceedingly popu- with the traveling public. The principal ies of the East are reached by them and the rvice in all that counts for comfort and conienice is almost equal to the Palace cars. e cars are finished in mahogany, lightened th Pintsch gas and a Porter is in charge to end to the wants of passengers. Plenty of ean linen is provided and the beds are very mfortable. A handsome folder, describing s service in detail, may be had for the ask- g at the Company's Office. 641 Market St.

VALLEY ROAD

tween Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia lare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local in service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

RE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

te of California sails June 2, 12, 22; July 2.
Columbia sails June 7, 17, 27; July 7.

ort Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Hel- and all points in the Northwest.
hrough tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
OODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, July 25 at 2 p.m.

S. S. Alameda for Aurtralia Wednesday Aug. 8, at 8 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m. July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 11 a.m. July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 30, Aug. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. July 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Aug 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26 30, Aug. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. July 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Aug. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of June 1900, an assessment (No. 51) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of August, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 27th day of August, 1900, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

CALIFORNIA BOOKS

A Handsome Series of New and Useful Publications

The Southern Pacific Company has published for free distribution the following books and folders which may be obtained from any Southern Pacific agent, or T. H. Goodman, general passenger agent at San Francisco. If you apply by mail inclose a stamp for each publication.

Resorts and Attractions Along the Coast Line is a handsomely illustrated folder giving a description of the health and pleasure resorts of the coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Shasta Resorts embelished with beautiful half-tone engravings, describes the scenic and outing attractions of the vast and wonderful Shasta region, the grandest of pleasure grounds.

California South of Tehachapi tells all about the charms of that remarkably favored semi-trophic garden spot, Southern Pacific.

A Handsome Map of California, complete in detail, reliable, skillfully indexed, and full of information about the State's resources. It is the only publication of its kind conveniently folded for pocket use.

Summer Outings is a 32-page folder devoted to the camping retreats in the Shasta region and Santa Cruz mountains It appeals more directly to that large and growing class of recreation seekers who prefer this populor form of outing

Pacific Grove is the Chautauqua of the West, and this folder not only describes the pretty place itself, but gives a program of the religsous a d educational meetings, conventions, schools, etc., to be held there this summer.

Other publications are **Lake Tahoe, Geysers and Lake County. Yosemite, Hotel del Monte, Castle Crags**, each brimful of information about the places named, and printed in the highest style of the art.

Go and see

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO Pacific Coast Sole Agents

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALPS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

From San Francisco at 10 a. m.

Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, Buffet Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m. The best of everything.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
617 Market Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

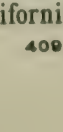
Telephone Main 199.

Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER

55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.

Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles
Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

ELECTRIC



SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works

409 MARKET STREET

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

LIKE A MAGIC TOUCH

So quickly and easily is the brilliancy restored to tarnished Silver by

Electro-Silicon

SILVER POLISH

If in doubt what's best, why not make the test. Simply send address on a postal.

At grocers and druggists everywhere, and postpaid 15 cents in stamps.
"SILICON,"
30 Cliff St., New York City.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.
American and European Plan.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Irving Institute Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

2126 California Street, San Francisco.

Next season will begin August 7th. Accredited to the Universities. Seminary and Full Conservatory of Music. Primary Department for Children. Carriage will call. For futher information, address the principal. REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M.

Alfred Caue, Luther A. Teague
Frederick Teague.

Teague, Cane & Teague

DENTISTS.

Claus Spreckels Bldg. Phone Main 1459.
Third and Market Sts Sixth Floor, S.F., Cal

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms. Elevator Service

THE BRADBURY,

J. A. FERSON, Proprietor.
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL
N. W. Cor. Polk and California Sts.,
San Francisco, Cal.
Excellent Cuisine References required.
Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and upwards.
Reasonable by the month.
TEL. HYDE 2771

New Stories Re-Told.

LORD MORRIS AND THE DOCTOR.—Lord Morris, of the Irish bench, whose procedure is more noted for wit than for judicial dignity, was once trying a case at Coleraine, in which damages were claimed from a veterinary surgeon for having poisoned a valuable horse. The issue depended upon whether a certain number of grains of a particular drug could be safely administered to the animal. A dispensary doctor proved that he had often given eight grains to a man, from which it was to be inferred that twelve for a horse was not excessive. "Never mind yer eight grains docther," said the Judge. "We all know that some poisons are cumulative in effect, and ye may go to the edge of ruin with impunity. But tell me this: The twelve grains—wouldn't they kill the devil himself if he swallowed them?" The doctor was annoyed and pompously replied: "I don't know, My Lord; I never had him for a patient." From the Bench came the answer: "Ah, no, docther, ye niver had, more's the pity! The old bhoy's still alive."

At another time Lord Morris heard Gladstone, with whom he differed on the Home Rule question, described as a "Heaven-born genius." "Then," he said, "may it be a long time before Heaven is again in an interesting condition."

x

A MODEST REQUEST.—An Omaha man having sent his young hopeful to spend the hot season on his grandmother's farm, instructed the lad to write regularly. July 2, a month after their parting, the father received the following: "Dear Papa:—I am very well and having a good time please send me a dollar to spend on the Fourth of July. Grandma has been well all summer they are selling two bunches of firecrackers for 5 cents here I have got 30 cents saved up to buy fireworks will you please send me a pistol and a lot of paper caps. Last Sunday I went to Sunday school and the teacher told us about feeding five thousand with five loaves and two fishes are you going to send me a box of fireworks like you did last summer. I saw a box kite in a store yesterday and the man said you can send it up with a bunch of crackers on it at night and make a fine sight I would like to have a box kite for the fourth. We are all well at present & hope you are enjoying the same great blessing what are roman candles worth in Omaha. I must close don't forget the dollar. Kiss mamma and the baby for me when will you send the money. Goodby. From your loving son."

x

COURTEOUS REFUSAL.—A determined-looking woman journalist, in search of a "scoop," presented her card to the negro at the door of a high government official in Washington. The messenger courteously but firmly declined to present it. "So you refuse to take my card to the secretary?" asked the determined lady of the messenger.

"It would be against my orders, and I don't dare to," replied the messenger politely.

The visitor turned away in high dudgeon, but a happy thought occurred to her and she retraced her steps. "Here, my man," she said, insinuatingly, "Here is 50 cents. Now will you take my card in?"

"I'm paid a bigger salary than that to keep your card out, madam," responded the darky, shaking his head.

x

MISSPELLED.—Among the temporary signs prepared against the influx of visitors at the Kansas City Convention, there were some which display very eccentric spelling. That reminded Martin Maginnis of a story:—"A Missourian came to Montana and finding himself in difficulties consulted one of our prominent lawyers. 'Can you read writin'? he asked. 'No,' the lawyer said, 'I can't even read readin', and I don't think the artists out here can print paintin'," said Mr. Maginnis.

x

BITTER.—Among the American reminiscences of the late Charles Henry Pearson, one of Australia's chief men of affairs, is one which illustrates the factional bitterness left by the Civil War. A Southern lady, he says, felt called upon to explain that she was not teaching her son that it is wrong to steal because if she did "it would only unfit him for society in the North when he grew up."

PALACE HOTEL

The high standard of excellence maintained by this hotel is recognized and appreciated by a fastidious and discriminating clientele who regularly make it their headquarters when visiting San Francisco.

The GRAND HOTEL is operated in conjunction with the Palace to which it is joined by a covered passageway, placing under one management 1400 rooms, more than half of which have baths attached.

AMERICAN PLAN. EUROPEAN PLAN.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

WHEN LEAVING THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE First National Bank
N. W. Corner Bush and Sansome Sts.
Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY
REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

REPSOLD

Select Vintage Wines
For Your Home Dinner

This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants

A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

THE

White Pass and Yukon Route

The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M. T. & T. Co.
and Canadian Development Company, Ltd.

THROUGH LINE TO DAWSON.

Two first-class trains daily between Skaguay and Bennett, B. C. Ten first-class steamers operating between White Horse and Dawson. Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
KLONDIKE AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash.
Phone Main 574
S. P. BROWN General Agent 116 Yesler Way, Seattle Wash

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.I.

a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Mede from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents.

From Admiral George Dewey:

Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco: Dear Sir—I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent me at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly.
Very truly yours,
George Dewey.

A GRADUATE

George Mayerle

German Expert Optician

Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED

1071½ Market St.

near Seventh

Telephone Mint 257

German Eye Wate 50 cents.

From General Wm. R. Shafter:

Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco
Dear Sir—The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair.
Very truly yours,
Wm. R. Shafter,
Major-General U. S. V.

This page is to be taken from
CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

The Wave

1900

VOL. XXI. No. 27 SAN FRANCISCO—JULY 28, 1900 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

THE MORNING MARKET: IN OLD MANILA

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—July 28, 1900—SEATTLE

CONTENTS

Events Current 1
Editorial Comment 3
The Hot Season in Manila 4
A Practical Flying Machine 5
The Theatrical Situation for 1900, Illustrated 5
Things and People, by Boswell Jr 6-7
The Upheaval in China, by Eli Sheppard 8-9
New Views of China 8-9
Correspondence—Newport-London 10
The Bluefields Mines 11
Meditations of a Matron 12
At the Telephone, by Grace A. Luce 13
At the Theatres 14
New Stories Re-told 14

Commencing with the issue of August 4th the selling price of the "Wave" will be reduced to 5 cents per copy. At the same time the form of the publication will be changed and the number of pages in each issue increased from 16 to 24. The features, illustrative and literary, that now characterize the publication will be maintained. The additional pages will be devoted to reading matter.

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Crisis in China.

Immediately after this record closed last week, a mass of direct and circumstantial evidence combined to make Europe and America believe that there was hope for the legations in Peking. Public opinion has changed again, however, as the result of more black news, and few informed persons have now any hope whatsoever. The terrible tangle of Chinese affairs, the lying tactics of white correspondents and Mongolian officials, have rendered our news of the situation absolutely chaotic. It is best to stick to proved facts. On July 20, the world was electrified by the news that our State Department had received an undated message from Conger, written in the official State Department cipher, and forwarded through the Chinese governor of Shantung province. It read as follows: "In British legation. Under continual shot and shell from Chinese troops. Immediate relief can only save us." This was followed by continual messages from Chinese viceroys to the effect that the legations were safe and under the protection of the Imperial troops. These were reiterated so often that most Caucasians came to believe them, and when Li Hung Chang vouched for their truth it was felt that the assurance must be true, although the Germans and British still withheld credence, saying: "All Orientals are liars." After that came an Imperial edict to the French and American governments, explaining away the murder of the Chancellor of the Japanese legation, but saying nothing as to the peril or safety of the other foreigners and laying the blame for the Taku bombardment upon the allies. The American copy of this document further asked the United States to mediate in the present crisis in order to save the Empire and the dynasty. The source of this message, whether Tuan, Kwang Su, or the Empress Dowager, was not revealed. No European knows who now rules in Peking. A reaction from the former hopeful feeling set in when Li Hung Chang, reiterating his statement as to the safety of the ministers, stated that an advance on Peking would mean their death. To those who know Earl Li's diplomatic methods, this went to indicate that he had circulated false reports of the safety of the legations through the Imperial viceroys in order that he might hold their pretended safety as a hostage to delay European advance on Peking. Then, on July 24, the bolt fell. On that day, the British Consul at Tien-Tsin forwarded to London a letter sent out of Peking, by Sir Claude McDonald, the British Minister and dated July 4, twenty days before. This said that the foreigners were hard pressed, could not withstand a general attack, were short of ammunition and had but two weeks' supplies. Forty-four of the little white colony were dead at that time, and about twice that number were wounded. This killed all hope. If any foreigners are alive in Peking today, there has been a wonderful change of heart in the Capital.

A Puzzling Situation.

Speculation on the truth as revealed by these varying and conflicting reports can be carried out to any length. The two significant bits of news are, of course, the Conger telegram and the McDonald letter. Taken at their face value, and supposing the Conger dispatch to be genuine in text and date, they conflict somewhat. On July 4th, McDonald declared that the foreigners had but two weeks' provisions and could not withstand a general attack. July 18th, on the date set for the end of provisions, the legations were still holding out against shot and shell. In McDonald's letter, it is stated that the whites had lost about one-eighth of their number; Conger's telegram, written, supposedly, two weeks later, and while the whites were under steady fire, makes no mention of any such loss. The conviction is abroad that the Conger telegram was written some time before the British Minister's letter, that the messenger bearing it was caught and the message taken away, and then that, when Secretary Hay and President McKinley sent their demand for news from Conger, the astute Chinese, following their policy of delay, sent it through, although the author was already dead. Color is lent to this theory by the fact that Governor Sheng, who handled it in transmission, is a thorough-going, thorough-faced rascal, and virtual head of the Chinese Secret Service. If this theory be accepted, the story of the massacre of July 7th or 9th, as given in this department last week, may be entirely true. No assurances of safety after that date have come from any but Chinese sources. The United States, being in an independent position as regards Chinese politics, has answered the request for mediation fully and frankly, and in such a manner that the truth about the imperiled legations cannot long be delayed. We will propose terms of mediation to the other Powers, says Secretary Hay, providing the Chinese government places the imperiled ministers in immediate touch with their home governments. To give the Chinese a chance of proving their good faith, Hay has sent a cipher message to Minister Conger; if that is answered without delay and satisfactorily, the United States will propose terms of mediation and will mix in the present war only to such an extent as to assure protection for American subjects. By "pony express," the present Chinese method of communication between Shanghai and Peking, an answer should come out in about six days; if it is delayed much beyond that time, the United States will regard the Chinese as the murderers of our Minister and will act accordingly. President McKinley and Secretary of War Root are said to favor an early advance on Peking, in case the relief of the ministers is deemed necessary, and believe that the movement should be risked with the troops at hand by August 15th, providing the Chinese do not deliver up the ministers by that time. A possible contingency dreaded by the whole world is suggested by the attitude of Li Hung Chang—"an advance on Peking would mean the death of ministers." The Chinese may be holding the foreigners as hostages, expecting to put them to death by torture in case the Powers do not withdraw.

The Powers and China.

The political aspect of the crisis is even more obscure than the situation in turbulent Peking, since here there is not only the Chinese liar and the newspaper liar to allow for, but the diplomatic liar of European Courts. No government has as yet declared that a war exists in China, although Russia has given it out that there is war in the Siberian provinces bordering on the Empire, where fighting has been going on daily between small bodies of troops on both sides. Although the Czar has officially announced his disinterestedness, the other Powers still strongly suspect that Russia had much to do with stirring up this trouble and that she expects to profit thereby. It is persistently reported that Germany, France and Russia will combine for mutual interest; if this is true, England, Japan and the United States will probably fall into line on the other side. In this case, the Russian alliance will most likely stand for the overthrow of the dynasty and the partition of China, in case of a successful issue of the war, and the alliance with which we stand will seek to preserve the integrity of the Empire. The first test for the attitude of the various nations will come within a fortnight in the choice of a commander for the allied troops. There has been little fighting since the taking of Tien-Tsin, although the uprising is certainly spreading. The world over, the crisis is recognized as one of the greatest events of the century and the possible forerunner of a Mongolio-European or a general European war.

The South African War.

This has been rather a bad week for the British in South Africa. Roberts' trap for President Steyn, General Dewet and the remaining forces of the Orange River State has been working rather badly. For the past six weeks, a line of British forces, stretched around the country wgich the Orange River Boers were known to be occupying, has been at work trying to locate and engage the enemy. It has been supposed that the slow process of the movement was due to the characteristic deliberate tatics of Roberts, who works out his plans slowly, making sure of his ground before striking his final decisive blow. The censorship has lifted a little, however, and it transpires that the delay has been rather due to the cleverness of Dewet, who has several times slipped his army through the lines when it seemed certain that Roberts had him cornered. The capture of two companies reported last week occurred in one of these dashes through the net. Yet the line has been drawn closer at every remove, and this week the British have been in touch with the Boers in several hot engagements, in which the honors were rather on the side of the Boers. General Knox fell in with the Boers July 19, and lost his chance, the British being held off by the guerilla tactics of their enemy's rear guard until the main body had disappeared. In the same way, Kelly-Kenny, operating near Bloemfontein, suffered a force which is supposed to be the main Orange River army to slip out, cut his communications, and capture 100 Highlanders, after inflicting moderate losses on the British. The Boers seem to have the upper hand at this point, and British reinforcements are being hurried thither, in the belief that De Wet realizes his inability to dodge an engagement much longer and will risk a battle at that point of ventage. In still another direction, Generals Methuen and Baden-Powell have driven in the Boers at their front, formed a junction, and tightened the circle by another notch. In London, there is the usual impatience following a period of adversity. To quiet the clamor of the liberals, Secretary Chamberlain has given out an official announcement to the effect that the Dutch Colonists of Natal and Cape Colony who have joined the Boers and are ranked, therefore, as rebels, will not receive any harsh punishment. It is further reported that all Roberts' army, both men and horses, are in a bad way physically owing to the rigors of the hard campaign, which has been pressed without rest since the capture of Cronje.

The Indian Famine.

The monsoon, the rain-bringing wind, has broken over India, and the continuance of the drought which brought on this year's famine is happily averted. This situation remains very serious, however. The famine cannot be ended in the natural way until the peasants have brought another crop to maturity. Under present conditions, the sowing and reaping of a crop is impossible without liberal aid. In the stricken districts, the plow-oxen are all dead. To replace them will cost at least $5,000,000. The great starving population must be fed up to a working scale clear through seed-time and harvest-time. There is no seed, and no means of providing any are at hand. The peasants are so scantily clothed that they are in no condition to withstand the cold, wet season of the monsoon. The Indian press is complaining bitterly of the apathy of the home Government, and some missionaries have ventured to prophecy a general rising unless the policy is changed. It is pointed out that the Government has not relaxed in the least its regular taxes on the stricken districts, whereas this was done in time of famine and pestilence, even under the rule of the tyrannical native princes. The Russian government spent nearly $120,000,000 in relieving the late famine in the Empire, while the scanty bounty given in India is taken from the taxes or from borrowings which the peasants will have to make good at some future time. The only offset is an inadequate private relief fund of $2,750,000. The India press further points out that the Government "continues the drain of revenue to England to pay what are called the 'home charges,' among them such a charge as $23,750,000 exacted annually to pay the cost of maintenance in England of the depots of regiments serving in India. It is estimated that the total drain from India to England this year will amount to not less than $80,000,000, for which no commercial return or equivalent in any shape whatever will be made; the total similarly abstracted during the last twenty years being put at $2,500,000,000." This has led to a demand, practically unanimous throughout native and British India, for a substantial relief appropriation to be made at once before the present season of plentiful rains brings another famine through lack of means for planting and gathering the crops.

France Tries to Encourage the Birth-Rate.

France is the one civilized country of the world, in which the death-rate exceeds the birth-rate. The point where the two stood equal was passed over twenty years ago, and the disproportion has been growing yearly since. So strongly do the French feel this, that the fact has colored all French mass legislation ever since. Yet no step has been taken to encourage increase of population by direct laws until the present session of the National Assembly. M. Piot, an authority on the subject, is now to introduce a bill into the Senate bearing directly on the subject. It contains the following proposals: A reduction of taxes of the father of a family of more than three children in proportion to the number of children living, the exemption from active military service of the head of every family of four children, the reform of the succession of duty which would reduce, according to the number of children, the imposition of a tax of 30f. per head or per household without child. (which would bring in the total receipt of nearly 200,000,000.,) and the reduction to the sixth degree of the right of collateral succession. This measure also includes exemption from military service of the eldest son of a family having four children, exemption from deposit money and certain repayments for the fathers of four children living in French colonies, improvement of the public health by the rigorous application of temperance legislation, and laws for the protection of children, simplification of the formalities of marriage and naturalization, and the gradual decrease of the work of women in workshops. Besides these specific provisions, M. Piot anticipates that regulations may be made under the bill, when passed, with a view of bettering the situation of fathers of families; for instance, by increasing the salaries of public servants according to the number of children they may have living.

Cuba to be Released from American Rule.

Affairs have gone along so smoothly in Cuba during the two years of American rule, that the early withdrawal of the American troops and the granting of the promised independence to the people of the Island are set by President McKinley for the near future. At a cabinet meeting held last week, it was tentatively agreed to remove all troops within nine months' time. At a later meeting, a program for the reorganization of Cuban affairs was agreed upon. According to this, the Cubans will hold a general election in September, when delegates will be chosen to draw up the Constitution of a Cuban Republic. These persons will meet in October, and if their work is satisfactory to the United States, the affairs of the island will be turned over to them. It is understood that the Administration does not intend to be severe about terms of settlement. All that will be required of the Cuban Constitution is that it shall be formed on the broad principles of republican government and that it shall recognise the sovereignty of the United States in five particulars, viz:—First—The foreign relations of Cuba are to be managed

through the American Government at Washington. Second—Cuba is to have no power to declare war without the consent of the United States. Third—The United States Government is to have veto power over legislation increasing the Cuban debt beyond certain limits to be set forth in the new constitution. Fourth—The United States is to have a certain, well-defined supervision over the Cuban treasury. Fifth—The United States is to retain for a period of years, if not indefinitely, control of the fortifications which command the port of Havana and other important cities of the republic. If the Cubans elect to office men willing to accede to these conditions, the dream of "Cuba Libre" will probably be realized at the next session of Congress. It is understood that General Wood, who has all along done such good work in Cuba, will be retained until the end, and will manage the choice and operation of the Constitutional Convention. Indeed, it is largely his representations that have led the President and Cabinet to decide upon action in Cuban matters at this early date.

Editorial Comment.

"An Insolent Utopia."

THAT staid old journal, *Harper's Weekly* presents a new instance of failure of municipal ownership that is worth considering. Guild A. Copeland in an article entitled "An Insolvent Utopia" picks up the experience of Boston in that direction, which commenced with the administration of Mayor Josiah Quincy. The writer has a recollection of reading with much approval some years ago a magazine article which set forth the municipal innovations inaugurated by Mayor Quincy; and the beauty of his theory, the completeness of its scope and plan, all appealed strongly to one's sentimental nature. But alas! subjected to the test of practical experience and practical politics, the Utopian dream falls flat, a dismal and expensive failure. There is a "new era" on in San Francisco, and some fellow some day will go over the bills for supplies the cost of government maintenance, and set before us in the public prints what every one suspects, i. e., that our "new era" city government is costing more in the way of supplies and service than any sane business man would pay. If we can only "wake up" before the folly of "owning something" takes firm hold of us, if we can only become wise before we have launched into the business of attempting to make some engineering dream about water supply come true, if we can only have our money in our municipal pockets when wisdom comes we will be lucky indeed.

Mr. Copeland's article says:—

"It was only two years ago that Mayor Josiah Quincy began in Boston his experiments that were so widely described, at the time in the American press. He aimed to build up a model city government, whose employees should themselves do the work that in other cities is done by contract or through private firms. So Boston was not content merely to have departments for building, cleaning, or repairing streets or water-systems or sewers. Its stationery and printing work was turned out by one city bureau. Another bureau was established for carpenter-work, repair-work of various kinds on the public buildings, and even for electrical construction and repair. An ice-plant was established for cutting and storing ice to be used in the drinking-fountains. Veterinary bureaus were devised to look after the horses used in city work. Of course the horses themselves were bought for the city. Wheelwrights, blacksmiths, painters, and letterers, and a whole army of labor came into the city's employ.

This was, in effect, the nearest approach to the development of the "municipal ownership" idea ever seen in any American municipality. It was a modified form of socialism, and at the outset it won high praise. The city was to save the money heretofore paid in middle-men's or corporations' profits, and was not to allow greedy contractors to wring dishonest profits from the municipal treasury. The painful announcement that the whole scheme is now discredited and is a subject for popular ridicule may cause some sorrow among those municipal statesmen elsewhere who have been so strongly on the side of "municipal ownership" as a theory which might save American cities from present evils."

It took Boston some time to discover its unfortunate plight, and when the exposure did come the city was simply stunned. A tremendous debt had been piled up,—to day it exceeds by four times the limit fixed by the State Legislature. The interest on this debt, with sinking fund payments, now amounts to more than the entire amount annually raised by taxation for all city purposes, outside of school expenditures. Think of it, and this in conservative Boston where, as Mr. Copeland says "political conditions are pure," beside those of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, or San Francisco."

* * *

The uncovering of this unhappy condition or affairs was brought about by the election of a practical business man, an old resident, who was not inclined to spend two dollars for one. Soon after being inducted to office he was called upon to sign some vouchers for city work. He at once discovered that the figures were exhorbitant, and began a quiet investigation, which resulted finally in the closing up of the municipal bureaus that had found so much gleeful commendation among municipal ownership sentimentalists. Mr. Copeland says:—

From the statement of a skilled workman who held a high place in one of these bureaus, but was powerless to do much in the way of correcting abuses, a few figures are worth quoting. Reckoning up the cost of material at the current quotations, and the probable cost of labor necessary to do the work under the supervision of any reliable contractor or business house in Boston, he found that a job of electrical equipment on the ferry-boats operated by the city should have cost $6800. As a matter of record, it actually cost $10,200. The electrical work on a city building for hospital nurses should have cost $1528. It really cost $4754. The work on a city armory should have cost less than $2,600, but the city had to pay nearly $6,700 for the job. Some work on a public school, estimated as likely to cost $1,471 if done under contract, cost the city about $3,600.

Meanwhile investigations were being pushed in other directions. The city's ice-plant made an inviting field. After the statisticians had finished figuring on that public-spirited enterprise, it was found that the ice used by the Water Department in the drinking-fountains cost about $60 a ton, when it might have been bought from the local ice companies for $2 or $3 a ton. Orders were immediately given to get rid of the ice-plant at the best possible terms.

Dishonesty in the shape of embezzlement or the like could not be traced to any public officer, but wasteful and extravagant folly, political interference and influence, did the job. They had civil service in Boston, too, but it was dodged, misapplied, and farcical, just as it is in San Francisco today. An instance is cited:

In the municipal printing-plant, under the Quincy régime, one of the employees was notoriously unsatisfactory. He was told that his services were not needed and that he could consider himself dismissed. He replied jauntily that even the public printer did not dare to discharge him. This impudent reply resulted in his prompt discharge. Yet he came back the next day, and said coolly to his superior: "Alderman Blank of South Boston says I'm to go back to work; but if you make any kick about it I'm to have your place and you go. See?" And he did stay, although his work was as unsatisfactory as before.

* * *

An intoxicated and inefficient police officer in San Francisco arrests a respectable woman within one hundred feet of her home, and *puts her in jail* among criminals. He is not dismissed or relieved of duty, but simply fined a small amount. Was there any political pull behind that transaction? Go up to the City Hall and inquire about civil service among the rounders and heelers who have secured office through political pull, and then go among the respectable homes of the men and women who have passed the civil service examination and ask each class what they think of the operation of the new charter civil service law, you will gather a clear idea of the matter from this inquiry.

San Francisco is dangerously near the Boston experience, and nothing but the common sense of the majority of the voters can save her from a similar fate. Among other things we are going to build a water works and stretch miles of pipe up into the mountains, lay out miles and miles of a distributing system in San Francisco. We are going to do these things to take the water business out of the hands of a corporation, whose rates we may lawfully regulate and reduce whenever they are too high. Then we are going to own street railways, and electric light plants, and possibly telephone lines. Park extensions have already been voted for, but San Francisco is to have all of these things, and yet it has demonstrated an entire inability to properly pave one street (Third Street) so as to bear the heavy traffic passing over it.

Franchise Assessments.

IN the public mind there is a good deal of misinformation as to what constitutes a "franchise."

The term "franchise" suggests to the ignorant mind a valuable but intangible something that only the very rich are able to acquire and enjoy. It is variously regarded as an instrument for oppressing the poor or as representing some particularly valuable right belonging to the public that has been filched by the rich. There may be some reader of the *Wave* who does not clearly understand just what Dr. Dodge has been assessing—in some cases high up into the hundreds of thousands. What is a franchise? Take the most common character of franchise that to transact a commercial business. Say that Jones, Smith, White, Brown and Robinson desire to go into a business similar to the Alaska Packing Company. They form a partnership under the laws of the State and successfully engage in the business of catching and canning salmon in Alaska for twenty years. So long as they continue a partnership there is no "franchise" to assess. Their stock of goods, solvent credits and assets are annally taxed in the place where they are located; but further than that the assessor does not go. He does not tax their right to do business or their right to maintain a partnership. On a given day these partners resolve to incorporate, so that in case of the death of one it will not be necessary to wind up the partnership affairs. To this end, articles of incorporation are drawn and filed with the County Clerk of the county wherein the members of the corporation agree to locate their "principal place of business." The term "principal place of business" is not meant to define the place where the actual operations of the company are transacted. All of the stores or shops or physical business of a corporation may be located in San Francisco, and its "principal place of business" (the place where its directors meet) may be down in San Mateo or in any other county in the State for that matter. After filing these articles of Incorporation with the County Clerk, a certified copy is transmitted to the Secretary of State for filing there. If the individuals interested desire it, a "Certificate of Incorporation" is then issued by this official for a small charge; but it is not necessary in any sense. From the day this certified copy of the articles is filed at Sacramento, the corporation is created. The old partnership may then transfer its assets to the corporation and take shares of stock in proportion to their several interests. The business proceeds just as it did before. If one of the partners dies, his shares of stock are administered upon, and divided among his heirs. While under the partnership arrangement the partnership ceases and the old firm's business is closed. This is the intangible thing that Assessor Dodge has valued up into the tens of thousands of dollars, we believe without warrant or justification.

The franchise of a street railroad, gas, water, or electric light company is quite another thing, for to these corporations there are conveyed certain valuable rights of property and privileges on the public highways that are very properly assessable. The ordinary commercial and manufacturing corporation acquires no such rights, indeed, from the municipality it acquires absolutely nothing, and it should no more be taxed upon its "right to exist" than should a partnership. If, as Assessor Dodge claims, the law compels him to assess all corporate franchises, then he should in the case of commercial and manufacturing corpporations, place the valuation at a nominal figure. To do otherwise is unjust even though sanctioned by the statutes. Frequently it happens that the law vests in the public officer general authority in a given direction, similar to the case in hand, but at the same time there is vested a certain discretion which the officer is presumed to exercise. While the city may need the money, sound business judgment—we almost said common honesty—scarcely approves onerous burdens on a "right to exist" simply because the persons taxed have assumed a corporate form and are making money. Then too the "franchise" of a prosperous corporation is identical with that of one that is unsuccessful. Whatever the state has given to one it has given to the other. If the A B Company is making larger profits than the C D Company the former company pays more taxes because it has more assets. But you would not assess the ships of the successful company at a higher valuation than you would the same character of ships in the ownership of the unsuccessful corporation. The vessels being identical, the valuation should be the same. This franchise being identical their valuation is identical. Because the managers of one corporation have a genius for business, scarcely offers a good reason for taxing that genius.

"Bimetallic Price Level."

THERE is a new phrase in the silver plank of the Democratic platform this year. It says: "We reiterate the demand . . . for an American financial system . . . which shall restore and maintain *a bimetallic price level.*"

A "bimetallic price level" means a silver "price level" in this case. Talking with a silver man the other day, he said:

"There will be no such thing as a 62 cent dollar, with free silver. You gold men know that there will not. Our dollars will be hundred cent dollars, and you will have to take them at a hundred cents."

"But the people wouldn't take them at a hundred cents."

"Ha, ha!" declared the silver man, "but we propose that you *shall* take them, you *must* take them at full legal tender."

"If that be the case the merchant must diminish the purchasing value of your dollar by increasing the selling price of his goods. If he cannot *refuse* to take your cheap dollar at its real value he can compel you to pay more of them so as to make up the difference."

This is what Bryanism means when it says it wants to "restore and maintain a bimetallic price level." It says the gold dollar of to day has too great a purchasing power and it is this that Bryanism proposes to change. Can labor with its fixed scale of wages take any comfort from a proposed change that lessens the purchasing power of its dollar?"

Suppose some fellow should secure an injunction against the *Examiner* preventing the publication of that journal until an appeal could be decided, what would the *Examiner* do? Shut up shop and await the decision, or follow the plain method of the law as the corporation is doing in the Fresno case? The position of that journal is so absurd that it can mislead none but the ignorant into censuring the corporation, but then the ignorant have no rights the *Examiner* is bound to respect. Still there are some good people who believe the ignorant have some rights. They have the right to demand the unbiased truth from their advisors, the press. And when it comes down to a fine point the intelligent have a right to demand that ignorance be not misled. There is more danger to this government from ignorance at home than from enemies abroad, and more harm in one *Examiner* than a dozen islands in the Philippines.

Now there is another opportunity for the cowardly party of Bryanism to take advantage of the administration and find fault with whatever may be done in China. If troops in adequate numbers be sent to the protection of Americans the party of Bryan will howl; if they are not sent they will howl louder still. Democracy now would like the country put to the expense of an extra session of Congress, so as to give it an opportunity to air itself in patriotic oratory.

American Fashions on Native Forms.

Shipping the Hemp Crop.

Native Troubadours, Manila.

THE HOT SEASON IN MANILA.

HOT, hot, hot! The enervating, moist heat of the tropics, unhealthy, fever-bringing, seems only intensified by the recent rains. The new people, mere "tenderfeet" from the States, cherished foolish hopes before the rainy season began, that the showers would bring relief. The rains have come, sudden tropical downpours which fall in the late hours of the night and come as though the Heavens were pouring the water down by the bucketfull, but they bring no clearing of the humid air. Day breaks as damply hot as before. The heat waves mingle with the steam that floats across the lazy Pasig, carrying suggestions of fever and prickly heat, and the insanity of the tropics comes over men who have dared too much in the sun. The tennis-courts, where social Manila used to play at playing in the cool days of the less insufferable season, are deserted; the very talk of the golf-links, bruited in the fine days following the last rainy season, will cause any mess-room to rise up and call you accursed. No one tries to work much in the heat of the day, or at any other time for that matter, except a few seasoned natives, to whom heat and moisture are as natural as to a water-buffalo. I am writing this, myself, wi' deeticulty, resisting an impulse to a wet, perspiring, unrefreshing, tropical sleep, in the early hours of the morning, when it is most nearly endurable.

For the heat of this steam-b th of the world takes Americans, I find, in two ways. One sort has a healthy desire to sleep through it, to hibernate from season to season. For this sort it is the more endurable. We who possess that blessed faculty can drouse and loaf, as do the natives, and pull through with nerves strong and health unimpaired. It is the other kind, those with too much Anglo-Saxon steam and go to accustom themselves to the siesta of the hot season, who break down with insomnia, heat rash and final insanity. And so, with the heat bringing the prespiration out from my face to drop on this paper, I bless Heaven which gave me the lazy streak, enabling me to sleep out my salvation—"Blessed be the man who first invented sleep!"

* * *

If anyone ever told you that Manila is a cheap town to live in, he said the thing which is not so. In no section of the United States which has come under my experience are rents, charges and rates taken on the average been so high as right here. In some respects, Philippine prices are below those prevailing in the States, but the average is much higher. For example, the clerk, newspaperman or attache of moderate wants and tendencies not "sporty" finds it easy to live in San Francisco or Chicago on an income far inside one hundred dollars a month. Of course, one cannot cut much of a dash on that sum, but he can live far inside it—live in a humble way for half of it, for that matter. But I have as yet failed to hear of any American accomplishing the feat of dragging out his existence in Manila for less than a hundred dollars (American) per month. A native, living in a nipa hut with a stool and a pot for furniture, can drag along on the bare edge of nothing and "keep up appearances;" if an American could live at that scale, all would be lovely. But he cannot. And the higher up in the scale his living gets, the more, in proportion, must he pay. Grand pianos and champagne come high.

To quote a few current prices. House-rent has gone up with amazing rapidity. The British in the city having complained of the inaccessibility of the British Consulate, orders were sent from London for a change of quarters. The consul was obliged to answer that, his allowance for rent being only $40 per month, it was impossible for him to secure good down-town quarters, as current rates were running. The house which he desired, and not a large or elegant one at that, was held at $60 a month. Ice, a necessity for Americans, comes from the new ice plant at four cents a pound to regular customers. It is fairly an ice trust, because the company, having a virtual monopoly, manufactures it at less than $5 per ton and laughs at all complaints. Fresh meat is poor, likely to be tainted, and sells at Dawson prices—it has been up to one dollar and fifty cents a pound! Strawberries, bottled at that, are two dollars a quart. Much of this is due to the belief of the native that every American is a Croesus. Some of it is due to the greed of American speculators, who have laid the foundations of several fortunes out of the profits wrung from the Army of Occupation.

A curious phase of the economic situation is caused by the keen competition of the United States commissary department, which places certain lines of goods beyond all chance of civilian competition and makes it impossible for anyone outside the army to obtain things which are almost necessities. Listerine, the only effective remedy for the annoying prickly heat, is a horrible example. The commissary sells it to the soldiers for a few cents per bottle. The drug stores claim that they cannot handle it for less than $3.50 a bottle; consequently, rather than stand up against the continual "kicking" of civilians, they do not keep it at all. Unless you have friends in the army who will lend surreptitiously from their private stock, you have to fall back on iodine and profanity.

* * *

One of the comedy features, at present, is the attempt of the natives to ape American customs. The bicycle has taken hold on the Tagal youth, to the despair of the good pedagogues who are trying to make him attend school. His sister has gone crazy over the American style of dress, with most amazing results. A Japanese woman in European clothes is only small, dumpy, and commonplace, a Chinese girl of the mission schools sometimes appears almost pretty in our regimentals; a Tagal maid is a fright, an outlandish sight for gods and men. In her native frock, a girl of the people with her coarse, black hair like a horse's main, her jet beads of eyes, her pattering gait, has a picturesqueness of her own, but done up in European clothes she looks like a witch in Macbeth. One has just staggered past my low window. She hobbles in her American shoes, as though she were "side-strung" after the manner of a fractious colt on the Western ranges. A blouse of bright, bright red with fearful and wonderful embroidery over the front falls from her shoulders down to her formless waist. "Her petticoat is yaller and her little cap"—is missing, and in its place is a thing which looks like a bunch of hay interspersed with wilted flowers stuck in her head. It is her idea of an American hat. Around one shoulder and falling under the arm is a sash, heavy with embroidery and resembling a Masonic sash worn when the order is in full regalia. Her whole attitude is one of hauteur and conscious pride.

* * *

We extract a sort of languid amusement, nowadays, out of the struggles of the new government appointees from the states with native customs, manners, language, and ways of looking at things. The old-timers take perverse delight in letting the beginners go the pace and then noting the result. An officious newcomer in the revenue service furnishes the latest story. He was out nosing around, trying for a reputation, and ran upon a shop without name, label, or visible sign. He immediately scented an unlisenced business and a chance for glory, and began investigations. There was nothing in sight which tended to show the real nature of the shop, so that he was forced to demand the truth from the proprietor.

"Thees," said the native owner, affably, "Thees ess what you call morgue, for the buboneec plague, señor."

The inspector did not stop to ask about licenses.

* * *

Another amusing feature of our daily life is *El Progreso*, the comic paper of the islands, albeit not so intended. It is written by an hombre who is evidently proud of his new accomplishment of English, and sports it in the editorial columns.

One day he mourns the heat in this fashion: "The day was dry, monotonous, like the day before. The same doubts that suffocate belief and atrophy the soul. And the observatory with its eternal prediction: 'Winds variable with hurricanes.'" The next day he mingles his resentment a the weather with his commiseration of the managers of the racetrack, who had financial reasons for cursing the heat that kept the crowds from the track. "Nothing," he says, "no hurricanes at least. A little drizzle that did not even dampen the track of the hippodrome, where they lost 17,000 pesos. With 17,000 pesos many things may be bought, and seventeen years of good cooking assured. How ideal!"

This is his idea of the havoc wrought on American hearths by the war: "There, in America, in the corner of the hearth robbed by war, the day will indeed live in the desolate heart of the mother, who, with her prayers and sobs, mingles, who knows, a curse. In America mothers will think always of the Philippines as Spanish mothers can never forget Cuba. In the interior it is all a cemetery without flowers, wihout flags, without candles. The rivers teem with bodies, the mountains are fertilized by the phosphorus of skeletons. Almost no men remain. There live yet only the illusions that to-morrow will be entombed also under the stone of disenchantment. There it is not to live, it is to die!"

F. R. S.

A Nipa Hut.

The Filipino Bryan Club Meets.

THE Filipino Bryan club of Manila was called to order by Polito Chineso, the President. Polito's mother was Chinese, his father a Tagalo. The club room was tastefully arranged according to the Filipino notion and brave and patriotic mottoes hung about the room, such as "Give me liberty, but give him death," "A Filipino's a Filipino for a' that," "Shoot and shout for liberty and fairly divide the loot," "The Equality of man is the decree of Heaven; shoot every man who violates this decree by being better than you."

The secretary was directed to read to the club reports of officers and absent members. But first the President ordered the Sergeant-at-arms to remove from the speaker's desk two heads of Americanos, that had begun to give off a bad odor. This done, the Secretary began.

General Petit Taglisho and his army of fifty men announced great progress. They had slipped up on two American picket men and overpowered them. Taking them to the village of Atkinso they celebrated the event by cutting the ears off the prisoners, burning their eyes out and dragging their tongues out by the roots, when the beastly wretches unfortunately died, marring the amusement of the people.

Piasano Bruno introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That we protest against the fighting qualities of the American troops, and further protest in the name of Liberty, against American prisoners dying before our people have a fair chance of amusing themselves.

Resolved, further that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to William J. Bryan, forthwith.

The resolution was carried with a whoop.

Second report was read from Manzinillo Aqua. Manzinillo told of a raid upon the village of Kansoo and the unexpected capture of many jewels and gold ornaments belonging to a Spanish lady who was put to death after being tortured by the soldiers. A wounded American also contributed to their amusement in like manner. Several other communications were put before the meeting and then the President arose in his chair.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have now the honor of inform-

Continued on Page 7.

A Distinguished Prisoner En Route.

A PRACTICAL FLYING MACHINE.

THE Deutsch Prize of 200,000 francs for the best solution of the problem of areal navigation has already borne fruit. A diregible airship has ascended, travelled several miles, mostly against the wind, and made several complete turns on the way. This spells success to the unlearned public, but the expert in mechanics knows that it is no proof of a practical solution of the difficulty. Science is continually striking blind leads. An electrician succeeded several years ago in making artificial diamonds with the aid of a heavy current and a bit of carbon, yet the discovery rested there; no one has ever made artificial diamonds of more than microscopic size or ever will. Just so it may be with the flying machine which is the first result of this remarkable prize; it may not be capable of further development; it may remain only an attractive but useless toy.

This partially successful solution of the vexed problem honors the name of Count von Zeppelin, a German nobleman who has been useful in the connection move as a patron than as an inventor. Although a machinist of education and training,he had very little to do with the construction and invention of the aeromotor which bears his name. But he supplied the funds, assuming general direction, and trained inventors under his oversight worked out the vessel. European scientists and scientific publications knew this all the time, but they paid but little attention before the final test. In Europe as in the United States, some one is always just about to make an airship fly. Therefore, the whole scientific world was startled when, on July 2, it was reported on unimpeachable authority that the von Zeppelin ship had made a flight, including two complete circular turns, across Lake Constance. It was immediately recognized as the achievement of the year in military as well as scientific circles and German and French experts were on their way to Geneva within a day, in order to be present at the next series of trials.

According to the accounts of the European press correspondents, the successful voyage was made on the third attempt. The ship, which is a dirigible baloon, depending on a gas-bag and engine and not on aeroplanes,was brought out and placed upon the raft which was to be the starting-point on June 30. But the wind, running at thirty miles an hour, was considered too strong, and the aeronauts delayed until the following day. Then, the wind still being brisk,a preliminary flight was tried. This was taken with no design of using the steering apparatus, but solely with a view of trying out the ascending power of the baloon. This proving satisfactory,the final longer journey was set for the evening of July 2, the time of day being chosen in the belief that the wind would then be lightest. This choice of time was afterward proven a mistake.

This decisive test was made the occasion of much ceremony. Von Zeppelin delivered a speech,a prayer was offered, and then the five men who were given the honor of the first voyage in an airship stepped into place in two suspended boats. The baloon rose, the bows pointing into the wind, which was running at about eighteen miles an hour. For a time, it seemed as though the heavy current would force the machine back. The elevation was increased accordingly, and the spectators cheered as they saw the ship shoot straight against the wind. A moment of tension succeeded when it was seen that the course was veering, as though the vessel were unable to meet the wind. This was changed to the wildest excitement when it was perceived that it was being manoeuvered to perform a turn. Twice,as it r se, the ship described a complete circle of about 1,000 meters in diameter, and then shot off in the direction of the wind. Straight across the lake it went. A half an hour ater, and when it was hardly a speck in the gathering twilight,the crowd saw the baloon hesitate in its course, and then descend rapidly, and in an erratic manner as though something were wrong with the machinery. It continued to drop, and finally settled upon the water. Launches put off at once, and took in the Count and his party from the suspended boats, which had been designed with a view to floating should the vessel light in the water.

The cause of the descent was then made manifest. The envelope had been filled with the lightest of gas, and the rapid cooling of the evening air,aided by a cold wave which had swept in from the mountains, had greatly reduced its bouyancy. In addition, something went wrong in the machinery. The screws, which were to have made twelve hundred revolutions a minute, actually made only six hundred, and furthermore, their diameter proved too small. Something seemed wrong with the side wings, which did not always respond to the lever; these facts, taken together, caused the Count to order a descent when the machine had proceeded only a few miles,

But these are merely flaws in construction, not in plan or in principle. The facts remain. A diregable air-ship has made an ascent, has been moved at will, has carried men in its flight. Hitherto, the best achievement has been a vessel bearing only one passenger for a very short and uncertain flight—a few hundred yards at most. The others have been launched from a height of some sort; this one arose from water. It is a tremendous stride.

The craft differs little,apparently,from its predecessors of the same type. The length is only 122 metres,or 400 feet,and itsdiameter 37 feet. The length of the steerable balloon tried by Giffard was 44 metres, that of Tissandier 28, Dupuy de Lome 36, Haulien 40 5, Renard and Krebs 50, and Schwartz 47. Von Zeppelin's gas bag is divided into seventeen compartments, so that injury to one part of the reservoir would not release all the gas. The outer inclosure is covered by a network of aluminum wire and hempen cord. From this are suspended two aluminum boats, or gondolas, 25 metres shorter at each end than the airship, or, in other words, 72 metres long.

These hang 15 metres below the airship, side by side. A footbridge connects them so that a passenger can go from one to the other during a voyage. Each gondola is equipped with fifteen horse power Daimier gasolene motor, driving a horizontal shaft. Each shaft bears a four bladed screw out in front, and a three bladed one aft. The explosion in the motor is caused by an electric spark. Besides the propelling screws, there are four others, to assist in steering. Two of these are on each side of the gas cylinder,about half way up, one near each end. These screws can be used to impart a sidewise movement to the ship, as well as for steering. The engines give a total of thirty horse power.

To say that the French officials are excited would be putting it mildly. Though the improvements go no further, though the machine prove impracticable for commercial purposes,it has proved that it could be used for military attack. The accounts make the actual distance traversed a matter of uncertainty, but it seems to have been about twelve miles. An absolutely dirigible air-ship, like this one, could, in a twelve-mile trip, go clear over a besieged city, from line to line of the side which owned it,and drop high explosives in every vulnerable point. It has already been proved that a baloon, even at a moderate height, is an almost impossible target. And this potent engine of war is in the hands of Germans! Nothing has so worried the French army since the Dreyfus case.

ETIENNE MARBEL.

Mary Mannering, who will Play the Title Role in "Janice Meredith."

Jerome Sykes, Cast for the New De Koven Opera "Foxy Quiller."

Blanche Walsh, to lead in Presbrey's New Historical Drama.

THE STARS OF THE COMING DRAMATIC SEASON.

THE THEATRICAL SITUATION FOR 1900.

IT is my belief, my hope and my constant supplication to high Heaven that the summer run of vaudeville now going on in New York will end the craze for good and all. Vaudeville has reigned in popularity and prices this year long, and the pocket-vein is now exhausted.

There is a limit to the human power of inventing things strange and new; that limit seems to have been reached. Every manner and means of putting up new wine in old bottles, every dodge of the press agent, every trick of the expert manager, every way of instilling variety into Swiss bell ringing and juggling and acrobatic tumbling and song-and-dance turns has been threshed out and run through. Vaudeville is one of those things which will hang itself if given enough rope. The rope came in the summer season, when the houses playing "the legit" closed their doors and put up the boards, leaving the field to the roof-garden. It is usual for these places of amusement to put on new and startling things in the sweltering season, to introduce the novelties which are to be worn out on the various circuits during the summer season. In this fashion the female impersonator (whose name be anathema), the rag-time craze, the one-act playlet, the girl who does imitations and other fads too numerous to mention have been started on the road to popularity. The roof-gardens have been running weeks now, and have not a brand-new feature. A few variations on old "turns" is the extent of their reaching for novelty. Wherefore, since vaudeville depends on the unexpected, I am living in hope that its popularity is over.

* * *

The historical novel is to be followed by the historical play, mainly a dramatization of the novels; this form will presumably rule the boards and run its gaudy course next season. It is to open as the ruling fad, though the presentation of any strong drama in any other style may turn the tide and originate a school of its own. That is the normal history of any play-craze, by-the-way. Some manager finds a strong, new drama, it makes a huge success; the others tumble over themselves in their haste to duplicate it by plays on the same line, in order to shine by reflected light. It all goes back to the principle that managers are canny folk and would rather bank on a proven success than speculate on a new play, however promising. This principle, which accounts for the preference for adapted plays over American plays, is the death-sentence of a native drama, also accounts for the "fad" system. Should some manager produce a successful "Wild West" play this season, I am convinced that we would see Sothern and Faversham and the rest, in boots and sombreros before the vacation. Should a successful extravaganza be forthcoming, we would have such a rage for burlesque as followed the production of Rice's *Evangeline*. But for the present, the historical play is to reign, just because Klaw and Erlanger made a hit with the dramatization of "Ben Hur," and because the historical novels,from which these plays are taken, have already gained public favor for their names and are advertised for nothing in advance. We are to have the whole lot—"Richard Carvel," "To Have and to Hold," "Janice Meredith," "When Knighthood was in Flower" and the rest.

* * *

I had hoped for a revival of the Shakesperian drama this season, basing my hopes upon the fact that there seemed to be no special fad in preparation for this season's drama, wherefore managers would fill in, as usual, with the neglected classics. But this hope proved vain. The historical craze settled it. Several advance announcements of Shakesperian plays have been withdrawn. Maude Adams, Faversham, Goodwin, and Julia Arthur were all expected in advance to try the classic drama, but something else took them away. The actors themselves do not relish this. It is the height and top of every player's ambition to have a Shakesperian success. This is only logical and reasonable, when you think it over. No English-speaking actor from Garrick down has ever won permanent fame—fame which

Con. on Page 9.

THINGS & PEOPLE

The old U. S. Gunboat "Monocacy", Injured in the Taku Bombardment.

Civil Service Frauds.

THE civil service law is "up to" the Supreme courts and will doubtless remain in suspense for a period appropriate to its importance. In the meantime the examination mill at the City Hall is providing clerks for the various offices at such rate of progress as the demand requires. Certain extraordinary things have come recently to light which seem to reflect on the accuracy of the test. For instance I am told of one young man who, in the common clerks' examination, obtained 99 per cent. This was earned by a copper plate hand and fine dexterity at arithmetic. In due course he was given a position in the Registrar's Office. When it came to making records in the books his admirable penmanship had disappeared, and it was a ragged, scraggly handwriting that was substituted for the elegant script of the examination papers. He was not dismissed, but was at once relieved from further duty on the books. In another instance, a young gentleman who was placed second in another examination, and on the strength of this showing found a place, was dismissed for absolute incompetence. I am afraid some of the methods in force for the identification of Chinese must be utilized by the Civil Service Commissioners, for it is evident a new industry is being developed out of the necessities of ignorant place hunters. Most of the men who have taken the examinations are unknown to politics. Who is to say that the John Jones who signs a paper is the same John Jones who subsequently obtains a place in the City Hall?

***

The Promotion of Thomas Garrett.

FROM time to time mention has been made here of the work of Thomas Garrett who, after having been city editor of the *Post*, *Chronic'e* and *Examiner* of San Francisco, subsequently went to Los Angeles to the *Record* there and has now gone to New York to take a high place on the *Journal*. Mr. Garrett is one of the strongest men in journalism to-day and is surely on the way to its highest places. His enemies, of whom he has a number, gleefully assumed that in Los Angeles he would be buried. On the contrary he doubled the circulation of the *Record* and became one of the best known figures in the southern metropolis. Prior to his departure a banquet was given in his honor and a cortege of distinguished citizens bade him Godspeed at the railroad depot. However his personality is sure to make itself felt wherever he is, for Garrett has too much individuality to be a secondary figure. He is an Englishman of unbounded energy and vitality, dowered with unusual executive capacity and the faculty of newspaper-generalship. At handling a big event he has few equals, and he has the secret of getting the best work out of his staff. An unequalled newsgatherer, he is also a keen critic of style and a stickler for grammatical accuracy. He was educated in Cambridge, is a great reader and an exceedingly clever talker.

***

San Francisco in New York Journalism.

ARTHUR CAHILL, the former *Call* artist, who is making a success on the New York *World*, says that the cut-and-dried metropolitan reporters are very pessimistic over the late influx of western men. They declare in Newspaper Row that no one stands a chance of a position unless he comes from the South or West. Indeed, most of the "fat jobs" of the year have gone to San Francisco men. To illustrate the point, Cahill tells a story. He was accosted in the elevator of the *World* building by a noisy person with a large jag of the second degree. "D'ye know who I am?" said the thirsty man, "look at me, I'm curioushty!" "You're what?" "I'm curioshty, nachel dime-museum freak." "What's peculiar about you?" "I'm newspaper man, 'sbperienced journ'list, an' never saw Shanfranshisco!"

***

The Latest Rubaiyat.

AN INTERESTING enterprise in which San Franciscans have a concern is the production of a new edition of the *Rubaiyat* with William Doxey as publisher and Miss Florence Lundborg as illustrator. While still a Californian, Mr. Doxey conceived the idea of a fresh edition of the immortal poem and he invited Miss Lundborg, who first became known through her designs in the *Lark*, to contribute decorations and pictures. Gradually the scheme grew until it has attained the scope of the Vedder edition and it will be sold at the same figures. The designs are in pen and ink and certainly display great talent. They have not the wild fantastic beauty of Vedder's; but are original, interesting and decidedly decorative. The lines of the figures, especially of the women's faces are rather reminiscent of Aubrey Beardsley, though that may be said of all the best pen-and-ink work nowadays, so striking is the impression the young Engman has made in this art.

***

New Writings.

WILL there soon be reaction from the present craze for historical fiction? That is a question of deep interest among the publishers. To-day a story is not a story unless it is studded with incidents and great names. Accuracy is not especially in demand—indeed it is surely a lack of originality to fail in supplying new setting for eminent personalities. I have heard recently that much is expected of the debut of two Chicago men, whose novels emerge this Spring under the auspices of the new Doubleday-Page firm. They are Theodore Dreiser and Arthur Henry—both young, on the right side of thirty, newspaper men by calling and great friends. Frank Norris read the manuscripts of *Sister Carrie*, Dreiser's book, for Doubleday-Page, and accepted it at once. He describes the style as grim, direct realism, tremendously strong. *When Dreams Come True*, Henry's novel, is very fanciful and idyllic. There is a pronounced individuality in the work of both men and they may be the leaders of a new school.

***

Distinguished Visitors.

IN San Francisco we have had quite a number of distinguished visitors lately, among others Speaker Henderson and Senator Daniels of Virginia. They have been variously entertained. The Monticello Club had a banquet for the Virginian Senator. The Speaker has been received by the Union League Club and dined and wined by senators and congressmen. At the Daniels banquet there was some excellent talking which the Senator seemed to thoroughly appreciate. Speaker Henderson is a most agreeable companion, ready of wit, an excellent story teller, and an exceedingly bright talker. Both he and Senator Daniels were guests of Congressman Kahn on a trip to the top of Tamalpais. The two men, who present an interesting contrast in appearance, were on opposite sides in the Civil War and bear the marks of their experience. Daniels has four bullet wounds and walks on crutches. The Speaker had a leg shot away and has replaced it with one of cork, which, however, does not prevent him being as active as most of us on undiminished limbs.

***

Bryan as an Egotist.

IT is said in Nebraska that the sincerest admirer of the Democratic candidate for President is W. J. Bryan. This esteem is not merely for the political prominence the candidate has achieved, or such mental attainments as he may be credited with, but extends to his physical person. In the library of the Bryan villa at Lincoln are twenty-two portraits of the ambitious patriot in the various attitudes that great men assume when f cing the camera. This form of taste in decoration may be only a pleasing eccentricity—the weakness of a great statesman. I fear the average man will construe it as the evidence of a virulent egotism. Imagine having twenty-two portraits of one's-self in one's sitting-room!

***

Mayors to be.

THE identity of the next Mayor of San Francisco is a subject on which the politicians have little to say just at present. It is assumed that Mayor Phelan, by the end of his two years' term will have had a fill of municipal honors and will be out for distinction in a more exalted field. In the Democracy are several men who have acquired sufficient political credit to

Delegates Laverey and Montant, and Senator Wolcott.

Arrival of the Committee at Sagamore Hill, Roosevelt's Residence.

THE OFFICIAL NOTIFICATION OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

make them eligible for the place. Assessor Dodge, for instance, City Attorney Franklin K. Lane, and Harry T. Creswell. Each of these gentlemen has had opportunities of learning about the City's affairs,and if politics are to be run on a business basis, would have an advantage over candidates not so well equipped. On the Republican side it is not so easy to find available material. One could reel off a list of eminent citizens who would doubtless become the place, but, this time the party wants a bright, energetic man with youth on his side,who may yet be depended upon for conservative doing and thinking in all emergencies developed during his term. F. W. Dohrmann is such a one and would certainly be an ideal candidate if he will run, but business cares occupy most of his time. However, politics begin to be active, and it is possible, during the next few months, some new personalties will be porduced. The emergency generally finds the men and this should be no exception to the rule.

***

American Goods in Manila.

A COMMERCIAL demand from the Philippines which is hardly recognized in this country is created by the need of the island people for American machinery. All advices from the islands agree in stating that the Filipinos are mad over American made mechanical appliances. The bicycle has caught on like lightning, so that it is the ambition of every native youth in Manila to own and ride one of the new-fangled American flyers. Our clocks are in demand in every home in Manila. These articles are snapped up at fancy prices in excess of the supply. Further than this, there is a more serious demand for good industrial machinery. The freedom of trade, commerce and manufactures under American rule has given a great impetus to the industries which employ expensive machinery, and the few labor-saving American appliances shown to the rich Tagal, Chinese and Spanish planters have been bought at the seller's figure. For example, a small sugar-milling plant, which was bought in the United States for $2 000, and cost $300 to transport, was sold the day it reached Manila for $10,000. Manufacturing plants brought out by prospective entrepreneurs would pay well, as free water-power abounds and the raw material for several industries, notably woodworking, pulp-paper-making and twine manufacture are close at hand.

* * *

It is inconceivable why more people, why more Pacific Coast firms have not established agencies for machinery and metal goods in general in the Islands. Bicycles would sell at high prices and at once if the machines were on the ground. The agencies at present established have made the mistake of showing pictures and taking orders in advance. This does not appeal to the native mind, which cannot deal in futures. Any concern which is to succeed in Manila must have the goods for delivery on the spot. Sewing-machines and typewriters are wanted by the thousand. It is said that at the period of American occupation there was not a modern sewing-machine in all Manila; the few that have been imported have gone at double their home price. Typewriters are wanted by most of the rich native families and business men. Anyone having a $100 typewriter in Manila now can easily obtain $250 for it. In fact, any investment in the smaller and more common machines for sale in the Philippine towns would pay many times over.

BOSWELL, JR.

The Outing at Del Monte.

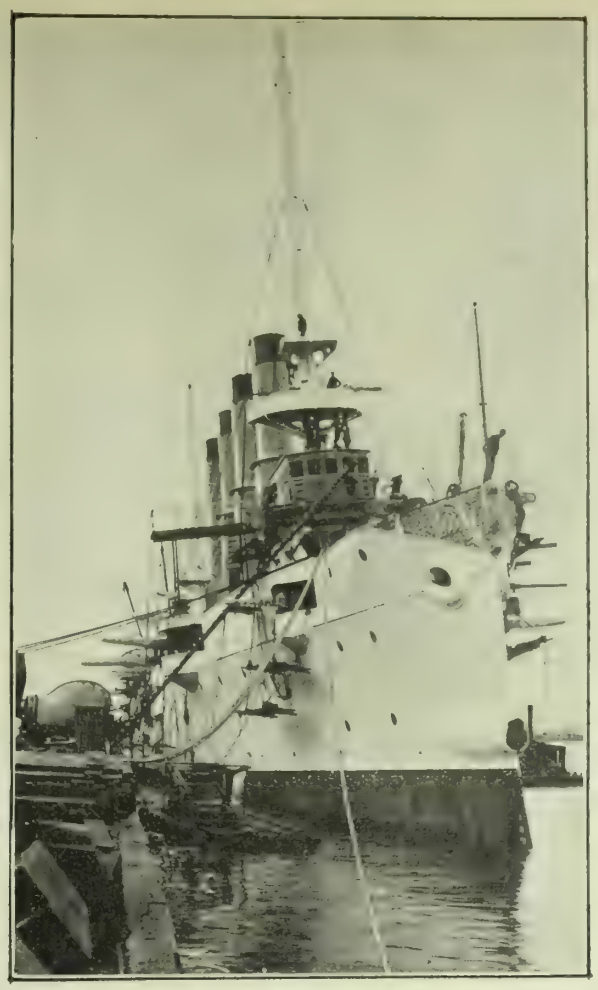
THE annual outing at Del Monte will certainly be the social event of the season. Between the 13th and 18th of August the most beautiful of all summer resorts will be given over to exponents of outdoor sports. There will be golf, horse racing,polo,tennis and pigeon shooting interspersed with music, moonlight, swimming and other forms of amusement. Last year's outing was really a notable success. The greatest interest was developed, especially in the golf tournament and the pany racing. The prospects indicate even a more brilliant gathering this August. Much interest centers in the mile race for thoroughbred ponies for the Del Monte cup. Mr. Hobart, Mr. Carolan, Mr. Raoul-Duval, have all high class thoroughbred ponies, and some are expected from the Southern Counties. There are two 3-mile steeplechase events, one each day; the course has been stiffened since last year, and the race is a mile longer, so that a horse must be able to jump as well as gallop to go the route. Mr. Driscoll and Mr. Raoul-Duval are taking a great deal of pains to fill up the race card, and all the events are sure to be worth seeing.

In the Polo Tournament there will be at least five teams. All the best players in the State—Maude, Driscoll, Hobart, Tobin and others will be seen in what promises to be the best polo tournament yet held in California.

The Golf Tournament for both men and women will be carried on in the morning of each day. Miss Crockett, Miss Hoffman, Miss Scott and Mrs. Brown of San Rafael will enter for the Henry T. Scott cup, and it is hoped that May, Maude, Hobart, Clawson, Orde and others will give a fine exhibit of golf in the men's tournament. The management of the Golf Tournament is in the hands of Mr. Downey Harvey.

A novelty in the sporting way this year will be the running of a public road coach over the 17-mile drive. Mr. Hobart's road coach "Del Monte" has been secured, and will be well horsed by the hotel stables. It will be driven by Mr. Hobart, Mr. Raoul-Duval, Mr. Beylard, Mr. Carolan and other well known amateur whips. The drive in this coach over such a perfect road, and through such lovely scenery, will surely be a charming experience.

On Saturday morning the baseball match will be played between the Burlingame team, of which Mr. Prescott Scott is captain, and the University Alumni. The Alumni team won by a small margin last year. This year the Burlingame men hope to reverse the record. On the Burlingame team will probably be some well known eastern intercollegiate players—Mr. Cunha, catcher of the Yale team, Mr. Reid, captain of the Harvard team, Mr. Dibblee, Mr. Tobin, of the Yale Freshman team, and Mr. Cadwalader, formerly pitcher for Yale. Music will be furnished by Bennett's Concert band, and there will be vocal music by the Knickerbocker Male Quartette, and one or two other prominent soloists.



THE NEW RUSSIAN CRUISER "VARIAG."
Built at Cramp's Yard and at Present Having Her Trial Trip.

THE FILIPINO BRYAN CLUB MEETS.

Continued from page 4.

ing you that the noble party of Bryanism in America has met. Our friends have kept their promises to us, our nerves are strengthened, our purpose made stronger by this action. I now request the Secretary to read to the club the Kansas Platform of Democracy relating to our beautiful Isles.

The Secretary cleared his throat and began:

"*We condemn and denounce the Philippine policy of the present administration.*"

Here the club rose as a body crying "Down with the Americano Administration soldiers! Down with them!"

The Secretary continued:

"*It has embroiled the repnblic in an unnecessary war.*"

"Vive Aguinaldo!" cried the crowd.

"*It has sacrificed the lives of many of its noblest sons*"

A peal of boisterous laughter rang through the room.

"*Aud placed the United States, previonsly known and applauded throughout the world as the champion of freedom, in the false and un-American position of crushing with military force the efforts of our former allies to achieve liberty and self-government.*"

"To hell with McKinley," roared a half breed in the rear of the room.

"Think of the loot we lost in Manila!" cried a dusky officer.

"Think of the women there," growled a thick-necked, thick-lipped native.

"And think of the churches," cried another. And a wail went up from the crowd.

"*The Filipinos cannot be citizens without endangering our civilization.*"

"Of course," interjected the speaker, "this is just inserted to make the point. Continue Mr. Secretary

"*They cannot be recruits without imperiling our government, and as we are not willing to surrender our civilization or to convert the republic into an empire, we favor an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to give the Filipinos—first, a state of government.*"

"Hear! Hear! Give us a state of government."

"*Second, Independence,*" continued the Secretary.

"You bet, *Independence*, that's what we want; we don't want soldiers to restrict our independence."

"Give us independence" shouted a gentleman with an American soldier's hat and a suspicious looking watch and chain.

"And third," continued the Secretary, "*Protection from outside interference.*"

"Now," said the president, "that is what *I* call decent. It gives us Aguinaldo for President, it gives us independence to do as we please, and it gives us protection from the hated government of Spain when we proceed to wrest from the Spanish autocrats the property they have wrongfully taken from us. 'Give us liberty but give them death' is the high purpose of the Filipino who agrees with us. Dewey should have sailed from Manila Bay after he had destroyed the hated Spanish Fleet. We brave Filipinos would have taken care of the Spaniards. Did we not have thousands of knives hidden in the church to arm the servants and sympathizers in Manila? Did we not have guns and powder? We would have fallen upon those people in the dead hour of night and think, my brothers in liberty, think of the loot, the ladies and the liquor." Here a howl of rage and despair went up from the members.

"But I tell you, my friends, we have in Mr. Bryan a friend. Keep solidly together, fight, resist, kill and burn until after the election in the United States; then when Bryan goes to Washington, Liberty will be ours."

The meeting was broken up by a messenger who announced that a wagon with some women in it was coming along, unprotected.

Probably, thought some, property worth having in it.

The mob went out to see the fun. PALMER BROWNE.

We were talking of a new Japanese play that was going on in London at that time, says T. P. O'Conner's *M. A. P.* in speaking of Sir Henry Irving, and he was telling us of a Chinese theatre he once went to in San Francisco with some American friends. He said he never enjoyed anything so much in his life. It was all very quaint and primitive, but the acting he thought amazingly good. But what struck him most was the audience, which was composed only of men, all with scowling, rigid faces. Not a man smiled. If they showed any expression at all it was entire disapproval of the whole performance! The actors were much more refined and seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. The play itself, he said, was most realistic—in a scene of great pathos, and to show the greatest emotion, the actor wiped his eyes and nose with his finger and thumb! After the play was over the manager invited Sir Henry and his friends round to the back of the stage, where they were introduced to some of the principal actors.

They were shown to the eating-house, where they were introduced to a Chinaman who spoke pidgin English. "Why," Sir Henry asked, "do you have this chop-house in the theatre?" The man explained that it would be quite impossible for an actor to have his meals at another house, because he would have things thrown at his head and very possibly be killed on the way; that was why the actor was not fond of going out for a walk. Sir Henry said he could quite understand the feeling, but suggested that they might go armed in some way!

But the Chinamen shook their heads and said that the actor no could go for walky because him velly bad man, all the people say him bad man. "But surely," said Sir Henry, "you yourself like actors?" "No, no," was the reply, "actor vagabond, we no likee." And Sir Henry spent half an hour trying to explain that the actor was not such a vagabond as they thought, but still, they persisted that he was a number one bad man "Well," said Sir Henry, "do you ever happen to have heard of a man called George Washington?" Oh, yes, they thought he was a very great man. "Well," said Sir Henry, "I think I can tell you of a still greater man than George Washington. Have you ever heard of William Shakespeare?" "Yes," and they both nodded their heads in approval, "he was a number one great man was William Shakespeare." "Well," said Irving, "William Shakespeare was an actor."

Departure of the U. S. Transport *Sumner* for China with the Fifteenth Infantry.

Departure of the U. S. Transport *Sumner* for China with the Fifteenth Infantry.

The Foreign Quarter of Shanghai

The Upheaval in China.

By Eli Sheppard, Former United States Consul at Tien-Tsin and Acting Minister in Peking.

THE nations of Europe and America have at last awakened to the fact, for it is a fact, that a gigantic political and social upheaval is threatened in China, and that a momentous crises in the affairs of the world is, as certainly, impending. A great philosopher of France once compared Asiatic nations to the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus: "Ordinarily," said he, "they sleep from generation to generation; but now and again, they turn over from one side to the other and when they turn over great changes are likely to take place in the affairs of mankind."

It is now just one generation, since China turned *almost* over, in the throes of a bloody revolution, known as the Tai Ping Rebellion. The history of that rebellion shows how profoundly the peace of Europe may be disturbed by a national revolution in China. The present outbreak in that Empire bids fair to eventuate in a second Tai Ping rebellion or possibly in a complete overturning of the Chinese Empire and if it does turn out so, that is, if the present revolution is successful, the world is face to face with an event so big that no living man is likely to fully grasp the possibilities it may involve.

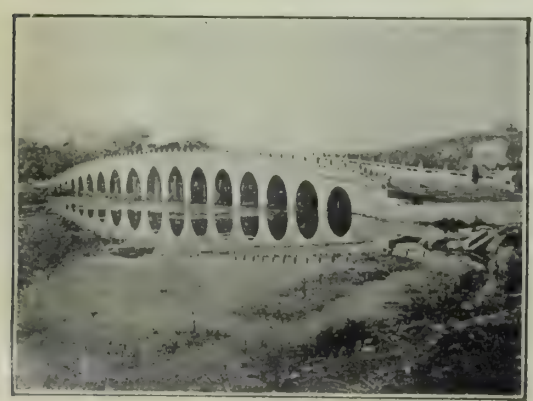
For a quarter of a century the statesmen of Europe have been discussing the division of China, with as much assurance and complacency as though the inhabitants of the oldest, the richest and the proudest Empire in Asia, were as shambles in the markets of the world. It has been taken for granted heretofore that the Chinese people at large were utterly indifferent to the indignities and insults heaped upon their Empire by European nations: that they were wholly oblivious to foreigners and foreign affairs: that they were altogether wanting in courage and patriotism and that they would be just as well content under a foreign rule, and decidedly better off than they are under the domination of the Manchuria Tartars. The world now realizes its mistake, and knows with what savage hatred the foreigner and his arrogance is regarded by the masses of the people of China, and the fearful consequences resulting therefrom. Whether or not the Boxer rebellion succeeds in overthrowing the present government of Peking, it is apparent to the world that a momentous change has come over the spirit of China at last, that old things are passing away, and that all things are becoming new. For more than four weeks past the whole of Christendom has been in a state of agonizing suspense over the fate of the diplomatic representatives of Europe and America, and their families residing at Peking. It is not yet definitely known whether any, or if any, what number of the foreign community at Peking, have escaped death at the hands of the Boxers. It is certainly known, however, that at least a portion of the foreign diplomatic body have been massacred under circumstances of the most revolting barbarity and cruelty, and that great numbers of foreign missionaries and Christians in different parts of the country have been likewise murdered and their homes and property destroyed. Enough is already known to render it almost conclusive that the government of China, or at any rate some of the highest officials of the Empire, have actually participated in these outrages and it will require strong, direct and most unimpeachable evidence on the part of the Peking government to satisfy the nations of Europe that the Empress Dowager herself has not openly connived at, or passively assented to, the terrible crimes against the law of nations and humanity which have so shocked the world.

By the usage of all civilized nations, no less than by the laws of hospitality and humanity, the lives and property of friendly foreign ambassadors and the members of their official and domestic household, while residing at the court to which they are accredited, are held peculiarly sacred and inviolable; and no government on the face of the earth will, or can be permitted to exist, that openly or flagrantly disregards its sacred duty to defend and protect these friendly "hostages within its gates."

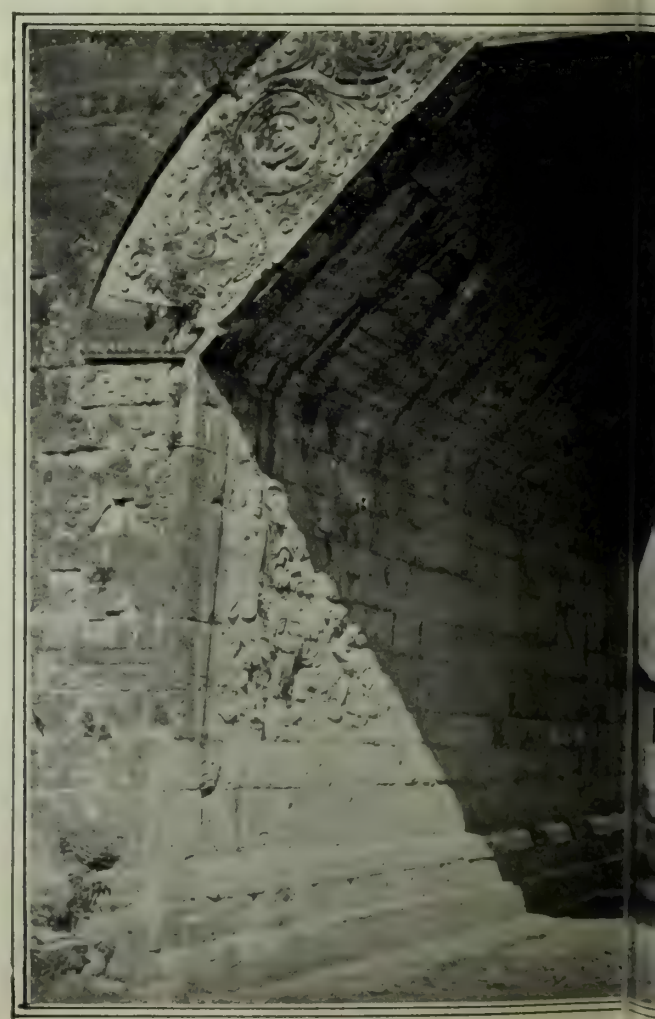
This much is then certain:—The government of China must acknowledge its international obligation to protect the lives and homes of friendly foreign ministers accredited to its Court; it must offer acceptable apologies for the insult that has been given at Peking, and it must, by a suitable indemnity for recent outrages perpetrated, and the injuries done and, give satisfactory guarantees for the future safety of foreigners living in the country. China must either do all this to the entire satisfaction of the Treaty powers of Europe and America, or take the consequence of being treated by them henceforth as a Pariah and an outcast among the nations of the earth. It seems too incredible for belief that the government of China, the oldest and most enlightened nation in Asia, will deliberately and openly defy the world in such an issue. There are no doubt, Chinese officials and many of them of the highest rank and authority, who are ready to defy the world; who hate and despise foreignors, and look upon us all alike as barbarians. Not only so, but there are millions of Chinese of high and low degree who ardently wish to see all the "foreign devils" driven out of China and forever barred out of the country.

The "Society of Respectable Fists," otherwise called the "Boxers," is composed of the rampant element of foreign haters—the "Jingoes" of China. They are the fellows who are spoiling to try conclusions with the "Mailed fists" of Germany and other European nations and it is most likely they will be afforded an opportunity of doing so to their heart's content, before this affair is ended.

It is now known that for months previous to the outbreak in Peking, companies of Boxers were daily seen practicing their gymnastic movements or drill in the streets of the Chinese Capital, and even in the immediate neighborhood of the foreign legations. It is also now known that General Qung and his army of Black flags has recently been secretly summoned to Peking, and that at least four of the northern



PALI-KOW BRIDGE, OUTSIDE PEKING.
(This was the scene of a victory of the French and English allies over the Chinese in 1860.)



GATE IN THE GREAT WALL,
(Through this pass and this gate, Marco Polo is believed to hav
will proba

China, the Home of the Newspaper Liar.

provinces of China and all of Manchuria are up in arms; and that military preparatious on a gigantic scale have been secretly going forward around Tien Tsin and Peking for many months. The most astonishing part of the situation is that all these movements have been so quietly conducted that none of the foreign ministers at Peking seem to have been alive to the siguificence of what was going on.

Mr. Conger, the American minister, as late as the end of May, is reported to have expressed the opinion that the Boxer movement would amount to nothing, and Sir Clande McDonald seems to have entertained the same idea. The missionaries living in the interior seem to have been the only foreigners in the country who clearly foresaw what was coming.

NG ON THE NAN-KOW PASS.
ed China. Through them, also, the Russian army of invasion
er.)

For diplomatic reasons, the Government of the United States and some of the European Governments also, affect to believe that the Central Government at Peking was not itself fully aware of what was going on; and that when the outbreak occurred, it burst out so suddenly and violently that the Government of China was powerless to suppress it, much less able to offer protection to Foreigners.

Until more definite knowledge of the facts can be obtained, it is impossible to tell whether or not the Chinese Government has not been behind the Boxers, and that it is not, even at this time, giving them secret aid and encouragement. Should it finally appear to the satisfaction of European Nations that the Chinese Government has been culpably negligent, or criminally involved in these Boxer outrages, a fearful reckoning is in store for the present Tartar Dynasty, or if it finally proves to be an undoubted fact, as it now appears to be, that the highest officials of the Empress Dowager's are implicated, and that her chief minister and confidential adviser is the leader of the Boxer movement and in command of the Boxer forces at Peking, it will so compromise the Dowager Empress in the eyes of the civilized world, that European nations will be forced by the united sentiment of all Christendom, to wage unceasing war upon her until she has been driven from the throne and she and her ministers sent into perpetual exile. It may appear later on, and it is not improbable that such is the fact, that Prince Tuan has really deposed the Empress Dowager, siezed the reins of Government, and constituted himself, for a time at least, the Military Dictator of the Empire.

It is no secret that the Empress Dowager has been a mere puppet in the hands of this audacious Tartar Prince, ever since the Edict "adopting" his son, as heir apparent, the young Emperor Tung Che. By that Edict, which was in itself a political revolutionary *coup*, Prince Tuan became at once the "Father-in-law Elect" of Her Imperial Majesty, and in effect, the Constitutional Regent of the Empire.

It is admitted on all hands that Priuce Tuan has thus placed himself at the head of the Imperial clan, and it is scarcely less certain that he is the leader and planner of the anti-foreign movement, and is directing the forces and operations of the Boxers.

Nobody seems to know what has been the fate of the legitimate Emperor, Kwang Su. This unfortunate youth was mainly compelled to abdicate in favor of the Empress Dowager, because of his known leaning towards modern progress and reform. He was openly friendly to foreigners and for that sin he was deposed; whether he is now living or has committed suicide, nobody knows. No one mentions him, he left no actual heir to succeed him, and nothing stands in the way of Prince Tuan's dictatorial will and authority.

The whole situation in China is so involved and complex, so full of uncertainty and doubts, that no one can foresee what the final catastrophe will be.

It will be utterly impossible for the Governments of Eutope to withdraw their armies from China until a stable and orderly central government at Pekin has been established, with which they can treat. There is no other alternative; or if there is, the keenest statesmen of Europe have not been able to find it out. Nothing is more certain than that the nations of Europe will neither pocket the affront which a barbarious Asiatic Prince has put upon them, nor surrender men with the cherished hope of securing the commercial prize of the Orient.

If a rational government cannot be found at Peking, sufficiently strong and honest to safeguard the treaty rights of foreign nations for the future the nations of Europe will be compelled to undertake the pacification of the country, in which event China will be divided up among the Great Powers of Europe and disappear from among the nations as a political entity, and herein lies the supreme danger of the present situation. The government of the United States has wisely decided to hold aloof from any entangling engagements with European nations at this crises in the Orient. The division of China into separate spheres of influence, among the Powers of Europe, will almost certainly result not only in a bloody civil war in the Empire itself, but is morally sure to precipitate a great international war between some or all of the nations of Europe, before the work is finally completed.

The Theatrical Situation for 1900.

Continued from page 5.

outlasted his generation—except in the good old plays. Garrick, the Kendalls, Macready, the Keans, the Booths, Irving, Terry, Salvini, Mrs. Siddons, even Peg Woffington, are all remembered for their Shakesperian work and for that alone. It is the Academy of the Anglo-Saxon actor, the seal of renown, the final test. And therefore Maude Adams, Faversham, and a few more who are as high as they can get in the modern play are longing for a chance at the form in which success or failure will test their claim to permanent renown. They've been long waiting, and must now wait another season. Our Shakespere next year must come from another source, for they say that Bernhardt, in her American trip, is to feature "Hamlet."

RUINED ROAD TO THE TOMBS OF THE MING DYNASTY, OUTSIDE PEKING.

LONDON.

Regal Festivities at Buckingham Palace.

NEWPORT.

A Marriage in High Life.

LONDON.

WE have a little actress here, who is creating quite a sensation just now. She stands out against the general dull gloom of the theatrical season like a star on a dim night. Yet, she began to work up to the blazing point some time ago, and has only just reached it. I mean Ada Reeve, who is singing in "Florodora" at the Lyric Theatre. Against the background of a theatrical season made up of uninspired effort, cut-and-dried comedy, factor-made fun and heavy, sausage-like humor, litt e lissome Ada Reeve glides, full of fascination, and the dominating haunting quality of real magnetism. She can pick up her long skirts and dance so charmingly, that the house involuntarily says —"Yum, yum!" She is a "reader" of imitative songs, in such a clever, artistic way that she beats Yvette Guilbert on her own ground. Poor Yvette, her excess of popularity seems now on the wane, they say over in Paris, and she would quiver all the way up her black gloves, to see how completely she is being outdone, by this younger "diseuse." The conventional London musical—comedy "artist" is a thin "lady," gotten up in a cheaply elegant costume, odiously dull, rather voiceless, trying for an effect of "good taste," and totally devoid of humor. Miss Reeve is pungent, droll, and chic. She is even more chic than the average Parisienne. And whatever an actress is, if she is *chic*, she will win.

"Florodora," the comic opera in which she appears, has been likened to a huge hunk of bread, spread over with a small bit of butter, and Ada Reeve seems to be the bit of butter. It is the sort of thing, quite humorless but with plenty of charming music, which can so easily be made a failure. Watch for it when it is done over in New York next fall. It will depend entirely upon who sings it. Here, "Florodora" does not weary you because Miss Reeve is in it, and she is always trotting upon the stage apropos of nothing at all. You should hear her sing "I've an Inkling, Ninkling, Ninkling." The art of singing silly songs significantly, is not to be sneezed at.

To turn right from this subject of pleasurable entertainment, let us proceed to one of far grander, more decorous, but infinitely more dull and solemn entertainment, a state concert at Buckingham Palace. Who is it that said, "Life would be bearable were it not for our amusements?" These highly respectable functions, the state concerts, are usually brilliant as regards the spectacular effect but likely to be decidedly dull. In an ordinary way the preparations for them, from a millinerial as well as a modistic point of view, are quite as exciting as when a court drawing-room is in progress. The same court head dress, plumes and veil are worn, and of course, the extremely decollete dress, with its mere excuse for a sleeve, is equally the rule at both concert and presentation. At the evening function, the concert, however, the six yards of train is not commanded. Everyone carries bouquets, and the jewels form special features.

At the last one, the Khedive of Egypt, blazing with orders and diamonds, was the guest of honor. He is portly enough to belong to the British royal family. It used to be the fashion to drag the nation's high born captives at the royal chariot wheels, now they are dragged—to a state concert. He was being very affable no doubt, but the sombre cast of his features left one in doubt as to whether he had dined too heavily, or was only shocked at the very English display of shoulders about him. He was sitting of course with his royal keepers, upon the sacred dais, ensconced in one of the thrones, made of gilt and velvet upholstery. He undoubtedly had a favorable view of the shoulders, as the rigid etiquette requires that no one shall on any account turn her back to the royal party. But of course no one wishes to. Against the walls are upholstered seats, the chairs are placed parallel with these, leaving a broad aisle from the dais to the stage at the opposite end. People began to arrive at about half past nine, and the royal procession with the Khedive in tow were discovered at half past ten. They entered by a door to the right of the stage, and passed majestically along the aisle left by the arrangement of the chairs. Everyone bowed deeply to them, and the shoulders bobbed courtesies, but the royalties got along rather slowly, graciously staying their course now and then, to speak to those in the court of sufficient high rank to come under their notice. As the Queen no longer attends these giddy festivities, "Tummie" himself took the chair. The Khedive was arranged at the Princess of Wales' right hand. But the concert couldn't begin until the Prince gave the necessary signal by slightly lifting his right hand which caught by the waiting singer, starts her off upon a series of deep bows one to the royalties one to the right wing of the audience and one to the left. After awhile she sings. But when she finishes no one must betray by the lifting of an eyelash what he thinks of the performance, not until royalty gets in his applause. The Princess of Wales' cue is a lady-like little "tip-tapping," which means the lady, who is quite deaf, has been edified sufficiently. The Khedive being rather sleepy, did not applaud with much enthusiasm until after the last number. They had all enjoyed a feast of music at the Marlborough House dinner, given in his honor just before the concert.

The Royal Garden Party given later was attended by the same peers and peeresses, generals, and Indian rajahs, princes, and princesses with leading statesmen, heads of professions and church dignitaries intermingled gaily, forming a dazzling mass of color against the green back-ground of the Buckingham Palace lawns. Aft r chatting with a few favored guests the queen drove out through the double lines of visitors probably as distinguished as was ever formed in England. Cabinet ministers, ambassadors, actors, princes, doctors, and lawyers stood bareheaded till the sovereign was out of the grounds. Among the women, beautifully dressed in summer gowns, the few Americans present were easily distinguishable by their air of aristocracy.

KATRIONA.

NEWPORT.

A WEDDING is at once the object, the climax and the goal—from the woman's standpoint, at least—of social life. A cynic says, "An old maid is one who has failed in business." Has not the debutante an undercurrent of this in her mind from the time she comes "out," until she goes "in," again, and becomes a matron. Heiresses usually marry young. This proves the value of capital in business.

Here in Newport this week, the whole town has been in a state of delightful ferment over the marriage of two wealthy, jolly and popular young people, Miss Charlotte Whiting and Mr. Harry Osborn Havemeyer, Jr. They are members of that innermost, exclusive set of New York and Newport society in which Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish are the leaders. And yet this remarkable July wedding, the merriest ever seen here, did not attempt any especial effect of elegance, its principals only going in for unadulterated jollity. It was a college wedding. Young Havemeyer is a recent graduate of Yale, and his college chums were there in full force to see that the affair went through as it should. They all came to help "Harry" out. And the way they did it, was to say the least, thorough and heartfelt. Harry will probably never forget it.

The ceremony, which was simple, on account of the bride being in half mourning, took place at Swanhurst, the summer home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. George L. Rives. The decorations, both within doors and on the grounds of the beautiful place, were truly marvellous, outrivalling those even at the Grant-Cantacuzene wedding last summer. As on that occasion the wedding breakfast was served in a huge palm filled, bunting draped tent on the lawn, where 200 guests seated themselves at the thirty-eight large tables, decorated with great baskets of sweet peas and other flowers. But as soon as the ceremony was performed, the unique part of this wedding began, for then we found out that there was not only an orchestra to discourse music within doors, and another band on the lawn, but still another band about somewhere, getting in its work whenever it got a chance, having been hired by the college fellows without the groom's knowledge. The orchestra played "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden," in proper style, but the college boy's band kept up, "I'd Leave My Happy Home For You," undaunted and without ceasing. The band on the lawn, in its efforts to keep in harmony with both sides, switched from Mendelssohn to rag-time and back again. The spirits of the Yale men rose higher and higher, and it was soon whispered about that there was a secret on hand. This was sprung when, after the reception, the bride and groom disappeared for their going away. Violent signs were communicated among the best man, the ushers and the other Yale classmates of the unsuspecting groom. Everyone followed them outside, where we discovered the bride's carriage in waiting. The two gray horses were decorated with glistening harness and bouquets of lillies of the valley and maiden-hair fern. Bunches of these flowers gleamed on the swelling breasts of coachman and footman. It was a gorgeous equipage. What was our surprise to find drawn up behind it, a large drag, into which stepped the extra band. A cheer announced the appearance of young Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer. They scampered to their carriage, running the usual gauntlet of rice and old slippers. But as they started off, a blare from the band told them that the drag was following in their wake. From it swelled the strains of "I'd Leave My Happy Home For You." One of the ushers, scrambling up beside the footman, beat time with two old slippers all the way to the pier. But even this racket was almost drowned out by the shouts of the concourse which followed. The proud and elegantly gowned New York matrons, staid Wall street magnates, society buds and Yale college boys all made for t e Commercial wharf in any sort of vehicle or on foot. It was a sight which Newport townspeople will never forget.

When we arrived the bridal carriage stood on the pier and there was the pretty, excited, little bride blowing kisses to her friends with all an American girl's abandon and indifference to the outsiders who were watching. The whole populace were, metaphorically speaking, at her feet. And high above the din was heard the band relentlessly playing "Dinah," "I Want You Ma Honey," and "I'd Leave My Happy Home For You."

By the time the bride had gone aboard, the Yale men were doing a cake-walk on the Pier. Mr. McCormick of Chicago, one of the ushers, led down the best man, F. C. Havemeyer, to the tune of "Dinah," while the others "patted Jubah." It was certainly an unusual sight, as the steamer went out, to see guests, cabmen, ushers, longshoremen, the best man and everyone else, give vent to their enthusiasm in prolonged and united cheers.

After the happy young couple were really out of sight, we settled down to talk over the unique affair, and what the bride wore. Her wedding gown was simplicity itself, but that sort of magnificent simplicity which costs a small fortune. It was garnished with rare old point lace, which is an heirloom and every year becoming more valuable. The groom's gift was a tiara of sparkling diamonds worthy of the Sugar Trust millions, and the well known good taste of the Havemeyers. The bridesmaids, who seemed quite en rapport with the hilarity of the Yale men, wore white silk crepe gowns with jackets of old Spanish lace, and white leghorn hats trimmed with pink roses and white chiffon. They carried large bouquets of pink roses, festooned with long pink streamers. The bride's going away gown was of purple silk with hat of violets. The groom is notably tall and athletic looking. It is said that like his bride he is devoted to golf, swimming, yachting and other out door sports.

One of the many innovations at this wedding was commendable on the score of good taste —the gifts were not at any time displayed, but were taken as they arrived and deposited in the vaults of the Newport Bank, where Mr. Havemeyer, Jr., does "business."

BABBETTE.

A wedding of more than usual interest was that which took place on Wednesday, July 18th, at Christ Church, Brondesburg, London, uniting Miss Mary Louise Harrison to Mr. George Britton Walkington. The bride is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Harrison, of San Francisco, and the groom is a native and resident of Belfast, Ireland. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by the rector of the church, assisted by Rev. A. J Harrison, who is an uncle of the bride. She was given into the keeping of the groom by her mother, and her bridesmaids were her two sisters, Miss Ethel and Miss Elsie Harrison. Immediately after the church ceremony, there was a reception at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. S. M. Harrison, and later in the day, Mr. and Mrs Walkington left for their future home, "Grace court," within a short distance of Belfast.

A "Wedding Hymn" was composed in honor of these happy young people. The words by Lucius Harwood Foote, and the music by Wallace A. Sabin. It is a petty bit of music and the words are very appropriate.

All bon vivants will be pleased to learn that genial "John" Heinkee supersedes Mr. Justin Ladagnous as proprietor of the famous Maison Riche, so happily named by dainty Aimee in her golden days. Epicures the world over know the Riche. "John" will maintain the high standard that this restaurant has always held in this city.

Discouraged

Men, who have suffered the tortures of dyspepsia, will find encouragement in the following letter. It points the way to certain help and almost certain cure. In ninety-eight cases out of every one hundred in which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is used the result is a perfect and permanent cure. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition, strengthens the stomach, purifies the blood, and nourishes the nerves. It has cured in hundreds of cases after all other medicines have utterly failed to give relief.

There is no alcohol contained in "Golden Medical Discovery," and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

"Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' has performed a wonderful cure," writes Mr. M. H. House, of Charleston, Franklin Co., Ark. "I had the worst case of dyspepsia, the doctors say, that they ever saw. After trying seven doctors and everything I could hear of, with no benefit, I tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and now I am cured."

Chronic dyspeptics may consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free*. Correspondence private. Address Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

Free. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth bound volume. Address as above.

IDA. B. SPENCE, Ref. D. Optician.

In this age of enlightenment, restlessness and scientific advancement there is no profession more important in city, town or country than a thoroughly skilled and scientific Optictan. Dr. Ida B. Spence whose portrait apdears herewith, one of the founders of the San Francisco Optician Company, at number 237 Kearny street, is the only practicing Lady Optician on the Pacific Coast. Dr. Spence is a graduate of Ophthalmic Calleges of London and Chicago. She is particularly successful with nervous persons and children.

Moet & Chandon

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.)

White Seal (Grand Cuveé), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal.*

1875 1900

Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

PHONE BUSH 165.

Safe-Deposit Boxes from $5.00 per year up. Trunks and Valuables of every Description Stores in Fire and Burglar-Proof Vaults at $1.00 per month.

Office Hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

The Bluefields Mining District.

While the mines of the frozen North have drawn their tens of thousands of miners and settlers from the United States, ready to brave the terrors of an Arctic winter and the heavy expense of northern transportation for the chance of gold-hunting in an already overcrowded country, another mining district of almost unknown wealth lies closer to hand, in a country of pleasant climate and surroundings and to be reached for a sum which is only a fraction of the small fortune needed to take the prospector to Dawson or Nome. This is the district of the Bluefields mines, situated in the pleasantest and most healthful part of the state of Nicaragua, and reached by steamer from New Orleans at a cost of only $55, first class.

This mining district lies about two hundred miles from Bluefields, going by way of Prinzipolca, Bluefields being only a four-days journey from New Orleans. The mines, both placer and quartz, have been only partially opened. Capital is scarce in Central America,

Don. A. P. Alvarez, President of Nicaragua.

and the citizens are not especially enterprising, so that a comparatively small amount of development work has been done, and that by Americans. But it is noticeable that this work has paid in every case; not an American dollar or days work has been put in that has not returned manifold rewards. The main reason

General Carlos Lecayo, Consul of Nicaragua at San Francisco.
Photo by Imperial Gallery.

for this is the fact the Nicaraguan country has gold everywhere. It may not run so rich as in other mining countries, although some remarkable heavy placer yields are reported, but it lies in all the soil, and generally in quantities well above the productive limit. To settle a bet, it was proved a short time ago that the red soil in the roads of Bluefields, which lies, as before stated, two hundred miles from the scene of actual operations, have more than a trace of gold.

A few figures will show something of the richness of the placer mines. Paul Rener, now a prosperous and wealthy mining man, came to the country "broke" and staked a placer claim. In one day, he took sixty-four pounds, not ounces, of placer gold out of a pocket on his claim, one of the nuggets weighing twenty-seven ounces. The money gained in this manner he turned over into quartz-mining, working with low-grade ores, and has made heavy profits from it ever since. Another claim in the district yielded $18,000 in one day, and proved that it was not a "single-pocket" mine by turning out $50,000 in three months. The El Dorado, which has been a consistent and steady producer, records one day's output of 348 ounces. All these mines are in the Suma district, only two days by water from Bluefields.

Quartz mines, however, are the properties which insure the stability and permanence of any mining district, and in this respect the Bluefields mines are especially favored. The Constancia will serve as a fair example. This mine has been in operation for ten years, and has been a steady producer, yielding 100 ounces a week with a force of sixty men. Operations have been restricted by lack of capital, this amount of ore having been worked all these years by a three-stamp protecting mill. At present, a five-stamp 750-pound mill is being built to replace this dwarf. The Siemper Viva, also hampered for lack of capital, has been working since 1891 and has sent its regular 400 ounces a month to Bluefields. Others which are doing as well with their limited means are the La Luz, Los Angeles, Neptune, Atlas, Santo Domingo, Hidden Hand, and Jumbo. These have only dipped into the quartz-bearing districts; with capital and expert management, their number may be multiplied infinitely.

One special advantage possessed by these mines is the fertility of the surrounding country. In almost every other mining country on earth, nature has chosen to deposit the precious veins in a hard and inhospitable country. But in Nicaragua, they lie in one of the garden spots of the continent. Scratch the earth with a stick, anywhere around the Bluefields region, and it smiles in fruit and flowers. The unusual spectacle is presented, all through the placer claims, of miners combining their vocation with ranching, tilling little market gardens for their tables. The larger mines very generally operate plantations. It may not be amiss to mention that the soil of this section of Nicaragua holds riches in tillage as well as in precious metal. The rubber industry, for example, offers the brightest inducements Eight hundred acres of rubber land sells, at present, for $300. Upon this area, 16,000 trees can be planted and brought to maturity in eight years for $5,000. After that, each tree will yield, on an average, four pounds of rubber each year, at a market price of 43 cents. It takes no expert to calculate the tremendous returns of such an enterprise. There are also handsome profits in banana culture, in vanilla, cocoa, ramil, cocoanut, mahogany, vegetables, rice and sugar. The cane of Nicaragua is comparable for richness with that of Louisiana.

A mistaken idea prevails in this country that all central America is infested with fevers, the yellow scourge in especial. Such an opinion is erroneous as regards the Bluefield region, which is absolutely devoid of all tropical fevers. No case of yellow fever was ever known within hundreds of miles of the mines. The climate is an equable and temperate one, the nights being cool enough to make blankets comfortable all the year round and the days cooled by a refreshing sea breeze.

In conclusion, it may be said that Nicaragua in general and the mining regions in particular are looking for immigrants. They want men—young, energetic live men, to build up the country and develop its resources. And, while capital is in demand, capitalists are not the only men desired. On the contrary, poor men with the desire to work—not tramps or loafers—are wanted and are encouraged by the present liberal administration.

PAIN-KILLER as an internal remedy, has no equal. In cases of summer complaints, diarrhœa, dysentery, it cures quickly. Used as a liniment its action is like magic, when applied to bad sores, burns, scalds, and sprains. For the sick headache and toothache, don't fail to try it. In short, it is a PAIN-KILLER. Avoid substitutes, there is but one PAIN-KILLER, Perry Davis'. Price 25c. and 50c.

With army officers Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is a very popular drink.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

STATEMENT

—OF THE—

CONDITION AND VALUE

—OF THE—

Assets and Liabilities

—OF—

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society.

A CORPORATION.

And Where Said Assets are Situated, Dated June 30, 1900.

ASSETS.

1—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is $22,506,299 54

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its Office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said Office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

2—Promissory Notes and the Debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 45 300 00

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its Office, which is situated as aforesaid, and payment thereof is secured by "Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds," "Park and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds," and "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Gold Bond," the market value of all said bonds being $64 530 00. Said Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said Office, and said Notes and Bonds are there situated.

3—Bonds of the United States, the actual value of which is... ..... [illegible]

The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own vaults and are there situated.

They are "Registered 4 per cent ($18,000,000 00) and 3 per cent ($500 000 00) United States Bonds," and are payable only to the order of said Corporation.

4—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is..... .... [illegible]

The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own Vaults and are there situated. They are "Market Street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent bonds ($954 000 00)," "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds ($282 000 00)," "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds ($150 000 00)," "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds ($50 000 00)," "Northern Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds ($428,000 00)," "San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds ($237,000 00)," "Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds ($359 000 00)," Spring Valley Water Works Third Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds ($406,000)," and "City of San Luis Obispo 5 per cent Bonds ($24,750 33)"

5—Interest on Miscellaneous Bonds accrued to July 1, 1900..... ..... 244 641 06

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($562-628 74), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($187,076 97), Alameda ($125 460 82), and San Mateo ($29 366 26), in said State, the actual value of which is..... ..... [illegible]

(b) The land and building in which said Corporation keeps its said Office, the actual value of which is..... .... [illegible]

The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin, belonging to said Corporation, and in its possession, and situated at its said Office, Actual Value [illegible]

Total Assets..... ..... $49,168,908 92

LIABILITIES.

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is..... [illegible]

The condition of said Deposits is that they are payable only out of said Assets and are fully secured thereby.

2—Reserve Fund, Actual Value..... .. .. 3,015,760 12

Total Liabilities..... .... [illegible]

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,
By ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

JAMES R. KELLY and ROBERT J. TOBIN, being each separately duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President, and that said ROBERT J. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of July, 1900.
GEO. T. KNOX, Notary Public.
In and for the City and County of San Faancisco, State of California.

Meditations of a Matron.

I HAVE had a very exciting time since last week, my dear Diary. Robert and I went up to Castle Crags on Wednesday and we were burned out on Thursday evening. I cannot imagine how I ever escaped from my room. I am one of the people who have no presentiments. The next morning after the fire I think, I heard of a hundred people who realized several days beforehand that something was going to happen I wish just one had whispered a word of warning into my ear, for I lost a great many of my clothes and my wedding ring. The amount of ill luck that is to happen to me on that account, so my friends tell me, is almost sufficient to wreck a hundred homes. However, I have another wedding ring, and as the summer is half over and my gowns were pretty well worn out, I shall make the best of it.

Each separate person whom I saw after the fire spoke of how she escaped I don't even remember escaping; all I can think of is a great deal of noise and bustle and the crackling of the wood as it was devoured by the flame. It was a wonderful sight and no end of people spent their time after escaping taking kodak pictures of the ruins. I did not. I sat on some leaves just far enough from the fire not to feel the heat too much, and thought of the horrible torture the Chinese were inflicting on the white people. No one bothered me at all; several people inquired as to the manner of my escape, but I did not answer. I simply took advantage of this dramatic scene to let myself be rude. The women, I saw in the papers, were very cool. They were not. They escaped, a great many pretty well clothed, and with their clothes, but every one was wrought up to a tremendously nervous condition, and made it most obvious. I do not consider it possible to be cool in a fire. Each woman at Castle Crags on Friday night is a heroine in her own eyes. I do not know about the men. I saw one with a bucket; he would put it under a faucet, fill it, then deliberately empty it, and then taking it as though it were full, would rush with it to put out the flame Lots of funny things happened. I saw one girl take off a shoe and throw it into the flames for luck. One man cried bitterly—he had spent such happy days at Castle Crags, and they were now over.

I never realized how dreadful a fire could be before, and I hope this will be my last experience of one. I do not believe now that there should be large wooden hotels in California—the wood becomes so dry. I suppose you think I can write of nothing else, but it is true, sleeping or waking, I can feel the glare and whirring of the blaze. Mama was most anxious for me to go to Del Monte. She is there with Papa, but I did not have the necessary clothes, so I am again in San Rafael. I was not in time for Edith McBean's lunche n which took place on Friday. I hear it was awfully nice, and they all had good fun. Alyse Latham looked particularly well, so did Therese Morgan. Helen Dean was there too; she promises to be a very handsome girl. She is taller than either her father or her mother, and has one of the prettiest noses of any of the girls I know. I went to Mrs. Morgan's card party on Saturday afternoon. It was a jolly affair. Everyone of the married people enjoy euchre so much. I won a pretty prize, the highest at my table. Afterwards all of the girls came in and helped to eat the ice cream and cakes. Mrs. Short also gave a card party last week. I am beginning to be as devoted to the game as Mama. I can't imagine why I used to turn up my nose at cards a year ago. There were no large dinners last week, though parties of six and eight frequently went to Pastori's to dine. It is a nice change. The ladies' golf team tournament also commenced on Saturday. Mrs. Gilman Brown and Alice Hoffman are the best players; then come Mrs. Green and Edith McBean. Each member of the successful side receives a prize. Golfers say it's a great deal of fun. I went over the Links on Monday morning and found I could play quite well. The view from the hills is lovely. I think if we stay over in San Rafael, Robert and I shall join the Club. Monday afternoon I played cards again. Mrs. Dean gave this party; it was a great success. Being a very warm day, all the ladies wore light gowns and looked charming. Mrs. Dean's was a silver grey with lace. She looked particularly well, so did Mrs. Folger. Mrs. W. G. Mann is at San Rafael at present. Robert thinks her the handsomest woman he has seen in years. She has a very strong face and is a very clever woman. I am afraid of clever people, so as yet have not dared to talk to her. I am always more in my element with people endowed with our own kind of brain.

Mama is delighted with Monterey. It is so gay, she says. There is a great deal of driving of four-in-hands and lots of excitement. Peter Martin, Walter Hobart, the Tobins and Raoul Duval have their coaches and horses and start off in great style every afternoon. Itt must be fun, but as I cannot drive a four-in-hand, I am quite happy here. Still I love Del Monte. Leila has taken a great fancy to the little Harvey girls. Anita is quite a stunning looking girl, quite as fair as her mother. Genevieve is dark with winsome brown eyes and just as merry as she can be. Anita is a famous whip; she makes a capital turn in the road and is fascinating in her driving coat. Both the Harvey girls are very accomplished and are being really well educated. Mama says it is too bad there are not more mothers like Mrs. Harvey. Swimming and golf and a little tennis pass the day very pleasantly. The Folgers, Morgans and Grants will leave San Rafael for Monterey in August.

Now, Diary dear, this seems to be all my news for this week.

MRS. CRICKET.

As a tonic, nothing in the world beats Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

BOOKS.

If you are looking for some book to while away the overestimated luxury of an idle vacation afternoon, you might try *A Diplomatic Woman* By Huan Mee (Harper & Brothers). What you want perhaps is something light, very light, of the sort that won't raise your hair the quarter of an inch, or cause you to drop out of the hammock with fatigue. Something you haven't read, something full of conversation and not too long. This little book fills the bill.

Evidently the weird South Sea Islander name of the author is a pseudonym, for the style is a direct copy of the French method of crispness and worldliness, and sounds more like the result of a superficial dipping into degeneracy, than the dip into the oriental fancy of a Huan Mee. The volume relates the very unusual and not unexciting experiences of a young and pretty woman who engages in diplomatic intrigue and involves herself in an interesting coil of adventure. She is a sharp-tongued damsel and her relating the tales herself is a distinct advantage. *The Russian Cipher*, *Le Diablo*, *The Abducted Ambassador*, *Prince Ferdinand's Entanglement*, and *A Deal With China*, are some of the striking titles of these little tales. As a diplomat, a woman, and a young and pretty one at that, should be a success, as diplomacy is one of the first lessons that big brothers of the race teach their little sisters. It becomes a woman's principal weapon of defense and attack; it is much more difficult to keep a secret from a raw-boned, red haired purveyor of government lies, than it is from an innocent looking little thing, who never questions, only flatters, and waltzes like an angel. Also the well known fact that no woman can keep a secret need be no drawback, as after she had once gotten it out of the man, she would probably immediately give it back to him—with her heart. That is the way with a woman diplomat.

* *

In a clever French fable it is related that after the world has been again resolved into chaos, nothing will survive eternally but "the songs our poets have sung." Now most of us, if it came to a question of literature in the matter at all, would prefer to meet again our favorite funny stories. To be made to weep is perhaps a source of some admiring gratitude, but the man who makes us laugh—we want to keep him where we can get at him often. This is why the popularity of "Mark Twain" never wanes. But in his last book, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*, And Other Stories, (Harper & Brothers) he is something of a surprise. He draws a moral in the very first tale, and it sticks out through every phase of the story, as plainly as a blue ribbon on a Khaki uniform. The plot is a complicated one, involving the gradual working out of a practical joke of majestic proportions, and dire significence. In fact it is almost too big to laugh at.

Briefly, it seems that Hadleyburg was a city famed for its honesty, and considered so incorruptible that it was the envy of other towns of more impeachable reputation. But it offended a stranger, who resolved upon an elaborate method of revenge. He left there a sack of gold, which was to go to the unknown citizen who had once given him good advice, upon it being proved which one this was. The treasured words were in a sealed packet. But later he privately sent a tip as it were, regarding them, to all the leading citizens. Each and everyone fell before the temptation to lay claim to the money, and sent in at the appointed time the words which were to prove his right, signed with his name. This exposes the deceit. Very amusing is the meeting where these communications are read out all identically alike. Amusing to a degree is the scheme which in the end shows how thin is the reputed honesty of the Hadleyburgians. But it has its pathetic side, too—showing the frailty of human nature and the sufferings of remorse on the part of the oldest and least culpable among them. The point of the whole story is that they never before met with temptation, and "The weakest of all weak things is a virtue which has not been tested by fire." The crestfallen citizens of this burg have now earnestly revised their former prayer into "Lead us into temptation."

One of the finest things in the book is the Essay on *Play-Acting*, taken from the Forum.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J CHENEY & CO., Props, Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

A Toilet Necessity.

WAKELEE'S COLD CREAM of Roses.

Made with pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—OCCIDENTAL CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Silver Star Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourteenth (14th) day of July, 1900, an assessment (No. 35) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 69 Nevada block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of Aug., 1900 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the eleventh (11th) day of Sept., 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office: Room 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000

Profit and Loss Account January 1st, 1900, $2,321,21

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President

CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President

THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier

S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier

IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier

ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A

Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank

Boston.....The Tremont National Bank

Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank

Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank

St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank

Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California

London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Son

Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Frere

Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaf

China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank o India, Australia and China

Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank o Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of th world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,238 372 4

Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000.000 0

Deposits July 30, 1900.....28 938 395

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER

First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER

Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN

Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT

Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN

Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY

Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, I. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits July 1, 1900.....$26,952,575

Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000

Reserve Fund..... 218, 93

Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pre

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen Robert Watt, Thomas Mage
George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery,
Daniel E. Martin, C O G. Miller, Jacob Bar
E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000

Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President

S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President

JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier

C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas S. Neal and James M. McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms Elevator Service

THE BRADBURY,

J. A. FERSON, Proprietor.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL

N. W. Cor. Polk and California Sts.,

San Francisco Cal.

Excellent Cuisine References required.

Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and upwards

Reasonable by the month.

TEL. HYDE 2771

TELEPHONE STOCK FOR SALE.

Safest and Best Investment Before the Public To-Day.

PEOPLES' MUTUAL TELEPHONE COMPANY.

Capital Stock $5,000,000 50,000 Shares of $100 Each.

Is the owner of the most valuable Telephone Franchise in the United States.
Has 3500 contracts for the use of its telephones.
Has assured net income of over $100,000 a year.
GIVES city FREE telephones and switching in all city offices; FREE Fire and Police Department Wires.
GIVES city telephone users $2,000,000—20,000 shares of its stock for using its phones
Charges lower rates than Bell Company.
Will pay 10 per cent dividends on its stock if supported by telephone users.
GUARANTEES that no assessment will ever be levied on its stock.
Will keep millions of dollars in California that now go to Eastern capitalists
ONLY 5000 shares for sale, for construction purposes, at $25 00 a share, payable in monthly installments of $5.00. Last day for subscription July 30th, 1900. The price of the stock will be raised after July 25th to $30,000 a share.

Full information furnished upon application to

PEOPLES' MUTUAL TELEPHONE COMPANY,

June 30, 1900. 206 SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

At The Telephone.

Dramatic Personal.

Miss Wilhelmina Craig.
Anne—her maid.
Travers—engaged to Miss Craig.
Burton—his man.
Telephone 4456910 Black.
Miss Mayhew.
Pelham—a friend.
Mr. Craig—a father.
Miss O'Brien.
Telephone 934 Red.
Several other te'ephones.

Anne (through the telephone to Burton, at leven a. m.)—Hullo-o-o. Is this 44455910 lack?

Burton. 'Ullo?

Both. Who is this?

Anne. Hullo-o-o-o!

Burton. 'Ullo? Who is this?

Anne. Oh, is that you, Jimmie? Guess.

Burton. Yes, ma'am.

Anne. Guess who I am. Te-he-he.

Burton. I would Miss, but Mr. Travers is et asleep, miss, and there is the necessity of peakin' a bit low,—is it Miss O'Brien, perps? I could pick your voice in a crowd nywheres.

Anne. Who's she? Who is your friend Miss O'Brien, I'd just like to know, you told e only the other night——

Burton. Oh, for Gawd's sake Miss Anne, eep quiet. Don't lets 'ave a scene. Some e might be on the line.

Anne. I suppose you mean her. . . . Miss raig wishes me to tell you to convey to Mr. ravers, that she is sound asleep, she says and e can't go with him to San Rafael, this orning. She will meet him for lunch at the alace Grill, at one o'clock by *our* time. That all.

Burton. Yes, thank you, ma'am. But Anne—

Anne. Goodbye, Mr. Burton. Farewell. ive my love to the charming Miss O'Brien.

Burton. Yes, ma'am.

* *

(Twelve o'clock.)

Travers. Is this Craig's? Yes-ah-thanks. Miss Craig there?

Anne. I'll see, sir.

Travers. Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!

Voice. Hello, yerself.

Travers. Is this Miss Craig?

Voice. Not on yer life. Never met the loidy. ive us a chance. Say Billy darlint, comin' ound to see about de dawg?

Miss Wilhelmina Craig. Sir?

Travers. Oh! Hullo! Hullo! . . . Hullo-o. ull-o-o.

Voice. At it again, by gosh.

Miss Craig. Did some one call 934 Red?

Travers (loudly) yes! Hold on—is this Miss aig?

Miss Craig. Oh, yes, is that you Jack? How you this morning? You look fine. Wasn't e Cotillion too lovely for anything last night? didn't get to sleep until three o'clock. I had put those delicious pinks right where I uld see them when I woke up, and, oh Jack, ma says we *did* talk too long in the parlor, t I suppose so long as we're engaged—

Girl's voice. Did you hear that? I shall t it in *Town Tattle*. Wilhelmina Craig, is gaged, *at last* to Jack Travers. It was about e.

Travers. Hullo, Miss Travers—pshaw, I an Miss Craig——

Miss Craig. Yes, Jack.

Travers. Can't you come down and have akfast with me very soon—at the Palace ill? What's the use of waiting until luneon at one o'clock?

Miss Craig. All right, Jack. I'll start immediately. I'll meet you at papa's office on ontgomery Street, you know. And oh Jack, wear that screaming red tie.

Travers. Anything else? All right. Oh, the way, if I'm not there, just wait a few nutes for me, won't you? I may be detned. Hullo-Hullo-Hullo.

Voice. Lost her that time.

* *

(One o'clock.)

Miss Craig. Is this Mr. Travers?

Burton. No, this is Jimmie. Come, Anne r, won't you forgive me for not recogni-g—

Miss Craig. Is Mr. Travers there?

Burton. Now don't be 'ard on a fellow.

Miss Craig. I have no such intention. But ere is Mr. Travers?

Burton. He went hout just about 'alf an r ago. Don't you worry- There is no one e. He won't be back until tomorrow rning.

Miss Craig. Oh, dear.

Burton. Yes, ma'am.

Miss Craig's voice—Well, he's not there, s. I think I'll walk over to the Grill.

Burton. 'Ullo. 'Ullo. Is that Miss Craig? Travers told me if you 'phoned to say he been detained on business, and would t you at one-thirty, ma'am.

Voice. Send up thirty pounds of ice to——

Burton. I 'aint no Hiceman.

Woman's voice. Please send up to Mrs. Brown's, one spool of fine white thread, a paper of safety pins, a couple of corset lacings, a pair of shoes that will fit, three yards of pale blue silk to match that dress I bought last Saturday——

* * *

(Two o'clock.)

Travers. Is this Mr. Craig? I can't find her anywhere. Has she come back? Where do you think she is?

Craig. Over to the Grill, I tell you, Jack. In just one minute, Smythe. Wait, she may possibly have gone up to Miss Mayhew's room on the third floor—you know——

Voice—How badly that hay looked when she got here. Better sell her right away.

Travers. Yes, I know, thank you. Sorry to trouble you.

* * *

Travers. She's not there. Is this Mr. Craig? Have you any other suggestions?

Craig. By the way, Jack, I saw Wilhelmina walking up street a minute ago, with young Pelham.

Travers. The devil!

Craig—No, Pelham. They may have gone into the Woman's Exchange.

Travers. The deuce they have!

* * *

Miss Craig. Is this Miss Mayhew?

Miss Mayhew. Oh, yes, this is Miss Mayhew. Who is this?

Miss Craig.—I am Wilhelmina Craig——

Miss Mayhew. Oh, you dear! I haven't seen you for the longest time—— Not since the dinner Tuesday night. How are you? You looked simply stunning, the other night. *Didn't* you have a good time? I just danced my legs about off, and my hair was in tatters. Mama said when I got home—

Miss Craig. I wanted to ask you—how long has Mr. Travers been up in your sitting-room? Miss Hargrave said she saw him coming out about fifteen minutes ago, as he had a luncheon engagement with me, I just wondered that was all.

Miss Mayhew. Yes, indeed, you poor dear. I'm not surprised at all. But he asked after you very pleasantly—

Miss Craig. Oh, did he!

Miss Mayhew. Why, of course. I thought you were the greatest friends.

Miss Craig. Yes, we were. Well, goodbye, sweetheart.

Miss Mayhew. Goodbye, dearest.

* *

(Three o'clock,)

Travers. Is this Pelham? Pelham. P-e-l-h-a-m Yes, hang it. P-e-l-h-

Pelham. Here, old man.

Travers. Then you've gotten back. Have a fine time?

Pelham. Up to date. She's a regular little daisy. Broke her own record. Took the hurdles like a peach. Come around and see her tonight.

Travers. What? Where? Ah-where do I come in on this?

Pelham. Depends what you have up on her. Take my advice though, and go it easy. She may break again. My opinion is she's only half broken. Five to one, she sells at auction to the highest bidder, inside of five years.

Travers. Good God!

Pelham. Are you already in on her, as heavy as that, old man?

Travers. Everything I'm worth. My very life! Where did you have luncheon?

Pelham. At "The Poodle Dog,"—Hullo—

Voice. Iky is out at de baths, Mr. Goldstein, but he said he'd be back in ten minutes, alretty,—

Pelham. Hullo! Travers! How odd for bored old Travers to get so excited over my mare's lack of staying power.

* *

Miss Craig. Papa, I want you to tell Jack—

Voice. Just a minute.

Mr. Craig. Yes, what is the matter?

Miss Craig. Nothing, only if Jack comes around anytime between now and next Christmas, will you please break off my engagement with him, and tell him I can't on any account go to the—

Mr. Craig, Yes, yes, all right. But this is business hours you know. Travers telephoned for you—

Miss Craig. He could at least have walked over, if he hadn't been in such a hurry to see some one else. He's—

Mr. Craig. Business, business my dear. Goodbye.

Miss Craig. Goodbye, papa.

* *

(Four p. m.)

Miss Craig. Is this you, Mr. Pelham? I am Miss Craig. On second thought I should just love to have you come to see me to-night. I have broken off my other engagement especially.

Pelham. Good! You should have accepted my invitation for luncheon this noon.

Miss Craig. Yes, I should. Well, goodbye, then for a few hours.

* *

Anne. Hullo, is this Mr. Burton?

Burton. Yes, its Jim, my dear.

Anne. Keep that. Is Mr. Travers at home?

Burton. Came 'ome about fifteen minutes ago, by *hour* time, sick with La Greep. He don't think as 'e'll be able to be out for a week or two, ma'am, but if anybody came in I was to say 'e was out, or dead. But seems its you Anne, and not that red-haired freckle-faced Kitty O'Brien—

Anne. Well?

Voice. So that's the way you talk about me, behind me back, is it, sor? Come around to-night, just you come around!

Burton. 'Ow Hawful! No thanks. Did you wish to speak to Mr. Travers, Miss Anne?

Anne. No, Jimmie, but Miss Craig does.

Burton. I'll call 'im, though I think as he's asleep, from the sounds of silence, as comes from his apartment.

Miss Craig. Hullo! Hull-o-o-o. Hullo! Is this Mr. Travers?

Travers. Yes, it is I, Miss Craig. Do you wish to speak to me?

Miss Craig. No, but I think it necessary.

Travers. Did you enjoy your luncheon?

Miss Craig. Oh! How can you be so cruel!

Travers. I'm sure I don't know. Will you pardon me, Miss Craig, if I suggest we don't go to the theatre to-night? I am feeling very badly.

Miss Craig. So am I.

Travers. The grippe I think, which so often, developes fatally into pneumonia. I will come around some other time. Perhaps by then you will have your explanation ready.

Miss Craig. Oh, dear! what nerve!

Travers. Oh, I say Wilhelmina—I don't understand, you know, Miss Craig. Hullo! Hullo! Odd, but it sounded somehow as if she sobbed as she turned away. Gad, I can't give her up.

Voice. Well, don't then.

* *

(Five p. m.)

Travers. Miss Craig, will you answer me one question?

Miss Craig. Ye-e-e-s.

Travers. Where did you have your luncheon?

Miss Craig. How cruel of you. If—I must tell—I—I—didn't have—any at all. Mr. Pelham asked me,—

Travers. The wretch!

Voice. Give me 934 Black.

Miss Craig. But I didn't go. While you were—you know where—I was pacing the streets, hungry. You know how.

Voice. Please give me c34 Black.

Travers. Good! I'll be around to-night, usual hour.

* *

Anne. Mr. Pelham? Miss Craig's compliments, and she is ill sir, with the Grip, and will not be able to see you to-night.

Voice. Black 934, please.

Pelham. Sorry, I'm sure. Convey to Miss Craig my condolences.

Voice. Oh, *wont* you please give me 934 Black?

GRACE A. LUCE.

A fellow once said, "I want some whiskey, and I want it bad;" so they didn't give him Jesse Moore.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco | R. H. PEASE, President and Manager. | 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address ***WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE. SEND US YOUR ORDER,*** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing our **1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hangers—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$1 Mesinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our **binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

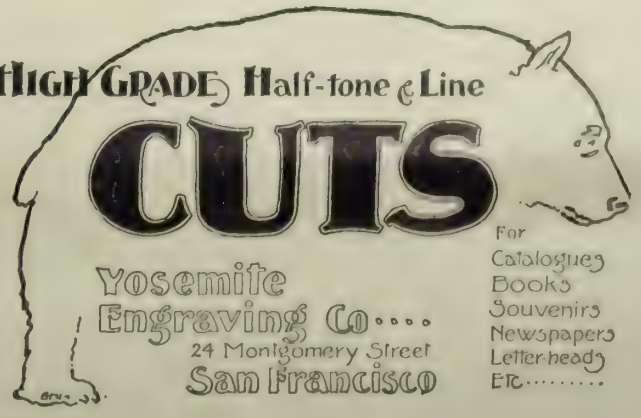
CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them, however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at **$3** to **$10** each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for **Bargain List. OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. ☞ Give name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, **Chicago, Ill.**

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.



MUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Mr. and Mrs. John Mason, (Katherine Gray); Nichols Sisters; Zelma Rawlston; St. Onge Brothers; Mr. and Mrs. Tobin; Sullivan and Carrie Webber; Mazie King; Jessie Padgham; Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 30th.
Fifth week Charles Frohman presents
HENRY MILLER
and a special company
Six nights, matinees Wed. and Sat.
The London, New York and San Francisco Success

BROTHER OFFICERS.

A comedy drama in three acts by Lee Trever.
Henry Miller as Lieut. John Hinds. "Comrade, I want you to make a gentleman of me."
Aug. 6.—"Heartsease."
Thursday afternoons and Sunday nights Burton Holmes Lectures.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers.
[Tele. Main 1731

Week Commencing Sun. Night, July 29th
Matinees Saturday Only.

Last week but one
Matthews & Bulger in conjunction with
DUNNE & RYLEY'S ALL STAR CAST.
In a Rag-Time Opera

By the Sad Sea Waves.

Introducing 30 specialties including, by request "Money in the Bank."
Week of Aug. 5th, farewell of Dunne & Ryley's all star cast. Play to be announced.
Our Never Changing Popular Prices.

Alcazar Theatre.

BELASCO & THALL, Managers. Phone 254

Week of July 30th.
A brilliant revival of Shakespeare's immortal poem of love

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The play born into the world under the paternal wings of purity and holy love. A magnificant array of gowns to dress a series of artists; stage settings more beautiful than ever attempted before on the Alcazar stage.
Frou Frou following.
Matinee Saturday only.
Alcazar Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Columbia Theatre,

Burton Holmes Lectures

Direction of Henry Miller.

Illustrations in colors and appropriate Motion Pictures. Two courses exactly alike.

Six Thursday matinees at 2:30
Six Sunday evenings at 8:30.

Japan revisited, July 26 and 29.
Round About Paris, Aug. 2 and 5.
Grand Canon, Aug. 9 and 12.
Moki Land, Aug. 16 and 19.
Hawaiian Islands, 23 and 26.
Reserved seats $1, 75c., and 50c., ready Mon.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—The Continental Building and Loan Association, corner of California and Sansome streets, for the half year ending June 30th, 1900, has declared a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits; 6 per cent on Term Deposits; 10 per cent to class "F" stock; and 12 per cent to class "A."
CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

At the Theatres.

A good play is a good play always, but some good plays outgrow the fashion of their times. It took Augustin Daly, with his genius for adaptation, to make the prettiest and most popular of the Restoration Comedies—Wycherlie's "Country Wife"—into a play acceptable to modern taste. A lesser adapter would have overdone his work, but Daly was enough of an artist to bring his production down to the fun of our own time while keeping the subtle antique flavor of the original. "The Country Girl" is genuinely, in some places uproariously, funny. Shakespeare's comedies, to the modern taste, are funny only by courtesy, after all. We appreciate them for their beauty of language and sentiment, their appeal to the universal, their insight—for all the literary qualities of the great master—but their power of provoking laughter is worn away by the changing of time. Reverence forbids anyone doing for Shakespeare what Daly has done for Wycherlie, but it is not an impertinence to say that it might be done to advantage. For "The Country Girl" kept the Alcazar audience laughing as no other play has done this whole year long.

* *

At the Columbia Theatre during the coming week Henry Miller and the members of his special company will appear in a fine production of Lee Trever's comedy drama "Brother Officers," which was so well received here last season when it received its initial American production at the hands of Henry Miller. The play deals with English army life and it will be interpreted by an unusually strong caste inasmuch as the the list of players will include besides Henry Miller, E. J. Morgan, Charles Walcot, Edwin Stevens, Frank E. Lamb, E. Y. Backus, William Courtney, Harry Spear, Margaret Anglin, Margaret Dale, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and Lillian Thurgate. The play is one of the strongest of the Miller repertoire. "Heartsease" follows.

* *

Florence Roberts as an ingenue takes a long jump from "Sapho," yet that capable and intelligent actress carried everything with her. The part—it is the original ingenue role on the English stage by-the-way—calls for boys' clothes. Miss Roberts proved her art by making the heroine "gawky," awkward and ill-at-ease in the unaccustomed garb. She carried the audience with her from beginning to end, and richly earned her curtain calls. Whittlesey had little to do except look well, which he performed with ease. Theodore Roberts played an old man with fair success, and Emery overacted what might have been a pleasing role. Mr. Montaine was amusing and natural as *Sparkish* until the third act, when he scored a failure in a dismal drunken scene.

* *

Dunne and Ryley's comedy company will play for the next but the last week of a most successful engagement at the California Theater, "Ay the Sad Sea Waves", the "rag-time opera" in which Mathews and Bulger starred so sucessfully for the last two seasons. They will appear in their original roles, Mary Marble will be the *Sis Hopkins*, John W. Divine. will play *Judge Grace* who runs the Finishville Habit Cure Sanitarium, and Tony Hart will have another of his favorite parts, *Prof. Wagner Flat*, a German musician,

* *

"His Excellency the Governor," is perhaps the weakest play of the Miller repertoire, being only a slight and very whimsical comedy, which would fall to the ground in less capable hands. The best parts this week fell to Sadie Martinot and Frank Worthing, vice Miss Anglin and Miller, who are taking a rest. In her acting of the whimsical *Stella*, a part which must be handled with great delicacy, she was reminiscent of "My Official Wife," her old favorite. Next week in "Brother Officers" and the week following in "The Only Way," the cast will be seen at its strongest.

* *

The ladies are having all the best of it at the Orpheum this week—Eita Butler's imitations, Lillian Burkhart's acting and Jessie Padgham's singing are more than worth the price of admission. Of the others, Mazie Kings toe work is nothing short of marvelous and the young dancer has made herself very popular. Williamson and Stone in gag and step are a good team while Gilbert and Goldie always were and always will be as rollicking jolly a pair as ever walked the Orpheum boards.

* *

Mr. and Mrs. John Mason head the new Orpheum bill in "A Loving Legacy," a clever little legitimate comedy. Mason has been leading comedian of Frohman's Daly forces for some time; Mrs. Mason is better known as Katherine Grey and was the first *Roxine* in Mansfield's production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." This is their first appearance in vaudeville.

* *

"Wang" is filling in at the Tivoli pending the opening of the Grand Opera season, which promises to have merit beyond the ordinary this year. Avedano and Salassa, who electrified San Francisco last year, are re-engaged, and the company is filled out with several old favorites and some new people who come highly recommended from Europe. This year, as last "Aida" is the opening bill.

* *

The second series of the Burton Holmes lectures are being given Thursday afternoon and Sunday night of this week. "Japan Revisted" is the theme. "Round About Paris" is the subject for Thursday and Sunday of next week.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists.

The All-star Specialty Company at the California presented "At Gay Coney Island" this week with the usual success and to the usual good houses.

* *

Following the run of "The Country Girl," the Alcazar company will present Shakespere's "Romeo and Juliet."

* *

"The Great Ruby" continues to draw at the Grand Opera House. It seems to be in for a sun.

BUYERS' GUIDE

SAN FRANCISCO.
RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.
City or Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited.
Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office room 94, Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public, 14 Montgomery St., S. F. Telephone, 3 5.

DENTIST.

DR C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES

WESTERN HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY—139 Powell St. S. F. W.W. Stocker. Tel. Bush 23.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main Office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietors.

PRETTY WORK
NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the *SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.*
Also more than 200 banks use the
SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer
We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue
L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.
110 Montgomery St., S. F.
Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
WHAT A GAS RANGE WILL DO?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH

Dirt, Worry and Ashes
Your Kitchen will be Clean,
Your working hours shorter.
Your Food will be better Cooked,
Your Life Prolonged, and
Your Happiness assured.

STOVE DEPARTMENT,
415 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California
IN THE MATTER OF
CHARLES MONTGOMERY, Bankrupt.
Take notice that, Charles Montgomery, Bankrupt, above named has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle building, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the 6th day of August, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.
Dated San Francisco, July 24th, 1900.
MILTON J. Green,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

HOTEL VENDOME.

At San Jose is one of Central California's most beautiful hostelries. In the midst of its own twelve-acre park; two blocks from the railroad station where almost hourly trains connect with the outside; the starting point for Lick Observatory; the center of a greater number and variety of attractions than any other place on the Coast; furnished finely, graded and watered roads for driving and cycling lead in every direction; with over 250 elegantly furnished rooms, and suites with bath and toilet; perfect in appointment, service and all the accessories of comfort, and one of the most attractive features of San Jose, the metropolis of the world renowned Santa Clara Valley.

GEO P. SNELL,
Manager

LAKE COUNTY.

New 19-passenger Yosemite Stages, all outside seats, direct to the most picturesque portion of California. Best equipped stage line in the state. Leaves Calistoga daily (Sunday excepted) at 11:30 a. m., direct to Harbin, Seigler, Adams, Howard, Anderson, Astorgo, and Glenbrook; half an hour for lunch at Calistoga; also to Middletown, Lower Lake, Kelseyville and Lakeport. Wm. Spiers, Proprietor.
Calistoga, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—MEXICAN GOLD and Silver Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July 1900, an assessment [No. 64] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourteenth day of August 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday the 5th day of September 1900 to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 9th day of July, 190 ,an assessment (No. 19) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No 14, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.
Any stock upon which this assessment shal, remain unpaid on the 14th day of Aug., 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 3rd day of Sept, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertisng and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
R. L. PARKER, Secretary
Office: Room No. 14, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST COAL OIL.
BUY

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.
TEL. 5810 609 SACRAMENTO STREET

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

✠ THIS SEASON'S ✠

HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

SantaFeRoute

OVERLAND EXPRESS

Every day in the year. Pullman Palace and Upholstered Tourist Cars leave for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and the East. Take Market Street Ferry at 9:00 a. m.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave three times each week in Pullman Vestibuled Tourist Cars and are exceedingly popular with the traveling public. The principal cities of the East are reached by them and the service in all that counts for comfort and convenience is almost equal to the Palace cars. The cars are finished in mahogany, lightened with Pintsch gas and a Porter is in charge to attend to the wants of passengers. Plenty of clean linen is provided and the beds are very comfortable. A handsome folder, describing this service in detail, may be had for the asking at the Company's Office. 641 Market St.

VALLEY ROAD

Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE $12 First Class, $8 Second Class } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails June 2, 12, 22; July 2.
Columbia sails June 7, 17, 27; July 7.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Superintendents.

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Alameda for Aurtralia Wednesday Aug. 8, at 8 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Aug. 22 at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m. July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 11 a.m. July 5, 10, 15 20, 25 30, Aug. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p. m. July 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Aug 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 2630, Aug. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. July 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Aug. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. seventh of each month.

For further information, obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of June 1900, an assessment (No. 51) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of August, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 27th day of August, 1900, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

CALIFORNIA BOOKS

A Handsome Series of New and Useful Publications

The Southern Pacific Company has published for free distribution the following books and folders which may be obtained from any Southern Pacific agent, or T. H. Goodman, general passenger agent at San Francisco. If you apply by mail inclose a stamp for each publication.

Resorts and Attractions Along the Coast Line is a handsomely illustrated folder giving a description of the health and pleasure resorts of the coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Shasta Resorts embelished with beautiful halftone engravings, describes the scenic and outing attractions of the vast and wonderful Shasta region, the grandest of pleasure grounds.

California South of Tehachapi tells all about the charms of that remarkably favored semi-trophic garden spot, Southern Pacific.

A Handsome Map of California, complete in detail, reliable, skillfully indexed, and full of information about the State's resources. It is the only publication of its kind conveniently folded for pocket use.

Summer Outings is a 32-page folder devoted to the camping retreats in the Shasta region and Santa Cruz mountains It appeals more directly to that large and growing class of recreation seekers who prefer this populor form of outing

Pacific Grove is the Chautauqua of the West, and this folder not only describes the pretty place itself, but gives a program of the religsous and educational meetings, conventions, schools etc., to be held there this summer.

Other publications are **Lake Tahoe, Geysers and Lake County. Yosemite, Hotel del Monte, Castle Crags**, each brimful of information about the places named, and printed in the highest style of the art.

Go and see

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO Pacific Coast Sole Agents

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALPS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

TO CHICAGO

IN 3 DAYS

From San Francisco at 10 a. m.
Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, Buffet Smoking and Library Cars, with barber. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m. The best of everything.

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
617 Market Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 199.
Blake, Moffit & Towne
Dealers in PAPER
55, 57, 59, 61, First St., San Francisco.
Blake, Moffit & Towne, Los Angeles. Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES
CONSTRUCTION
REPAIRS

California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

Sturtevant House
Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
WILLIAM T. BANG, PROP.
American and European Plan.

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Irving Institute Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
2126 California Street, San Francisco
Next season will begin August 6th. Accredited to the Universities. Seminary and Full Conservatory of Music. Primary Department for Children. Carriage will call. For futher information, address he principal. REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M.

Alfred Cane, Luther A. Teague
Frederick Teague.
Teague, Cane & Teague
DENTISTS.
Claus Spreckels Bldg. Third and Market Sts
hone Main 1459. Sixth Floor, S.F., Cal

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY
Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

New Stories Re-Told.

KNEW WHEN SHE'D HAD ENOUGH.—After a recent Hardshell Baptist camp-meeting in Sillville, Ga., a batch of new converts were baptized in a convenient creek. The last one to go through the ceremony was an old colored woman who had driven to the place in a ricketty buggy drawn by a mule who must have gone through the civil war. On her way back, the mule grew refractory and overturned her at a ford, where she was found, hanging to a footlog and swearing vigorously, by the negro parson who had performed the ceremony. "Sister Ca'line," he said, "you hez done los' all de salvation what come ter you by de fust baptism; so you must stop right heah en be baptized over ergin." "No, suh!" was the reply, "I ain't gwine in dat water no mo! Didn't dat ol' mule baptize me de secon' time?"

EASY.—A young Roman Catholic priest, preaching on the miracle of the loaves and fishes, made a mistake in his text, announcing it:—"And they fed ten people with ten thousand fishes." "That's no miracle, I could do it myself," said an old Irishman, aloud. The next Sunday the curate used the same text, but got it right. "And they fed ten thousand people on ten loaves of bread and ten fishes," he said, then added, looking at his former interrupter, "could you do that, Mr. Murphy?" "Sure, I could," replied Murphy. "And how could you do it?" queried the priest, hoping to nonpluss him. "Sure, yer Riverence," he answered, "I could do it with what was left over from last Sunday."

WHY BRYAN HOLDS HIS FAITH.—Two ministers, a Baptist and a Methodist, met at the Kansas City Convention and fell to joking. Said the Baptist preacher to the Methodist: "I suppose you know that Bryan has turned Baptist?" "No," gasped the Methodist preacher, "that can't be." "Nevertheless, that's true," said the Baptist. "Oh, no," said the Methodist preacher, recovering himself, "no, that can't be true. Why to be a Baptist, you have got to be totally immersed, haven't you?" "Certainly," said the Baptist. "Well, then, it can't be true," said the Methodist, "do you suppose that Mr. Bryan would consent to disappear from the popular view so long as that?"

COULDN'T SAY AS TO THE OTHER.—A certain doctor, when only a beginner in practice, had occasion to attend a trial as a witness. The opposing counsel, in cross-examining the young doctor, made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability of so young a man to understand the profession. "Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?" "I do," replied the doctor. "Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Baging, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?" "Your learned friend, Mr. Baging, might," was the reply.

SELF SACRIFICE.—An Irish landlord was taking his departure for London, in command of an Irish regiment. On the quay were gathered many of his tenants. "For heaven's sake, yer honor," said one of these men, accosting him with great earnestness, "don't go and be massacread by the Boers!" "But I am not going to South Africa," the Colonel explained, "only to England. Besides if I were going to be shot I'd give the preference to my own tenants." "Sure, and that shows a rale friendly feeling between us!" said the delighted tenant, gripping htm by the hand.

TOO FAR FOR THE CALEDONIAN.—A porter on the Caledonian Railway went to Edinburgh to get married. Before his departure to the latter place he secured a pass from the head of his department. On his return he found a new ticket-collector on duty, and, when asked for his pass or ticket, he produced by mistake his marriage certificate. The strange collector glanced through it, and then said gravely, "Eh, eh, mon! Ye have got a ticket for a long journey, but no one on the Caledonian Railway."

PALACE HOTEL
The high standard of excellence maintained by this hotel is recognized and appreciated by a fastidious and discriminating clientele who regularly make it their headquarters when visiting San Francisco.
The GRAND HOTEL is operated in conjunction with the Palace to which it is joined by a covered passageway, placing under one management 1400 rooms, more than half of which have baths attached.
AMERICAN PLAN. EUROPEAN PLAN.

Famous FOR ITS Purity!

Seattle U. S. A.

WHEN LEAVING THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE
Safe Deposit Vaults
OF THE
First National Bank
N. W. Corner Bush and Sansome Sts.
Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p m.
EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY
REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

REPSOLD
REGISTERED BRAND
SELECT VINTAGE
Select Vinta Wines
For Your Home Dinner
This brand of wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants
A. REPSOLD & CO. Office, 416 Pine Street

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.
and Canadian Development Company, Ltd.
THROUGH LINE TO DAWSON.
Two first-class trains daily between Skaguay and Bennett, B. C. Ten first-class steamers operating between White Horse and Dawson. Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points.
SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY
—TO—
KLONDIKE AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.
FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager, Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash
Phone Main 574
S. P. BROWN General Agent 116 Yesler Way, Seattle Wash

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

a Perfect Complexion
Strawberry Cold Cream
Mede from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S
200 POST STREET Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents.

From Admiral George Dewey:
Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco: Dear Sir—I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent me at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly.
Very truly yours,
George Dewey.

A GRADUATE
George Mayerle
German Expert Optician
Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED
1071½ Market St.
near Seventh
Telephone Mint 257
German Eye Wate 50 cents.

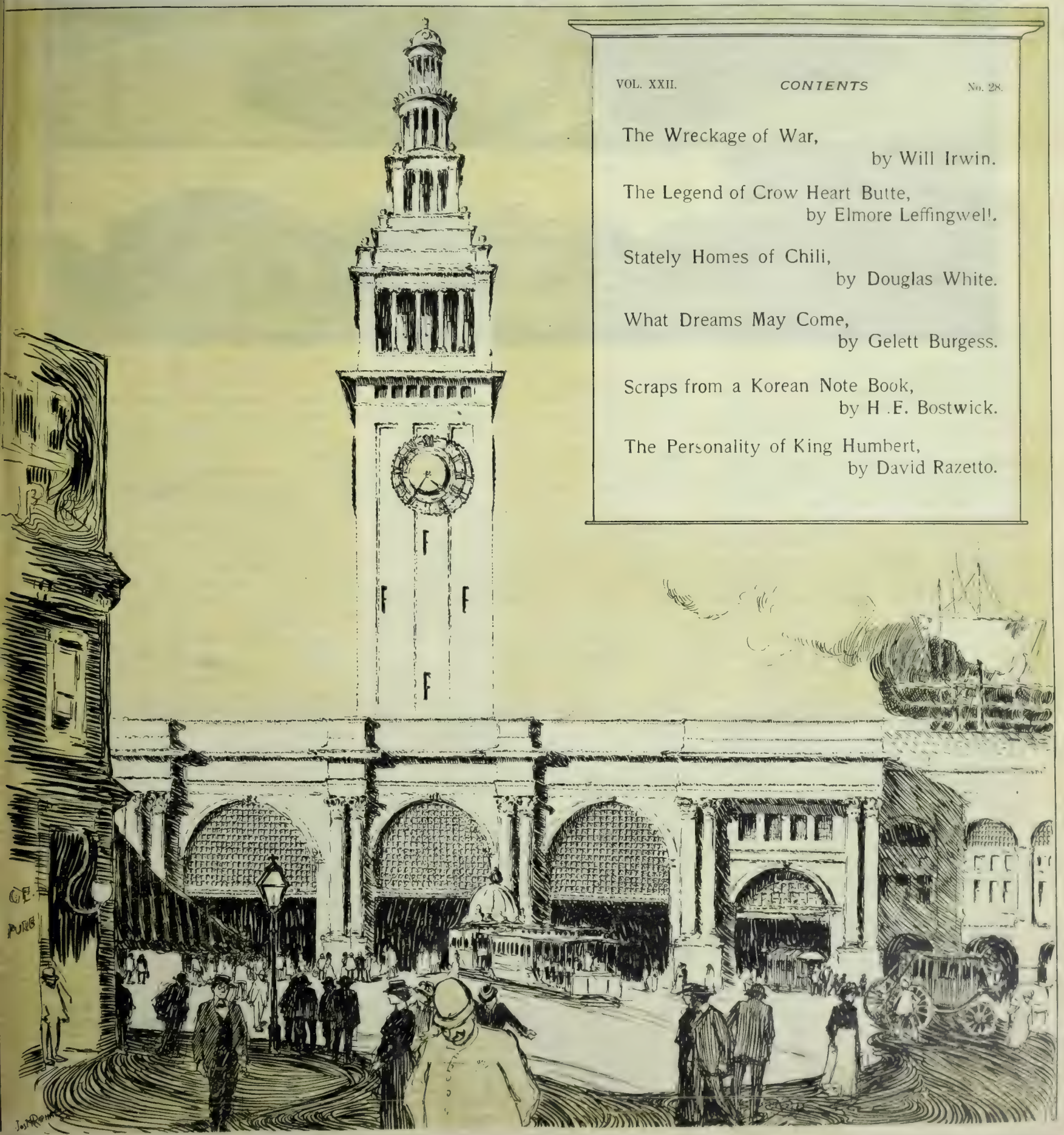
From General Wm. R. Shafter:
Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco
Dear Sir—The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair.
Very truly yours,
Wm. R. Shafter,
Major-General U. S. V.

Reduced To 5 Cents A Copy.

SATURDAY WAVE

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
This Paper may be taken from the Library.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
AND JOURNAL OF EVENTS CURRENT.



VOL. XXII. CONTENTS No. 28.

The Wreckage of War,
by Will Irwin.

The Legend of Crow Heart Butte,
by Elmore Leffingwell.

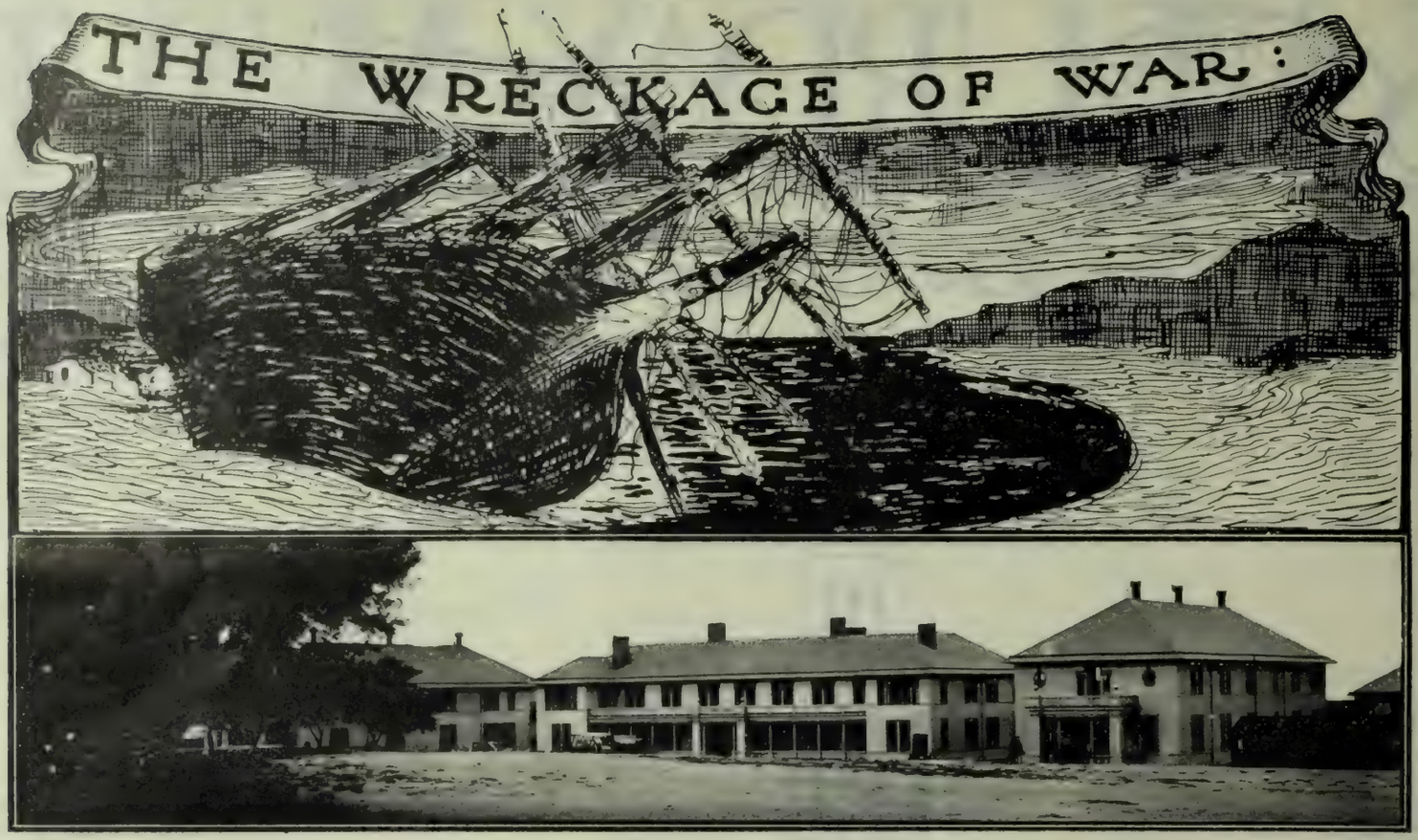
Stately Homes of Chili,
by Douglas White.

What Dreams May Come,
by Gelett Burgess.

Scraps from a Korean Note Book,
by H .F. Bostwick.

The Personality of King Humbert,
by David Razetto.

THE WRECKAGE OF WAR:



The Remembrance of San Francisco.

GOD forgive us, we are a people of short memory. We have forgotten the war.

Two years ago, we were full of the glory and flash and glitter of our new military clothes. The war authorities were grumbling because the city was spoiling the soldiers with kindness. No soldier, officer or private, volunteer or regular, went away without a bunch of flowers on his hat and a half a dozen women to coddle him and give him Godspeed. It was new, it was a sensation, it appealed to the emotions. At the sound of a band on Market street on the sailing days of the transports, the most staid and sober business man rushed out of his office to cheer along the curb-stones. And when the first transports came back with the wreckage of the war, there was nothing in the way of Red Cross lunches and free drinks and hospitality which the city did not do for the returning soldiers. I remember how hard it used to be, even for a newspaperman, to obtain a general permit to visit the wards, so great was the desire of the feminine portion of San Francisco to pet the sick and wounded. "I can't have the whole of San Francisco disturbing my patients," the surgeon-general used to say.

A year has gone by since that historic summer; we are still fighting, and the transports are still unloading a burden of sick and wounded every two weeks, but few, very few, take the trouble to remember it. Twice within a fortnight, consignments of troops have left the port for a war beside which, in its possibility of slaughter, the Spanish war is as a dress-parade, but there was no cheering, no booming *Call* cannon, no Red Cross luncheons. It is not hard to get into the Presidio Hospital now; the authorities rather welcome visitors. Only a few devoted women whose philanthrophy is deeper than patriotic thrill and a few people who have friends in the wards have remembered that men are dying here in San Francisco, for the country and for the love of brave adventure, with a death a worldless merciful than the swift death of battle. Good-natured, mercurial, short-minded San Francisco has let her mercy pass with her emotion.

They were holding a military funeral on the day of my visit to the Hospital. Nine bodies, some brought from the hospitals of Manila, some a part of the daily harvest of the wards, were buried in the Presidio tract above the bay. Perhaps someone will recall the pomp and parade, the flowers and mourners that marked the burial of the meanest private who died in Camp Merritt during the war fever period. This funeral was different. There was a band, a bugle blowing "taps," a volley over the graves, "as required in the regulations"—but nothing more. No flowers, no service; everything done in a hurry and in a business-like way by men who have grown used to death in these two years. Nine friendless privates gone to lie with the Kings and princes of the earth, and laid away with alien hands because there was no one of their own to know or to care. Yet if the men of '98 were heroes, as we were fond of calling them, these, who have done and suffered and given all, were doubly heroes. They cannot know—only the hopeless sick, waiting patient-eyed in the wards for the inevitable end—they heard the music and the rolling caissons, and knew what it meant for them.

* * *

In the Wards.

The one general characteristic of the four hundred odd men in the Presidio Hospital, outside of a readiness to talk about their individual complaints, is the refinement which suffering has brought into their features and their manners. Whatever else may be said of the American soldier, regular or volunteer, refinement is not generally his chief characteristic. Speak to one of these thin, bloodless sufferers, with a face all eyes and pathos, and he is more than likely to answer in a Bowery accent and with the blood-curdling oaths engrafted on his vocabulary in the days when he had the full, coarse vigor of his body; but in repose they seem all that the most sentimental feminine visitor could paint them. The body is the grosser part of man; when this is wasted and nearly gone, the soul has its chance.

This generality is true of the men for whom there is hope, but there is another class—the company of the doomed. Worn to a shred, their hands like those of an anæmic woman, save for the thick knuckles which tell of muscles once big and brawny, their lips drawn back from the teeth, their closed eyes mere holes in the skull, they lie still, never moving, never speaking, only a dimming spark of life in a burned-out shell. There is one man in the consumptive ward—or was, because he must be gone before this is read—to look at whom took all the pity I could muster. He resembled nothing so much as the pictures one sees of India famine victims. The whole skeleton showed through his bloodless skin; he might have been dead already except for the faint suspicion of a breath now and then. He could not have been suffering, for the merciful anathæsia of approaching death was upon him, and the capacity for suffering was dead with the greater part of his body. But the agony which must have gone before—it was a stern footnote to the pages of our annals of war.

* * *

Why he Doesn't Get Well.

More things get into the Presidio Hospital, I find, and into the systems of the patients, than are ever mentioned in the regulations.

This one was of the complaining sort which makes the most trouble, I fancy, for the government's housekeepers. Nothing suited him. He didn't like the "female"—by which name the army calls the trained nurses—he didn't like the ward surgeon, the name of the surgeon-general was anathema to him. But the head and front of his hatred was the diet.

"I could git well if they ever gave me any medicine or any solid grub. All they give you here is their durned diet. Diet, Hell! If you don't git any solid grub, how kin you git strong? If they ain't any medicine goes into your stummick how kin you git well inside? I've had milk till I feel like a cow an' enough soup to float the *Hancock*. Don't you give me away if I show you somethin'?"

I promised secrecy. Taking a surreptitious glance at the female," he drew a yellow circular from the bed-clothes and unfolded it.

"This piece is about some stuff that did a lot for a bunkie of mine. 'Seaman's Stomatic Tablets.' He's out now, and he's going to sneak some in. If I can only git that and some more solid grub——"

A flash of blue and white shot in between us; the watchful "female" was down on him.

"What have you got there? Some more patent medicine circulars? Give it to me."

"If I don't git any medicine"—he began, with weak defiance.

"Give it here."

He handed it over.

"What's that under your pillow?"

"Nothin'."

She raised his head, reached under the pillow, and brought out a pink bag of peppermint drops.

"Some of the convalescents have been up to their tricks again," she said, with the air of one chiding a naughty child.

"What else have you got about you?"

"Nothin'."

Deftly and quickly she ran through the clothes, bottles, and boxes in the stand beside him. Under a fatigue cap, hidden below his regulation woolen wrapper, were six Frankfurter sausages in a brown paper. Two Bartlett pears were wrapped up in an old pair of pajamas. She rolled these contraband supplies in her apron.

"Anything else?"

"No'm"—resignedly.

"I've a great mind to report you."

"Yes'm.

She hurried away carrying her loot, and he lay watching with the patience of despair in his sick eyes until she vanished through the door.

"Well, I'm glad I et that mince pie before the female caught me," he said.

* * *

Where Bravado Failed.

There had just been two operations in the surgical ward. The subjects were lying quiet behind white cloth screens; a third was in his cot just beyond them, a rosy-cheeked German-looking boy, who could not have been over nineteen and who did not seem to be particularly ill.

"You look as though there wasn't much the matter with you!"

"Naw, I'm all right now. They're going to rip me open again to-morrow. Want to see the operating-room?"

"You'd better stay in bed, hadn't you!"

"Aw, I'm all right. Just resting up. Wait till the female gets outside."

The nurse slipped through the door, and the patient got into his wrapper and his slippers.

"They cut me up once before. Didn't work right, and when I told the old man"—this, I suppose, referred to Surgeon-General Girard—"that I didn't want 'em to try it again, he said he'd keep me in bed for six months if I didn't let 'em."

"Hurt?"

"Naw, but it's risky." We were in the operating-room by this time. He wandered easily from one instrument of torture to another, explaining with the certainty of one who has been there how each appliance works. "This here is the place where they lay you out. They use these surcingles when you kick. That's the muzzle where they pour in the chloroform. Want to see it work?" He slipped it on, threw his head back and illustrated the motion. "There's the knives in them cases. There's the hooks they used on me."

I had been waiting, while this extraordinary prisoner of fate showed the workings of his gallows, to see the point where his bravado would break down; I had expected that it would come when he faced the knife which was to do the work. But no, he never flinched as he pointed out one glittering blade and another and held forth on its uses in the most matter-of-fact way.

"Want to see the hole?" He slipped his pajamas open and displayed an angry red scar down his abdomen.

"The old man says that it was just about the hardest job—cheese it, here comes the female!" we sneaked through one door as she entered by the other, and fled guiltily down the ward. He crawled into bed and tried to look innocent, like a cat who has been in the cream. The nurse, on her way back, glanced at us with a glance of accusation, but said nothing.

An old man in clericals was seated at the next bed but one.

"That's a Catholic priest," said the boy when the nurse was out of the way. "He runs the Gospel joint here. He comes and talks to the boys. He says he prays for them twice a day. Came to see me the other day. Didn't like it when I said I was a Protestant, but he said he'd pray for me just the same."

A pause, while he pretended to study the landscape outside. Then, more slowly.

"Well, I may need it to-morrow."

There is a vulnerable joint in every armor.

* * *

Two Surgical Cases

There are two cases in the surgical ward which are of exceptional interest to the layman, however they may be regarded by the expert on surgery. One is a trooper of the Eleventh Cavalry who was shot clean through the brain, losing part of the gray matter, who is yet both alive and sane. It occurred on January 21, in the same chase after Aguinaldo in which Lawton lost his life. The man was shot from a tree and dropped from his horse. "It felt just like someone had hit me hard with a rock. I fell off and then tried to crawl up to my horse to get my gun, but couldn't make it. The surgeon came along and began to take care of the other men. He left me alone because he thought I was sure to die. When he got to me I asked him if I would live and he said, 'There's no hope.' He wanted to give me something to kill me easy, but the Colonel wouldn't let him. I was conscious for an hour and then the next I knew it was the seventh of February. I was crazy for three months after that, and when I came to both legs were paralyzed. The doctor says it was my grit pulled me through"—this with a glow of pride.

He is going to Washington in a few weeks to have his skull trepanned for the splinters which are pressing on his brain and keeping his legs useless, after which he has every chance of recovery.

Incidentally this trooper has a theory about Aguinaldo that is shared by most of the other men who participated in Lawton's chase. He believes that the slippery insurgent is right in Manila, being concealed by his followers. "All Filipinos look alike; I've followed twenty that looked like Aggie's pictures."

The other is a Pennsylvanian and shows in speech and manner, even before he tells you, that he is an old railroad man. He has two bullet-wounds in the right leg, one of which went a devious course and splintered the hip bone, and another in the arm. The left leg has been impaled by a spear, which was struck down through the thigh and came out in the calf. A sunken scar at least a foot in length marks the two points. It is a terrible wound in appearance, but the shattered hip is the thing that will put him on the permanently disabled pension-list. It occurred down in Mindanao, when over a thousand natives rushed thirteen Americans and killed or wounded all of them before a company of volunteers effected a rescue. This man was shot three times in as many seconds; then an insurgent with a shovel-shaped spear rushed him and struck the weapon down into his leg as he knelt on one knee.

"The shooting didn't hurt at all. It was just as though you should hit me on the leg with your flat hand. Only a slap, but I fell over. Then the nigger stuck the spear into me. That didn't hurt so much either, until they pulled it out."

"What happened to the man with the spear?"

"We didn't do a thing to him!"

"You yourself?"

"No, my bayonet was busted. My first sargant 'tended to him."

A large splinter has been taken from the wounded hip-bone.

"They sent it to Washington. I'm going to see it when I go to the Incurable Hospital there. Say, it's as fine a piece of bone as I ever saw!"

* * *

Despair and Hope.

It does not require the skill of a physician to tell a consumption case. There was one in the first ward, a regular, sitting huddled up near the stove. The afternoon fever was on him, and his cheeks were red with a mockery of health.

"What seems to be the matter?" I said. This is the conventional way of addressing one's self to a patient.

"Consumption."

"Doing well?"

"No. There ain't no hope."

Nevertheless, when I began to tell of cases which had seemed hopeless and had recovered in the air of Colorado or Arizona, he appeared to take an interest and asked eagerly for details. He had relatives in New Mexico, he said, and if he could only get his discharge he might go down to see them. They were thinking of going to Mexico next year—

Here he was taken with a fit of coughing. When he had his voice again, he said:—

"But they won't be no next year."

A little further down, there was another man, evidently a New England Yankee, lying on his back gazing at the white mosquito-net above him. He, too, bore the mark of his race's most potent enemy.

"Just generally run down," he said in a whisper, in answer to my inquiry.

"Nothing special?"

"No, run down. All I need's a rest and a little feeding."

A Red Cross man was standing two cots down as I passed on.

"What's wrong with your man in cot 5?" I asked.

"Tuberculosis. Plain Con."

We had spoken too loud. "You're a liar!" said cot 5. "Just run down."

* * *

Finis.

When they die out there, it is in the wards, with a movable screen set between them and others who may follow. It had been ten years since I saw anyone die, and I would have thought, before that visit, that it would be the last thing which I would linger to see. But in every ward there had been some so close to the line, so marked with the imprint of death, that the natural shrinking of my flesh from the visible marks of dissolution was somewhat allayed before I came to a ward where one was just reaching the end.

He was not of that old faith which carries its ministrations to the last moment, and only the surgeon and the nurse were there. The convalescents who generally hang around the wards had gone outside; the bedridden men were lying quiet. He was unconscious to the end, and, except that I had been told, I would not have known the moment when the spark went out. Just one full breath, a little loosening of the muscles of the face, a sort of release of tension; the nurse reached over very gently and laid his hands across his breast; the surgeon tiptoed away; it was over. No passage in his entire life had been more quiet and commonplace.

Three cots down, lay another, apparently near to his own death. He questioned me with his eyes as I slipped away from the screen, and I answered "yes" with mine. There was no change in his expression. He only turned his head a little toward the window and the wide expanse of the bay, where a great ship under sail was gliding from the harbor into the Pacific. Did he, with his own soul straining at its moorings, think how the one represented the other? I think not. The merciful numbness was already on him. Only I, alone in the flush of my youth, with the dead and dying, thought of the vessel that had hoisted sail and passed into the Peaceful Ocean of the unnumbered souls.

WILL H. IRWIN.

The Road to Peking.

THE hardships of the route to Peking over which the allies must travel in the effort to relieve the legations is portrayed in a letter received from a naval officer, and describing a visit to Minister Conger early last December.

"We reached the terminus of the railroad at 4 P. M., to learn that our telegram of notification to Minister Conger evidently had not reached him, for there was no one present from the legation to meet us. In the ordinary course of events, when the Minister is expecting visitors, he sends his 'mafoo,' or outside head man, with cart or pony to convey them to the legation. As it was, we stepped onto the station platform into two or three inches of mud, and I struggled with a howling mob of Peking cart drivers, all bent on conveying us to the capitol. I engaged four carts, one for each of us and one for our 'boys' and our baggage. A Peking cart is a hut on heavy wooden wheels. This hut is wide enough for one passenger, and so low that the passenger, sitting on the floor with his legs extended, can just keep his body erect without thrusting his head into the hooded top. The cart is covered with blue cloth and completely inclosed save in front, so that a passenger has a view of nothing save the roadway as seen over the back of the mule that pulls him.

"I have seen what they are pleased to call roads in Africa, and have traveled many miles in Korea, but I never saw a worse piece of public highway than that which leads from the railway station to the capital of the Chinese Empire. There is but one track, and that worn into ruts always fully a foot deep, some sometimes six or eight inches deeper. If going in these ruts is bad, going across them is worse, and they must be crossed many times, in fact as often as one meets a cart coming in the other direction.

"As I had intimated to the driver that our party was royal and the *pour boire* would be princely in proportion to speed, all four of the Chinamen did their best to make haste. My man worked his arms like a jumping-jack, and yelled and beat his mule all the way without an instant's intermission to Peking.

"Half way to our destination we reached a gate in the city wall and entered the capital of China. Thence our journey took us over a paved way twenty-five feet wide. The pavement was made of great blocks three feet long by eighteen inches wide and perhaps eight inches thick. There is a Chinese proverb which says that such a road is good for ten years and deuced bad for 10,000 years. This particular road must be several thousand years old, for it is as bad as the proverb indicates. The edges of the stones have been worn away by much use, and between the stones are deep ruts. As the stones break joints, these ruts alternate with bits of stone somewhere near the original level of the street surface, so that progress is one of sudden and violent jolts. To make matters worse, every third or fourth stone is missing and in its place is a 'cling-hole' deep enough to wreck any vehicle save a springless Peking cart. On the day of our journey this highway was overspread with a smooth and deceptive surface of semi-liquid mud which concealed ruts and cling-holes. They were there all the same, however, and our wheels found them. So rough was the journey, indeed, that the Captain, who is a heavy man, was nearly done up when I helped to drag him out at the embassy.

"But once inside that comfortable abode a hearty American welcome, a hearth fire and sundry other warm and cheering things made amends for the discomforts of the journey. Our legation fronts on Legation street. The compound is inclosed by a high wall, which on one side is very near the city wall. Just across the street is the Russian Legation. All the houses within the compound are of one story with thatched roofs, plain without, but rich and luxurious within. The compound has clean gravelled walks in pleasing contrast with the muddy street outside.

"When the ladies of the legation go to the elaborate dinners, receptions and balls of the foreign official colony they must pass through the muddy, ill-smelling Chinese streets in sedan chairs or in the springless carts. Luckily some of the carts are high enough to enable the occupants to sit in an armchair. It is odd to see a woman in full dress thus enthroned passing from one brilliant social scene to another through the narrow, muddy streets of this most foreign of foreign capitals.

"When the people of the legation need exercise they take it in the compound or on the city wall. This wall is forty feet high, and rather more than forty feet wide at the top, with a rampart more than shoulder high on each side, and within and without a deep moat, that is little better than a muddy ditch. Once on the wall one escapes the discomforts of the city streets. There is no mud, and even the assorted evil smells that assail the nose at the street level are hardly noticeable. As one walks on the wall, one's eyes take in upon one side the picturesque variety of the huddled city and on the other the undulating country tretching about the capital outside the wall."

The Stately Homes of Chili.

Panquehue, the Estate of the Errazuriz Family.

IF there is one thing in which the Chileno excels, it is in the construction of comfortable and beautiful residences. When their purses permit, they are a people who go in for all the creature comfort. There is, to be sure, a strong mixture of the gaudy and glittering in the type of decorations they favor, but this is to be expected from a race tracing its origin back to old Castile. The palaces of Santiago, then, should not be expected to be always correct or logical in their style of architecture. They are not even apt to be original, many being constructed in such a way as to clearly convict the designer of plagiarism from many sources. However, there are some very beautiful and pleasing exceptions.

Now and then an interior will present such a mingling of ancient and modern ornamentation as to offend the artistic eye, and the Chileno is often severely criticised by Anglo-Saxon observers for this system of conglomerate construction and decoration, but for my own part, I see in their oddly designed and sometimes extravagently adorned residences something that must give their owners satisfaction and comfort. And when they also give an artistic effect, pleasing to the foreigner as well, the "pesos" have certainly been well invested. They are all, of course, peculiarly arrranged to suit climatic conditions.

In one respect, however, the comfort-loving Chileno is not yet successful. This is in the matter of artificial heat. In houses now being constructed fire places are included, but among the older homes, there is no arrangement for protection against the chilly damp of the rainy season.

By far the best known Chilean Palace is the Cousino house, located on the *Calle Diez Yocho* at Santiago. This magnificent mansion was the property of the late Senora Cousino, by all odds the wealthiest woman in Chili if not in South America. Her properties were scattered throughout the Republic, the chief source of her wealth being the coal deposits and manufacturing plants at Lota, in the Province of Conception. This home of hers, built at the Capital, represented with its furnishings and art works an investment of nearly two million pesos, and during the Senora's life-time was looked upon as Santiago's show place, and was open to visitors on certain days. In this regard the Chilenos are very liberal, all of them being pleased to give the public an opportunity to admire the grandeur of their establishments. The Cousino house is still an asset of the vast estate, but most of the bric-a-brac and art works with which its *salas* were filled have passed out to alien owners through the medium of an administrator's sale.

Another residence in the suburbs of Santiago is rather freakish in some of its architectural effects. It was originally constructed by Claudio Vicuna, and intended as a pure example of Moorish architecture. Unfortunately its designer had too much fancy to be consistent and now and then got away from his subject. The patio, however, is correctly Moresque, and in spite of its peculiarities, it is a home wherein there is much Chileno comfort and luxury. During one of the late revolutions this mansion suffered so severely, that it was long regarded as a ruin. But one Julio Garrida purchased it, and has been at great pains and expense to restore its original eccentricities.

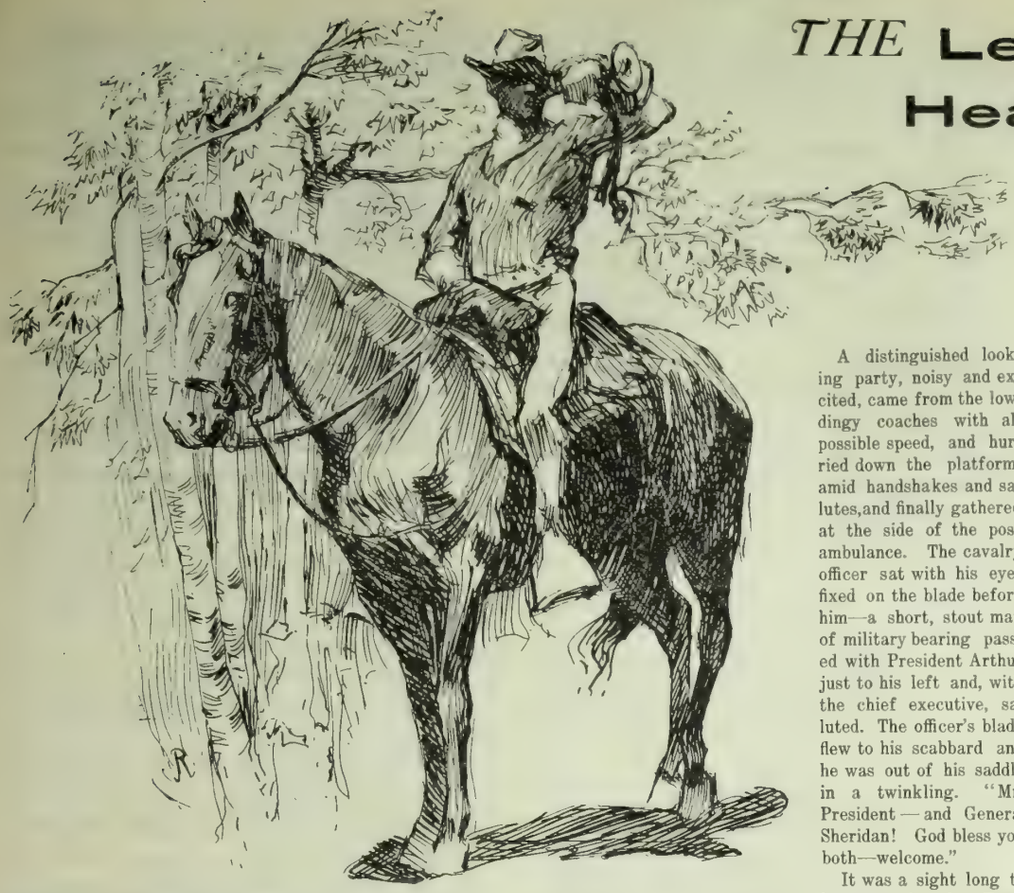
In quite a different key is the Palacio de la Moneda, the official resident of the President of the Republic. It is severe of outline, but correct and elegant. Indeed it would be a

Continued on page 15.

The Estate of La Hermida two Miles from Santiago.

THE Legend OF Crow Heart Butte.

By Elmore Leffingwell.



THE army ambulance from Fort Washakie, drawn by eight plodding mules toiled over the trail which skirted knolls and twisted through petty canyons into the town of Caspar, and drew up suddenly near the lone, ramshackle station, which alone suggested that the spot might have some indirect connection with civilization. Close behind, travelling at an easy gait was strung out a troop of cavalrymen, colored, and as the head of the straggling column came up to the station a bugle sounded but two brief notes when the heated and travel-sore troopcrs eagerly dismounted and mingled in comfortable disorder. It was May and the oldest rancher about Caspar could not recall a warmer day in those parts.

A tall, ruddy-faced fellow, in leather "chaps" and a broad-brimmed hat, lounged out of the station and to the spot where the dust-dimmed coach and panting mules had come to a standstill.

"Company comin', Dick?" said he, as he thumbed his belt away from his hips and stretched his arms in the sunshine.

"Yep." The driver wearily locked the brakes of the ambulance with his booted feet, and clambered from his lofty perch.

"Got ter carry many?"

"Only kin take a sartin number."

"I hear that President Arthur with a lot of women and outsiders is a comin' in," resumed the tall resident languidly. "They wired it up from below—and they're almost due now."

"Well, our orders are to fetch the President and his staff ter Washakie. I can't help it if too many come!"

"Is the horse escort for the President?"

"Yep."

"Then I reckon you'll pack all that get here—if the President wants it."

"President be hanged—I can't overload!"

The piping voice of a whistle far to the south and west drew all eyes to the spot on the horizon where a sluggish creek lost itself to view. The sun-baked station was at once a scene of animation. Cowboys and half-breed Indians who had been seeking shelter from the sun's burning rays came out of the rude waiting room and busied themselves about the spot, as the train popped into view a mile or more away and came screaming down the two streaks of rust stretched out before it.

The ambulance driver remounted his high box and cracked a long lash over the heads of the refractory government mules, taking then a better position near the abbreviated station platform.

A cavalry officer swung the troop of colored soldiers into line near the army conveyance and took up his post as the train pulled up to the spot and stopped.

"There's the President!" said a cowboy standing near the ambulance.

The cavalry officer raised his sword. A score of bright sabers were drawn and held in salute, and as many troopers sat straight and still in their saddles.

A distinguished looking party, noisy and excited, came from the low, dingy coaches with all possible speed, and hurried down the platform, amid handshakes and salutes, and finally gathered at the side of the post ambulance. The cavalry officer sat with his eyes fixed on the blade before him—a short, stout man of military bearing passed with President Arthur just to his left and, with the chief executive, saluted. The officer's blade flew to his scabbard and he was out of his saddle in a twinkling. "Mr. President—and General Sheridan! God bless you both—welcome."

It was a sight long to be remembered. From Washington this party had come—made up of the foremost men of the nation at that time. It was in 1883 and their mission was one of business and pleasure combined. President Chester A. Arthur, fatigued with the trying routine of his official life, had come with General Phil Sheridan, McCook and others, together with members of his cabinet, into the wilds of Wyoming to confer with old Washakie, chief of all the Shoshones, as to the framing of a fresh treaty with his people and to view the scenic grandeur of Yellowstone Park and the Wind River Valley. It was a notable gathering on a notable jaunt.

In the aggregation there were three ladies who came to Caspar that day in May. Two of them were army officers' wives, the third was a young woman of twenty years, sent by an enterprising newspaper of Chicago to report the incidents of the trip. She was neither handsome of countenance nor strikingly gowned, but her bright, intelligent face held one's attention in an odd way, and it was easy to figure out that she was attractive for what she really was—rather than for what she merely seemed to be.

Miss Terry had been educated at Willard Hall in Massachusetts, and had taken up the life of a journalist when necessity had required her to make a living for herself and her mother, now suddenly widowed and left penniless.

Her extreme originality and great energy had brought her to the front, and her first great commission had come when the managing editor had sent for her and detailed her on this trip. Her genial nature had won for her a place in the hearts of everyone in the party—and if the truth had been told—a fixed place in the heart of a rival paper's correspondent, Martin Dunn. But that is still another story.

"We have eighteen here," said General Phil Sheridan, as he beamed about him on his travel worn companions. "How are we all to get in this stage?"

"The ambulance, General," said the cavalry officer as he pulled on his gauntlets again and adjusted a handkerchief about his neck, "will accommodate President Arthur and three, while the double field conveyance we have just behind here, will carry twelve. You see we did not understand there would be so many of you."

"That leaves two of us behind," said the President.

"I fear it does," said the officer in a puzzled way.

"Then," said General Sheridan, "I will ask my aid to kindly relinquish his seat to Miss Terry here, who had doubtless best remain with the other ladies. He can follow on tomorrow."

"With pleasure, sir!" A dignified looking fellow doffed his cap and stepped forward. "I will follow on tomorrow with Mr. Dunn!"

The matter was thus settled. Dunn was for hiring horses and riding the 150 miles over the Great Divide and to Washakie, but horses were not to be had on the instant, and a prompt start was necessary.

The situation distracted Dunn for more reasons than one. He did not fancy losing two days or more with Miss Terry—and aside from this sentiment, he did not wholly relish the idea of having his clever and interesting rival gathering up and wiring back exclusive matter for publication, which would "scoop" him in the Chicago press.

There was nothing for it, however, but to give in gracefully, and this he did with a showing of good cheer that was largely feigned.

"But remember, Miss Terry," said he as he leaned over to the army conveyance and clung to one of her hands until she pulled it away a bit abashed and possibly annoyed, "no scoops until I can catch up to you."

"That's your own lookout, sir!" she merrily replied, and the crowd laughed—as it had had occasion to on many similar occasions. "All is fair in war——"

Dunn wanted to supplement, "And love!"

The bugler brought the colored troopers into line. The stage moved up to the government trail, and Dunn was still running after it.

"Remember," he shouted, red-faced and panting, "No scoops!"

"What's your loss is my gain, the President says," was the unsatisfactory retort, and the stage crept over a rise of ground and soon after passed from view.

* * *

The cosy little post in the Wind River Valley had never known quite such a gala day as that upon which the President and his party came into the lower canyons from the east, with the escort of horse, and trailed up to the colonel's quarters at the end of the parade ground. The band was out in force, the garrison was under arms and the flags of the post were flying in the breeze. Thousands of Indians, in their gayest attire, dotted the hills, and crowded the bounds which had been laid out for them.

About the post-trader's store were gathered an aggregation of cowboys and frontiersmen, such as had rarely been assembled there before. The first day of a week's love-feast was at hand, and the heart of every man, woman and child in the valley was light and full of cheer. Never had the applauding masses of a great city pleased the chief executive of the land, more than this. The simple but earnest welcome he received, did not pass unappreciated.

Miss Terry got down from the ambulance as it stopped before the colonel's quarters, and waited for the President to alight. "Will you dictate an interview for me tonight?" she asked as she timidly laid her hand upon his arm. "You know I must telephone it to Caspar and get it through for the morning's edition."

"Anything you ask, my little Miss," said President Arthur, as he took her by the hand playfully and led her on to the crowd of officers waiting there to greet them. "You represent the terrible press, but you are such a redeeming feature of the evil that we are forced to be lenient. And I will have a bit of important news for you, at that!"

"Oh thanks—and may I see you before dark?"

"You may. I will send for you."

The greetings over, the President retired to the Colonel's quarters with a few of his companions, and the rest of the party were distributed along officers' row. The ladies were taken to the home of Major Charles McLean, and the day passed as only such a day could—crowded full of talk and comment, and very little else.

The dinner hour had passed. An infantry officer came to Major McLean's quarters and enquired for Miss Terry. The President wanted to see her. With a military cape thrown about her shoulders, the hopeful, happy girl passed down the parade ground while envious eyes followed the young officer, and the sentries stood at attention longer than need be. Miss Terry was popular from the start.

"Not for the sake of journalism, but for your own sake," said the President, with a merry twinkle in his eye, as Miss Terry sat down beside him on the Colonel's veranda, "I an going to give you some news. I presume it is important."

"Oh, you're so kind, sir!" and Miss Terry produced her note book which she rested in her lap.

"Not at all -but the fact is, General Sheridan and I are going up to Crow Heart Butte in the morning, to look for the heart and dirk which gave the place its name! We then will try some Shoshone for murder - "

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, that's right. You have heard the legend of Crow Heart Butte, haven't you? You know the Crow Indians and the Shoshones fought here for twenty years, and finally, quite

like the Kilkenny cats of modern lore, they all but exterminated each other!

"Yes," said General Sheridan who sat close by, "and after the Shoshones had wiped the Crow band out of existence, their chief carved out the heart of a dead rival and pinned it to the mountain top on which the battle was fought. He then drew a circle about this spot with a stick, and it is said that no Indian ever set foot within it since. That's how it came to be named 'Crow Heart Butte.' "

"But what did you say about a murderer?" The young woman looked puzzled but extremely interested.

The President beamed on the General, and the latter lighted a cigar as he replied:

"Just this. It's a scoop! We are really here to trace the murderer and punish him. We will visit the spot tomorrow and if the circumstances warrant, will arrest the whole Shoshone tribe and hold the people in bondage until they give up the fellow who did the cutting!"

"But everything is so peaceful—and that was so very long ago!" The young woman looked suspicious, and she eyed her two austere informers with a half-amused smile.

"Yes, but those are the facts. That's the real object of this trip!" The General puffed very hard at his cigar and the President put his hand over his face to hide a smile.

"Is it a crime to doubt the word of a President and of an army's leader?" Pretty Miss Terry looked up at them with one of the smiles which had melted their severity long ago. Their barricades were broken down and a nation's leader with an unconquered war hero, were vanquished by a mere girl!

The President laughed heartily. "We must have thought you were green, I will admit!"

"No, no! Not that!" interposed Sheridan. "The idea is this. Our friend Dunn is still back there in Caspar because the stage is two days late in getting to him. We want to play a joke on him. Now can't you get that story back to him and let him print it for one of those 'scoops' he is always talking about?"

"Oh, not for the world! It wouldn't be true."

"Nonsense! Let him judge of that."

When the moon came up that night, the crowd on the Colonel's front porch was still laughing itself sick over the joke on Dunn. The lone telephone wire to Caspar had been reached, and the wierd tale had been dictated to the operator at the other end for the newspaperman. "And you can add to the message," said General Sheridan to the lad from the Post Trader's store who did the telephoning, "that the story is a 'scoop.' "

And then the crowd laughed again. When great men jest they spring great jokes—or at least, they think they do.

* * *

It was four days later when Dunn came into Washakie. A more discouraged, disgusted looking fellow could not well be imagined. His dispatches to Chicago each day had been based upon hearsay and wild guessing, he said, because of his separation from the party, and all that time one thing and another had conspired to keep him in "the infernal town of Caspar!"

Did he get the telephone messages sent him all right? Oh, yes—he had received them, and officers and their wives snickered and smiled and thought Dunn did not see! Miss Terry told some of the party she felt guilty for having let the "story" go out, as she knew that it would compromise Mr. Dunn with his paper in Chicago—but the crowd had talked her out of it. Dunn was left alone in his density and trouble, while the crowd feasted on the jest and abided the time. And then fresh complications arose to make the visitors forget the incident for the moment.

A young cavalryman at the post was paying decided attention to Miss Terry. They were inseparable, and Dunn's discomfort was something maddening to witness. He managed to keep within sight of her about two-thirds of the time, and when they each went to the telephone office with their dispatches for the wire that day, Dunn tried to be there when the young woman came in, while the admiring cavalryman conspired to keep her away from the journalist, and monopolized her every moment.

Two rival papers in Chicago were printing their respective letters every day. It was hard to be placed in the position of ardently admiring the woman who was opposing him in business, and on the most important detail of his life at that, but Dunn could have stood that if the advent of the admiring officer had been stricken from the calendar. That was too much, and the last straw was laid upon the camel's back. Something had to be done!

The entire party headed for Yellowstone one afternoon at the close of that week, to be gone for a month perhaps, and Dunn and Miss Terry were getting their parting messages filed on the wire. They took couriers with them to the first day's camp, and it was there that the sensation started which all but broke up the party and sent it flying back to civilization.

Miss Terry had scarcely spoken to Dunn for days—so little chance did he have to see her. But now the offending officer was held back at Washakie, and Dunn was in the field once more.

An improvised hammock had been built by Dunn near their first camp fire on their way to Yellowstone. Miss Terry was swinging to and fro within it and caressing an arm full of wild flowers she had gathered. The gloaming had deepened to night, and the cavalry escort had spread its sheltering line about the camp.

"We have not seen much of each other lately," said Dunn to Miss Terry.

"Not much. I have been so busy."

"Yes, and I have been busy also. Not so busy writing exclusive stuff, however," and he rested on the word "exclusive" for a time, "as I have been trying to figure you out."

"Out of what?" she asked merrily.

"Nothing funny in it Miss Terry. 'Out of mind,' if you want to know." She looked up quickly, with the expression of one who had been hurt. Dunn pretended not to see it.

"I want to confide in you as a friend," he went on, "something which you have not suspected. I had the misfortune to fall in love with you."

"Mr. Dunn!"

"Don't interrupt, please; I won't offend you, really. Hear me through, won't you?" She sat as if transfixed, watching his face which was partly turned away from her own.

"I say misfortune—because it was vain. I love you now, and I think you know it. But that is merely in explanation of my leaving you to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, I go back to Chicago to-morrow—that is, I start back then. I am going to resign and leave the business."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am in love with you, and that this cannot go on. In a few days more we will be back to Washakie. That cavalry gentleman will monopolize you again, and make me miserable. I cannot shirk this detail and keep my position, I am going to resign."

"True love is willing to suffer," she said as she looked down at her arm full of flowers.

"Yes—if there is any goal in sight! '

"Well, isn't there?"

"Not when a man loves a girl who ignores him. Not when a man worships a woman who does not care an atom for him!"

"Has—she told him so?" She was tearing the fair blossoms to pieces now in her nervousness. Dunn came nearer.

"Oh, but understand me," she said as she raised her hand and held him back. "I do not admire a man who shirks his work. And, too, I could not give myself to a man who was not above me in the business world."

"Above newspaper work?"

"Yes, above it. You must be something besides a newspaper man."

"Then I will be that very thing to-night!"

"You will be—what?"

"I don't know what, but something."

"What do you mean?"

Dunn drew a yellow dispatch from his pocket and handed it to Miss Terry. He lighted a match for her while she read:—

CHICAGO, ILL., May 10th, 1883.

TERRY-CORRESPONDENT SENTINEL,
Washakie, Wyoming.

Send no more fakes or gibberish. Wire news or quit. President will be mobbed on return.

DAVIS, Managing Editor.

The young woman read the dispatch again and again, and turned it over in her hands. Amazement mingled with horror was depicted on her face.

"Why——what does that mean? Where did you get it? Why——"

"Oh, I was in Caspar when it came over the wire. I hated to have you get it and pocketed it before it could get further."

"Bnt you had no right to——"

"Yes I did. I was the cause of it!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I was. You sent me a story about the President going up to Crow Heart Butte to trace a murderer of twenty years ago. I thought if you cared enough for it to wire it down to me, you'd like to have it for your own paper, but as for myself——well, I didn't like the stand it took against the President's sanity! So I just wired it on to your paper, over your signature, and in the form of an interview with the President. The result is that Congress has met to enquire into the President's mental state, his party has gone back on him, flags are at half mast, mass meetings are being held, and another election will be held before we can get back. So I guess we quit together."

"Oh! Oh! Oh! This is terrible! Let me get the General!"

The main party was not far away. Miss Terry soon had the Chief Executive and his party arrayed about her at the hammock. Dunn recited his story even as he had told it to the young woman. The President was speechless. He could not repudiate his own statements. He never thought of doubting Dunn.

For the first time in his life, General Sheridan was flustered. First he ridiculed the idea, and then as Dunn assured him that every English-speaking community in America, and doubtless England, had read of his own and the President's insane plan, only to marvel at their imbecility and sudden mental collapse, he waxed excited and even remonstrative Dunn held them well pinned to their positions. For a solid hour the party was in arms, and volumes were handed back and forth in the discussion. It only made matters worse.

"Young man," said President Arthur sternly, when he had fully collected himself, "whatever there is in this, you will be kind enough to straighten it out. The jest has gone far enough."

"It is no jest with me, sir. The interview was O. K.'d by you, and although I understand that you merely aimed to have some fun with me, the story was sent on in good faith and is now far beyond my control."

"But you have got to straighten it out."

"I cannot!"

"You must!"

"Impossible!"

"You straighten this hoax out for us," said the President in a conciliatory tone, finally, "and I'll make you the war-board secretary that you said you wanted to be."

"You mean that? Shake hands on it!" Dunn leaped up from his seat.

"Certainly!" The newspaper man shook hands with the President of the United States.

"Thank you, sir. Then I'll straighten it out in ten words, and here and now. I am a liar upon this rare and joyous occasion. You tried to work off a joke on me at Caspar. I knew it the minute I saw that dispatch from the President and my fair contemporary here. I tore up the dispatch!"

"What—never sent it?" shouted Sheridan.

"Never sent anything like that!"

"And the fake never got into print?"

"Never!"

"And that dispatch from my managing editor?" asked Miss Terry in opened-eyed amazement.

"Was written by myself, thank you. You got back what you thought you were giving me. I am sorry to have alarmed you——but, Mr. President, your promise——"

"Will be kept. I will write out the appointment here, if you wish."

"Not necessary——when we get back will do."

"You have outgeneraled the statesmen and generals of your country, young man," said the good-natured nobleman from the President's chair, as he laid his hand on Dunn's shoulder, "and you well deserve the position you have won by it."

"And that is not all that is won, either," said Dunn.

The sentry's call of "all's well" reminded the camp that it was high time to retire.

"Am I sufficiently out of the newspaper field?" said Dunn to Miss Terry as they parted near the President's tent.

"You are—and there's the reward!"

He stooped down and kissed the hand held out to him.

Four Victoria Crosses have been awarded to Battery Two of the Royal Horse Artillery which saved its guns at the surprise at Korn Spruit. Lord Roberts decided that one should go to the commissioned officers, one to the non-commissioned and two to the men, and left to each rank to decide what individuals should be nominated. The only trouble arose over the commissioned officers, of whom but two were left unwounded to save the battery—a Major and a Captain. The Major voted for the Captain and the Captain for the Major and Lord Roberts settled the matter by letting seniority of rank decide.

It has been discovered that the crystalline lens of the human eye is slightly diamagnetic, or subject to magnetic repulsion. As astigmatism—the commonest cause of defective vision and the most frequent excuse for spectacles—is merely a slight distortion of this lens, it has been suggested that treatment with a powerfnl magnet properly applied may result in forcing the lens into proper shape, or at least in greatly remedying the distortion.

Henrik Sienkiewicz has lost his mother-in-law, Madame Sophie de Wolodkowicz of Krakow, in a dramatic manner. She was murdered while traveling alone in a first-class railroad carriage near Odessa, her maid being in the second-class. She had a large sum of money with her and had probably been followed by her assassins from the bank where she had drawn it.

It appears that the lifetime of the mosquito is three months. Mosquitos hsve been kept alive in captivity for eighty days. It is said that the ordinary minnow, which feeds upon the larvæ of mosquitos, is highly efficient as a means for keeping down their numbers.

Apparently, "coatless" men will not be tolerated in Philadelphia, in spite of the recent movement in their favor. Two respectable men in their shirtsleeves were prevented from entering Chestnut Hill Park the other day.

The Johnsons number 5,750 in the new Chicago City Directory, having a clear majority of 1,350 over the Smiths.

is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash. Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter. Subscription: Per year, $2.00; six months, $1.25; three months, 75 cents. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

San Francisco — August 4, 1900 — Seattle

There are some things it is just as well to bear in mind when discussing politics.

In 1892 the Democrats urged the people to defeat the Republican ticket because of the high prices brought about by the protective tariff.

In 1896 the Democrats claimed the support of the people because the gold standard had brought low prices.

In 1900 Democracy is preparing to declare the Republicans unfit, because high prices have been brought about by combination.

How under the canopy are you going to please such a crowd?

The Expert Patriot and Statesman.

THERE is an assumption, peculiarly Bryanistic, in the Democratic boast that the German-Americans propose to vote for Bryan and against Mr. McKinley on account of Expansion. A German-American a few days ago expressed himself with some warmth upon the subject. He said:

"I bitterly resent the claim of Mr. Bryan that the Germans are voted as a flock of sheep. I am an American citizen and will vote for the party of my choice the same as any other American. I am a Republican and will vote that ticket—so will a great majority of Germans. There are a great many men who pretend to control the political affiliation of their fellow countrymen. They appeal to the ignorant alone and I have the utmost contempt for any man who would so demean and belittle his own race as to charge up against them such unfitness for citizenship."

The gentleman in question was hotly indignant, and not without good reason. Of course, among German Democrats it is perfectly natural to insist that victory is theirs, and there is nothing to prevent them appropriating everything in sight in the shape of votes; but the non-German Democratic papers have laid so much stress on "the solid German vote' being for Bryan, that resentment has been awakened among the intelligent who are not slow to discover the evil lurking behind such a movement. The weight of this claim of Democracy rests upon the assumption "that most of the Germans in America quit the Fatherland to escape compulsory service,' and for this reason it is urged that they are unlikely to vote for Mr. McKinley because his Expansion policy might fasten upon the country the evils of militarism.

* * *

So shallow a claim ought not to deceive anyone. The Democratic platform says:

"We oppose militarism. It means conquest abroad and oppression at home. It means the strong arm which has ever been fatal to free institutions. It is what millions of our citizens have fled from in Europe [this refers to the Germans.] It will impose upon our peace-loving people a large standing army, an unnecessary burden of taxation and a constant menace to their liberties."

In brief, if Mr. McKinley is re-elected, "intimidation and oppression at home" will follow, and "our peace loving people' will have "imposed upon them a large standing army and an unnecessary burden of taxation." But what will the "peace-loving people" be doing all this time? Will they cower in unfrequented corners to dodge the press gang? Will they go in hiding or submissively walk up to the recruiting officer and submit their bodies as targets for rifle practice? What will the taxpayer be doing? Will his "unnecessary burden of taxation" so weaken him that he will turn his purse and his stomach inside out at the sight of a tax collector? It is with this sort of stuff that Democracy attempts to deceive. Every German-American in this land knows that compulsory military service would not last in free America for twenty-four hours. No administration would dream of attempting such a policy or anything that ever squinted that way. Bryan knows this. Everyone knows it. But Bryan's reputation as a prophet is fixed. During the last campaign he prophesied that prosperity would never again bless us unless silver were remonetized. A long list of doleful and depressing things were to be ladled out to us if he was defeated. Yet a microscopic society charged with the duty would not be able to discover a single one of these portentous evils. We prophesied that Mr. McKinley's election would bring prosperity, and it came. Now the ingenious Mr. Bryan has conjured up another "rags-bottle-and-sacks-man" who will eat bad little boys, if we don't vote against Expansion and elect him President. Not one of his dreadful calamities overtook us during the past four years, and not one of them will come browsing around during Mr. McKinley's next four years of office. The German-Americans are as a class level-headed, conservative men. Mere noise is not likely to frighten them nor lead them to lose sight of the promise of a debased currency held out by Democracy. Whenever militarism makes its appearance in the United States, you may depend upon it that every level-headed man in the country, be he German or native-born, will vote to depose the party responsible for it. But as neither the Louisiana purchase, nor the acquisition of California, nor the purchase of Alaska with its colonial form of government, has brought the slightest sign of militarism, it would seem to be borrowing trouble to assume that the attitude toward the Philippines is going to bring it about.

* * *

Democracy's substitute for the Expansion policy that "threatens" militarism is this: It proposes to abandon the Philippines entirely, give the Filipinos a form of government, independence, and then exercise a species of protectorate over them. The Filipinos are unfit for citizenship, yet they urge giving them a free and independent government and favor holding ourselves ready to protect them in all cases. This policy would probably get us into a war that would require a standing army greater than would be required to govern a dozen Philippine archipelagoes.

It is worth while to investigate the ingenious, not to say contemptible, manner in which Bryan has manufactured the "issues" of the coming campaign. During the past three years he has devoted himself exclusively to the task of trapping the administration. We all remember during the exciting hours pre
leading democrats publicly announced that they favored the war because it would hurt the administration and help the Democrats. The party has been busy attempting to "cash" this hope. When the treaty of Paris, that ceded Porto Rico and the Philippines, came up before the Senate for ratification, the Republican senators were by no means unanimous in its favor. The opposition to the treaty, led by Senator Hoar, might easily have defeated it had it not been for the strenuous efforts of Mr. Bryan. A two-thirds vote was necessary for a ratification. There were not enough Republican votes to ratify. Bryan already saw that there was "politics" in having the treaty ratified. He became a radical "imperialist" and with secret but insistent zeal urged the Democratic senators to sustain expansion and vote for the treaty. Seventeen Democratic votes in favor of the treaty are credited to the personal influence of the "peerless statesman." The treaty carried, and now William Jennings is declaring its pernicious and damnable operations to be the "paramount issue of the campaign." Senator Hoar of Massachusetts charges this duplicity up against Mr. Bryan, in good round English, and Mr. Bryan had not denied it. Senator Hoar says he will vote for Mr. McKinley because he "would rather vote for the man who supported the treaty believing it to be good, than to vote for the man who supported the treaty believing it to be bad." This is pretty hard on that "peerless statesman" and "most American American" who very modestly has twenty-two portraits of himself *hung in his own sitting room at home.*

* * *

Then take the question of trusts. The Republicans introduced a proposed constitutional amendment for the regulation of trusts, during the last session. Again it was necessary to secure a two-thirds in the Senate. But the Democrats refused to support the measure and it was defeated. They did not antagonize the amendment because they thought it bad or inefficient, for it would have been most effective, but they refused to pass it "because they *thought its author insincere.*"

Mr. Bryan was not in favor of the anti-trust amendment. He opposed it because he wanted to use it in the campaign, just as he wanted to use the treaty of Paris and expansion. So here we have the two paramount issues over which democracy shrieks and froths, both manufactured by democracy itself. Bryan did not want these issues settled; he would not have them settled. He would not permit the Democrats in the Senate to assist in their settlement. So whenever you hear the gentleman denounce "imperialism" remember his part in it; and whenever he denounces trusts remember the constitutional amendment he defeated.

The Court and the Primary Law.

THE decision of the Supreme Court declaring the Stratton primary law unconstitutional, scarcely dovetails with popular desire; but popular desire, like the daily press, is frequently out of tune with the law. The judges who joined in the majority opinion know—if they gave the matter any thought—that a decision against the act would very likely be unpopular, and it required some courage and an absence of demagogic tendencies to deny its constitutionality. The vice of the law viewed from a practical—rather than a political—point of view, lay in the fact that no party test was to be applied to voters at the primaries. This may not convey any fresh impression to the run of men whose participation in politics consists of merely voting on occasions, but it was full of vicious possibilities, and once understood, the public will be grateful for the court's opinion.

* * *

Primaries, as every schoolboy knows, are held for the purpose of choosing delegates to party conventions, and the majority of these delegates make the party nominations on state, city and county tickets. Heretofore the Democrats held their primaries on a day set by the party managers and the Republicans upon a day set by theirs. To participate in a Democratic primary, the voter was compelled to satisfy the judges of election that he was a Democrat, and the same rule obtained among Republicans.

We are going into the A. B. C. of this matter for the enlightenment of some of our "leading citizens." Under the Stratton law, the primaries of both parties were held on the same day, during the same hours, in the same booth, exactly as general elections are now held. No party test was excted. Democrats might vote for Republican delegates and vice versa. Under this scheme of things, it would have been possible for a combination of Democrats *to have named a majority of the delegates to a Republican convention,* and so have nominated an entire Republican ticket, made up of weak men. We will say that in a given hopelessly Republican Congressional district, the Democrats had no contest. In the Republican ranks, there might be a contest. We will say Jones, a Republican, opposed White, a Republican, for the Congressional nomination. White is popular, Jones unpopular. Left to a decision of Republicans, the delegates favoring White would naturally be chosen, and White nominated. Jones being ambitious and unscrupulous might easily make a combination with the Democratic leaders who had no contest on their hands, and procure their Democratic followers to vote for his delegates to the Republican convention. And so Mr. White's delegates, who were really the choice of the Republican voters would be defeated by Democrats who had no moral right to participate in determining who should serve as delegates to a Republican convention. Such performances in San Francisco woul bring about unending complications, and constant political surprises. The party test is of paramount importance. A constitutional amendment will be necessary to legalize a perfect primary law. Politics can suffer a few more years to ecure that end, but when the remedy does come it will bes effective.

EVENTS CURRENT.

Assassination of the King of Italy. King Humbert of Italy was murdered by an anarchist, Angeli Bressi, on July 29, being the sixth of the world's rulers to die by violence in as many years. The king was attending a festival at Monza and was proceeding in his carriage through a closely packed crowd, when Bressi stepped out and shot him three times. Death ensued within three-quarters of an hour. There was no private excuse for the crime; the assassin himself stating that he had shot his victim "not as Humbert, but as the king." Unfortunately for our own reputation for good order, the crime was hatched in this country. Bressi was a silk-weaver in Paterson, N. J., for several years, and left his employ only recently and probably for the express purpose of murdering the king. It is alleged by the Italian police that the crime was part of a plot hatched up at Paterson, and that the assassin did his work as a chosen instrument. For a time, it was feared that there was a political plot on foot, of which this was only a part, but this was proved unfounded by the events of the following twenty-four hours. Italy, which really loved Humbert as no other king has been loved in this century, remains quiet. The Crown Prince of Naples succeeds as King Victor Emmanuel III. He is described as a weakling in body; of his intellectual power it is impossible to speak, as he has never yet taken part in active affairs. Marion Crawford, the novelist, who has an intimate acquaintance with Italian politics and personalities, is of the opinion that the young king, while lacking the courage and personality of his father and grandfather, has yet greater ability for government. His queen, Helene, was formerly a princess of Montenegro, is a strong character and likely to make herself felt in the kingdom. They have no children.

The character and personality of King Humbert is treated in another department in this issue; a brief summary of his life will be sufficient here. He was born at Turin in 1844, while his father, old Victor Emmanuel, was only King of Savoy. He took part in the Italian war for liberation, commanding a division with distinction. On his parent's accession to the throne, he became the first Crown Prince of United Italy, under the title of Prince of Naples. Shortly after, he was married to his cousin, Marguerite of Savoy, by whom he had one son, now succeeding him. In 1878 Humbert came to the throne. He at once set about remedying the private wrongs done to the state by his father, and went on with the task of building up the new state. The fact that he was even moderately successful in this was due to a wise choice of counsellors rather than to his own personal abilities, which were limited—a fact of which he was well aware. His hold on the Italians lay in his courage, his honesty, his charity, and his undoubted devotion to his people.

News from the Peking Ministers. The silence of Peking has been broken; we know that the foreigners in the capital are mostly alive, or were at a comparatively recent date, and that the stories of massacre emanating from Shanghai were pure lies. The tension is not much relieved, however, because the despairing belief that the Europeans were dead has been succeeded by the fear that they are held as hostages, their lives to be forfeited in case the Powers do not come to the Chinese terms. The first move of the relieving army toward Peking is likely to be met with this barbarous alternative. This is more than conjecture. Li Hung Chang has already made the threat frankly and openly, and several other signs point in the same way. For example, the attack on the legations ceased on July 16, at just about the date when Earl Li first broached his proposal. No further fighting had occurred at the time of the latest news, but a cordon of Chinese troops surrounded the foreigners, as though holding themselves in readiness for orders to advance. Reports from all sections of the Empire show that the massacre of foreigners has nearly stopped, but that all strangers now caught are being held, apparently with the same sinister purpose.

The proof that the foreigners were alive came gradually during the past week. From July 4 being the last date, it came up to July 16 and then to July 22, where it now stands. The Italian, Japanese, English, and American governments respectively have heard from their representatives. A meager story of the awful month since June 13, when the fighting began may be patched together from their laconic dispatches. After the Chinese closed in and began the attack, the foreigners, mostly gathered in the British legation and on the city wall near by, were for a month under almost continuous fire which must have been badly aimed or it would have done more damage, since the casualities are given as only sixty killed and an uncertain number wounded. All the ministers except, of course, Baron Von Kettler, killed early in the outbreak, seem to have escaped without harm. On at least two occasions the little band—there cannot be over three hundred and fifty fighting men among them—repulsed a general attack. It has been a month of continual vigilance and hard work, so that many are sick. Nothing is said of a shortage of ammunition or supplies, although Conger's latest letter says that ammunition is scarce, but the appeal for relief and the assurance that the position cannot be held much longer are repeated. The detailed American loss up to July 22 was eight killed, anc twentyseven wounded., seven seriously, and twenty slightly. It remains to be said that there are many points of discrepancy between the various dispatches,but that they agree in general.

The Powers Hesitate in China. What the course of the Powers is to be rests wholly on conjecture. There is no doubt that the appeals of the ministers for relief and the revelation of their desperate straits have inspired all the governments concerned to action. But the changed situation has not yet brought them to the point where they are willing to give Japan a free hand. If the Peking foreigners die in the end, the record of this diplomatic crime will forever disgrace the European nations All this week, the gossip of the capitals had it that the United States and England were eager for an advance with the troops at hand but were not seconded by the other Powers. It is logical for the Anglo-Saxon nations, who are noted for their protection of citizens abroad, to take the initiative in this matter, but neither of them are in a position to do anything which would call for a large force. The standing army of England is comparatively small and ours is insignificant. Both, moreover, have private wars on hand. The nation that takes the lead in relieving Peking must be ready to back up possible reverses with a large force. It is not likely that the advance will be made until the Powers agree to it. The force at Tien-Tsin numbers twenty thousand, in poor condition—two hundred and fifty are sick in the Ninth Infantry alone—the number would be needed just to hold the line of communications. The fighting temper of the Chinese is shown by the fact that they are gradually pushing back the Russians on the Manchurian border. The horrible possibility that the Chinese are holding the Peking foreigners as hostages and will close in and massacre them as soon as the capital is placed in peril further complicates the affair. If the simple proposition, "withdraw or we kill our hostages," were placed before the Powers, it is doubtful whether they would withdraw or go on and leave the representatives to their fate. Certainly, the Chinese hold the cards in that game, and are in a position to gain many concessions through the humane sentiment of Europe.

Collapse of the Revolution in Colombia. The Central American State of Colombia seems to have effectually settled the Liberal revolution which has been going on there since early Spring. The uprising was, like most Latin-American civil wars, purely a political one, caused by the assumption of power by one party and the despair of the other at being unable to take possession by ordinary political means. The insurgents, with headquarters at Cucuta on the Venezuelan boundary, are said to have mustered in their best days about 20,000 men. Against them was an available government army of 80,000. The first blow was struck by the government July 16, and resulted in an easy victory. Over 1,600 men and valuable munitions were taken. July 22, the decisive battle occurred near Panama. About 1,000 federal troops closed with 1,200 insurgents. So fierce was the onset that each side lost about 400 killed and wounded. The rebels had the best of the first day's fighting, but the arrival of strong government reinforcements on the second day effectually turned the tide. Driven into a hopeless position, the insurgents surrendered, and their cause collapsed. Their leaders have signed articles of submission and a general amnesty has been proclaimed. While the war was short, it was a bloody one. The final conflict was fought in the very streets of Panama, and the city is plunged into mourning for the loss of some of the republic's foremost men.

A British Success in South Africa. One of the main bodies of armed Orange River Boers has given up the fight against the British, and the war in that section seems to be near to an end. It is true that General De Wet, President Steyn, and the main body of Transvaal troops are still at large, but the surrender of a force under General Prinsloo which has been dodging Roberts' cordon for two months indicates the forlorn nature of their position. So far, one thousand of them have come in, handed over their arms and horses, and become prisoners. Other bands are surrendering daily, and English correspondents claim that it is only a question of time until Steyn and De Wet, if not made prisoners, will be left without followers or support. The final establishment of an unbreakable cordon brought about this rather unexpected consummation. Two weeks ago, the efforts of the trapped Boers to slip through the lines, as they had done continually in the preceding month, began to prove unavailing. For the next few days, they tried several points, moving from one to the other with their wonderful shiftiness, but falling back from each after feeling it and finding that it was held in force. A strong attempt was finally made by Prinsloo at Naauport Nek, but General Hunter and his cavalry, after fighting a brisk action, succeeded in blocking the pass to the Boer wagons. Thereupon, the Dutch commanders opened the negotiations which ended in the surrender. The last actions of this campaign reversed the general rule in the South African war, the Boers and not the British being the heaviest losers.

On the Transvaal side of the war there is little change in the situation. The British do not seem to know where their opponents are, or if they do, it has not passed the press censor. Roberts has apparently waited to end organized opposition in the Orange River State before beginning the final clean up in the Transvaal. Probably he relies upon the effect of the capture or surrender of Steyn and his counsellors in discouraging the Transvaal forces proper. The British are in touch with the Boer outposts near Watervalhoven, and only lately succeeded in capturing the leader of the Pretoria commands, but there is a practical armistice. United States Consul-General Stowe has gone from Cape Town to Pretoria; South African rumor has it that he will confer with Kruger regarding peace proposals as soon as the Orange River leaders are taken or surrender.

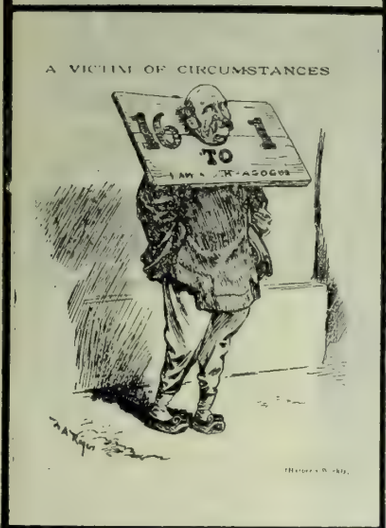
Famine and Plague in India. The famine situation in India is by no means as hopeful as was promised by the coming of the monsoon. That rain-bringing wind has been light and dry so far, and the greatest anxiety is felt over the prospects for next year. In three districts, no sowing at all has been done, owing partly to the lack of seed and partly to the lightness of the rains. Sown crops are also in imminent danger from the drought. Viceroy Lord Curzon reports that good crops are only possible in case the monsoon improves. Everywhere, there is the need of plow-oxen, of seeds and of still more provisions for immediate relief. Over six and a quarter millions are applicants for help.

The gravest feature is the spread of cholera, which finds the reduced and emaciated natives easy prey. In Bombay, there were over 8000 cases up to June 21, with 5000 deaths —a mortality of nearly two-thirds. The total number of deaths in the relief works of the British district was 6753, or about 425 per thousand. To make matters worse, the percentage of sickness increases weekly. From all India, native and British, comes a demand that Parliament shall remit the taxes and appropriate a relief fund large enough for practical use. The public and private relief given so far has been inadequate. In the House of Commons, on July 26, the Secretary of State of India, announced the government's intention of affording ample relief. This year's balance of revenue, amounting to nearly £300,000, would be applied to relief, he said, and if that was not enough the Imperial Treasury would be drawn upon.

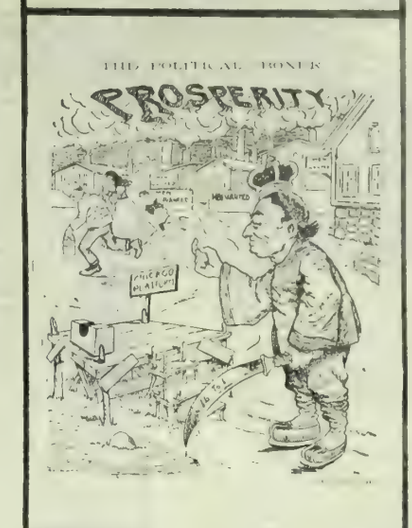
A Financial Stringency in the British Money Market. The British government is called upon just now to meet a very serious financial crisis. The Boer War, the Chinese tangle and the appeal for Indian famine relief have made the actual and prospective need for funds greater than can be met by the resources at hand. The cost of the South African War already exceeds $305,000,000, and the initial expenditure for the Chinese expedition has been $15,000,000, a mere bagatelle, however, as compared with the drain which will ensue should the Oriental crisis result in a big war. The appeals for government relief in India are becoming too strong to be ignored. The rates of taxation which have prevailed since the Transvaal drain began have been kept at a point as high as the average tax-payer will stand without serious opposition. It is against all traditional British policy to increase the revenues by tariff rates; the most probable course is another raise in the income tax. The financial policy of keeping no reserve for war is coming in for severe criticism. The first immediate effect is dearer money. The Bank of England has enforced an official minimum of 4 per cent. Experts agree that since the Chancellor of the Exchequer must soon call on the market for big war loans, a reduction of the reserve must be presented by bigger rates and a large amount of gold must be drawn from some other quarter. The directors are now trying to devise a means of attracting money from America; it is expected that they will raise the rate of interest point by point until this is accomplished.

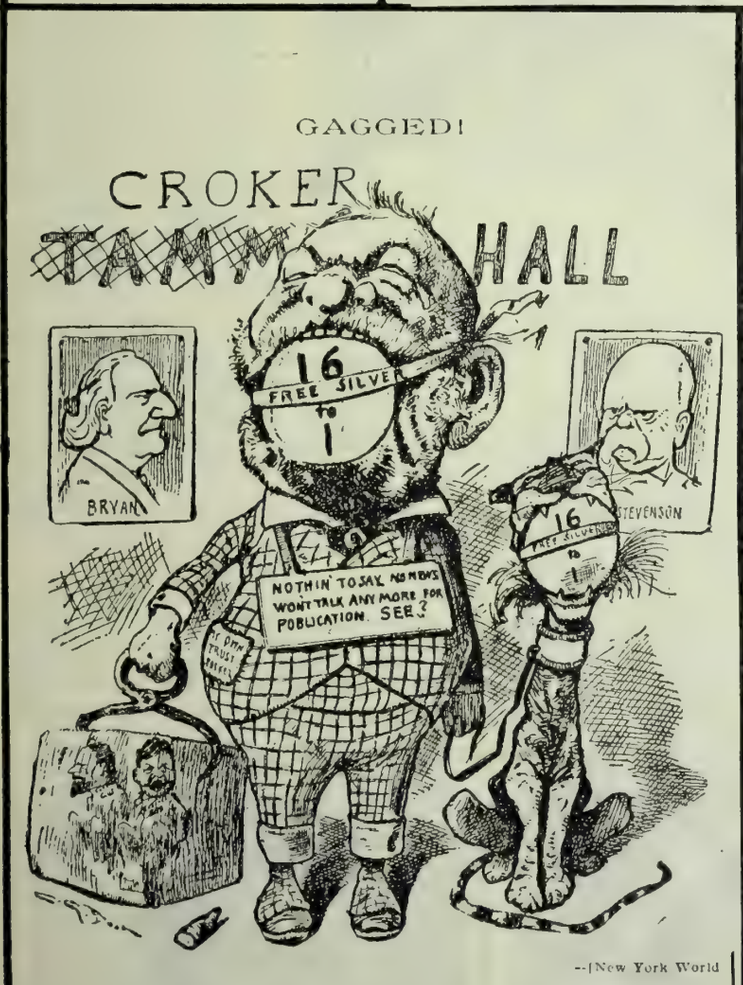
Baron Imbert de Saint-Amand, author of countless semi-historical books on French women, is dead. He followed a diplomatic career for a while. In recent years he was repeatedly an applicant for a seat in the French Academy, and occasionally received a few votes.

London now has girl district messengers as well as boys. Those employed are from 16 to 18 years of age and are said to be efficient.



"HELLO, CENTRAL! I WANT TO TALK TO THE AMERICAN WORKINGMAN."
"HE'S AT WORK AND VERY BUSY, MR. BRYAN; RING OFF, PLEASE."





"WILL THEY BE CAUGHT?"

THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE

Bush in New York *World*. Kemble in New York *Herald*. Bush in New York *World*.

CURRENT CARTOONS.

KING HUMBERT: THE MAN

Another ruler has fallen before that terror which has followed all the kings and princes of Europe in this century. King Humbert of Italy is a victim of the pistol of an anarchist. In this age when life is incomparably better safeguarded than in any other of the world's history, the rulers alone seem to be without protection from the lawless and the vicious. In no other century, not even in the Dark Ages, has there been a record anything like this one. No royal house of Europe but numbers the attempts at assassination by the score; no single ruler but has had more than one escape, and no nation but has lost its ruler or some one near to him. Humbert's death closes in blood a century which has proved how uneasy he rests who wears a crown.

The mourning over Humbert in Italy will be sincere, because he was genuinely respected by his entourage and loved by his subjects.

He reversed in this way the rule among the general run of popular men who are loved by those who immediately surround them, and merely respected by the public. For Humbert was rather brusque, unbending and stern, although always just to his intimates, while the uprightness of his physical career, the long fight which he had made for Italy, his courage, his record as a soldier, his discriminating public charity, made his name blessed in every shop and hovel of Italy. There was nothing perfunctory in the salutations of the Italian people when Humbert and Margherita went abroad. Their loyalty to the head of the house of Savoy was as unswerving as was the hatred of the Papal party.

Royal Lovers.

King Humbert probably deserved better of Fate than any other King of the century, having a private character and a record which would have made him admired and respected in any grade of society. The unhappiness which seems to be the lot of all kings was, in fact, tempered to him. He had weathered many storms and suffered much anxiety; had seen his kingdom in hard straits and his throne in peril, and had wrestled for a quarter of a century against a hostile element in his own dominion, yet private sorrow and domestic trouble, the chief misery of so many other European sovereigns, was spared him. Humbert was happily married to a woman whom he really loved, and his private life, after the first few years, was very happy. So well known was the devotion of the King and Queen of Italy, that they were rather a joke in other European courts.

Whether or no the marriage was a love-match is a disputed point. Much romance has been woven about the subject, but truthful Italian historians seem to favor the belief that it was strictly a marriage of convenience. When old King Victor Emmanuel was firmly seated on the throne of United Italy, he looked around for a match for his son, then in the early twenties. The diplomats arranged a marriage with the Archduchess Matilda of Austria. This was prevented by the sudden death of that royal lady. It is claimed by the sentimentalists that Humbert thereupon demanded his own right to be heard and asked for the hand of his cousin, Marguerita of Savoy, whom he had known as a child and with whom he was in love. If this is true, then love chimed well with diplomacy, because a connection in his own House of Savoy was then advisable and politic. At any rate, they were married, being then respectively twenty-four and seventeen, and came to the Royal Court where old King Victor Emmanuel, in the lascivious period which marked his later days, was holding high revel with the newly-made noblewomen, his mistresses. It is said that both young Humbert and his bride had a great influence in purifying the old king's life in his later days. And for a time they were a most devoted couple, known throughout Europe as the "royal lovers." In the course of two years a son was born, their only child; he now succeeds the murdered king Emmanuel III.

It remains to be said that there was later a serious break in the domestic happiness of this royal pair, caused by the liaisons of Humbert, who, for a time, went in the ways of his licentious father. An affair with one of the Queen's waiting-women and later with the notorious Duchess of Litta caused Margherita to withdraw, at one time, to her country estates, where it was given out at court that she was resting owing to delicate health. In the end, Humbert settled down became reconciled to his spouse, and from that time until the day of his death they were devoted and apparently happy with one another. At the time of their silver wedding in 1893, the old Roman nobles, haters of the House of Savoy, used to say: "He has the plebeian habit of being in love with his wife."

Financial Straits.

The only other cloud on their married life was a financial one. Owing to his honorable assumption of his father's debts, Humbert was forced to economize in every possible way. Margherita is naturally extravagant and loved the surroundings and circumstance of royalty. Therefore, like many

King Victor Emmanuel III. Queen Margherita. The New Queen of Italy.

a humbler husband, the king had to keep a constant watch on his consort's finances. For years, she had her dresses made by Roman modistes of moderate prices; many a rich Italian merchant dressed his wife better than did the King. And when she contracted surreptitiously for a Worth dress, there was a storm in the palace. The time since their silver wedding, which was celebrated in 1893, seems to be the happiest of their lives. Humbert's early unfaithfulness was past and forgiven, and Margherita had outlived her expensive tastes, or, at least, learned to curb them. In these later days, they have often been seen driving through the palace grounds holding hands like young lovers.

Above all else, Humbert was an honest man. The most prejudiced adherent of the Papal party never denied that. When he came to the throne, he found that his father's private debts came to fifteen million francs. For most European sovereigns, this would not be considered a specially large liability. The British Parliament has paid off much more than that for the Prince of Wales. But poor little Italy, struggling under private poverty and public obligation, would have found it a hard matter. Nevertheless, the Italian Chamber of Deputies offered to assume the burden. Humbert refused. For the honor of the house of Savoy he decided to meet its private liabilities out of his own revenues. His first step was to clear out the army of pensioned sycophants and retainers who had hung on his father's corrupt court. The Countesses and Duchesses raised from the kitchen and the laundry because they pleased the whims of old Emanuel, were cut off with a month's stipend. The notorious Countess Montifiore, the dead king's morganatic wife, received the same treatment. Then, Humbert went to work to dispense with all unnecessary court millinery. The country estates, all but one, were sold. The Queen's household was cut down to a dozen" companions." When this was done, and the proceeds applied to the debt, which was mostly held at ruinous rates of interest, by Roman usurers, it was found that the throne still owed 11,000,000 francs. Humbert went to a bank, like a private citizen, and contracted a loan for the amount, agreeing to pay the interest and 50,000 francs a month on the principal. This promise he kept faithfully, and his death finds the House of Savoy out of debt. His economies went farther than that, for his private charities were extensive. Other monarchs in Europe probably gave away more money in charity than he, but none gave more liberally in proportion to his private means and none was so discriminating. There was no handing out of funds in the lump, or with undue formality; he studied scientific charity and gave where it was needed, and would do the most good. This was one cause of his popularity.

* * *

Humbert's Personal Courage.

Another thing which endeared him to the common people of Italy was his undoubted personal courage. He was the only king of his time of Europe who had been personally on the battlefield. He commanded a battalion of his Savoyards all through the war with Austria and carried himself with distinction. His presence at Naples during the cholera epidemic displayed a rarer sort of personal courage. A story, possibly apocryphal, is told of his conduct at this time. They were preparing a military festival at Pordenone at the time when the news of the epidemic arrived, and he was invited to attend. "At Pordenone there is merrymaking, at Naples there is death," he said. "I will go to Naples." There he staid until after the disease was checked, personally visiting the hospitals, directing the work and paying for necessaries. The summer of the plague is said to have been the only period when he failed to pay the regular monthly installments on his father's debts, all his spare money going to the relief fund.

In spite of this, the attempted assassination of 1878 produced an impression never effaced. From that time on, his rather cold nature turned to suspicion, and he was haunted by fears of anarchists; more especially, he feared for the Queen and Crown Prince. It was many years before he would allow Margherita to drive out with him, for fear that a knife or bullet meant for him would harm her. Only after their silver wedding, when the people of Italy were so genuinely demonstrative, did he resume the regular drives with the Queen. The experience of 1878 was a rather harrowing one, as he was only saved by the devotion of his Prime Minister, who thrust himself between the murderer and the king and took the fatal thrust himself.

Among only one class, except the rabid Papal supporters, was Humbert unpopular. That one was the old Italian nobility, who hated him as an upstart, partly because his ancestry can be dated back only eight hundred years, while theirs goes back to the Ceasars; partly because of his bourgeoise virtues. His love of his wife and his domestic tastes came in for a share of their scorn, while his instalment deal with the savings-banks —in reality one of the most honorable deeds ever done by a king—was regarded as plebeian and below the dignity of a monarch. So it chanced that they avoided his official receptions, "cut" him publicly and showed their scorn on every occasion. It cannot be said that it worried him; like most popular men, Humbert appeared indifferent to popularity.

DAVID RAZETTO.

A Russian Diplomat.---Career of Count Muravieff.

THE power behind the throne in Rnssia, the virtual ruler of the Empire, is dead, and dead at a crisis when the Czar could ill afford to spare him. The sudden passing of Count Muravieff, who has been responsible for every turn of Russian affairs since the present Czar came to the rule, has left Russia virtually without a diplomatic head, just when the great, unquiet Empire is embroiled with its enemies in two directions and stands at a turning-point in its history. That few persons outside of diplomatic circles knew of Muriaveff and his position in Russia until his death is not at all strange, considering the character of the man and his surroundings. Russia being an absolute monarchy, all things are done through and by the Czar, and all the glory accrues to him. Individual fame and glory in a subject—outside the army—is only a means to his downfall. He is the wise statesman in Russia who sinks his personality, deprecates his own influence, and lets his work seem to be the work of the Emperor. Moreover, Muriaveff was naturally the sort of man of affairs who prefers to work beneath the surface, and who takes to Machiavellian diplomacy and manipulation easily and naturally.

This is the sort of statesman most successful in Russia; and Muriaveff was eminently successful. That Russia has opened up a new national domain in Siberia, that she has paved the way for seizing a liberal slice of China, has found an open Pacific port, has been able to crowd and alarm England on the Turkish and Indian borders, are mainly due to this submerged, hidden Bismark.

I saw Muriaveff two years ago in St. Petersburg, just when he had pushed the British diplomats—whom he hated—to the wall, and had proved to the few who knew the workings of the Russian government, the strength of his position. At that time, I had not met Dr. Leyds, the astute and unscrupulous Transvaal agent, but when I had that pleasure this year, I recalled the Russian at once. Differing totally in physical appearance—for the Russian was a big fellow and blonde as an Anglo Saxon while the Boer is a little, dark man with Maylay crescents in his finger-nails—they were yet remarkably alike in manner, in appearance, in external method, so that, in thinking of one, I always think of the other. Indeed, there was more than a superficial resemblance. Muriaveff was a polished, genial-seeming man of the world, as is the Transvaal Machiavelli. Again, he had the same air of humble, meek, Uriah heep piety and smooth deference. Socially, he was charming, a man of the world with high conversational powers. His smooth-shaven face was round, unwrinkled, and even child-like in appearance. His head at the time when I saw him—he was then fifty-three—was as bald as a billiard-ball, and of a blonde pink. Behind his glasses, he carried a small, keen eye with a squint.

Under all this affability of exterior lay a character cold, hard, remorseless, an untiring personal ambition, and one point of conscience—loyalty. This was the single scruple which he possessed; no one ever accused him of any other. Russia being the land of lies, no one lays deceit against the account of anyone, most of all a diplomat, and with the deceitful Count lying was an art. He correlated, he interwove his lies, dodging their consequences, and avoiding the points where they crossed with consummate skill. He may have told the truth to the Czar, but to everyone else—for, in spite of his apparent genialty, he had no intimates—he was a Mephistopheles, with a lie on his heart and a smile on his lips.

Although Muriaveff's real influence extends over many years, his actual accession to power dates from four years back, when he was sent to Denmark as minister. Denmark is the nucleus of the petticoat diplomacy of Europe, owing to favorable marriages made for the family of sisters to which the Princess of Wales belongs; it was here that he fell in with the Dowager Empress of Russia, the head of the conservative faction and at that time the absolute dictator of her son's attitude and opinion on things. She was away from the rivalry of the home court and from any special Moscovite influence except Muriaveff's. He improved the opportunity to worm himself into her confidence. How he did it is, of course, a secret, but it is presumed that he worked on her conservative prejudices and made her believe that his accession to power wonld mean a reactionary movement. Luck favored him; Lebanoff, the Foreign Minister, died just at that juncture; the Empress threw her influence into the opening and placed her favorite. From that moment dates the forward movement in Russian affairs, the extension of the Transiberian Railway, the opening of Port Arthur, all the great expansion in Russian national policy. It is known that Muriaveff was the power back of all these changes. The Transiberian Railway, indeed, was not especially his plan; it was launched long before his time, but he steered it through. All the anxiety caused England by the Russian movements on the Indian and Afghan border was traceable to him, for hatred of the English, Chamberlain in especial, was with him a passion. The British diplomats, accustomed to more direct methods, were no match for him with his Russian way of conducting affairs; he simply wound them around his finger, played with them. Now that his personality has been removed from the foreign situation, a heart-felt sigh of relief has gone up from the English Diplomatic Corps.

AMOS SHELDON.

The Japanese Minister.

THROUGH San Francisco the other day, there passed on his way to Washington—Kogoro Takahira, the new Minister Plenipotentiary of Japan to the United States. Minister Takahira is not a stranger in this country. As member of the Japanese legation from 1879 to 1883, he framed the babyhood of his diplomatic career in Washington. He is now one of Japan's most distinguished diplomats, having filled the office of Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs in Tokio for the past year. He has been Consul-General at New York, Minister to Holland, Minister to Italy and Embassador to the court of Vienna. He expresses himself as delighted with his new post, which, especially in view of the present complications in the Orient, is a most important one. Minister Takahira seems in the prime of life, although he calls himself fifty years old. Short, thick-set, powerful of body, he has a keen eye, a kindly and intelligent face, and manners that are courtesy itself. He travels with his wife, who has accompanied him throughout his diplomatic tribulations.

Kogoro Takahira,
The New Minister Plenipotentiary of Japan to the United States.
Photo by Vaughan & Keith.

The Pope's Day.

THIS is the way in which Pope Leo XIII, passes the summer days. As soon as the birds begin to twitter in the Vatican gardens, and the great bell of St. Peter's strikes six o'clock, His Holiness arises and is assisted in his toilet by Pio Centra, who is his grand and dignified valet. After celebrating mass, and assisting at a second by one of his chaplains, the Pope breakfasts, and then sits down to his pastime of reading the classics or composing Latin poetry, for which he has rare talent. At 9:15 Cardinal Rampolla, the Pontifical Secretary of State is admitted, and the two are frequently transacting church business together until 12 o'clock. A frugal luncheon is then served, and afterwards the aged Pontiff takes an hour's rest. But then Leo XIII immediately resumes his work, remaining at his desk till nearly six o'clock, when he walks, or drives about the beautiful Vatican grounds accompanied by a Cardinal or prelate of his Court and escorted by two of the Pontifical Palace guards. The day closes with rosary and evening prayers, at which a of his immediate entourage assists.

Native Life in Korea.

A School Teacher.

Playing Checkers.

A Lady of Quality.

The Scavenger.

Laundresses Ironing Linen.

"Jiggy Man." Kite-Flying.

Scraps From a Korean Note Book.

BY H. E. BOSTWICK.

The Native Costume.

In leaving the foreign settlement of Seoul for the native quarter proper, there is the greatest contrast between the hurrying energy of the white man and the dead-weight immobility of the brown. The hats, belonging to officials of different grades and their attaches, quite baffle description. Here you see an ugly plum-colored thing, something like one fez upside down and on top of another; or a glazed black structure higher in front than behind, something of the helmet order; or a cloth hat, dark green, which has lost all its stiffness and whose rim is turned up too much and stuck to the crown; or a flat faded velvet affair, embroidered in any color you choose: or a two peaked turban, suggesting a pack saddle but of a flaming scarlet, crusted with a golden wing at one side. This last man, very grand in all his upper garments, *as he sits*, shines untarnished, but were he to stand, up, you would see he wears someone's cast-off elastic Congress gaiters, all frayed out, and no socks. Splendor and shabbiness go hand in hand in Seoul, and for that matter all over Asia!

* * *

The Deserted Palace.

Early in my visit I went with a party of friends to see one of the four deserted Palace Grounds. This one includes hundreds of acres, beautifully diversified with little lakes, and one of these surrounds a magnificent pavilion, supported on immense stone pillars with a great paved court yard in the front and a long double row of stone columns about two feet in height, each indicating the rank of the persons seeking audience with the King. The largest of the almost numberless buildings is the Audience Hall, with its mast-like pillars supporting a ceiling at an elevation of nearly one hundred feet above a beautiful tiled floor. The dwelling houses of the Royal Family were built upon the banks of the smaller lakes and surrounded by walls for still greater seclusion.

Walls within walls, gates within gates, All now deserted and in ruins. Lovely wild flowers and the exquisite amphilopilis vines growing everywhere, nature weaving a funeral covering for this scene of desolation The white heron, the sacred bird of the Korean mind, were flying in hundreds over our heads in perfect security, no one ever molesting them, they, the Koreans, regarding this bird as a especial friend of man. There are two legends concerning it and firmly believed by the natives. One is that one of these birds once pecked off its bill in frantic effort to ring a temple bell to save a man who was in danger. Another one tells how a hunter shot an arrow through the head of a snake that was about to devour some newly-hatched herons. He, in turn, was saved by the mother bird, who pecked to death a snake that had gotten into the man's stomach while he was drinking from a spring, and the man was not injured. The legend of the "wild goose" and why it is used at marriage ceremonies is equally interesting. No Korean would think himself properly married had he not been presented by his bride with a wild goose, even if it be hired for the occasion. Two deserving people are said to have noticed a goose, whose mate wos killed, return to the place year after year to mourn her loss, and such constancy they seek to commend to their wives. They further pledge each other at this time with these words: "Black is the hair that now crowns our heads; yet when it has become as white as the fibre of the onion root, we shall still be found faithful to each other.

* * *

The Dwellings of the People.

The Korean houses are little straw-thatched huts encircled by mud walls; they look like a bed of thriving mush rooms, these low one-storied houses, with their sloping roofs, some tiled, some turfed, and all a neutral tint. With us, the practical question is: By what labor-saving devices one man may be enabled to accomplish the work of ten? In Korea and China as well, the opposite question is the subject of constant and anxious study: with an excessive population, how may any given piece of work be so divided and subdivided as to furnish the largest sustenance to the largest possible nnmber of persons? With both these people, nothing, absolutely nothing, is lost or wasted. The smallest rags and shreds of cloth are saved-was told that half the houses in Peking are built of fragments of brick that have been in use for centuries. In the country in Korea the weeds and grass by the wayside are carefully gathered by women and children, the entire surface being scratched over and over again and this refuse dried for fuel. When I inquired if the Korean paper was made from rags, the reply was, "No, there are no rags." In many of these lines it is cheaper for us to waste than to save—it is just the opposite with these people.

The wall of Seoul is punctured by eight gates of enormous size, adorned with figures in bronze or iron of demons of various sizes, and are closed at night fall. Their greyness and solidity seem more like the work of nature than of man. This wall, always an interesting study to me, defines the city wtih a strange outline; now and then, it drops down into a tiny valley, but generally it pulls itself up to the very top of the rugged mountains. I took many an evening walk along this wall and enjoyed the gorgeous sunsets.

* * *

Swing Day, and the Valley of Lillies.

The streets of Seoul are narrow and tortuous. I was sure to get lost without a guide. On each side is an open gutter (called Gatchen in the Korean) into which the refuse and sewarage of the houses and every other useless thing is thrown.

Now and then a street has not even a gutter. In this case the roadway is the receptacle of every species of filth. On every hand there is an atmosphere of age and moldering memories. In all well-to-do Korean homes you will find the gilt and black tablets inscribed with the names of the departed. Before these tablets the smoke of incense and sacrifice arise daily. In the homes of the poor the evil spirits are their constant dread, and often, over the little doors to the house, I saw little heaps of offensive matter placed to keep them out.

Each day almost, I saw great gaudy paper fishes hanging here and there about the city and learned their meaning to be that a male child had been born in the house over which this fish was hung!

June 12th was "Swing Day." Towards evening a little party of us went out to the Great South Gate to a Buddhist Temple far up on the hillside and, on our way, saw hundreds of swings and crowds of people, old and young, going and coming and swinging. They do not swing as we do. Usually two men or two boys stand in the swing, face to face, and as they go up and come down their long outside gown floats in the air, making a picturesque appearance among the foliage and green trees. Our walk back was for a long way just outside the wall, threading our way along the narrow streets filled with the odd people, who have an unpleasant way of following or crowding around foreigners. The city has long since outgrown its walls and nearly as many lives outside as inside them.

I had one interesting day with friends in a beautiful valley, out and beyond the noted Peking Pass, a narrow natural cut through the mountain range. This valley is rightly named the "Lilly of the Valley" valley, as this delicate, sweet flower grows wild there in great profusion and the atmosphere is filled with its subtle fragrance.

* * *

A Korean Social Affair.

I was invited to the birthday party of an old Korean woman, 61 years of age, this particular number being of traditional importance with this peculiar people. She was a Christian, and all her household—being members of the Chong Dong church. There were perhaps twenty women and girls in the little court and house and as many men and boys in quite another part, for not even a birthday party can break in on their social laws, which decree the separation of the sexes. Being a friend of her friends the missionaries, I was admitted into full communion in the affair, even to going into the little eight by eight room or "Kang" occupied by the old lady, where a little table was spread with the Korean feast. Miss Wambold sitting on the floor on one side and I on the other, and the open door and window was filled with the curious crowd. Now, I really made a strong effort to eat, but not one mouthful would my untrained stomach receive. The missionary who was with me explained to them that I had had my tiffin; but she really did eat a little, though she confessed to me on the way home that her stomach "burned within her." The chief dish, and the dish on all occasions, is called "kim che," and is composed of onions, dried fish, and red and green peppers.

* * *

The Sacred Mountains.

"Nam San" mountain is situated in the heart of the city and is heavily wooded and regarded as sacred. The view from the top, 800 feet above the city and rising directly out of it, of the gleaming grey pinnacles of the nearby mountain ranges and the beautiful river Han, hurrying to the sea, with its broad and shining coils, is simply magnificent. The background of Fuson itself is formed by wild and desolate hills with a fringe of firs bristling on the sky line and bright red terraces of cultivated soil below. To the imaginative Oriental people mountains mean much more than they do to us; they are the abodes of the divinities—the Fire God, the God of War, both live near Seoul in the mountains. I was reminded of the Syrians when they were beaten by the Children of Israel—"Their Gods are Gods of the Hills, therefore they were stronger than we." These mountains about Seoul rise, in many places, like almost perpendicular battlements or huge rock-bound fortresses.

The Personality *of* Sir Robert Hart.

AMID the uncertainty, alarm and despair caused by the obscure news from China, men that know place whatever hope there remains a-glimmering in the influence of one man—Sir Robert Hart, Inspector-General of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs. He alone, it is felt, of all foreigners, has gained sufficient confidence and respect from the Chinese Mandarins to make them understand the terrible consequences that would recoil upon them from the massacre of the envoys of the Powers. He alone can give them an idea of the implacable vengeance—the vengeance of the whole white race—that they would call down upon themselves. He alone can do this, for he is the only white man who has ever gained the confidence of the Chinese Government.

* * *

For forty years Sir Robert Hart has controlled the Chinese Foreign Customs service. He is one of the greatest mandarins in China. From the standing-desk in his little office in Pekin, he collects the revenues of the largest empire on earth, governs the municipalities of thirty or forty ports over a coast-line of 4000 miles, protects the shipping of that coast by a fleet of gunboats and a splendid system of light-houses, regulates the going and coming of great freight carriers, issues monthly, quarterly and yearly yellow books of statistics and reports, and controls a staff of over 500 Europeans and 2000 natives of the most efficient civil service known. Besides, he finds time to negotiate the big Chinese loans, to advise the Tsung-li-Yamen on foreign relations, and to fish the latter body out of the hot water in which it is perpetually hurling itself.

* * *

The man who does this is now seventy years old. He is a self-centered unassuming person, of gracious manners and manifest strength of will. He is spare of figure and his hair and beard are iron-gray. Although hospitable, his official residence being a social center for the white colony of Peking who attend religiously his weekly dinner and dance, yet he lives very much alone. In the service, he is merely "the I. G.," a mysterious, never-seen, all-seeing "something" which is hardly thought of as a man, but a mere mystical abstraction that understands and directs. Not ten per-cent of his employees have ever seen their chief, and yet it is a common saying that in the service, you cannot flirt with a woman, buy a pony, or play a game of cards without a little bird at once carrying the tale to the "I. G." at Peking and probably bringing down one of the famous "threatening letters."

* * *

Sir Robert receives no fixed salary. From the immense revenue which he collects and turns into the Imperial coffers, he takes what sum he pleases for the expenses of the service and his own renumeration. Because of the appalling corruption of Chinese officialdom, the receipts from the Maritime Customs are the one sure source of revenue of the Celestial government, so that Sir Robert may well be said to hold the purse of the Empire.

The analogy between the present situation in China and others in the past is shown strikingly by an adventure that happened to Hart thirty years ago. It was in 1860, in the midst of the Anglo-Franco-Chinese war. France and Great Britain had joined hands in an endeavor to chastize the great yellow dragon for some massacre of Christians. Tien-Tsin was taken by the allies after a bombardment of the Taku forts, and a march was begun toward Peking (Does not this seem a reporting of present events?) Then the wily Chinese began to temporize. They wanted to negotiate. The allies sent commissioners under small escorts to Peking. The commissioners and their escorts were taken by the Celestials, placed in iron-cages too low to allow of standing, too narrow to allow of lying down, and they were perambulated in these for the amusement of the populace. At each stopping place little momentoes (ears, finger-tips, toes, pieces of nose or tongue) of the foreign devils were distributed to the mobs. This lasted for weeks and few lived to see the capture of Peking, which freed them. Among those who survived, however, was Hart, then a young financial agent.

Notwithstanding his early experiences, Sir Robert Hart has faith in the Chinese. No people, according to him, are easier to deal with. "I would rather," he once said, "walk through China with a baby in my arms than with a revolver."

PEOPLE and THINGS

Dusty San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, we must agree, is a windy city. There is no use trying to hide the fact, no use prevaricating to ourselves—in San Francisco the wind does blow. Take a stroll along the streets. It is windy. Everything proclaims the fact—the dust and pulverization of the great city's refuse strikes your face like sand-blast, enters your nose, your mouth, your eyes; you must tack carefully to round the corners; women's skirts flap up against your legs with buzzing violence. The fact is imprinted in the mannerisms of the citizens. A San Francisco man's habitual expression is a puckered-up resistance, a closing as far as possible of all facial interstices. His habitual fashion of wearing his hat is screwed down upon his ears and nose; his habitual walk to tack along with body tilted toward one side or the other at an angle of 45 degrees. When he stands, it is with legs spread out like a compass. When he laughs it is with teeth tightly clenched. When he runs after a hat it is with the grace of a skilled energy. We can no more hide the fact that he is from a windy city, than a Chinaman can hide the fact that he comes from China.

Now why should not everybody admit that fact and act accordingly? Why should not the Board of Public Works admit the fact and act accordingly?

***

The Remedy.

THE streets of San Francisco are really almost unbearable on account of the dust. If the dust was pure, pulverized, mineral deposit, he would not mind so much. But to have one's ears and nose and eyes and mouth constantly filled with powdered and concentrated animal and vegetable detritus is unpleasant and unhealthy. The only remedy for this is sprinkling. San Francisco is, from its topography, in an exceptional situation. Exceptional measures should be taken to meet this situation. Exceptional street-sprinkling should be done. Otherwise, San Francisco will always be an exceptionally unpleasant and dirty city. All cities try to neutralize their natural advantages. The natural disadvantage of San Francisco is dust. Let us lay the dust.

***

President Wheeler's Conservatism.

I HAD expected that after his eastern trip President Wheeler of the University of California would begin the long-expected pruning of his faculty. But the conservative head of the institution at Berkeley has disappointed us again. A lot of studious young fellows, most of them graduates of the University, have been appointed instructors and a retired United States army officer has been selected for the head of the Military Department; that is all. Of course, Dr. Wheeler must know his own business better than I, and must have his reason for leaving affairs in *statuo quo*. We are aware of his aversion to noise and notoriety—wherein he is in pleasing contrast to the head of the rival institution—and, perhaps, he believes in evolution rather than in revolution, but the evolution strikes me as somewhat slow.

Dr. Wheeler has the love and the enthusiastic support of his students and the confidence of the Regents, which means more than most people would believe. Nevertheless, I am driven to wonder if Professor Wheeler knows all that is going on in some departments of his university. If he does, he must share in the general opinion that a cleaning-out is necessary. Not only are certain professors superannuated and notoriously incapable, but some departments are shams all the way through.

***

Incompetent Professors.

For instance there is a Modern Language Department where eighteen lauguages are spoken with jargonic effect and none worse than the one supposed to be taught. There, the student learns a sort of Volapuk-hash which, in the innocence of his heart, he thinks one of the great modern tongues. In another Modern Language Department, a course in a sonorous, southern language is given by a man those only safety lies in a handicap of a few pages which he has gained on his class and which he holds diligently, while another sonorous and no less southern language is taught by a person who learns in Oakland in the morning what he teaches in Berkeley in the afternoon. A third dialect, a polite and a refined tongue, is represented by two good professors, who, however, are seconded by three instructors who could not glide through the intricacies of a dinner menu. In some other departments, although in lesser degree, similar conditions prevail. One of the technical schools has for head a gentleman whose chief prestige lies in an immaculate frock-coat incasing a most splendid physical form. Another—but enough. President Wheeler is probably aware of all this. I hope that, since his mills grind exceedingly slow, they also grind exceedingly fine.

***

The Departure of the Third Artillery.

DEPARTURE of the Third Artillery for China, last week, measured the reduction of our patriotic hysterics. When the Spanish War was new, the First Infantry was the first regiment ordered out of San Francisco. It had been quartered here for many years, the men had married San Francisco women, the officers were figures in local society. Consequently, the personal feeling was added to our enthusiasm at their departure. No greater crowd gathered that year, even when our own volunteers went away. There was little cheering, and little visible enthusiasm, but it was from excess rather than lack of feeling. People were literally afraid to trust their voices. And now, the Third Artillery, which has also been at San Francisco so long that it is part of the city, gets away for a war which the United States army considers sure death, and not a living soul save their own families and friends, goes a half block to watch them march away. The departure of the *Hancock* was watched by only a very small crowd, and there was no decoration on the proceeding. If the women cried, it was for grief over their own, not from sentimental hysteria, and they did it quietly and in the corners. Business it was, not glory; the regular has indeed displaced the volunteer.

***

The Nome Liar Changes His Tune.

WHEN the Nome craze was new, the papers of this grand and glorious country could not say too much in praise of the northern gold camp. Now that the reaction has set in and the failures are drifting back on the return steamers, the papers, as is their wont, have gone to the opposite extremes and are denouncing the whole stampede as a hoax. There seems to be as little ground for the late "roasts" of the camp as for the over-drawn and excessive praise in which certain sensational papers indulged last spring. No one with any common sense expected that everyone of the thousands who rushed north in June last were going to get rich. There were bound to be people unprepared with the necessities for living and mining, people who could not see a business chance if it walked up to them, people who would be incompetent in any business whatsoever. Nothing else was to be expected. It is these very failures who come back first and it is they who do the talking just now. The successful miners and business men are staying, and they have too much work on hand to take time to write letters to the press. The camp is overcrowded, I grant that, and it is not all that it was said to be by correspondents who were making copy last spring—else the world,s gold supply would be doubled—by now—but the wealth is there, just the same, as will be proved when the summer clean-up comes out.

***

The Despair of Prof. Jaffa.

With a regularity that might be called punctuality, one finds displays in the Sunday supplements of Professor Jaffa's babies. They are the favorite subject of the Sabbath editor. Whenever there is a vacant space among the blanket pages—a space the filling of which has defied the ingenuity of the

LORD ROBERTS:

staff, a man is detailed to go forth to Berkeley and obtain the latest tales about the Jaffa nursery. This Jaffa is assistant professor of——— at the University of California, and his wife is a physician of unusual intelligence. By reason of the parents' professions, it was assumed by the busy university world that the latest practices of medicine would be expressed in the upbringing of their offspring. This was quite enough for the purpose. For Sabbath supplement usages, a theory with names is ever so much more flexible than a fact. In thinking up extraordinary things to be done to the Jaffa babes, much ingenuity has been exercised—in local editorial rooms. We have had them figuring as the victims of stern dietary systems (illustrated); we have had them exercising their infantile muscles (illustrated); we have been told of the eccentric manner in which their brains and memories have been developed (illustrated). Yet there is a man over in Berkeley who persists in denying that he entertains any undue theories about infant culture, who declares that his little ones are reared just as are the offspring of all other intelligent parents—his name is Professor Jaffa

***

Two Tales on W. R. Hearst.

IT grieves my artistic soul that W. R. Hearst did not go on with his vice-presidential campaign and secure the nomination. The crusade to follow would have been one to give joy to the heart. Without doubt, he would have taught us a new way of electing or defeating a vice-president, as he has taught us a new way of running a sensational newspaper. Which reminds me of two good stories they are telling in New York about the vaudeville methods of journalism trained into his staff. It appears that during the equinoctial storms of this spring news came into the *Journal* office that a party was shipwrecked on a little island down the coast. A tug was fitted out and loaded with provisions and the most vivid space-writers to be spared; the engraving department got ready for rush orders and the business office made preparations to open a subscription for the needy subscribers. When the tug reached the island, they found a happy party of campers having the best time of their lives. "Shipwrecked!" they said, "why, you're crazy." But the *Journal* men had come to rescue, and refused to depart empty-handed at the risk of their situations. A compromise was finally effected; half of the party agreed to be "rescued" and carried off to New York, while the other half stayed. Thus the reporters saved their positions and the paper had its sensation.

* * *

Later on, it occurred to Mr. Hearst that a little charity to the sweltering children of the tenements would look well on the front page. So he packed a squad of the dirtiest little boys and girls available, and sent them down to Coney Island to splash in the surf and dig on the beach for a week. They were put in charge of a "cub" reporter from the country who had orders to "take them out, keep them going, and get in a column a day, top-head." The weather changed in the night, and the week turned out to be the coldest known in New York for many a summer. Nevertheless, the "bright young man" had his orders. He dragged his victims out, carted them to the island, handed around pails and set them to digging and wading. All that week the farmhouses of Coney Island were besieged by barefoot children with pails and shovels begging a chance to come in and get warm. Before they were comfortably settled at the fire, the *Journal* man would rush in and drag them off to the water. "Here, here," he would say, "you've come to dig in the sand and splash in the water and you've got to do it." At the end of the week, when he returned his squad, and started to get a new supply, the inhabitants of the "sweltering tenements" rose *en masse*, laid him out with clubs and rocks, and defied philanthropy. Worst of all, the *Journal* had to pay the resulting doctor-bills in order to hush up the story.

BOSWELL, JR.

Baccaret is now prohibitited in Russia, even in private houses, by a ukase of the Czar. For a first offence the punishment will be a heavy fine, for a second a long term of imprisonment.

What Dreams May Come.

BY GELETT BURGESS.

(Copyrighted in the United States and England by Gelett Burgess.)

AY, there's the rub! If we could but forecast our dreams, who would care to keep awake? In that we are no further advanced than in the time of Pythagoras, still clumsy, ignorant amateurs in this fascinating and mysterious game, played by every race and condition of men under the moon. There are some, may be, who do not dream, poor half-made men and women, to whom a waking, literal prosaic life is the whole of existence. They stay idly at home, while you and I take ship upon the Unknown Sea, and navigate unchartered waters every night. Then we are poets, dunces, philosophers, clowns or madcaps of sorts in a secret carnival, changing not only our costumes, but often our very selves, doffing conscience, habit and taste, to play a new part at each performance.

If we could but manage this rare show, and not be mere marionettes, wired to the finger of the magician, what tremendous adventures might we not undertake! We have rare glimpses of the Lesser Mysteries, but the inner secrets of that inconsequent empire are still undiscovered. The revels confound us; we are whirled, intoxicated or drugged, into a realm of confusion, and, out of touch with senses, reason, and will, we cannot quite keep our heads clear. How many of us have tried to "dream true" like Peter Ibbetson, even to obeying the foolish formula he described, lying hands under head, foot upon foot, murmuring his magic words.

Try as we may, those of us who are true dreamers can never quite accept the psychologist's explanation of dreams. Some cases may be easily understood, perhaps, such as the physiological influence of a Welsh rarebit, a superabundance of covers, or suggestive noises. We may account, too, for those absurd visions that appear so often on awakening, when one sense after another comes breaking into our consciousness, and when the mind, summoned suddenly to construct some reasonable incongruous relation between floating pictures, seizes upon any explanation, however ridiculous. But of deeper dreams, dreams logical or meaningful, dreams that recur or are shared by others, modern science does not give any satisfactory theory and we are forced, willingly enough, no doubt, to apply the hypotheses of mysticism.

There are dreams, too, so progressive and educational, that they seem to involve a new science unknown in this workaday world. So many of us have had experiences with levitation in our dream life, that we are, so to speak, a cult. I began by jumping, timing each spring with the exact moment of alighting from a previous leap, profiting by the rebound, and, after many experiments, I am now able to float in the air, even accomplishing that most difficult of all feats, rising from in the air by a deliberate concentrated effort of will, even while lying on my back. Yet all of us, jumpers, flyers or floaters, must wait till that wonderful dream comes to us, after months may be, to indulge in that most exhilarating pastime.

Children's dreams are (until they are cruelly undeceived) quite as real as their waking moments, and it may be that we shall, in time, learn the forgotten art from them. It is dependent, no doubt, upon their power of visualizing imagined objects, but this ability to call up the images of anything they think of is as soon lost as their belief in dreams. Though the habit fades and is forgotten in the growing reality of our outward life, it may not be impossible, with practise, to regain the proficiency, for, at times of great physical fatigue the power comes back, often intensified almost to the point of hallucination. If we could train our imagination, then, and learn to see pictures when our eyes are shut, these might become more accurate and real so that, at the moment of sinking into unconsciousness, as we lose hold on tangible things, the vision would become one with the reality, and, still imagining and creating, we might pass over the footlights and dream true. To most of us there comes a recognizable moment when we know we are just at the border of sleep; if we could then with our last effort of will keep control of the moving pictures, we might go wherever we wished.

We might learn, too, to remember more of what happens in the night. We usually give what has passed in dream no more than an indulgent smile, and forget the strangeness of it all as soon as we are well awake. It is as if we had hurriedly turned the pages of an illustrative book. We recall, here and there, a few striking pictures, beautiful or comic, and the volume is replaced upon the shelves, not to be taken down till the next evening. It is a book from which we learn little; its contents are not even amusing to any one else, who has as fanciful tales in his own dreamland library. If we could, upon first awakening, impress our minds with the reality of our dreams, we might be able to recall more and more, and find that, in spite of their incongruity there was some law which governed their visitation and some meaning in their grotesque patterns.

To one who dreams frequently, bed-time cannot fail to be something to look forward to, to hope and to prepare for with efforts to capture in the net of sleep some beautiful dream. May we not, sometime, find the proper bait, and lie down confident that we shall be duly enchanted in some delightful way according to our desires? Till then, we must each buy our nightly ticket in Sleep's lottery, and draw a blank or a prize, as Morpheus wills. Some say that the most refreshing sleep is absolute unconsciousness of time—that one should shut one's eyes, only to open them in the morning, with the night all unaccounted for. But no true dreamer will assent to this; he knows it is not so. And, for my part, I would have the fiercest nightmare that ever raged, rather than no dream at all!

Stately Homes of Chili.

Continued from page four.

notable structure in any city. The interior is nobly spacious its salas superbly furnished. The palace of the Archbishop of Chili has all the air of a public edifice. It, too, is finely proportioned, with an elaborately pillared facade and adjoins the cathedral on the Plaza de Armis.

Many of Santiago's palaces are located on the Alameda. Each of them is lavish of expenditure in furnishings and decoration, but has not always character. The homes of Rafael Casanovia, Quesney MacKenna and Ramon Cruz, are three notable structures adjoining each other. Their facades are identical, but their interiors materially differ. In the house of Ramon Cruz is one of the most noted rooms in Chili. It is a grand "sala" or public reception room *cut* off at one end by a stage for musicians, and almost its entire wall space covered by immense mirrors mounted in stucco. The effect is striking, and the hall when illuminated, presents a dazzling glitter.

On the country estates of the Chilenos, however, are by far the most interesting mansions. These grand areas have been developed to a high degree of productiveness, and there is scarcely an estate which has not its picturesque residence with flower gardens, well kept lawns, fountains, and whatever else can charm the eye. Here then, is the true home of the Chileno, where, uncramped by the city's confines, he lives among the beauties of nature which have been so well developed by the hand of man as to render the "Lone Star" Republic one of the most prolific regions of the earth.

A splendid example of this class of Chilean homes is the estate known as *Lo Hermida*, a short distance outside the limits of Santiago. The rancho has been under cultivation for generations, and is the oldest, as well as best known property in this section of the Republic. It was originally a portion of the Errazuriz estates but has lately passed into the hands of Belisario Espinola. He paid over half a million pesos for it. The palatial residence, though effective, in its charming surroundings, seems a strange architectural fancy here, as it follows the idea of an old European feudal castle.

Panquehue, another estate belonging still to the Errazuriz family, is located in the Province of Los Andes. Its broad acres are exceedingly fertile and produce some of the best wines grown in the Republic. The residence at Panquehue is not so elaborate or costly as some of the others, but the Errazuriz homestead is both pretty and picturesque. The house, large in the beginning, has been added to frequently, until it covers a large area, while still maintaining a symmetry of architecture that is admirably suited to its environment. This house for years, has been famed for its hospitality and the richness of its furnishings. The noted family, producing two Chilean Presidents, has for more than a century been a byword in Chili for lavish entertaining.

Near the estates of Panquehue are the Cousino Country properties. They are also noted for the lavish hospitality offered strangers, for their wines, and natural beauties. On all of these places there are hundreds of natives who, while only employed intermittently, manage to secure during the year, sufficient work to supply their needs, and pass the rest of their time amusing themselves, in lazy, Latin fashion. The Chileno in his native state regards labor as a discipline that should only be undergone to provide the absolute necessities of life. He dwells, his whole existence through, close by the homestead of his employers, the son following the father in tilling of the soil for the great land owners, considering himself a part of the estate.

It is an almost Arcadian existence, this dreamy life on the fertile *mesas* of Chili, where nature herself furnishes almost everything that is necessary to man's subsistence. Here, the wealthy Chileno dreams away his allotted years, adding the spice of change by an annual sojourn at the Capital during the fashionable season, or varying this with a few weeks of summer pleasuring at the seaside. DOUGLAS WHITE.

The Transport Hancock at the Dock.

Lieut. H. C. Evans, Jr.

Captain Humphreys, Commanding the Battalion.

Departure of the Third Artillery for China.

IN THE SWIM.

International Polo.

The international-match bee is buzzing in the bonnets of the eastern polo players, and this fact has revived interest in the game the country over, even in this remote fastness of the Pacific Coast. The tournament at Burlingame this month will probably be one of the best held in years, the players being inspired by the hope that in some season not far distant they will have a chance to meet the Rockaways or some other Eastern club, with a view to sending the winners to England.

The proposed international match was made possible by Foxhall Keene and a few other polo enthusiasts, who went to England on their own responsibility early in the summer and were beaten after a hard struggle. The American four were not a representative lot, however, and the Englishmen, in a spirit of fairness, proposed to take steps for a return match on American soil. The arrangements are well under way, and when Keene left England last month the polo men of that country were in expectation of bringing off the match either this summer or next. If they come, their appearance will not be confined to one series of games; they will play a circuit, taking in the larger Eastern cities and possibly Chicago.

If this is brought about, the American Polo Association will try to make the international match a regular thing, like the yacht-race. There was such an arrangement at one time, but the matches were dropped after the English carried away the trophy in 1886

The chief bar to the project is the great cost of English polo ponies and the consequent aversion of their owners to chancing a sea-voyage with them. A good specimen brings about £700 or £800, and £1000 is often paid for an especially fine one. A really great pony is held beyond all value. Therefore, each member of a visiting team would risk horseflesh worth nearly $20,000 in his string of four or five. Then again, polo is an expensive game, standing next to yachting in that respect, and an international match is very costly.

Lawn Tennis Champions.

The Hardys went down rather easily in the eastern tennis tournament, proving that we are farther behind the East than the results at Del Monte seemed to show. It is true that the Whitneys are probably better individual players than the Hardys, but they are not enough better to have gone much further up in the eastern rankings. We are still pretty far to the rear in amateur athletics, as the University of California track team learned in May.

Now comes one Miles, the English court tennis champion and a professional expert in all kinds of racket games, and tells us that the best Eastern cracks are behind the best Englishmen, lacking their form and knowledge of the game. He admits that our men are more alert and have possibly more native ability, but believes that the finished, easy playing of the Dohertys, Mahoney, Nesbit, or Eaves would be too much for the best Americans.

His comment that "tennis is a game for a man of leisure" explains the difference. The best English experts have practically nothing to do bu play tennis. They keep in practice all the year round and are at the top notch rather late than early in life, at a time when the American player has put up his rackets and gone to work at something. This may explain, also, our inferiority on the Coast. We have not quite so much leisure lying around loose as they have in the East.

Decline of the Frock Coat.

Now that the *London Times* has announced on authority that the tall hat and frock coat, which hitherto has been recognized as the costume for Sandowne Park on the occasion of the royal visit, might be dispensed with during the very warm weather of last week in favor of the straw hat and cooler clothes, an opportunity presents itself for an enterprising leader of men's fashion to suggest a proper substitute for the frock coat during the summer season. The Englishman has clung to his frock and his high hat in all seasons and Americans who went to London have been forced to follow his example if they did not want to be unpleasantly conspicuous. The resulting discomforts were charged up to conventionality. The frock coat has lost favor here during the warm season and for the past two years when society has been mustered for country weddings and similar gatherings, a noticeable number of men have had the courage to dress for comfort and discard the frock coat and high hat. Undoubtedly the *London Times* had royal authority for its announcement of last week, and before it was published several well-known Englishmen had written letters to that paper condemning the high hat for summer, If the hot weather has made unbearable this traditional head covering of Englishmen it has served a good purpose.

Extortionate Parisians.

The robbery of strangers in Paris continues. From the boy who demands a pourboire for signaling an omnibus or cab to stop, to the maitre-d'hotel at the Cafe de Paris, Paillard's and the Cafe d'Ilena, which are the three most noted robber-dens in the gay city, and who turn up their noses at less than a twenty-franc fee, extortion meets even the experienced visitor at every turn. A friend tells me that he paid four dollars for a portion of asparagus for himself and wife at the Cafe d'Ilena on a recent evening, and another friend, who gave a dinner there for which he was charged eight hundred francs, handed the waiter a thousand-franc note in payment. When the change was returned to him it was in loose silver. As the waiter departed with a liberal fee, an idea occurred to him. He called him back and took up the reckoning from the plate, to find under it four louis, or sixteen dollars, in gold, which should have been given him in the change. The only satisfaction he obtained was to call the proprietor a robber.

It is curious that visitors to Paris will patronize such thieving resorts as the Cafe de Paris, Pallard's, the Cafe d'Ilena and other resorts where no prices are placed on the bills of fare. They simply place themselves at the mercy of highwaymen in dress suits. I have never seen money so recklessly and foolishly spent in Paris as during this year, and I regret to say that the Americans lead in this "bloomin' nonsense."

The Yacht as a Home.

A fad recently developed among certain members of Gotham's millionairedom is to pass nights on their yachts. Every morning from nine to ten a flotilla bears down upon the city front from up the sound, the Hudson, down the Bay, from Westchester, Long Island and Jersey. The white-hulled vessels drop anchor off the Battery, and a swarm of dingies, and whitehalls, and launches dart out from their sides and deposit upon land the men that do and undo Wall-street. From two to five, the reverse process takes place. The little dingies scurry back to the white-flanked ships; these weigh anchor and soon scatter in the distance toward the Sound, up the Hudson, down the Bay, towards Westchester, Long Island, and Jersey.

These floating homes of millionaires and multimillionaires are sumptuous palaces. Steel-hulled, fine-lined, they cut through the water at twenty knots. Saloons and state-rooms of magnificence, private suites and elaborate bath-rooms, billiard-rooms, side-boards glistening with silver and crystal, satisfy the taste for comfort and ease of the master. Private theatricals, dances, and dinners are frequently on board, and many a gigantic speculation game is planned over an evening smoke. Night comes and the man with a dozen irons in the financial fire forgets them to sleep a few cool hours on the water, lulled by the quiet rocking of his palatial cradle.

Politics as well as pleasure is played aboard these craft. The *Wild Duck*, property of Gen. Francis Greene, Chairman of the New York County Committee, is frequently used for political conferences. J. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair* does duty for financial plotting besides bringing the Morgan family down from their country home to do town-shopping. The *Kanawha* of John B. Duncan is one of the speeds of the fleet, her twin screws humming her along twenty-one knots with ease. The *Loando* is chartered by Charles R. Flint, the nitrate king who makes her his country home. A. L. Barber, of asphalt fame, passes his nights on the *Juanita*. The *Lucille*, the baby of the fleet takes H. Hoxer to and from his home at Huntington. Mr. Lydenberg, the lace manufacturer travels on the *Theresa*, while the *Union* runs to West Brigton, with the Hortons, bankers. Many of the New Yorkers, who cannot afford a boat of their own, club together and form parties of five or ten to hire one, and the flotilla is growing every day.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay.

Mrs. Mackay has felt so terribly the death of her elder son that she has scarcely entertained since that dreadful epoch in her life. But she has now in London her son Clarence and his bride; and the door is once more open at Carlton House Terrace to her friends. She recently gave a concert to a small party—some hundred and fifty of her friends, and there her son and his bride were welcomed to this country. Mrs. Clarence Mackay is a tall brunette, with a beautiful and exquisitely graceful figure, has fine, regular features, beautiful large brown eyes, and an expression at once of amiability and of perfect frankness and simplicity that made every one take to her at once. She was very tastefully dressed; her one ornament was a large tiara of diamonds with large turquoise model. This simplicity brought into relief the beauty of the tiara, and was considered by everybody as far more graceful and striking than if she had spread a quantity of jewellery over her dress, as so many ladies are foolish enough to do.

MEDITATIONS OF A MATRON.

BY MRS. CRICKET.

NEVER before have I realized how difficult it is to hurry dressmakers, my dear Diary. Owing to the fire at Castle Crags I am in view of a new wardrobe. I hate to get things between seasons still one cannot be at Del Monte and not dress. I spent the beginning of last week at San Rafael, but going to town daily made me so tired I decided to remain here until I was ready to go away. Mama was at Del Monte so I telegraphed her to come up to help her child buy some clothes. It so flattened her that she has been amiable ever since.

All the resorts are pretty quiet now, and a great many people, especially those who have children at school, are returning to town. I shall be glad to be at Del Monte during August for it is always gay and jolly and the weather so perfect. Everyone I know is to be there for the six day's sports. In fact, a number of people are coming up from Los Angeles and Santa Barbara to have some fun that is fun. Mr. Henry Scott is giving a cup for the golf champion. There will be baseball and races, and what I like best of all, Polo. Arthur is simply mad about polo. Robert is supplying him with horses, much to my chagrin, for I do not approve of Arthur taking that attitude towards my husband. Robert has been up at the County Club deer hunting this last week having a fine time. I am delighted he likes hunting and fishing for I think a man gets a better rest that way than any other. He wanted Arthur to accompany him but Arthur could not leave his ponies. The Santa Barbara polo players insist that their team is infinitely stronger this year than last, and they are going to give the Burlingamites a harder time in the fight for the trophy.

I went to the matinee on Wednesday to see "His Excellency the Governor." I did not specially enjoy the piece, but a great many of the girls were there and we had a nice time together. The Hopkins, Morgans, and Helen Dean and I went and had tea afterwards at the "Sign of the Peacock." I like that place, it is so different from any other out here.

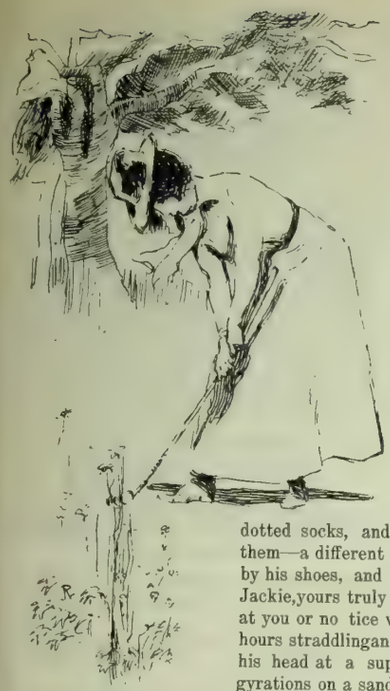
Most of the more enlightened girls, in other words, Leila's friends, are quite enthusiastic about Burton Holmes' lectures. Besides the talks the pictures are simply superb. I have been to the Tivoli, too, to hear the opera. I think it exceedingly good. I am so fond of opera for itself. Mama says she really only cares for opera when it is a fashionable event and she can wear her stunningest gowns and sit be-diamoned out of all recognition in a box. I, however, really care for music, so Arthur and I went to hear 'Aida' Monday night. He has never yet missed a performance of Aida. It is one of his favorite operas. I do not think the music of any but of "Tristram" appeals to me as much. The Tivoli was packed on Monday and the audience most enthusiastic. I think I saw every musical person in town enjoying it.

In a letter from Leila I hear that the great event of her life is to take place in September. She will be married at Del Monte. There is a dear little church there just outside of the grounds. She will invite her guests from town and have a special train return with them in the evening. She will remain there as Mr. Taunton wishes to spend some months on this coast. I was quite surprised at Leila's letter, for both Robert and I thought she had entirely forgotten her *fiance's* very existence. Leila is a very queer girl, and one I think not apt to make an ordinary man particularly happy. She has broken off this engagement now three times, but he told me when I saw him in New York he was determined on marrying Leila and I am glad she has at last consented to set the date. He will not arrive in California until after the sports at Del Monte, as he is very averse to forming new friends. Reggie Taunton is the most versatile man I have ever met. He is witty and merry and sings delightfully all sorts of songs. He paints, and makes smart after-dinner speeches. Now what more could one desire in a man? He neither drinks nor smokes and does not know what it means to be moody. Fancy Leila even thinking of breaking off an engagement to a man like that. Leila's friends are all so anxious to see him. She is going to have the six of her girl friends who are not yet married, for bridesmaids, and all her married friends at her table afterwards. The best man and six other fellows will come out here with Reggie. One of them, by the way, at one time was himself engaged to Leila. Arthur will not be at the wedding as he and Mr. Taunton are really old fashioned deadly enemies. I think it is Arthur's fault but Leila says Reggie is equally to blame. As it is all about a horse deal there is no possible chance of a reconciliation.

Now Diary dear, except that Caro Crockett is staying at the Hotel Rafael with the McBeans and Ella Bender with Katherine Dillon and that Molly Thomas is the very prettiest girl over in Marin County, I think I have told you all the news of this week.

HANDICAPPED - *Told* in Two Letters.

BY GRACE A. LUCE



GLADYS TO JACK.

MY dear Jackie—I suppose I am a summer girl. Everyone seems to think so, and I'm sure I'm having a perfectly lovely time. My new bathing suit is too sweet for anything, and my golf skirt hangs like a dream. I wear my red coat wherever I go and a sailor with a red pugaree. As to flirting—you know I must just keep my hand in, and I'm practicing on two college kids, somebody's grandpapa and the hotel entertainer. I get around to each about once a day. One of the college boys wears the dearest polka dotted socks, and somebody's grandpapa's vests—I do admire them—a different color for every day. I always judge a man by his shoes, and the entertainer wears such sweet ones. But Jackie,yours truly is disappointed in golf. How can a man look at you or no tice what you have on (I mean me) when he spends hours straddlingan imaginary line, with his eyes staring out of his head at a supercilious ball, squatting undisturbed by his gyrations on a sand pedestal—such dirty, wet sand. Pretty soon the ball whizzes, and I jump, and the man strides after it with a lope like a kangaroo's, making passes at his caddy,and bellowing "Fore," in a terribly loud,rude manner. I quake in my black ties, and trot along after him, with my sleeves rolled up as if I knew it all—but it's a bluff. You see, Jackie, he's the only man here, handsomer than you, and if you speak to him on the golf course, he growls. I asked if he thought I looked best in a sailor or a sombrero, and he said, "I chuck." This evening, after dinner, (he came in wearing his knickers) he was so tired he snored in the office. There's a new girl here with a fat mama. She sat down next to him. She has a face that looks as if she had a chronic case of poison oak The sort that a man says is "n. g." Mr. Ashton, that's his name, suddenly woke up, glared at her, said "Fore!" and limped off to bed. I saw her and her mother whispering together for eight and a half minutes. But he's really worth looking at—such fine shoulders. By the way, Jackie, I don't think I can marry you under any consideration, because—will finish this to-morrow night. I'm sleepy.

Well, to-day—this is to-morrow—the new girl appeared on the links in a hastily thrown together blue suit and the wrong kind of shoes. Her mama was in a dress with a train. They roamed around the Club house watching me for hours. Her name is Nettie Darling and her mama's is Mrs. T. Van Lauderdale Smith.

"Good mornin'," said Nettie Darling, looking out from under her green tam-o'-shanter, "do you play gowf?"

"I never allow Nettie Darling to go on the links unchaperoned," said Mrs. S., shaking the dust out of the black tail of her gown, which she whacked against the railing.

"Don't you like her to have any fun?" I asked.

"If a strange man should speak to me," said Nettie Darling, "I should be awfully disturbed."

"She has never accepted an invitation from a man in which I was not included," said Mrs. Smith.

"It is so nice of mama to always go with me," said Nettie Darling. "It makes it so much easier for me to think of something to say. I am so afraid of men," she added, so innocently. "Aren't you?"

Oh, Jack, she made me feel so bold and bad.

At that minute Mr. Ashton came riding awfully fast down from the hotel on his wheel, pedaling "pigeon-toed," (I can't do it.) He swung himself off ever so gracefully, kicked the thing over with an awful racket, dashed past us (without bowing even) pulling off his red coat. Just think, Jack, he had yelled "caddy" fearfully loud before he got across the veranda, plunged into the men's dressing room, and three minutes later was streaking past us for the first green, with his collar off, his hair flying in the breeze, his shirt sleeves rolled way up to his shoulders and carrying three bags of clubs.

But what do you think? I was so surprised. Mrs. Smith picked up her dress, gave Nettie Darling a glance, seized a caddy, and went for the green, just like a college boy sprinting. I saw her introducing the new girl, and both of them talking to him, and I just returned to the hotel. They didn't get back until six o'clock, and they were still with him.

About my marrying you, why I thought we were Platonic friends. If you only played golf! Don't you think you could join the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium and try to work up a more athletic build? I am getting freckled. I don't believe you'll like me when you see me.

Your devoted chum,

GLADYS.

ASHTON TO JACK.

Jack, old boy—Hope you'll come down soon; the golf-links are in fine condition. Went around eight times yesterday. Girls are as thick as flies. Some of them have got mothers, too. I went around in fifty yesterday, went over the hazards like a bird, but fell down in the last hole. There's a h—— of a canyon that if you get into, you're lost, and if you send your caddy down you never see him again. Real sporty.

One of these damsels played with me the other day. Don't ask me. I don't know how. A sporty looking young party named Gladys wears mannish things and square-toed shoes—you know 'em—muscular development, and looks as if she'd played golf all her life. But she hasn't. It is a case of stiff collar and no back bone. She wears the right sort of tie, but it takes the whole d—— day to get around once with her, and then you miss dinner.

"Oh, Mistah Ashton," she piped, as she teetered about watching me drive off. "Don't you enjoy yachting?"

"Um."

"What do you wiggle that way foh when you use your drivah?"

"Um."

"Do you believe women ought to be in politics?"

"Um."

"Oh, Mistah Ashton, do you prefeh caramels or candied violets?"

"Damn!"

She jumped about three feet. But I was feeling "candied" myself then, and had missed that ball once a minute. Every time I addressed the ball she addressed me, and I was handicapped.

"Oh, Mistah Ashton," (this was when she had to drive off) "do I look behind the ball, or right at it?"

"At it."

"Taking this as a command she took off her coat and rolled up her sleeves.

"Oh, Mistah Ashton, should my thumb be on top or underneath?"

"Um."

"Now where am I to aim for?"

"Um."

"Oh, yes, thank you." (Pause in which she pulled her skirt down all around and retied her necktie.) "You know so many men have told me I am too womanly to play golf well."

"Um."

"How far should I stand from the ball? Will you measure for me?"

"Um."

She stood back as if she were about to chop off a chicken's head at a block, swung around three times, fanned the air wildly, looked scared and stopped as suddenly as if a cow had come on the field.

"Oh, Mistah Ashton, my sand-tee has tumbled down."

I'm not saying there isn't something rather attractive about her. She reminds me of a painting (not belonging to the impressionest school)—a smooth, pretty little thing, but I'm afraid her colors might run.

But there's another girl here. She doesn't dress much. You know real athletes don't. I expected her to talk about church music and the weather. She never opened her mouth. When she struck the ball, it hummed through the air as straight and pretty as a peach. We played two balls; when we stopped I was only four holes up. Gad, I'd marry that girl to-morrow if she'd have me. Who cares that she has a mother? On the golf-course the old lady ambles along, yards behind. She usually cross cuts to the Club house, when no one's looking. You'd better come down, and jolly up Gladys what's her name. For God's sake, keep her away from the golf course. She's handicapped. She's too good looking. It's a foozle for her. We have a tournament to-morrow. Am "putting" in my bathrobe evenings. Fore!

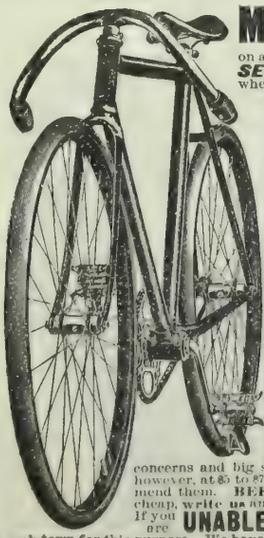
ASHTON.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-314 POST STREET

SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

All the Latest Books in Our Sheet Music Department.



MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address ***WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE.*** ***SEND US YOUR ORDER,*** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL C. O. D.** on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing **our 1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Mesinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. **Our binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barred pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at $3 to $10 each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for Bargain List. **OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. ☞ Give name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, *Chicago, Ill.*

Affection

Exhales from children as fragrance from flowers. The little lips are always puckered to give or take a kiss. In homes where there are children, love reaches its fairest and sweetest proportions. In childless homes the kiss of wife and husband grows formal, and presently is neglected; the springs of love in the heart become choked for want of use and exercise. Childlessness is a great sorrow to many women. It is like a curse from Nature, who bids all creatures to be fruitful. It is not a curse but a misfortune. Often the conditions which cause childlessness are removable. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has brought joy to many a woman by giving her the happiness of motherhood. It gives to the womanly organs vigor and vitality, removes local obstructions, and practically does away with the pains and pangs of maternity.

There is no alcohol or narcotic in "Favorite Prescription."

"I have never written you how grateful I am to you for your help in securing good health and one of the sweetest, dearest, thirteen pound girls that ever came into a home," writes Mrs. M. Vastine, of 647 South Liberty St., Galesburg, Ill. "I took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and four vials of 'Pleasant Pellets.' Before I had taken four bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I was a new woman. I cannot make pen describe my heart-felt gratitude."

To keep the bowels regular use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

HOTEL VENDOME

At San Jose is one of Central California's most beautiful hostelries; in the midst of its own twelve-acre park; two blocks from the railroad station where almost hourly trains connect with the outside; the starting point for Lick Observatory; the center of a greater number and variety of attractions than any other place on the Coast; furnished finely, graded and watered roads for driving and cycling lead in every direction; with over 250 elegantly furnished rooms, and suits with bath and toilet; perfect in appointment, service and all the accessories of comfort, and one of the most attractive features of San Jose, the metropolis of the world-renowned Santa Clara Valley.

GEO. P. SNELL,
Manager.

For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . . . .
Centrally Located . . .

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.

American and European Plan.

WILLIAM T. BANG, Proprietor.

Chips From *the* Scientific Workshop.

Telegraphy by Typewriter.

Those ruthless inventors have evidently made up their mind to deprive us of all the romance of life. Here come two of them, Zalmon G. Sholes and Alfred C. Gilmore, both of Chicago, with a new transmitting and receiving telegraphic apparatus. It consists in a typewriting arrangement at both ends. Do you want to transmit a message? You calmly sit down before an ordinary typewriting machine, touch off what you have to say on the keys (provided you can typewrite), and, a few hundred miles away, an operator draws out of another innocent-looking typewriter your whole message, reproduced faithfully down to your most insignificant mistakes. The old receivers, with their charming, mysterious click-a-tee-click, are to be things of the past.

THE INVENTORS.

The men who are responsible for this revolution are both from Chicago. Mr. Sholes is the inventor of the Remington-Sholes typewriter, and Mr. Gilmore, who is his nephew, is an electrician. The idea was suggested to the former by W. R. Hooligan, chief operator for the Western Union in Chicago at the time when the typewriting system for receiving messages was first inaugurated in telegraph offices. Soon afterwards he went to work on it, having, called to his assistance Mr. Gilmore, at that time engaged in the factory of the Remington Typewriter Company. By January, 1896, the first machine was finished. This, however, proved impracticable, the transmission being strongly affected by atmospheric disturbances. The inventors, discouraged, gave up for a while but came back to the problem irresistibly and by January of this year succeeded in perfecting the present machine which has stood all experimental tests successfully.

THE FEATURE OF THE INVENTION.

The great feature of the invention is that while it receives and delivers its messages in the ordinary alphabet spelling, it transmits them by the use of the Morse telegraphic alphabet of dots and dashes. The transmitter turns each letter, figure or punctuation point into dots and dashes, and the receiver, which contains an instrument called a "selector," turns the dots and dashes back into the ordinary signs.

In appearance the transmitting instrument is much like an ordinary typewriter. It contains, however, a shaft along which raised brass points corresponding to dots and dashes are grouped, and which is the center of the whole device. Each letter or sign has its own place on the shaft, the dots and dashes which compose it running around the shaft in a circle.

When one of the keys of the instrument is pressed, a contact brush, such as is common in other electric instruments, is brought into touch with the shaft at the point where the corresponding letter is located.

The shaft revolves once, thus causing the brush to touch one after the other the dots and dashes that make up the letter. The connections thus made flash the letter along the wire, and if there were an ordinary receiving instrument at the far end the operator would hear the sounds just as in the ordinary system of transmission.

At the receiving end of the wire there are two magnets, one intended for the dots and one for the dashes. These are connected directly with the "selector," the instrument that does the delicate work. It gets its name because it selects a letter that corresponds to the dots and dashes and makes the writing machine record it in its proper place.

The moment one letter is recorded an arm breaks the contact, sends the selector back to its original position and leaves the instrument ready for the next letter in the word that is being telegraphed.

YOUTHFUL GENIUS.

Both inventors are convinced that there remains now nothing between them and success. Mr. Gilmore is not yet 24 years old. At the age of 16 he devised and promoted a scheme for an underground trolley system in New York, but, through unfortunate circumstances, never realized any profit out of his work. He is not a college man, having gained all of his electrical knowledge from the shop. He is almost boyish in appearance and thoroughly unassuming. Mr. Sholes is thirty-five years old, is married and has two children, who could typewrite before they could talk. He is the inventor of the original Remington-Sholes typewriter. His father was the inventor of the standard Remington machine.

A New Form of Train.

The part played by atmospheric resistance in impeding the motion of railway trains has always been known to be large, but just how large has only recently been determined. A number of experiments have been made on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad with a train consisting of an engine and tender and six ordinary passenger cars. All external projections and obstructions were removed from the cars, their roofs were arched, their windows set flush and the sheathing put on lengthwise instead of up and down as is usual. The sheathing was also extended downward to within eight inches of the track, covering the trucks. When the cars were coupled two diaphragms met and enclosed the space from edge to edge of the roof line. Flexible spring curtains completed the vestibule from the roofs to the bottoms of the cars. To give entrance to the platforms roller curtains were used. When the train was completed it presented the appearance of one long sinuous and flexible car. The tender was arched over and vestibuled to the forward end of the baggage car. While the plans called for a sheathing for the engine also the tests were made without this. The locomotive used was an ordinary 57-ton engine with four 78-inch drivers and 20x24-inch cylinders. In the trials the train ran the forty miles from Baltimore to Washington in thirty-seven minutes and thirty seconds. Five miles, between Alexander Junction and Trinidad, was covered in two minutes and fifty seconds, at a speed of 102.8 miles an hour. A distance of twenty and one-tenth miles, part of which was up grade, was covered in fifteen minutes and twenty seconds, or an average of seventy-eight and six-tenths miles an hour. This is believed to be the world's record of railway speed.

An Anti Alcohol Serum.

Drs. Sapelier, Thebault and Broca have advised the French Academy of Medicine of the discovery of an anti-alcohol serum. They state that their experiments prove that a horse fed for a certain time on doses of alcohol and food mixed with alcohol furnished a serum antiethyline which, injected into victims of the alcohol habit, gave them an absolute distaste for the liquor. Dr. Sapelier has sent a second communication to the Academy stating his methods and results obtained. He cited fifty-seven cases of drunkards treated by antiethyline; thirty-two cases were successful, or sixty per cent; fifteen per cent had their condition improved, and the failures amounted to twenty-five per cent which were caused by irregularity in following the treatment, or from physical defects considered as unfavorable. It has been stated that success obtained by the injection of anti-alcohol serum is due to imagination or auto-suggestion, but this is refuted by Dr. Sapelier who claims that the hysterical and impressionable patients figure among the failures, or those who are merely improved in condition. The three doctors have deduced an ingenious theory from their system. They say that the action of anti-alcohol serum awakens reflex acts which, as a whole, constitute originally the instinctive distaste of man for alcohol, thus re-establishing a natural habit in place of the induced habit.

The Bank of California

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000. Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account Jan 1st, 1900, $2,321,242

William Alvord, President. Charles R. Bishop, Vice President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; S. Prentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary.

CORRESPONDENTS

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank. Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, Union National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank, Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft; China Japan and East Indies, Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus $2,238,372.45
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, July 30, 1900 ..... 28,938,395.02

OFFICERS

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President....H. Horstmann
Cashier..... A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Hermann
Secretary ..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary .....A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hohte, I. N. Walker,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 California Street

Deposits, July 1, 1900.....$26,952,875
Paid Up Capital 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 218,033
Contingent Fund 139,608

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Premery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier; R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Premery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

33 Post Street
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital 300,000

James D. Phelan, President; S. G. Murphy, Vice-Pres.; John A. Hooper, Vice-Pres.; George A. Story, Cashier; C. B. Hobson, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal and James McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co. or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co dispensed with all other makes and now use the SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.
110 Montgomery St., S. F.
Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

Buyers' Guide.

San Francisco Reliable Business Houses

City and Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited. MENTION THE WAVE.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law.—Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office, Room 94 Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 3[illegible]5.

BUSINESS PERSONALS.

Baldness and Dandruff positively cured; Shampooing and Bleaching. Prudential Hair Physicians. Glascow Block, 105 Ellis Street, Room 6.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist. 806 Market street, Phelan Building.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU. Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

A TOILET NECESSITY

Wakelee's

Cold Cream of Roses

MADE WITH

Pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—SIERRA NEVADA SILver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 9th day of July, 1900, an assessment (No. [illegible]19) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room No. 14, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 14th day of August, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY, the 3rd day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Office: Room No. 14, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—MEXICAN GOLD AND Silver Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey county, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July, 1900, an assessment [No. 64] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourteenth day of August, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Wednesday, the 5th day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—OCCIDENTAL CONsolidated Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Silver Star Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourteenth (14th) day of July, 1900, an assessment (No. 35) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 69, Nevada block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of August 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the eleventh (11th) day of Sept., 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office: Room 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Men, Women *and* Books.

The "Absent-Minded Beggar" in Italian.

The danger of translations is aptly illustrated by what happened to "The Absent-Minded Beggar" of Kipling. Beggar, on this occasion, is used in its pure Kipling-English meaning, as a near synonym of "cuss." The "Absent-Minded Beggar," as everybody knows, is nothing else than Tommy Atkins. An Italian translator, however, lately evolved out of the dictionary the following pompous equivalent: "The Abstracted Mendicant."

* *

Archibald Forbes' "Scooping" Methods.

The death of Archibald Forbes, the great war correspondent, has brought out a new crop of anecdotes about him. Here is the way that some of his brother correspondents describe his methods of work and explain some of his grand "scoops":

Time, near midnight, after a hard day's work; everybody done up. "Hullo, Jones," says Smith, "there's Forbes already asleep, like brass." "By Jove, yes," quoth Jones (incipient snore from Forbes); "it would take ten horses to wake him up. I'll turn in," says Jones; "time enough to get our stuff off tomorrow, eh?" "Right you are," responds Smith. In ten minutes the wearied warrior scribes are asleep. Forbes rises cautiously, passing out like a ghost; sits him down in a hidden corner with the stump of a candle; writes like a whirlwind for a couple of hours; finishes with the last flicker of his dip; saddles a horse; off he goes, helter-skelter, across country; gallops back; is in bed by four; sleeps this time "like brass," and no mistake. "Hullo, lazy bones," exclaims Smith at 7 a. m., shaking the sleeper. "Time to be up, old man," adds Jones. "What are you up to?" quoth Forbes drowsily. "We are thinking of getting our stuff off." "The devil, you are! Why hurry? Let's have another snooze."

* *

Dramatizing Dooley.

Imagine "Mr. Dooley" dramatized. That is what is about to happen and Charles Hopper, who first enacted "Chimmie Fadden," has undertaken to portray the sage of Archery Road. It seems that Ed. Townshend and Peter Finley Dunne are to collaborate in constructing the play and have contracted to have it ready for production by November. 'Mr. Dooley" is today the chief humorous figure in current literature and it behooves the man who would be like him to possess certain essential characteristics. Here is where Hopper plumes himself. He says that Edward Kemble, who is now engaged in illustrating a new edition of "Dooley," asked him to pose, saying he was exactly his ideal of the sage.

It is difficult to see how the material put forth by Peter Dunne each week can be converted to stage purposes. It will be necessary to create a set of incidents in which he may be the central figure, and for the dialogue glean witticisms from the several volumes of his utterances. However, with Dnnne at the helm, there will be no need of reverting to older writings. He is capable of fitting his wit to any situation Mr. Townshend may devise.

* *

D'Annunzio and Duse.

D'Annunzio, the gifted Italian novelist, whose late "Fuoco," an alleged betrayal of Eleonora Duse's heart secrets has made famous or notorious, as people may choose to put it, is said to be a most fascinating man. His face is of a peculiar pallor, like ivory that is just beginning to yellow with age. He has wondrous eyes—great, black orbs that have a glint of sunset in them. His genius is very susceptible to feminine attraction.

When his name and that of the Duse were associated together, nobody wondered. He was the greatest writer of Italy; she was its greatest actress, and it seemed fitting. Their project of founding a National Theater, in which d'Annunzio should be the principal writer and the Duse the principal actress, never advanced beyond the talking stage, but the names of the actress and writer were associated for several years—it seems to the greater disadvantage of Duse. Then came the estrangement and the "Fuoco."

D'Annunzio has always refused to speak of his relations with Duse, but the accusation that he had availed himself of her most sacred heart-secrets for his work brought from him an impassioned denial.

* *

Robert Grant as Fisherman.

Judge Robert Grant, author of *Unleavened Bread*, which has made a sensation, is not only a writer but also, as his title indicates, a lawyer and, which his name does not particularly indicate, an enthusiastic angler. Robert Grant began his literary work on the *Harvard Lampoon* while still at college, his "Little-Tin-God-on-Wheels" having remained a classic there. On graduating, he started writing books, each better than the other. He is Judge of the Probate Court of Massachusetts. His friends say that while the Court sits, he writes novels, and while it is not sitting, he goes fishing.

* *

Stephen Crane's Late Home.

Karl Edwin Harriman of Ann Arbor, Michigan, a close friend of Stephen Crane, says of the death of his friend, "Crane's dwelling was his death. His home killed him. The old mansion in which he lived the past two years was loaned to him by Mr. Freuen. It was built in the thirteenth century of almost porous stone. The chill damp and draughts of the old house were terrible. The floors were of flagging. There were great decorative fireplaces in the rooms and the wind whistled through the casements every moment of the day and night. Crane's study was in the tower, the draughtiest place of all. He would shut himself up in that tower and write 12,000 words at one sitting."

* *

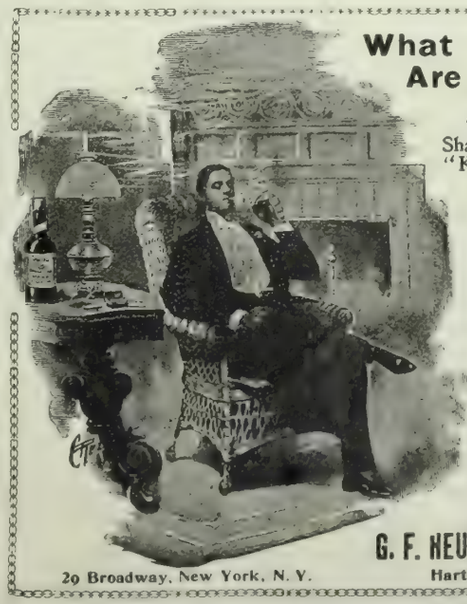
A Blackmore Letter.

In October, 1889, the novelist fruit-raiser, author of *Lorna Doone*, began a correspondence with Charles Ballard of Middletown Springs, Vermont, which lasted until his death. Jan. 20th, of the present year.

These letters are delightful in their spontaneity. Here is one which shows that the aged and old-fashioned novelist kept all his life the youthfulness of his heart:—

"Instead of a noble field of snow, this year we have green,—inconstant green everywhere, flecked with snow-flakes, unmeaning, unpronounced, more likely to produce young birds than pears; and three broods of blackbirds and thrushes are already preparing for the fruit they were born to eat: and soon there will be another score of nests discharging. They know me as well as possible, although they never beheld me before. Their fathers and mothers must have let them know that my mother was taken away as soon as I was hatched; and therefore I am sorry for all unfledged things. But never a strawberry the less will they gobble, of the first few early ones that still pay for the picking. Here comes the rain after three dry days; but as yet no harm from an April shower, more like the visions of the poet than any I have known for thirty years."

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco | R. H. PEASE, President and Manager. | 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.



What Are **Club Cocktails?**

"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

29 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,

Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

Pleasure Trips

A New Era Brought About by Transportation Companies.

It may be justly said of the present season that it marks an era in pleasure travel in nearly all parts of California, on account of the cheap rates which have been made by the transportation companies.

TO SEE OTHER WORLDS

The very latest move is in behalf of the Mt. Hamilton trip. The combined managements of the Mt. Hamilton Stage Co. and Hotel Vendome in San Jose have placed on sale in the Southern Pacific ticket offices of San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, two round-trip tickets from these points, which include transportation and all expenses. One is a Saturday-Sunday ticket, for $8.90, which entitles the purchaser to a day and a quarter at Hotel Vendome in addition to the trip; and the other is good any day, gives a half day more at the hotel, and costs $8.50. This rate is really about one-third less than the regular cost, and should easily place Mt. Hamilton in the front rank of famous trips.

LAKE TAHOE FAVORED

The Southern Pacific has recently added an attraction to Lake Tahoe by establishing a ten-day rate from the Bay Cities of $13.30, a reduction of twenty per cent of the regular season rate. It is also giving Saturday to Monday excursions for $10, which is indeed absurdly cheap.

VAMOS A MEXICO

Something new and quite out of the ordinary in the way of tours is an excursion to Mexico in a special train, which has just been announced by the Southern Pacific for November 14th. The rate from San Francisco will be $80, and from Los Angeles, $70. Other points along the line will enjoy proportionate rates. This excursion will be under the management of Wm. H. Menton, the Southern Pacific's well-known excursion agent, who is well acquainted in Mexico, speaks the language, and has arranged many incidental attractions.

Any Southern Pacific agent will cheerfully give all desired information about these trips. Call on them.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, 11 a. m. August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. August 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Sept. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports: 9 a. m. August 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Sept. 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles): 11 a. m. August 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Sept. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

TO CHICAGO IN THREE DAYS.

From San Francisco at 10 A. M.

Chicago Union Pacific and Northwestern Line.

DOUBLE DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with Barber, Dining-Cars; meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast.

617 Market Street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Alameda for **AUSTRALIA**, Wednesday August 8, at 8 p. m.

S. S. Australia, for **HONOLULU only**, Wednesday, August 22, at 2 p. m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 114 MONTGOMERY ST.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

The Century Type.

The new "dress" of type in which the Saturday *Wave* appears this week is the latest product of artistic type-cutting. It is the Century face, which is likely to revolutionize book-types, and was designed by Theodore L. De Vinne, the Dean of American printers, for the American Type Founders Company. It owed its introduction to the *Century Magazine*, which was the first to appreciate the beauty of the new type and to adopt it, from which the new style is known conventionally as the "Century" pattern. It has been before the public about four years now, and has already had great influence on printers and publishers and received the sincere flattery of imitation. This is, however, the first publication on the Pacific Coast to adopt the Century dress.

Mr. De Vinne made his patterns only after years of study and experiment. A careful perusal of the individual letters on this page will show two pronounced points of difference between this style and those generally seen now-a-days. In the first place, it is "compressed," that is, it is high in proportion to its width. More letters, for the same height and width, can be crowded into a line of this make than into a line of type such as that just discarded by this paper. This change was made as the result of careful experiment on the eyes and the reading-power of all classes of readers. Mr. De Vinne demonstrated that it is height rather than width which makes easy reading possible. It was proved conclusively that a letter three inches high by two inches wide could be distinguished as far away as one three inches square. Therefore, he reasoned that the problem of crowding as many letters as possible on a page while preventing eye-strain could be most easily solved by compression, and made his designs accordingly. There were also artistic reasons, not so easily explained, in favor of the compressed pattern.

THICK HAIR-LINES.

The other point of difference lies in the thickening of what is known as the "hair-lines." Take a copy of *Scribner's*, put it beside one of the *Century* or beside this page, and compare the small n or m of the two styles. In the old form it will be noticed that at the point where the loop of the letter meets the upright, the line is thinned almost to a vanishing point. This is a hair-line, and is a feature of nearly all small letters in the thin, delicate face of type just now passing out of favor. Mr. De Vinne believed that this fashion errs to much on the side of delicacy; while it had a "refined" look, it prints gray and is hard for reading by imperfect eyes. He therefore set about devising a plan whereby the hair-lines could be strengthened without making the face seem clumsy. In his study, he was guided partly by the book-types of William Morris, and by those of some of the old masters of printing back of him. The study and planning necessary to the designing of this new style, the removal or addition of a thousandth part of an inch in the case of certain letters in order to harmonize them with the general scheme—all these and a thousand other minutiae which type-founders know and the public does not understand had to be debated before the designs for the new face were delivered into the hands of the American Type Founders to come back from them as the *Century's* new dress.

The corporation which was chosen to give to the printers of America this type, which has cast all the best new faces for many years past, is the largest and best equipped in the world. In this country The American Type Founders' Association is without a competitor in the higher lines of work and has distanced all competition in general commercial work. Abroad, this American institution is fast crowding into the front rank. The old conservative Scotch and English founders are finding themselves displaced in some of the best British offices by the American Type Founders' Association.

Part of this is due to business methods and a part to the attention paid to printing as an art. For not only has the American Type Founders' Company revived the best of the classic faces and improved the finer modern ones, but it keeps the ablest type-designers obtainable, men of world-wide reputation in their art, continually devising new styles and improving old ones. This company has done more to advance artistic printing than any other institution of recent years.

The Pacific Coast branch, with offices at San Francisco, fully represents this distinguished house. Its advertised boast, "everything for the printer," is literally made good. Investigation will prove that they can furnish everything needed in an office, from a cylinder press to a hair space. This local house is just getting out a type-book of its own of 1000 pages, showing not only its great stock of type faces but its variety of other goods used in the trade.

The plant for local work is equipped with the latest automatic machinery, where rivals are still using old hand machines. The advantage of automatic machinery is that its work is more clear, more durable, more nearly perfect in every way than that of the old machines. These are the only machines of their class in the West.

In the Green Room.

Farce Comedy is an expensive form of enterprise. The average man who sees the flippant aggregation of fun-makers now performing at the California theatre has no idea of what their services cost Dunne and Riley each Saturday night. They are the best people in the profession, these gentlemen and ladies with whom we have been laughing these eight weeks past. In winter months they are stars of individual combinations. Mathews and Bulger, Mary Marble, Tony Hart *et al.* For the summer they don't demand such a large compensation, but for all that, the aggregate of their salaries is about $2500 per week. For instance the eight dancing girls receive $300 per week among them, and the others in proportion.

Yet fun-making, however easy and pleasant it seems from before the footlights, is mighty hard work for those whose business it is. Take the performance of "By the Sad Sea Waves"—a knock-about song and dance extravaganza. Surely such pieces run themselves. The truth is, "By the Sad Sea Waves" was in active rehearsal from 10 o'clock in the morning until 5 every afternoon the week preceding its production, and between the final preparations and the raising of the curtain but half an hour elapsed. Yes, these jolly, easy-going fun-makers labored all Sunday until 7:30 o'clock. Half after eight, they were at it again with such abandon as to persuade their auditors that the actor's life of leisure is the ideal existence.

* * *

A fair proportion of San Franciscans have seen Matthews and Bulger, seen them dance, heard their patter songs and watched their grimaces. Happy, gifted fellows. "I wish I had their talent" I've heard a dozen men say—men who think life full of bitter hardship because they must be at their desks at 9 a. m., and must not leave before 5 o'clock. Well, Matthews is invalided from over-work. These jolly, easy-going chaps often put in an hour or two after the performance practicing the step dances which they execute with so much nicety and grace. Someone beside me the other night remarked, "those fellows must be double-jointed to be able to twist their legs and feet about so glibly." No, it is not because of double joints, but because of incessant practice, not because of extraordinary talent, but on account of infinite repetitions. There must be aptitude to begin with, but it counts little in obtaining results in stage work. Do you imagine that the extraordinary skill of the vaudeville gymnast—the fellow who does incredible things on the horizontal bar or who outrages the probabilities in the style of his tumbling obtains his effects by mere expression of a wish? No, one is shown the finished product, the cut and polished diamond. One forgets the laborious days and the dreary nights of rehearsal before the trick was perfected. And those patter songs—where are they gathered from? Matthews schemes them out—hammers them out at hours when the rest of the world is slumbering. Bulger sets them to music. Investigate any success, and you will find genius only the seed, and that application stands for the kindly influences of soil, air and sun that have developed the towering tree.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Teledo, O.
☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

For home use, for bar use, for physicians' use, for everybody's use, Jesse Moore Whiskey is always the best and is in most general demand.

All bon vivants will be pleased to learn that genial "John" Heinkee supersedes Mr. Justin Ladagnous as proprietor of the famous Maison Riche, so happily named by dainty Aimee in her golden days. Epicures the world over know the Riche. "John" will maintain the high standard that this restaurant has always held in this city.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

The name is a guaranty of its purity—Jesse Moore Whiskey is always all right.

Santa Fe Trains

GO TO

Antioch	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Bakersfield	9 a m		8 p m
Chicago	9 a m		
Denver	9 a m		
Fresno	9 a m		8 p m
Hanford	9 a m		8 p m
Joliet	9 a m		
Kansas City	9 a m		
Leavenworth	9 a m		
Merced	9 a m		8 p m
Newton	9 a m		
Phoenix	9 a m		
Stockton	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Tulare	9 a m		8 p m
Visalia	9 a m		8 p m
Williams	9 a m		

Personally conducted Excursions to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston every MONDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in Pullman's Best Tourist Sleeping Cars. Try this NEW ROUTE.

Get full information and handsome folder at

628 MARKET STREET
or at Santa Fe Ticket Office
Ferry Building, Foot of Market Street

LAKE COUNTY.

New 19-passenger Yosemite Stages, all outside seats, direct to most picturesque portion of California. Best equipped stage line in the State. Leaves Calistoga daily (Sunday excepted) at 11:30 a. m., direct to Harbin, Seigler, Adams, Howard, Anderson, Astorgo, and Glenbrook; half an hour for lunch at Calistoga; also to Middletown, Lower Lake, Kelseyville and Lakeport.

WM. SPIERS, Proprietor,
Calistoga, Cal.

Alfred Crane Luther A. Teague Frederick Teague

TEAGUE, CRANE & TEAGUE

Dentists

Claus Spreckels Building
Tel. Main 1459 Third and Market Sts., 6th Floor
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A Costume Competition *at the* Paris Exposition.

PARIS.

Gowns, chiffons, laces and brilliants—are they not merely amusing? But no, this week all Paris has taken them *au serieux*, and I, have struggled, ramped and admired with the rest. What is the shrine at present of every woman's pilgrimage, to the Exposition? I follow the crowd, I am borne along with it and find myself taken into the "*fils tissues et vetments*," department. The Petit Palais, picture gallery, mining exhibit—in scorn pass them all by, or leave them to the old and decipt, while the young and strong tread on each other's toes, tear the chiffon from each other's backs, to gaze at the amalgamated display of the great dressmakers of Europe. It is a great sight, to see stalwart men, gracious women, and innocent children, fight for places before the enchanting visions of loveliness in the cases. And to see victims come forth afterward triumphant from the dense crowd, not red but pale because of the intense heat—ah, it gives one new ideas on the importance of the *philosophie* of clothes.

I noticed with interest the men, there. They seemed on the whole to admire most the quieter gowns. They incline more toward the costume which adorns but does not extinguish the wearer. I could see that they were particularly attracted by a gown sent in by the modistes, Sara Mayer and Morleauge. It is in black lace festoons, appliqued on white *mousseline de soie*, over a white lining, and elaborately trimmed with narrow black lace insertions. The waist and sleeves are festooned with the effective black lace set in between two rows of eight tiny tucks. The sprays on the sleeves taper to the wrist, which is edged with the appliqued black lace. From the bust falls one of those flounces, (in this case of filmy black lace,) which are always recurring in the fashions because they give anyone who wears them the effect of a full figure. There is a small yoke and collar of tiny tucks over pink chiffon, furnishing a very Parisian contrast, to the dainty bit of color, in the belt of light blue velvet. The skirt gives a rounded effect to the hips. The narrow black insertion begins at he belt in front and forms a plastron about twelve inches down, where it begins to square off and runs about the skirt in ever widening intervals. In the show case the gown gives this effect of being worn on a fascinatingly rounded little figure, with curves in every line.

The Worth gowns,—especially his gorgeous court dresses to be worn at a presentation, seem designed for stage queens, but a woman seeking the becoming, as most of us do, would prefer a dazzling gown of Felix which glowed its way into my covetous fancy the other day. A stately brunette would carry it off best. It is a ball gown of green, covered with heavy white lace, and made princess style. It is daringly plain, save for a wide lace belt, fitting into the figure above each hip. The lace becomes much heavier at the low-cut neck, and is heavily set with diamonds and emeralds. The front of the dress falls straight from the bust in front, and reminded me of stately Gibson figures of a year or so ago. At the back, green accordian-pleated chiffon hangs from a soft bow at the shoulders to the foot of the train.

A matter of special interest were the gowns to be worn next winter. One gray gown by Bonnaire is of satin finish cloth. It has five small box pleats, beginning at the broad collar which terminates the bust, narrowing at the waist and widening ever so little as they descend to about six inches from the foot of the skirt, when they open, and make a nice flare and frou--frou with silk skirts about the feet. In these days of fragile effects, a woman is scarcely feminine in her appearance unless there is a certain frou-frou about her. The severe tailor-made model is no longer a novelty. It is only at times a necessary evil. But to return—the waist of this very feminine little gown has the same small tucks, rounding up over the bust under the flat collar, softened by a narrow underfrill of gray, accordion-pleated chiffon. The collar opens in front to show a small yoke of light blue satin, folding in front in pleats, and a standing collar of the same material over which black velvet bebe ribbon is crossed in diamonds.

The discussion whether or not low necked gowns should be worn at the summer restaurant dinners, now in vogue, is a lively one among fashionables here at present, owing to the part taken in the millinerial controversy by American women. It began at a dinner given by Mrs. Howell Payne,not long ago,at D'Armonville, the popular resort. Mrs. Potter Palmer appeared in a high necked costume of pure white nun's veiling, exquisitely trimmed with black lace and lace insertion. Her head was covered by a large black hat trimmed with white roses and white feathers. Miss May followed her lead and was simply attired in white and black lace as well, with a large ecru hat with black velvet bows. The French women, on the contrary, wore decollete dresses with hats, the good taste of which is beginning to be questioned.

Worth says:—"Low bodices and hats are bad form."

Mme. Thellier—"By all means low necked bodices and hats are not appropriate for restaurants."

Doucet—"Anything is *a la mode* if the right person wears it."

Jeanne Hallee, another millinerial authority seems to settle the matter when she says—"For summer restaurants and resorts, low bodices and hats are not good form. Only in private houses can decollete gowns be worn, and then, of course without hats."

The Americans appear to be winning out.

META HOLDENIS.

Ways *of the* Roof Gardens.

NEW YORK

With the thermometer crawling up about as near to the boiling point as it can get, in a way it has had here lately, one can't enjoy life much before ten o'clock p. m. Living along until evening is the favorite day time amusement, and after dark "doing" the roof-gardens in as good company as you can manage. The sight-seer par excellence who has been exiled for some time from the delights of the metropolis likes to do the rounds with an "other fellow," or two, but girls go everywhere now, and the New Yorker detained in town on business usually can find some pretty maid of his acquaintance to accompany him. You go up, up, to one or another of those amusement resorts perched on top of the New York, the Casino, the Victoria, and Koster and Bial's Theatres, and you leave the heat of the pavements behind, and are met by cooling winds, which frisk like infant tornados. And you feel just as frisky as every body else. The vaudeville star frisks when she sings her little song about "The Man I Can't Forget," the yeung collegian frisks after his 'teenth stein of beer, and the girl you're with sometimes frisks to disguise the fact that she's shocked. The general vulgarity of these roof garden entertainments is the least cooling part of the outfit, though even the tenderloin gains through the altitude and the frisky baby tornados.

Ar oof garden is a law unto itself. But it rather surprises you when the shrewd young damsel with you—whispers—"This is all right here. We pay our money to get cooled off, and we'll stand anything, but if it was in a concert hall, I'd leave, and in the same block where I live, I'd move out."

So vaudeville supplants drama through the dog-days and the dog-goned nights. I have found out that it even boasts of matinee idols for the girls, except that these performances are not in the afternoon. Going around among the roof gardens, I picked out easily enough young gentlemen, who are the extravagantly admired of the enthusiastic sex. There are two of them in particular. Neither of them speaks a word during his act, but both are strikingly handsome with an air of refinement, and of being somewhat above their surroundings—although these are rather high up. It is perhaps just as well that they don't open their mouths. One is a bicycle rider of the Johnstone brothers, at the Venetian Terrace. His name is not printed on the bills, but probably a letter addressed to pretty Johnstone would be delivered to him without hesitation—at least on his part. The real magnificence of his self-esteem shines in his bearing. Johnstone, in a way, is a professional beauty, and he knows it. He goes through with a lot of really difficult feats in bicycle riding, which go far to make up to the masculine part of the audience for his looks. He strikes an attitude afterward in his pink tights, and you rather expect him to back off, kissing his hands to the ladies. But he only looks it. The girls are quite sure he is a gentleman, don't you know.

The second idol of the roof-gardens is a banjo player at the Cherry Blossom Grove. Bnt the team is down as Polk and Collins, and which his name is I don't know. Both look like college students, but one is the beauty and one isn't. They are exceptionally fine banjoists to my way of thinking, but while feminine ears listen impartially, I notice feminine eyes are fixed on the one with fine features, fresh complexion, thick hair and cultured expression. He is not so conceited as the pink Mr. Johnstone, but probably a bouquet sent to the firm, would be passed to him without his making any "rough house" about it. He has a way of selecting some girl down near the front to gaze at during his touching banjo gymnastics, and she sits fasinated and quite the envy of the rest. Conspicuousness won in this way seems to have quite a different effect from that with which Nat Wills at one of the Procter theatres victimizes some innocent every night. He is called before the curtain, a few times, with what seems to be uncontrollable admiration on the part of the claque. A large bouquet of giddy looking flowers is handed him. With great care and tenderness, and some "This is so sudden," airs, he unpins a note from the ribbon that holds the flowers, and opens it. He shakes it to see if money or a ckeck will drop out. To his disapointment, all in expressive pantomime, neither does, but as he reads, a complacent smile rivaling Johnstone's comes over his face. He glances up frequently and finally counts back a few rows of seats in the auditorium. Then he refers to the note again and counts across the rows of seats. When he has located a certain person he nods and goes off, making a gesture significantly toward the stage door. At such guilefulness we laugh, in a Broadway audience in midsummer. It is perhaps because the sides of the glass-covered garden are open in such a way that the frisky breezes can be coaxed in. After sizzling all day, one can laugh at anything.

KATHARINE LEE.

The Great Remedy of the day is unquestionably PAIN-KILLER, for the instant relief of all burns, scalds, bruises, etc., and for pains in the stomach and bowels as well as in sudden attacks of cholera morbus. No family should pretend to keep house without it always by them. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. Price 25c. and 50c.

PASSING CHEAP. It costs the government about $1000 to buy a good mule and ship him over here," writes a regular from Manila, "Filipino horses are worth $25, the same price as Filipino women; but I think that the price of women will go up here, because on the other islands they sell for from $10 to $40."

IF YOU WANT
The Best Coal Oil
BUY

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE Tel. Main 1[illegible]
DEALERS IN *Paper*
55, 57, 59, 61 First Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Blake, Moffitt & Towne Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co. Portland, Or.

A. O. LINDSTROM [Phone Main 5178] AL. JOHNSON
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN *BATHS*
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM
A Perfect Complexion
Made from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S,
200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers: Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore,
MURPHY, GRANT & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy-makers dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BROS, Brush Mfrs.,
TEL. 5610. 609 Sacramento Street.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
What a Gas Range Will Do?
It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER
IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes.
Your kitchen will be clean.
Your working hours shorter.
Your food will be better cooked;
Your life prolonged, and
Your happiness increased.
Stove Department,
415 Post Street, - - San Francisco

THEATRICALS.

Orpheum

Laura Bennett and Sallie Stembler. Meeker Baker Trio. Jolly John Nash. Hooper and Davies. Mr. and Mrs. John Mason. Nichols Sisters. St. Croix Brothers. Zelina Keatون. Bioscraph.

Reserved Seats 25c. Balcony 50c. Orchestra Chairs and Box Seats 75c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

ONE WEEK, BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
CHARLES FROHMAN presents
HENRY MILLER
and a Special Company
in the popular romantic success
"HEARTSEASE"
HENRY MILLER AS ERIC TEMPLE
Magnificent Costumes and Stage Settings

Every Thursday Afternoon and Sunday Night
THE BURTON HOLMES LECTURES
Next: "The Adventures of the Lady Ursula"

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers
Telephone Main 1731

FAREWELL WEEK
Dunn & Riley's All-Star Cast
PRESENTING
MATHEWS & BULGER
in their latest Farce Comedy Success
"The Night of the Fourth"
Reappearance of Walter Jones and Maud Courtney

Sunday afternoon and the week commencing Monday, August 13th
"The Brownies in Fairyland"
SPECIAL SUNDAY NIGHT PERFORMANCE
Grand Farewell of Dunn & Ryley's All Star Cast in
"RUSH CITY"

Alcazar Theatre

Fred Belasco and Mark Thall, Managers
Phone Main 254

Week of Monday, August 6th
FLORENCE ROBERTS
Supported by
White Whittlesey
In a revival for one week only
by special request of
The Country Girl
Only Matinee, Saturday. In preparation—Frou Frou

The Saturday Wave
Is Printed by
THE MYSELL-ROLLINS CO.
32 CLAY STREET, S. F.

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits $20.00
Pants 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

Trusts add combinations do not affect Jesse Moore Whiskey. Its fame is established; its quality is the finest and it is always the best.

Mary Marble's Mobility.

Mary Marble is fully four feet ten inches in height and her great-grandfather was an actor. So was her father for that matter and her mother—besides intermediate relatives and connections. Heredity explains a great deal, though I have known ladies with a generation or so of illustrious ancestors who were as wooden Indians on the stage.

Miss Marble, however, is all mobility—in spite of her name. She is a creature of "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." Her eyes and lips have a volubility past all power of utterance. Should she say all she looks, no one else could get a word in edge-ways. But whoever listens is allowed to interpret her expressions according to his individual fancy—which, while it teases one's imagination, is neither a strain on the mind or on the ear.

Miss Marble (she is Mrs. Dunne off the programme) has views on a variety of subjects, but is embarassed in stating them by an implacable sense of humor. It is really dreadful, she thinks, the way the Chinese are acting. "Those poor missionaries," she says with a shudder, which is meant to convey the horror, sympathy, regret and other sentiments appropriate to the occasion. But it did not. It suggested innumerable roguish possibilities in connection with missionaries. The eyes suggested an appreciation of the Chinese point of view; the nose, that missionaries are much better than they are amusing, and the lips, all those naughty jokes which funny papers from time immemorial have turned on the way of the missionary with the heathen. Yet I know that Miss Marble has a heart full of love and tenderness for anyone in distress. She admits it herself.

So it was over half a dozen other subjects. What Miss Marble asserted most positively, her disobedient features denied most explicitly. She narrated with much feeling the hardships of the farce comedy life, and her eyes laughed the whole story to scorn. She declared she was afraid of interviewers. The joyous vivacity of her lips assured me she did not mean a word of it. Her ambition is a country house, far removed from the busy haunts of men, or the "madding crowd," she confided; but her droll little nose proclaimed the statement an affectation. The idea of a Mary Marble, born, reared, and married in Stageland, going a-ranching! The very idea of it!

MARY MARBLE
Photo by Thors

Why Do We Laugh?

Why do people laugh? What is a joke? Go to the Orpheum and try to analyze your hilarity, or rather your neighbor's hilarity, if your own will let you. Is laughter spontaneous, or is it contagious? Is it sporadic or is it epidemic? Grave questions, these.

At the Orpheum Joe J. Sullivanand Carrie Webber convulse the audience with laughter with a specialty called "The Coal Man." As I think coldly now I wonder what I laughed at. "The Coal Man" was inane in action; broad and heavy in jocular dialogue. Yet I know I laughed to pain. At the first glimpse of Sullivan's red nose peeping from behind the scene in advance of his red-wigged, Irish-bedecked, rotund body, the whole audience broke into a spontaneous laugh. Before he opened his mouth the laugh was a prolonged roar. This roar lasted throughout the performance in cyclone-like crescendos and plaintive diminuendos. At each of the cavernous chuckles with which Sullivan punctuates his remarks the roar became shrieks, and I confess fool tears ran down my nose.

My present theory is that laughter is infectious. I laughed because my neighbor laughed, and he laughed because the others did.

But who began, who started the contagious disease?

Well, in this case, the answer is easy. Sullivan himself did that. He chuckled. Some fool in the orchestra laughed. The orchestra laughed; the parterre laughed, the gallery laughed, and I laughed.

So that for the present my theory is a working one.

"Brother Officers."

Henry Miller has given us the opportunity to see many a good thing in the way of modern plays, but nothing better has been seen in this far province than "Brother Officers." Refined, well drawn, written in exceptional English, the play is a work of art. The idea is the old one, that there is no such thing as a gentleman except him who is born of those who call themselves the aristocracy. Of course the play proves that the real gentleman is one of lowly birth, although stiff English respectability wouldn't allow him to carry off My Lady, and drives him into exile with a broken heart. Its all very false from an American standpoint, but a first-class English picture. Of the players naught but praise can be said. Miss Anglin once again gave reason to believe she will soon be the foremost of American actresses.

* * *

For the seventh week of the engagement at the Columbia, the Columbia will produce "Heartsease," the biggest hit of their last engagement. This pretty costume play is alwaysa drawing card, and should crowd the house during its eight performances. "The Adventure of the Lady Ursula" follows. Tuesday is the fiftieth night of the Miller engagement.

For the tenth and last week of the Dunne & Ryley season at the California theater, Mathews and Bulger will present "The Night of the Fourth," the farce in which they will star the coming season. The last appearane of the Dunne and Ryley aggregation will be on Sunday night, August 12th, when "Rush City" will be presented. "The Brownies in Fairyland" will follow.

Florence Roberts and White Whittlesey finish their "Romeo and Juliet" engagement Sunday night, after which "The Country Girl" will be revived for one week in compliance with popular request. This is one of the best productions ever given by the Alcazar and shows Florence Roberts to advantage in a new line. In passing it may be said that her work this season has showed wonderful development and promises a front-rank success for this California actress.

"Frou-Frou" follows. The regular Alcazar stock season opens September 3d.

A Cohan sketch presented by Laura Bennett and Sallie Stembler is at the head of the next Orpheum bill. The Meeker-Baker trio have a clown act. Jolly John Nash presents a clever monologue. Hooper and Davies with a song and dance act complete the list of new people.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases
Sold by All Druggists.

Zaza in London.

The London run on all American theatrical attractions continues. The latest sensation is "Zaza," under the management of Belasco, who has quite captured the British metropolis. His stage management is described by professionals and critics as next to Henry Irving's for art and taste. Indeed, the highest honor won by the performance is the continual attendance of theatrical people, who have come in crowds. It is an honor not appreciated by the management, since actors expect "the courtesies of the house," and come in on "paper." If there were plenty of spare seats, the business office would not mind, but there are not, the house being crowded at every performance. Consequently, many are called and few are chosen; the man who does the choosing, Mr. Mathews, is rapidly becoming unpopular in his profession.

* * *

Saharet, Dancer.

Another London stage celebrity, indeed the celebrity of the present moment, owes her introduction to the United States, although she is a colonist by birth and as British as roast beef. This is Saharet, a whirlwind dancer, who was born in Melbourne, learning to dance there, was picked up and exploited by an American manager, finished her art on the Continent, and now, at the age of twenty-one, is the reigning vaudeville sensation, having crowded the American Zouaves from front place.

She gives a dance which is all her own and unclassified. It is a combination of a ballet, a skirt-dance, a contortion-dance and gymnastic tumbling, and is leavened by a beauty, grace and personality all her own. For she is a very beautiful woman—tall, willowy, with much dark hair, and features which have the rare combination of classic beauty and warm expression. She has been compared to Otero, from whom she differs in being younger, more magnetic, and not at all suggestive.

Saharet is the daughter of a showman and a circus rider, began to dance and tumble before she was out of baby clothes, and has never known what it is to be away from the atmosphere of the circus and the theatre. On her European tour, she was in great demand as an artist's model, owing to her grace, beauty and intelligence. Von Lenbach, the painter of princes, has used her for several of his figure-paintings. The enormous fees paid for this service and her large salary have given her the foundation of a fortune already, for she is a saving body and realizes that she will lose her power of earning with her youth.

Germea
THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

Electric Supplies
CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIRS
California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

The Sign of the Peacock
229 GEARY ST.
Theatre Suppers
Luncheon Ice Cream Breakfast
ORDERS DELIVERED

A Glowing Highway to Happiness is the Road that leads to . . .

DEL MONTE

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

. . . THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT . . .

Spider Web vs. Electricity.

A peculiar but very serious difficulty besets the operation of telegraph lines in the Argentine Republic. The small spider, of the variety that spins a long cobweb and floats on it in the air, is so plentiful there that the floating webs settle on the wires in enormous quantities. As soon as dew falls, or a shower of rain comes up, every microscopic thread becomes wet and establishes a minute leak. The effect of thousands and millions of such leaks is practically to stop the operation of the lines, and the government telegraph department, especially in Buenos Ayres, has been put to vast inconvenience by the cob-webs. A number of expedients have been tried, but to no avail. On the important line between Buenos Ayres and Rosario the effect of the spider web is to cut down the speed of working from 300 or 400 to 30 messages an hour. The government has just determined, as a last resort, to connect the two points by an underground cable about one hundred and fifty miles long.

An Australian's Memoirs.

However much we may be disposed to laugh at the comments of the average Britisher who puts forth reminiscences of the States after a trip 'cross continent, there are certain exceptions whose expressions have the charm of interest. The memorials of Charles Henry Pearson, an Australian statesman, who "did" the Americas in the good days of Boston's intellectual supremacy, seem rather worth while. He was at a free-thinking seance in which Emerson appeared to him "like a prophet in a mad house." He remarks on Longfellow's "patriarchal grace," and praises Ticknor and Agassiz as among "the most charming old men he had ever known." He noted that the bitterness left by the Civil War was so keen that one Southern lady felt constrained to explain to him that she declined to tell her boy it was wrong to steal, because she knew if she so taught him 'it would only unfit him for society in the North when he grew up."

However, these "Memoirs" are not exclusively American. Pearson was at Oxford and met an eccentric genius whom he styles "L." It was one of "L's" troubles that he was afflicted with self-consciousness. One day he confided to a friend that he had determined to try getting drunk as a possible cure. The friend argued against the plan, but attached no particular importance to the matter, and presently forgot all about it. Late that night he was startled by a noise as of someone stumbling upstairs and falling against his door. He peoned his oak, and "L" staggered in and threw himself on a chair, very drunk, and muttering, "Self-conscious still, self-conscious still!"

There is only one reason why you shouldn't drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey that's because you have signed the pledge.

Moet and Chandon

The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the world.

White Seal (Grand Cuvee), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal.*

MILLS College and Seminary

Seminary course accredited to College and Universities. Ideal surroundings. Thirty-fifth year. Write for catalogue to

Fall Term Opens Aug. 8, 1900

MRS. C. T. MILLS, Pres., Mills College P. O., Cal.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes, and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. ☞ Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 MARKET STREET, S. F.

HAVE YOU A PIANO THAT YOU DO NOT USE?

Is the piano in your home a musical instrument, and do you enjoy it as such, or does it remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than an article of furniture.

The Pianola

Is Bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is bringing music into homes where it has long been a stranger.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study and without practice.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keys of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers.

When not in use the Pianola may be easily detached from the piano and moved to another part of the room.

The Pianola can be used in connection with any Grand or Upright piano, and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

Price $250 Upward.

The Pianola can be bought by monthly payments. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.

Kohler & Chase, Sole Agents.

26, 28 and 30 O'FARRELL STREET.

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We buy or sell real estate in any part of the Group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 W. King St., HONOLULU, H. I.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO.

General Agents.

Irving Institute

Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

2126 CALIFORNIA ST., San Francisco, Cal.

Next season will begin August 6th. Accredited to the Universities. Seminary and Full Conservatory of Music. Primary Department for Children. Carriage will call. For further information address the Principal, REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M.

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms Elevator Service
Excellent Cuisine References Requrred
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL

THE BRADBURY

J. A. FERSON, PROP.

N.W. Cor. Polk and California Sts., San Francisco

Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and upwards. Reasonable by the month. Tel. Hyde 2771.

1875 1900

Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

PHONE BUSH 165.

Safe-Deposit Boxes from $5.00 per year up. Trunks and Valuables of every Description Stored in Fire and Burglar-Proof Vaults at $1.00 per month.

Office Hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

New Stories Re-Told.

HENRY PAINE'S REPARTEE.—The late Henry W. Paine of the Massachusetts bar was once defending a charity case in which a boy of fifteen was charged with arson. He made out a strong case to prove the defendant an idiot. After a charge from the judge which was practically an order for aquital the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The judge asked Paine if he would move for a new trial. "I thank you for your suggestion, was the answer, "but I am oppressed with the gravest doubts whether I have the right to move for a new trial. Your Honor, I have already asked for and have received for my idiot client the most precious heritage of our English and American common law—A trial by a jury of his peers." Paine had an old quarrel with the Supreme Court and never lost an opportunity of showing his contempt for that body. Once, riding from Boston to Cambridge with a load of law books, he was accosted by a young Harvard man with the remark:, "You have quite a load, Mr. Paine. Law books, I suppose. "Oh, no." was the answer, "Only Supreme Court reports."

A CHEAP REPUTATION.—A number of youths were practicing pistol shooting in an English town, when an American tourist strolled up to watch the sport. A native, catching his accent and supposing, probably, that all Yankees are wild west shots, asked the stranger to have a trial. The latter who had never shot a pistol a dozen times in his life, nevertheless stepped up and, by a fortunate shot, hit the bull's-eye square in the centre. One of the party offered to bet that he could not do it again. The American took him up and tried another shot, giving an imperceptible turn of his wrist at the moment of firing so that the bullet flew clear of target and bank. "You will find that I have hit the hole made by the other shot." He said. No trace of the missle being discovered, and it being held impossible that such a marksman should score a clean miss' the Englishmen took him at his word. He clinched the matter by offering to bet two to one that he could do it again. There were no takers, and he went away a hero.

COULDN'T EXPRESS HIMSELF.—A candidate for the position of district school-teacher in the farming region of Vermont was found sadly deficient in spelling, grammar and mathematics, but excused it by declaring geography to be his strong point. 'Where is Chi ago?" asked the examiner. "Well, t's out West," was the answer. "In what part of the West?" "Well, now'" said the young man, with an ingenious but fleeting smile, "I know whereabouts in the States Chicago is, just as well as anybody. I could go right there if I had a ticket, but I haven't got the flow of language to make it clear, that's the only trouble!"

A PALPABLE FOUL.—The small son of a Chicago parson came home one day with a badly disfigured face. His father called him up for the usual heart-to-heart talk. "What have you been doing?' "Fighting." "Son, have you forgotten what I have said about fighting?" "He hit me on the cheek." "How often have I told you that the Good Book tells us to turn the other cheek?" "I did, pa—honest—but he smashed me on the nose and I called that a foul and went in and licked the stuffin' out of him. And pa, he's been to Sunday School as much as I have, and ought to know the rules!"

DISTRUSTED THE BISHOPS.—Lord Salisbury invariably lunches at the Athnaeum, the most soleumn of London clubs, the membership of which consists of eminent doctors, judges, lawyers, and, above all, bishops. One rainy day as the premier was starting out to his noonday meal one of his secretaries observed that he had no umbrella. He rushed after the chief with his own, a silver mounted one. "No, no," said Lord Salisbury; "I've lost too many in the Athnaeum. I cannot trust the bishops!"

The PALACE HOTEL

The high standard of excellence maintained by this hotel is recognized and appreciated by a fastidious and discriminating clientele who regularly make it their headquarters when visiting San Francisco.

The GRAND HOTEL

is operated in conjunction with the Palace to which it is joined by a covered passageway, placing under one management 1400 rooms, more than half of which have baths attached.

AMERICAN PLAN. EUROPEAN PLAN.

Famous FOR ITS Purity

SEATTLE, U. S. A.

WHEN LEAVING THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE First National Bank

N. W Corner Bush and Sansome Sts.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY

REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

This brand of Wine is served at all first-class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office, 416 Pine St. A. REPSOLD & CO.

THE

White Pass and Yukon Route

The Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Co.

British Columbia Yukon Railway Co., British Yukon M, T. & T. Co.

AND Canadian Development Company, Ltd.

THROUGH LINE TO DAWSON.

Two first-class trains daily between Skaguay and Bennett, B. C. Ten first-class steamers operating between White Horse and Dawson. Through Telegraph Service Skaguay to Dawson and Intermediate Points.

SKAGUAY IS THE GATEWAY

—TO—

KLONDIKE AND CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN
TRAFFIC MANAGER
Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash. [Phone Main 574]

S. P. BROWN
GENERAL AGENT
116 Yesler Way, Seattle, Wash

From Admiral George Dewey:

Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco—Dear Sir: I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly. Very truly yours,
GEORGE DEWEY.

A GRADUATE

George Mayerle

German Expert Optician

Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED

1071½ Market St.

near Seventh

Telephone Mint 257

German Eye Wate 50 cents.

From General Wm. R. Shafter:

Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco—Dear Sir: The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair.
Very truly yours,
WM. R. SHAFTER.
Major-General, U. S. V.

Reduced To 5 Cents a Copy.

STATE LIBRARY
This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

THE SATURDAY WAVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
AND JOURNAL OF EVENTS CURRENT

WHICH?

CHINESE PERSONALITIES

Li Hung Chang.

THE Chinese crisis has brought about the downfall of a cherished idol. Li Hung Chang, whom we of the Western world have been accustomed to look upon as the best influence at work in China, old Earl Li, ranked by General Grant among the three greatest men whom he met in his tour around the world, is about the most unpopular of his race just now with Europeans. It is unfair indeed to judge Li just now. Little reliance can be placed in any of the so-called "news" emanating from China, and especially Shanghai, City of Distinguished Liars. The apparent double-dealing of the old diplomat may be explained away when the whole matter is understood more fully. In the meantime it can be said in his defense that he, as a Chinese, is under continual pressure from the Chinese side, and that he could favor the Europeans only at the expense of his life and property, that, as a Chinese, he would be an undoubted traitor if he turned against his people and aided the designs of the Europeans, embodying as is suspected the partition of the Empire; that to occupy a position on the fence between two savagely hostile elements is a difficult diplomatic position, not to be held without the help of a few lies. There is one sentiment common to all Chinamen: it is hatred of the foreign devils. Despite his protestations, Li is as intensely anti-foreign as his brethren. He resents just as bitterly the encroachments of Germany, England, Russia, and France, and however he may protest, his sympathies are with the Boxers. What attitude save that which he has taken could be expected of the man, Were even the accomplished Count Cassini, to whose malignant influence much of the present trouble is attributed, forced to show his hand as Li Hung Chang has been forced to do in the past month, it would be found that he held just as many false cards. Moreover, diplomacy is made up pretty largely of lies. Were any accomplished diplomat of Europe forced to show his hand, as Li Hung Chang has been forced to do in the past month, it might be found that nydehhel just as ma false cards.

Li Hung Chang's Ability.

However that may be, Li is certainly a remarkable statesman. His success in affairs of government and finance has been gained mostly by his understanding of the Caucasian character. In this, he has a parallel on the other side, in the person of Sir Robert Hart, who gained his position through his comprehension of the Chinese mind. Li began life in rather humble circumstances, but rose rapidly. His first meeting with Westerners and his bound to fame came simultaneously in connection with the Tai-Ping rebellion. There, he commanded the column of native troops which co-operated with Chinese Gordon's Englishmen in suppressing the rebels. It is said that he first attracted Gordon's notice by his coolness and personal courage. When his men were hard pressed in their trenches, Li used to encourage them by walking along the barricade twirling his thumb-rings while the "long-haired robbers" took shots at him. Gordon used every possible means to advance him, and the entrance of the European powers into Chinese affairs gave him his opportunity. Wherever the two civilizations have touched, Earl Li, "The hinge of the open door,„ has been the go-between. His fortunes have risen or fallen according as the government of China has been conservative or progressive; in the few spasmodic reform movements, he has stood closest to the throne. Hated by the conservative faction which is the cause of the great outbreak, he has nevertheless made himself indispensable at all times, so that the native powers that be have never dared to hint at his absolute removal.

It remains to be said that the old diplomat has never advanced the interests of his country at the expense of his private fortunes. On the contrary, he is probably the richest man in all China. Nor have his methods been over-scrupulous. Ugly stories are told of his bribe-taking and extortion. Perhaps he is not to be held to special blame for that. A man must be judged by his native standards; strict honor and faith in office is nearly unkown in the administration of Chinese governmental affairs. Herein lies a great paradox. In ordinary commercial matters, there are none so honest. Throughout the East, traders require no bonds or notes from a Chinaman, whereas they hold a Japanese or a Korean to the strictest accounting. No debt is so overwhelming but that a Chinese will discharge it to the last farthing of his ability. But give a Celestial power, and he always uses it to corrupt ends. Old Li has been no exception; indeed, his very genius for active affairs has rendered his peculations the greater.

Chang-Chih-Tung

There is one honest official in China, however. He is a sort of an opera-bouffe character and a vast deal of a solemn ass, but he is honest. This is Chang-Chih-Tung, viceroy of the Liang Hu provinces, poet, philosopher, rabid Confucian and would-be-man of affairs. He is said to hold greater power than Li Hung Chang, owing

Chinese Policemen armed with the Three Hooked Spears they Carry on Parade.

t
o his greater honesty. Like John Hay, our present Secretary of State, he first came before the public as a poet, but unlike Hay his literary work was a direct entrance to political eminence. This is possibie and common in China, where all civil service examinations are entirely literary in character. He has been high in the empire for at least a quarter of a century, and has had a varied career. His position in Chinese affairs is peculiar and is, theoretically, a good one. He is opposed to the foreigners and in favor of their ways. He sees the advisability for China of keeping the strangers out of political control, but he is for improvement on all the most enlightened western lines.

The point where Chang stumbles is practical application of his principles, and it is here that he becomes amusing. It is reminiscent of the ridiculous social theories of Balzac, this spectacle of a poet boggling private affairs. Chang's chief pride is his iron-foundry and arsenal at Wuchang-Fu, where he once hoped to turn out the material for railroads to be built, run and operated by Chinese. When the project was launched and the material, brought from England, was delivered, Chang was approached by his subordinates.

"What are we to do with it?" they said.

"Put it up!" said Chang.

"But we don't know how," they said.

"Never mind, put it up."

It was consequently put together, most of it wrong, and had to be straightened out by hated foreigners. When this was done, it was found that the furnaces needed coal. The thought of putting the plant near to China's great coal supply had never occurred to Chang. Nevertheless, he issued his sublime orders. "Get coal!" he said, and the coal was brought overland, by ox-cart and at enormous expense. The result was, of course, failure. The plant has never yielded one-quarter of the value for expense that would have been taken out by European management, and the product was comparatively worthlesss.

Reminiscences of Chang

He was the author of a characteristic stratagem in the Japanese war. When it became known that the invaders were to land on the shores of the Gulf of Perhili, he conceived the idea of digging along the shore a long, deep trench, into which the Japanese were to fall as they left the ships. The Chinese were to lurk in ambush and kill their enemies as they struggled in this gulf. It never seemed to occur to him that the Japanese would look ahead and see the hole. At any rate, the Chinese general in command used his whole available forces in carrying out the plan and was surprised when the Japanese scouts found the ditch and bridged it.

Personally, this poet-reformer is a little, old, dried-up man with an ugly, underhung face, rather a full beard for a Chinaman. His appearance is said to be strikingly reminiscent of the extant portraits of Voltaire. Outside of his aversion for foreigners and his reform theories, he has a hobby for Confuscianism, and hates equally the Buddhists, the Tooists and the Christians. His position in the present crisis is uncertain, but it is doubtful if he is strongly for the Boxers, as his rule in the central provinces has been singularly humane.

Shen Tatai

Sheng Taotai is the viceroy who was suspected of juggling dates in the first Conger cablegram to the State Department. At his door is laid most of the suspicious work which has occurred in the communications between Europe and the ministers. Sheng is strikingly like the ultra-Democratic portraits of Mark Hanna.. He is neither a statesman like Li nor an honest man like Chang—only an all-round unqualified scoundrel of the most malignant Chinese type. He has won his great wealth by flagrant corruption and extortion. He is in favor of foreigners, of Chinese, of Japanese, of Boxers, of anybody and anything that can be squeezed. When necessary, he can exhibit great talent for practical affairs. It is recorded that he has led Li Hung Chang around by the nose on questions of mining concessions. For he is a prime mover in the attempt to exploit the mining wealth of the Empire, believing that there is almost as much wealth in gold and coal as in bribery and extortion.

In his mining deal with Li, both men won out in the end. The story is interesting. The venture, which proved a heavy failure, was capitalized by Li, who had lent on Sheng's promssory note. The old viceroy held his debtor strictly to, account, but the latter professed inability to pay unless given some lucrative government position. Li saw the point, and put Sheng into one rich pasture after another until the debt was paid and the debtor had a good margin for himself. Afterward when the Empress was in power and Li in disfavor, Sheng secured his own position by betraying his former associate.

"The handsomest man in all China" he is called, being a big, fine specimen of physical manhood with a virile, fine, Tartar head appealing to the sense of beauty in both Europeans and Chinese. The prospects of his losing that head are exceptionally brilliant in case of the return of a liberal regime.

Less is heard in Europe of Chang-Yin-Huan and Kang-Yu-Wei, reform leaders now in banishment. This is becaus adherence to the reform party has always constituted a bar to preferment at Peking. The reformers strove to work from the ground up, and therefore were never put in contact with Europeans as representatives of the Empire. Chang Yin-Huan was, indeed, once ambassador to Washington, where he gained his admiration for Caucasian ways, but his open adherence to the reform policy ended his preferment several years ago. He is now under banishment in Turkestan. Kang-Yu-Wei is highly educated in both European and Celestial learning and taught for ten years in the native colleges at Canton. At Peking he was junior secretary of the Board of Public Works, and from that position gained access to the Emperor, causing the latter to make some of the reforms ending in his own downfall. If, when the war is over, the allies restore the former government, Kang may be its first Prime Minister.

Prince Tuan.

Prince Tuan, the reputed leader of the Boxers, and heavy villain in the Chinese drama, is a character of another type He has long been the empress' confidant and adviser, and his son has been selected as heir to the Celestial throne. The real name of this leader is Tuo Lo Tsai Y, and he is prince of Toan or Tuan. No greater mistake could be made than to set him down as an ignorant savage. On the contrary, he is one of the cleverest men in Peking, and is possessed of an extensive acquaintance with foreign affairs. He ls fully informed in regard to armaments. and undoubtedly advised the empress in the immense purchase of of modern weapons made during the last twelve months. But by the members of the legations he was not suspected of such a bold design as boding a bloody insurrection. Of Count Cossini the Russian embassador, he was an intimate friend, and secured for him the unique privilege of traveling from the capital to Kiakhta by the route which is reserved exclusively for members of the imperial family and for mandarins of the first class. Mr. Eli Sheppard, now of San Francisco, met him in Peking in the early eighties while the United States and China were sparring over trade concessions. He saw something of Tuan then,and marked him especially as a "good fellow"—what college boys would call a "josher." Perhaps it is this faculty which has given him his power, for he is known to have been very popular with the young men of the Manchus long before the Boxers were heard of in Europe. His movement is a young men s uprising, and his personality must carry weight. But who would have thought it of Tuan, the Prince Hal of the Forbidden City!

Antipathies—*The* Chines Hatred *of* Foreigners.

IN Washington, recently, I was talking to a member of the Diplomatic Corps of one of the great nations of Europe. The conversation naturally enough, turned upon the Chinese troubles. "You,who have been in China, your excelltncy," I said,"how do you explain that formidable hate that the Chinese bear toward us Caucasians? Is it really a matter of offended seclusiveness? Is it the mere barbarian hate for what is new?"

"You ask me," he answered, "what I have asked myself often. Yes, I have pondered long and deep on this question, and have evolved an answer of my own. No, I do not think their hate is that dislike men bear for everything that is unlike themselves. It is not a revolt at our insolent assumption of superiority. It is much more than that. The Chinese hatred is something of which you have no conception."

He paused for a moment, evidently seeking the phrase that would impress me with his own idea

"Their aversion to us is more than mental," he finally said. "It is *physical*. It is a physical repugnance, totally unreasoning, and as insurmountable as it is unreasoning."

"I do not think I catch your idea."

"I'll express it in another way," he said. "I will give you some history,medieval history—I have always been keenly interested in this subject. Napoleon, you know, great man, indomitable will as he had, fainted at the sight of a cat. Anne of Austria could not bear the odor of roses. The Duke of Muscovy became ill whenever he looked upon a woman. The Duke of Schomberg carried his dislike of cats further than Napoleon; he could not pass under a sign-board on which one was painted."

"I think I understand," I said.

"Let us pursue the subject a lttle further."

He answered with a smile. "Vladislaus, King of Poland, bled from the nose at the sight of an apple. Pennant, the great traveler, had such an aversion to wigs that he once pulled off the monumental periwig of the Mayor of Chester in a moment of ungovernable frenzy. King James fainted at the touch of cold steel. I, myself, knew a young lady who became unconscious at the sight of a uniform."

"Poor girl! I hope she was not in San Francisco in '98."

"O, she was not. She is my wife now, and has conquered her dislike—at least as far as diplomatic uniforms go. But there are many other such instances. My father could not bear the sound of a piano, and my sister had to have a special pavilion made for her musical practice. Lamartine underwent tortures when Delphine Gray laughed. Peter the Great could not endure the sound of running water."

"To go further—Princess Lamballe looked with horror on the wiolet; Tycho Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox; the Bishop of Langres, Charles Escara, became unconscious every lunar eclipse. To go further back, Augustus and Caligula forgot all about their dignity at the sound of thunder. But I might adduce a hundred more instances.

"And you think?"

"I think the Chinese hatred of us Caucasians is as physical and deep-fibred as the examples of insurmountable antipathies that I have given you. We are queer creatures, we men. Our bodies command our minds after all. Why should not a whole race, one which has developed in seclusion along its own peculiar lines as the Chinese has, develope an antipathy to the ruthless invaders who endeavor to unset their religion and their cherished habits of life? Moreover a strange odor attaches to our bodies,they say an odor of sheep. They believe the missionaries gouge out the eyes of children to make a magic potion. Ignorance, superstition, fatuity, you say, but its the fact."

"Heaven knows, cleanliness is no attribute of godliness among Celestials I have met," I answered. "It is possible there is a rare odor undistinguished by our organs. Perhaps that accounts for the physical antipathy. It is surmountable, however. There is your wife.—"

"Yes," he interrupted.

"Love of one thing neutralized her dislike for another, But can you make China love? Can you?"

He paused a while, then went on.

"Because, if you can, you have the only solution of this world's great political problem."

Julian Ralph, the well-known war correspondent,is at Kensington, London, recovering from the effect of injuries received in South Africa. In this situation of enforced idleness, he takes occasion to explain why his reports all had so strong an anti-Boer tone. He denies that this was because he was writing for an English paper, and rushed to please Englishmen. On the contrary, he claims to be a frank and conscientious critic of the faults on the English side, and one of the few who dared speak the truth to them. He went to South Africa strongly under the influence of that magnetic force of sympathy which move men of Republican countries toward one another. But as he became acquainted with "Brother Boer" he found that his chief hope and best efforts were toward winning American sympathy by fooling the Americans. As Ralph expresses it—"I did my best to upset his apple cart because the only sound apples he had to offer were a very few on top of a heavy load of rotten ones."

Mr. Arthur Evans, who dug up the palace at Gnossus in Crete, gave some interesting details about his discovery to the Hellenic society recently. A large paved area he spoke of as "the original dancing ground of Ariadne." In one corner of the palace was a throne room, the throne having "crockets" and other details that anticipate Gothic designs. There are frescoes of flowers, water, fishes, and crowds of men and women, the former with red faces the latter with white. The headdresses and costumes of the women are "truly Parisian." The figure of a bull in painted plaster, found there, may be intended to represent the Minotaur. The most important discoveries, however, are the clay tablets and the remarkable alphabet already announced by Mr. Evans.

According to Mr. Leslie Stephen in the "National Dictionary of Biography," Wordsworth as Poet Laureate wore the same coat to levees that Samuel Rogers had worn, and the coat passed subsequently to Tennyson, when he became Poet Laureate.

Giacomo Puccini, the composer, is the fifth representative in the direct line of a family of musicians. His great-great-grandfather, born in 1712, was conductor at Lucca and the teacher of Guglielmi. Descendants of his in each generation have been composers.

IMPRESSIONS OF NOME

Scene on Nome Beach.

Whatever Nome is or is not in the way of wealth, I suppose that it is the most dreary, barren, desert spot that nature ever chose for a treasury. This is saying a good deal, for the site of a mining camp is not generally favored as a garden-spot. Yet Leadville, where even common lawn-grass cannot be made to grow, is set in the midst of great mountains; the same is true of Butte. Nevada City is surrounded with considerable grand scenery of a tamer sort; Randsburg, with the sun beating the life out of the sand, has the mysterious desert air, and the striped bluffs in the distance. Nome alone is utterly lacking in picturesqueness. The sea beats on a dreary beach, from which stretches a bare, brown, level rise of sand and tundra. There is not even the relief of distant mountains, only a few brown hills, against a pitiless Northern sky.

It is a coast that carries suggestions of shipwreck and hardship. For the last few miles of your voyage, you roll along an open treacherous ocean within sight of shores which look as though they had never seen ships or men. This impression is intensified rather than lessened by the perpetual Arctic day.

CONFUSION AND LAWLESSNESS.

I doubt if any other mining camp was ever half so interesting, probably because no other ever leaped to its full size so suddenly. The most crabbed and cynical old miner admits that. Should a town in the warm and civilized parts of the earth spring from two or three hundred inhabitants to twenty thousand in a single year, there would be much hurry and confusion, much disorder and lawlessness. What, then, could be expected of Nome City, a thousand miles of Arctic desert away from a railroad, a whole hemisphere's distance from a brick block? The whole twenty thousand have flung themselves together in the craziest fashion possible, every one for himself and only Uncle Sam's insufficient force of soldiery for all. There are two streets as a nucleus for the chaos; outside stretches a wilderness of shanties, tents, stores, claims, huts, all set as though some high power had picked them up and sown them broadcast; beyond is the beach, piled high with merchandise, with boats, with all those miscellaneous belongings of mankind which are kept out of sight in storehouses, in attics, in cellars throughout the settled world of civilization. For space and shelter are so precious here that the newcomer is lucky if he finds a place to rest his head on the first day of his sojourn—or on the second or third, for that matter. When the newcomer hears one miner ask another, "Got located yet?"—he imagines that the location referred to is a mining claim. It is not; the interlocutor is asking pleasantly about a residence. Most of the habitable tents and shanties are run on a "Box and Cox" arrangement, two or three men sleeping by relays in each bunk throughout the twenty-four hours. It makes little difference, all nights being days here now, and time existing only by courtesy of clocks.

PRECIOUS SPACE AND SHELTER.

I cannot see why we are not all dead of fever, malaria and pneumonia. Certainly, the climate of Nome must be the most salubrious in the world to prevent such a consummation. The homeless and houseless are camping on the wet tundra, which seeps through their blankets at night and sends them out moist and shivering to the long day. There is no drinkable water unless it be boiled. A few do this, but the majority take chances with water that must be alive with bacteria. There are no sewers—there is no provision at all, not even surface drainage, for disposal of the refuse from twenty thousand crowded men and women. The few typhoid cases reported last week must be the forerunner of a general epidemic. Heaven help the camp when it comes.

This is not the only danger to life at Cape Nome, however. There is a lawless element of unknown strength waiting its opportunity to make trouble. Were it not for the iron hand of the United States Army, it would have made trouble already. The gamblers, sharpers, claim-jumpers, all the Dead-Sea fruit of the lawless Alaskan soil, were rushing to Cape Nome before the season was fairly opened; when the *Alpha*, the advance-guard of the fleet, was righted off the harbor, they were waiting to give the voyagers a warm reception. "Do they bring any money?" was the first question asked when the travelers began to come ashore from the lighters. They did; they also brought some more gamblers and sharpers,

A CRIMINAL ELEMENT.

and each succeeding vessel had still more. I suppose there must be a thousand men in camp who have committed every crime against law, who are here not to mine but to defraud and steal, to usurp locations, to swindle the unwary. The soldiers do their best, considering that they are few and that their hands are tied by the existence of another and conflicting constituted authority, but that best is very little. There have been twelve murders already, and not one arrest for murder. When the excitement of getting located and starting the summer work is passed, when the real owners of claims located and re-located a half dozen times begin to assert their rights, there are sure to be many more. Some very, very weird work on the part of the recorder has helped to make the location of claims a perfect jumble. For every claim recorded, he gets a fee of $250. If, therefore, he assigns the same location to several different men, he is just so much the gainer. Only this can explain the tangle existing on beach and tundra—everywhere, in fact, except on the claims staked, recorded, and worked last fall. Further, many of these overlapping locations were placed originally by sharpers, who proceeded to sell them at huge prices to new comers. The owners of these "sight unseen" properties found some one else

Scene on Front Street.

The Beach Piled High with Merchandise

Sluicing.

in possession of their purchases, and have not the slightest chance of recovering, the other holder having both law and possession on his side. Enough violations of law have been committed to keep a court busy for ten years.

* * *

Murders and Funerals.

One of the spring crop of murders was that of Henry Lucas, shot in a dispute over the claim to his shanty. His funeral, which occurred June 20th was generally attended, having been heralded by a placard distributed around the camp and by a notice in the paper. His slayer was lying wounded in another shanty only a few feet away. It was a scene which recalled Bret Harte. The corpse lay in a board coffin on a bench. At the foot were three tallow candles, at the head a wreath of paper roses. A service was read by a miner who had been a clergyman, while a hundred of the floating population who had nothing else to do stood about and tried to look impressed.

Only one person shed real tears. This was a woman with bleached hair, floating disarranged about her face, who sat at the head of the coffin and wept into an over-scented handkerchief. She and three more like her followed the impromptu hearse—a truck hired at ten dollars an hour—to a hole in the tundra. The four women wept hysterically over the grave in the tundra, as is the fashion of their kind when moved, and then went back to the dance-hall where they had met the dead man. Had this incident been put into a mining camp novel, it would have been called unreal and strained, but this is a faithful description.

Stephen Crane's Influence With Cubans.

THE late Stephen Crane with his mercurial temperament was no where more idolized than in Havana, during the revolutionary times, by the mercurial Cubans. A dozen episodes might be cited to prove his influence over them. An instance of this occurred in an American cafe into which Crane had come, with a Cuban Lieutenant-Colonel in citizen's clothes, and another newspaper correspondent. A bloody riot had taken place at the Hotel Ingleterre only the night before, and things were still on the hair trigger. The three were there to kill time and had scarcely taken their seats, when they were joined by a fiery Spanish Captain who knew the Americans, but did not recognize the Cuban. He took him for a Havana business man in his mufti, and soon launched out on a diatribe against the "army of liberty." Spanish officers and their unbearable insolence was common enough but the Cuban's eyes began to blaze, and his right hand started for his pistol. There were dozens of women in the cafe, and a fight seemed about to be precipitated, perhaps a general outbreak with dire consequences. Crane came to the rescue. "Be quiet," he said peremptorily (in French) to the Cuban, "this man is at present our guest, and I forbid you to notice his remarks." The Spaniard did not understand French.

To the surprise of onlookers, the native obeyed, but he sat writing and grinding his teeth with suppressed rage, while the two Americans steered the Spaniard safely, but with difficulties, on to other topics. No other man in Havana could have held the patriot in leash.

very light supper is then served in the summer house after which his Holiness is escorted back to his apartments for the night. This quiet daily routine is varied occasionally by the visit of some Cardinal or Bishop, or the granting of a special audiance to some privileged personage.

Murder Will Out.

LAST year a gray-headed old man, a prisoner in the town jail of Tecumseh, in Oklahama Territory, was identified as the unconvicted murderer of a young boy named Gilbert Gates over thirty years ago. The prisoner was enrolled as W. H. Hill, but under this alias was discovered to be Alexander Jester, who thirty years before had been something of a travelling fakir, and the companion of the murdered Gilbert Gates, on a westward bound "prairie schooner." The boy mysteriously disappeared from Jester's company, and the latter was at the time arrested on a charge of robbing and murdering him. He had, however, escaped from jail, and was not again apprehended until last year.

Probably at that time he would not have been brought to trial for the crime of his younger manhood, had it not been, that a brother of Gilbert Gates, while reading a newspaper, came across the item telling of the identification of Alexander Jester. This John Gates, head of the wire trust, a millionaire several times over, took the first train for Oklahoma, and since that time has spared neither time or money in an effort to convict his brother's murderer. He has ransacked the whole West for people who remember the crime and who could bring any testimony to bear upon it. Over fifty witnesses have been found in this way, who recall Jester, and can, it is said, produce damaging evidence against him. The story reads like the closing chapter of a dime novel, based on the old adage that "murder will out."

Government Cipher *and* Diplomatic Correspondence

THERE is a deal of puerility in the affectation of machiavelism which characterizes the dealings of governments with one another. Diplomats of then ineteenth century are too apt to cling to methods of the sixteenth. They are much like children. They "play." They love mystery, labyrinthine negotiations, breathless secrets, although they know at the bottom of their consciousness that it is all a sham, that secrets, subtle schemes, mephistophelian cunning are clear as crystal to the very beings for whose benefit they are used. They "play."

The best example of this is in the ciphers in which they correspond with their government. The cipher is an amusing toy; it is almost as ingenious as some of the mechanical contrivances invented now-a-days for the amusement of our *blase*, nineteenth century children. It beats charades and puzzles. It amuses and edifies all in one. It exercises the mind and keeps us out of trouble. Nobody but diplomats and children take it seriously. Everybody knows that nothing is more decipherable than a cipher. Nobody knows better the solution of these cryptograms than the government against which they are used. A Frenchman is always adept in German cryptography. Nobody can decipher a French "confidential communication" as well as a German official.

In Russia it happens often that a cipher dispatch addressed by the English foreign office to its ambassador is held a sufficient time to admit of the Czar's minister of foreign affairs availing himself of the contents thereof. It has happened several times that he will take advantage of its contents in an interview with the English ambassador who receives his copy of the message only after the meeting is over and after he has committed both himself and hisgovernment to obligations against which the dispatch expressly warned him.

On a certain occasion old Prince Gortchakoff—then chancellor and minister of foreign affairs—inadvertently mentioned in the course of a conversation with the British ambassador, Lord Augustus Loftus, if I remember right—a piece of information which he could only have acquired through the diligent perusal of a cipher dispatch which Lord Augustus had received from London an hour before. Lord Augustus could not refrain from congratulating the prince on being so well informed. The prince, not the least disconcerted, laughed genially, admitted that he was rather bright as a cryptographer and then proceeded to demonstrate to the ambassador the reasons why he should not carry out the instructions contained in the dispatch in question.

On another occasion Prince Gortchakoff, the Russian chancellor, asked Lord Napier to communicate from St. Petersburg some information to the British government. This he promised to do. "But how are you going to send it?" asked the chancellor. Lord Napier had an inkling that the Russian foreign office was already able to read his cipher,so he said: "I will send it by telegraph." Prince Gortchakoff on this began to fidget, and then said, "I do not wish my colleagues to know what I am communicating to you." "Certainly," replied Lord Napier; "but you have nothing to fear, as I will send it in my cipher." Still more did the Prince fidget. At last he said: "We are old friends, and we understand the necessity of diplomacy. The truth is that we can decipher the code that you usually use."

This is how the Russians discovered the British cipher. Whenever a foreign representative (at St. Petersburg) received a telegram in cipher from his government a copy of it is taken at the ministry of the interior. If the representative receiving the telegram communicates to the Russian minister of foreign affairs anything a day or two later, this, too, is sent to the ministry of the interior. The communication and the telegram are then compared. Supposing the cipher to be a series of numbers, as is usual, a few words would thus be made out. The clews thus obtained would increase according to the frequency of the telegrams received, and in a very short time it is possible to read the whole cipher.

DECEPTIVE DISPATCHES.

The late Dreyfus trial was an eloquent give-away on cryptographic futility. Among the evidence were bucketfuls of intercepted "secret" messages meant for the German government. Some of the documents, in fact, were "fake" offers of treason sent to the German war office in the approved cipher of the latter, and greedily accepted by them.

During the late American-Spanish war, the secret service men of the United States government found no trouble in possessing themselves of the cipher used by the Spanish secret agents in this country. The communications of these gentlemen were easily altered and thus the Spanish government found itself throughout the war furnished with a liberal supply of false information. An attempt, in fact, was made to draw Camara's fleet into the maw of the Sampson-Schley combination by a pretended disclosure of a sudden revolution in the south with Charleston as its hot-bed. It was fondly hoped that the Spanish admiral would bravely steam across the pond and offer his services to the rebellious city. The war ended too soon, however, to try the limit of Spanish credulity.

At the present day it is strongly suspected that the benighted Chinese government is using its acquired knowledge of Caucasian cryptography to flood the world with cipher messages from Conger, McDonald, De Giers and other beleaguered diplomats. For my part, I expect any day to see the allied governments receive a joint petition, in the most approved cipher, from the ambassadors at Peking, beseeching the powers please not to come to Peking, where they are very well treated, thank you, with free champagne and the freedom of the Imperial palace, and a body guard of 10,000 stalwart, faithful soldiers of the empire preserving them from all harm.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

The End of a West Point Custom.

THE cadets at West Point have just finished a peculiar controversy with their superiors, victory resting, as is usual in such cases, with the authorities. In the Military Academy a strict hand is held over the students, military discipline being added to a rigorous scholastic system. It is particularly hard for them to show disapproval of an unpopular instructor or officer, as any open offence of the sort brings about heavy punishment. Some time ago, accident revealed a method which seemed flawless. A woman visiting the mess-hall while the cadets were at dinner dropped a very slurring remark about their table manners. The speech was heard and passed on, and general indignation brought a wave of silence over the noisy mess-room. Not only was the hum of conversation stopped, but the clatter of knives and dishes as well. The confusion of the offender was so great that the cadets adopted silence as a custom. Thereafter, when any officer who had made himself unpopular entered the mess-room, he caused a great and sudden stillness. The matter was brought to the attention of the commandant, and he was a whole summer long in devising a remedy. It seemed impossible and beyond regulations to stand over the cadets and order them to eat and talk. Finally, he hit upon the plan of declaring the meal finished when a "silence" was proclaimed, alleging that when they all stopped eating it was a sign that they had finished their meal. This was sprung on the hungry cadets in the middle of dinner, and stopped the custom for a time. But after a while, they learned to keep inside the rules by stopping the buzz of talk when a "silence" was proclaimed, while keeping their knives and forks going as busily as ever. This form of ostracism was employed during this summer's encampment, the victim being a lieutenant who had reported three cadets for mild hazing. Commandant Mills rose to the occasion by ordering an officer stationed in every mess-tent with discretionary power to declare the meal finished "whenever the table manners shall become unseemly." On some pretext or other, the unpopular lieutenant was then sent into each mess-tent successively just after soup was served. The silence followed, and the meal was promptly cut short. Hunger, which tames lions, conquered the cadets; by dinner time there was one custom the less at West Point.

* * *

The hazing scrape which the unpopular lieutenant reported was not a particularly bad one, considering the affairs which used to disgrace the Academy some ten years ago. Two "plebs" or first-year men were made to clean out the tents of three upper classmen after the manner of fags at Rugby. The punishment was most severe. A month was cut off from the furlough of the offenders, and heavy extra duty was imposed. The reason why this form of hazing was treated so severely while like offences involving bodily injury are overlooked, lies in the policy of the American army, which is democratic in theory, if not in practice. The officer, while requiring the necessary discipline, must respect all the rights and feelings of his subordinates. It is felt that if a sentiment of aristocratic uppishness is fostered at the Point, it will be carried from there into the army. This being the point of view, Commandant Mills seems justified in his course. If he could only instil into the cadets some sentiment which would cause them in after years to look at officers elevated from the ranks as their own social equals, he would be doing double service.

One of the largest publishers of books in the East said lately that many of his special editions were now bound for him by young women who were allowed to develop their own ideas. It is profitable work for them and the results are novel, individual, aud generally artistic.

THE Filipino-Bryan Club indulged in its usual weekly meeting last night. A large attendance greeted the eye of the President as he mounted the platform and rapped for order.

There was a scuffle in the rear of the room and the President ordered the offenders brought to the desk.

"What's the matter?" he demanded sternly.

"Bryanisto has got my locket," declared one.

"It's a lie," cried Bryanisto.

"Let me look at it," said the President.

It was a gold locket, tied with a faded blue ribbon. Opening it, the President discovered two portraits—one of a curlyheaded little chap of six or eight, who at that moment was probably wondering where papa was. The other was the portrait of a young woman, fair to look upon, about whose mouth hovered a sweet smile. The President demanded.

"Where did this come from?"

"Off an American soldier," said one.

"I shot him," cried Bryanisto.

"I was at his body first," shouted the other.

The President pried the pictures out of the locket with his knife. Putting the locket in his pocket, he said:

"He're; each one of you take a picture. I'll keep the locket."

There was some show of protest from the lovers of liberty. But the President shut them up in short order and bade them take their seats.

"Are there any communications, Mr. Secretary," asked the President. "One sir," answered the Secretary.

"This communication," explained the Secretary, "is signed by the leading merchants and professional men of one hundred and fifty of our cities having a population of over ten thousand voters."

"I'll bet it is d——d nonsense," said the President. "You need not read it."

Here a tall well-formed man of thoughtful face arose and begged permission to speak.

"Who are you?" asked the President.

"A native of these Islands, Sir, who asks to be heard."

"Well, don't be too long," snapped the President.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen," said the stranger, "Let us demonstrate to all the world that we are a civilized people. Let us demonstrate that we are fit to govern ourselves, if that blessing comes to us, and if it does not, let us demonstrate to these Americans, that we are fit to become American citizens."

"Do you deny that we are?" asked the President sternly.

"I neither deny or affirm, Sir. Your friends the Democrats of America say you are unfit."

"Bah," said a fat man in the corner.

"I represent the sentiment of millions of natives who want peace."

"Piece of what?" asked the President, his mind naturally reverting to loot.

"They want no more wars. They want to embrace the opportunity offered by the American government to enjoy the freedom that satisfies seventy million of intelligent free men."

"Sit down! Sit down!" came from every portion of the hall.

"You do not represent the wishes of the great majority of our citizens," exclaimed the speaker, flushed with anger.

A short man with a sand-bag came up behind the stranger and after rapping for order several times on the back of his head, his body was dragged out of the room.

The Secretary reported the capture of a prisoner, who wanted to address the meeting.

"Bring him in," said the President.

A man was brought into the room between the guards.

"Boys," he said, cunningly and confidentially, "I'm a Bryan Democrat."

"Good for you," shouted some of the crowd.

"Our party," continued he, "the grand party of Bryanism is for you; and we are going to give you more kinds of liberty than any people have ever had before."

"May we take from the hated Spaniard?" asked the President.

"Take from him!" exclaimed the prisoner. "Why you can strip him to the bone, and sell his marrow for axle grease."

"And then," continued the prisoner, "we are going to give you 16 to 1."

"And what is that?" was asked.

"Why every dollar you bring to our mints we are going to give you 16 dollars back."

There was a cheer went up that would have done the heart of a Populist good.

"But you must help us," declared the prisoner.

"And how?" asked the President.

"You must keep up your resistance. You must show the people of America that *you will not* submit, and just before election gather all of your available forces together and make a grand sortie and kill off as many troops as possible."

"We'll do it," they shouted.

"And pass resolutions," continued the speaker. "There's nothing like resolutions. I have one here and I ask you to adopt it and wire it to New York. It will do good."

One of the members took the resolution and read it to the club.

"Whereas, we are inspired with the same love of liberty that moved the immortal Washington and his army at Valley Forge,

"And Whereas, our homes, our firesides, and our liberties are as dear to us as they were to the American Revolutiontionary soldier,

"And Whereas, while we recognize that the United States is the grandest Republic in the world, yet the noble people of that nation must also recognize that a government, no matter how just, without the consent of the governed, is a tyranny.

"Now, Therefore, we appeal to the just and earnest minded men of America to vote for William Jennings Bryan, who promises to restore order in our country, put down murder and brigandage, and then withdraw the American troops, leaving us a free and grateful people."

The President suggested striking out the words "to restore order in our country, put down murder and brigandage, and then"

The nmendment carried and the resolution as amended went through unanimously.

The Secretary here said that all the members were in arrears in their dues, and demanded immediate payment, as the landlord was after his rent.

The members filed up to the Secretary's desk. There was little money in the crowd, but plenty of loot which must be taken in lieu of money, at a fair valuation. There was much haggling over the value of a silver cross that one member presented, and it was finally compromised by cutting off one of the arms. There were rings and watches and jewelry and chains, mostly of American and Spanish make.

The Secretary finally announced that all dues were paid, except that of Bryanist, who was in arrears for three months.

The Chair read Bryan a severe lecture. That worthy slipped out of the hall and returned in a few minutes with several articles of jewelry very much resembling some that was worn by the stranger who addressed the club. Presenting himself at the Secretary's desk, one of the members shouted:

"He has taken all the stuff off the corpse outside."

"Not all," denied Bryan.

"Not all?" cried many voices, and there was a general scramble for the door, for it is against the sacred law of the followers of Aguinaldo to neglect details. But it broke up the meeting, for the swearing outside mingled with the groans of the man who was not quite dead yet, rather chafed against the harmony of further proceedings, and besides, the President was inclined to quarrel with the Secretary for holding out a ring in dividing the spoils that came in for membership dues.

PALMER BROWNE.

EXPANSION— By Jack London.

THE anti-expansionist does not want the United States adventuring abroad, He insists that the old territorial limits are sufficient for present and future growth. And now that the war with Spain has become history, the presence of the United States in the Philippines stands for much that is objectionable and unjust in human relations. This, divested of rhetoric, is the position taken by the anti-expansionist. No matter what constitutional authority he brings forward to enforce his contention, the fact remains that he does not oppose expansion primarily because it might happen to be unconstitutional; for he knows that an amendment at any time can make legal what was illegal. No, his opposition rests on deeper foundations than that. He cannot countenance expansion because he considers it wrong—not constitutionally, but ethically.

It is wrong, he contends, for a strong nation to impose its strength upon a weak nation. It is wrong for a large people to force a government upon a small people, when that small people has occupied its land for centuries. With the continued occupancy of such land go certain possessory rights,—the right to develop the land or the right not to develop it, the right of stable self-government or the right of unstable self-government—and it is wrong for a large people to usurp these rights. This position of the anti-expansionist is a peculiar one, and all his philosophy of every-day existence gives it the lie.

A man of his own community, through inheritance, comes into possession of certain farms and ranches. This land belonged to the man's father, and father's father, before him. By good management, they retained possession, and only by good management. The present owner holds the land in a sort of trust. So long as he can make it pay, it is his; but as soon as he cannot it must pass out of his hands and into the hands of some one who can make it pay. But he is slipshod in business, a poor organizer, and a worse manager. He runs behind, places mortgage upon mortgage, and with the inevitable crash surrenders up all right to it. Perhaps the anti-expansionist, if he be a good business man, holds a mortgage or two.

Again, his next door neighbor in like manner becomes possessed of a large factory, which he holds in like trust. But he is a poor business man. Competition is keen. He cannot eliminate waste and reduce the cost of production so well as can his competitors. He fails in buying his raw material at the lowest possible price, and in selling his finished article at the highest possible. He is not a hustler. He is crowded to the wall and his possessions pass from him. And his neighbor, the anti-expansionist, affirms the verdict of the community when it says that all is well. The terms of the tacit trust, by which the man held possession, were that he should guarantee a management adequate enough to meet and survive the pressure of his competitors.

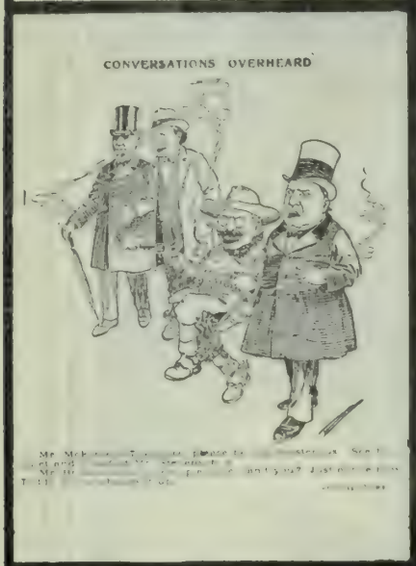
Such are the every-day domestic ethics of the anti-expansionist; but when he turns his attention abroad, he calls upon quite a different set of ethics. In short, he denies to his blood brother what he would grant the Filipino. What difference whether it be a man who possesses a bit of soil, or a people that possess the whole soil? Within the social organism the individual who is slothful or improvident is thrust from the soil. Why not within the social organism? And if so between members of the social organism, why not between the social organisms themselves? The slothful give way to the energetic, the improvident to the thrifty; if right in one case, why not in all?

A people possess a land. To develop it they must first be

Continued on page 15.

"THE BRITISH TAKE THEIR PLEASURES SADLY."

An Illustration of the Open but Joyless Love-Making of the Cockney Costermonger and his Donah, Returning from a Bank-Holiday Merry-Making at the Crystal Palace. Sketched in a Third Class Smoking Compartment of the Underground Railway. —*By Gelett Burgess.*



UNCLE SAM—"No, John, I don't b'leeve she's fudded, but folks do get all shot up sometimes a meddlin' with empty weepons.

Stevenson—Bill, don't you notice that this machine bumps a good deal?
Bryan—Not a bit, it's your imagination
—Minneapolis Tribune

The World:—"Talk is all right in some cases, but unless you open that gate afraid I cannot hold these critters."

A LEGACY OF DISCORD.

Chinaman—You allee chop-chop me now, but welly soon forrin devil chop-chop forrin devil
—Punch

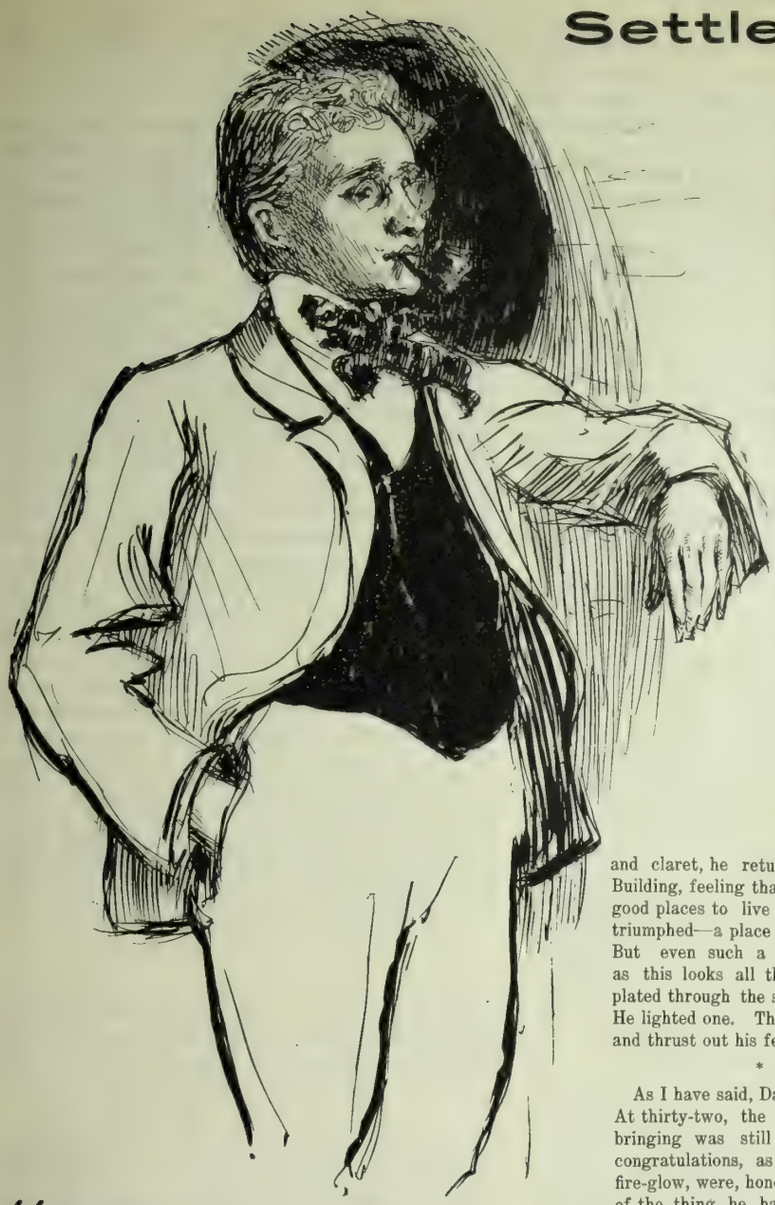
HOME SWEET HOME

FOOLING THE OLD MAN

CURRENT CARTOONS.

Settled Out of Court,

By George Vincent.



"NOT guilty!"

The tense silence of the crowded court broke in a wave of noise, a noise made up of approval, of dissidence, of surprise.

A half-amused, half-supercilious smile flickered across the thin lips of the prisoner in the dock as he bowed to the judge and then turned to say something to his counsel. But Darrel didn't look at his client. He hastily gathered up his papers and elbowed his way out of the court to robing-room.

Before he left thecourt room, Alderton, the district attorney, who had been prosecuting for the state, came in.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Darrel," he said, heartily.

"It was that cross-examination of yours did it, even more than your speech, although I admit a point or two in it that almost convinced even me. Your client's a lucky man."

"It's a sort of luck I shouldn't care for, myself," Darrel replied, "to be tried, innocently, for murder, with you against me and Hook on the Bench."

"Innocently!" the other echoed. "Innocently! Oh, well. Yes, of course."

"Oh! come now!" Darrel exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, yes. It's all right, of course," said the district attorney.

* * *

As Darrel walked down Kearny street on his way to dine at the "Cock," he felt not a little elated. This was his first notable triumph. He had had several minor victories, but so far nothing that would attract the eyes of the public, or of the more important part of it—the solicitors. This was another matter. He felt this to be a personal, as well as a professional achievement. Ever since his consultation with his client, he had believed that client to be innocent. But, at the same time, he had seen clearly in what deadly peril the man stood.

Of direct evidence there was none. The analyst could find no trace of any poison, although that some poison had been at work the doctors had expressed no doubt whatever. Until to-day that was, when, under a clever cross-examination, an eminent physician had wavered in his expressions of certainty. But the prisoner had benefited enormously by his wife's death; the possible motives were clear enough. In short, circumstantially, the case for the prosecution was overwhelming.

Darrel's conscience was keen and finely tempered. Hehad not been long at the bar. The sense of duty still burnt in him like a flame. If this man were condemned, Darrel had felt that he would have been guilty of something very like his murder. And so he must do more than his best; and he had done it. He had put every ounce of brains and of heart that was in him into the case. In that speech of his to the jury, passion and intellect were at white heat. And the speech had done its work. The semi-hostile summing up of the judge had been impotent to undo the effect of so convincing an appeal. To have snatched a prisoner from out the very claws of Judge Hook was indeed a forensic record. That would be talked about,Darrel knew.

After his broiled chicken and claret, he returned to his offices in the Mills Building, feeling that the world was the best of good places to live in—a place wherein justice triumphed—a place in which the best men won. But even such a superlatively excellent world as this looks all the better for being contemplated through the smoke wreaths ofa good cigar. He lighted one. Then he sank into his arm-chair and thrust out his feet towards the fire.

* * *

As I have said, Darrel had a quick conscience. At thirty-two, the effect of his puritanical upbringing was still strong upon him. His self-congratulations, as he sat comfortably in the fire-glow, were, honestly, much more on account of the thing he had done then of the way in which he had accomplished it. It was because he had rescued a drowning man, as it were, more than because he had proved himself a consummate swimmer, that he was so joyfully satisfied at the result of the trial that day. He didn't care for criminal practice. He accepted criminal engagements only because an insufficiency of the other sort came his way. It always went against the moral grain of him to plead the cause of a prisoner about whose innocence he felt a doubt. He knew, of course, that such weakness might be overcome. But he didn't think it weakness, and he didn't want to overcome it.

Before the cigar was half smoked there was a knock at his door. He rose to open it, a little impatiently. It was Brown, no doubt, come to congratulate him; and he was not in the humor for Brown. He opened the door. It was not Brown. It was his client of the murder trial, the man on whose neck, when the court had adjourned for lunch that day, the shadow of the rope seemed almost visible.

"Mr. Darrel," he began, in that pleasant, velvety voice which had so attracted his counsel at their one previous interview, "I have come to thank you and to felicitate you. I know it's not the usual thing to do," he went on, when he had got into the room, "not etiquette, perhaps; but the circumstances were unusual, weren't they?"

"Yes," said Darrell. "One doesn't get tried for murder every day in the week, I suppose. Won't you sit down? You'll find that chair the most comfortable, I think. Let me take your hat."

"It wasn't quite that I meant," the man returned, throwing himself back gracefully as a graceful woman in the long, low arm-chair and clasping a pair of finely-shaped white hands behind his head. "I meant that it was unusual for a jury to be turned so completely off the track as you turned our twelve friends to-day. Right up to your cross-examination of that last witness they were against me to a man. That shook them. Your speech did the rest. After that, our friend, the judge, was quite futile. By Jove! I don't believe those fellows would credit me now if I were to go and confess straight out."

"I don't suppose they would," Darrell said; "they'd merely think you were mad. By the way, have you dined?"

"Thanks, yes. I drove straight down to the Palace when I left the court," the other replied. "I hug myself, too," he went on, "at having secured you for the case. Several of my friends were strong on my getting Barker; but I was determined to have you. I gave peremptory orders."

"Oh, you did! How on earth did you know anything about me?"

"I was by chance in court at San Jose one day last August and watched you handle that forgery case, you may remember. I made up my mind that if ever I got into a tight place you were the man to get me out."

"Really?" Darrel said, with a faint blush at the compliment; "but you never expected to be where—you were to-day, though?"

"Well, one has to look ahead. I say," rising and crossing the room, "these are two very nice etchings! Whistler's, eh?"

Then the talk turned on art for a while; and Darrel's visitor talked well. There was a charm about the man; in his voice, in his gesture, a sort of feminine charm. Yet he was distinctly not effeminate.

Half an hour later, after a brief silence, he said suddenly

"Mr. Darrell, I suppose if I were to say I was guilty now, nothing would come of it, eh?" The voice was so ordinary that Darrel was not startled at the words.

"No," he replied, slowly, "except a little sensation. As you said, no one believe you. At any rate, very few would. But it would be a bit mad, wouldn't it?"

"But you knew from the first that I did it, of course? I can't be mistaken in that?"

Darrel's amazement was too great for speech. He stared at the man with started eyes. He thought his client had gone suddenly off his head.

"If you had not known it," the other continued, "I should be in the condemned cell to-night. A man of your temperament could never have fought like that in a safe case, I know. I saw, from the first, that you guessed the whole truth. You and I take the same views of life. You tried with all your might, because you believed me justified in what I did."

Darrel's heart thumped hard at his side. His mouth went dry. But he kept his head. He felt that he was on the edge of some new and strange experience.

"Justified in killing your wife?" he asked, in a hard, level voice.

"A wife who was a fool; who shared none of my tastes; and, with all her money, hated to gratify one of them. Yes."

Darrel made an immense effort at self-restraint; an effort that made him physically weaker. He wanted to hear more of this; although he cursed himself for what he had already heard. He had saved the life of as foul a murderer as ever sinned, it seemed.

"Yes, I suppose I did," he said; and there was not a trace of emotion in his voice; "but I should like to hear the details. It wouldn't have done for me to have known them before; but now, it's all right, of course."

The other man glanced apprehensively round the room.

"These walls are thick, I suppose?" he asked.

"There is no one else on this floor," Darrel replied.

"Well," the man said, "there is only one detail—the drug. I am an amateur in toxicology; and I know more than the professionals. I took it up for fun. Now it has brought me $25,000 a year and freedom—freedom and a happy life!"

"A happy life?" Darrel repeated.

"I am the master of a drug," the other continued, "which disappears, vanishes and leaves no trace—within two hours its work is done. Some day, perhaps, some one may hit upon a test that will discover its traces. At present no such test is known, not even to me. It was that drug which rid me of Teresa Praed and gave me—everything." There was two minutes' dead silence. Darrel was trying desperately to arrange his thoughts. His visitor picked up a little bronze lizard from the mantelpiece and examined it curiously.

Presently he spoke again

"But even that drug would have been useless and worse, if it hadn't been for you. That fool of a nurse let out the soup business at the inquest; and that did for me with the jury. And so I want to make you some return. Look!" he took from his breast pocketa small, flattish, stoppered bottle containing a colorless liquid. "I make you a present of that," he said. "There are two doses, each dose a life. Some day, who knows, this stuff may serve you as well as it—and you—have served me."

Darrel put out his hand mechanically and took the bottle. He had arranged his thoughts; he had decided. He twisted out the stopper, wetted his forefinger with the stuff and touched his tongue.

"No taste," he said, smacking his lips.

"Scarcely any," the other returned, "and no smell. Oh, a drop won't hurt you. A tablespoonful will kill—just about

Continued on page 15

is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash. Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter. Subscription: Per year, $2.00; six months, $1.25; three months, 75 cents. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

Chinese Personalities, by George Francis..... 2
Impressions of Nome, Robert Bruer..... 4
Diplomatic Ciphers, Etienne Marcel..... 5
The Filipino Bryan Club..... 6
Expansion, by Jack London..... 6
The British take their Pleasures Sadly. by Gelett Burgess 7
Current Cartoons..... 8
Settled out of Court, by George Vincent..... 9
Chinatown Festival, by Will Irwin 12
How they Went on the Stage 13
The Little Mademoiselle..... 16
The Queen's Garden Party, by Lady Francis..... 18
The Shirt-Waist Man, by Robert Johnston..... 20

San Francisco — August 11, 1900 — Seattle

Campaign Maxims.

NEVER make a martyr of the man you propose to defeat. Sympathy is the shadow of oppression, and attracts votes where oppression repels them.

Never take your political inspirations from the slanders of the enemy.

Partisan spirit is the boast of fools.

The professionally virtuous and patriotic candidate is more than often a masquerading scoundrel. Look for that particular vice in him who noisily claims a virtue that is commonly presumed to obtain among honorable men. An habitual liar is fond of testifying to his own veracity. A demagogue, to his love of country and affection for the common people.

The New District Courts.

THE San Francisco *Call* has unwisely declared editorial hostility to the proposed constitutional amendment providing for the creation of district courts of appeal. With more vigor than wisdom, it urges the defeat of the amendment. Everyone familiar with the delays of litigation in California concedes that the present system is lame and inadequate, and it is to mend these infirmities and put an end to tedious and irritating delays that the amendment is suggested. Our present supreme court consists of seven judges with an attachment of five court commissioners. The entire system is well calculated to create vexatious delays and multiply the labors of the jurists. Cases are heard in departments before their judges, and every defeated litigant in a petition for a hearing in bank, demands that the judges of one department review the decision of the other. Probably more time is consumed in considering these petitions than in the original hearing and determination of the case. The amendment creates a supreme court of five justices only, and it is presumed that all appeals will be heard by the full bench. Two justices and five supreme court commissioners are eliminated Then the state is divided into three districts. One court is located at Los Angeles, one at Sacramento and one at San Francisco. Perhaps in practical operation, these district courts may not meet the necessities of the occasion, but at least the amendment will have cut down the numbers on the supreme bench to a good working force. It is hoped that the district courts will insure litigants a speedy hearing and prompt decision on appeal cases and relieve the higher tribunal of much work. The expenses of the state are not materially increased, as only two additional judges are provided for.

The real opposition of the *Call* may be discovered in its hostility to Governor Gage, to whom will fall the appointment of the first district judges. It says, among other things, "We have had sufficient experience with the kind of men that Governor Gage appoints to office." This is not altogether fair. Governor Gage has already made several judicial appointments to the superior bench during his administration, none of which have been adversely criticised. One may only determine what a man is likely to do in the future by what he has done in the past. He appointed ex-Chief Justice A. L. Rhodes to the superior bench of Santa Clara county. There was a great scramble of political lawyers in the boss-ridden town of San Jose for the place. Judge Rhodes was not an active candidate for appointment, yet he was selected by the governor. Every lawyer in California knows Judge Rhodes and respects him, not only for his judicial knowledge, but for his high integrity. A better selection could not have been made.

A vacancy occurring on the superior bench of Los Angeles, Governor Gage appointed Judge Fitzgerald. This gentleman had been a justice of California's supreme court, a member of the supreme court commission, and had just served out a term as attorney general. No one ever questioned either the integrity or ability of the appointee, and no one ever charged that his appointment was inspired by Mr. Spreckels' enemies. If Governor Gage does as well in the matter of appointments on the new court of appeals, he will help—not hurt—the bench.

Bryan the Imperialist.

A PARTY name, and jingling phrases, dealing with "plutocracy" and the "common people," may be good enough stuff to conjure with among the ignorant and prejudiced, but among intelligent men it must prove a miserable failure. A party man, even though intelligent, may not object to the use of cheap methods to win the support of cheap minds, to his cause, but he does demand that sound principle shall not be subordinate to the unripe theories of ignorance.

Take a life long Democrat, who is also a man of intelligence,conservative in his views and anxious for the country's welfare,which way is such a man to turn at the coming election? Let us presume the reader to be such a man. With you the door is shut against arguments over the old fundamental doctrines of Democracy and Republicanism. You are a Democrat, because of those old time principles. You do not care to hear argument. The case has been submitted, and your decision favors Democracy. Not all Democrats have so carefully weighed the merits of each party—nor all Republicans for that matter. But your lot is cast. Suppose the party of your youth, through manipulation and the whirligig of time, falls into the hands of men who advocate and successfully fasten to it strange and pernicious doctrines that do not dovetail with your reason. Suppose your party's national convention was converted into a political brothel house wherein was illicitly conceived and born a mongrel, something that takes the name of Democracy, but looks like Populism, and smells like Socialism. What course should you follow to purify your own party?

* * *

Your common sense repels the spurious patriotism that shrieks from every line of its platform; protests against its empty expostulations and demurs to the flexible principles it enunciates, while your wisdom disapproves of the very things by which it sets the greatest store.

If original Democracy had been clothed in any such patched and disreputable garment, neither you nor yours would have ever embraced its princples or followed its flag. The last election demonstrated the futility of your refusing to vote, for it merely encouraged Mr. Bryan to maintain his grip upon the party. It demonstrated, too, that nothing short of unmistakable disapproval and overwhelming defeat would ever purge Democracy of the things that sit so heavy on its stomach and it pointed out to the true Democrat the course he should take to secure that end.

You may be an Anti-Imperialist—opposed to the retention of the Philippines and fear that the policy of expansion charged to the administration may lead to unfortunate results that will chafe severely against the welfare and peace of the nation. Let us assume that your convictions in this connection are unalterable. If you vote at all and your vote is to count, you must cast it for Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan. The platform upon which Mr. McKinley stands, declares for the kind of expansion which you regard as imperialism and the platform upon which Mr. Bryan depends declares a stout opposition thereto. So far as the two platforms go, that of the Democratic party, on the question of imperialism in the main, echoes your sentiments though, of course, your intelligence has long ago discovered it to be contradictory and insincere. But we do not vote for platforms, we cast our ballots for men, who are presumed to represent the principles enunciated by their platforms. No one is in doubt as to the principles for which Mr. McKinley stands. Any school boy will tell you they are protection and expansion. The same boy will tell you Mr. Bryan stands for free silver. Bryan and free silver are synonymous. But does his record on expansion tally with the Democratic platform? Every voter has the right to make an examination and ascertain for himself whether that record harmonizes with Mr. Bryan's loudest pretensions. Mr. McKinley's record is open to inspection. It has been one of continued advocacy of protection; and certainly, so far, he has shown a decided leaning towards sustaining the Treaty of Paris. Indeed that is the reason his defeat is sought by the Anti-Imperialists, and too, it is the reason Mr. Bryan demands Mr. McKinley's defeat. He is an Expansionist (you call it Imperialist) because he supported the Treaty of Paris and assisted toward securing its ratification by the Senate. Now measure Democracy's standard-bearer with the same yard-stick.

* * *

If you determine that Mr. McKinley has imperialistic tendencies because he supported the treaty, then to be anti-Imperialist Mr. Bryan must have opposed it, for surely if he favored the treaty he is as bad or worse than Mr. McKinley. No one can object to such a test. Examine the facts. To ratify a treaty requires a two-thirds vote of the Senate. The Republicans in the senate were divided upon the subject and the article of the treaty relating to the Philippines was practically beaten. When this became apparent the Democrats in the Senate came to the rescue and supplied all the votes necessary to secure ratification. Now comes Senator Hoar, who led the opposition to the treaty, and solemnly declares that Mr. Bryan used all of his personal influence by letter and by interviews to induce the Democratic senators to vote for the treaty. The victory of the treaty belongs to Bryan, and the moment it was ratified it passed beyond reconsideration. The time to have beaten "imperialism" was then, not now. Senator Hoar declares, and you cannot repeat the story too often, that he had "rather vote for the man who supported the treaty believing it to be right than to vote for the man who supported the treaty believing it to be wrong."

On this record Mr. Bryan cannot appeal to anti-Imperialists for support. He could have defeated the treaty by remaining silent, but he busied himself to secure its ratification. He favored the treaty to injure the administration, and now he opposes it to help himself. How any anti-Imperialist can take comfort from Mr. Bryan's record is beyond understanding. The old fashioned Democrat, and the anti-Imperialist have no representative in Mr. Bryan, they have a noisy exponent perhaps, but not a representative. With the Democratic standard bearer's insincerity on the question of expansion with his wide departure from honored Democratic principles and his undying loyalty of Free silver, it would appear as though there was but one road for the anti-Imperialist and old-fashioned Democrat to take, and that is against a depreciated currency.

A friend of candidate Bryan has written a review of his character. He says, "Mr. Bryan is a fatalist. He believes he will be elected president of the United States. His defeat in 1896 did not disturb him. If he is defeated in 1900, he will be a candidate in 1904. And again in 1908 if he is defeated." This is a pleasing prospect.

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Advance on Peking. The allies have begun the second advance for the relief of Peking and have beaten a Chinese force in one hard battle; the ministers are in desperate straits. This is the substance of the present situation in the world's center of disturbance. Never in the course of the uprising has there been more real cause to fear for the future. Even during the long period when all Europe believed that the ministers were dead, the belief was based upon their silence, upon the suspicious action of the Chinese officials and upon uncertain Shanghai reports. But now comes a message from the Japanese Legation dated Aug. 1 and another from Conger, not dated by him but sent some time between August 1 and 7, and both of an alarming tone. The Japanese dispatch states that the attack seems about to be renewed and that there are but six days' provisions and twenty-five cartridges apiece in their enclosure. That from Conger runs as follows: "Still besieged. Situation more precarious. Chinese Government insisting upon our leaving Peking, which would be certain death. Rifle firing upon us daily by imperial troops. Have abundant courage but little ammunition or provisions. Two progressive Yamen ministers beheaded. All connected with legation of the United States well at present moment." This throws new light on certain phases of the question. All the week, Li Hung Chang has been offering to send the ministers through to Tien-Tsin on a free pass and under guard of Imperial troops, and the Powers have one and all refused, believing that it was only a ruse to get the foreigners out of the city, murder them, and ay the blame on the Boxers. The "certain death" clause goes to confirm this. Either Conger has some special knowledge of the Chinese plans, or Li and his subordinates are deliberately lying when they assert that they have offered an Imperial guard. However, the advance has begun; how long it will take to cover the three hundred miles, how hard will be the resistance, no one can guess. If the Japanese report is true, starvation is now the main danger. The fear that the foreigners will be killed upon the approach of the relief is scarcely less imminent. If the Chinese Army could not take their position in the early part of July, they cannot be expected to take it now, unless ammunition runs out, but this scarcity of fighting material is an immediate probability. Besides, the force opposing the allied armies may be driven back on the city, and, maddened by defeat, may hurl itself on the foreign band in numbers so great as to be overwhelming. The chances are against the legations.

The Fighting Before Peking. The forward movement of the allied armies from Tien-Tsin began on August 1. The Japanese, who are making the greatest fighting record of all the civilized troops in China, had previously reconnoitered in the region, and discovered that, although the country on their immediate front was clear of the enemy, yet the Boxers had flooded the whole plain by cutting rivers, ditches and canals, and that resistance was to be expected near Peking. Color was lent to this by a report from the Belgian legation in the besieged capital to the effect that part of the force surrounding the legationaries had been drawn off in order to check the relief. The scouts located a body of the enemy at Peitsang, and there a battle was fought on August 5, the Chinese losing, after a brisk fight. As is usual with reports from China, accounts conflict. Nevertheless, it is known that both sides suffered rather severely, that the Japanese showed great courage, and that the flooded country prevented the allies from taking advantage of their victory. It is reported that the American troops were not actively engaged in this battle.

There are about 30,000 allies in this movement, of whom nearly two-thirds are Japanese, the Russians and British following in numbers and the Americans coming last with 2000 made up of marines and of the Ninth and Fifteenth Infantry. The next serious engagement, the decisive one of the campaign, will probably be fought outside the walls of Peking, as it was understood from the beginning that Pie-Tsang would be the point along the road where the resistance was to be made. With river transportation stopped by sunken dams and with the plain flooded, it becomes a question whether that battle will occur in time to help the legations.

Realizing how imminent is the present danger of their envoys, the Powers are assuming a threatening attitude. In our own country, the Secretary of State has transmitted a note to the Chinese minister reminding him that communication has not been restored with our Peking representatives as demanded and that this will be considered as an unfriendly act. An Imperial decree has promised that this will be done, but not enough time has elapsed to prove its faith. An ultimatum to China, even a declaration of war, is among the possibilities of next week. The temper of Great Britain in the matter is shown by an official declaration made last week in the House of Commons to the effect that the government would, in case of a general massacre, exact life for life and rank for rank—an emperor's life for an ambassador's, and so on down the list.

The King of Italy's Task. The new King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel III, has taken control of affairs peaceably. Contrary to sensational reports, at the time of Humbert's assassination, no general conspiracy has been made manifest. It is evident that the murderer acted as an anarchist, not as a revolutionist, and that if there was any plot, it was the work of the nest of anarchists discovered in this country at Paterson, N. J. The only approach to a disturbance in Italy was an outbreak of incrimination between the Republicans and the Loyalists in the National Chamber. The new king will take the oath of succession early next week.

The task which confronts Humbert's successor is not a light one. However good and able the old king was in his own person, he was nevertheless bound by a defective constitution which left the power neither in his hands nor his people's, but in the hands of his ministers. And their rule has been, on the whole, a bad one. Their greatest mistake was their ambition to make Italy a world-power before she was strong and united within. The direct result was an increase of taxation to a ruinous rate. Italy is rather a poor country; several of the cities, Naples in especial, are cursed by wide-spread misery, yet the development of the army and navy and the growth of a colonial system have raised the national debt until the interest-charge is now $3.38 per capita—as against 53 cents in the United States. Coupled therewith, perhaps a direct result has been an era of wide-spread political corruption. Besides this, the debts of the municipalities and of the cantons are very heavy. To meet them, there is an exorbitant system of local taxation. The income assessment is twenty per cent, and the government holds the monopoly on almost all luxuries and some necessities, and sells them at a high price. This has conduced to the emigration of the strongest element and to revolutionary discontent among those who remain. These conditions the new king must face. He has only one thing in his favor—the reactionary tendency of such a crime as that which carried off his father. He is said to be a liberal thinker, with rather a bias for socialism. Beyond that, little is known of him. The choice of his ministers, an important thing in Italy, cannot be even guessed.

The Shah's Life Attempted. Within a week of King Humbert's death at the hands of an anarchist, a similar attempt was made on the life of the Shah of Persia, now visiting the Paris Exposition as a guest of the nation. Thursday morning, August 2nd, as he was driving to the Exposition grounds, a man in working garb jumped to the steps of his carriage and pointed a pistol at him. The would-be murderer paused for a moment as though hesitating over a point for his aim; that hesitation saved the Shah, for his court physician seated in the same carriage, seized the man's wrist and wrenched the weapon away before any harm could be done. The criminal was seized at once. He proved to be a Frenchman and denied that he had any accomplices or was an agent of a plot. This is disproved by circumstantial evidence that he is an anarchist and by an anonymous letter of warning received by the Shah a few minutes before the attempt. Rumors reached the ears of the European police last month to the effect that the anarchists were to make a concerted attack on all the rulers of Europe during this summer; these two attempts in the same week tend to confirm the reports. The Shah's assailant may be guillotined—a mild fate in comparison with what would have happened to him had he made the assault in Persia.

Race Hatred in Louisiana. The riots of last week in New Orleans are over for the time, but the racial hatred of which they were a part is far from settled. Indeed, there is no assurance that the trouble will not break out again with fresh vigor at the next pretext. Trouble such as this had been expected by all students of the race question. The present racial bitterness is the product of industrial conditions, and far more serious and deep-rooted than that of the past, which was merely political. Of late years, the negro population of New Orleans has increased enormously, the city becoming their paradise. They find plenty of work there, better wages than in the country, good schools, and social enjoyments. Also it is the asylum of the "bad man," the objectionable refugee who has been driven in from the country by citizen committees; of the ex-convict who can lose himself in the mass of the black populations The result of this crowding of negroes into the city has been to drive the white men out of employment, while the concentration of the refugee element has added legitimate reason for the natural hate of the white workingman for his successful black competitor. The lower grades of labor are overcrowded with negroes. Contractors for heavy work seem to prefer negro labor. The black man works well, is tractable, and causes no trouble through labor organizations or strikes. The white workingman sees daily his field of employment lessened by the negro invasion, and his exasperation grows till an accidental provocation fans it into an uncontrollable fury. This, more than natural race-hatred, was responsible for the late riots.

Formal Opening of the Democratic Campaign. Charles A. Towne, nominated for vice-president by the Fusion Populists on a ticket headed by W. J. Bryan, has withdrawn in favor of Adlai Stevenson, the regular Democratic nominee. This action, although generally expected in advance, was not a certainty. While Mr. Towne's withdrawal is directly a help toward the election of Bryan and toward the cause which the Populist party profess to represent, it was held by some that the party ought to stand by its colors and its nominee in order to prevent complete absorption. This view did not carry with Towne or with the Populist Campaign Committee, his advisers, and withdrawal was decided upon. The formal notification of Bryan and Stevenson followed directly afterward. This function, held at Indianapolis, Indiana on August 8, may be said to have fairly opened the campaign. The speech of the Democratic leader proved the assertion made by the Republicans early in the year—that Bryan, after holding out to have free silver recognized as a matter of consistency, would put it to the background and make his campaign on Imperialism. So it proved. There were hardly three sentences about the money question in his whole address, the rest of the 7000 words being taken up with a review of the Republican Philippine policy and a statement of the Democratic attitude. His own attitude, he lays down as follows: "There is an easy, honest, honorable solution of the Philippine question. It is set forth in the Democratic platform, and is submitted with confidence to the American people. This plan I unreservedly endorse. If elected, I shall convene Congress in extraordinary session as soon as I am inaugurated and recommend an immediate declaration of the Nation's purpose—first, to establish a stable form of government in the Philippine Islands, just as we are now establishing a stable form of government in the island of Cuba; second, to give independence to the Filipinos, just as we have promised to give independence to the Cubans; third, to protect the Filipinos from outside interference while they work out their destiny, just as we have protected the republics of Central and South America, and are, by the Monroe doctrine, pledged to protect Cuba."

Mr. Stevenson's speech was equally strong on Imperialism and equally weak on other issues.

Government Aid for Cape Nome. The presence at the Cape Nome of some four thousand indigent miners is disturbing the Treasury Department, which has all along viewed with alarm the rush of unprepared and incompetent people to the northern diggings. There is no provision outside the government for bringing these people away before the severe Arctic winter sets in, and no way of caring for them at Nome, except the charity of the other miners, which is hardly to be depended upon. The expense of feeding this indigent class through the winter and at Arctic prices will hardly be assumed by the government; general deportation, while hardly less expensive, seems preferable, as it prevents further demands on official charity and helps to clean out the surplus population. The indigent class at Nome has signed a petition which is now on its way to Washington; its arrival will be the occasion for definite action one way or the other. If anything is done, it must be at once. Winter is fairly on at Nome by October 1st, not much more than six weeks from the probable time of the receipt of the petition. There is a provision in the statutes of the United States covering this point. It is provided that an insolvent citizen stranded abroad may take an oath to the effect that he has no means of return, and that the captain or agent of any ship at hand may then furnish him with free transportation, collecting charges from the government. Many miners have taken this oath, but have been refused passage by the agents of the transportation companies, who consider that making collection from the government is too much trouble. There is nothing in the law to force them to assume the responsibility.

One consideration which makes the Treasury Department hesitate is a belief that many of these people have gone North without funds in the expectation of government return should they become distressed—a belief encouraged by the rescue of the Point Barrow whalers. The Treasury officials are afraid that if they foster this feeling, they will encourage rather than check the rush of unprepared persons to Arctic finds. Again, they are held back by the attitude of the transportation companies, who, while partly responsible for luring these people to Nome, are still expecting to reap a harvest from free government deportation, since they have the only steamers available for the removal of so large a body of men.

A Chinatown Festival.

By Will Irwin.

Three hundred and sixty three days of the year, the "foreign devil" is immaterial, unnoticed thing on the streets of Chinatown. Ordinarily, he is a convenience and a medium of commerce when he stops at the stores to buy, a meddler when he interferes with lotteries, fan-tan games, plague, high-binder wars and other things which are none of his business, a curse when he sweeps down on the settlement with uniforms and patrol wagons, but always a Thing—never a person. No self-re-specting Chinese is supposed to notice the white-faced foreigner except in the line of business. Pass a Chinaman on the streets,and he turns out for you, but he does it in a formal manner, as for a post; stop and stare at him, and he is in no wise disconcerted; he goes on with his business in the regular way, as though it were a cat which had wandered in to watch his private affairs. Contempt, absolute and entire contempt, sums up their attitude. Thus for all the days of the year but two. Then the foreign devil is a devil indeed and to be shunned as such. This is the Feast of Devils, when the righteous followers of the national cult make war upon the people of the air, the powers of darkness. On these two days, yellow folk take no chances with defilement from a ghostly power with which they are at war. A Chinese parent is generally somewhat flattered if a tourist stops to pay attention to one of the eternal children; it is the only ground upon which he grants social intercourse to the hated race. Not so on the Feast of Devils. Approach one of the children, and he is drawn sharply away; persist, and his bearer clatters off on his foolish, high-soled shoes, in a panicky, Chinese run. Pidgin-English will not draw out any answers to your politest enquiries. Indifference is changed to suspicion and distrust. The little people have learned it themselves; the omnipresent older brother or sister caring, with that mothering-sense which is the strongest sentiment of the race, for little Wu Ting or tiny Peach-Blossom, is even more fearful than the elders of the foreign touch. You are not wanted in Chinatown on that night, although your money is still good, because the Sons of Heaven are here to wring tribute out of the inferior race.

* * *

A Chinese "Drunk."

There is no Lent, no day of atonement in the Chinese calendar; all religious festivals are feast-days. And so, even on these nights when men are fighting devils, they make it occasion for a good time. The theatre, where they are just bringing a play to its end after six weeks of continuous performance, is crowded. The celestial manager has plainly timed his drama for the feast, this stage of the performance representing a fight between the fairies and the demons for possession of a healing charm. The famous Jackson-street restaurant, which every writer, who ever touched the city has taken a hand at describing, is packed—the young, gay bloods with their painted ladies in one apartment, the staid merchants, spectacled and long-robed, in another. When the night is far spent, and they have stuffed themselves with the innumerable courses of a Chinese menu, they will fall to playing their native after-dinner game of "counting out"—I know no other name for it. Tis a most pleasing game, and a great help to conviviality. It is run on the principle of "Simon says thumbs up" but it is much more noisy and strenuous, involving wild gesturing and loud shouting. At the end of each round, the man who loses must drink a cup of rice-brandy, poured out of a tea-pot. The one who goes under the table first is "it."

A Chinese "jag" is a beautiful one, a lesson to the western barbarian. They become mellow, they expand, they shine with love for all the world, after the fashion of the immortal Pickwick; I can even imagine a Chinese growing really cordial to a white man under the softening influence of rice brandy or Oriental gin. But it never goes further. Peep in at the Jackson street tea-house almost any night, and bribe the fat waiter to let you watch behind the screen if you would observe it. After an honr of "Simon says thumbs up," eye begins to speak to eye, and they chatter along like magpies, but there is nothing more. The polite Celestial reserve enforces the rule of hands off; never have I seen one touch another, even at the stage just preceding "dead to the world," the consummation of a really successful "drunk." When the game has been too much for one of the players, he staggers with dignity to a straw-covered couch set in the niches of the wall and lies down to sleep it off.

The Feast of Devils.
Photographed by Oscar Maurer.

Chinatown Life.

The grave elders in their stately robes stop before the limits of discretion are reached, draw on their quilted great-coats and depart, "quietly, reverently, as becomes a follower of Confucius," but the young bloods and their consorts in the other apartment linger on, playing the monotonous game without cessation. The painted ladies in flowering silks, sitting just back of the lords of creation, according to the Chinese custom, light cigarettes and join in the play. Even then, when three-fourths of the assembled company is just on the right side of the vanishing point, there is no coarseness, nothing unseemly. This in spite of the fact that these men are of a sort corresponding to our cocktail routers and the women of the class called "slave girls" by courtesy. Go down to the water-front restaurants any Sunday evening, when the after-picnic crowd is in possession, ye revilers of the Heathen, and notice the difference. The Chinaman may be bad on the surface and worse below, but he is decorous about it all.

* * *

Light and Color.

Along the curb-stones, the women are lighting red wax-candles from the little prayer-store away down on Dupont street and the children are dumping baskets of gaudy paper prayers on the bon-fires. The deep, picturesque alleys are canopied over for this great occasion, and the space beneath is one blaze of soft light from the fires, the candles, the lanterns. Priests in the glory of their regalia sit in an impromptu stand, playing the unearthly music of their people and singing in squeaky, affected voices. Within easy touch of their position are the doors of the "Chinese Merchants' Club" or the "Chinese Literary Club," or some other blind for highbinders and fan-tan gamblers. Yet this religious ceremony is set right here and no Chinaman sees anything incongruous. The most rapt followers of this litany of demonology being chanted through the two long days and nights by relays of priests, are the inmates of these very dens. For the Chinese religion has nothing to do with morality, or if it has, not with morality of our sort. The devils being driven out, it will be quite in order for that priest, tapping, solemn-faced, on his painted gong while he turns the pages of his ritual-book, to go out and mix in fan-tan.

Color, color everywhere. We are as infants beside them in our ideas on this. The most delicious tinting of our masters of painting seems hard and cold beside the soft hues of this common, ordinary Chinese alley, built, painted, and decorated by ordinary Chinese, who do not know that they are artists. Ross Alley is beautifully colored in a somber way on ordinary nights. It is a high, narrow street, just a slit in the block, with little windows and projections run out all along, and its principal effect on the eye is that of a deep, olive-brown, interspersed with splashes of soft, yellow light. High up and on to one side, just where a painter would put it in the composition of a picture, is a balcony of bright, bright green, blazing with light, so brilliant that it throws all the rest of the nooks and ways into shadow.

This on workaday occasions, but to-night the prevailing col or-scheme is soft yellow because of the multitude of glowing lights, hung from every balcony and every door-way. The Chinese men, packed on the pavement below to watch the service and listen to the music, are dressed all in green; on this the golden light beats with a softening effect. But there are splotches of red where some dignitary has come out in his dress-clothes and of purple where some slave-girl of high masters poses on a balcony and watches the spectacle. Purple and blue and green lie close together and harmonize; no occidental artist could manage that. How the Chinese manage it is one of the mysteries of that mysterious people.

WHILE their people are hacking at our people in the far East, the progressive Chinese of San Francisco are showing their intention to stay with the country by erecting one of the largest Chinese Temples in this country in the midst of Chinatown. It is backed by the Sam Yup Company, who build it to worship the patron spirits of their tong, the God of War in especial—quite an appropriate deity at the present time. As the Sam Yup Company is the richest organization in Chinatown, it follows that the opening and dedication of the new temple will be an elaborate ceremony. I hear that Consul-General Ho Yow, the head of the Chinese in California, is to have a prominent part. Besides the dignity which he will give the occasion, Ho should add ornamental effect, for he is probably the handsomest Chinaman, judged by our standards, in all the Western world.

Baker Alley.

Their Dramatic Debuts.

The Beginnings of Some Prominent Mummers.

Florence Robert's.

Florence Roberts was playing "Peggy" in the "Country Girl," when interrogated as to the inception of her stage career. She wore the short blue frock the role calls for and looked like a little girl—a little golden-haired, blue-eyed girl, whom it seemed ridiculous to ask about a "past." Her story is very simple. No "irrepressible impulses," no "irresistible longing," no "inspired call," about it. "I went upon the "stage," she declared,"just because I had to do something and could not do anything else. My father was dead; my mother was not strong. I did not know anything useful—couldn't typewrite, couldn't short-hand, couldn't sew, couldn't embroider, couldn't cook, couldn't do anything. Once I went to boil some water and the stove exploded. I was tormented with the desire of being independent and helping my mother. Friends who had noticed my talent for mimickry advised me to try the stage. One day I saw an advertisement in a paper 'Girls wanted at the Alcazar' I took my courage in both hands and applied. I was accepted as a ballet-girl. And here, right here in this room, Room 36, I dressed for the stage for the first time. It was twelve years ago."—The big blue eyes became vacant in reminiscence and a little sigh escaped the parted lips.

"The play was an extravaganza 'Little Jack Shepherd' and all I had to do was stand around and try to look good. For days and days, I dressed in this little room, went out upon the stage and returned without having opened my mouth. It was terribly discouraging."

But better days came. Mme. Modjeska came to San Francisco and Florence Roberts was given small parts.

"The first speaking part I had I will always remember. I was a page in "Twelfth Night" and my part consisted in saying to Duke Orsino, played by Morris Barromore, 'Will you hunt, my Lord?' When I was given the part, I went down to my dressing-room and danced a *pas-seule* of joy. How I rehearsed that part! I would repeat it to myself a thousand times a day, in all possible intonations. Never since have I studied a part so faithfully. At last the great day came. My excitement grew as the piece went on. Finally my scene comes. I hear my cue. I open my mouth, gurgle, gasp, and then stand there, stupid. I had forgotten the line!"

Morris Barrymore, however, saved the day. "We will go and hunt," he said. Then as he came out into the wings, he turned to the frightened little page. "Will you know your part next time?" he said, "or will I have to spend all night studying it?"

"And the next night I said my line," Miss Roberts concluded.

After that, progress was more rapid. In 1892, Al Hayman and Lewis Morrisson gave the grand production of "Clyto" at the Baldwin. Florence Roberts was juvenile woman. Kate Forsyth, who took the heavy part of Clyto, fell ill. The managers were in despair. None of the actresses approached would accept the role at such short notice. Finally, Florence Roberts volunteered. There was but one day to learn the lines and the business, but she achieved a success—her first one.

"But I tell you I toiled for it, and I toil yet to achieve more," she went on. "My life is passed entirely here in the theatre. Here it is that friends come to see me. Do you see the crockery on the shelf there? I also take part of my meals here. It is work, work, work!"

* * *

Katherine Gray's.

"MY crossing of the Rubicon was made almost without effort," Katherine Gray (Mrs. John Mason) explained. "Of course there were the usual premonitory symptoms. I acted, liked acting, longed to act; I played with Frank Mathieu, Dick Hotaling, and the other amateurs here in San Francisco, but such opportunities only whetted my desires. I determined really to go on the stage. At that time the greatest good that could befall a girl was to be in the Daly Company. Through the instrumentality of General Barnes, who was a friend of my father's, I secured an audience with the great manager and he engaged me at once. That was the beginning. There were no importunities, no long waits. I ventured and won without an incident. Perhaps," continued Miss Gray, looking retrospective, "I was a bit young to be able to take advantage of the association. Daly was the best manager in the country, but his time was devoted to the leading members of his company—one had to know something to imbibe anything. You see I was but sixteen years old and had little to do and less to say. I began really to learn when James Hearne took me into his company in "Shore Acres." I was Helen Berry in the original cast. There is no greater master of dramatic technic in America than Mr. Hearne, and he has the art of imparting his knowledge in such a manner as to enable anyone with a spark of dramatic intelligence to follow him. Some managers will state the effect they desire, but cannot explain how to get it. Mr. Hearne would define what he wanted and suggest just how to go about it. I have played with Charles Coghlan in 'The Royal Box' and with Mansfield in several plays, but it is to Mr. Hearne I owe most of my education.

You must not imagine I underrate Mr. Coghlan for the opportunity of acting with so fine an artist is in itself an education" she continued—"He would take great pains at rehearsal with the parts played opposite you. He would describe very clearly what you should do. If you did not get the effect at once, he would put the idea in a different way, so in time one could not miss it. Mr. Mansfield is sometimes the most admirable of teachers—so suggestive, so subtly intelligent. At other times he is absolutely oblivious of everyone but himself, and one cannot force an idea out of him. After all, however, 'the play's the thing,'," added Miss Gray. "A good actor can help a poor part but a good part makes the great actor. Of all my roles I like best that of Loy Sing in 'The First Born.'"

Wilton Lackaye
Norma Whalley
Florence Roberts
Katherine Gray
Henry Miller.

Henry Miller's.

Henry Miller, who is of English birth and Canadian breeding, by-the-way, was attracted to the stage by a magazine article on Sir Henry Irving's career which fell into his hands during his school-days. It fired his ambition, and he determined to go upon the stage. He became at the age of fifteen a pupil of that venerable old Shakesperian actor, G. W. Couldock, from whom he received nearly four years of thorough training. At the end of that time, his tutor secured him a professional chance in Toronto. His first part was that of the bleeding sergeant in "Macbeth," but the company being in financial straits and resignations being therefore frequent, he advanced speedily to leading juvenile roles in classic plays. After three years with travelling companions, he had the good fortune to secure a place in the Daly stock aggregation in New York, the country's greatest college for actors, and the rest is on the playbills.

These are the facts. Mr. Miller asserts, however, that he can hardly say just what made him take up the stage, his determination being a growth rather than an impulse. "But I suppose that you must lay it to that magazine article mostly," he says.

Wilton Lackaye's.

Wilton Lackaye intended, originally, to enter the Roman Catholic priesthood. He went through Georgetown university with that idea in view. Upon his graduation, he secured a coveted appointment to the Propaganda at Rome. On his way to Canada to arrange preliminaries, he was taken by his father to a theatre in New York and witnessed his first play. He went away fascinated, and immediately determined to be an actor. His father unsympathetically recommended a padded cell. The two finally compromised on the law, and young Lackaye was sent back to his alma mater to prepare himself for the bar. He joined the Lawrence Barrett dramatic club, a strong amateur organization at Washington, and came to be its stage-manager. As his interest in the stage grew, his ardor for the law diminished, until the university authorities hinted to his parents that his delicate health would prevent him from shining at the bar. At about that time, Lawrence Barrett opportunely attended a rehearsal of the club that bore his name, marked young Lackaye's talent, and offered him a place in his company. Lackaye's professional debut was in "Francesca de Rimini," and in a walking part so insignificant that he has now forgotten exactly which one it was. Eight years of hard, winter-and-summer work followed before success came.

Miss Stembler's.

Miss Sallie Stembler, the dark-eyed, vivacious young woman, who combines singing and facial contortion in the Cohan farce at the Orpheum, went on the stage because it runs in the family. "I have two sisters," she said,"who really can act, and it seemed up to me to do likewise. I was then singing in a choir in Baltimore and I plunged. Farce comedy was my first stunt. I joined a Hoyt company and learned the business that way, making up for such inexperience as I possessed with my singing. I can sing, you see. My first good part was in 'A Midnight Bell.' Mr. Hoyt handed me over a bunch of lines. 'These are your part, Sallie,' he said. They were, for a night or so. He was a regular tinker at the play business, was Hoyt, always patching and twisting your lines so every few weeks, half of the cast had to get to work memorizing again. I can't say he taught me anything. He always knew what he wanted but you had to find it out yourself. If you did not, something fell on you. However," continued Miss Stumbler, "I'm a misfit at farce comedy. Mother says so. I ought to be in opera. May be I will one of these days."

THINGS & PEOPLE

By BOSWELL Jr.

The Truth about Slot Machines.

THE *Examiner* expose of the slot machine fraud was a good sensational article, and true, I believe, all the way through, but I doubt just the same if it is going to paralyze the industry or even cause a temporary slow-down, The proprietor of a big down-town cafe tells me that there has been no appreciable diminution in the crops of nickels since the story appeared. The *Examiner* only stated facts which have been known on the cocktail route for many a day. The regular nickel-in-the-slot fiend is aware that he is being robbed, knows that a machine which can be as easily "fixed" as one of these little gambling devices is not likely to be run honestly, but he plays it just the same. Why? Partly because money is free in the West and people are rather ashamed of squeezing nickels, partly because it is fun to see the cards go round and the gambler's excitement of seeing what will come out is worth the money, and partly because nine men in ten believe in their own luck and expect to win, even at unequal odds. No man who goes into gambling of any sort figures out the chances between him and the management. So long as slot machines are features of the San Francisco saloon and cigar stores, just so long will they be played by the careless public.

* * *

The A. S. P. P. B.

MAN is a social animal, especially in the United States and in China,one hears of new associations formed every day. The latest is the A. S. P. P. B.—the American Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial. Its object, as its name may indicate, is rather useful than cheerful. The founders of the A. S. P. P. B. are not at a loss to explain the need of their society. They are,in faith,but too ready to expatiate upon that subject. They tell you things that send shivers down your spine. Do you know, for instance, that three per cent of the persons that die, or rather, are pronounced dead by physicians in haste for dinner, are buried alive? Well,that is the fact as told to me by an A. S. P. P. B. member who got it from the Regent of the Medical Faculty of Paris. Do you know that, in England and Wales two or three thousand persons are known to have been interred prematurely? Well such is the truth, as declared by M——, another of my A. S. P. P. B. friends. Have you heard of the story of the hunch-back and the undertaker? Well, I won't tell it to you, although Professor K—— of the A. S. P. P. B. vouches for it. The A. S. P. P. B. proposes to do away with all this. It has devised a series of tests to be applied to its members who may seem to have shuffled off this mortal coil. Here they are: 1. Two or more incisions of an artery; 2. Exposing the palm of the hand to the flame of a candle; 3. Holding a mirror to the lips for signs of respiration; 4. Placing a hot-iron or steel against the flesh. If all these blandishments be resisted the candidate will be regarded as duly dead and a diploma certifying as much issued by the organization.

* * *

The plan as a whole seems calculated to ensure all participants against the horror of premature burial but as a prospective member, I would suggest the addition of another test, one which would vary according to the nature of the experiments. For instance, a miser's gold might be juggled before him; an old maid's parrot be strangled in her sight; a collector's trinkets broken under his nose; a musician's composition played on a barrel organ. Such tests, well chosen according to circumstances, would reduce the possibility of mistake to a minimum.

* * *

The Man From Tien-Tsin.

AMONG the Tien-Tsin refugees on the *Logan* was a real man of blood. He landed with an unexploded Chinese shell under one arm, and an 88 calibre elephant-gun beneath the other. His name is McIntosh. He is a short, stocky, steel-eyed Scotchman. Everything is formidable about him, except his modesty. His steel-blue eyes send shivers down your back; his Scotch r's remind one of a gatling-gun. On landing in San Francisco he laid his Chinese shell down with infinite precautions, and leaned on his rifle in picturesque attitude; after pulling down a full cartridge-belt from below his vest so that it peeped forth unobtrusively.

A hundred reporters charged him with a whoop. He turned his steel eyes on them without a tremor. That man fears nothing. He does not fear Boxers. He does not fear unexploded Chinese shells. And, ecstasy of valor, he fears not reporters! He actually talks to reporters!

* * *

His story is a simple one, a tale unadorned. On the outskirts of Tien-Tsin, there are woolen mills. On the mills is a tower, on the tower was McIntosh, McIntosh and his deadly weapon. Against the foot of that tower, 100,000 Boxers dashed themselves in a frenzied endeavor to enter the city. Between them and the 30,000 defenseless Caucasian troops whom they longed to massacre, was one man, on a tower. For sixteen days and nights, that man kept them at bay. At regular intervals the elephant-gun boomed, ten Boxer heads dropped off ten Boxer shoulders, and 200,000 Boxer legs beat a precipitate retreat. At times, things looked rather bad. All the hordes of Asia seemed to be dashing themselves up against the lonely tower and the lonely man. Shells struck the turret in such quick succession that it vibrated and sang like a Straduarius, and music is excruciating to a Scotchman. For sixteen days and nights the terrible struggle was kept up. At last, the tower would stand it no longer. It caved in amidst the roar of flames. But Tien-Tsin had been saved.

This is the story of McIntosh's heroism. For further particulars see the daily papers of Tuesday last.

* * *

Another Lawyer Came to Town.

AMONG late accessions to the San Francisco bar is ex-Governor Budd of Stockton. He has an office adjoining his friends Campbell and Metson in the Crocker building and while not a member of the firm is to co-operate, I believe, in the handling of their affairs, the death of Mr. Reddy having left them shorthanded. The governor is a smart lawyer. It is generally admitted that his speech in the Craven case before Judge Troutt was the best forensic effort made on that occasion, but he is uneven. For two weeks he will display the greatest celerity and acumen in transacting legal business; then there will steal a numbness over his intellectual parts and for the time being he relapses into the second class. In spite of the errors committed during his incumbency, the gubernatorial experience has certainly broadened the Budd mind and solidified the Budd character. He is a formidable opponent in a law suit nowadays and has gained in reliability and conservatism in his personal relationships.

* * *

Apropos of the ex-governor and his erstwhile political opponent Gavin McNab—they met in the suit brought by the Pacific Debenture Company to enjoin Insurance Commissioner Clunie from interfering with the affairs of that corporation. The cause was tried in Judge Murasky's courtroom and the clerk's table was littered with exhibits of stocks and bonds, introduced in evidence. Budd was winding up a speech devoted to denunciations of the institution when a carafe of water on the table was overturned, its contents drenching the papers. "And now," he added, attracting the court's attention, to the blood, "they are actually watering their stock in your honor's courtroom." McNab interrupted.

"If your honor please," he said "these cow-county lawyers are always thinking of watering stock."

* * *

In Defense of Cigarettes.

THE ordinance of the Rock Island Railroad to the effect that all cigarette-smokers must give up the habit or hunt other employ proves conclusively that the anti-cigarette superstition still lingers, in spite of the bulk of evidence on the other side of the question. It will be remembered that a controversy over the subject raged about two years ago, and that it was then proven that the "villainous paper cylinders" were in themselves no more injurious in effect than tobacco taken in the form of a cigar or a pipe. This result was attained by medical and chemical experiment. It silenced the ancient idea for a time. Nevertheless, the anti-cigarette fiend has bobbed up again lately, wherefore, the London *Lancet* has been driven to make exhaustive investigations on its own account. This journal obtained cigarettes of ten brands and of different grades from the New York and London cigar-stores and gave them a most exhaustive test. Morphine, phosphorus, arsenic, mercury, copper, chlorine and an "unclassified alkaloid" were among the things looked for, all these having been numbered among the detrimental adulterants supposed to lurk in the cigarette. Not one was found. The chemists discovered only tobacco and rice-paper. The *Lancet's* report sums up: "There is not a single factor in these numerous results upon which can be fairly based any allegation of the presence of a health-injuring substance." This ought to end discussion, but it will not; you cannot argue with a prejudice. The chief harm done by cigarettes as compared with other forms of tobacco lies in the fact that old smokers generally inhale them. If this is avoided, they are no more injurious than a pipe. Indeed, there is much to be said in their favor. A cigarette is a clean smoke, comparatively agreeable to the non-smoker in the vicinity, and does not require an accompaniment of that bad American habit-spitting.

* * *

The Devilish Love of Evil.

ACCORDING to the *Examiner* and,more lately, the *Call* Colonel Long of the United States transport service and his subordinates must be just about on a level with Satan himself for pure, unadultered deviiment. Satan alone among all created things is supposed to be bad without motive and just simply to be cussed. That is what the U. S. army transport people are doing, if you believe our dailies. They are supplanting American workmen —who don't want the jobs, by-the-way—by Chinamen, they are refusing work to discharged volunteer soldiers and giving it to strangers and foreigners, and for no advantage that anyone can guess. Devilish, isn't it? The easy explanation that enough American fireman cannot be found to keep the transports running and the fact that most of the ex-volunteers who have been turned away from the docks are men who enlisted for want of something to eat and will now eat off the government all their lives—these explanations cannot be accepted for one moment, because everyone knows that the United States Transport people are bad, and have no human motives and would sooner do evil than good.

* * *

The New Course of Study.

AN educational expert is the latest professional specialty. When the San Francisco Board of Education decided to substitute a new study course for the patchwork system in vogue in this department, they sought the assistance of Professor Elwood P. Cubberly of Stanford, who has achieved high rank among educational authorities. The result is a thoroughly up-to-date curriculum which goes forth to the teacher with a species of guide to its use that makes as good an exposition of pedagogical principles as has ever been written. Professor Cubberly is deeply interested in his subject and put in a great deal of time on the task set him by the Board. The new course is really built up from the foundation. The subject matter so far as text books are concerned, has been changed but little, but it has been thoroughly vitalized and given what the teachers call "a good pedagogical setting." Professor Cubberly is one of the best equipped educationalists in the country. He has had nine years' experience as teacher and city superintendent, and for the past two years has been acting head of the Department of Education at Stanford.

* * *

Admiral Philip's Dilemma.

WHILE a familiar figure in naval circles, the country knew but little of "Jack" Philip until after the naval battle off Santiago. Then he became a hero, at one fell swoop. That solemn acknowledgment of his after the destruction of Cervera's fleet.—"I solemnly declare that there is a God, a just God whom I serve," made him a national figure The mental image of those who did not know the man was probably of a thin, pompous,nasal-tongued personage ready at texts. On the contrary Admiral Philip was an unassuming, soft-voiced, twinkling-eyed, rather rotund little man as rarely given to open religious expression as to personal eulogy. I met him soon after the *Texas* returned from Santiago. The battleship was crowded with visitors; the feminine fr-r-r of sweeping skirts buzzed throughout the giant structure. The captain's own cabin was bare except for a cot, a table and three chairs. A home-rigged portiere hid his bed, and that was his only refuge, for during the time I chatted with him, women came pouring in

to stare in speechless admiration. The poor orderly outside sweated and fumed, but could not keep them out. Philip's explanation of their pressure, notwithstanding their grave breach of propriety was humorous.

"They undoubtedly know better," he confided to me, "but they can't help it. You see, they've got to see a hero and I suppose that's my role for the time being."

Endure it, he did, with the air of a patient little tin martyr. Only as it got towards five o'clock, I noticed that he grew nervous. Two or three times he opened the portiere of his cot as if to plunge himself behind their protective flaps. Perspiration began to pearl on his brow.

"I've got to go out to dinner," he whispered to me tragically; "six oclock, full-dress affair; how can I dress?"

That was a problem. The room was full of women. They stood about gazing at him in rapture. They had been doing it the whole afternoon until he was a nervous wreck. The "hero business" was becoming trying.

"Guess I'll have to dress for dinner," he said to me, loud enough to be heard by everybody.

A smile of infinite gratitude at being given the honor of the sound of his voice lit the whole assemblage. One young miss took out a little note-book and hurriedly wrote down the words of the great man. He repeated the remarks in louder tone. No sign of exit. He made a fake movement at taking off his coat.

"How graceful!" whispered some feminine voice audibly.

Our hero was thoroughly aroused by that time. He backed over to a corner of the cabin, got up on a foot-stool, and delivered the following oration:—

"Ladies, as I have intimated several times already, I regret that it becomes necessary for me to dress for a dinner engagement. I fear I shall be late and if you will kindly excuse me while I change my trousers, you may all come back into this room, and remain as long as you please."

With this he made a dive for behind the portieres, and an avalanche of rustling silk and flapping ribbons poured out of the gang-way.

* * *

The Growth of the "Bulletin."

In journalism fashions are changing. We are gradually coming into the era of the evening paper. Time was when one heard only of the morning dailies and they alone had circulation. That period has passed and gone and we are now witnessing the uprising of the evening journal. The future belongs to it. The development of the San Francisco *Bulletin* is a practical example of my theory. To-day the *Bulletin* claims to have as large a circulation in San Francisco as any of its morning competitors and offers doubting Thomases the privilege of inspecting its books. It boldly contests the news supremacy of its rivals and makes good the boast that its afternoon edition contains all the facts that they publish under heavy headlines the following morning. Which is true, though bitter. However, it must also be admitted that in the editorial direction of the *Bulletin* there's lots of judgment. It is generally right in its fights. Witness the Esola affair. Without the interposition of the *Bulletin* that infamous job would surely have been successful. Thus far, it has been on the winning side in both municipal and national political contests. Nothing helps a daily like winning a fight and the several victories this paper has achieved have aided it tremendously with its clientelle. Nor is it shortsighted in the matter of material. It puts forth a splendid five cents' worth particularly in its Sunday supplement which holds its own against all rivals and is steadily gaining in favor and circulation.

The Tivoli.

San Francisco is astonishingly fond of grand opera. I presume it is because of the cosmopolitan character of its population. They are playing grand opera at the Tivoli to such crowded houses that the box office is setting itself up against the Mint across the way on Fifrth street. Nor as the nights roll by, is there any diminution in attendance. Applicants for tickets are reminded of conditions in New York when they are politely informed that the house is sold out a week ahead. So fierce is the rush for admission to "Othello" and "Rigoletto," that the operas are to be repeated all next week.

The Outing at Del Monte.

The annual "outing" at Del Monte next week, cannot fail to be a great success. All the people interested in outdoor sports are to be there, the golfists, polo players, pony races and amateur baseballists. There will be golf every morning, an exciting polo tournament between Burlingame and a Southern team, which I am assured, will not be by any means a walk over for the San Mateo County players. However, the races will really be the feature of the meet. The best ponies in California are entered and the cleverest riders will have mounts. In addition to all this an excellent band will discourse music. Walter Hobart's coach "Del Monte" drive by its owner, Mr. Beylard, Mr. Raoul Duval and Mr. Carolan in turn will make daily trips round the seventeen mile drive. There will be dancing and feasting and moonlight—and all this under the serene skies of Monterey. It is highly probable, into the bargain, that during the week of festivities the *Iowa* may be found anchored in Monterey Bay.

The New School Courses.

IN line with the most modern educational thought are the new courses of study adopted by the Board of Education of San Francisco for the public schools under its control. They differ from the old curriculum rather in quality than in quantity, not so much in the matter of text-books as in arrangement of subject matter and methods of presentation. The method employed in this instance by the Board of Education was certainly dictated by an intelligent appreciation of the fact. Suggestions were invited from the teachers of various grades, from the superintendent and his deputies and from a special committee of teachers. These were submitted to an expert in school administration, Elwood P. Cubberly of Stanford University, who formulated the system just adopted. It may justly be described as a comprehensive, cohesive and logical curriculum. With the accumulation of information about children, gathered by the researches of the experimental psychologist, the neurologist, the child study specialist, and the student of abnormal and defective children, as well as the knowledge gained by experience in teaching and supervision, the work of making a course of study for children has come to demand the attention of the specialist. It is expert work as much as agriculture or engineering, and the layman is almost certain to blunder whenever he attempts it.

The new courses have a central idea. This is to develop the child naturally, not artificially; to give him broad, comprehensive views of things, instead of petty, disconnected, wooden notions; to electrify book-lore with the interest of life. In short, it is to make of the child a man, and not a magpie. The chief change, however, is one of method, rather than subject matter. Emphasis is laid upon what may be called the fundamentals of elementary education, but instead of a prolonged grind upon one or two essentially uninteresting text books, the work has been vitalized by the introduction of supplemental material, and by a close connection with the outdoor interests of the child. Instead of indicating, in two or three lines, certain pages of the State text to be worked over during the year, often merely memorized, the new course devotes pages to explaining to teachers how they should proceed to make these same pages mean something to the pupil, and how to connect what the text contains with what the child may see for himself. The change in method may be made by a few illustrations. In reading, for example, instead of spending three years on the State Fourth Reader, drilling over it until pupils have so memorized its 200 pages that they can read (or recite) the selections, "with the proper gestures and elocutionary effect," the new course lays down the dictum that "the aim of teaching reading is not to make elocutionists, but good, distinct readers, and that good reading should resemble good conversation"—as rapidly as possible the pupil passes from the reading of literary scraps to the reading of continuous pieces of literature and history.

In Language Study, the chief aim is to teach the use of good English, and parsing and analysis are regarded as tools, and not ends, in themselves. In Geography, a study of the "why" of trade, commerce and industries, and the interpretation of the map have been made to take the place of much memorizing of unimportant rivers, capes, towns and products. In Arithmetic, there has been a concentration upon rapid mental work in the use of the four fundamental operations with whole numbers and fractions, and upon percentage, interest and common measures. In History, the course begins as oral language and as literature, and throughout is closely connected with the work in Literature and Geography, while the method of instruction by topics will certainly make the history of our country much more interesting and inspiring than can be done by the usual chronological study of American annals.

The new courses for elementary schools are arranged on an eight years' basis instead of a nine years', as is the case in every other city in this State, and generally throughout the United States. The work for the Evening Schools has been revised so as to make these schools more nearly meet the needs of those who attend them. Particular emphasis has been thrown upon drill in the correct use of English, the cultivation of a love for reading good books, the history of the development of the nation, the principles of government and the responsibilities of citizens, together with geography, writing, spelling and arithmetic.

Settled Out of Court.

Continued from page 9

four hours after taking it; no pain to speak of. You might remember that."

"I won't forget it," Darrel said.

"Well, I've done what I came for." Praed made a movement towards the door. "I don't know why I've done it, why I've been so frank; but I felt I couldn't help myself. Fate, perhaps," he smiled.

"Fate, certainly, I should say," Darrell tried to smile, too; but the corners of his mouth seemed to stick. "But how remiss of me. You'll have a drink before you go—whisky and soda, or something. Wine?"

"Oh, yes, thanks; whisky. We'll drink a toast."

Darrel turned to go into the next room. At the door he stopped. "I suppose this isn't an elaborate joke of yours?" he asked.

"There are no jokes in that bottle," the man replied; "try it on a cur, or—something you want to get rid of."

"Yes, I'll try it on a cur I want to get rid of," and Darrel disappeared into the next room.

He opened a large bottle of soda and poured the contents into two long green glasses. Into one of them he put a little less than in the other. Into the one in which he had put less soda he poured half the white liquid from the little stoppered bottle. His hand didn't shake, his mouth didn't twitch. He put the two glasses and a decanter of whisky on a small brass tray and carried them into the next room.

"Help yourself to whisky," he said, taking up one of the glasses.

The man helped himself to whisky. So did Darrel. The man raised his glass.

"Here's life to those who ought to live and death to those who are better dead!" he cried.

"Death to those who are better dead," Darrel repeated, and each took a longish drink.

"Oh, finish your whisky, won't you?" Darrel said, as the other was once more making as if to go.

"Thanks, yes. I may as well," and he emptied his glass.

Darrel stood on the top of the stairs listening until his visitor's footfall could be no longer heard.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if he was speaking the truth; then I've done the right thing. I cheated the hangman; now I've made up for it. If he wasn't, there's no harm done. Oh, but he *was*, the scoundrel!"

The next day, at lunch time, as Darrel was leaving the City Hall, Market street was ringing with the shrill cries of the newsboys. Darrel caught a glimpse of the poster one of them was flashing about in his hand. It had only one announcement, which had filled the whole sheet:—

STRANGE SEQUEL
TO THE
STREATHAM CASE.
SUDDEN DEATH
OF
PRAED.

"It *was* true, then. Thank God, I believed him!" said Darrel, as he bought a paper.

On Expansion.

Continued from page 6.

able to guarantee law and order. If they cannot form a stable government, they cannot guarantee law and order, nor, hence, can they develop the land. Shall the land lie idle because the people have been false to the terms of their tacit trust? And shall they reproach the fruitful earth by remaining upon it to the exclusion of those who could develop it? When the individual is thus concerned, the anti-expansionist says: No. He must get hence and give his more energetic fellow a chance. And in consolation, he may add: If the original, lazy, mismanaging owner be at all reasonable, he can take service under his more strenuous brother.

But why cannot the anti-expansionist say likewise to a lazy, mismanaging people? The human ownership of land, whether individual or aggregate, involves a trust, and just as certain rights arise from possession, so also do certain penalties for wrong doing. Between individuals the penalty of mismanagement is dispossession; why not between peoples? Why does the anti-expansionist blow hot and cold? Since he feels impelled into the fight for ethical reasons, why does he use two codes of ethics in measuring the actions of men?

The Little Mademoiselle.

THUS it is that Mme. de Gouville—the wife of Captain Roger de Gouville—told me what she knew of little Lieutenant Yves Barnabe de Pelvin whose chum I had been at Saint-Cyr, and whom I had never seen after we left the college:—

It was in 1871. Our regiment was then at the village of F.,a few miles from the provisional frontier. The town lay in the midst of a forest, and had been partly destroyed during the war. We lived in wooden barracks that had been built by the Germans. Not far away was the line of black and white posts that marked the provisional frontier and it was one of our pasttimes to ride out to them. The young officers dreamed of nothing but the chance of provoking a frontier conflict. Some made targets of the pointed helmets found and brought in by the peasants, arranging matters so as to be seen by the German sentinels. Others galloped wildly across the line and back again.

One of them, however, Yves de Pelven de Kerdec, took no share in these pleasantries. When he was asked to join in, he would shrug his shouiders softly and murmur "childishness!" He was left to do as he pleased. No one cared. Only, after a while, we discovered that he was accustomed to take long solitary rides at night—and in a direction that did not lead to France! We began to watch him,more from curiosity than from suspicion. I myself, I confess, was drawn toward him by this original and mysterious mode of existence.

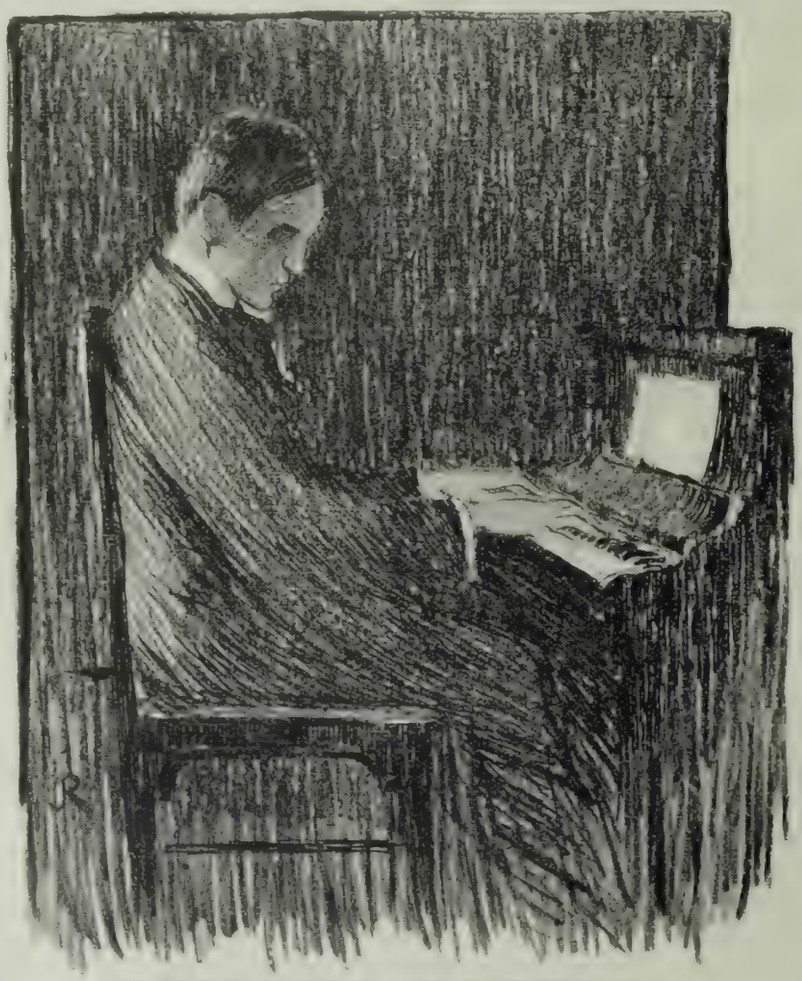
He was then a slight, blonde, pale youth, feminine of features, all nerve and muscle, tireless, fearless, silent. He was liked by the men, although they were a trifle jealous of that indefinable superiority which marked his breeding. Some of the old veterans of swarthy skin and voice loved him in spite of his refinement. They called him "Mademoiselle de Pelven" or "the little mademoiselle."

With five years of service to his credit, he had still the air of a young conscript; his voice was gentle; I never heard him yell or curse the men or horses. At nineteen he had received a decoration for distinguished bravery at Rezonville.

He had his lodgings, outside of town; in a solitary little cottage surrounded by rose-bushes and cedars—he and his dogs "Finaud" and "Tigresse"—a great Dane and a little striped bull-dog. His horses were two long, slender Anglo-Arabs.

We gossiped not a little about the lieutenant, his mode of life and his character; we discussed his fortune and the employment of his time outside of the service; for beside his regular appearance twice a day at mess, he took part in none of our entertainments. He was often seen, alone, galloping his horses over the green meadows of the Saone; he rode in some of the impromptu races, winning often, but without pride, without exultation, taking the thing as part of the trade. He never touched cards. His horses,his dogs,seemed his sole distraction. At times he disappeared for a week or so, and, on returning would say, "My father was down to see me." It was known that he had a father, an old man living in Bretagne. Yoes spoke of him only on those days.

The self-isolation of the boy was somewhat of a mystery to us. Each one explained in his own way the singular comrade, "the little mademoiselle." For some, Pelven was the son of a Galician princess and a knight of Malta; which was not impossible, it being the usage since the days of Louis XIV to accord that title to French gentlemen having contracted a marital alliance in Austria. In fact, Austrian decorations had been seen in his room. That, at least, was affirmed by some of the indiscreet ones who had penetrated the great chamber where he was wont to "dig" on his strategy during the warm hours of day. A singular room it was, at once salon, library and saddlery,the refuge of a thinker, and the handy-shop of a soldier; but its interior, in spite of the weapons, was rather feminine, and this struck the inferior officers who were accustomed to visit it with their reports. There were always fresh flowers in his room. And one day when some inquisitive spirit explored the pockets of his "dolman," which he had cast off during a fencing-bout, they discovered a golden locket on which sparkled a strange little diamond wing. They did not succeed in opening it.



ONE HEARS HIM PLAYING THE ADAGIO OF BETHOVEN'S SONATA

"He is a sentimentalist," Commandant St. Perle would say,"and the proof is that, when one passes his cottage in the evening,one hears him playing the adagio of Beethoven's sonata in A flat, the sonata of monks and priests."

* * *

One morning, my husband, the captain, came in very much worried. I questioned him. No answer. He drove away in his phæton as soon as breakfast was over with several other officers. He returned at 8 o'clock, alone, having left the others at the club. After dinner he held a conference with the fencing-master and the chief armorer, then St. Perle, his friend came and called him below his window; I heard him order the "landeau" with the big van—horses for three o'clock in the morning. "Ah," said I to myself, "a duel, and I suppose that they will fight at Delle." This spot lay on the other side of the frontier, and experience had taught me that such affairs usually took place there.

Toward 10 o'clock, the party returned; another conference took place in my husband's study; I heard the brusque voice of Saint-Perle, the gentle voice of de Pelven; a bell rang; I heard my husband call for grog, port wine, ice. Then the hours passed and silence reigned.

I remained awake, very curious. At 2, Roger came into my room, in full uniform and cloak. I did not question him, for I knew that he would not answer. When it was he that was about to fight, he would always tell me brusquely; this had happened three times in our ten months of married life. Like a curious child, I peered from behind the blinds and saw them start off. There were Saint-Perle, Roger, Pelven, and the surgeon. "Who is to fight?" I thought. It must be Pelven, for Saint-Perle would not take an inferior in rank for second."

Finally, I went to bed, nervous and worried. Morning broke. I rose late, feeling bereft of all my friends. I wandered through the house, I entered the study, hung with skins, oriental rugs, panoplied with weapons; on the blackboard I saw some half erased sentences. I opened the curtain, and there, in the bitter atmosphere of cold tobacco-smoke, in this almost sinister disorder of a room where people have watched over night, I tried to decipher the half obliterated marks. The phrases seemed rhythmed. At length, I finished by making out these seraps of verse:

"Qu'on m' enterre
En satin blanc
Comme un seigneur
Et qu'on capitonne ma biere
Toute de roses;
C'est ma fleur"

I wandered about all day, oppressed, feverish.

You know, yourself, that Pelven was killed. Roger came back that night alone and grieved.

Who was the adversary of de Pelven? An officer? Yes. Who? I will not tell you. Only a few knew and the secret has been well kept. The reason of the duel? Nothing, they said, a trifle, but I have always suspected that somebody had accused him of passing too easily across the frontier, alone, at night.

The next day Pelven's aged father came and took away the body. It seems that all the affairs of the lieutenant were in perfect order. He must have had a presentiment that he was going to be killed, for the words on the black-board were in the nature of directions for his own burial. And that was the end of the poor "little mademoiselle."

* * *

Two months passed. Spring came. One day we all started on a drag-party in the woods on the road to Delle. A little before luncheon, I went strolling in the forest with two or three friends. Suddenly, we saw a landeau, drawn by two beautiful horses, coming toward us along a deserted road. In the landeau was an old, pale woman, and a young girl—pretty—clad in black. We were turning out for them, when a dog jumped from the carriage. We recognized it at once. It was Tigresse, the little bull-dog—de Pelven's dog. While he was springing at us, licking our hands for joy, the landeau stopped, and a great gold-braided valet stepped out and solemnly picked up the dog. The little beast struggled, but in spite of yelps howls and tugs the man proved the stronger, and the landeau passed on.

Naturally, we talked of the incident. "What a singular thing! Tigresse with those strangers! Strangers from over the frontier, too; the liveries are blue and black—Prussian nobility."

Talking thus, we came back to the rendezvous. There we found Louis de Rolk, one of my friends whose castle, although in France, yet touches the frontier. We questioned him about the landeau.

"What, don't you know?" he answered "That is the Princess of Burgfeld, with her 'dame de compagnie'. She is doing penance in her 'schoss' instead of dancing in Paris as she generally does in the spring. It is said that during the war, she had a romance, a delicious romance with a French lieutenant, whose name I could never learn. They had sworn eternal fidelity. I don't know what has happened since,but she now lives in solitude and will enter a convent at Mannheim on her twenty-fifth birthday unless she gets out of her sentimentalism—which is not patriotic from the German point of view, for she is the daughter of one of the first generals of the Empire.

He said no more, but we understood. Poor Pelven! That was the explanation of those long, nocturnal rides, taken at the risk of the sentinels' bullets. That was the meaning of that sequestrated life, of the golden locket with its wing—symbol of his ethereal love, fitful and fragile. That was the reason for that life of mystery, poetry and silence, the roses in the cottage, the adagio of Beethoven, and the duel, which finished it all. He was dreaming, "the little mademoiselle!" And in that dream he died!

From the French of Adolphe Chenevierre.

Queen Victoria signed the bill constituting the Commonwealth of Australia on July 9th, and at once appointed the Earl of Hopetoun, her Lord Chamberlain, as the first Governor General. She had made him a Knight of the Thistle, in place of the late Duke of Argyll, a few days before. The Earl was Governor of Victoria from 1889 to 1895. The Queen presented to the Austrian Commissioners the table, the silver inkstand and the pen used in signing the bill.

Mr. Hogarth has opened up the Dictæan cave in Crete where Zeus was nursed by the goat Amalthea. After blasting out the limestone that blocked the entrance a cave was found full of offerings, consisting of bronze weapons, terra cotta statuettes and the like, all of Mycenæan times. A shaft 150 feet deep led to a lower stalacitite cave, where offerings were found finer than those in the cave above.

IN THE SWIM.

The "Smart Set" in London Society.

IT has come to such a pass with me that I hate the words "smart set," at least, as applied to London society. Let me turn from chatterer to philosopher for a paragraph or two, to say that I believe that it constitutes a real danger to the English, this devotion to trivial ideals among the heads of national society. Understand me; I am not reviling polite society as such. If a body of people have the leisure and time and money to devote to amusing themselves in their own way and choose to do so in the thousand and one ways possible in ordinary social life, they have a perfect, natural right to do so, and there is nothing harmful in it either to the nation or to the race. Indeed, English society of some forty years ago, after Thackeray had somewhat modified its abuses by his caustic pen, was an institution for the pride of the nation. "Barbarians," Matthew Arnold called them, and treated them pretty severely, but after all he preferred them to his "Philistines" and "Populace" which made up the rest of the world for him, and he was not comparing them to their own confusion with other elements in the population, but with his ideal people—the followers of "sweetness and light." The life led by the fashionables at that time was gilded and somewhat artificial, but it was healthy and well-rounded and open for the best activities of mind and body.

THEIR GOD IS MAMMON.

And now, behold the "smart set"—the fashionables grown effete from idleness and fulness of bread, the rich, the over-gay, the followers of new whims and new sensations, the self-advertising, the purse-proud, the genteel-vulgar. To say that Mammon is their god would be untrue; they worship rather the god of Light Pleasures, whatever his name may be. But since the prime requisite of pleasure, as they interpret it, is money, the Golden Calf is worshipped as a sub-god. Light pleasure, pleasure that does not go below the surface—that sums it all up. The pleasure of the emotional thrills brought about by new and strange things; the cheap pleasure of the tawdry approbation of others lower than themselves on the ladder, the pleasure of spending lavishly and foolishly—all these and many, many more, equally cheap, and vapid, and worthless, are the ideals of that caste which all England envies and imitates.

Therein lies the danger. Were the "smart set" to go its own way, serving only for the amusement of their fellow countrymen and the prosperity of fashionable tradesmen, as is the case with a similar tribe in our own land, no one would be harmed but themselves and their puny succession. But the rage and madness is upon all England. Every dancing-class of shopkeepers in every provincial town, apes their ways, their manners, their ideals. Every social battle in the kingdom is fought by their rules. Every newspaper in the land is prostrate at their feet. Americans will be surprised to learn that the highest-priced journalists are the creators of society gossip for the weeklies and the big dailies. It is by far the most renunerative form of journalism now a days. As the press anywhere pretty well meets the desire of its readers for news, this may be taken to measure public feeling. It is a time for a great social satirist. In Swift's time, in Moliere's, in Thackeray's, in Fielding's, polite society had run into just such shallows, until the wise man of laughter came to pull them over. London society needs a Thackeray.

THE QUEEN'S POSITION.

Strangely enough, it is the person at the very head and front of English society who has never bowed the knee to "smartness." Queen Victoria constitutes the supreme opponent of this silly and trivial ideal. I imagine that she appreciates and fears this tendency; at any rate, she has of late protested in a thousand little ways. Bound as she is by form, and hampered by her withdrawal from society, she has little opportunity now to make her opinion felt on the mass of London society. I am convinced that, had this state of things come to pass "when the queen was young," she would have set her face against it, and led a crusade. But she is old, and a sentimental regard for her feelings is now her main influence.

AMOS SHELDON.

* *

Revolt of the American Husband.

Why are Americans deserting Paris for London is a topic that disturbs the social controversialists at the moment. One authority declares it is because the American woman is no longer paramount in her menage. This is his explanation: "Time was when, with visions of millinery and jewelry looming in the distance, the American lady went on a tour to "Yurrup" and at once shaped her course toward Paris, her husband naturally following in her train. Now, it appears all this is changed. The American husband has struck. He will continue to foot the bills, but he absolutely declines to sojourn for long in a country where he cannot speak the language, where there is not the resource of sport, and where, in short, to use his own language, he is "at a loose end." And this, it appears, is why Americans are deserting Paris in favor of London.

The old type of husband may still be seen on the continent, and his docility is amusing to observe. While in Paris he passes most of his time at the Chatham bar, which is handy to the Rue de la Paix, where his wife is shopping, and where he can curse Paris and the Parisians in his own language, meet sporting men, and imagine himself far away from France. But he is always there if called upon to criticise the cut of a garment, dry his wife's tears if anything goes wrong, or bring masculine authority to bear in an argument with an unreasonable milliner.

* *

Nine O'clock Dinner.

In country-house life at Newport and Tuxedo the dinner hour is advancing so that nine o'clock is no longer considered too late an hour to sit down at table. There is a great deal of good sense about this for people who live in the country, for it gives a chance to enjoy the sunset in the first of the evening and get back in time for dinner. It is said that Mr. George Vanderbilt, at Biltmore, was one of the first who originated the idea of never dining or supping—for very often an evening at Biltmore is what used to be known as high tea—until nine or half-past. This calls for five or six o'clock tea, and makes that meal quite an event, and there is nothing more attractive on the piazza than afternoon tea with people dropping in and with all the good things that are part and parcel of afternoon tea. This is an English custom that has taken very well and is becoming more and more necessary to the comfort of our own leisured class.

* *

A Filipino Function.

Social conditions in the Philippines are difficult. In Manila the various races have their own coteries. All efforts at amalgamation on the part of the Americans failed dismally. The only way power might be maintained in a social way is for officers of social inclination to divide themselves up among the various sets *Town Topics* has an amusing description of a summer party in Negros. It was the wedding of the daughter of Senor Apolonio Tascon at the *casa populi* (town hall).

It was diverting to watch a Negrotian, with a plum-pudding complexion and a double-barreled mole for a nose, clad in white duck and tan shoes, purchased in violation of army regulations from some American private, swagger up to an American officer's wife or daughter, jab his elbow at her, and say, in the native gibberish: "Icao maluyag mag sant sa acon?" And the charming American would resign herself to the situation and say, "Yes thank you," and dance a two-step with the perspiring Malay, whose white ducks soon became limp and dripping, and who complacently puffed a cigarette all the while. When you are among Malays do as the Malays do.

It was equally diverting to watch an American officer bob around with a smallpox-pitted *delaga* (native woman), who meanwhile puffed a black cigar five inches in length. The first night's dance lasted until after the break of dawn. Just as reveille sounded at American quarters, the presidente, his face wreathed in smiles, asked the stately wife of an American Colonel: "Icao malujag mag lacat sa subah?" (Will you go to the river?) Then the Americans went home, and the Filipino contingent adjourned in a body to the Binalbagan River for a sociable bath. Snapshots of the bathing scene are curious in many respects.

* *

Park Parties.

One of the prettiest customs of the London season is the giving of lawn-parties in certain portions of Hyde Park, and particularly on that stretch of green sward which extends along Park Lane on the west and which is known as Hamilton Gardens. A hostess selects an afternoon, has a portion of the park reserved and sends out cards reading, "Mrs. Blank, Hamilton Gardens, Wednesday afternoon, from 4:30 to 7, if weather fine. Entrance in Park Lane." That is all, and if the weather is fine there assemble hundreds of fashionably attired men and women, who greet their hostess, stroll around, drink tea and nibble cake from two or three tables spread under the trees, and then depart. There is no expense of removing furniture, no servants, excepting those attending on the tables, and nothing but the blue sky and the surrounding greenery.

MEDITATIONS OF A MATRON.

BY MRS. CRICKET.

MONTEREY is the place these days, my dear Diary. I am having such a fine time down here. You know Robert made up his mind that we should stay all this month, so I am at last happy. The hotel has filled up tremendously since I was here last, and most of the people are out for fun. Leila is in San Francisco most of the time getting her trosseau. I have never known a girl more happy than she is at present. Mama is just a little bit annoyed with her. You know, Diary dear, she labored under the hallucination that Leila was a small divinity who would never descend from her pedestal to fall really in love. Of course I mean in love as we call it nowadays. I was describing my ideas on love at some length the other day to a dear old Englishman down here. It was a series of new sensations to him. I really never saw a man so amused first and surprised afterwards. He would hardly believe that a girl could see a husband in the light we all do now. Leila is an exception. She is in love in rather the old-fashioned way. For instance, she allows her Reggie to spend all his time wooing her. She never writes except in answer to a letter of his. I remember, Diary dear, being so badly smitten at one time—not on Robert—that I'd write every four hours and spend ten minutes with his photograph in my hand—it was a tin-type, too—endeavoring to hear his voice. Mama, however, insisted he would make me unhappy. In fact, Diary dear, Mama made life so irrevocably disagreeable, I decided that I had better give him up. He had only one vice, too. At least that is all I ever discovered, and that was an inability to keep out of debt. He is at Cape Nome now, but so far he has not made a fortune. If he should, I wonder if I would be as fond of Robert as I am. Money is so useful. I have just spent fifteen hundred dollars on gowns. That is because Robert spent twenty-five hundred on some ridiculous old horse that I am not allowed to drive. If Arthur is going to have the fun out of my husband's horses, I might just as well be the best dressed young married woman this year. It is so queer I do not get half as much fun out of my clothes as I used when it was a question of two dresses made at a really expensive dressmaker's and three or four at a little place on Post street. Still I am glad I am having the delightful sensation of doing a lot of foolish things I always thought would be fun.

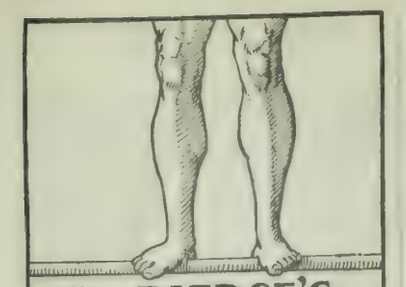
ON THE GOLF LINKS.

Robert and I are quite golf enthusiasts. We go out to play every morning, and I intend to qualify for the Henry T. Scott cup. I spoke to Mrs. Scott about it, and she smiled. I believe, Diary dear, she does not think there is any possibility of my getting it. Stranger things have happened. I like the Del Monte links—they are so easy. Over in San Rafael I really often felt tired after doing the eighteen holes, but down here it is a snap. There are no bad hills, and there are but nine holes. The caddies, too, are less censorious; one told me the other day that my form was perfect. Needless to say, I was very generous to him and gave him my old "brassey." I felt I needed a new one. I told Robert and he smiled and surprised me with a whole new set of sticks which arrived next day, much to my joy and delight.

I must tell you that I have prevailed on Robert to get a coach. You see, though I am exceedingly popular, I cannot expect to get quite as much attention as a girl, and I made up my mind a coach is a pretty good thing to have. I only wish I were not so small. Mrs. Joe Tobin is my idea of a graceful woman driving. She is so tall and willowy, and looks quite to the manner born with the whip. I have not quite decided yet which girl receives the most attention at Del Monte this year nor who is the belle. Genevieve Martin is here, and looks handsomer than ever. One rarely sees a more stunning looking woman. I like to watch her. She is apparently free from the self-consciousness of vanity of the average beauty. It may be that she has been too deeply surfeited with admiration to really care for it. Therese Morgan is here with her mother. She is still deep in study. Every day almost one finds her out sketching. Some of her water colors, Robert says, show a great deal of talent. Therese is one of the most ambitious of all the girls. I am specially attracted by her stocks. She has a variety that would be a temptation even to a man—they are so well selected. Arthur says the first thing he notices about a girl is her hair, Robert, the fit of her gown, and papa says, if a girl is gifted with an amiable expression, he never goes further—whereupon my husband most injudiciously said, "Well, sir, did you feel that way when you were wooing mama?" He had the audacity to say to me once when I was pouting over something, "Cricket, do what you like, but smile; I should not like to see you with your mother's expression." It hurts my feelings often, for mama has loads of really good qualities. I have discovered them since I have been married.

AT SAN RAFAEL.

I received a letter from one of the San Rafael girls yesterday. She said Edith McBean is still doing the lion's share of entertaining. She had a bowling morning last week when Caro Crockett and Genevieve Carolan were her guests. Caro Crockett and Mary Scott have the name of being the two best bred of the Burlingame girls. Genevieve Carolan grows to look more like Frank every day; she has his beautiful coloring and eyes. Florence Josselyn has been staying with Therese Morgan. The hotel is still pretty full. Admiral and Mrs. Kautz are there, and spend a great deal of time on the links. When I saw the notice of the arrival



DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

IS A TRUE MUSCLE MAKING MEDICINE

It makes muscle by making health. It makes health by curing the diseases which undermine the strength. The starting place of physical deterioration and weakness is generally the stomach. The "Discovery" positively cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Take "Golden Medical Discovery" and you'll get well and strong.

"I wish to express my thanks to you for your wonderful medicine," writes Mr. Geo. Logan Dogget, of Piedmont, Greenville Co., S. C., Box 167. "I was almost past work suffering so much from chronic catarrh and indigestion. Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' was recommended. I used it for three months, and was completely cured of indigestion and greatly relieved of catarrh."

Germea

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

A TOILET NECESSITY

Wakelee's

Cold Cream of Roses

MADE WITH

Pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM

A Perfect Complexion

Made from the pure fruit juice at

GREENBAUM'S,

200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave.

Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

The Queen's Garden Party.

LONDON JULY 28.

ONE function in English society is the Queen's own. She has very little to say, now-a-days, about drawing-rooms or official dinners and concerts, leaving their details and management to others, but her annual garden party, held at Buckingham Palace, is all under her eye and supervision. She arranges details, she superintends the lists of guests, decides the form of entertainment, with an enthusiasm that is a survival of her young, gay days at the Court of St. James. This function she always attends personally, moreover, staying it out to the very end. She is understood to have ideas of her own about London society in general and the "smart set" in particular. These she expresses through her invitation list. The ultra fashionables are universally complaining that the garden party is becoming "mixed." Indeed, the 5000 or more invitations issued this year went to all classes of society. There representatives of the nobility, the moneyed aristocracy, the country gentry, the middle class,actors, and literary folk, artists, musicians, and soldiers on sick leave. A fair sprinkling of foreign dignitaries and native Indian nobility in their native costume added color and diversity to the assemblage, as did a great number of pretty children—something of an innovation; by the way. Victoria is said to have extended the list to include the little people with a view to the enjoyment of her own great-grandchildren, who romped decorously in corners of the palace grounds with children of lesser rank. The royal hostess, truth to tell, gave them more attention than she gave to the elders. Her love of children is no secret. It is said that one of her greatest desires is to hold a great-great-grand child in her arms. This is by no means impossible, as she has a married great-grand-granddaughter.

A BRAVE DISPLAY

On this occasion no crowned heads were present, but many picturesque personages made an effective contrast in the modern, many-colored crowd. An Indian Maharanee, in her native costume of gold-embroidered brocade, mixed with cloth of gold, and adorned with barbaric jewel of price, was an interesting personalty; and several Indian princes, dressed in what someone styled "khaki-colored dressing-gowns," with single jewels of fabulous value hanging on their coats and from their turbans, were also unique figures in the gardens. The members of the Persian Legation wearing red caps, the bright-eyed, swarthy Japanese, English bishops in their clerical attire, and royal servants in scarlet liveries, made a picturesque appearance amid the throng of smart London ladies and conventionally dressed London men.

A special point of interest was the lake, on which were barges and boats for the use of visitors. The royal bargemen, in their quaint liveries, looked as if they had stepped out from some picture of olden days. The Queen's arms and monogram in gold appeared on the front of their coats, and a royal crown, also in gold, on their backs. They wore small peaked caps of black velvet.

It has been an age since any fashionable chronicler has been called upon to tell what the Queen wore, she being long past the age when such things make any difference. But this time she carried a white parasol of white lace over black silk, and the usual unvarying black of her dress was varied by little touches of white. She seemed to take an unfeigned delight in the proceedings, although it was noticed that she moved with perceptible difficulty as compared with her last appearance at a garden party.

THE "TOP" HAT AND MALE MILLINERY.

To treat further of clothes, I must reverse the rule for the sexes and "go in" for the costuming of the men, which, owing to certain novelties, attracted far and away more attention than that of the women. In the first place, the Prince of Wales sprung his new idea in frock coats on the assemblage—the single-breasted. Already the fashionable tailors are crowded with orders for coats of a like cut. As its name implies, this garment has only one row of buttons. These exist only by courtesy, as it is not supposed to button but only to meet in front. It has a silk facing running to the very edge, and is made for coolness and for displaying the fancy vest, which is prospering under the princely approval.

Again, a survey of the company proved the weakness of the new crusade against the "top" hat, for you must know that a number of fashion writers have been protesting vigorously in the London journals against the use of this, stiff hat form of head-gear during the hot weather. Perhaps a half a dozen men varied the monotony by white "top" hats, an improvement in color only. A few more sported rational hats, broad-brimmed, low-crowned and summery. Lord Roland Gower, who has been memoralizing the thunderer against conventional hear-gear, was the only person high in society who broke through the custom. The ordinary black frock, and the tall, black hat were almost uniform. The few men who broke over the line on hats wore frock coats of gray or drab.

I noticed, also, that there seemed to be a tendency toward the return of the button-hole bouquet, which has been rather tabooed this season. The Prince of Wales wore three tiny rosebuds, and perhaps a third of the other sported gardenias. Further, a new glove, pale-lavender suede, nearly white, was worn by the very smartest men.

As for the ladies, no one but themselves and their dressmakers know what the marvelous costumes cost. Mauve was a favorite color, and lace dresses, both black and white, were well worn. The big ruffles, black, black and white, and all white, has become a livery. The picture hat was much seen—large in size, and of extraordinary millinery beauty—but toques ran a good second. Bonnets now are for the dowdy and the dowager.

Meditations of a Matron, Con. from page 17.

of the *Iowa* in the papers I could not help thinking of the days when that meant such good times for me. Robert is prejudiced against army and navy men. Diary dear, I love them, they are such fun and then they are so uncertain. They never get away when other men can, and when one is just thinking one is sure to have a deadly, stupid evening a navy man will step in. That is one reason one can't help loving the navy. It is time, Diary dear, I confided to you about Jane Greenwood's engagement. I am told Dr. Ernest Dwight Chipman is exceedingly worthy while being very clever in his profession. I am sorry Jane is to go East to live. She is a really capable girl, sings well and is one of the best workers in the "Doctor's Daughters." I believe she will be married from her brother's house in Belvedere where her mother and she are now staying. The wedding will be about the same time as Leila's. Strange to say their trousseaus are for the most part being made at the same place. Their very nicest things are being made in New York. It is lots of fun getting ready to be married. I often wish I could go over all that part of my life again.

Now, Diary dear, I want to tell you something; the girls who have the black satin bathing suits at Del Monte are the envy of all the others. Florence Ives was the first girl I know out here who had one, but now they are the thing. I am getting one made. I have found many compensations for the fire at Castle Crags. Anything new I get, for the old one, is in my mind always burned. And now until next week I am your own devoted and chirping,

MRS. CRICKET.

Bank of California

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000. Surplus, $1,000,000

Profit and Loss Account Jan. 1st. 1900, $2,321,212

William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop, Vice President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; S. Prentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary.

CORRESPONDENTS

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, Union National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies, Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN

Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus $2,238,372.45

Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash 1,000,000.00

Deposits, July 30, 1900 ..... 28,938,395.02

OFFICERS

President ..... B. A. Becker

First Vice-President ..... Daniel Meyer

Second Vice-President ..... H. Horstmann

Cashier ..... A. H. R. Schmidt

Assistant Cashier ..... Wm. Hermann

Secretary ..... George Tourney

Assistant Secretary ..... A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hohte, I. N. Walker, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA STREET

Deposits, July 1, 1900	$26,952,875
Paid Up Capital	1,000,000
Reserve Fund	218,093
Contingent Fund	439,608

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Premery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier; R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Gakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital $1,000,000

Paid Up Capital 300,000

James D. Phelan, President; S. G. Murphy, Vice-Pres.; John A. Hooper, Vice-Pres.; George A. Story, Cashier; C. B. Hobson, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS: James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal and James McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co. or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

1875 1900

Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

PHONE BUSH 165.

Safe-Deposit Boxes from $5.00 per year up. Trunks and Valuables of every Description Stored in Fire and Burglar-Proof Vaults at $1.00 per month.

Office Hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Churingia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO.

General Agents.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

TRADE MARK

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a person for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original.) Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Buyers' Guide.

San Francisco Reliable Business Houses

City and Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited. MENTION THE WAVE.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law.—Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office, Room 94 Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 3[illegible]5.

BUSINESS PERSONALS.

Baldness and Dandruff positively cured; Shampooing and Bleaching. Prudential Hair Physicians. Glascow Block, 105 Ellis Street, Room 6.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist.—806 Market street, Phelan Building.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office. 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

Electric and Hygienic Treatment. Sure Cure for Chronic Diseases. Tumors, Cancers and Displacements, positively and without operations. DR. WM. SCHMITT, 502 Taylor St., cor. Geary. San Francisco.

CONSULTATION FREE.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY. LOCATION of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 3d day of August, 1900, an assessment, No. 52, of ten cents (10c) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada block, No: 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 27th day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco California.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia District, Storey county, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third (3d) day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 71) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventh (7th) day of September, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the twenty-eighth (28th) day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 6th day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 91) of fifteen cents (15c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 1st day of October, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Men Women and Books.

The Boy Critic.

Every author to his own taste in critics. The favorite type of literary commentator, however, is he who admires most consistently. Nevertheless, Dr. Conan Doyle, however, goes rather out of the beaten track in expressing a preference. "I want the boy critic," he declares, "the boy who will start a story and then chuck it down and say 'rot,' or who will read a book straight through and say 'ripping.' That's the person I want to criticize my work. It's strange too," he continued, "the older I get the less I read and the more I think. As a child the book that appealed to me most was one of Charles Reade's, and, curiously enough, it is the book I enjoy the most now." Dr. Doyle's system of combination is somewhat mechanical. "I don't create characters, and then allow them to work out their careers in their own way," he says, "I always fix the end clearly before I began to write. Then I work up to it."

* *

A Great Talker.

Who was the cleverest conversationalist of the generation? W. E. Henley, who has the right to speak authoritatively, declares the distinction belongs to the late R. A. M. Stevenson, a cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson. R. A. M. S. loathed writing. "His true gift," says Henley, "was that of talk, and he had it—Heavens! in what perfection. I think I have heard the best of my time, but one R A. M. S. Here is his picture of Mr. Stevenson among his lectures:

Someone, bright-eyed, a little flushed, ever courteous, ever kindly, ever humorous, taking any bit of the universe as his theme, descanting upon it as if he had a prescriptive right in it, and delighting everyone who listened by the unfailing excellence, wisdom, sanity (however insane it seemed at times) of what he had to say. Says a friend of his, and mine, in a letter announcing his death: "He was commentary, and that should go on forever. Good commentary on whatever God saw fit to provide. It seems to me to dwindle the applications of the universe that it can no longer serve for his interpretations." Had Lewis lived to reassert himself, and had it been possible for any one of us to sit and heed while these two—the Master and the pupil—talked of that which is, that which must be, and that which may be, then should we have heard about the best that spoken speech con do.

* *

Mary Hallock Foote's Success.

Mrs. Mary Halleck Foote, who has won distinction both as an artist and as a writer of fiction, lives in California, in one of Calaveras county's mining camps, whither she has followed her husband, Arthur de Windt Foote, a mining engineer. The location is known as "The Hague group" and is an immense proposition on the South African plan. It is there, amid the stamp-mill roar and in the clear, delicious atmosphere of the Sierras, that she has written and illustrated her delicate stories and sketches:—"A California Mining Town;" "The Little Fig-Tree Stories." Their entry into the world of letters was made in the *Century* to which she had submitted a series of Mexican sketches. The editor, R. W. Gilden, suggested that she supply text to accompany the pictures arguing that one who talked so well, could also write. Since then art has been subordinated to literature. The writing, she says, has "grown from my aborted art, as I found the West and its absorbing material too much for my pencil;" perhaps it was rather because it was enough for both her pen and pencil and her awakened resources. She had difficulty in procuring models, she was not always in houses which she could use as studios, and the facility of writing fitted more happily to her conditions. To write required but a pad of paper and a pen, and the stories could be dreamed out while lying awake or pacing piazzas or taking lonely tramps over the country. The material of her tales, the local color, is furnished by the life with which she is surrounded. For instance the *Little Fig-Tree Stories* make an autobiography of her early experiences in the West. The plots, however, and the *dramatis personae* are pure invention. Mrs. Foote comes of an ancient Quaker family. Her ancestors were earnest thinkers and constant, ardent readers, her grandfather was a real student of history and her father a passionate lover of poetry. In her childhood days, she heard Pope and Scott and Burns and the Boston poets read aloud in the family circle, so absorbed style and vocabulary almost with her mother's milk.

* *

Anthony Hope's First Book.

While waiting for clients Anthony Hope wrote *A Man of Mark*. Despairing of finding a publisher willing to risk money on an untried writer he determined to bring out the book himself on what is called the commission plan. In other words, he paid a publisher for printing and putting the book on the market. He lost money on it: but after the success of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, he brought the story out the second time and recouped his losses.

Anthony Hope does not wait for moods but tries to do a regular day's work six days out of the seven, just as he should do if he were still in the law. He sits down at his desk at about 10 o'clock, and stays there till luncheon. After luncheon, he goes at his task again, and keeps at it till about 4. Then he goes about in society a little, and in the season for outdoor sports tries to play a little tennis. His father is the pastor of a church in Hackney, and he lives with him.

* *

Alice Meynell's Home Life.

In the home life of Alice Meynell there is nothing to justify the vein of pessimism that pervades her prose. She is the mother of six children—a tall, statuesque woman whose distinction of mind is suggested by a strong and characteristic force. Her husband is rich and himself interested in literature. Her sister is Lady Butler, whose fine battle picture, "The Roll Call," is in Queen Victoria's collection. Their home is a Mecca for writers and artists who are received in an extraordinary Japanese drawing room absolutely without order—a chaos of books and pictures. There are children everywhere, for they have the run of the house, besides the entire lower floor, which has been converted into a gymnasium for their exclusive benefit. In the midst of the cares of this household, Mrs. Meynell writes—puts forth a certain number of words every day, for she does not believe in inspiration, regards composition as a business and contributes this week on art—next week on books, as sedulously as a literary host. She had the distinction of being discovered by John Ruskin and Coventry Patmore who, on the publication of her first volume of poems, declared that a new genius had arisen.

AT NO TIME IS MAN SECURE FROM ATTACKS of such disorders of the stomach as cholera morbus, cramps, and diarrhœa; but these complaints are common during the heated term, when it is dangerous to neglect them. PAIN-KILLER is a remedy that has never failed and the severest attacks have been cured by it. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

For home use, for bar use, for physicians' use, for everybody's use, Jesse Moore Whiskey is always the best and is in most general demand.

MARTELL & CO.

Cognac, France,

Established 1715.

TRADE MARK.

& F. Martell.

The Highest Grade of Cognac Brandy.

All Martell shipments received by us bear the name of our firm on the bottles. Beware of imitations.

William Wolf & Co.

329 Market Street. Pacific Coast Agents.

573-579 Market Street San [illegible] | R. H. PEASE, President and Manager. | 73 and 75 First Street Portland, Ore.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY

Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases

Sold by All Druggists

Pleasure Trips

A New Era Brought About by Transportation Companies.

It may be justly said of the present season that it marks an era in pleasure travel in nearly all parts of California, on account of the cheap rates which have been made by the transportation companies.

TO SEE OTHER WORLDS

The very latest move is in behalf of the Mt. Hamilton trip. The combined managements of the Mt. Hamilton Stage Co. and Hotel Vendome in San Jose have placed on sale in the Southern Pacific ticket offices of San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, two round-trip tickets from these points, which include transportation and all expenses. One is a Saturday-Sunday ticket, for $8.90, which entitles the purchaser to a day and a quarter at Hotel Vendome in addition to the trip; and the other is good any day, gives a half day more at the hotel, and costs $8.50. This rate is really about one-third less than the regular cost, and should easily place Mt. Hamilton in the front rank of famous trips.

LAKE TAHOE FAVORED

The Southern Pacific has recently added an attraction to Lake Tahoe by establishing a ten-day rate from the Bay Cities of $13.30, a reduction of twenty per cent of the regular season rate. It is also giving Saturday to Monday excursions for $10, which is indeed absurdly cheap.

VAMOS A MEXICO

Something new and quite out of the ordinary in the way of tours is an excursion to Mexico in a special train, which has just been announced by the Southern Pacific for November 14th. The rate from San Francisco will be $80, and from Los Angeles, $70. Other points along the line will enjoy proportionate rates. This excursion will be under the management of Wm. H. Menton, the Southern Pacific's well-known excursion agent, who is well acquainted in Mexico, speaks the language, and has arranged many incidental attractions.

Any Southern Pacific agent will cheerfully give all desired information about these trips. Call on them.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROAD way wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports: 11 a. m. August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. August 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Sept. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports: 9 a. m. August 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Sept. 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles): 11 a. m. August 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Sept. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

TO CHICAGO IN THREE DAYS.

From San Francisco at 10 A. M.

Chicago Union Pacific and Northwestern Line.

DOUBLE DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with Barber, Dining-Cars; meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast.

617 Market Street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **HONOLULU only**, Wednesday, August 22, at 2 p. m.
S. S. Mariposa for **AUSTRALIA**, Wednesday September 5, at 8 p. m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 114 MONTGOMERY ST.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

Chips From the Scientific Workshop.

An International Wheat Corner.

TO corner the whole world's output—that was the mild proposal that the Russian Government made to the Government of the United States in 1896—at least that is what J. D. Whelpley tells us in the August *McClure*. In combination with the United States Government to raise the value of wheat 100 per cent, add a billion-and-a-half to the value of the world's wheat crop, benefit America's wheat-raisers to the amount of $350,000,000, Russia's to the amount of $200,000,000, and all this at the expense of the rest of the universe! That was the Muscovite proposition as stated by Minister Kotzebue to Secretary of State Olney toward the close of the Cleveland administration.

And this, to the Russian governmental powers, was not a vague dream, a foolish aspiration put into thoughtless words. The scheme was the fruit of years of study, was perfected down to its minute details.

It was alluring in its simplicity, in its seeming feasibility. All the two allied governments had to do was to enter the wheat market as buyers at the stated price of one dollar. According to the Russian theory all the wheat produced is needed for food. Hence with a standing one dollar offer from the governmental combine, the price would infallibly rise to one dollar throughout the world. Easy, is it not? Simplicity itself.

SPLENDID RESULTS.

Now for the results of the plan if put into execution. Russia and the United States produce nearly ninety per cent of the world's total breadstuff output. The price of wheat now is fifty cents a bushel. Raise it suddenly to one hundred cents. Quite an appreciable gain for the two wheat-producing and wheat-cornering countries, is it not?

The wheat crop of the world in 1898 was 2,879,000,000 bushels. Raise the price from fifty to one hundred cents; you add a billion and a half to the value of the world's wheat crop. Not bad, is it? The United States produce 700,000,000 bushels every year. The operation proposed by Russia would mean a gain of $350,000,000 yearly to American wheat raisers. Russia produces 400,000,000 bushels; net gain to Russian farmers from the operation, $200,000,000 yearly.

BUT THE OTHERS?

"On that side, nothing but favorable results. But there are other countries in this world. England, for instance, how could England be affected? England imports yearly 125,000,000 bushels of wheat every year. Raise the wheat price 100 per cent. It means an increase of $60,000,000 to England's bread bill.

And France and Germany and Italy, and Austria, and all other wheat-importing nations? All affected like England. Would they stand idle while Russia and the United States starved them. Would not a defensive economic alliance between them be the natural result? Russia and the United States pitted against England, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland! The bread-makers against the bread eaters! Situation full of possibilities. What room for international complications!

Happily, or unhappily, as men may wish to put it, the scheme was killed in the bud. The United States refused to enter into the compact. It was counter to its most decided economic traditions. It was refused. But, feasible or not, the scheme was certainly a grand one. In magnitude, in audacity of conception, it rivals some of those terrible fancies that Napoleon I. came so near turning into facts.

* * *

The Chinese Calendar.

The Chinese, in spite of their superb indifference to the flow of time and their contempt of vulgar punctuality, have a way of measuring the passing hour. They have a calendar which is by no means a bad one. The calendar now in use is, according to Celestial ideas, a very modern revision. It was established so late as 2300 B. C., by a wise monarch named Yao. The Chinese year is lunar, consisting of 354 days. Every nineteen years contains seven additional months. This reckoning is excellent; it varies only about an hour every nineteen years from the true time and the error would not amount to much if the Chinese Empire was not so exasperatingly old, according to our ephemeral western ideas of time.

Although the year is lunar, its beginning is regulated by the sun, New Year being between January 2d and February 6th. It is divided into twelve lunar months, called by numbers. The extra month that comes every three years is not added at the end, but chucked in any old place according to a system too subtle for western minds. The months are subdivided into three parts, which are not again subdivided, so that a Chinaman may speak of an event without mentioning the exact time within ten days—a very helpful state of affairs when you are called to answer sundry indiscreet questions of irate western governments as to the condition of their legationers. There is no such thing as a week. The hours are one hundred and twenty minutes long.

The years are gathered into cycles of sixty. Another method of numbering years is by the reigns of emperors. The present year is the thirty-sixth year of the seventy-sixth cycle, or the year 4536. Each has a separate name formed by some combination of ten "stem" characters joined to twelve "branch" characters, and the ingenuity with which they are used is beyond the grasp of the Caucasian mind.

* * *

A New Anaesthetic.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Medicine Dr. Tuffier gave an account of three surgical operations which he had conducted. One was an amputation of the leg, another the removal of a kidney and the third was laparotomy. In all three cases he had operated after securing anæsthesia by injecting one centigramme of chlorhydrate of cocaine into the canal of the spinal column, Acting on the marrow, and not on the brain, the cocaine produced absolute anæsthesia, and the patient submitted without the usual exhaustion incident to the use of chloroform, to an operation of which he had no consciousness whatever, although his mental activity does not appear to have been interrupted. The transmission of sensation to the brain was interrupted; that was all. In order to spare the patient the sight of blood and the wound, the doctor takes the precaution to veil the face. He says that he has tried this method of securing anæsthesia eighty times. It possesses many advantages and no inconveniences that he has been able to discover.

* *

Storing the Sun's Heat.

One of the optimistic and most general expectations indulged in at the present day is the realization during the coming century of what is pronounced the greatest and most important of prospective inventions, namely, a machine for storing the heat of the sun and transforming it into electricity or some other form suitable for ready employment—heat which, though now permitted to go to waste, will, by means of such invention, be applied to the running of mills, the warming of houses and every other purpose for which energy is utilized. The field for such an invention and its world-wide importance are at once suggested by the ascertained fact that every square yard of the sun's surface emits an amount of heat equal to that of a blast furnace consuming one ton of coal every ten minutes. The heat given out by the solar globe, too, in one second would raise 195,000,000 cubic miles of ice-cold water to the boiling point and in this heat the earth receives only one two-billionth part

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—SIERRA NEVADA SILVER Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 9th day of July, 1900, an assessment (No. 19) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room No. 14, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 14th day of August, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY, the 3rd day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Office: Room No. 14, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—MEXICAN GOLD AND Silver Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey county, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July, 1900 an assessment [No. 64] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourteenth day of August, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Wednesday, the 5th day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—OCCIDENTAL CONsolidated Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Silver Star Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourteenth (14th) day of July, 1900, an assessment (No. 35) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 69, Nevada block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of August 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the eleventh (11th) day of Sept., 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,

ALFRED K. DUBROW, Secretary.

Office: Room 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Santa Fe Trains

GO TO

Antioch	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Bakersfield	9 a m		8 p m
Chicago	9 a m		
Denver	9 a m		
Fresno	9 a m		8 p m
Hanford	9 a m		8 p m
Joliet	9 a m		
Kansas City	9 a m		
Leavenworth	9 a m		
Merced	9 a m		8 p m
Newton	9 a m		
Phoenix	9 a m		
Stockton	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Tulare	9 a m		8 p m
Visalia	9 a m		8 p m
Williams	9 a m		

Personally conducted Excursions to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston every MONDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in Pullman's Best Tourist Sleeping Cars. Try this NEW ROUTE.

Get full information and handsome folder at

628 MARKET STREET

or at Santa Fe Ticket Office

Ferry Building, Foot of Market Street

Alfred Crane Luther A. Teague Frederick Teague

TEAGUE, CRANE & TEAGUE

Dentists

Claus Spreckels Building

Tel. Main 1459 Third and Market Sts., 6th Floor

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Trusts add combinations do not affect Jesse Moore Whiskey. Its fame is established; its quality is the finest and it is always the best.

HOTEL VENDOME

At San Jose is one of Central California's most beautiful hostelries; in the midst of its own twelve-acre park; two blocks from the railroad station where almost hourly trains connect with the outside; the starting point for Lick Observatory; the center of a greater number and variety of attractions than any other place on the Coast; furnished finely, graded and watered roads for driving and cycling lead in every direction; with over 250 elegantly furnished rooms, and suites with bath and toilet; perfect in appointment, service and all the accessories of comfort, and one of the most attractive features of San Jose, the metropolis of the world-renowned Santa Clara Valley.

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager.

For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . . . .
Centrally Located . . .

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
American and European Plan.
WILLIAM T. BANG, Proprietor.

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms — Elevator Service
Excellent Cuisine — References Required
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL

THE BRADBURY

J. A. FERSON, Prop.
N.W. Cor. Polk and California Sts., San Francisco
Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and upwards. Reasonable by the month. Tel. Hyde 2771.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE — Tel. Main 199
DEALERS IN Paper
55, 57, 59, 61 First Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO., Pacific Coast Agents.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
What a Gas Range Will Do?
It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!
IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes;
Your kitchen will be clean;
Your working hours shorter;
Your food will be better cooked;
Your life prolonged, and
Your happiness assured.
Stove Department,
415 Post Street, - - San Francisco

The Shirt Waist Man.

New York, August 4.

THE shirtwaist man has struck the Metropolis! Haroo! I like him. The cool, audacious, insolent fellow has bumped up against New York, and New York has perpetually recoiled. He has swooped down from the summer resorts, where conventionality consists in careful, methodical, precise, unconventionality of dress, and has neglected to take the usual back-summersault into real conventionality. He struts about the streets, cool, flexible, pink or blue, and laughs at his funereally-encased brethren. He is like a butterfly out of his century-old cocoon. He is bright, light, and vivacious. He flutters about, speckling the dark city with light and color. I like him.

By the way, I forget that I am writing for barbarians, for you cool, wind-fanned San Franciscans. I see you reading this with open-mouths, bursting eye-balls. I must elucidate the shirt-waist man? Why he is merely the product of the torrid heat we have been salamandering in of late. He is merely the man in shirt-sleeves, the weather man.

THE SHIRT-WAIST MAN EVERYWHERE.

I saw him on Wall street the other day, where he often takes on rotund, prosperous airs. He goes to luncheon coatless, attends to business coatless, goes home on the elevated train coatless, and probably meets there his waterloo, and attends the family dinner again properly mummified in a rotund shirt bosom and a tuxedo. At noon the Wall street restaurants are dotted with men in neglige shirts, minus their coats. Even in the women's restaurant, which is supposed to be very exclusive, and where a man is made ineligible by the slightest infraction of the rules of dress, the shirt-waist man has imposed himself.

The roof-gardens are sprinkled with shirt-waist-men as from some gigantic, celestial salt-cellar. The all-night restaurants along Broadway swarm with them, and—audacity upon audacity!—I saw a few at the theatre the other day. At the Madison Square Garden, on Monday evening, when McGovern fought Erne, there was such a shirt-sleeve display that I was tempted to start a shirt-factory, never before had the possibilities of the shirt-making profession struck me so vigorously.

Next Sunday I am going to church, I am. My resolution is unshakable. No use trying to dissuade me. I am going to church and I will wager you the moon against a peanut that, in the sacred edifice, hedged in between masses of solemn black, gay, careless, optimistically religious, fluttering gently in the hymnal breeze, a bit of color and ease will catch my eye—a masculine shirt-waist!

HIS TRIBULATIONS.

The shirt-waist man is nearing his day of triumph, but he has not reached it yet. There are yet benighted regions where he is wrestling valiantly with Boxer-like barbarism and prejudice. I met a prominent business man from Baltimore yesterday, strutting adown Broadway in coatless ecstasy. He tells me that members of the Baltimore Chamber of Commerce were refused the privilege of going coatless by a fossilized, antediluvian Executive Committee, which forgot that its ancestors once went shirtless as well as coatless. The good old gentleman was "hot" in spite of his neglige, as he told me of the affront. In Philadelphia they are yet deep in Mediaeval darkness. My friend Harry Dubois of Germantown took his little boy to Chestnut Hill Park for a walk a few days ago. Dubois, being a scene-painter, is of artistic temperament and, naturally, had doffed the coat. A puritanic policeman caught sight of him, pursued, captured him, and, telling him all the while that he was no gentleman, marched him out of Chestnut Hill Park. To get turned out of a public park for not wearing a coat! Truly that is typical of brotherly-love and tolerance! In Boston on the other hand where the shirt-waist man is increasing rapidly, he is known a Miss Nancy and is held up to ridicule by the benighted. Ah, the life of a shirt-waist man is not always an easy one!

WHAT HE IS.

By the way, you must not think that everyone who is seen in New York coatless is the real thing in the shirt-waist line. Coatless men are driving coal carts and ash-wagons. They are not shirt-waist men, however, The real thing belongs to a class by himself. He is neat, cool, and not effeminate, as the word shirt-waist might suggest to you. I do not say that he is athletic. From the sculptural standpoint, he is not perfect. The line of demarkation between trousers and shirt is a troublous problem. How to shade one off into the other without abrupt, disconcerting transition is occupying the minds of artists. Women conceal the line, but then, they have become adepts through generations of natural selection. The man is not successful. The belt always slips down too low, or slips up and lets the trousers down. Sashes are too warm, suspenders are out of the question. The man who makes the shirts is helpless in this emergency. I think it is up to the man who makes the trousers.

THE SHIRT-WAIST WOMEN.

You perceive that the masculine shirt-waist has made a deep impression upon me. Women's shirt-waists, however, are also interesting just now. The torrid heat which has been poured upon us this last month taxed our how-to-keep-cool ingenuity. Women's waists have become lighter and lighter, more and more transparent. In some cases the tissues have become mere nets, nets that would transgress the fishing-laws, too. One day this week, I was on a ferry-bound street car, when a lady got on and took a seat opposite me. She wore one of those netting fabrics which allowed here-and-not-here glimpses of slightly more than is usually frankly displayed in a ball-room. She looked exasperatingly cool, and I watched her with envious eyes. Then something went wrong. She flushed, tapped her toe nervously, and then began to move her back cautiously up and down against the side of the car. A gentleman sat next her. He watched the proceedings awhile with a puzzled air, then suddenly dropped toward her, and with a hurried "Beg pardon, madam," inserted a large finger between the netting, about at the height of the shoulder-blades. In this position he fiddled awhile. It seemed a ticklish process and longer than he had expected it. Finally, with an "Ah" of triumph, he pulled out of the meshes a great, black beetle. The lady thanked him, then remembered that the next street was hers, signaled to the conductor, and got off. Which proves that to be cool is not always to be happy.

ROBERT JOHNSTON.

IF YOU WANT
The Best Coal Oil
— BUY —

A. O. LINDSTROM [Phone Main 5178] AL. JOHNSON
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy-makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BROS, Brush Mfrs.,
TEL. 5610. 609 Sacramento Street.

Stylish Suits $15.50
Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants..... 4.50
My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.
25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by
JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.
SAMPLES SENT FREE

Nothing more refreshing than "Jackson's NAPA SODA Lemonade"

Orpheum

Four Juggling Johnsons; Sam Morris and Company; Macart's Dogs and Monkeys; Mrs. Bessie Blitz Paxton; Laura Bennett and Stambler, Meeker-Baker Troupe; Hooker and Davis; Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c., Balcony Boxes, Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

ONE WEEK, BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY
Eighth week of the HENRY MILLER Season.
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and Wednesday Matinee

"HEARTSEASE"

Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday Matinee

"The Adventure of the Lady Ursula."

August 20. "THE ONLY WAY."

Alcazar Theatre

Fred Belasco and Mark Thall, Managers
Phone Main 254

Week of Monday, August 13th
Third month of

FLORENCE ROBERTS

Supported by
White Whittlesey
First time on any stage

"A SUIT OF SABLE"

by Charlotte Thompson.
Only matinee Saturday. Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50c.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers
Telephone Main 1731

They have come back those real live Brownies
Presenting the beautiful operatic spectable,

"The Brownies in Fairyland"

A magnificent production in every particular. Entire new music, songs, dances, specialties, and a wonderful transformation scene. An entire professional cast of principles, no amateurs in this production.

DATES
Sunday afternoon, August 12th and every evening commencing with Monday, August 13th. Matinees, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.
POPULAR PRICES.
Coming—Lees, the World's Greatest Hypotists.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.

110 Montgomery St., S. F.

Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

Physicians would not recommend Jesse Moore Whiskey if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THEATRICALS.

Signor Russo's Muscle.

Signor Russo, the little tenor of the Tivoli Grand Opera Company, is probably the most athletic singer in the business. A small man and only twenty-six, he is yet wonderfully muscled. It is said that, if boxing were as popular in Italy as in this country, he would be an Italian light-weight champion. Outside of that, he is an expert gymnast and as a fencer can give Professor Tronchet a close rub. When the Lombardi Company visited Portland, he surprised the Multanomah Athletic Club by vanquishing their best fencers and their middle-weight and light-weight boxing champions in the same evening. He is a firm believer in athletics as an aid to vocal health, and keeps in training all the year round.

* *

The Man Behind the Baton.

Few people realize that the success of a grand opera, indeed of any opera, is mainly dependent on a man who rarely, if ever, gets any of the applause—the musical director. "The man behind the baton" can make a good performance with poor material and a passing poor performance with bad material. San Francisco hardly realizes that the extraordinary success of the Tivoli Grand Opera season is due more to Max Hirshfeldt, the musical director than to Salassa, Avedano, or any of the imported singers. Mr. Hirshfeldt is probably the hardest-worked man in the city, newspaper men not excepted. His day opens at ten a. m. and continues without interruption until the small hours of the morning.

An example of his ability was shown last year when "Othello" was first produced. He was unfamiliar with the opera, having never seen the score until the morning of the first rehearsal. Yet he took the piece in hand at once, played the accompaniment with a flaw, and in perfect tempo, and pulled the performance together as though he had known the score all his life. When Avedono, Salassa *et al* are called before the curtain next time, I pray you spare a "hand-out" for the director.

* *

The Frawleys at Morosco's.

Barring the fact that they have not had a really good play, the revived Frawleys are giving a hugely successful season at the Grand Opera House. The fault with the play lies in the compromise which circumstances have forced upon Frawley and Morosco. Not daring to revert entirely to the old howling form, they are limited to the "refined melodrama"—a hybrid species and rare.

"The Middleman," running last week, is in Henry Arthur Jones' early over-sentimental manner. It is not so good as "The Masqueraders," which is the masterpiece of the young English playwright, and not so bad, by many a heart-throb, as "The Dancing Girl" Its chief virtue is that it gives Lackaye one of his best character parts. To say that he fairly outshone the rest of a very good cast would be only the truth. And, in spite of the easy dulness of the piece, Lackaye raised the audience to enthusiasm. Indeed, his work in the part was the best he has done here this season.

Next to him, Mrs. Riccardo shone as a lady with a past. This is an actress with great natural beauty—Lord love us we always consider this first in an actress, spite of everything—and of an Italian subtlety and finesse rare on the American stage. Apparently she is lacking in real passionate force. I should like to see her tested in a comedy of manners.

* *

The Alcazar, which is by tradition the one San Francisco house daring to try ventures with new plays, presents next week an untried drama, "A Suit of Sable," by Charlotte Thompson, whose first play, "Only the Master shall Blame," was an Alcazar success last season. The drama is described as a serious, emotional one. and the leading role, that of a young country-bred girl, driven to desperation by lack of symyathy in her family, who risks all in an assault on the conventionalities, should just suit Florence Roberts.

* *

"Heartsease" has been so tremendously successful at the Columbia that the Henry Miller Company will repeat it on Monday Tuesday and Wednesday evening and Wednesday afternoon of next week. For the remaining evenings, "The Adventure of the Lady Ursula" is to be the bill. This romantic comedy by Anthony Hope will be remembered as one of the big successes of last season.

Following that is "The Only Way," a dramatization of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities, Mr. Miller's great success of last season, and now first appearing on the Pacific Coast, J. H. Stoddard, Daniel Harkins and Joseph Brennan are coming on from New York especially for this production. Seats will be ready next Thursduy.

* *

Little Miss Maud Sorrenson the Star of "The Brownies in Fairyland.

The Four Juggling Johnsons in an Indian Club specialty head the new Orpheum bill. Mrs. Bessie Blitz Paxton is a California vocalist of note, and adds greatly to the strength of the new bill. Sam Morris and Company have a local comedietta. Macart's dogs and monkeys are a troupe of trained animals with some new tricks.

* *

Mrs. Paxton's Debut.

Mrs. Bessie Paxton of San Francisco, made her debut at the Orpheum in Los Angeles and achieved a distinct success. She has a fine rich voice which thus far had been heard only under religious auspices for Mrs. Paxton was a member of the choir of the First Congregational church. For some time she has been considering a proposition to extend fhe field of her usefulness—hence the Orpheum engagement. Next week she is to be heard at the Orpheum in San Francisco and is certain of a brilliant reception. On account of her kindly and sympathetic personality which has won for herself a host of friends. Mrs. Paxton has quite decided to "do" the vaudeville circuit. She should gather all kinds of laurels en route for it is seldom one if privileged to hear a voice so fresh and agreeable as hers.

* *

The "Brownies in Fairyland" will reappear at the California theatre to-morrow afternoon and every evening of next week with matinees on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Over a hundred professional children will be in the cast and the songs, dances, specialties, costumes and scenic effects will be entirely new. There will be a silver ballet, danced by sixteen tiny tots, and the performance will conclude with a gorgeous transformation scene. Lee, the hypnotist, will be the next attraction.

Clara Kalisher, the well-known contralto, who recently returned from an Eastern tournee, announces a song recital at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s hall, Tuesday evening, September 4th.

Dining at the Carlton.

Sunday night dinner at the Carlton in London is a marvelous sight. There is nothing like it in this country, nor elsewhere, indeed, in the world. The dining-room itself is not remarkable, although its proportions are good, but the spectacle of so many superbly gowned women and so many smartly dressed men dining together is rarely seen. Here are all the notabilities and the different sets; the Prince of Wales often dines here; all the prominent people of the social literary set, or artistic set, drop in; famous beauties are to be seen and the jewels that are worn are marvelous. The dining-room opens out on to a platform, as it were, from which broad steps lead down into the palm room, where are any number of small tables, at which coffee and liqueurs are served. The palms used in the decoration of this room are superb in size and arrangement, and the spectacle of the women as they come out of the dining-room and come down these stairs gives the best possible opportunity for the display of smart gowns.

In the dining-room there are always a number of persons at small tables, and also large tables, where dinners for twenty or more are given, so that the whole room presents an unbroken vista. The dinner can cost any price that was ever heard of or never heard of, but the food itself is but a lesser part of what might be called the exhibition.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The origin l Swain's Bakery at 3 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

When the barkeeper sets out Jesse Moore "AA" he gives the customer the best in the house.

All bon vivants will be pleased to learn that genial "John" Heinkee supersedes Mr. Justin Ladagnous as proprietor of the famous Maison Riche, so happily named by dainty Aimee in her golden days. Epicures the world over know the Riche. "John" will maintain the high standard that this restaurant has always held in this city.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

There is only one reason why you shouldn't drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey—that's because you have signed the pledge.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-314 POST STREET
SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR
All the Latest Books in Our Sheet Music Department.

A Glowing Highway to Happiness is the Road that leads to . . . . **DEL MONTE** Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

. . . THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT . . .

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address ***WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE. SEND US YOUR ORDER,*** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing our **1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Mesinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our **binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them, however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at $3 to $10 each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for **Bargain List.** **OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. ☞ Give name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

HAVE YOU A PIANO THAT YOU DO NOT USE?

Is the piano in your home a musical instrument, and do you enjoy it as such, or does it remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than an article of furniture.

The Pianola

Is Bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is bringing music into homes where it has long been a stranger.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study and without practice.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keys of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers.

When not in use the Pianola may be easily detached from the piano and moved to another part of the room.

The Pianola can be used in connection with any Grand or Upright piano, and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

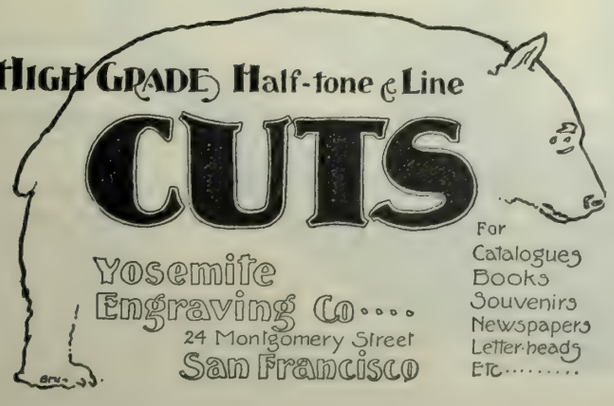
Price $250 Upward.

The Pianola can be bought by monthly payments. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.

Kohler & Chase, Sole Agents.

26, 28 and 30 O'FARRELL STREET.

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.



CAN be made to brighten memories of the past, without fear of scratch or tarnish, if cleaned with

SILVER
ELECTRO-SILICON
POLISH

It's as harmless as the flour you eat. It makes old silver new—in brilliancy—and keeps new silver always new.

The proof is yours simply for the asking. Send address on a postal, or 15c. in stamps for box, postpaid. Grocers and druggists sell it.

"SILICON," 30 Cliff St., New York.

DR. CLYDE PAYNE

Has returned from New York and resumed the practice of Dentistry at

135 GEARY ST.

Phone Main 9. Spring Valley Building

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We buy or sell real estate in any part of the Group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in Hawaiian Islands.

Office. 10 W. King St. HONOLULU, H. I.

MILLS College and Seminary

Seminary course accredited to College and Universities. Ideal surroundings. Thirty fifth year. Write for catalogue to

Fall Term Opens Aug. 8 1900

MRS. C. T. MILLS, Pres., Mills College P. O., Cal.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes, and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Electric Supplies

CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIRS

California Electrical Works

409 MARKET STREET

The Sign of the Peacock

229 GEARY ST.

Theatre Suppers

Luncheon Ice Cream Breakfast

ORDERS DELIVERED

The Saturday Wave

Is Printed by

THE MYSELL-ROLLINS CO.

22 CLAY STREET, S. F.

New Stories Re-Told.

[illegible] OF THE SOCIETY METHOD. This happened at a well-known San Francisco Sunday School [illegible]. "Who [illegible] all the fine houses and stores, and lots, do you ever think [illegible] "Yes ma'am." Teacher.—'Where will your fathers be thirty years [illegible] "Dead." [illegible] —"That's right. And who will own all this property then?"—Boys (in ungrammatical concert):—"Us boys!" Teacher.—"Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along the street, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon doors waiting for some one to treat them?" Boys (heartily):—"Yes ma'am, lots of them." Teacher.—"Well, where will they be thirty years from now?" Boys:—"Dead." Teacher:—'And who will be the drunkards then?" Boys (in enthusiastic chorus): "Us boys!"

THE GOOD LITTLE TWIN.—Somewhere in Frisco live two little twin sisters. The other day one was naughty, and to punish her, her mother made her stay indoors all day. To emphasize the disgrace, favors were showered upon the good sister. She was dressed up in her very best. She was given a parasol and went prancing up and down the front walk in the greatest glee. Presently one of the neighbors came by and paused at the gate to speak to the child. "You're one of the Brown twins, aren't you?" asked the neighbor. "Yes'm." "Which twin are you?" The child gave her skirts a proud toss. "Oh," she said complacently. "I'm the good little twin that's out walking."

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS. In the district of the Cheviots a young ploughman once went on a courting visit. It was Jock's first appearance in the character of a wooer, and as he and the girl had had little previous acquaintance, he found himself sadly at a loss for something to say. In vain he racked his brains for some interesting topic; not one sentence could he utter, and for two hours he sat silent beside the maid, who herself was equally silent. At last Jock suddenly exclaimed, "Jenny, there's a feather o' they apron!" "Aa wadn't ha' wondered if there'd been twee," replied Jenny, "for Aa've been sittin' aside a gyuse aall neet!"

FORBES' FIRST LECTURE. Archibald Forbes began his career as a lecturer at a small town in Scotland. He was very nervous and asked the janitor at the hall to let him in by a side door in order that he might avoid the crush. "Ye need na mind," replied that functionary, "there's na crood." This was no more than the truth. A bored commercial traveler composed the entire audience. Forbes waited awhile and no one else approaching, he said to the "audience," "Will you have the lecture, or will you have a drink?" "A drink," said the traveler.

THE SENATOR'S CRITICISM. Senator Green of Missouri while in Washington was prevailed on one Sunday by some worshipful lady friends to go to church, a habit to which he was not addicted. It was a long-drawn out ceremony which the Senator suffered in silence. On returning to his hotel he was pressed by his friends to give an opinion on the service. "Ladies," he said, "It appeared to me that there was too much reading of the journal and too little debate."

SAM JONES' LIMITATIONS. At a Methodist gathering there arose a discussion over the oratorical powers of Rev. Sam Jones. Various opinions were expressed but the cap was put on the debate by a colored clergyman who said: "Brethren, jist as long as Bro'r Jones sticks to de Scripters, he ain't no better preacher than eny uv de rest of us. But when he cuts loose from de Scripters and jist lets 'er sail, den he's de doggondest preacher dat ever pounded a pulpit."

PALACE HOTEL

To these hotels belong the distinction of having entertained the notable travelers who have journeyed from every portion of the world to San Francisco.

It is universally acknowledged that they possess the attributes that appeal to particular people—undoubted luxury and comfort, unsurpassed cuisine and service, and superior appointments and location.

Connected by a covered passageway and operated under one management on the American and European plan.

GRAND HOTEL

Famous FOR ITS Purity

SEATTLE, U. S. A.

WHEN LEAVING THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE

First National Bank

N. W. Corner Bush and Sansome Sts

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY

REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

This brand of Wine is served at all first-class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office, 416 Pine St. A. REPSOLD & CO.

THE

White Pass and Yukon Route

Through Freight and Passenger Service to

Dawson, Atlin, White Horse

AND OTHER POINTS

All Rail From Skaguay, Alaska, to White Horse, Y. T.

Beginning August 1, both passenger and freight trains will be operated, Skaguay to White Horse, a distance of 112 miles. At White Horse, the ten fine river steamers of the

Canadian Development Company,

Connect directly with the railway train and afford DAILY service to Dawson and all other Yukon River points. Through connections are made at BENNETT and CARIBOU with the

Irving Navigation Company's Lake Steamers

For ATLIN, TAKU, and GOLDEN GATE MINING CAMPS.
This system now affords best of facilities for handling perishable freight.

A SCENIC AND PLEASURE TRIP TO NOME.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN
TRAFFIC MANAGER
Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash. [Phone Main 574]

M. P. BRASCH
COMMERCIAL AGENT
535 Market Street, S. F.

From Admiral George Dewey:

Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco—Dear Sir: I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly. Very truly yours,
GEORGE DEWEY.

A GRADUATE

George Mayerle

German Expert Optician

Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED

1071½ Market St.

near Seventh

Telephone Mint 257

German Eye Wate 50 cents.

From General Wm. R. Shafter:

Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco—Dear Sir: The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair.
Very truly yours,
WM. R. SHAFTER.
Major-General, U. S. V.

Paper not to be taken from the Library.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

Reduced To 5 Cents a Copy.

THE SATURDAY WAVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
AND JOURNAL OF EVENTS CURRENT

THE WILD EAST SHOW.

Chinese Drama In San Francisco

THERE is a strange analogy between the Chinese drama as practiced in San Francisco and the early beginnings of our own English stage. The company of the Jackson Street Theatre, may not be aware of it, possibly would not be flattered if they were, but their manners, their ways of living, their methods of stage-representation are so alike to the manners and ways of living and methods of representation practiced by the Lord Chamberlain's servants—Shakespere's company—that the observer is bewildered by the resemblance. The forms of the drama, the acting, the costuming are totally different, of course. The similarity lies in other things. It strikes you on your first entrance. When you have paid double the fee given for entrance by the common, ordinary Chinaman, you are led up on the very stage and given a seat against the wall, within touch of the actors. The very same custom prevailed in the Elizabethan theatre, where grandees, nobles, and gentry were seated on chairs along the edge of the stage, in full view of the audience. Furthermore, the scenery, and the method of suggesting it, are the same. We are told that the immortal plays of Shakespere had their first production on bare boards,with no curtain,no wings,no scenic effects of any sort; that the place of action was stated by a placard and often further suggested by some object, as a bed to represent a chamber, and a table with glasses to represent an inn. Here the resemblance is perfect again. In the Jackson Street Theatre, a sign hung out by one of the omnipresent stage-hands tells where the scene is laid, and objects of common use help the imagination to conjure up the illusion. A king speaks from the throne made by setting two tables together and topping them with a chair. A pile of chairs and tables makes a mountain. When occasion arises for the appearance of a god, he speaks from a heaven constructed of tables and screens.

Further, we know that the Lord Chamberlain's servants conducted the Globe and the other playhouses in which they were interested on a peculiar co-operative plan, dividing the profits on a pro rata basis, stars and public favorites receiving the greatest shares. The analogy again; twenty two actors of the Jackson street company own and conduct the business, and divide on the same plan. The Chinese players of San Francisco have no women in their number, female parts being played by boys or by men trained from youth as female impersonators. One of the things that we know most certainly about the English theatre of 1600 and before is that the same rule prevailed. The inferior social position of the actors, their practical ostracism, is another exact parallel. Only,the prejudice in China of 1900 goes further than did that in London of 1600. and the Chinese actors of San Francisco lighten it by living in the theatre apart from the scornful world. These are the main points of likeness; they will serve to illustrate. It is probably only accidental; certainly, the dramas presented on Jackson street and the manner of their acting do not indicate that there is a rich seed-ground for a coming Chinese Marlowe or Shakespere.

The Stage and Accessories.

As I have said, the Chinese play is presented on a bare stage, with no scenic accessories. At the back is a dome-shaped alcove, where sit the musicians. On each side of this is an entrance, covered by a curtain and opening into the dressing-rooms. Against the wall on each side are a double row of chairs for tourists and guides, and in the corner a few chairs, tables and stage properties are stacked. The whole thing is naive beyond description. The "supes," the employes of the theatre and other privileged loafers hang all around the edge, pass in and out of the dressing-rooms and on and off the stage with perfect freedom and plentiful noise. No one, actor or spectator, minds it. The little yellow tots belonging to the theatre are as likely as not to make the stage their play-ground They do not exactly romp on the matted space under the feet of the actors, but they come very near it. I have seen one of them chase another clear across the stage in a game of tag, and this, too, while the leading tragedian was black in the face with tearing a Chinese passion to tatters. Two or three of these children make it a business to take down folding chairs for the chance tourist. Once, I remember, the father of one of these self-appointed ushers was in the scene when the child made some blunder. The father, being out of the action just then, stepped over and "corrected" him, resuming his place when it was done, in the most matter-of-fact way. When they are not torturing their instruments into wails of anguish, the musicians, just back of the actors, chat with one another or with the incidental loafers. One of them seems to carry costuming as a side line, and mends coats or caps when his gongs are not in active use. The scene-shifters travel back and forth with no effort at concealment. If an actor needs a stick to beat his wife or a sword to fight his enemy, one of these functionaries, generally not over-neat in appearance, walks out and puts it into his hands. Similarly, when the stick or sword is dropped, the "scenic artist" carries it away.

Elaborate Properties.

Nevertheless, in spite of their scorn of illusions and of scenery as we know it, the Chinese lay out money on their drama. Paradoxically enough, their costumes are tremendously expensive and their accessories often reach absurd figures. An example was shown last Sunday night. In the fairy play, of which I shall have occasion to treat later, there is an incident connected with a boat. A property boat was brought all the way from China for the purpose. How much it cost, no white person knows exactly, but the custom-house duties on the box of properties of which this filled the biggest part was seven hundred dollars. It is made of pink rice-paper, mostly, with ornaments of tinsel and of semi-precious stones, and innumerable tiny candles burn among its decorations. It is moved on the stage in the same fashion as one of these property floral yachts in our flower fiesta processions. The occupants, while seeming to be seated under the canopy which runs across the top, are really walking, giving realistic bobs and tosses to the craft as they go, their legs being concealed by the hull of the toy vessel. To see this little boat going across a board ocean to inspect a bridge made of two chairs and a table, is to realize the inconsistency of Chinese scenic effects.

In fact their ideas on "properties" seem entirely inconsistent to us. Whenever any article of use cannot be left wholly and entirely to the imagination, it is represented by something prettier than the original. To take an example from the same play, there is a stage of the action when a number of people of different trades cross the stage, stopping en route for a solo. A tinker, a melon seller, a lunch man, successively entertain the audience. The melon seller carries in his trays two opaque Chinese lanterns which look like melons. The boxes of the lunch man are wonderful paper affairs, with gaudy decorations and with glowing lamps ; the paraphernalia of the tinker are similarly decorated. Carried further, this principle is applied to the costuming, which is gorgeous in the extreme. Only the low comedy characters are dressed in ordinary clothes. Everyone else, be he mandarin, king, high dignitary, or lady of fashion, is robed in a costume as elaborate as embroidery, gold thread and high color can make it. The costumes shown in the photograph accompanying this article cost one hundred dollars at a minimum. The one with long pheasant's feathers, worn by the god to the right of the picture, came to three times that sum. Indeed, the purchase and care of these robes are the greatest expense of the Chinese theater next to the salary list. Four costumers are kept continually at work manufacturing new costumes and keeping the old ones in repair.

The Plays.

The plays presented are all classics. There is no demand for a "new drama" in China. They frequently date back five hundred years; some of them are so old that their beginnings are lost. The language and action may have changed a little in the course of centuries, but the themes remain the same. There is a wide-spread idea among the whites that the ordinary Chinese play lasts for several weeks, being played by instalments, night after night. This is true only in exceptional cases. The common farce comedy, romantic drama or light comedy lasts one night, beginning at eight o'clock and is finished sharp on the stroke of twelve. The exceptions are the heroic dramas, cycle plays relating the history of Chinese kings and heroes. These, as written for the national theatre sometimes last three months—ninety days of consecutive performance, from overture to final curtain! It remains to be said that each night's performance is, in a way, complete in itself—just as there are certain long novels in which every chapter, while related to every other, is a finished story. Anthony Hope's "Heart of the Princess Osra" is a good example. These dramas, when put on in San Francisco, are generally cut, because of lack of accessories, costumes and properties. Rarely does such a cyclic play go over three or four weeks at the Jackson street house. When one of the long plays is not running, the bill is changed every night.

Of the merit of the plays, judged either by Chinese standards or our own, no one unacquainted with the language can speak. Certainly, their main attraction for an American is their strange variance from our own ideas on the art. Every Chinese play is partially an opera, long interludes being sung, mostly in the form of solos, although duets are common, and I have even heard a quartet of four gods. These interludes take the place of scenery and of scenic changes. In the period of a play corresponding to our divisions of acts and scenes, a singer tells of all that has passed in the interim, and of the setting of the coming scene. Every exit and entrance, every stirring point in the action, is accompanied by deafening Chinese music, in which the metallic gong plays the chief part. We have Paderewski's word that Chinese music is real melody, and pleasing to a musician of parts; but to a layman, it is more like the noise of a boiler factory with intermittent scraping of tin pans than anything else in the range of known sounds. The incidental tunes occasionally strike a familiar, comic opera cadence. One song delivered by the low comedian in a recent farce-comedy was in the swing and meter of the popular air, "An Elephant on His Hands," from "Wang."

Comedy and tragedy flourish side by side, the "unity of action" which prescribes that the two forms shall be held separate, which bound the Greek, the Latin and the early English drama and which was never broken in France until Hugo challenged it with "Hernani," is a thing unknown to the Celestial stage. A hero will engage his enemies in his last fight, a princess will go away, heartbroken, to commit suicide, and immediately the low comedian will enter and convulse the audience with buffoonery just a little stronger than those that we omit from Shakespere. In the same way the simon-pure farces have usually a touch of feeling.

The themes are varied. but more than half are founded upon fairy legends, and nearly all introduce gods, goddesses, genii and demons into the action. All our forms of drama are recognizable—farce, comedy, historical drama, romantic drama, even melodrama. Some historic dramas in which music holds a prominent place are strangely like Wagnerian grand opera, the resemblance lying in a crude adaptation of the melody to the sense and in the recurrence of certain themes.

The Drama of "Lok Yung Keow."

Perhaps the fairy drama staged last Sunday night was as interesting and comprehensible a play as they have had for many months. This is a festival season, and the piece "Lok Yung Keow" (Building the New Bridge) had been reserved as a holiday card. It approaches very near to the holiday spectacular plays given at the Tivoli every Christmas; an extravagant plot turns on a supernatural theme, with "elaborate scenic accessories"—such as the boat before mentioned—with gags, specialties and much music. The story is somewhat like that of a German fairy tale. A poor young man loves a rich girl. She will have him only on condition that he builds a bridge over a steep, narrow gorge, in which no one has ever been able to set piles. The poor young man tries but fails, and falls asleep from weariness; a good fairy comes, sees him sleeping, summons the fairy people, and confers with them. They decide that the sleeper is worthy of their help, wake him, and give him some magic lozenges. He drops them at intervals along the gorge; they take root and each one grows into a pier. Upon these, the bridge is built. The rich girl comes in her boat to see the work and pronounces it good, and the drama ends by a burlesque dedication, a caricature on the priesthood, by the antics of the people who come to see and use the new structure and by a meeting between the hero and the good fairy on the bridge. There is farcical sub-plot dealing with the theft of some official papers by evil genii.

Last Monday night, the play of "Bit Yeong," a popular romantic drama of tragic tone, held the boards. Its theme is very near to that of Tennyson's "Eugene Aram," it is a play of adventure, ending in a parting between husband and wife. There is much fighting and excitement, and a climax centering in the taming of a wild horse. Tuesday night, there was

a broad farce, and next week begins a long, cyclic historical drama.

It will be seen from these short summaries that the plays are very nearly comprehensible to our understanding. Indeed, I see no reason why the "New Bridge" could not be successfully translated and adapted for one of the Tivoli holiday productions to which it is so nearly allied. The acting, more than the text, marks the great difference between the Chinese and the Caucasian drama. Conventionality is the leading trait of all Chinese art. Take painting for an example. With all their marvellous command of color and decoration, they cannot draw or paint a thing naturally—as it is. In the most serious works of their greatest masters there are artificial features which are ridiculous when measured by our standards. The head of a sage is made to bulge out like an American caricature of William Jennings Bryan. The face of a warrior is distorted out of all human semblance in an effort to make it appear fierce. This tendency is carried to the extreme in Chinese acting. No gesture, no intonation, no form of expression, is supposed to be natural; it must be a beautiful improvement on nature. The singing is all in falsetto; the speaking, except in the lowest of low comedy or in high tragedy, is in a high, unnatural tone difficult to describe. The tragic voice is an exception. This is a caterwaul—pardon the comparison—with occasional splutters and squawks like the agony of a condemned chicken. The funny man heightens his comic effect by elaborate painting of the nose, eyes and lips. With the tragedian, facial contortion is a stock in trade; the facial muscles of an old Chinese actor are remarkably strong and supple. The countenance of old Ah Chic, leading tragedian of the Jackson street house, is a map of ridges and lines, and his power of turning and twisting his mouth and forehead is totally beyond that of the most mobile-featured American player.

Gestures and Expressions.

Conventional gesture is further employed in the suggestion of accessories not possible in the primitive playhouse. The explanation of this point helps the visitor to understand many movements otherwise incomprehensible. For example, a body of grandees and soldiers will enter, bearing sticks, deliver their lines, and make their exit. As each one leaves, he makes a half-turn, lifts a leg high in the air, shoots it out sidewise towards the audience, and strides away carrying his stick straight and stiff before him. This gesture means that he is going away on horseback; the motion of the leg suggests mounting, the position of the stick imitates the Chinese method of holding a whip. When, at the close of the extravaganza, the hero meets his fairy benefactor on the magic bridge—made for the occasion from chairs and tables and mounted with the help of a "supe"—the two talk for a moment; then the hero puts his hands to his face and turns his head from side to side with a searching motion, while the benefactor walks away. This means that the fairy has disappeared. At every turn these details have to be grasped; therefore, if you would really understand the unvocalized action of one of these plays, you must watch it with an interpreter at your elbow.

The Stage "Ladies."

The female impersonators, the men who have been trained from youth to imitate women and who do no other work, are in a class by themselves. They are the highest-paid actors, the real stars. Lu Lim, the leading "lady" of the Jackson-street company, has a far larger share of pro rata receipts than any of his fellows. It may be said that such actors come nearer to nature than any of the strictly male players. The women which they portray are of rather an affected or mincing sort, but real women in speech, manner and gesture. I venture that a tourist, uninformed as to the sex of the actors, would be deceived. Off the stage, there is nothing effeminate about these players. Lu Lim, as he lolls on a bench in the dressing-room, smoking a pipe and waiting for his cue, speaks in good resonant bass and with the gestures of a man. Ah Bok, the comic old woman, appears on the street like a fat, smug old merchant. Ah Lam, the soubrette, who is really funny as a shy and affected maiden, swears in Chinese and in round, vehement Anglo-Saxon when things go wrong off the stage.

In spite of conventional fetters, the acting is surprisingly good—they are real actors, with the genuine temperament. When one has grown accustomed to the strange extravagances of their methods, he sees below and realizes that they are living the parts; that they feel. The comedy, which has east of any form to do with squally voices and wild gestures, is really funny, albeit of the knock-about order. Some one, I think that it was Sir Henry Irving, has written that the Chinese audience never laughs, no matter how humorous the action. Sir Henry must have seen a tragedy and taken it for comedy—perhaps only a natural mistake on first sight—for the audiences do laugh heartily, although they refrain from applause. Dow Hay Hong, the low comedian, has the comic gift to a high degree. Could he master our method of singing, he could be coached up to do the comic Chinaman of "The Geisha" as it was never done by a Caucasian actor. His grin is infectious, his affectedly serious air is an invitation to laugh. The sea of yellow faces below the stage breaks into ripples of smiles at his very entrance.

"The Best of All Kinds for Comedy and Tragedy."

Ah Chic, the leading tragedian, who also takes a hand at comedy and the romantic drama, is even better. Accustom yourself to his squalls and facial contortions, reflect that it is only a convention, like the actor dialect of our own players, and you realize that he has the temperament to feel and the power to express. He is a large, powerful Chinaman, with a more pronounced cast of features than is common to his race. His nose is convex instead of concave, and is thin and delicate in outline; his mouth, in repose, is well-formed and mobile, but it stretches to any limit when he is in action. His head is well-formed and of a noble cast, and is finished by heavy, powerful brows. On this face, expression plays continually. His movements, his whole appearance, show that he is living the part, be it tragedy king, young, romantic hero, or warrior. Somehow, he reminds me of Salvini the younger, whose temperament he approaches very nearly. In the romantic drama of last Monday, he gave an illustration of his power. At one point in the action, he tames a savage horse. This brute is portrayed by a property animal made exactly like the dancing cow in "Jack and the Beanstalk." A frame, patterned after a horse's head and body, is carried on the backs of two men, whose legs, protruding from below, play the part of the beast's natural supporters. This would seem undignified enough to spoil any tragic effect. Yet, after I had forgotten the first impressions of ridiculous unfitness, I found myself absorbed in the fight between man and beast as suggested by Ah Chic, and when at length he had mastered the horse and ridden him away, I found the thrills running down my back as they had done when Salvini played with swords in "The Three Guardsmen." This excellent actor is, I believe, not thoroughly appreciated in Chinatown, the natives preferring the female impersonators or the softly-cooing, moon-faced Ah Li, the juvenile lover, adored by the matinee girls of the Oriental quarter.

The Stage of the Chinese Theatre and Some of the Actors

The Love Affairs of the Sons of Heaven.

For, although there are no matinees on Jackson street, Chinatown has its matinee girl, no less than Caucasian San Francisco, and much trouble she makes for the actors. Many tragedies, many highbinder disturbances have resulted from the devotion of impressionable Chinese girls to the player-folk of the quarter. The actor is a low-class man and strictly ostracized. There are only two classes lower, the river boatman and the handlers of the dead. The very mendicants who beg for tickets at the doors of the theatres would refuse to sit at the same table with an actor. Most of the players are born to the cast, inheriting the craft from their fathers, but those who enter it from the outside do so with the consciousness that they are cutting themselves off from their families and friends. No Chinaman attempts to give a reason for this. It is so, it has always been so, it exists, and there's the end, on't which is ample cause to the Oriental mind. The company lives at the theatre, the major part of their lives bounded by the four walls; the cooks who prepare and serve their food despise them, and the respectable outsiders avoid their society. Fancy, then, the rage of a respectable merchant when he learns that his daughter or slave girl has exchanged dainty, perfumed notes—a yard and a half long, and on red rice-paper—with an actor! Yet, such is the attraction of stage-glitter for the feminine heart, that maidens take the risk, and the ideals of their devotion sometimes reciprocate. Ten years ago, when the Chinese were more plentiful and, being less under control, more turbulent, there were one or two highbinder murders and innumerable disturbances from this cause. It was then, and still is, a source of blackmail for the highbinder. An actor is found to be in communication with a Chinese girl from the outside world, and one of the harpies of Chinatown obtains proof of the fact; thenceforth he holds it over his victim as a means of extorting money. If the actor squirms in his grasp—the relatives or owners of the girl are acquainted with the facts, and there is one mummer the less on Jackson street. Of late, there has been little of this sort of thing, the theatrical people are more careful about entanglements, perhaps but it is said that Ah Li, the moon-faced juvenile, the professional lover, is not without his troubles at the present time.

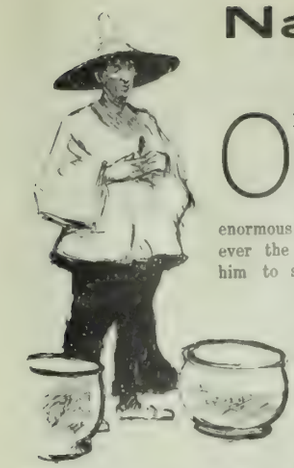
It is a curious life, that of the theater—a little world, sufficient unto itself. There are something over a hundred people living in the underground rooms below the play-house. Twenty-two of them form the joint-stock company. They hire about twenty more as supernumeraries, of whom several are studying to be actors themselves. There are perhaps twenty or thirty servants—costumers, cooks, porters—and six or seven musicians. The rest of the colony is composed of the wives and families of the company. Prisoners of sentiment, like the Pope in the Vatican, they never venture out except on business. The children grow up in the atmosphere of the place, predestined mummers; all their play is of acting. In the long waits in the dressing-room the elders amuse themselves by watching these yellow babies strut around and squeal in imitation of the sure-enough actors. Like all stock company work, it is hard, and made doubly hard by the daily change of bill—imagine a stock company preparing six or seven new plays each week! Hard work, ostracism, imprisonment, danger—why do they ever undertake it? I have never summoned the courage to ask them. Perhaps it may be for the good and sufficient Oriental reason, "him b'long my pidgin"—it is a part of my caste. Perhaps the fact that there is money in it may have something to do with the case. And perhaps art for art's sake, the love of it maydo its share. Certainly, the illumined face of old Ah Chic as he swings into his tragic gait at the stage entrance the drumming and un-Chinese impatience of Jan Day as he listens to the music and waits for his cue, the evident rapture of the leading musician as he scrapes unearthly melody out of his wisp of a fiddle—things which I have seen when the actors had become so accustomed to the presence of the prving white devil in their dressing-rooms as to forget their armor of reserve—would suggest that the reason for bearing all this privation and toil and indignity lies close to the reason for Samuel Johnson's heroic poverty and for the long struggle of Millet.

WILL IRWIN.

The Trans-Siberian railroad will be completed at the present rate of working in about two years. The cost probably exceeds the original estimate of $173,500,000. Some of the engineering features are of particular interest. The Siberian rivers running generally across the line, there are therefore many bridges, the most important being those crossing the Irtusk, the Obi, and the Selenga. The first of these is about 2700 feet long, and the others each about a mile in span. The Obi bridge is a fine structure of steel on stone piers, 80 feet above the ordinary water line and about 50 feet above the flood line. The other bridges mentioned are of the same type of construction. There are 1,429 wooden bridges to be replaced with steel and stone structures. The whole of the third and fourth sections are to be relaid with heavier rails and re-ballasted. At present the ballast is very insufficient and the rails are held down by spikes on the inside only in gains in the wooden crossties. Stations are about twenty-five miles apart, one sididg being at each. The line is of course single track. In rate of construction the Trans-Siberian road is far behind the work on the Union Pacific. Ten and one-half miles a day was the record speed of construction on the American road, while 3½ miles a day is the best speed the Russians have made.

Nai Yim, The Fish Fighter.

By Basil Thomson.



OF all the fish-fanciers in Bangkok, Nai Yim is the most distinguished and successful. His breed of fighting fish fetches an enormous price in the market when ever the stress of poverty obliges him to sell; but so great is the wrench of parting with any of his darlings, and so vital the importance of selling none that will not acquit himself valiantly, that he only resorts to the market under the most pressing necessity. That is, when Mrs. Yim tells him to.

It is nothing to Nai Yim that royalty, in an honest determination to put down betting, pronounced against fish-fighting. Sport is dearer to his heart than Court favor, and, although fish-fighting has declined somewhat from its high estate as a fashionable amusement, and the little club near the old tramway stables is no longer thronged with princes and nobles as of old, Nai Yim still trains his fish in the unregenerate way, and his little home in New-st (the Tanon Mai), is still the resort of the higher sporting circles. That house is like any other gentleman's residence in Bangkok. Its sole inhabited story, the upper, is floored with palm stems, thatched with leaves and walled with reed work. The space between the posts, which should have been the ground floor, lies open to the world. One end is piled with garden tools, firewood, and domestic litter; the other with neat rows of earthen pots of every shape and size. For in the breeding season no mother has the maternal instinct more fiercely developed than has Nai Yim for his motherless babes.

The Plakad has no right to exist at all. By all the laws of evolution a creature that eats its young and fights to the death with everything it meets should have become extinct very early in the world's history. The Plakad is born with the lust of battle, and, if his blood be cold, his temper is hotter than anything that will be known this side the grave. He will tackle any creature that is not big enough to swallow him whole—the only treatment that seems to quench his fighting spirit—and he will fight till he has never a fin to wag. And all this eruptive fury is caged in the length and girth of a schoolboy's pocketknife! He is found in the fresh-water pools of Siam; but in a wild state he has allowed himself so to dissipate his energies that he generally agrees with his adversary when a stubborn fight has convinced him of the advantages of peace. Life is too hurried in the pools, the competition too keen, to permit of concentration upon a single idea; it is in solitary reflection within the narrow limits of an earthenware pot that he realizes his mission in life and meditates the sole eternal theme of piscicide. Though diminutive from the human point of view, he has a very imposing appearance. His scales are red or deep blue, according to his species. His dorsal and ventral fins are enormously developed, the former being erect like a fore and aft sail, while the latter trails, like a centreboard keel, the whole length of his body. The expression of his countenance would be mild if his lips could be got to hide the teeth which are at once his glory and his excuse; for such an array could never have been intended for the mere mastication of pulpy mosquitoes—the creature's daily food.

In April, Nai Yim's cares begin. He has to fish out of the pond in the garden the young Plakad of both sexes which promise best to rear a creditable family, and mate them in separate jars. The female Plakad has no virtues—has not even beauty. She is a sober-colored, mean little fish, as quarrelsome as her mate, without the redeeming quality of natural affection. When she has laid her eggs she must be fished out of the jar in a bamboo spoon without an hour's delay, for this young mother's first act is to fill her stomach with her offspring. It is now that the domestic virtues of the father come into exercise. He is the most confirmed in the practice of the couvade of all the fathers in the animal kingdom. He knows too well the cannibal propensities of his consort, and from the moment when her eggs are festooned to the waterweed in his jar he mounts guard against the greed of their unnatural mother. Nor does his vigilance relax with her removal to the pond. Night and day he keeps sleepless watch over them, scarce leaving them for the mosquitoes which Nai Yim drops into his jar, until the tiny fry break through their envelopes and swarm about him. It is then his turn to take passage in the bamboo spoon.

The early days of the baby Plakad are a severe tax upon Nai Yim. With a muslin net he scours the pools for the larvæ of mosquitoes to dole out among his swarming jars; for the little warriors must not be stinted if they are to do him credit in the jar of battle. And as they grow in girth and fin from caraway to almond size it needs a practised eye to sift the future heroes from the ruck of bullies and decide on which a costly education shall be lavished to the end that he may uphold the honor of the Yim breed through another season. No Roman gladiator was more carefully trained for the arena. Pluck avails nothing unless the teeth be strong and sharp; and it is therefore upon the teeth of his young fish that Nai Yim's chief care is spent. Every few days a cloud of fine, sharp sand is discharged into the water, and the Plakad, which from infancy has acquired a habit of grinding his teeth, puts a fine edge upon his weapons automatically as he swims lazily about his jar. When he has reached his full fighting weight his natural pugnacity and his self-confidence are fostered by a series of victories over a succession of immature Plakad fish with fight enough to goad him to fury, and not enough gristle in their fins to spoil his grinders. This part of his training costs the lives of ten or twelve youngsters, which might find some consolation for their sufferings if they knew that they were sacrificed for the honor of their breed. Then the health of the champion in training is the subject of most tender solicitude. An overgenerous fare of mosquitoes, without the exercise of capturing them, is apt to make him bilious; but at the earliest symptoms of this disorder a brown finger, bedaubed with a potent laxative, is intruded into the jar. His nerves are by this time so tense that he would resent such an insult from a creature four times his size; and he dashes open-mouthed at the finger and expels it valiantly from his domain. The medicine that clogs his jaws is the spoil of war, and he gulps it down as he would the fin or the eye of a personal enemy.

At this stage the Plakad of a noted breed has a high market value; but Nai Yim knows better than to sell this creation of his, and so put into rival hands a champion dangerous as any of his own. The fruit of his patient industry is to be garnered in nobler fashion; for Nai Kem has sent him a challenge, and the battle is to be fought a week hence in the little Proprietary Club near the old tramway stables. Nai Walab, the proprietor, himself a fancier of no mean repute, has set his house in order, and, that the attendance of sporting men may not depend upon a single encounter, has issued challenges on his own account. The clubhouse is a roof without walls, and in the earthen floor are planted four thick pedestals two feet high, each supporting a quadrilateral glass jar, narrowing at the foot so as to allow no space for a beaten fish to sulk in. Nai Kem is the first to arrive. Clad in a clean cotton jacket and new parnung, and carrying his fish in a little jar enveloped in a cloth, he heads a body of supporters prepared to back his champion for all, or more than all, they are worth. But the number of Nai Yim's following shows which breed is the favorite. Until this fight be decided it is useless to start on the other pedestals; for, besides the two owners and a dozen of their followers, who squat around the jar with their noses glued to its transparent sides, there are four rows of by-standers betting recklessly. The stakes and the bets being duly recorded, and, Nai Walab having made a mental calculation of his percentage as proprietor of the club, Nai Kem tilts his fish into the jar. With a flirt of his potent tail, he explores the larger limits of his new quarters, and then eyes the human faces through the glass with contemptuous unconcern. He is a portly little green fish, a thought too thick in the barrel for dexterous evolution, but armed with an array of teeth that would put a bull-terrier to shame. The flop of Nai Yim's fish is very disturbing to his nerves, and for a moment the two fly about the bowl concealed from each other by a cloud of bubbles. If fish had the sense of hearing more keenly developed they would be still more perturbed by the shouts of their backers, inciting them to the fray. Nai Yim's warrior is dressed in red: a lean, wiry little fish, with a mighty spread of fin upon his back and a vast undulating keel along his belly. The water clears—the gladiators are suddenly tooth to tooth in the middle. Their whole demeanor changes in a flash, and they sheer off, puffing out their gills, and erecting every fin bone with wrath. Then the red fish shoots up alongside his big antagonist and asks him what the devil he means. The green fish is grossly affronted, but will have no vulgar quarrel with an ill-bred bully in a public place. But he cannot shake the ruffian off; and, as they circle the bowl side by side, the red fish jostles his left fin and throws him out of his stroke. It is a terrible provocation, but his dignity will not permit him to resent it, and he simply quickens his pace. The red fish has the inside of the turn, and quickens too, till he leads by half a head. This big green coward, he thinks, shall be made to fight; so he deliberately fouls him, and drives him against the wall of the bowl. "Ten tikals on the red fish!" shriek Nai Yim's supporters. But the fat fellow is aroused at last, and makes a side snap at his enemy's eye, and another at his open gill, fixing his teeth in the edge of the gill-shield. There is a struggle, and, as the red fish shakes himself free, two silver scales settle gently to the bottom. They are at it now hammer and tongs, flying round the bowl fin to fin, and snapping fiercely at each other's eyes. Then the red fish drops an inch behind, and makes a grab at his opponent's fin. His teeth are deep in the fleshy joint, and the green fish spins round and round and round without dislodging them. His struggles grow weaker, and gradually the two sink lower in the bowl. The excitement in the gallery is deafening, and Nai Kem's supporters grin foolishly, and shout empty encouragement to their champion. Gradually the shouts die down, for the combatants are sulking at the bottom, and may remain there for half an hour. But the red fish cannot keep his grip forever, and a sudden wrench of the fin tears it free. Nor, with his tired jaws can he lay hold again, for the green fish turns suddenly and comes at him open-jowled. They lock with a fury that shakes them stem to stern, and now the weight of the green fish begins to tell. He forces his antagonist helplessly against the glass, and, loosing him, digs his teeth into a dorsal fin. It is now Nai Kem's turn to cheer; for, twist and wriggle as he will, the little redcoat cannot wrench himself free. Then the fin tears, and, whole in valor, if tattered in body, the red fish renews the attack. The sail he carried so proudly aloft when he went into action is a wreck, and its torn shreds drape his battered sides and impede the working of his fins. But, like a game little privateer engaged by a frigate, he asks no quarter, and only fights the more fiercely for his injuries. He has found out that the green fish is slow in turning; he remembers how dear such unwieldiness cost one of his dummy antagonists in the training jar. Open-mouthed, he hurls himself at his enemy's great broadside, and his chisel teeth snap to on a mouthful of scales behind the fin. In vain the green fish strives to turn and bring his jaws to bear. He has drifted against the glass, helpless, and his enemy rams him again. A shower of scales goes settling to the bottom, and the wounds show white in his green ribs. He tries the surface and the calm water is lashed into a tempest of ripples. In despair he plunges down to the narrow bottom, hoping perhaps to find some hole to shelter in till his hurts are healed. It was a fatal decision, and he knows it too late. Slantwise, like a lance, the red fish shoots down upon him, and holds him in the narrow foot of the jar. No rabbit driven by a ferret into the blind end of his burrow was ever so much at the mercy of his tormentor. The green tail is the first to suffer. It is all too tempting a toothhold in its wavy, undulating curves. Its feathery, transparent edge is torn to ribbons, and then the red fish attacks the dorsal fin. With every furious backward tug the fabric gives, but still the poor fool clings to the bottom, rather than face the terrors above. Nai Yim and his backers have shouted their voices away. The betting is ten tikals to one and no takers, and Nai Kem is softly aspersing the reputation of the green fish's female ancestors to the third generation, his fingers itching the while to drag his recreant champion into the open water, if only the rules allowed it.

But who shall passively allow himself to be dissected by ragged teeth? Naked of scales from quarter to rudder, the tortured green makes a blind rush upward, and, as his tormentor makes a grab at his pectoral fin, he turns and grapples. It is a struggle of despair, and in the tempestuous broil the spectators cannot for a few minutes see which has the upper hand. Even Nai Kem takes heart to shout a war-cry, unaccompanied, however, by a bet. The combatants, fast locked, seem to be spinning in an aimless circle. Will they never break away? So terrific is the struggle that shouts die down to stifled ejaculations; the gallery catches its breath, and then a great shout of victory rends the summer air. For the straining bodies have risen to the surface, and a fountain of spray from the thrashing tails has splashed the first line of eager faces; when, with one supreme wrench, the red fish straightens himself like a bent spring, tears himself free, and lays a halting, zigzag course to the bottom of the bowl. In his teeth he carries much that does not belong to him; but he has had enough, and, if his enemy could even now flap a fin, and right himself in the water just for appearances, he might save his reputation and his owner's money. But he is past caring for fame. There he lies, careened over on his side, with one torn fin-stump clear of the water, and a ragged tail drooping idly toward the bottom. He has fought his last fight, and he wants death to take him quietly.

Tenderly Nai Yim lifts his game little champion with the bamboo spoon. He, too, has fought his last fight, but there are still seasons of honorable retirement and family life before him. His rigging hangs about him in a wreck that would excite derision but for the glory of it, and his teeth are blunted beyond repair. And, even so, his great heart is not daunted, for he bites savagely at Nai Yim's finger, as that proud sportsman restores him to his traveling jar, and takes him home to be the father of generations of warriors to come.

Væ Victis! The poor, battered corpse of the green fish is dishonored in his most honorable death. Nai Kem, smothering an execration as he unties the amount of his lost wager from the corner of his parnung, slings him to the dogs, still feebly waving a fin-stump.

IN THE TRACK OF THE TRADE WIND

The Cora Kitchen at the Exposition.

THE corn kitchen established at the Paris Exposition to educate Europeans up to an appreciation of our national cereal is proving a startling success. Indeed, it is regarded by Commissioner Peck and other American authorities as about the most valuable result of our display. The "kitchen," so-called, is really a restaurant, where dishes made from corn are served free of cost to the consumer. Uncle Sam stands the freight, and as the popularity of the kitchen grows, his bills mount. It is considered money well laid out, nevertheless, and the charges are somewhat modified by the liberality of certain manufacturers of corn food, who have given their wares by the carload for the sake of the advertisement and in order to create a foreign market.

The American staple is served up in fifty different ways. A French *chef* who has been put through a six months' course of preparation makes corn soup, corn patty, a dozen kinds of puddings, cakes and wafers. He also combines it with oysters, clam-juice and lobster in several dishes of his own invention. He has a patty all his own which is worthy of imitation. It is made with a shell of prepared meal and a filling of hominy. It is, however, his assistant who attracts the most attention. She is a regular down-South Aunt Jemima, and her specialty is hoe-cake, corn-pone, Johnny-cake and flannel cakes. Black as coal, with a snowy apron and with a red bandana around her kinky head, she is a spot of color which helps to draw visitors. Once drawn, they are held by the excellence of her cooking.

Few Americans are aware that this is only a stage in a big missionary movement on behalf of corn in Europe. It began in Denmark with the chance discovery, made by United States Minister Carr, that not one grain of the cereal could be obtained in all Scandinavia. The value of the food for the poor occurred to him at once, and he began to interest both the government and private firms. The work was begun systematically. It was realized from the beginning that to advertise the grain as a poor man's food would be to defeat its general spread among the class for which it was intended. Colonel Carr and his associates went to work to interest the affluent class, believing that, if they took it up, the poor would adopt the food by way of imitation. The first step was a banquet given in Copenhagen attended by most of the large purchasers of food-stuffs in the kingdom, at which practically all the dishes were made from corn. This was the entering wedge and, with the advertising that followed, put Scandinavia on our books for several thousand barrels a year. The work was then carried to Germany, with results equally flattering. Two years ago, Special Commissioner Murphy carried the movement to France, and now the "corn cranks" have taken advantage of the World's Exposition to give their hobby world-wide introduction.

The Tea Trade.

EVENTS have unforeseen consequences. Because the Boxer is dissatisfied with the missionary, we have to stop drinking tea, or make more money to drink tea. During the past three weeks the price of tea has advanced twenty-five per cent, and the reason for this sudden bound of the fragrant leaf up the money-ladder is traceable to the disturbances of the Mongolian Empire. The great tea-dealers do not see clear into the Chinese situation. They have large stocks on hand, but are afraid to be cut off from their base of supplies. The Japanese crop this year is a failure, and the other source of supply, from the British East Indies (Ceylon and India) is not to be counted on to fill the immense shortage that would result from the stoppage of the Chinese output. Hence the conservatism of big tea-merchants and the consequent rise in prices.

That the fears of the tea importers have some reasonable basis is seen when the mechanism of the industry is examined. Tea is raised in the great interior regions of China. The crops are bought as they stand by Chinese brokers who travel among the plantations. The tea is then freighted by caravan and sampan to the coast ports where the importers make their purchases. Now, it is easily seen that, should the present revolutionary movement spread to the great southern tea provinces, the traffic of the brokers must be obstructed. In fact, that is what has already happened to a certain degree. The bankers who advance the cash with which the middlemen make their purchases are now lending money with more and more reluctance; the brokers, even when they can obtain the necessary loans, are afraid to travel with the large quantity of bullion necessary for their operations, and those who have surmounted these obstacles find that, after purchase, it is almost impossible to bring the merchandise to the coast. The roads are infested with bandits, the rivers with pirates. The coolies necessary for transportation are almost unobtainable—they seem to have been all enrolled in the Boxer bands, impressed into the Imperial army, or to be engaged in some independent depradatory pursuit of their own. In the general disorder, traffic has come to a stand-still. Reports from the great tea-ports show the consequence of this state of affairs. In Amoy, only twenty-one per cent of the current season's crop of Oolong has arrived; in Shanghai, only thirty-six per cent of the usual "Pingsuey" supply, and only nine per cent of the country greens. Other ports report equal deficits.

Now, as to the stocks available in the United States. When the horizon began to darken, the wholesale men started to buy as heavily as the supply allowed it. The consequence is that the reserve in hand is greater than usual. On July 1st, the stock of all teas at the principal ports of entry in this country (San Francisco, Chicago, New York) amounted to 28,000,000 pounds. This is sufficient to supply the country for four months. A quick pacification of the Chinese Empire would restore the usual prices; a continuation of the trouble will as surely produce a yet greater rise.

There is, however, no danger of a famine. The India teas will prevent this. In fact, a prolongation of the Chinese troubles is apt to cause the supplanting of the Chinese leaf by the Indian product. The India teas have already pushed the Chinese out of the British market and have made themselves felt in Russia, Canada, and the United States. Now is the chance to complete this partial success. Where the India tea once gets a foothold, it is apt to stay on account of its superior quality. With the Chinese tea rotting in China, the stock of the importing countries depleted, it should be easy for the India product to obtain the necessary foothold. The unlooked-for result of the Boxer movement may be the loss to China of its two century-old tea monopoly.

The Ship-Building Industry of Japan.

THE admirable quality of the ocean steamships built in Japan has been universally recognized on the Pacific Coast. It now appears that the work of the Oriental builders has obtained recognition abroad as well. Over 13,000 tons of steamships are now building in Japan for European account. Formerly, Great Britain has manufactured most of the vessels used by the people of the Far East, but this year Japan is building twice as much tonnage for England as England is building for Japan. More than that, the enterprising little yellow people are making for Europeans vessels aggregating one-third the tonnage built in all France for the present year.

The principal reason for this expansion is a new and wise bounty law just put into operation by the Japanese government. Not only has it increased the output, but it has raised the quality because the law provides for thoroughly good workmanship. No vessels failing to meet the high standard receive any bounty. As late as 1898 it was reported that few steamers really and honestly complied with the requirements, but the European firms which have placed orders since then have been universally satisfied. And, in spite of the well-established position of their competitors, the Japanese lines have all but crowded American and European lines to the wall in the struggle for trade with Australia, the United States and Europe.

The center of the industry is at Nagasaki, and the Mitsu Bishi Company is the biggest concern. Recently, a merchant ship of 11,600 tons displacement was launched from this yard, it being the biggest ship ever put together outside of America. The yards are arranged for vessels up to 500 feet in length, and four may be on the stocks at one time. About 2,000 men are employed by this company alone.

Advance of Wages in Japan.

THE latest investigations concerning the trade and industrial conditions of Japan go to prove that the fear of competition from that quarter has been greater by all means than the facts warrant. The dread of Japanese opposition is based on the low wages paid, the low, cheap standards of living, and the cleverness of the Oriental artisan. It now appears that both the rate of wages and the cost of living have increased enormously of late. In the last ten years, the pay of laborers and artisans has gone up from 71 to 140 per cent. At the same time, the price of the common necessities has just about doubled. Rice, the most important staple, has advanced nearly three-fold in cost. Furthermore, experiment shows that the Japanese workmen, while extremely clever, are capable of only two-thirds of the work done by Europeans. Besides, they are erratic, being likely to leave their work in large bodies, a thing which renders difficult the formation of an efficient skilled laboring class.

The best American economists have all along maintained that the danger of Japanese competition would never become pressing so long as the workmen operated under native management; that in the direction of large bodies of cheap coolies by European *entrepreneurs* would lie the peril. It now seems that this, also, is not imminent. The late Japanese treaty gave foreigners the right to go anywhere in Japan and to exercise their trades and professions freely. It was hoped that this concession would attract foreigners and foreign capital, but the hope seems to have been vain; there has been practically no response. The opening of twenty-two new ports to foreigners has had no result.

Chinese Labor Unions.

CHINAMEN are co-operative to the last degree. Probably every Celestial in the United States belongs to some organization composed entirely of men of his own race. There are Chinese labor-unions, insurance societies, mutual benevolence societies, gambling societies, secret political societies, fraternal societies, mutual banking societies, and last, but not least, societies for the expeditious putting out of the way of undesirable countrymen. Chinese labor-unions are the most numerous; they are especially strong in California, but exist also throughout the Pacific Coast and in Chicago and New York. Now—union Chinamen are driven out of business by all sorts of ingenious methods, murder frequently being resorted to as a final persuasive. There was a time—before the advent of the steam-laundry—when the Chinese had the monopoly of the washing business on this coast. If a customer did not bear with becoming patience the idiosyncracies of his laundryman, he was boycotted by the union and had to wash his own clothes. In those days the laundrymen's unions demanded a $30 initiation fee and their treasuries were filled to overflowing. The large cities were mapped out into regular districts and each laundryman had a certain territory. Infraction of any of the union's rules was punishable by fines of from $25 to $50, expulsion and boycotting.

Besides protecting its members against non-union Chinamen, the societies also protect them against "the oppression and injustice of Americans." They also bank his savings, support him when he is sick and bury him when he is dead. Each union also employs two or three lawyers for the use of its members, this explaining in part the legal bickerings in which seems continually plunged the Mongolian population. All in all, it is easily seen that the Chinese have no cause to envy the most rapid American Union working-man.

The Bee Industry in the United States.

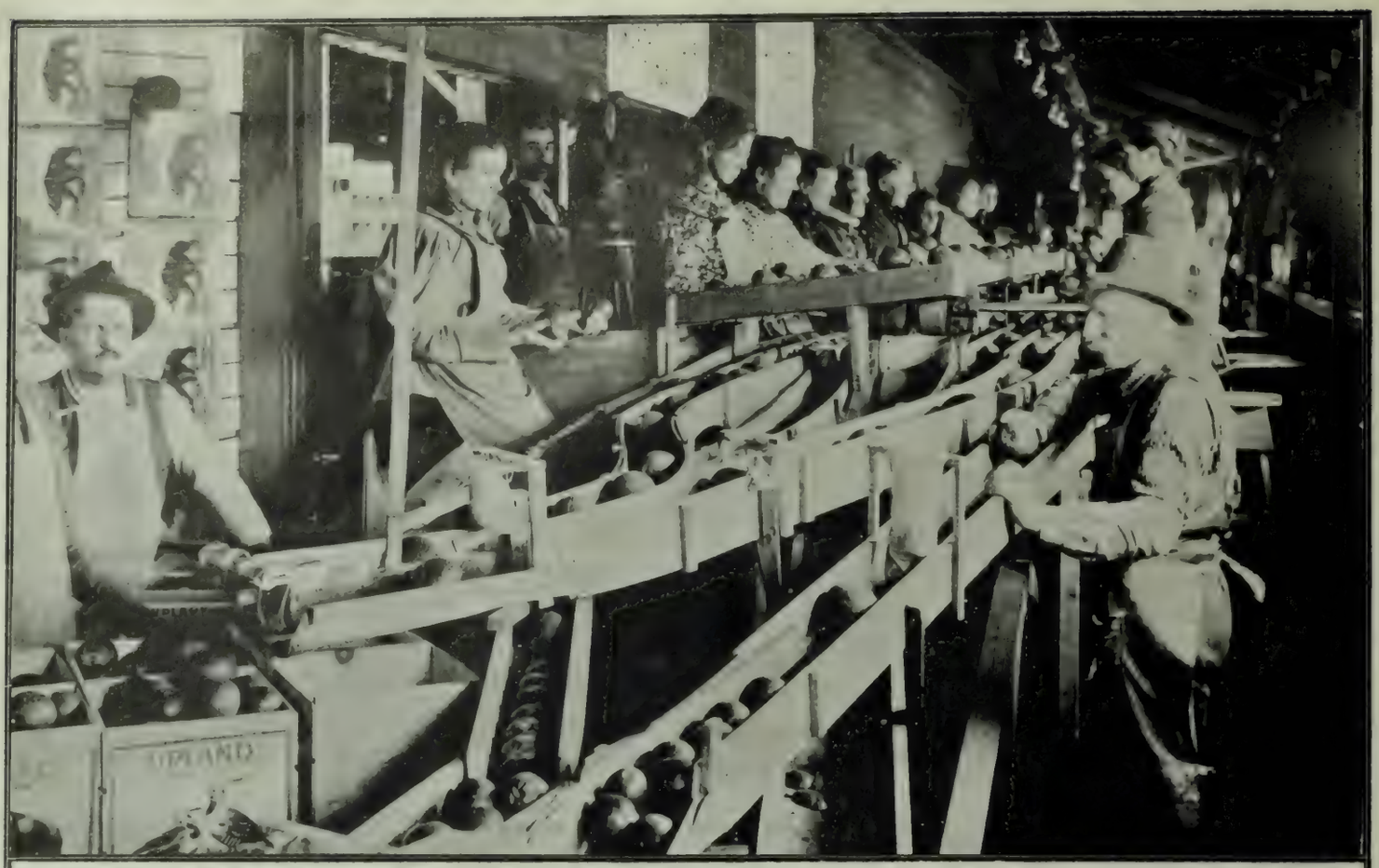
DO you know how much money the little buzy bee puts yearly into the pockets of the American apiarist?—just $20,000,000. When you consider the minuscule drop of honey produced each day by the little worker, this sum is an eloquent demonstration of the power of numbers, and of the result of patient, unflagging industry.

Bee culture in the United States is only forty years old, but it has developed astonishingly during that time. Three hundred thousand persons are at present employed in the apiarian industry; eight journals and one hundred and ten societies are devoted to its progress; fifteen great steam-power factories and a large number of smaller ones are engaged in the manufacture of supplies for its use, and its annual produce is of the value of $20,000,000.

Professor L. O. Howard, chief of the Bureau of Entomology, is authority for the statement that the present flora of the United States could support, with the same average profit, ten times the number of bee colonies that it now does. This would mean an industry keeping 3,000,000 men employed and producing merchandise to the amount of $200,000,000 yearly. What a chance for the over-population of the greet cities!

There seems to be little danger of superproduction, for so far the demand has grown more rapidly than the supply. American honey is having success in Europe. England is the chief buyer. Ships sail every summer from San Francisco and San Diego, from New York and Philadelphia, carrying cargoes of honey for the Old World. New York, Pennsylvania and Vermont export the greatest quantity of comb-honey, while from California comes most of the extracted or liquid honey. The development of the bee industry has indirect as well as direct beneficial results. Bees are great cross-fertilizing agents and the work they do in this line is worth yearly many times $20,000,000 to the fruit growers.

Professor Mahaffy points out that among the yet unpublished curiosities of the Petrie papyri is a list of names connected with the manufacture of beer. These names are oddly unlike either Greek or Egyptian names, and are suspected to be abbreviations. "There is one," says Professor Mahaffy, "which appears regularly in the same form, and of which we can give no further explanation. It is the name Smith. We have never found anything like it before, and it is surely worth telling the many distinguished bearers of the name that there was a man known as Smith in the twentieth year of the third Ptolemy, 227 B. C., and that he was occupied in brewing beer or in selling it. Is there any other English name comparable to this in antiquity?"



The Grading Process.

Grading and Packing Oranges for Shipment.

Orange Growing in California

IF the average eastener were asked to name, out of hand, the principal agricultural industry of California, he would probably say orange-growing. He would be wrong, of course; almost any Californian knows that. The wine industry, and wheat raising, go far beyond oranges in the totals. But the eastern attitude of mind shows how great an impression has been made by the rise of the citrus fruit industry, which came up so sensationally in the early eighties. In a certain way, the easterner would be right. The culture of the golden fruit is California's own, peculiar industry, not to be crowded out by competition. Wheat and grapes and deciduous fruits may be cultivated, oil and gold may be discovered in other sections of our national domain, and the competition of a new find may wreck or reduce the corresponding industry in California. But in only two little spots in the country can oranges be cultivated. The one is a small area in Southern Florida; the other is a much larger section in Southern California. Therefore, the orange industry is a bulwark of our commerce, a thing to be depended upon for permanent returns.

Were the general figures circulated about the orange industry absolutely true, there would be a race of orange millionaires in California. The proposition is a simple one—on paper. So much invested at the outset in ground, irrigation, and trees; a ten years' wait while the trees come to profitable bearing, with an incidental outlay for cultivation, and then a profit which pays for the expense in a few years and leaves the happy owner with an income entirely out of proportion to his first investment. All this would be true, were it not for the uncertainty of the industry. Given good luck and an intelligent supervision aimed to combat the enemies of this most delicate of all the fruits of the earth, and it is true. But there are many rocks and pitfalls and many unforeseen chances. Frost may ruin a whole season's crop, scale may render an entire orchard useless in one year. The water supply, if not carefully provided for, may fail in a spell of drought. The orchardist who puts into his business the brains and calculation used in any other pursuit is likely to avoid these contingencies, but the South is strewn with the wrecks of unsuccessful orange enterprises. With the shoals passed, an orange farm is a profitable investment.

Precautions Against Scale.

Outside of that, the gradual introduction of defensive methods against scale and frost have greatly reduced the risks. The best and biggest orchards now provide against sudden turns of the weather by costly systems of lathing and canvas, which pay in the end by the security which they afford. Scale was and is a much more difficult proposition; half the scientists of California have wrestled with it, and, while it cannot be said to have been beaten entirely, the risks are greatly minimized. In well conducted orange communities, there is a public health officer whose sole business it is to inspect the individual trees and to take measures of all sorts against the deadly foe. Week after week he runs through the various tracts, watching every tree for the first beginnings of the pest. At the slightest symptom, the branches are sprayed with some scale-destroying fluid. If this does not avail, the tree is totally destroyed by fire. He allows no fruit to come in from other communities and no boxes which have been used elsewhere; the very orange peelings thrown from passing trains are carefully gathered and burned. No plague quarantine is more careful. Yet the scale will sometimes creep in; the wind is the one agency which cannot be shut out and disinfected.

The cost of purchasing orange land and bringing an orchard to bearing is fairly stable. The ground, unimproved, will cost from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars per acre. Water rights are generally included in this primary cost. The wise buyer looks to this point carefully, since it is a vital one. He sees that the supply is large enough to keep his orchard; is from such sources as assure its permanence, and is legally unencumbered. Moreover, he looks for that extra supply necessary in years of drought. The next expenditure comes in for head ditches in his irrigating plant, the purchase and setting out of the young trees, the clearing of incidental brush and stones, and the defense of the young saplings from rabbits and insect pests. Next comes three years of close attention—watching, cultivating, irrigating. Once a year, the whole tract must be fertilized. Then, three seasons after ground is broken, the first fruit appears. Three years more, the orchard is paying running expenses, but it is ten years from planting before the tract is bearing in sufficient quantity to insure profits in good and bad years alike. As before stated, it is then in a way to pay its owner handsomely if he is vigilant, careful and has average luck.

Wrapping Oranges.

Picking the Fruit.

Oranges the Year Round.

Although oranges are harvested and shipped by the thousand carloads during all the twelve months of the year, the busy season is from December to May. April, when the fruit is best and most abundant, being the season's climax. This continuity of sale is one of the great virtues of the orange as a profitable crop. The grower can sell whenever he likes, providing he holds his fruit on the trees until he is ready to ship. From bud to bursting fruit, it takes an orange a year to develop; it keeps its freshness indefinitely while left on the parent stem. The grower can thus watch prices, calculate the fluctuations of the market, and sell when it seems to be to his best advantage. Once picked, the crop must be hurried from tree to car with all possible speed if it is to land in the big Atlantic markets in first-class condition. The average space of time between picking in Southern California and sale in New York is thirty days. This custom of leaving ripe fruit hanging makes a group of orange trees rather an unusual sight to persons accustomed to ordinary fruits. Blossoms, buds, green and golden balls will hang together on the same branches. Hardly a farm of the South but has ripe fruit on the trees at all seasons of the year.

Gathering and Packing.

In no department of agriculture, except perhaps wheat-harvesting, has so much mechanical ingenuity been called into play as in the gathering and picking of the orange crop. The crop is picked by hand. At this stage, the greatest care is necessary to prevent bruising the fruit. A bruised orange in Riverside or Redlands is a rotten one in New York. The pickers generally work with a canvas bag gathered with a draw-string at the bottom, from which the oranges roll gently into boxes. In this shape, they go on to the big packing-houses, and from that time on only one process, wrapping, is done by hand. There is a machine to nail together the boxes, which come "knocked down," driving all the nails on a side with a single blow; a machine with long, spiral, revolving brushes to clean the fruit and carry it on. There are machines which take the fruit from big general bins, sort it into sizes mechanically, and drop it into padded bins ready for wrapping. This last process, together with the placement in boxes, is done by deft-fingered girls. These wrappers stand beside the bins, emptying them constantly, as they place each orange in a square piece of tissue paper, wrap it tight, and lay it compactly in boxes. The stamp certifying to the number of oranges in each box is affixed, the top is nailed down, and the completed product goes on flat cars for shipment in the refrigerator cars.

A few years ago the whole orange crop was marketed through great companies who controlled the prices. It was hard to overcome their monopoly, because they owned the indispensable refrigerator cars, but a fight of long duration on the part of the orange growers broke their power, and now the farmers themselves market their fruit, this being done through exchanges, with sub-exchanges in each settlement. These organizations take full charge of all shipping and marketing, give notice to the growers when their shipments are wanted, put the boxes on the train, and return the proceeds, less their own discount, to the growers.

CRANE'S VERSE.—A friend of the late Stephen Crane says that the young author declared he had given deeper thought and more careful attention to "War Is Kind," his second volume of verse, than to almost anything else he had written. Many of the verses, he explained, had been jotted down while he lay hiding from the Spanish soldiers in the hut of an old Cuban woman. The volume was received with ridicule in this country, as it deserved to be.

HOW CASTE IS LOST.—An Englishman recently arrived in India, while going up the Ganges, beheld an aged Hindu lying exhausted on thebank. Raising the native he poured down his throat a little cologne, the only stimulan the had at hand. The man revived, but he had lost his caste by swallowing the liquid administered by a man of no caste. Several times a week from that day the Englishman was solemnly cursed by the old Hindu whom he had saved from dying.

MEXICAN EMIGRATION.—Mexico seems anxious to get back the sons and grandsons of her former citizens, who are now citizens of the United States, living in California, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. In a colonization concession recently made the governmen tstipulated that all colonists must be from foreign countries with preference for those of Mexican origin now in the States and Territories above mentioned.

WHAT BARS THE WAY? Not the Chinese Dragon, but the International Green-Eyed Monster.

SPEAKING OF LI HUNG CHANG.

"He's up against the real thing now."

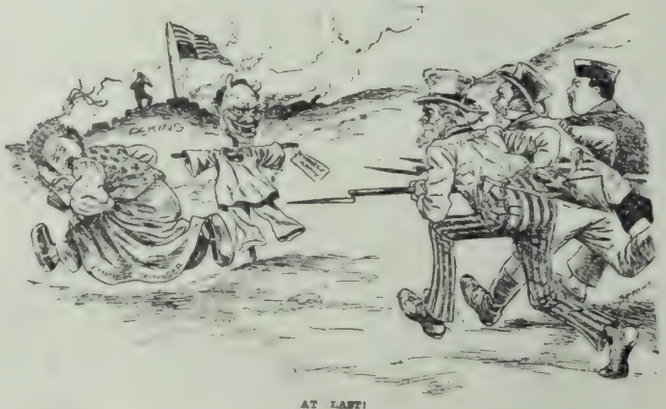
THE CHINAMAN'S CHOICE.

THE CHINK—"Maybe his book no use but I think his gun be all lighter"

"SEE?"

DON'T LET HIM FOOL YOU, UNCLE!

The Chinee-Melican man velly smart, but no see ministers in hattee
Ministers in hattee allee times allee same!



AT LAST!

NOW WILL YOU BE GOOD?

Grant Wallace in San Francisco Chronicle.
Walker in St. Louis Republic.
Simons in Brooklyn Eagle

Corry in New York World.

Bowman in Minneapolis Tribune
Corry in New York World.
Philadelphia Inquirer.

CARTOONS OF THE CHINESE EMBROGLIO.

A Happy Man

Signor Salassa Discources on the World's Desire-

"He comes nearest to being a happy man of anyone I ever knew," an Italian acquaintance of San Francisco said to me concerning Signor Salassa the great baritone who heads the Tivoli Grand Opera Company.

"Why so?" I asked.

"Wait until you see him."

So I sought Signor Salassa to learn the secret of happiness.

On the stage, made up as Iago, Salassa has an antique Italian face, fit for one of the characters of the Decameron; in his apartments in a flat of the Latin quarter, he appears as a large, heavy-set Latin with a face—barring the complexion—as near like Ada Rehan's as a man's can be like a woman's. He knows only one phrase of English—"How do you do? I am glad to see you." But his manner in saying it, is a whole language of welcome. Never have I met a man who exhaled such a breezy atmosphere of good-fellowship—not the cheap and flabby good-fellowship of the politician, but the sincere cordiality of the man who loves the world and men, because he finds them good.

" 'A happy man' ," I thought; "he certainly looks it." Forthwith I began to question him on his mode of living, as an introduction to prying into his secret.

"System," he said, through the interpreter; "that is my guide. It is the only way for an artist to work and last. Everything is just so, everything is done on the hour and the minute, and one day the same as another. It is the only way."

"But don't you find it monotonous?" The singer raised his shoulders above the level of his ears.

"Why should I? It makes it possible for me to sing and keep well."

"But I thought that the artistic temperament was capricious, that artists of all kinds were disposed to be irregular."

"Ah, there you have the secret of the downfall of so many artists"—the word artist means "singer" and nothing else to Salassa—"the ones who learn to control their caprices live and go on, the others fail. In my class at the conservatory at Turin, there were thirty graduated. Five of them are living and singing to-day, the rest are dead or broken down. We five are not the best, but we are the ones who learned to control ourselves. With my people, art is intense, passionate, and those who are not careful burn themselves out and die."

"Wasn't it hard at first?"

"Undoubtedly. I had to learn it as part of my profession."

A life of monotony, one day the same as the other. Not much happiness in that, I thought. So I changed the tack.

"But what do you do for recreation—how do you amuse yourself when you are not at work?"

"I rest. Sometimes I lie down, sometimes I take a stroll."

"Haven't you anything else to occupy your mind? Don't you do anything to make you forget your profession?"

Salassa's voice and manner were volcanic as he answered:

"Forget? Why should I try to forget? There is nothing else for me. If I rest I think about it. Sometimes a friend comes to see me and we talk it over. We sit down at the piano and play. I have no other interest. I am sincere when I say this. I will give an example. Between engagements I am at Milan, which is just like Paris at the height of the season—amusements, society, races, pretty women—you can enjoy yourself pretty well there. Do you know what I do? I go for a day or two to the home of a friend in the country where I can take care of myself and talk about music, and then I return to the city and stay around the opera house until my season opens. I have my wife and my music. It is all I want."

I came out with it boldly:

"They say that you are a happy man, Signor Salassa. Is it so?"

His face grew serious as the interpreter translated my question, and he thought for a while.

"Yes," he answered presently, "I think that I am happy. I do not know of anything which a man could reasonably want that I can ask for. It never was suggested to me until lately, and I am sorry that it was said, because I would rather be happy and not know it. Mostly, I am too busy to think about it, but I suppose that I am happy."

I rose to go, having been warned that that precious voice must not be overstrained by too long an interview. I believe that I shook hands with Salassa three times on the way out it may have been four—just for the pleasure of performing that time-honored ceremony with a man who means all the good therein expressed.

"Tannhauser goes well," he called down the stairway to the interpreter. "You should hear Avedano—grand, magnificent—ah, Tannhauser is the test of a tenor, and he stands it."

"That is always the way with Salassa," said Mr. Patrizi, the interpreter, when we were outside. "No professional jealousy in him. I believe that he would rather see Avedano do well than do well himself."

"I wonder if that is a cause or an effect of his happiness?" I said. I.

Avedano and Anna Lichter in Othello, a Tivoli Impression.

Rods and Lines at the Paris Exposition

If good old Izaac Walton should drop into the Paris exposition and wander into a particular pavilion with the inscription *"Chasse et Peche"* over its portico, he would gaze a few moments with open-mouth, throw up his hands to heaven in silent but powerful ejaculation and would rush back to "Je Recorde of je Compleate Angler" to add several chapters on "Je Unspeakable Degenerescance of je Moderne Fisherman." For he would have seen such an array of hooks and spoons and nets and reels and rods, and gut and line and bait, kettles and baskets and spinning traces; he would have seen the proofs of such diabolical ingenuity in fish-luring as to shock all of his good old Briton conservatism, and sense of fair play.

There are a variety of exhibitions. The well-known house of Allock shows some beautiful specimens of split cane trout or salmon rods with admirable combinations of greenhart and cane, which unite strength and spring to a remarkable degree. They also specialize with a water-proof line which resists the action of salt water and will stand all climates. Their hooks are rust-proof and made bright or bronzed.

At Messrs. Petit's stand the angler will find a new element, the bamboo and the roseau. Like other French makers, M. Petit never weakens the bamboo by paring down the joints with view to symmetry. Buy a bamboo pole from him and you'll never want another. Another feature here is horsehair for the line instead of gut. French horsehair is a wonderful product; in a lake the angler will take half a dozen fish on hair for every one on gut. Wyers Freres may be called the Anglo-Franco firm. These makers have struck a new line by their intelligent combination of French and English methods. Their bamboo rods are in the French style, untrimmed, but finished with the English made rings. Their hooks are of all popular English shapes, but beaten flat at the end, in French style,and tied on direct instead of being whipped. This is an immense improvement, as the shank is hidden by the white hair. The great success, however, is in bottom fishing rods. For roach poles they use a kind of reed that is literally as light as a feather in proportion to size, the top of the pole being bamboo. Among other novelties is a new aluminum reel, a double-barbed hook that will hold on the slightest provocation, and a device preventing the loosening of rods at the point.

is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash. Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter. Subscription: Per year, $2.00; six months, $1.25; three months, 75 cents. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

Chinese Drama in San Francisco, by Will Irwin..... 2
"Nai Yim, the Fish-fighter," by Basil Thomson 4
In the Track of the Trade Wind..... 5
Orange Growing in California..... 6
Cartoons of the Chinese Embroglio..... 8
A Happy Man..... 9
Editorial Comment..... 10
Events Current..... 11
The Late C. P. Huntington..... 12
Things and People..... 14
The Piece of Gold..... 16
Magazines and their Makers..... 19

San Francisco — August 18, 1900 — Seattle

Collis P. Huntington.

SILENT be the tongue of envious slander and let the truth be spoken of Collis P. Huntington. His great over-mastering mind is stilled, and the hush of death has fallen all about him. Speak the truth of him. He is dead now and can no longer feel the sting of envious hate nor take satisfaction from approving phrases of his friends. In his lifetime he seemed unmoved by the infamous calumnies heaped upon his aged head, and yet, he must have realized the base ingratitude of it all, and keenly felt the hurt, even though concealing it. His was not a nature to be moved by the blandishments of flattery nor diverted from a well-considered purpose by fear's misgivings. He was brave beyond the run of ordinary man. He did not know—and, if he knew he did not care for—the fear of popular displeasure. He tried to be honest with himself and with the world. He was not afraid to speak his mind on any subject, at any time or at any place. And if called upon to do so, he could fully justify the faith within him. Fear never took up lodgment with him. He was brave to the point of indiscretion. Even his unkindest critic must concede him that much, together with the higher attributes that ever go hand in hand with moral courage.

What, in all of his lifetime, had this man ever done to engage the unjust hostility of any man in a State whose welfare he had labored to forward with such untiring diligence? He had succeeded where others had failed, and, while success itself might operate to set him up as a shining target for the shafts of slander, it could neither justify nor excuse the wrong. He might have escaped the flings of envy and ingratitude, by moving his energies elsewhere, but the State would have been loser by the transaction.

He was true to his friends. A rare and noble trait which no man will deny him. He never did things by halves. Those whom he did not like, he did not like, and that was the end of it. And yet no one was more prompt to mend an injustice in this respect, if injustice had been done. The man upon whom he bestowed his friendship never was haunted by fear of its being exhausted by time. No amount of abuse, no amount of fault-finding, could disturb his faith in those whom he trusted. He was loyal. Having once placed his trust, it required some overt act of the recipient himself to disturb his great faith. Exterior forces could no more stay it, than could the finger of an infant block the progress of the universe.

He was brave. He was fast in his friendships and loyal to his friends. Will any man privileged to speak deny him these things? Yielding him these rare qualities, will any man deny him the possession of the accompanying attributes of heart and mind that inevitably go hand in hand with loyalty and valor?

There are some things which rich men are often prone to do, against which his whole spirit rose in rebellion. The cheap sentimentalism of indiscriminate "charity" did not appeal to his nature. It is difficult to conceive of his ever having ostentatiously performed any act for buncombe or popularity's sake. If he ever gave in charity, it was because he had investigated that charity and found it deserving. If he contributed to a popular subscription, it was because the purpose was worthy, and the hands entrusted with disbursements honest.

He had taken up some charitable works, and they are typical of the man. He took a broad interest in the development of the negro race in the South. It was most fitting to his character that he should have entered this neglected field and turned his efforts and his money toward elevating this ostracized race. There were no spectacular effects nor popular applause possible in such an undertaking. It was useful, practical, and free from the elements that appeal to the demagogy of wealth. He did not spend for the praise it might bring, but for the good it would do. He did not blindly pour into appealing but incompetent hands, the funds required, then lie back and watch the squandering of his generosity. He mastered the situation himself, and bringing that rare judgment of his to bear upon the question, saw that the undertaking did not lack for necessities nor suffer from incompetency.

He liked self-helpful men. He had rather supply a shovel to Want that it might earn its bread, than dismiss the appeal of Hunger with a piece of money that it did not earn. His vast undertakings, his untiring zeal to build and develop, gave employment to countless thousands of men. He had no love for the easy side of life, no sympathy for idle wastefulness. He did not believe in teaching a man, through short-sighted generosity, that he might live without labor. He believed that the highest use to which wealth could be put was to provide employment for the man willing to work. He believed a nation of workers to be more desirable than a nation of beggars, and that alms carelessly given to a healthy beggar wrought harm to the man as well as to the nation. The slanderers of Mr. Huntington declare him to have been a monopolist. The only monopoly he seemed to enjoy was that of enterprise. Was it monopoly or enterprise that pushed the steel rails down into the valley of the San Joaquin, enriched thousands of land holders, and wrested from primitive nature a principality and gave it to the world? Was it monopoly or enterprise that climbed Tehachapi pass, forced its way across the Mohave desert, pierced the Cucamongo range and opened up the beauties of semi-tropic California? Was it monopoly or enterprise that sent out innumerable lines of railway, tapping the fruitful valleys of the state and grid-ironing California with life-giving arteries along which commerce and agriculture might pass to and from the markets of the world? Did ever any man partake of more achievements for a state? Did ever any man pay a heavier penalty for success? Toil begets success, success begets envy, and envy begets slander. Such has been the experience of this man, at least. During Mr. Huntington's lifetime, his personal financial credit stood highest where he was best known. He never defaulted in a moneyed obligation. His was essentially the financial end of the great institutions over which he presided. In the history of these roads, he never defaulted a single dollar of principal or interest. He has negotiated for millions upon millions of dollars, and in the financial centers his naked promise to pay was equivalent to a bond secured by ample collateral. California has lost the one man above all others most interested in her permanent development History may do him tardy justice. He has served the state beyond all measurement, and time will not efface from the hearts of some strong men, a tender memory of this brave, loyal, rugged old man, who, with those he loved, was as gentle as a child, with those he trusted, as constant as the sun.

Bryan's Indianapolis Speech.

THE country has waited with proper patience for Mr. Bryan's opening speech of the campaign. For he was expected to meet a serious charge seriously made by one of the great men of the nation. Senator Hoar, the most notable opponent of expansion in America, had solemnly charged Mr. Bryan with duplicity and bad faith. He had charged Mr. Bryan with favoring that clause of the treaty which gave the Philippines to this country. Had charged him with supporting the very measure he is now so indignantly denouncing. In patience we have awaited that gentleman's reply.

Mr. Bryan in his Indianapolis speech admits that he favored the whole treaty—Philippines and all!

Every reader—every man in America, except the densely ignorant man—knows that the clause of the treaty which ceded the Philippines was beaten. We all know that an opposition under the leadership of Senator Hoar had secured enough votes to have defeated that clause, and it was defeated, until—as Senator Hoar publicly charges—Mr. Bryan came to its rescue and by his individual efforts procured enough Democratic supporters to make up the necessary two-thirds vote.

Mr. Bryan, in his Indianapolis speech, admits this charge. Is he lying now, and maliciously misrepresenting the effects which that treaty will have upon the country if pursued to its logical end, or is he now telling the truth? If he is telling the truth to-day, then, when the treaty was up for ratification before the Senate he was false to his country, false to his principles, false to every attribute of honor, and true only to a selfish and damnable desire to create an issue upon which he might bid for the votes of his countrymen, and behind which he might conceal his disastrous and dishonored hobby of Free Silver.

* * *

But listen now to his lame and miserable excuse, and let some intelligent man come forward and declare his satisfaction with his sincerity. Either Mr. Bryan was dishonest when be supported the treaty or he is dishonest in his opposition to it now. Groping about for a plausible reason for his manifest duplicity, he offers this most implausible explanation:—

"In view of the criticism which my action aroused in some quarters, I take this occasion to re-state the reasons given at the time. I thought it safer to trust the American people to give independence to the Filipinos than to trust the accomplishment of that purpose to diplomacy with an unfriendly nation."

In other words, Mr. Bryan favored the payment of $20,000,000 to Spain for the Philippines, because he thought it "safer to trust the American people to give independence to the Filipinos" than to trust Spain to do the job.

Think of it!

He favored taking all of the desperate chances which he is now picturing in lurid colors, when he might have quietly killed the threatening measure in its infancy and offers as his sole excuse a desire to give the Filipinos independence.

Do you believe it?

But besides all this, Mr. Bryan maintains that the constitution (by the operation of this same treaty) followed the flag into Porto Rico but in the same breath denies that it followed the flag over into the Philippines. To carry out his wierd notions of things, he proposes to lock up the Constitution so that he may violate it. He proposes to set aside the verdict of the civil war; he proposes to wipe out the principle that was maintained at the cost of tens of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars in the war of the rebellion! He proposes to establish a precedent for secession. He proposes to lay a foundation upon which future rebellious states and territories may base their claims for divorcement from the Union and so fasten upon us a policy most dangerous to the safety of the republic. No man has had the temerity to publicly advocate such an unholy doctrine since South Carolina attempted to secede.

* * *

Read Mr. Bryan's Indianapolis speech carefully through to the well-rounded peroration. Mark the horror and indignation that is woven and interwoven with the Philippines, the dreadful calamities, the dark forebodings, the tottering Republic upon which an Empire is to grow. He rings every alarm bell of rhetoric, he shakes the danger signal from every studied phrase. The horizon of the future is dismal with the smoke of calamity, and all is woe, unless he be elected.

After you have wrought your patriotic fears up to the proper pitch of sensitiveness, bear well in mind that it was Democratic votes, secured by this same Mr. Bryan, that made ratification of the treaty possible; bear well in mind that he

favored the treaty and confesses it; bear well in mind that if the Philippine clause had been stricken from the treaty there would have been no question of Imperialism in this campaign; bear well in mind that the adoption of the Philippine clause cost this nation twenty millions of dollars, bear well in mind that all of these evils, all of the calamities, all of the dangers, that Mr. Bryan's speech depicts—if they are all well founded—were created by that treaty which Mr. Bryan says he favored, because he "thought it safer to trust the American people to give independence to the Filipinos" than to trust it to Spain to do so.

Do you believe him? The credulity that approves such nonsense, approaches gullibility.

Mr. Bryan was busy manufacturing issues for this campaign when the treaty was before the Senate.

If he is telling the truth now, if he believes all that he claims to believe about expansion, if he loves his country better than he loves votes, then, the time to have opposed expansion and "saved" the country, the time to have husbanded that twenty millions of dollars, and avoided the dangerous precedent of legalizing secession, was when the treaty was up before the Senate. Would not you, or any other loyal American who assumed to discover such dangerous possibilities in the Philippines, have killed the measure in its infancy while you had the power to do so? Would you have encouraged and aided the ratification of the only thing that made expansion possible?

* * *

But follow Mr. Bryan's explanation a little further. He says:

"I believe we are in a better position to wage a successful contest against Imperialism than we would have been had the treaty been rejected."

Think of it. Does this deceive anyone? Think of the hunter who has trapped a man-devouring lion turning him loose so as to be in a "better position to wage a successful contest against him." Think of this "peerless statesman" who advocates and passes a threatening and otherwise defeated measure before Congress, for the purpose of "being in a better position" to beat it. There would have been no question of Imperialism if the Philippine clause of the treaty had been rejected. There would have been no question of Imperialism if Mr. Bryan and his Democratic followers had simply remained silent. In point of fact, there is no question of Imperialism now, no danger threatening us. Alaska has been a colony for thirty-three years. The people up there have no government of their own; they do not and cannot vote. Congress and the Secretary of the Interior govern Alaska, just as Congress governs the City of Washington and the District of Columbia, and yet we are not "half empire, half republic," and neither "despotism at home" nor "tyranny abroad" has ever come to us.

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Trouble in China. The advance of the allies toward Pekin is progressing beyond all expectation. On Aug. 10th, the van-guard, composed of one Siberian regiment, one regiment of mounted Cossacks, three battalions of Japanese infantry, and an American battery was twenty-seven miles from the walls of Pekin. The Chinese resistance seems weakening as the international column advances. It is suspected, however, that the Imperial Army is concentrating for its last stand at Tung Chow, twelve miles from Pekin. This place is said to be heavily fortified and all the vigor of the international army may be tested to the utmost in forcing a passage. A Shanghai dispatch tells of a "rumor" that the allies are already at the gates of the Imperial City, but Shanghai "rumors" have been found wanting too many times to be taken seriously. The next few hours, however, may bring news of the utmost importance. The Pekin drama is drawing to a close and the whole world is waiting with bated breath to see an end that may be tragic, or melodramatically satisfactory.

From the imprisoned legations, the news is obscure and meagre. Embassador Pichon of France reports his legation still beleaguered, and warns his government against Chinese negotiations tending to retard the advance of the relieving corps. Conger's dispatches are incoherent. He does not answer the queries of his government and it is strongly suspected that he does not receive them. With the international corps so near, the legationers are close to a last crisis. At any time a defeat of the Imperial Army outside the walls may bring down upon them a mad attack from an infuriated soldiery. It behooves the commanders of the international force to be cautious. The desire to see their flags floating triumphantly over the Imperial City must not make them lose sight of the human lives at stake.

After Pekin, the deluge. There are signs that the present international co-operation will not last after the rescue of the legationers. Great Britain is already acting by herself. English troops are being diverted from the international relieving force, where they are much needed, and landed instead in Shanghai, where they are internationally unnecessary. Possession of the entire Yang-Tse valley, the richest part of the Empire, is alleged to be the aim behind this move. On the other hand, Russia is landing men in Newchang, much to the alarm of Japan. France, Russia and Germany are united in opposition to the landing of British soldiers in Shanghai, while Japan and Great Britain are upbraiding Russia for its Newchang move. The United States government is wisely keeping out of the squabble. The present condition seems to indicate a grand international mix-up in the early future.

American Co-operation with Philippine Insurgents. The report that certain members of the Anti-Expansion League have been in conference with the Philippine insurgents, urging them to resistance, has been definitely proved. Some months ago, General Funston captured a quantity of Aguinaldo's private papers. It was given out at the time that these included some traitorous correspondence, but the exact contents were kept a dead secret. The letters were forwarded to Washington, and the first is now made public. It is from Dr. Montague R. Leverson of New York, a prominent anti-expansionist, and addressed to Senor Apacible of the Filipino junta. Briefly, it describes President McKinley and General Otis as "pirates," making war without authority of Congress or consent of the American people. The writer urges the Filipinos to capture some American official and try him for piracy as a means of attracting the attention of European nations to the native "wrongs." He further advises that the junta appeal to the people of the United States, stating the atrocities committed by the American troops, among which are named the massacre of women, children and non-combatants, the violation of women, the bombardment, without warning, of peaceful cities, and the "lying tactics" of President McKinley. This document will probably be widely used by the Republican press as a campaign argument. In all justice, it must be said that it proves nothing against the Democratic party as a whole. Dr. Leverson holds no office in his party and probably speaks only for himself. But it proves the contention that the mysterious tenacity of Aguinaldo's followers in supporting a lost cause is traceable to the false hopes extended by the Anti-Expansionists in this country.

The Problem Before the New King of Italy. The accession of the new King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel III., is likely to be a turning-point in the history of the country. It is felt on all hands that the change in affairs will either precipitate the revolution which has been smouldering in Italy or will open a new era of peace and prosperity. The indications rather point to a favorable outcome. The young king was regarded, at the time of his accession, as something of a weakling. Fuller and more exact information shows that this opinion has been based on his diminutive stature rather than on his intelligence. It is now known that he has for some time been a power in the nation, participating in his father's counsels and policy. Furthermore, it is certain that his advice has been on the side of wisdom. He objected strenuously to Italy's continuance in the Triple Alliance, a policy which was responsible for the country's straightened finances. Again, he opposed the Abyssinian expansion policy which proved so serious a loss to the kingdom and a drain on its resources.

Victor Emmanuel will have his father's mistakes to straighten out. Although upright, honest, and well-intentioned, Humbert was not a strong ruler. Conscious, probably, of his own weakness, he leaned on the constitution, administering it to the very letter of the law. Italy's constitution happens to be a defective code; the part of the wise king would be to apply it with discretion, violating it when its application became absurd. This Humbert failed to do, and the result was a continually dissenting national Chamber, torn by violent party spirit. This produced internal dissension, which matched the external trouble caused by the keeping up of an alliance with nations too rich and powerful for a country of Italy's poverty. Those who know him believe that the young king will apply the constitution with discretion and will use all his authority to check the extravagances of his Parliament.

A Boer Success. Two weeks ago the telegraphic reports had General De Wet, commanding the Orange River Army of the Boers, finally corralled by Roberts and his British soldiers and on the point of surrender. The slippery leader, who is making a reputation for himself in South Africa at the expense of that of the English commander, has not only evaded capture, but has slipped clean out of the cordon, made his way across the Vaal and joined the army of the Transvaal burghers. It is really a serious set-back to the English cause, and, while it cannot prevent the inevitable end, it will delay it for some time. The force under De Wet numbers about 3,500 men. With the forces of the Transvaal proper, they should put up a lively guerrilla war, especially since the Boers of Western Transvaal are rising again as a result of this success. In a way, this makes Roberts' task the easier, since the forces in opposition are concentrated in one body instead of two, and will therefore be easier to "round up."

Special Laws for Chinese in the United States. In the current number of *Harper's Weekly* is an able article by John E. Bennett of San Francisco on "The Chinese Tong Wars in San Francisco." The relation of the highbinder disturbances there given is a familiar story to all Californians, but the valuable part of the article is contained in the recommendations of Ho Yow, Consul-General at San Francisco, here for the first time set down. It may be said in passing that Ho Yow is the one Chinaman in America able to speak with convincing authority on the conditions and rights of his people in relation to those of the whites. He is highly educated in both Chinese and English, is an experienced diplomat, and his success in suppressing the highbinder disturbances of three years ago, after six predecessors had failed, stamps him as a tremendously able man of affairs.

Ho Yow contends that, as the Chinese are more widely different from ourselves than any other alien class, special laws should be made concerning them. First, he would have an extradition treaty, which would enable China to recall the criminals who make this country a refuge, and would thus keep out a dangerous element. Then Chinese consular courts could be established in the United States for the treatment of the Chinese criminal class. The Chinese here should be in direct charge of an imperial representative, who should keep a roster for identification. He should have authority to co-operate with the Chief of Police in choosing officers to regulate Chinatown, and have co-ordinate jurisdiction with local police judges for the trial of Chinese cases. In convictions of felony, sentence should be suspended and the convict should be transferred to China to be punished there. This would rapidly remove the criminal element. Ho Yow is irrevocably opposed to the jury system as applied to Chinese cases, giving it as his opinion that white men who could not be bribed in a case involving a Caucasian will accept corruption-money when a Chinese is on trial. He advises further that no certificate of incorporation be issued unless the application is approved by the imperial representative—the Consul-General. He points out that this seeming concentration of power in the hands of one man is mitigated by the fact, that should he deal otherwise than impartially, the whole Chinese population would rise up and demand his removal.

There is small likelihood that Ho Yow's advice will ever be taken by the municipal or governmental authorities. Very probably, they present the best solution, but there are grave objections. The disturbing missionary element in China has always protested against the extradition of Chinese criminals from the United States on the ground that Oriental justice is severe, ordaining death for crimes comparatively slight from our point of view, and that it is barbarously administered. This objection will still be emphasized. The jury system is so strong a bulwark of our law that an exception can hardly be made for the Chinese. Finally, the well known talent of Oriental officials for extorting bribes and corruption money would naturally cause our authorities to hesitate before placing almost absolute power in the hands of one man, as would be done should Ho Yow's suggestions be adopted. The present Consul-General has shown himself incorruptible, but he is an exception, and he cannot live a rule forever. Nevertheless, they are worthy of consideration.

The Provisional Alaskan Boundary. Our modus vivendi with the Canadian Government has aroused the ire of the anti-administration organs. Secretary Hay has been accused of selling American soil to the English; of sacrificing the interests of his country to the desire of gaining the good opinion of Britons; he has been called a traitor, a felon, and many other gracious

An Impression of Collis P. Huntington.

A FAVORITE expression of the late C. P. Huntington was that no man quite makes the round of the circle. It was his epigrammatic way of saying that no man is perfect. Power of accomplishment in one direction he knew was more often than not, balanced by weakness in another. Those who had been admitted to intimacy with the late president of the Southern Pacific Company, and to whom his character had been unfolded, thought him an exception to his own general rule. He came nearer making the round of the circle than any of his contemporaries. He was a man of unusual physical force, extraordinary will power and great grasp of intellect. He had, in addition, strong moral attributes. He was ascetic in his mode of life, rigid in fulfilling his obligations, of unswerving loyalty to his friends. In addition he had facility at doing things.

Few men in any country have united the power to conceive and the capacity to execute to the degree Mr. Huntington did. Whoever had relations with him was inevitably impressed by his foresight. He looked ahead; indeed, he had an insight into the future that might be called prophetic. I have known other and lesser men who could from a given condition of events, predict about what must happen. The capacity is simply a higher power of common sense. It is a faculty which dreamers often have. When one thinks of Mr. Huntington's career, what a magnificent dream it seems. Think of the power he has attained to. Think of the extraordinary range of his achievements. Yet the end of it all—these last six months in which he had reached the apex of his ambition—it was merely the realization of what he had set out to accomplish.

In the highest degree Mr. Huntington had the ability to do that to which he had set his hand. Most of us have aspirations, all of us desire riches and power. This man had both ambition and the will to realize it. Throughout his life you will find innumerable instances of this faculty. He was always planning ahead but taking also good care of the present. He was fond of saying that neither the past nor the future troubled him, and that he was occupied with today. Yet no man ever builded better for succeeding generations.

As An Employer.

It was a great privilege to have known Mr. Huntington well. In conversation he always gave you the best he had. From the men whom he considered as friends he obtained something more than honest service - it was an honor and a pleasure to work under so keen, so kindly, so inspiring and so loyal a master. But he was also a strict disciplinarian and he had the shrewdest knowledge of human nature. Industrious himself, he demanded industry from his subordinates. He had little use for the clerk who watched the clock, or jumped at the dinner bell. That was because he knew such men could not succeed. Success to him was simple enough, industry and thrift—work hard and spend less than you earn and the world was yours. By following these principles he had attained something of a competence he would tell you. For a moment you might forget the magnificent equipment which nature had endowed him with.

There was no better memory in America than that of Mr. Huntington. It was not geographical alone—yet I suppose he could summon up a mental image of every mile of his railroad; certainly he could tell you the name of every station between Portland and New Orleans. He could take you over the Chesapeake and Ohio mile by mile and explain the conditions under which every section was built. He never forgot prices, and would give you the cost of steel rails in the sixties, in the seventies or in any of the nineties, almost without thinking. Not only that, but be remembered the details of most of the business transactions he had engaged in during the long years of his most eventful life. William Mahl told me that often in New York, when in the preparation of financial reports it became necessary to review some ancient negotiation, he preferred to apply to the president for information rather than to the records. Mr. Huntington would throw his head back, look reminiscent, then say, "Yes, I remember, I bought that road from so and so; it must have been on the 12th or the 13th of November in '76, and I paid so and so much." Never a fact missing, and all stated as though it were the most natural thing in the world that he should remember so exactly.

His Loyalty in Friendship.

There is nothing that engages the admiration of men to such a degree as demonstrated ability. Those in his immediate environment, who saw what Mr. Huntington was doing and what he had accomplished were strenuous in their regard for him. The papers might say what they pleased—C. P. was the greatest man they knew, or were ever likely to know. Those who were in correspondence with him were immediately cognizant of his wisdom and his insight into affairs not only of the railroad but of politics and life. They know how clearly and how closely he reasoned out the problems of the moment, how seldom he made a misstep and how sagacious his conclusions ever were. They know further that he recognized and appreciated good work, that honest intentions excused errors.

When he had tied to a man only the man himself could break the cords of his faith and friendship. This was disposition as well as principle. He used to say almost any one might trick him once. He believed that the best service was had through implicit confidence. Indeed he could never have carried on such a series of immense operations save by conferring responsibilities and depending on his officers for their fulfillment. The men whom he so trusted, as I say, came to have a paternal feeling for Mr. Huntington. He was always interested in their work, always kindly and appreciative, but requiring a strict accounting and their best in unstinted measure. They are strong partisans these men, of the president of the Southern Pacific, and you must not put it down to the enthusiasm of the servitor, if they assure you he was the best man in the world. They are all too ready and willing to prove it.

Among the many stories that have been told of Mr. Huntington since his untimely taking off, for he should have lived a decade or two more to enjoy the fruit of his attainment, was one in which Henry Clews, the New York broker, told of a horse transaction that he had with Mr. Huntington. The latter had a pair of horses which he wished to sell to Clews. He asked $1500 for them. Clews refused, and he says that for several weeks Mr. Huntington haggled over these horses. The conclusion he drew was that the president of the Southern Pacific could be mean over small things however great he was in transactions involving millions. There was nothing Mr. Huntington loved as much as a trade. He enjoyed buying or selling and seldom did anyone get the better of him. It was through his skill and cleverness at trading that he laid the foundation of his fortune, and the faculty stood him in good stead in transactions of the greatest magnitude. Those who knew his propensity in that direction will appreciate the Clews' story realizing that Mr. Huntington cared nothing for the money involved but much for the opportunity of bargaining, and doubtless he was shrewdly observing his adversary, taking his measure for use in some deal of larger moment.

His Soc al Side

There was a social side to C. P. Huntington that the intimates of his family circle were privileged to know. He was a fine talker, full of humor and anecdote. His comments on men and events were crisp, frank and vigorous. He spoke his mind freely and wittily and few subjects there were he could not illuminate with a pregnant phrase. His best friends declared they had never known him to be at a loss in any company, for his vast experience, coupled with his extraordinarily retentive memory had given him material to match with any man's. Mr. Huntington liked to talk of his own life—of the deals he had engaged in, of the bargains he had made—episodes that always exhibited his sagacity and thrift. In some men this would be mere boasting, but these bits of autobiography did not convey that impression. The personal side was invariably subordinated to the intrinsic interest of the story. It was a good story about anyone. Mr. Huntington has told me dozens of such yarns, as he has all his friends but never in the spirit of vain-glory. He had measured himself too often with his contemporaries not to be aware of his own power but an egotist he certainly was not. He had far too much humor, too much common sense for that. He was much the best talker I have ever known. Besides, he was so obviously sincere and in so many things, extraordinarily simple. However, all this is merely saying he was a very great man and that he had many sides.

His Many Charities.

The assumption given such wide currency to by his enemies that Mr. Huntington was close in monetary affairs did him the most absolute injustice. He was truly generous, charitable, and tolerant. In business he was indeed strict, exacting his just due, but to no deserving cause did he ever refuse assistance. For the friends of his youth he had the tenderest feeling and for them he was always doing kindnesses. His old associates should never want as long as he could aid them, but he insisted on being convinced that their need was real. In indiscriminate giving he saw evil rather than good.

His theory was that the best charity is that which assists men to help themselves. He was always willing to support with both capital and advice the adventures of young and ambitious men. It was the scheme of giving he took greatest pleasure in. For verbal thanks he cared not a jot, but he did want to see his beneficiaries succeed and justify his confidence in them. During one of his visits to California he presented his niece Mrs. Burke Holliday with a house, and while looking over papers connected with the purchase he said to a friend that it was the one hundred and thirty-fourth house he had given. Mr. Huntington believed strongly in educating and uplifting the colored race, and to the various institutions devoted to this cause he contributed liberally. Booker T. Washington the eminent colored teacher and orator was his confidant and assistant in this direction, and those who knew Mr. Huntington's sentiments saw them reflected in the articles which Washington wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly*.

His One Hobby.

Mr. Huntington was very fond of pictures and his two houses, that on California street, San Francisco, and on Fifth avenue, New York, were full of valuable and beautiful canvas es. Sternly individual in all relations he purchased paintings not because they bore great names or that someone else had admired them, but because they appealed to his personal taste. He became a real connoisseur; several of the finest examples were of portrait of the best English, French and Dutch schools are contained in his collections besides some of the most notable examples of modern French art. There are two paintings by Daubigny in the California street mansion which are quite the most beautiful landscapes I have ever seen. The great Murillos have been hung in the expositions of the Art Association but the fine Corot, the Diaz, the noble series of portraits, the splendid Turners he reserved for his own delecation and that of his friends. It was Mr. Huntington's custom after breakfast to go into the art gallery and spend an hour with his pictures. There he received the men he wanted to talk with intimately. Nothing pleased him better than to find some one with a soul for color and art to whom he would show the treasures of his collection.

The subject of C. P. Huntington is not to be exhausted in a single article. I have made no mention here of his tremendous achievements, of his finely rounded career. His unique literary gift and his faculty at epigram are well worth comment and quotation. I have only tried to tell how he appeared to those whom he had given the privilege to call him friend.

J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

---

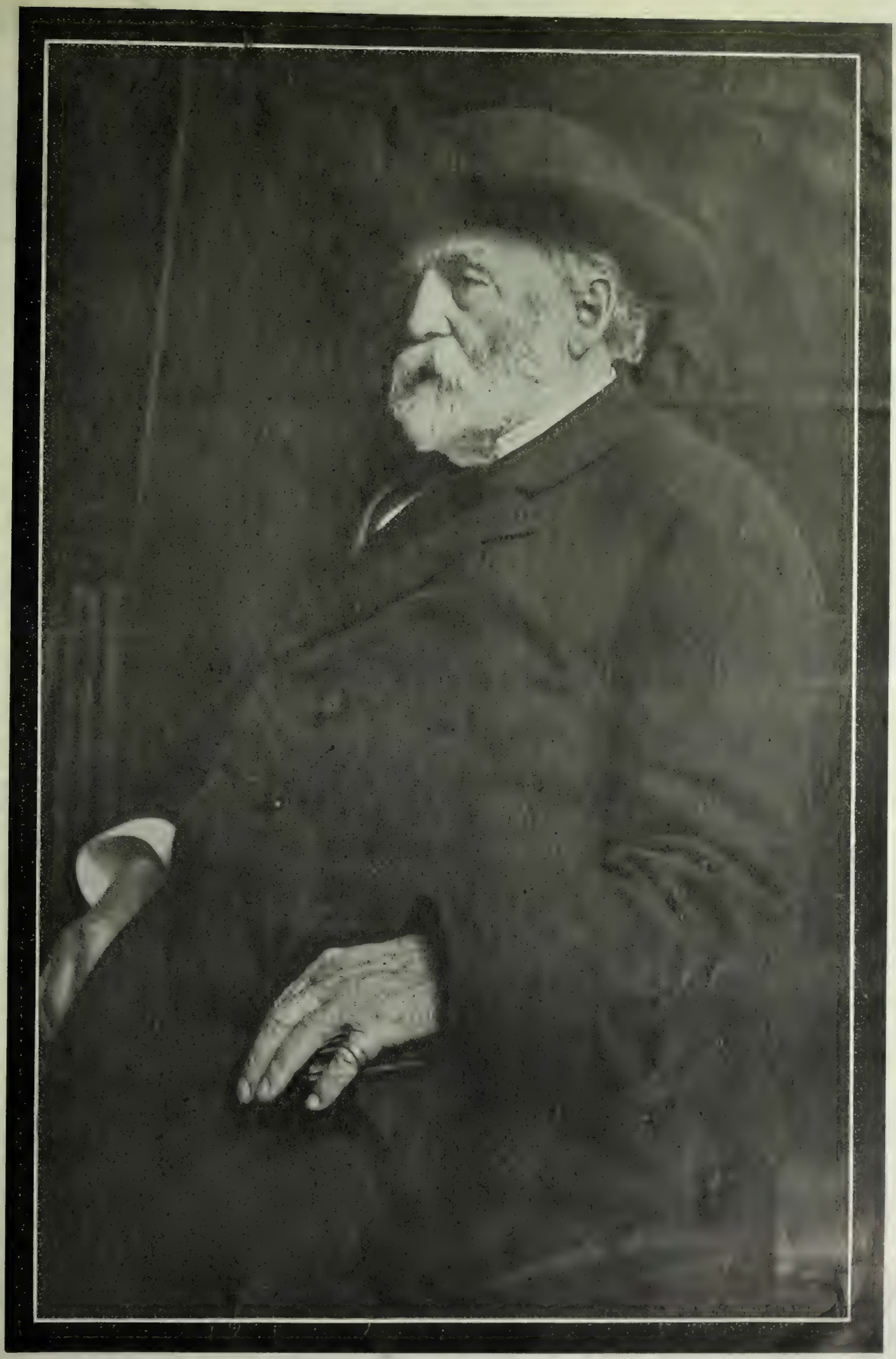
epithets. Of course, this is mainly campaign talk, aimed at the prejudice of voters. It may be well to summarize briefly the real conditions. The facts are these: The boundary between our Alaskan possessions and the Canadian territory is unsettled, and, naturally enough, the subject of some discussion between the governments. Pending negotiations that are bound to be long and difficult, the two parties have agreed to a modus vivendi. A provisional boundary has been decided upon and surveyed. It is a temporary working frontier, very useful to both governments pending the establishment of a permanent line, and harmful to nobody. If, in fact, there is any room for complaint, it should come from the Canadian side, for in the mutual concessions preliminary to this provisional compromise Canada gave up her pretensions to the extent of one hundred miles, while the United States yielded only ten miles. Were this modus vivendi a permanent arrangement, it would be a triumph for American diplomacy.

Old Age Pensions in New Zealand.

New Zealand, where the government approaches nearer to a system of State Socialism than that of any other state or nation in the world, is much disturbed over the probable result of one of its socialistic experiments—the old-age pension system. This plan of government relief provides that every man and woman who has reached the age of sixty-five and has lived twenty-five years in the colony shall be entitled to a pension of 6s 11d—about $1.72—for life. For some time after the passage of the law but few applications for relief were made. Lately, however, there has been a great increase in the number of pensioners. The sum required went up £60,000 in one year, and now something like £190,000 is required annually. This is paid out of the regular revenues. As the population of the colony is less than 800,000, it will be seen that the pro rata expense is already very heavy, and must advance as the years roll on, while there is no likelihood of a proportionate increase in the population. The legislators of New Zealand are already convinced that the burden is too heavy, and are discussing the revocation of the law or the shifting of the burden to a compulsory system of insurance.

Unsatisfactory Bids for Armor Plate.

There is a possibility that the provisional armor-plate plant provided for at the last session of Congress may have to be called into requisition. It will be remembered that a clause in the last naval appropriation bill provided that, if for plating of the new battleships were not satisfactory, the Secretary of the Navy should proceed at once to the erection of government works. The bids have just been opened and considered. While they are mostly inside the price, each firm demands a ridiculously large share of the work as a condition of acceptance. The lowest bidder was not satisfied to accept less than 20,000 of the 36,000 tons required. If such terms were accepted, work on the new ships would be seriously delayed, as no plant in the country could turn out single-handed such a quantity in the required time. The bids have therefore been cancelled and new ones are requested. If these fail to meet the requirements, the navy department will probably open its own plant.



THE LATE COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON

Enlarged from a photograph made by William Keith in his studio during Mr. Huntington's last visit to California. This portrait is considered to be the best ever made of the great railroad builder.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Leave the Courts Alone.

IT is not a strange thing that the moment the press mentioned the probability of Mr. E. S. Pillsbury becoming a candidate for the United States Senate, it also fell to discussing his merits and services entitling him to the reward. Then Mr. Pillsbury fled the scene or what was more to the point appeared in a card declaring himself not a candidate. Any man might shrink from having a career held up to public view for the purpose of his unfitness for an office which he does not seek. But Mr. Pillsbury is not "any man." Mr. Pillsbury's letter to the press ought to be respected. It was intended as a Chinese wall to stay further encroachments of the press. If he is not a candidate, he is not fair game. Still Mr. Pillsbury is in politics. He is attorney for the Santa Fe railroad, and rumor has it, is to be their chief solicitor. Among corporation lawyers he is considered exceeding "wise," but he needs a political guardian or a private secretary with some wit. In his letter denying the slander that he is a candidate for senator he declares that his sole interest in politics is to elect good judges. He is unhappily frank. Either he does not view himself in the proper perspective or he does not understand himself, and does not care what the public thinks about it. Boxes of candy and social attentions to the other half of a judge's family do not influence decisions, but it may by careful recounting form a splendid basis for large fees.

* * *

There is a story—and it is not a new story—which tells of a lawyer who used to boast of having paid Kelly and Crimmins for a block of votes so as to secure a nomination for a member of the supreme bench. As things go in politics it was not such a bad thing to buy the rascals to vote for a decent man; but what shall we say of the man who boasts about it. Such a story recited to a rich client, even if told without embellishments, is well calculated to suggest an unholy parity between the judge and the practitioner, and forms a basis for a more than ordinary fee.

There ought to be some way of electing honorable men to our supreme and superior bench without the intervention of any corporation lawyer. The corporations do not monopolize the "lawyers with a pull" by any means, nor does it follow that any man is dishonest or corrupt because employed by a corporation, but one may be pardoned for objecting to such a lawyer interesting himself in securing good judges.

***

Strikers' Logic.

THE united mill hands of San Francisco have arisen in the majesty of organized labor to demand eight hours' work for ten hours' pay. It is nothing to them that, if their demands are acceded to, their employers must shut up shop and turn them loose on the noble army of the unemployed. They must have eight hours' work for ten hours' pay if they are out of work the rest of their days. They can live off the more honest section of their labor unions on the plea that they have been ruined by capitalistic oppression. Furthermore, they can spread their beneficent movement a little further by persuading other laborers, who have nothing to do with their business, to throw up good jobs and go on a sympathetic strike. It will be martyrdom in a noble cause. It will help the mill hands to wreck the business enterprises from which they derive their support.

***

Operatic Conventions.

EVERYBODY admits that there must be theatrical conventions. However, it seems to me that operatic people rely on these conventions too much altogether. That is the conclusion that I came to while at the Tivoli Opera House a few evenings ago. It was during the last act of Rigoletto. You know the scene—an inn cross-sectioned toward the audience takes up the left half of the stage; the other half is the country outside. The people inside the inn cannot see what is going on outside; the people outside can see what is going on inside through a convenient key hole in the inn door; the spectator sees what is going on both inside and outside. It is very handy. Well, I like music and am not hard to please. I accept all this. Inside, the Duke of Mantua flirts with the brigand's daughter. Outside, Rigoletto plots the Duke's death with the brigand. All these people sing with due vehemence considering the necessity of secrecy. Gilda, Rigoletto's daughter, comes and peeps into the inn to see the duke, who has betrayed her, flirting with the brigand's daughter. Then begins a magnificent quartette. Gilda gives voice to her despair, and Rigoletto proclaims his hate; inside, the duke flirts and the brigand's daughter laughs. The inside couple is not supposed to hear the outside couple, and *vice versa*.

* * *

Well, as I have said before, I am a good-natured person. I take all this for granted. I say to myself: Now, remember: couple number one sees not couple number two, and *vice versa*; couple number two hears not couple number one, and *vice versa*. It is just coincident that they sing together and harmonize so beautifully. It is by a mere chance that Rigoletto sings basso to the duke's tenor, that the brigand's daughter sings alto to Gilda's soprano. Only the flirting couple becomes excited. They glide forward and tell the audience their ectasy. On the other side, Rigoletto and Guilda step out and confide their woes to the same audience. Now the duke grows more and more gesticulatory, and suddenly —O horrors!—he forgets his boundary. The inn wall that separates him from the world outside ends a few feet short of the edge of the stage, and through the space thus left, he bobs out. I feel like crying, "Look out, you fool! Don't you see that is a wall you are going through? And Rigoletto will see you, sure! Get back!" Well, he goes back, but continues thrusting now an arm, now a leg, now half his body over the boundary. It looks exactly as if he were a spirit and was passing through the wall. The agony becomes intense. I know that Gilda must see him. At last, I can stand it no longer. I close my eyes and enjoy the music unhampered by the petty realities of life. The quartette ends in a furious crescendo. A thunder of applause comes from the audience. I open my eyes, and what do I see?

I see Rigoletto and the duke and Gilda and the brigand's daughter bowing to the audience in an endless chain. The wretches have taken hold of hands right through the wall!

***

The Call Banquet.

IT was a pretty idea that Mr. J. D. Spreckels had of meeting the entire force of his big daily at dinner last Monday. Owner, managers, editors, reporters, artists, clerks, stenographers, photographers, type-setters, stereotypers, machinists, fraternized together in one big family. In these days of division of labor, the different parts of great industrial organism are too apt to remain apart from each other, and the combination presented by the *Call* people is a refreshing one. Mr. Spreckels will not regret his idea. I am sure that the paper that emerged next day was the best issue in every way that had ever appeared; for there is nothing that causes a man to work with more pleasure than the knowledge that he is a part of a great army, each member of which is in sympathy with the other. It is an excellent precedent—I believe it is the finest instance of such an entertainment on record and I trust it will not be the last.

***

Again a Jay Town.

IT IS difficult for a community to support the expectations of all its visitors. Our late entertainers, the members of the Dunne and Riley combination, which held forth at the California Theater, are rather inclined to dub San Francisco a jay town. The basis of this contention is not the absence of support, because the engagement was fairly profitable, but the lack of enthusiasm. Here was an aggregation of farce comedy stars—the cleverest men and women in the profession. According to their ideas of the opportunity the "standing room only" sign should have been flying every night of the engagement. But it was not. One of the stars stood in the doorway of the theater on Sunday last watching the stream of gaily dressed women and children passing in to see the "Brownies." Said the star, with a contemplative toss of the head, "Funny, but I guess it is just what they want out here."

***

Political Dissensions.

IN SAN FRANCISCO political conditions seem rather disturbed at this juncture. The attempted resurrection of the firm of Crimmins and Kelly, contrary to the laws of nature, may be tolerated by the politicians, but will not be endured by the people. The County Committee is divided and the business men are organizing combinations, all of which will tend to the creation of dissensions that must aid opponents. If the Republicans are to have the opportunity to correct Democratic errors they must be united under strong and intelligent and respectable leadership, which is not the case at present. The office which the stupids are performing in Republican ranks J. G. Maguire and W. F. Tarpey are trying to execute among the Democrats. Posed as leaders of the "old guard," which, by the way, is composed of ex-followers of Buckley and Rainey, they are now engaged in a barking contest against the movements of the State Central Committee. A score of times has Maguire been heard to exclaim "special privileges for none—equal rights for all," which is the slogan of revolt for the clan. Mr. Tarpey, last of the "Ole Bills," continues to follow out the traditions of that disappearing order. Living in Alameda, and inured to defeat, rebuffs have no more terrors for him. He is veritably the trade-mark of failure. Sandbagging is an offense against the law, and surely there should also be some penalty for the windbagging tactics of which these gentlemen are making the committee the victim.

***

A Clever Cartoonist.

THE excellent cartoon work of Grant Wallace in the San Francisco *Chronicle* is attracting attention. Mr. Wallace inaugurated his career on the *Examiner*, and after the departure of Davenport did splendid service. He has an individual style and rather more skill at drawing than the average cartoonist. Then Robert Edgren appeared and he was relegated to the Sunday supplement, for which he furnished comic situations, done with much humor and cleverness. Those who are familiar with the cartoon work of the American press must concede Mr. Wallace a high place both for style and execution. He has not, perhaps, the ability to achieve the startling effects that characterizes Davenport, but he has a power of composition and a skill at drawing which the creator of the Mark Hanna libel does not evince. The improvement in his conceptions from day to day is most distinct and argues well for his future.

***

West Point Ethics.

THE ways of the West Point cadet are strange to the layman. We know that these young gentlemen will stand cheerfully any punishment rather than "tattle" or "peach" or "split" on a comrade who has broken the regulations. Yet at the same time, it seems that if the luckless offender dare himself to prevaricate slightly when asked embarrassing questions by the inquisitive authorities, then the point of honor changes. It becomes the duty of his comrades to "split" on him. In other words, the man who is bad at West Point is sure of not being found out—as long as he tells on himself. This somewhat complicated ethical principle is illustrated by a recent event. Forbidden eatables were found in the tent of the cadet. According to the custom, he was ordered to give an explanation within twenty-four hours. He did so. His version was that he had given orders that the objectionable dainties be cast out and had supposed that the order had been carried out. The authorities were satisfied with the explanation. But his fellow-cadets were not. It was decided that the embryo general had prevaricated and broken the West Point code of honor. His class had a meeting and appointed a committee to wait on the commanding officer and explain the true condition of affairs. This was done. An investigation in the form of a court-martial was ordered, and the epicurean cadet is in danger of being forever disgraced for having given a slight twist to the truth.

***

Temperance in Russia.

I LIKE the manner the Russian Government has of going at things. There is something direct and unquestioning in its method of dealing with social problems that appeals to me. There are no "if's" and "but's," no vacillations about it. Take, for example, the manner in which it is attacking the temperance question. The Russian peasant has always been a heavy drinker; but since he has gained his freedom has his passion become unbridled. He will spend all his earnings, his clothes, pawn the future result of his labor to fill himself with the vile stuff furnished by the publican, who in Russia is nearly always a pawn broker at the same time. The Czar's Government has taken the evil by the roots. How? Simply by becoming itself the liquor dealer. The trade is now a government monopoly. The administration itself runs the dram shops. The result is that the Russian peasant, although able to satisfy his craving for alcohol—a craving that is natural in some degree in that rigorous climate—gets liquor that is pure, only in moderate quantities, and is freed from the octopus grasp of the publican money lender. Of course, this is happening in a "barbarous" country and cannot serve us as example.

BOSWELL, JR.

The Hidden City of Yucatan.

Searching for Aztec Ruins. A Mexican Pueblo. *Photos by Taber*

THERE is a romance hidden in Mexico, if some writer has courage and enterprise enough to go out and find it. It deals with the mysterious and unquenchable Mayas, who, like their cousins, the Yaquis, have kept the Mexican government away from their fastnesses the whole century long. It tells of an ancient and jealously-guarded city, which these people are said to maintain and govern at the very top and center of their domain, and which no white man has ever seen. The tale may be a myth, probably is, but it is a stock story of every Indian and every trader on their borders. At night, when the camp-fires are low and the cattle are asleep, and the stars draw the secrets out of men, your Indian guide will sometimes grow talkative about the people of mystery and will tell you how a brother or a cousin or an ancestor has been told by a traitor Maya of the hidden city, or has met the mysterious guard which surrounds its approaches to drive out intruders, or has stood on the peaks beyond and seen its mud-baked towers gleaming in the desert sun. He has never been there himself; "he has heard," and he says that he believes. It may be a part of the native guide's stock in trade; what should that matter to the true romancer so long as the material is there?

The Maya Revolt.

These people are a remnant of the American race which stood third in power and civilization when the white man came. First, of course, were the Peruvians, who ruled in South America, not knowing that there were other races of almost equal power beyond the trackless isthmus. Second came the Aztecs, with their great cities in Mexico and their ruined past. Below the Aztecs to the south and east, the Mayas were lords of the country, and used to engage the rulers of Mexico in fierce, barbarian battles whenever the two races clashed on the border. It is probable that their nation was in its decadence when Cortez came; at least, the ruins which strew their land mostly bear evidence of an abandonment far older than the sixteenth century, but their race was still comparatively vigorous at that date, and their civilization was a shade higher than that of the Montezumas. Mexico conquered, the successors of Cortez turned their arms against these people of the south, tried their strength in a great pitched battle and conquered them. It was a terrible fight, one of those heavy and needless slaughters which marked the Spanish conquest. The Castilian historians, strangely enough, say little of this battle or of the customs and culture of the Mayas. We only know that they went down in a great, determined engagement at Tihao, an ancient city near the spot where Merida now stands, that the conquerors took much treasure, and that they razed the town. After that, there is no record of the Mayas for two hundred years. Whether their national life was ended in this stroke, or whether the work was finished, after the Spaniards had broken their spirit, by warring tribes on the borders, is not on record. When they emerged from obscurity in a border war begun fifty years ago, their palaces were crumbled, their territory shrunk, their ancestral characteristics lost, their civilization, so far as white man could see, obliterated, and they were only a small tribe of mountain Indians who had refused the yoke of the whites. They reappeared thus in 1850 or thereabouts. They began then a continuous war on the Mexicans and on those neighboring tribes which had accepted their yoke. Since then, they have successfully resisted attacks from the Mexican government, from the forces of British Central America, and from an army of American mercenaries raised on a forlorn hope to clear them out. The long war is still on. Only last month, they beat a force of three thousand Mexicans who tried to force them into submission.

The Mysterious Town and its Guard.

The great ally of the Mayas is the nature of the country—a mountainous desert, wherein the only water-supply lies under the earth in sources known only to the natives. Thirst, more than their skill at arms, has vanquished the forces sent against them; many a company of Mexican *rurales* has died under the desert sun, totally annihilated from thirst, before firing a single shot at an Indian. And this powerful ally keeps safe and close the secret of the hidden city, if, indeed, it be anything more than a myth.

Here is a sample of the border tales: A negro, following wild pigs, was led far astray by his quarry. He wandered about for several days, and in the end was taken by a band of roving Mayas. They bound him, set him on horseback, and led him a three days' march along narrow trails into a basin of the mountains. Halting there, one of the band blew a conch-shell horn; it was answered from above, and the whole party proceeded to a long, thatched house, carefully hidden in the mountains. Here an old, gray-haired chief, with a large retinue, appeared and questioned him closely through an interpreter. The examination was very strict; the man had to account for himself, to explain his presence and his motives. He told a straight story, and the chief, after showing some anger at the Indians who had captured him, had him put on horseback, blindfolded, and taken away. He was led for two days in this manner, when the cavalcade halted, removed the blind, and set him on a road which led to his home.

A Christianized Maya created a mild sensation among the Americans in Gautemala last spring by offering to guide a party of adventurers into the forbidden town. He said that he had often visited it as a trader, going in only under special permission from the chiefs and leaving when his business was finished. He had been only in the market-place, which he described as old but in good repair and surrounded by great buildings; a temple stands at the height of the city, and the palaces of the chiefs are grouped around it. The city is rigidly governed, and the walls are guarded night and day. No one was adventurous enough to call his bluff, if it was a bluff, but he is still telling the story.

Things spread in the telling; the mysterious city may exist and be nothing wonderful, after all. It may be an old city of the dead civilization where the remnants of the tribe are living in savagery amidst ruined splendors—it may be only a collection of Indian huts which tradition has made into a town of palaces. Or it may be a real survival of the days of old, with records to show the lost history of a race whose ancestors ruled Central America when ours were harrowing the north seas looking for an abiding-place.

Correspondence.

Bryan and the Paris Peace Treaty.

Editor of the Wave:

No one denies that Mr. Bryan advocated, and was largely instrumental in securing ratification of the Paris peace treaty. He did this because he deemed ratification without modification necessary to forestall possibility of international diplomatic complications. He sagaciously foresaw that Spain might have an opportunity to pose before the European Powers as an "injured innocent," if that treaty, all in favor of the United States, was sent back to her to be acceded to in a modified form less conciliatory.

It must not be forgotten that "strained relations" subsisted between Germany and the United States, and that France and Russia did not view with great complacency Uncle Sam's advent upon the Eastern continent. Dalliance by diplomacy, which would have resulted from the non-ratification of the Paris treaty, might have served to embroil us with these Powers had John Bull remained passive. This contingency Mr. Bryan had in view, and he urged that course of action which he deemed most certain to avert it.

Then again, it should always be remembered that Mr. Bryan advocated the passage of the "Bacon resolution" immediately following the ratification of the peace treaty. This resolution declared specifically that it was not the purpose of the United States to exercise permanent sovereignty, jurisdiction or control in the Philippines, but to allow the people of the islands to maintain self-government. In a word, by this resolution the United States pledged itself to treat the Philippines and their peoples as it was pledged to treat Cuba and the Cubans.

It will be remembered that this resolution was defeated by the vote of Vice-President Hobart, the presiding officer of the Senate, who had to cast the deciding vote to break a tie.

Had this resolution been adopted by the Senate, concurred in by the House, and approved by the President, there would have been no Filipino war, and no issue of "imperialism," in so far as the control of those islands are concerned.

JOHN AUBREY JONES.

Continental Building and Loan Association.

The growth of the Continental Building and Loan Association during the past year has been little short of phenomenal. In the past twelve months it has added to its subscribed capital two millions of dollars and to its assets $400,000. In the institution subscribed capital means subscribed savings. The stockholders of the Association are drawn from among the working classes, who find by the system in vogue they get a legitimate profit on the money they can afford to invest. The gross profits of operation for the past year amounted to $139,866.55, and the net amount turned into profit for the members amounted to $95,245. Dividends were 5 per cent on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits, 10 per cent to "Class F" stock, 12 per cent to "Class A" stock. On June 30, 1900, the subscribed capital was $10,326,500, representing 103,265 shares in force. The assets at the end of June, 1899, were $1,321,845.14; at the end of June, 1900, $1,705,687.53, making an increase for the year of 29 per cent in assets and 22 per cent in shares in force.

The Piece of Gold.

From the French of Francois Coppee.

WHEN Lucien de Helm had seen his last bank-note raked in by the banker, he rose slowly from the roulette table and threw himself limply upon the leather-upholstered bench that followed the wall around the room. He felt weak and dizzy. For a few minutes he gazed vaguely upon the tables over which he had wasted the best years of his youth. He recognized the tired faces of some of the players, yellow beneath the lamp shades; heard the rubbing of the rake over the green cloth; told himself that he was ruined; saw as vividly as if they were before him the two holster-pistols in the left hand drawer of his desk, up in his room—the same pistols which his father, General de Helm, then captain, had used so bravely at the assault of Zaatcha; then he fell asleep.

When he awoke, broken with unhealthy fatigue, he was surprised to see that he had slumbered only a half-hour. The big clock on the other side of the room marked a quarter to twelve. With a bitter smile, he realized that in a few minutes it would be Christmas. A great longing for the fresh cold air of night seized him.

At the door, however, old Dronski, the classic Pole of the den, intercepted him. "Lend me five francs, monsieur," he mumbled in his unkempt grey beard. "For two days I have not left the table and for two days No. 17 has not come up. Mock if you please, but I would stake my arm upon it; 17 will come at the stroke of twelve."

Lucien de Helm shrugged his shoulders and passed by. Five francs! He did not have even that. He went out into the hall, put on his hat and pelisse and, with feverish agility ran down the stairs into the street. During the twelve hours that he spent in the den, much snow had fallen and the streets were white. In the black-blue sky, the stars scintillated coldly. The gamester shuddered and started to walk rapidly, drawn on irresistibly by the picture of the two pistols awaiting him up there in his room. Suddenly he stopped.

Beneath the monumental archway of a private residence, on the stone bench placed according to a by-gone custom against the wall, a little girl sat fast asleep. Her black dress was in rags and the collapse of the whole body told of fatigue, misery and despair. One of her shoes had slipped off her foot and lay in the snow. With a mechanical gesture Lucien's hand moved to his empty pocket, and then he approached the child in an instinctive movement of pity. Something glittering in the slipper at her feet drew his attention. He stooped down to see. It was a piece of gold.

Some charitable person had seen the shoe before the sleeping child and, remembering the Christmas legend, had dropped the munificent gift into it so that on awakening, she would know herself remembered by the "little Noel"—the children's Christ—who, on the anniversary of his nativity, goes about in the dead of night filling with presents the shoes which the little children place for him at their hearths.

"A Little Girl Sat Fast Asleep."

Twenty francs! It meant days of rest and well-being to the little beggar and Lucien was just on the point of waking her to tell her of her good luck when, right in his ear, with the distinctness of an hallucination, he heard the voice of the Pole murmur:

"For two days I have not left the tables and for two days No 17 has not come out. I would stake my arm upon it; at the stroke of midnight 17 will come."

And then a fearful thought took possession of him, a mad, hysterical, monstrous desire. He looked about him, saw that he was alone, and, with bended knee and trembling hand, he stole the gold of the sleeping beggar-child! Then, on the run, he rushed back to the gambling hell, clambered up the steps in a few mad bounds, burst into the room and, just as the clock sounded the first stroke of midnight, threw the piece of gold upon the green cloth with a hoarse cry.

"On seventeen, all!"

And seventeen won.

With a nervous jerk of the hand, he raked the thirty-six pieces he had won over to the red.

Red won.

He left the seventy-two louis on the red. Again, red won.

And then he was seized with a mad exultation. He could not lose. All of his combinations succeeded. It was supernatural luck. The little ivory ball hopping about in the compartments of the roulette seemed magnetized, fascinated by the eyes of the gambler. In ten strokes he had regained the night's loss, and now, risking enormous sums at each punt he was winning back the hereditary fortune which he had squandered through many mad nights of dissipation. The pockets of his pelisse which, in his haste to begin play, he had not removed, were bursting with gold and bank-notes; now he was stuffing with coin and paper the pockets of his frock-coat and vest and trousers, his cigar-holder, his handkerchief, his hat, everything which could serve as a receptacle. And he kept on playing and winning, mad with the frenzy of gain, throwing gold upon the table with insolent certainty of success.

But a hot iron seemed pressed against his heart and the picture of the little beggar maid asleep in the snow would not leave him.

"She is there yet," his thoughts ran, "she certainly is there yet. In an hour, yes, when one o'clock sounds, I'll go there—I swear it; I'll go out; I'll take her up, all asleep, in my arms and I'll put her to bed, in my room. And I'll adopt her, I'll love her like my daughter, bring her up like a princess; I'll care for her, always."

But the clock struck one, and the quarter, and the half, and the three-quarters—and Lucien was still at the infernal table.

Just before the stroke of two, the banker rose. "The bank has failed, messieurs," he said. "Enough for to-night!"

In one bound Lucien was up and out. From afar, in the light of a gas jet, he saw the child, still on the bench.

"God be thanked!" he cried. "She is still there."

He approached her and seized her hand.

"How cold she is, poor little girl!" he murmured.

He took her up in his arms. Her head fell back limply and she did not awake.

"How they sleep at that age!" he thought.

He pressed her against his heart to warm her, then seized with a vague fear, bent his head close to hers, intending to awaken her with a kiss.

But he perceived that her eye-lids were half open and that her eyes were glassy and motionless.

While he had been amassing a fortune with the piece of gold that he had stolen from her, the poor homeless child had died, died of the pitiless cold, of the pitiless neglect.

Struck to the heart with the terrible truth, Lucien gave way to a cry—and awoke, moaning on the bench of the empty gambling-hall where he had gone to sleep the night before. A pale, foggy light whitened the windows. It was dawn.

Lucien went out, pawned his watch, took a bath, breakfasted, and going to the nearest recruiting office, enlisted in the 1st regiment of "Chasseurs d'Afrique."

* * *

In Algiers, there is a first lieutenant of "Chasseurs" who is considered somewhat cranky. Of undoubted bravery—he has risen from the ranks to his present position,—a slave to his duty, he shuns the pleasures with which his brother-officers strive to lighten the monotony of garrison-life. Once, people explained this by saying that he was a miser. But one day a curious officer having seen him drop something into the hand of a little Spanish beggar-maid asleep against a wall, looked to learn the nature of the miser's alm. In the hand of the little girl was a piece of gold.

THE PROPRIETIES IN CHINA.—There is everything in the point of view. In China it is considered very unwomanly for a woman not to wear trousers, and highly indecorous for a man not to have skirts to his coat. It is no wonder that the Chinese look askance at the ordinary American or European who comes among them. To the Chinese, says the author of *Intimate China*, it seems very unfitting for a lady to go out unattended by a woman—and for a woman to stand firmly on her feet and walk on them like a man is shocking.

BALLADE OF CONCEIT.

To all ye Critics who come to chill
  And to smirch the work of the blessed few,
Who feed on the fancy they try to kill,
  I snap my fingers—the sapless crew!
What do I care if they bark and mew?
  This in the teeths of the mouths that whine:
What have ye wrought ye can say this to:
  "By Jove, I made it, and it is mine!"

Never a book that was writ so ill,
  Never a picture so false of hue,
Never a song with so little thrill,
  That it had not something I'm glad was true!
What if I fail? I can still pursue
  Joy of Creation, the gift divine!
And he who creates has at least this view:
  "By Jove, I made it, and it is mine!"

Thank God, who gave me the wits and will,
  And the raging passion to put it through,
I never saw task that took so much skill
  I dared not try, and I cared not do!
  My work is crude, and a bit askew,
You're free to condemn it, line by line,
  But, bred of my brain, in my heart it grew;
"By Jove, I made it, and it is mine!"

ENVOY.

Critics, your parasite life renew!
  Drink my conceit for it flows like wine;
Here is my poem, and here is your cue:
  "By Jove, I made it, and it is mine!"—Gelett Burgess

IN THE SWIM.

An Automobile Gymkhana.

The very latest is an automobile gymkhana which was brought off at the Ranelagh Country Club, near London recently. The first event on the program was called a "handicap bending race for motor carriages," the competitors having to twist in and out among a number of light poles stuck in the lawn, and on reaching the end of the course return to the starting point backwards. There were some very clever exhibitions of skillful manipulation as well as some clumsy ones by people who get rather rattled by the laughter of the spectators, and the first prize was won by Mr. Cecil Grimshaw, who moted on a double cylinder "sports" car in a very clean cut and convincing manner. Not only did he steer both forwards and backwards with consummnte ease, but he ran the double course at so rapid a gait that no one else was in it with him. The second prize was won by the Hon. C. S. Rolls on his Panhard car that was voted the winner of the recent 1000 mile trial trip or test trip from London to Edinburgh and back again.

Next came a competition in starting automobiles from "cold," all who took part having to manage motors fitted with the tube method of ignition, and the winner turned up in a Pengot machine of eight horse-power. The Hon. Mr. Rolls was also second in this event.

The fair sex had the third item all to themselves with a race in and out among some posts, there being half a dozen entries, and the winner being a young lady who had a six horse power Daimler car, and the second a married lady who engineered a De Dion voiturette so well that the judges displayed some hesitation in making the awards.

"The fourth event was called on the program a motor tricycle coat and waistcoat race," and the course was four times around the splendid stretch of lawn which was used throughout the afternoon for the display. At the end of the first lap the competitors had to stop, take off their coats, hang them on pegs sticking from a row of posts, and go on again, and the same process was repeated with their waistcoats at the end of the second lap. At the end of the third, both garments had to be put on again "and fully buttoned up," after which another round had to be completed before the race was over. Mr. R. H. Langrishe, who had won the "starting from cold" competition, was the successful performer of these conditions.

An interesting item was the "sudden stopping" competition, those who took part having to dash along at a high speed, and pull up as closely as possible to a "property" brick wall, made of painted canvas, and which toppled over with the slightest impact. Several times it was knocked down, and in two instances the results to both motor cars and motor carists would certainly have been disastrous had the wall been the real thing. Others dashed at it at racing speed, and pulled up to a dead stop within a foot of the obstacle, a very skillful performer being Mr. E. Campbell Muir, who had a steam car of the Stanley make, and who was awarded the first prize. The second fell to the share of a Mr. Phillips, whose car was of French manufacture. He won the last event on the card with same car, and it was a very trying test of the "squirming" order, the lawn having been marked out with a course of abnormal curvings, and here and there the pilots had to run the risk of knocking down dummy policemen, ladies and children.

* *

Social intercourse in the Philippines is not without its especial difficulties. The mestiza hostesses have a way of asking embarrassing questions of their American visitors, based upon their faulty ideas of the matrimonial relation in America. Some of the good friars have given them to understand we are a nation of Mormons and that our respect for the marriage tie is the slightest. According to *Town Topics*, the conventional conversation invariably begins about this way:

(Eyes elongated with pleasurable expectation)—"How many wives has your husband had?"

(Evidently disappointed, and in a tone of condolence)—"Only you? Is it possible? I suppose he has but recently arrived at a competence."

(With renewed animation, and hopefully)—"And how many husbands have you had?"

(Dejectedly)—"Only this one? You astonish me!"

(Again, hopefully)—"How many wives did your father have?"

* * *

One American woman, who prided herself on her ready wit, and who had undergone several uncomfortable half-hours in regard to her married experiences, resolved to retaliate. It was at Cebu, on the island of that name. A marriage is not considered as fully consummated, over there, unless it is accompanied by a grand *fiesta* to which the whole island is invited and at which everyone eats, drinks and dances for three days at the expense of the bride's parents. The expense is something to stagger even the well-to-do mestizo. Consequently, even people in a good social position frequently assume the marriage relation and keep it up for an indefinite number of years before the tie is consummated by Church and wedding feast. Meanwhile, the husband-to-be stands as godfather for his children. Having this fact in mind, the American woman, with a ready wit, patiently responded to the usual questions one day and then proceeded to put some in return:

"How many children," she asked, anticipating great confusion on the part of her mestiza victim, "did you have before you were married?"

The mestiza calmly counted on her fingers: "Six," she said, "and three more since then."

Undaunted, the American woman returned to the charge: "And how many years," she asked, "did you live with your husband before you were married?"

Again the mestiza, unabashed, checked on her fingers: "Nine years," she said, calmly.

The American woman gave it up.

* * *

Archery in France.

Last season, the Frenchwoman made a mild effort to imitate the athletic, country life of the English girl. Out-of-door sports and the appropriate costumes became a mild rage. It was not a fashion which had any elements of stability, however. The Frenchwoman is not naturally athletic, and, more potent reason, she does not look at her best in short skirts and tailor-mades. Therefore, French society adopted a compromise in an archery craze. The practice of the bow and butts is not really an athletic sport, being four parts picturesqueness to one part strength and skill, and it does not require athletic costume. One can draw the bow very well when attired in the most fluffy and frilly of summer muslins. This arrangement suits the French so well that archery is likely to be a reigning amusement for the next few seasons. Tennis, which means harder work and plainer costuming, is being rapidly driven from favor.

One of the most fashionable up-the-river country clubs gave a big tournament last week. Most of the women wore delicate muslins and picture hats. A few, a very few, were dressed in the English country style. Very ill-dressed they seemed, too—as much so as an English girl seems in fluffy French gowns—and they were frowned upon and disapproved of by the majority of the ladies present. One or two wore linen gowns, half-way between serviceability and frivolity. A specially dainty one was of light green linen trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The skirt opened in deep V's around the bottom to show an underskirt made of pleats about an inch deep edged with Valenciennes. The bodice had a bolero with long sleeves, both pleated, and worn over a skirt of tucks and embroidery. The hat was of white pique trimmed with a scarf of green and white gauze and finished in a bow.

A gown which strayed further from the athletic idea was of white crepe with lace insertion run through the crepe in parallel lines and narrow black ribbon run through the insertion. The gown was mounted over rose silk. About the bottom of the skirt were several ruffles, one above the other, some of pink and some of thin white, and a fringe of velvet loops of irregular loops fell over this. The bodice had a bolero of cluny lace, closed in front with a chou of black gauze. The choker of black tulle had a small chou at the back, with long ends floating to the hem of the skirt.

Imagine, O my countrywomen, practicing a sport supposed to be athletic in such a gown.

MEDITATIONS OF A MATRON.

BY MRS. CRICKET.

I AM having such a very enjoyable time, my dear Diary, and living in anticipation of more fun every day. It is simply wonderful at Del Monte at present. All those who are here are practising golf, and swimming, and driving, and making up their minds how they can best give their friends a good time. I love the whirl of a big crowd. Robert loves the beautiful clothes and the girls. San Francisco is lucky to have so many really striking girls amongst her best people. So far it seems to me Edith Preston is the handsomest girl; she has also charming manners. Carrie Taylor is a great favorite though not so *chic* as Mrs. George Pope; she has a decided personality, which is always attractive. Therese Morgan generally looks well. She is getting quite athletic, and sits a horse admirably. Helen Wagner always attracts me; she has such a soft, sweet smile in her eyes and is so very sympathetic. I like to see her with her sister, Mrs. Macarthy, they seem to have such a good time together.

Now I must tell you, Diary dear, what we are doing. The most industrious, or shall I say ambitious, arise very early in the morning to play tennis or golf. Those practising for the tournament take it most seriously, and I think I have noticed a stereotyyed expression on the golfist's face that sort of reminds me of the bicyclist's rigid frown. I do wonder how it feels to have one thing mean as much to one as golf does to any number of girls. Mr. Folger and Mr. Fitzgerald are the two men whom I like to watch. Mr. Folger is stunningly built and attracts me so much. He plays so well but cannot make a better score than Mr. Fitzgerald, who is rather slight and decidedly a man with a brain. He is very jolly. Both he and Mr. Folger intend contesting for the cup. The prizes are quite worth while. I should like to have a cup bearing a flattering inscription; it would be so nice to fill with flowers on one's drawing-room table.

POLO AND GOLF.

The band stand this year at Del Monte, opposite the door, is a mass of vines and looks quite as though it was a permanency. I am sorry that we could not have a moon, but I put my trust in the fact that the place will be a mass of lanterns, and we shall need nothing else. The polo ponies from the South are arriving, also the men. We shall all miss Charley Baldwin at polo—he was so plucky and really a good rider. I hear that Ella's health has not improved at all, in fact I really believe that she is quite seriously ill. We all anticipate, however, that her return to America will make her strong again. I remember last year at this time we were so worried about Walter Hobart, and now he is outshining older players by his fine game of tennis. Everyone is fond of Walter. I do not know a nicer nor more thoughtful fellow. Mr. Raoul Duval is also very popular; he is delightfully polite. Beatrice and he make an ideal couple—they are so congenial. Mrs. Gilman Brown, Mrs. Johnson, and Edith McBean are all here from San Rafael. They each play an excellent game of golf. Mrs. Brown's is really masterful. I wonder shall I ever play like her!

I miss lots of the people of last year. There was Mrs. Cunningham, now Mrs. Folger, Emily Hager, now Mrs. Walter Dean and Katherine Dillon, who is at the Hotel Rafael. I cannot imagine anyone staying away from Del Monte at this time. We have lots of dinners and small suppers at the club house. Mrs. Eleanor Martin makes an admirable chaperon for Peter, who is forever giving all sorts of parties. I really like him—he is so gay and bright and such good company.

DISENGAGEMENTS AND BETROTHALS.

I received a letter the other day from Ethel Dorothy Patton telling me she is not engaged as was announced some time ago in the papers here, also telling me that Helen Woolworth was staying at the same hotel in Paris, also unengaged and unmarried. They, she said, had a great deal of fun over the disposition of their hearts and hands by the papers out here. We are to have two new engagements; one is one of the older girls of San Mateo county, who is to marry an Easterner and the other is some one we all rather expect to be engaged.

Allyse Latham, Helen Hopkins and Jane Greenwood are to have October weddings also, my dear Leila, so I advise you all to save up for wedding presents. They have been a great item this year; I have given over twenty since the first of January. Maribel Gwinn Follis has taken the Hart house on Jackson street near Octavia for the winter, and I believe will entertain in a quiet way. The Kips have taken the pretty little Garness house on Pine near Hyde. Clemmie, now Mrs. Edie, will remain with them during the winter; she is much better since her return from Manila. Emma Butler is the latest acquisition in San Rafael. She is the sort of girl that everyone likes and is decidedly handsome. Cora Smedberg, the Smith girls, Mary Kip, Katherine Dillon, Emma Butler, all have their good times together. None of these girls play golf, but do a great deal of driving and walking. Burlingame is gathering up bag and baggage for Del Monte, so I have no news from there. The Vendome at San Jose is pretty crowded. That of all places on earth is the most delightful, so far as drives are concerned; it is in a beautiful valley and attracts more Easterners to settle there every year.

Now, Diary dear, next week I shall tell you all the fun of the sports and who is the fortunate possessor of the cup.

I should like to have told you something about the jinks, but I would not let Robert go and Arthur has not put in an appearance since. I suppose it was much as usual a great deal of ceremony, speeches and the most necessary of all a superabundance of onion soup next day.

I know any number of girls who would give half they possess to get a bird's eye view, not ear, however, of the whole affair. But, Diary dear, I am not one of these; Robert says I would not enjoy it—and he knows.

Don't Forget! What?

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF

ADMISSION DAY

IN

SAN FRANCISCO

SEPTEMBER 9 to 11, 1900

ONE FARE

From all Southern Pacific Co. Points in California to

San Francisco and Return

Inquire of _____

S. P. CO. AGENT AT DEPOT
For Exact Rates, Dates and Full Particulars

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports: 11 a. m. August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):* 2 p. m. August 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Sept. 5, and every fifth day thereafter. *Friday only.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports: 9 a. m. August 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Sept. 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles): 11 a. m. August 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Sept. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

TO CHICAGO IN THREE DAYS.

From San Francisco at 10 A. M.

Chicago Union Pacific and Northwestern Line.

DOUBLE DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with Barber, Dining-Cars; meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast.

617 Market Street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **HONOLULU only**, Wednesday, August 22, at 2 p. m.

S. S. Mariposa for **AUSTRALIA**, Wednesday September 5, at 8 p. m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 114 MONTGOMERY ST.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

Magazines and their Makers

Harpers'.

The August magazines are advertised as fiction numbers. They do contain a quantity of fiction, most of it poor. In *Harper's* there are eight stories, of which "The Lady of the Barge" is the best. It is not a distinguished effort for W. W. Jacobs, however. Miss Wilkins' story is flat. Margaret Sutton Briscoe's "His Old Love" is seriously overstrained. "In a Hansom," by Brander Matthews, is a pale sketch.

The Century.

In the *Century* there are several good features. "Summer Holidays in Alaskan Waters," by John Burroughs, is a brief description of "things seen" in the Harriman Expedition to Alaska last summer. The second paper of "Memories of a Musical Life," by William Mason, contains interesting stories of the great pianists of the mid-century. Mason seems to have meet and known most of the celebrated artists. He missed Chopin, of whom, however, he tells a good story. A young and robust pianist had been playing the "Polonaise Militaire" to the composer, and had broken a string. When, in confusion, he began to apologize, Chopin said to him, "Young man, if I had your strength, and could play that polonaise as it should be played, there would not be a sound string in the instrument when I got through." There are some excellent colored illustrations of the New York Aquarium. The instalment of Oliver Cromwell is, as ever, superbly illustrated. Considering the regard of the *Century* for dialect and psychology in its fiction it is surprising to find so frisk a tale as "The Helmet of Navarre" in its rather pedantic pages. Miss Runkle makes so admirable a beginning that she is certain of her readers to the end. As for the other tales adorning this number, their caliber may be gathered from "Hezekiah's Wives," which describes the peculiarities of a canary bird's mates. It's wildly enticing.

The Atlantic.

'Twere better had the editor of the Sunday *Journal* been selected to edit the *Atlantic Monthly* after the retirement of C. T. Page, than the excellent Professor Bliss Perry of Columbia College. The university man is doubtless a personage in literary circles but he lacks the skill or experience to make a readable magazine. The tone of the publication since he assumed control has grown pedantic. It has certainly not had a good story. There has been an overabundance of solid, stolid matter, and the poetry, with the exception of "Gramarye," in the current number, has been more rythmical than readable. However, Mrs. Spofford's poem is really a gem. The "Sunday Sup" editor would undoubtedly have lacked the extraordinary prescience of Mr. Page, who knows better than any man in America the sources of good literary material, but he could never have perpetrated such dull contents tables as Professor Perry.

McClure's.

McClure's contains three stories with life and blood in them. "Grit of Women" is one of the best Jack London has done. It has that epic quality which distinguishes his finest work. The episode and its actors are lifted to a higher level than their intrinsic importance seems to warrant. "Conductor Pat Francis" is an incident of real life, told with a fine sentimental swing. "In the Matter of His Nibs," a "true story from the under-world," commences a series which should prove excellent. The "White Sheep" is capitally told. Indeed the fiction in this number is well worth reading and shows judgment and sense in the editors

* *

Young Authors and Their Publishers.

There is immense competition these days among the publishing houses. All are on the look-out for new men and are willing to do great things for the promising young author. The McClures' set the fashion of capturing the youthful celebrity and binding him to their establishment with silvern chains. Silvern is used advisedly, because under the conditions exacted the embryo is not equipped to reside at the Waldorf-Astoria. Frank Norris was one of the first to have a New York opportunity given him in McClure's. William Allen White's reputation has been fostered in the same quarter. Booth Tarkington, whose *Monsieur Beaucaire* is accepted in quarters that would have none of his *Gentleman from Indiana*, is another. It was on the strength of the first story that the second was asked for. Yet there is nothing to suggest a capacity to get up a homely American tale such as the yarn of the editor and the whitecaps from such a charming and graceful story as *Beaucaire*. On the acceptance of the Indiana tale, J. T. Phillips, treasurer of the concern, staked his reputation, and his judgment was abundantly justified by the immense sale of the book

* *

Jack London's Career.

The latest acquisition to the McClure symposium is Jack London, the Californian of whose short stories a sheaf have been accepted. He is now under contract to write a novel for them. London has had more extraordinary experiences than fall to the lot of the average writer. Though quite a young man he has "tramped" it all over the continent, undergoing, like Josiah Flynt, all the hardships of the "hobo's" life for the sake of acquiring a knowledge of humanity in the rough. His career in the Klondike is but a phase of his adventures. That he posseses the seeing eye is abundantly evidenced by the expressions of miners and prospectors from the Arctic who have read *The Son of the Wolf*. They pronounce it a marvelous transcript of the life of the icy wilds of the Yukon.

* *

Another New Magazine.

Another new magazine is promised—*The World's Work*, with Doubleday, Page & Co. for publishers. Mr. Page will be its editor, which certifies in advance to the character of *The World's Work*. As is elsewhere said, Mr. Page is the best magazine editor in the country. A very serious publication it is designed to be—no fiction. Economics, criticism and travel. The first issue appears November 1st.

* *

Everybody's Magazine is rather a flat effect, being neither one thing nor another. The printing is poor, the make-up without any distinction, the stories lacking vitality. In *Cassell's Magazine* one is sure to find a good story or two and articles of some interest. The make-up also, is clumsy, however.

* *

Rudyard Kipling's New Novel.

The serial rights of Kipling's new novel go to *McClure's Magazine*, but Doubleday, Page & Co. publish the book. There was a serious contention, I believe, between the new firm and the old, now McClure & Phillips, as to which should retain the Kipling connection. The great author finally divided his patronage, but it is said the price exacted for the serial rights was extraordinarily high.

Rudyard Kipling's system of making poetry is original. His poems are never written down until they are to be published. He composes entirely in his head and keeps the lines there until the occasion for transcription arrives.

During the summer season cramps come upon us unexpectedly; you should be prepared for an emergency of this kind, as otherwise you will suffer agony for hours. Keep a bottle of PAIN-KILLER handy and go by directions on the wrapper, it will surprise you how quickly relief will come. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', Price 25 and 50 cents.

For home use, for bar use, for physicians' use, for everybody's use, Jesse Moore Whiskey is always the best and is in most general demand.

Moet and Chandon

The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the world.

White Seal (Grand Cuvee), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal.*

Go where you will, the best saloons sell Jesse Moore Whiskey.

Will You Have a

Club Cocktail

Before Your Dinner?

You can offer this polite attention to the guest who dines with you at your home if you have a bottle of the **"Club Cocktails."** They are home Cocktails. They are on the sideboards of thousands of homes.

Are they on yours? It's the proper thing to have.

The age of the **"Club Cocktails,"** the pure liquors used, the perfect blending, make them better than you can mix; better than any cocktail served over any bar in the world. Send home a bottle of Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland or Tom Gin, Vermouth or York, to-day.

For sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
29 Broadway, N.Y. Hartford, Conn.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS,
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,
Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

Santa Fe Trains

GO TO

Antioch	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Bakersfield	9 a m		8 p m
Chicago	9 a m		
Denver	9 a m		
Fresno	9 a m		8 p m
Hanford	9 a m		8 p m
Joliet	9 a m		
Kansas City	9 a m		
Leavenworth	9 a m		
Merced	9 a m		8 p m
Newton	9 a m		
Phoenix	9 a m		
Stockton	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Tulare	9 a m		8 p m
Visalia	9 a m		8 p m
Williams	9 a m		

Personally conducted Excursions to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston every MONDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in Pullman's Best Tourist Sleeping Cars. Try this NEW ROUTE.

Get full information and handsome folder at

628 MARKET STREET

or at Santa Fe Ticket Office

Ferry Building, Foot of Market Street

Alfred Cane Luther A. Teague Frederick Teague

TEAGUE, CANE & TEAGUE

Dentists

Claus Spreckels Building

Tel. Main 1459 Third and Market Sts., 6th Floor

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Trusts add combinations do not affect Jesse Moore Whiskey. Its fame is established; its quality is the finest and it is always the best.

Orpheum

Newzky Troupe, Lew Hawkins, Caroline Hull; Arnim and Wagner; Four Juggling Johnsons; Sam Morris and Company; Mrs. Bessie Blitz-Paxton; Macart's Dogs and Monkeys; Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

ONE WEEK, BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY

Matinee Wednesday and Saturday

Charles Frohman presents the enormous double triumph HENRY MILLER and a special company in the great romantic play

THE ONLY WAY.

Adapted by Freeman Wills from Charles Dickens' novel. A Tale of Two Cities.

Thursday Afternoon and Sunday night – Burton Holmes Lectures.

Alcazar Theatre

Fred Belasco and Mark Thall, Managers

Phone Main 254

Week of Monday, August 20th

Last week but one of

FLORENCE ROBERTS

Supported by

White Whittlesey

Beautiful Costume and Scenic Production of

SAPHO

Only matinee Saturday. Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50c.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

H. Friedlander & Co., Lessees and Managers

Telephone Main 1731

One week only Commencing Sunday Eve., Aug. 20. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

LEE

and his Company

HYPNOTISTS

Silvain A. Lee is recognized as the greatest exponent of his art in the world, and is the only living Hypnotist performing the difficult feat of putting his audience to sleep from the stage.

POPULAR PRICES.

Morosco's Grand Opera House

Glorous Triumph of the new

Frawley Company

Last nights of "Trilby" with the regular cast. Week beginning Monday Aug. 20th the Rejane Version of Daudet's Immortal

SAPHO

Prices:—10, 15, 25 and 50 cents. A few front rows in orchestra, 75 cents.

Next play—"The Silver King."

TIVOLI.

Curtain rises at 8 p. m. sharp.

Tonight, "Othello," Sunday night, "Rigoletto."

Week of August 20th.

Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights

TANNHAUSER

Avedano, Salassa, Lichter, Schuster and Stewart

Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday nights, Saturday matinee

MIGNON

Poletini, Repetto, Russo, Graham and Nicolini.

Popular prices, 25 and 50 cents Telephone Bush 9

Seats on sale seven days ahead only.

Electric Supplies

CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIRS

California Electrical Works

409 MARKET STREET

THEATRICALS.

When Critics Differ.

Great minds, it is evident, do not run in the same channel. Take, for instance, the diverse impressions made on Alan Dale in the New York *Journal* and on Geraldine Bonner in the *Argonaut*, by Materlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" as enacted by Mrs. Pat Campbell in London. Now Miss Bonner is one of the most intelligent and conscientious of critics. She does not mistake smartness for cleverness as Alan Dale so often does. The latter is perhaps the most popular of American critics, because of his "cute" style, his light wit, his airy and frolicksome egotism. Miss Bonner treats Mrs. Campbell with respect and "Pelleas and Melisande" as a product of genius. Alan Dale says "it was accompanied by what I can only call brown music, and might as well have been called 'Jack and Jill.'"

Mrs. Bessie Blitz Paxton

Miss Bonner says:

"It is the same story as 'Paola and Francesca' Pelleas—the brother loves the strange princess, who moves through the old palace like a silent golden shadow crowned with ebon hair. Goland suspects the love, watches, thinks that his wife is unfaithful and kills Pelleas and indirectly Melisande. The author treats the story as the Greek dramatists did."

Says Alan Dale, on the contrary

"Nobody appreciates a little bit of the artistic un-ordinary more than I do, but when it comes to wrapping up a greasy story of adultery in all the high-falutin paraphernalia of mysticism—well, I'm not taking any to-day, thanks."

Of Mrs. Campbell, Miss Bonner says:

"She is a woman of extraordinary slenderness—thin, we would call her, with long, delicate arms and long, pale hands and a long, white throat. She wore a cloth-of-gold dress that was without form from the neck to the feet, like an umbrella. * * * The last touch to this thrilling creature's beauty is a wave of amazing black hair, mysterious as midnight, seeming to be endowed with a life of its own."

Here cometh Alan Dale:

"Mrs. Pat was fittingly attired in yellow satin, made all in one, and this gave her the appearance of a neatly draped lamp-post. She was moaning. They always moan in Maeterlinck. They would sooner moan than dine. Huge strands of black hair, like unto that of the seven Northerland sisters, covered her."

Miss Mabelle Gilman

There is a balcony scene in which Melesande lets down her hair to Pelleas below. In the true Maeterlinck style he cries: "Cover me with it. Oh, it is overflowing! Oh, that beautiful flood of hair! Do you hear my kisses all down your hair?" This is how the scene appearad to Alan Dale:

"It was all so mystic! But I thought he was going to lunch on poor Melisande's tresses. It looked like it, and hair *au gratin* is not tempting. But Pelleas took the hair and wound it round the trunk of a tree, regardless of the fact that Melisande had to hold her head in a most uncheery position. What it meant, I don't know—I shall never know—I should loathe to know. I imagine that she would be caught by the hair, and that Goland would come in and "cop" her. But Pelleas carefully unwound the hair, and all was well."

Truly, the eye sees with what the eye brings to see, and comparisons are odious, but this is the same episode according to Miss Bonner:

"I wish I had room enough to describe the scene where Mrs. Campbell leans out of the window, combing her hair. Such midnight hair, clouds of it, with ends that curled round Pelleas' fingers like the tendrils of the sweet-pea vine. To keep her there, talking with him, he ties her by the hair to the branches of a tree. For pure beauty and romance, it was an exquisite scene, and a curious murmur, half approbation, half amaze, rose from the audience."

* *

How Hoyt Wrote His Farces.

Charles H. Hoyt, who for years made the world laugh and then became mad from grief, was a hard worker. Notwithstanding their seeming joyous spontaneity, his farces were the result of the most concentrated labor. He usually spent a year on each of his productions before bringing it to New York, devoting about half of that time to making it ready for the first performance and the rest on improvements while using it on a tour of minor towns. He did not start writing a play with a definite outline in his mind, but would merely take an incident or character that had come under his personal observation and proceed deliberately to develop this nucleus into a full-fledged farce. This process was slow and painfully laborious. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, but was alive to the difficulty of delivering fun across the footlights. The farce, as it appeared on its first representation, was really only half evolved. The first performance was to him only the beginning of the polishing process. Every night during this period he sat in the audience to observe the effects, appearing at the rehearsal the next day with a hundred and one little alterations—interpolations, eliminations and changes in action and diction. Six months of this work usually brought the work to its perfection, and then only did Hoyt bring it before a New York audience.

* *

The Evolution of Ernest Hastings.

Ernest Hastings, who has been playing leading roles in the Alcazar stock company all the year, is engaged by Blanche Walsh for chief support during the coming season. Mr. Hastings is an actor of great versatility, probably just at the verge of a larger success, and will be well adapted to the Sardou roles which he will undertake in the Walsh productions, although his work this season showed character roles to be his forte. He has evolved rapidly in the past two or three years from a juvenile and matinee favorite to a serious actor, and has arrived at the stage where he may expect to expand to his full powers. It is interesting to note, by-the-way, that while many actresses achieve success at twenty or twenty-one, few actors come anywhere near to obtaining recognition before thirty. Most of them work for a good ten years before reaching their full

Continued on page 22.

A Mother's True Friend

"I would like to express my gratitude for the benefit received from your wonderful medicine, 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mrs. H. C. Anderson, of South Britain, New Haven Co., Conn., (Box 33). "During the first month of pregnancy I could not keep anything on my stomach. Was so sick that I had to go to bed and stay for weeks. I tried different doctors, but with little benefit. I read about many being helped by using your medicine so I thought I would give it a trial. I began to take your 'Favorite Prescription' in November and I had a nice little baby girl in February following. My baby weighed over eight pounds. I was only in hard labor about one hour and got along nicely during confinement; was up and dressed on the eighth day. I never had the doctor with me at all. My friends thought that I was sick a very short time. I think Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed *a mother's true friend*, for it helped me wonderfully."

FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

IF YOU WANT

The Best Coal Oil

BUY

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM

THE TAILOR

1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

Physicians would not recommend Jesse Moore Whiskey if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

Bank of California

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000. Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account Jan. 1st, 1900, $2,321,212

William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; S. Prentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary.

CORRESPONDENTS

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, Union National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Dis. conto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies; Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China-Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus $2,238,372 45
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits, July 30, 1900 ..... 28,958,395.02

OFFICERS

President ..... B. A. Becker
First Vice-President ..... Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President ..... H. Horstmann
Cashier ..... A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier ..... Wm. Hermann
Secretary ..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary ..... A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hohte, I. N. Walker,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA STREET

Deposits, July 1, 1900 ..... $26,952,875
Paid Up Capital 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 218,093
Contingent Fund 439,608

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Premery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier; R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Gakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

33 POST STREET
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital 300,000

James D. Phelan, President; S. G. Murphy, Vice-Pres.: John A. Hooper, Vice-Pres.; George A. Story, Cashier; C. B. Hobson, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal and James McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co. or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

1875 CALIFORNIA 1900

Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

PHONE BUSH 165.

Safe-Deposit Boxes from $5.00 per year up. Trunks and Valuables of every Description Stored in Fire and Burglar-Proof Vaults at $1.00 per month.

Office Hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO.

General Agents.

Occultism at the Exposition.

By Etienne Marcel.

IT is one of the regrets of those Exposition visitors who have a sense of humor that the Spiritualists' Convention of the last World's Fair was not made a permanent feature. Not that we would laugh at the real and sincere spiritualists, but the crowd of astrologists, necromancers, occultists and fortune-tellers who followed in their wake, lingered about the convention and tried to get a hearing on the floor was most amusing. It was impossible this year, Flammarion having but lately recanted and the faith having broken up into many sects. Nevertheless, a swarm of fortune-tellers and of professed dabblers in the mystic arts are here—for what there is in it. What is more, they are making money. You choose according to your pocket and your station in life. If you go in for style, there is a "professor" with an Arabic name, a long robe, a jewelled wand and a mysterious, low-lighted apartment—who will throw in frills and trimmings in the shape of astrological jargon and charge you ten dollars; if you are a little less exacting, you may have your palm read or your cards interpreted by a common, ordinary "gypsy life reader," who will charge you from two to five dollars according to your gullability; further down the list, for those who do not care about appearances, are a man and woman who stand by the grand entrance, read the number of your lottery ticket blind-folded, and tell you if you will win; this costs only ten centimes and is the very peasantry of the occult.

Probably the most solemn and gilded old fake of them all is one Dr. Encasse, who travels and does business under the mystic name of Papus. He is at the head of the guild, and makes as much money as any two others. His main hold is stage effect; he understands make-up. He has the usual impressive appearance of the fashionable fortune-teller, and he heightens the effect, I have reason to believe, by dyeing his eyebrows and eyelashes in order to render his deep, black eyes the deeper. He dresses, while in his apartments, in flowing robes.. These same apartments are decorated in the height of art; no cheap display of astrological signs or blue-tinted ceiling with gilt stars, but heavy tapestries with ghostly shadows and haunting odors. He will tell you that the real occult art dwells among the poor and humble followers of the cult, that all high-priced magicians are fakes—except himself. "Papus" is the wizard who raised a teapot sensation in the world of magic by challenging Stanislaus da Guaita to a duel at the time of the last Paris Fair. The latter was another stage-effect magician, but he was more melodramatic and less subtle than Papus; his main hold was startling effect, such as placing cups of cold poison bubbling forth live serpents at a banquet of true believers. The duel never came off, because one of the seconds, himself a clairvoyant of skill, learned that the crafty Stanislaus was planning to tip his rapier with deadly ptomaines and Papus refused to fight—much as he was longing to do so—with a man who wasn't on the square.

At any rate, Papus picks six or seven little one-horse fortune-tellers on back streets as the only true followers and sure prophets of the cult. He recommends these to all people who cannot stand his prices. The amount of his "rake off" on commissions I cannot ascertain. A friend, an Englishman, tried one of these and reported that he had given wonderful results in sketching out his past. This led me to spend two dollars—one per—in comparing notes on two others among his proteges. Number one was a man, a very dirty one—stage effect again—who lurked in a cellar in the Latin Quarter. Here, reduced to its lowest terms, is what he told me: "You have had an adventurous life, full of incident. You had a sickly youth—I see a serious injury to your head at about the age of twenty. It will cause you some trouble in later years. You were made for the active life which you have led, and would make a success in any line where energy was needed. Fate, however, has intercepted your career at several points, but the baleful influence will soon be removed. You have just had a long journey. Within two years from now, you will fall heir to a great deal of money and will have a happy termination to a love affair. Thereafter, you will have uninterrupted peace and prosperity."

Number two was a woman, a Gypsy. After we had haggled over the price for awhile, I learned the following: "Your life has been a peaceful, quiet one, without striking incidents. You were made for quiet pursuits and should score a great success in scholarly and retiring occupations. Beware of any other sort of life—you were not made for it. Your greatest blessing has been uninterrupted good health, which will continue, although you may have a severe illness at about forty. I see a fickle heart line, and many affairs. Nevertheless, your love is soon to be crowned by one whom you adore, and you will soon be made happier by a large legacy from an unexpected source, after which your life-current will flow on smoothly, and you will be happy."

My future seems secure, anyway.

Probably the most bizarre of the lot is Chick Abdullah. He believes in small prices and large houses, charging only a dollar or two, but running through the "reading" with speed, so that he turns out many a hard-earned coin each day. He does business in a little cubby of a room, draped in red cloth and decorated with Oriental pottery. Unlike the run of his class, he is very light in complexion, having a deep, golden-yellow eye and a shock of blonde hair. He will take your left hand and put it palm up on a silver tray filled with sand and set on an ivory-mounted table. At regular intervals, a curious Oriental coin is embedded in the sand. He puts his thumb in the center of your hand, using it compass-wise to make a circle, and tells you the Arabic star of your birth. Then he talks rapidly through the interpreter for the .pace of about two minutes, giving you "past, present and future." You pay your coin, pass out, and the next client is ushered in at your heels.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY

Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases.

Sold by All Druggists.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Teledo, O.
☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.
The name is a guaranty of its purity—Jesse Moore Whiskey is always all right.

There is only one reason why you shouldn't drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey—that's because you have signed the pledge.

All bon vivants will be pleased to learn that genial "John" Heinkee supersedes Mr. Justin Ladagnous as proprietor of the famous Maison Riche, so happily named by dainty Aimee in her golden days. Epicures the world over know the Riche. "John" will maintain the high standard that this restaurant has always held in this city.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

The original Swain's Bakery, 2[illegible] Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE. SIERRA NEVADA SILver Mining Company.—Location of principal places, business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of workof Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 9th day of July, 1900, an assessment (No. 19) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room No. 14, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 14th day of August, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY, the 3rd day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Office: Room No. 14, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE. MEXICAN GOLD AND Silver Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey county, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July, 1900, an assessment [No. 64] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourteenth day of August, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Wednesday, the 5th day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—OCCIDENTAL CONsolidated Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Silver Star Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourteenth (14th) day of July, 1900, an assessment (No. 35) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 69, Nevada block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of Aug.t 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale a, public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the eleventh (11th) day of Sept., 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office: Room 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.—LOCATION of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 3d day of August, 1900, an assessment, No. 52, of ten cents (10c) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada block, No: 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 27th day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco California.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia District, Storey county, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third (3d) day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 71) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpa d on the seventh (7th) day of September, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the twenty-eighth (28th) day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 6th day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 91) of fifteen cents (15c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 1st day of October, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Germea

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager.

For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . . . .
Centrally Located . . .

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts., New York.
American and European Plan.
WILLIAM T. BANG, Proprietor.

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms — Elevator Service
Excellent Cuisine — References Required
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL

THE BRADBURY

J. A. FERSON, PROP.
N.W. Cor. Polk and California Sts., San Francisco
Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and upwards. Reasonable by the month. Tel. Hyde 2771.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE — Tel. Main 199
DEALERS IN Paper
55, 57, 59, 61 First Stree
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
What a Gas Range Will Do?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes;
Your kitchen will be clean;
Your working hours shorter;
Your food will be better cooked;
Your life prolonged, and
Your happiness assured.

Stove Department,
415 Post Street, - - San Francisco

In the District Court of the United States, in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF }
Minna Joerdens, et al }

Take notice that Minna Joerdens, et al, bankrupt, above named, have been duly adjudicated bankrupts under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94 Chronicle building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 25th day of August, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.
Dated San Francisco, August 10th, 1900.
MILTON J. GREEN, Referee in Bankruptcy.
In and for the City and County of San Francisco?

Svengali Lackaye.

I found Wilton Lackaye with his clenched hands raised to heaven, declaiming in actor dialect. That is, one hand was clenched, the other held the typewritten manuscript of his part. Just south of him Pearl Landers was practicing a soubrettish giggle. On his northwest border Mary Van Buren was arguing costumes with the imperturbable Mr. Frawley. Southwest by south, Mr. Armory was being put through a "left face" movement by the stage manager. At all the other points of the compass the remainder of the company were muttering parts to themselves. It looked like a performance of "The Actor's Madhouse," but it wasn't. It was only the second reading of "Trilby" in the gilded parlors of the Grand Opera House.

I approached through a narrow pathway from the west, and drew the star away with the help of the call-boy. "Mr. Lackaye, how did you come to enter the dramatic profession?" I began. Not that I wanted to know, but it is a part of the ethics of interviewing to begin by asking about something you don't want to know.

Mr. Lackaye fixed me with a masterful Svengali look and held me pinned to the spot.

"How did you come to enter the newspaper business?" he asked.

"I cannot say, except that I was attracted to it at first. One of my earliest recollections is seeing a newspaper. From that time, I seemed to be fascinated. I eagerly read every newspaper that came in my way. It was my life."

Wilton Lackaye as "Svengali."

"Do you consider that the newspaper business is conducive to immorality?"

"Decidedly not, as a generality. But the glitter and attraction of the life, the great salaries paid to the successful, the public adulation, the devotion of thousands—"

"Do you think that newspaper men should ever marry?"

"Not unless their wives are willing to spend their vacations with them in the hospital. Now, Mr. Lackaye, I should like to know—"

He exerted the Svengali eye again. "Do you think that great personal beauty is an indispensable qualification to succeed in the newspaper business?"

"Not an indispensable qualification, perhaps, but desirable. However I do not believe that there can be any permanent success based on mere personal charm. It may assist the beginner, but in the higher walks of the art—"

"Mr. Lackaye, wan-ted," sang out the call-boy. He turned his eye away; the spell was broken.

"Excuse me," I called frantically after him, "but I want to hold my job when I get back. Please answer me one question. How, oh how, do you pronounce your name?"

"That, young man," said the star, resuming his hypnotic gaze, "is part of my stock in trade. It keeps the public talking. Webster pronounces it to rhyme with 'black-eye' and the 'Standard' rhymes it with 'slack-day'. I rather prefer it Webster's way—but don't you dare to publish that!"

"I won't," I said humbly. And I didn't.

New Verse and Good.

A Colonial Rose.

De Rochambeau came riding down
On his prancing charger through the town;
With careworn wrinkle and weary frown
His brow was shaded;
And she, with a gesture debonair,
Threw him a rose from her powdered hair—
The fairest maid of Washington Square,
In gown brocaded.

Fled for a moment war and wile
As he caught the rose with courtly smile,
And thought of a maid of France, the while
His glance had met her—
A maid of France, of an ancient race,
A master painted her then, a face
Whose piquant charm and dainty grace
Let none forget her.

And again he saw the old chateau
Where the roses hung in garlands low
When he rode away, long years ago—
She died soon after.
Ah, roguish maid of Washington Square,
When the grey old Frenchman saw you fair,
You little knew why he lingered there
To hear your laughter!

—CHARLOTTE BECKER, in The Smart Set.

The Woman That's Good.

BY HAROLD R. VYNNE.

Ho, gentlemen! lift your glasses up—
Each gallant, each swain and lover—
A kiss to the beads that brim in the cup,
A laugh for the foam spilt over!
For the soul is atilt and the heart beats high,
And care has unloosed its tether,
"Now drink," said the sage, "for to-morow we die!"
So, let's have a toast together.
Swing the goblet aloft; to the lips let it fall;
Then bend you the knee to address her;
And drink, gentle sirs, to the Queen of us all—
To the Woman that's Good—God bless her!

Ah, Bohemia's honey was sweet to the sip,
And the song and the dance were alluring—
(The mischievous maid with the mutinous lip
Had a charm that was very enduring)—
But out from the music and smoke-wreaths and lace
Of that world of the tawdrily clever,
There floats the rare spell of the pure little face
That has chased away folly forever!
And I pledge my last toast ere I go to my rest—
O fortunate earth to possess her!—
To the dear, tender heart in the little white breast
Of the Woman that's Good—God bless her!

The Song of the Singer.

Day long upon the dreaming hills
One watched the idle hours fade by
And had no thought of other thing
Than waving grass and summer sky.

And all the wilding scents and sounds
The lavish-hearted season brought,
He made his own and prisoned them
Within the little songs he wrought.

While he was singing, in the town
His busy brethren bought and sold
And got them place and circumstance,
And all the pride and pomp of gold.

But when the night came with the stars,
And on her hills her silence laid,
He, homeward turning, bore with him
Naught save the careless songs he made.

"O Prodigal!" his brothers cried,
"And have you done no better thing?
And is it thus you spend your day—
To dream in sunshine and to sing?"

But he, remembering those still hours
The dream had made so eloquent—
The waving grass, the summer sky,
The purple hillside—smiled, content.

—ARTHUR KETCHUM, in the New Lippincott.

Buyers' Guide.

San Francisco Reliable Business Houses

City and Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited. MENTION THE WAVE.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law.—Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office, Room 94 Chronicle Bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone [illegible]

BUSINESS PERSONALS.

Baldness and Dandruff positively cured. Shampooing and Bleaching. Prudential Hair Physicians. Glascow Block, 105 Ellis Street, Room 6.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist.—806 Market street, Phelan Building.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

Electric and Hygienic Treatment.
Sure Cure for Chronic Diseases. Tumors, Cancers and Displacements, positively and without operations.
DR. WM. SCHMITT,
502 Taylor St., cor. Geary.
San Francisco.
CONSULTATION FREE.

A TOILET NECESSITY
Wakelee's
Cold Cream of Roses
—MADE WITH—
Pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM
A Perfect Complexion
Made from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S,
200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy-makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BROS, Brush Mfrs.,
TEL. 5610. 609 Sacramento Street.

A. O. LINDSTROM [Phone Main 5178] AL. JOHNSON
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Dr. G. S. Moore's Scientific Hair Restorer.
A Sure and Positive Cure. One bottle will convince the most skeptical. Testimonials, 498 Geary St., S.F.

THEATRES.

Continued from page 19.

power. Lackaye had an eight years' struggle; playing all summer in order to pay for his winter's costumes, before he had even fairly decent parts. Hastings, who is a tremendous worker and a hard student, is likely to do something in the next few seasons. He has considerable force, power and magnetism and intelligence of a high order. He has been handicapped all along by a rather elephantine personality, which he is gradually overcoming; awkwardness with ability is far ahead of smooth, nerveless grace anyway.

A curious difficulty which caused Hastings much extra work as a stock-company actor is his defective memory for lines. Literal memorizing is very difficult for him, and the words are likely to slip away at any time. This makes him a terror to the prompter. When not otherwise employed during an engagement, he is generally to be found poring over his cue-book trying to drum the refractory part into his head.

* *

The heading, "Another California Girl Makes a Dramatic Success Abroad," is so much in use by the San Francisco dailies that it is kept in stereotype. It must be brought out again for Mabelle Gilman, who is starring in the American Company, producing "The Casino Girl" in London. Her name will be unknown to most Californians, as she never appeared here. Nevertheless, she is a graduate of Mills Seminary, that staid, religious and sober institution which seems to send out most of our actresses. She is just past twenty, and received her first training from Augustin Daly. Manager Lederer was taken with her good looks and her voice and gave her the part in his company made vacant by the defection of Edna May. "A sincere, unaffected, and most competent little artist, all fire and nerves, an admirable actress with a lovely voice," is the way she is summed up by the London critics.

The Newsky troupe head the Orpheum's bill next week. They are Russians and in the first rank as singers and dancers. Lew Hawkins, monologuist, Caroline Hall, a choir singer, and Arnini and Wagner in an operatic travesty are the new people. Mrs. Paxton's success throughout the week has been emphatic. She has "caught on" with both sides of the house, her fresh and charming voice winning favor and applause both upstairs and down. She is certain to attain prominence in the profession.

* *

Next week, the Tivoli will abandon Verdi for Wagner and Thomas. "Tannhauser" will be sung ou Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, while "Mignon" will be the bill for Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings and Saturday matinee. In Tannhauser Avadano will be the "Minstrel Knight;" Salassa, "Wolfram;" Schuster, "the Landgrave;" and Anna Lichter, "Venus." In Mignon, Kia Politini will sing "Mignon;" Repetto, "Felina;" Russo, "Wilhelm Meister;" Frances Graham, "Frederick," and Nicolini' 'Lothario."

* *

Henry J. Pain's great military spectacle, "The Battle of San Juan," will be presented on a magnificent scale nightly for the two weeks beginning Saturday, September 1st, at the grounds, corner of Sixteenth and Folsom streets. The entertainment, which created a furor at Manhattan Beach last season and in which nearly 500 people take part, will be concluded each evening with a magnificent display of the Pain fireworks.

* *

At the Columbia next week the Henry Miller company play "The Only Way." It is a dramatization of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." The company has been reinforced for the occasion by J. H. Stoddard, Daniel H. Harkins, and Margaret Robinson. Miller will enact Sydney Carton in which he does his best work.

* *

At the Alcazar, Sapho is to be revived next week with Florence Roberts and White Whittlesey in the leading roles. The production will be exactly similar to that given some weeks ago. "The Masqueraders" is in preparation for the fall season beginning the week of September 3d.

* *

The Grand Opera House will give a rival Sapho. The original version, as played by Rejane, will be used. Miss Keith Wakeman plays the heroine, and Harrington Reynolds enacts Jean. A staircase scene on "a spiral flight of stairs rising to a height of four stories into the flies" is a feature of the production.

* *

The forthcoming song recital of Miss Clara Kalisher, contralto, which takes place at the Sherman, Clay Hall, Tuesday evening, September 4th, is a first rate musical event. Miss Kalisher will be accompanied by Dr. H. J. Stewart, pianist.

* *

At the California theatre commencing August 20th, Silvain A. Lee, said to be the smartest hypnotic entertainer before the public and gives a series of seances. His performances have many novel features and is described as being unusually amusing.

* *

The Leo Cooper School of Acting is to consolidate with the Tivoli Opera House in an operatic school. Mr. Henri Fairweather, formerly of the Diyley Carte, Sullivan Opera Company, will have charge of the singing department.

August.

De fiel' des pa'ch up brown en dry—
De tree toad, he complainin';
De sun, he sweat so in de sky
Dat some folks say hit rainin'!

De lizard th'oo' de fence rail peep—
He lef' he blanket kiver;
De 'gator on de log asleep—
He roll off in de river!

Hit des so hot in ever' spot
You see de heat a-twinklin',
Miss Mary, whar dat wat'rin pot?
Yo' roses needin' sprinklin'.

—Atlanta Constitution.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—SAVAGE MINING Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 101) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 20-22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 8th day of October, 1900, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p.m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and the expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Room 20-22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co dispensed with all other makes and now use the SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.

110 Montgomery St., S. F.

Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Statement of Assets and Liabilities

—OF THE—

Continental Building and Loan Association

For the 11th Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1900.

ASSETS

Cash		$ 764 97
Mortgage Loans		1,425,618 43
Loans Association Stock		125,166 07
Bills and Accounts Receivable		11,656 06
Furniture and Fixtures		1,600 00
Members' Accounts Due and Payable		18,573 00
Real Estate		53,758 05
Real Estate Sold Under Contract		9,478 09
Sundry Advances Secured by Mortgage		59,072 86
		$1,705,687 53

LIABILITIES.

Dues Account Installment Stock		$ 704,388 69
"A," "B," and "E"	$362,868 54	
"F"	253,922 76	
"I"	87,597 39	
Earnings Apportioned to Installment Shares in Force		159,735 80
General Reserve Fund		11,373 49
Insurance Reserve Fund		25,692 52
Amount Saved from Life Insurance Premiums		4,192 13
Death Loss Accumulations		390 59
Due Paid Up and Prepaid Stockholders		561,140 74
Class "D," Old	$ 8,500 00	
" "C," "	1,678 00	
" "B"	76,674 00	
" "C"	382,608 00	
" "D," Deposit	91,680 74	
Advanced Payments		30,263 58
"A," "E," "G," and "I"	$ 12,594 69	
"F"	17,668 89	
Loans Due and Incomplete		143,284 81
Bills Payable		20,000 00
All Other Liabilities		45,225 18
Interest Due Paid Up Stockholders	$ 9,564 84	
Repayment Account Mortgage Loans	22,288 05	
Received on Account Real Estate Sold under Contract	1,487 30	
Sundry Account Payable	7,321 83	
Bank of California	4,563 16	
		$1,705,687 53

Our dividends for the year have been at the rate of
5 per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits.
6 " " " " " Term "
10 " " " " to Class "F" Stock.
12 " " " " " " "A" "

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

Capt Oliver Eldridge, President — Wm. Corbin, Secretary.

Nothing more refreshing than "Jackson's NAPA SODA Lemonade"

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-314 POST STREET

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY — SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

A Glowing Highway to Happiness is the Road that leads to . . . . **DEL MONTE** Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

THIS SEASON'S

HOMES OF PLEASURE

. . . THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT . . .

MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE on approval to your address ***WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE.*** ***SEND US YOUR ORDER,*** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing our **1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Mesinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our **binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them, however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at $8 to $10 each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for **Bargain List.** **OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. ☞ Give name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

MARTELL & CO.

Cognac, France,

Established 1715.

TRADE MARK.

J. & F. Martell.

The Highest Grade of Cognac Brandy.

All Martell shipments received by us bear the name of our firm on the bottles. Beware of imitations.

William Wolff & Co.

329 Market Street. Pacific Coast Agents.

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line

CUTS

Yosemite Engraving Co.

24 Montgomery Street

San Francisco

For Catalogues Books Souvenirs Newspapers Letter-heads Etc.

Market Street Sa573-57 | R. H. PEASE, President and Manager. | 73 and 75 First St ee Portland, Ore

DR. CLYDE PAYNE

Has returned from New York and resumed the practice of Dentistry at

135 GEARY ST.

Phone Main 9 Spring Valley Building

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We buy or sell real estate in any part of the Group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in Hawaiian Islands.

Office 10 W. King St HONOLULU, H. I.

MILLS College and Seminary

Seminary course accredited to College and Universities. Ideal surroundings. Thirty-fifth year. Write for catalogue to

Fall Term Opens Aug. 8, 1900

MRS. C. T. MILLS, Pres., Mills College P. O., Cal.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes, and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE Agents
323-325 MARKET STREET, S. F.

The Sign of the Peacock

229 GEARY ST.

Theatre Suppers

Luncheon Ice Cream Breakfast

ORDERS DELIVERED

The Saturday Wave
Is Printed by
THE MYSELL-ROLLINS CO.
22 CLAY STREET, S. F.

New Stories Re-Told.

A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT. During the Brigham H. Roberts controversy there was great excitement in Missouri lest the polygamist Congressman should be admitted to membership in the House. The most prominent women in the state circulated a petition and a pretty young widow undertook to obtain the signature of Governor Dockery. The Governor smiled on the fair relict. "My dear girl," he said with a fatherly air, "If this war in the Philippines continues for a few years longer we shall lose at least a million of our able bodied men, then there won't be enough men to go round, and some of you women will be badly off. You are trying to establish a dangerous precedent. I wouldn't do anything more about it if I were you." A puzzled look spread over the little widow's face. "I hadn't thought of that," she said. "I don't think I will try to get anybody else to sign."

THE DISCONTENTED RANCHER.—A certain prosperous rancher near San Jose is noted for a discontented disposition. No matter how admirably his affairs progress he always finds cause for complaint. Returning from the city recently after disposing of his produce at good figures he said to his wife, "I am aboot tired out! Is cows in't barn?" "Yes," answered his hard-working wife—"long since." "Is t' hosses unharnessed and fed?" "Yes." "Fowls locked up?" "Yes." Wood chopped for mornin'?" "Yes." "Them ducks plucked and dressed for market?" "Yes." "Waggon wheel mended, and ready to start i't mornin'?" "Yes." "Oh, then," he said with a sigh, "let me have my supper and turn in! Farmin' is beginnin' to tell on me!"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS. A red haired boy and a companion his own age sat in a secluded corner of a ferry boat and prepared to shorten their lives by indulgence in the cigarette habit. "Please gimme a light mister," said the red haired boy to a facetious man who sat near-by. "You don't need any light" was the reply, with a significant glance at the boy's top-dressing. With a scornful toss of the head, the boy with the scenic hair promptly retorted: "Yes an' dis boat don't need no bellows nor no hot air longs' you're aboard." The facetious man sought a seat elsewhere.

WASTED ICE.—A New York barkeeper, who was spending his vacation in Maine, found himself one evening in a hotel in Portland. While he lingered a terrible storm took place. The windows of the room in which he was sitting were broken by hailstones "almost as big as eggs." The proprietor of the hotel noticed that the barkeeper turned aside to drop a tear. "Does the storm scare you?" he ventured to ask his guest. "It isn't that," replied the barkeeper, "but I can't bear to see so much cracked ice wasted on a prohibition state."

A BAD SHOT.—Porter Ashe, a lawyer of San Francisco, had a client who wanted a divorce from his spouse. He had a haggard look and a black eye. By way of cause, he complained that his wife made a practice of throwing things at his dog. "You can't get a divorce on that," explained Ashe. "The worst of it is," complained the husband, "every time se throws at the dog she hits me."

THE DUKE'S DILEMMA.—The late Duke of Argyll who was distinguished for his literary attainments, had but little company at the castle. An inkeeper of Inverary explained this: "His grace is in a verra deeficult posection whatever. His pride of intellect will no' let him associate with men of his ain birth, and his pride of birth will no let him associate with men of his ain intellect."

WRONGLY ACCUSED. The drill instructor's face turned scarlet with rage as he rated a raw Irish recruit for his awkwardness. "Now, Rafferty, you'll spoil the line with those feet. Draw them back instantly, man, and get them in line!" Rafferty's dignity was hurt. "Plaze, sargint," he drawled solemnly, "they're not mine; they're Micky Doolan's in the rear rank!"

Palace Hotel

The tourist, pleasure-seeker, and the business man will find the location of the Palace particularly desirable being in close proximity to places of amusement, wholesale and shopping districts, and with the further advantage of having street-cars to all parts of the city pass the entrance.

Operated in conjunction with the Palace is the Grand Hotel to which it is joined by a covered passageway placing under one management 1400 rooms, 900 of which have baths attached.

Famous FOR ITS Purity

SEATTLE, U. S. A.

THE

White Pass and Yukon Route

Through Freight and Passenger Service to

Dawson, Atlin, White Horse

AND OTHER POINTS.

All Rail From Skaguay, Alaska, to White Horse, Y. T.

Beginning August 1, both passenger and freight trains will be operated, Skaguay to White Horse, a distance of 112 miles. At White Horse, the ten fine river steamers of the

Canadian Development Company,

Connect directly with the railway train and afford DAILY service to Dawson and all other Yukon River points. Through connections are made at BENNETT and CARIBOU with the

Irving Navigation Company's Lake Steamers

For ATLIN, TAKU, and GOLDEN GATE MINING CAMPS.
This system now affords best of facilities for handling perishable freight.

A SCENIC AND PLEASURE TRIP TO NOME.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN
TRAFFIC MANAGER
Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash. [Phone Main 574]

M. P. BRASCH
COMMERCIAL AGENT
536 Market Street, S. F.

WHEN LEAVING THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE

First National Bank

N. W Corner Bush and Sansome Sts.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY

REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE

Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

This brand of Wine is served at all first-class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office, 416 Pine St. A. REPSOLD & CO.

From Admiral George Dewey:

Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco—Dear Sir: I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly. Very truly yours,

GEORGE DEWEY.

A GRADUATE

George Mayerle

German Expert Optician

Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED

1071½ Market St.

near Seventh

Telephone Mint 257

German Eye Water 50 cents.

From General Wm. R. Shafter:

Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco—Dear Sir: The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair.

Very truly yours,

WM. R. SHAFTER.
Major-General, U. S. V.

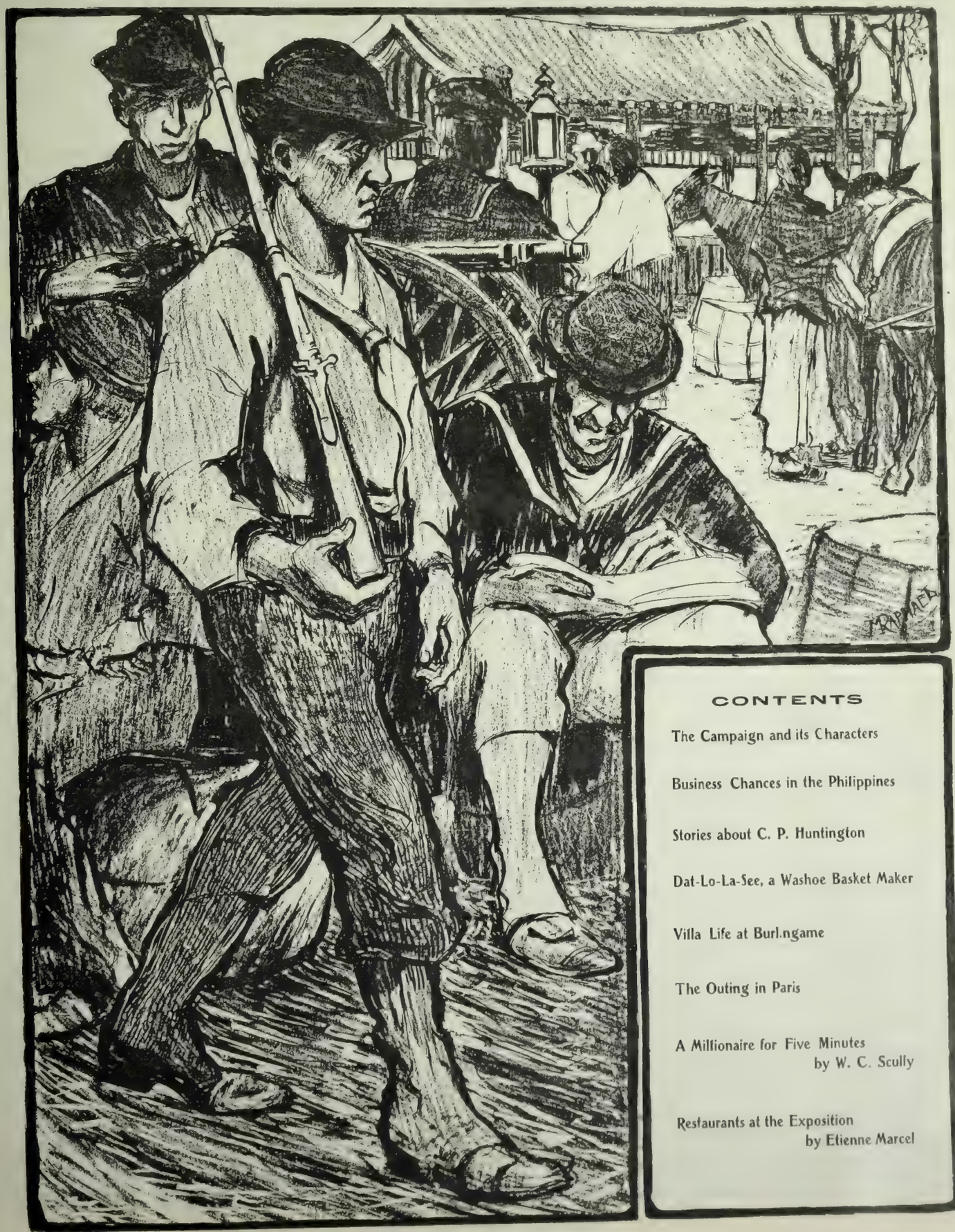
Reduced To 5 Cents a Copy.

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

THE SATURDAY WAVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
AND JOURNAL OF EVENTS CURRENT



CONTENTS

The Campaign and its Characters

Business Chances in the Philippines

Stories about C. P. Huntington

Dat-Lo-La-See, a Washoe Basket Maker

Villa Life at Burlingame

The Outing in Paris

A Millionaire for Five Minutes
by W. C. Scully

Restaurants at the Exposition
by Etienne Marcel

Collis P. Huntington in a Character Study

THE late C. P. Huntington never defaulted in a financial obligation. Nor did he ever order a reduction of wages.

In looking over his career for predominant facts these two stand out significantly. They represent marked traits in the character of a man, who apart from his achievements was one of the most sagacious and virile of American personalities. Not only did he build railroads and steamship lines but he was a philosopher and perhaps the shrewdest of all commentators on the conditions of life in this country. To the wealth of the world's wisdom his great contemporaries in commerce and railroading have added little. C. P. Huntington made millions and supplied the best set of rules for attaining success ever written. Jay Gould and Commodore Vanderbilt left fortunes of extraordinary magnitude but they will be recalled only as accumulators. When the story of the building of the Pacific railroads is ancient history, Huntington's apothegms will be remembered and quoted. True, others before him offered as good advice but his expression of it was better than any of his predecessors and it was pointed by his tremendous career. In thinking over such a maxim as this: "Take the work nearest you, try and do it better than any one else and live on less than you make"—the personality of the man inevitably enters into your consideration. Had he the right to say so? He also said: "If you observe the rules of honesty, integrity and economy, and fear God, you have just as good a chance as any man that may be cited." Did he really believe that? Did he live up to his own ideals? They were practical, serviceable ideals and it may truly be said that he did. "Be sure that you are right then go ahead" was the maxim that he said regulated his life.

Kindness to Subordinates.

In New York, Mr. Huntington was better understood than in California. Here, depreciation of the man was the fashion. He visited the coast at but rare intervals and then he was forced into the attitude of a mentor in the institution that he controlled. Had he lived among us for the year round he might have convinced the most rabid anti-monopolist of his sincerity of purpose, of his firmness of principle and the rare kindness of his disposition. His employees, especially those who came closest to him, invariably mention this latter characteristic. He never lost his temper, was never harsh or impatient or disturbed. He spoke his mind frankly about conditions he did not approve but he was essentially regardful of the feelings of subordinates. That is one of the secrets of his success. He drew his draft on the best of human nature and rarely was it dishonored. A prominent official, who entered Huntington's service many years ago, tells of the first experience he had with his new chief. There was occasion to rebuke the superintendent of a road for some imperfection of service. He wrote in terse, emphatic fashion reciting the delinquency and calling the offender to order. The letter was submitted to Mr. Huntington, who read it. "This is all true," he said, "every word of it, but couldn't you put it more pleasantly?"

As he himself put it "it is always best to deal on flexible lines with people." It was his rule to be pleasant in all transactions with subordinates. He might think an employee had erred in a given connection but he would take the bad with the good and would write "I am glad to know that you have done your best in the so-and-so matter. It is what you always do and what you have taught me to expect of you." It was hard for a man to be untrue to one who trusted him so freely. His attitude with his principal officers was one of unbounded confidence. He believed in conferring responsibility and letting his men work out the best results in their own way, frequently telling them, "Now you know a great dea more about this affair than I do. Go right ahead and do what you think best."

He rarely reproved. If an error had been committed Mr. Huntington might write to the offender suggesting that another course would have been wiser, but that closed the incident. The mistake was never again alluded to. At one time he had working for him as head of the purchasing department in New York, a tanner named Phillips, who had quite a reputation as a shrewd and honest man. Phillips was brusque of manner, a tall, well-built New Englander, very unconventional in his ways, with which Mr. Huntington put up most good humoredly. A requisition came in for fire extinguishers for a certain road and it was given to Phillips to execute. He returned late in the afternoon and proceeded to report to the chief what he had done. It was not as good a trade as Mr. Huntington had expected, but he looked up with a good-natured smile and said, "Why Phillips I could have done as well as that myself. I turned it over to you because I thought you could do better."

His Faculty at Trading.

That Mr. Huntington affected none of the airs and graces of great wealth is well known. He was the most democratic of millionaires. In the New York office the members of his staff constituted a family party, and their relation with their chief was almost paternal. He never failed in patience or good humor. He might be consulted at all hours of the day, no matter whom he had with him. Even in the midst of a dictation he would invariably respond cordially to a query from one of his employees. No other great railroad man was so accommodating. Tom Scott and Jay Gould secluded themselves and did business at hours appointed before hand. Mr. Huntington was always approachable, and in trading never closed a subject so there was no further recourse. He would say, "No, I do not feel like doing so-and-so to-day, but to-morrow I may feel different about it." A proposition was always so left that it might be opened again on good terms. For this reason he was an excellent man to trade with. He negotiated direct, without the intervention of others, and in this way saved millions to his properties. It has been said that Mr. Huntington invariably tried to get the best of a bargain. The men who were closest to him declare this untrue. He rarely paid more than a thing was worth, but he was never arbitrary nor did he take undue advantage of a man's need. He used to say, "No contract will stand that is not fair to both parties."

As a Railroad Constructor.

C. P. Huntington was the greatest railroad constructor America has had. He alone made the transcontinental trip from ocean to ocean over his own lines. In his life he built about 13,000 miles of railroad. Of his activities the building of the Central Pacific was only the beginning. He followed it with the Southern Pacific, which united California and New Orleans. He gridironed California and Texas with steel, and he was invariably successful in his operations. Comparison with other great railroad men is inevitable, but only one career, that of J. J. Hill, approaches his in degree of achievement and difficulties surmounted. But Mr. Hill's work began long after Huntington and his associates had introduced the transcontinental railroad idea to the world. Tom Scott, his great rival and adversary, was not a constructor—he fitted together lines and made systems of them. Jay Gould built up his system by the purchase of existing roads. Pierrpoint Morgan, the Vanderbilts and Stuyvesant Fish are all railroad financiers. C. P. Huntington was essentially a constructor and subsequently an operator and financier. He knew better where to place a line than any of his contemporaries. Therein lay his genius. He had an intuitive sense of where possibilities of development were and his roads were so directed as to accelerate this development and to take advantage of it. He never tried for immediate results but was generally ahead of his time. For the Southern Pacific he had plans laid out that will take the next twenty-five years to work out. A capacity to foresee and to wait he certainly had, together with supreme confidence in his own judgment. He used to say that "only the Catholic church could beat him at waiting."

In the direction of his railroads Mr. Huntington was most liberal. His purse was never closed for anything that was needed in the improvement of a property. He frequently doubled orders sent him for rolling stock, oftentimes to the consternation of his associates.

Railroad Theories.

With his vast experience it can be imagined Mr. Huntington had many theories about railroad building. These he distilled into letters sent his associates and connections, and connotation of them would surely make an immensely interesting book. I remember the advice he gave a man who talked of constructing some lines in the South. "Get good terminals above all things. Give me a single track road with first-class terminal facilities and I'll do more business than with a double track with limited terminals." He never failed to impress on superintendents the necessity of caring for equipment in their divisions. He used to say, "if you do not take care of the property in your charge you cannot expect those under you to do so." It was his insistence that the surplus earnings of the Southern Pacific system were constantly devoted to betterments. But when the panic of '93 came this policy stood him in good stead. His roads were in finer physical condition than those of his competitors, and the bankers who came to his assistance knew that he had denied himself for the benefit of these properties.

As a Financier.

The great success that Mr. Huntington achieved as a financier was due, undoubtedly, to the fact that he never defaulted in an obligation. His strong personality commanded the confidence of his associates in business. He early made connections with the Speyers and the relationship was mutually beneficial. They found the money for his great undertakings and he supplied them with unimpeachable and profitable securities for their clients. Nor did he ever imperil his reputation by engaging in operations outside his own field. He declared that "lots of sorrow has been caused by men meddling at a game regarding which they know nothing, with fellows who did." True, he dealt a bit in real estate with considerable profit, and built up the immense Newport News shipyard, but as a great shipper he considered the latter enterprise well within his ken. Next to the construction of the Central Pacific, the greatest achievement of Mr. Huntington's career undoubtedly was the reorganization of that corporation last year. Coming after the Union Pacific reorganization the execution of which was marked by so much fuss and noise, this big deal was put through almost without a ripple. The achievement was admiringly commented on by the great men of Wall street as the most satisfactory refunding measure in railroad history. Today the Southern Pacific of Kentucky owns every share of Central Pacific stock and the purpose of its original organization—about sixteen years ago—the unification of a great transcontinental system of railways stands accomplished. The subsequent negotiations through which the interests of the Crockers, Stanfords and Searles were purchased by Mr. Huntington and his associates represented the final triumph of his career. To him alone the preservation of the great fortunes created by the original success was due and it was fitting he should round out his career as undisputed head of the institution his genius and industry had reared. At the final meeting at which the various papers closing the deal were signed, Mr. Huntington becoming reminiscent, observed that the others might thank him for their millions. Mrs. Stanford said: "Mr. Huntington, there may be more truth in that than some of us would care to admit." That expression gave Mr. Huntington keener satisfaction than the triumph of his deal. It was a compliment from a prejudiced source.

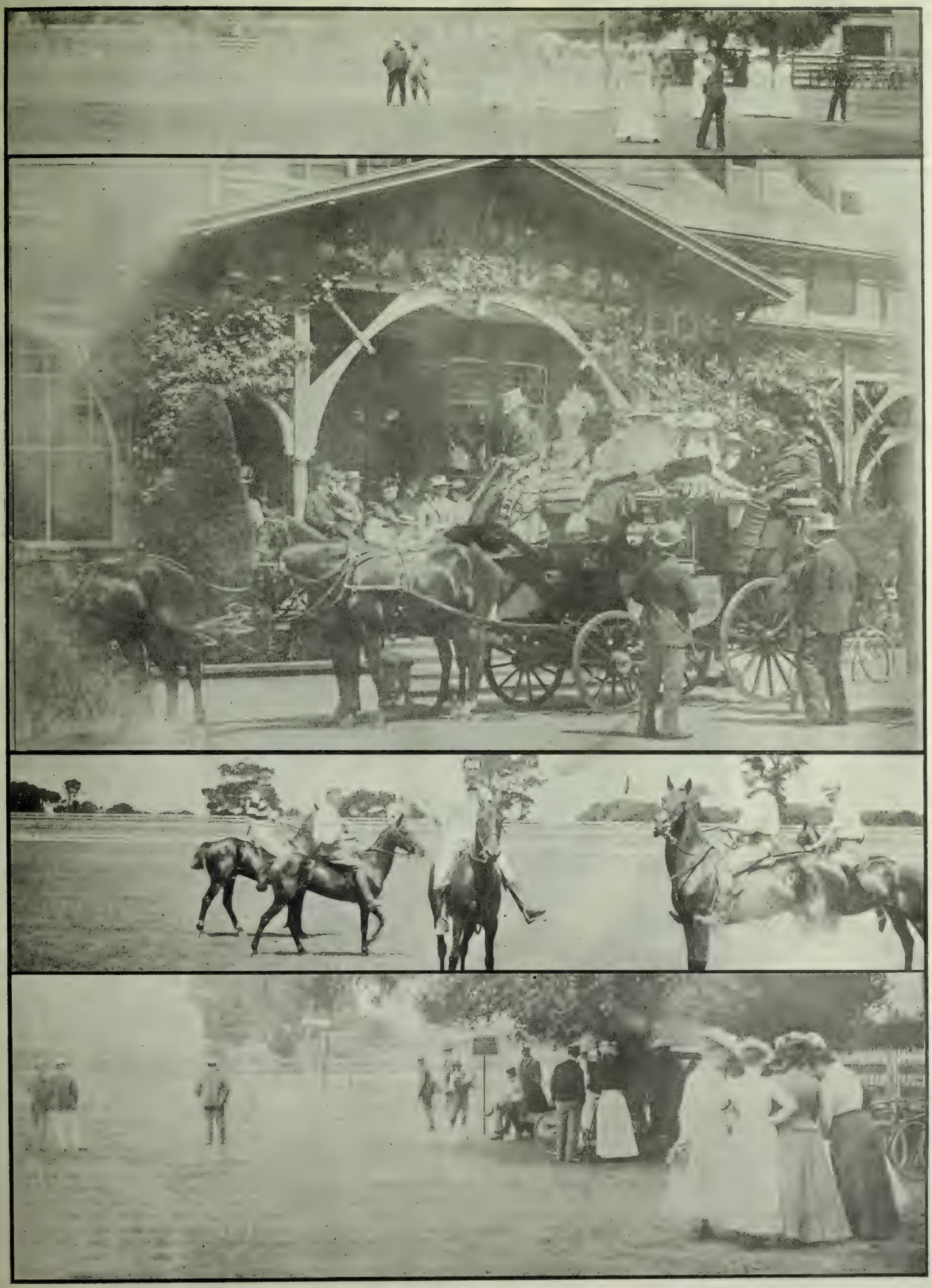
His Idea of True Philanthropy.

To those who surrounded Mr. Huntington the misapprehension of his character caused deep regret. He gave generously to all good causes but directed his charity on the theory of developing self-help. The highest opportunity of wealth, he held, was to furnish work for men to do. The great shipyard at Newport News seemed to him a finer form of philanthropy than founding educational institutions because it enabled 3000 men to earn a living. Indeed, this purpose was paramount in all his undertakings. I believe at his death he was the directing influence of an army of 30,000 employees engaged in various avocations in connection with interests, that he himself had created. Surely such a man has deserved well of humanity. Throughout all the years of his life as an employer of labor, Mr. Huntington never directed a reduction of wages. The pay of the employees of the Southern Pacific is today considerably above that of any other railroad in the country. One of his associates told me he remembered but one instance of Mr. Huntington dismissing an employee. On an inspection tour over his Chesapeake and Ohio system he noted that there had been a change of agents at one of the important stations. He inquired of the agent in charge: "Where is So-and-So?" referring to the missing man. "No longer with us, sir," was the reply. "He seemed a good man," commented the president, "and I think he had a family. Find out," he continued, turning to the vice-president of the company, who was in the car with him, "why So-and-So left us." On hearing later that the other had been displaced to make a situation for the superintendent's son, an unmarried man, who was being paid $10 more for his services, he was righteously indignant. "Dismiss that man at once," he said, turning to the vice-president, "a man who will so misuse his position cannot work for me."

Personal Characteristics.

For the power and wealth that he attained Mr. Huntington labored hard enough. In earlier days he was at his office before nine o'clock and he worked continuously until past six. Before leaving he made it a rule to "clear up his desk" and he used to reply to every note that came to him. In extenuation of this kindly habit he would say, "It does not take but two cents to answer a man's letter." His enormous correspondence is full of thought and sagacious comment on every subject of importance about which the American public has been concerned these thirty years past. It is packed with original apothegms, with quaint terms of expression and keen flashes of wit. At making literary portraits he had a gift that paralleled Carlyle's. He could give you a man in a phrase. If a book be made of these letters, which must contain a mine of the best material imaginable, I venture the prediction it will be a volume of extraordinary interest and value.

Though as busily occupied before the end of his life as at any other time, laying out work, the execution of which will require the best years of his successor's career, Mr. Huntington was a bit tired at the end. To one of his officials in New York, soon after returning from San Francisco the last time, he confided: "When life is no longer a struggle it is not worth living." He had attained the apex of his ambitions. Of his kingdom the uttermost limits had been conquered. His sway and his power were universally recognized. He was absolutely secure, and at peace with all men. Then it was he died. Surely, a life full to the brim of action and performance, of strife, defiance, and victory to a degree far beyond the measure of the average man's. J. O'H. COSGRAVE.



SCENES OF THE OUTING AT DEL MONTE.

A Millionaire for Five Minutes

By William Charles Scully

IN the Summer of 1887, I happened to travel through the sands of Namaqualand, near where the Orange River, weary after its journey across the continent, slides sleepily into the Atlantic Ocean. Just before sundown of a scorching day I outspanned close to one of those sand-choked, rocky depressions in which water may sometimes be found by digging.

To the northward the black mountain ranges quivered as they radiated the fierce heat absorbed during the day. Westward the interminable sand-dunes coiled away over the level plains extending to the sea, which was shrouded by a blood-red haze. When the air cooled down, the clucking lizards stuck their heads out of the sand and opened an ear-piercing chorus. The solemn booming of ostriches rolled over the plain; from the sky the wails of the wild-geese fell like a rain of echoes of far-off lamentations.

Whilst my two Hottentot servants were digging a pit, I mounted guard with a whip, keeping back with difficulty the mules which, maddened by the smell of the moist sand thrown up by the spades, rushed wildly round and round, trying to fling themselves into the excavation.

By the time the water had been reached, and the mules satisfied, night was falling. I returned to the wagon, which stood about a hundred yards away. To my astonishment I saw that another European had joined the camp. He was a powerfully built man of middle height, with light-colored, closely-cropped hair and beard, deep grey eyes and a thoughtful expression. I judged his age to be about forty-five.

I saw at a glance that the man was a gold-digger; he was a well-marked type of an unmistakable class. He was dressed in moleskin trousers, grey flannel shirt, slouched hat, and broad-soled boots of porpoise hide. His swag—slung, California fashion, from shoulder-straps—lay on the ground, with a tin "billy" tied to its lower end; a Winchester rifle stood against a bush next to it.

The man arose from the ground as I approached, and bade me "Good-evening."

"May I fill my canteen from your pit?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied; "but you will find better water in the keg, which I can easily spare, as I shall reach a spring to-morrow. But why don't you camp? You're surely not going further to-night. Have supper with me."

"You are very kind," he replied, after a pause, and in an embarassed way; "but before accepting I ought to tell you that I am a discharged convict."

"Oh, that's all right," I said; "you may easily be a better man than I, for all that. Just unlash your swag and shove your rifle under the wagon, out of the dew."

"Very well, sir; I'll take you at your word. After all, it was only I. D. B."

This kindled my sympathy. "I. D. B.," or "illicit diamond buying," is a crime in which the punishment seems o be quite out of proportion to the crime. Moreover, an inherent injustice of the law lies in this—that it fails to touch the more guilty. It is the humble instrument who has succumbed to temptation—only, perhaps, for the sake of putting bread into his hungry children's mouths—that is crushed; while his employer, perhaps sitting in one of the high places of the land, reaps the lion's share of the profit and escapes scot free.

During supper my guest was silent and somewhat ill at ease. Afterwards, when we had lit our pipes, he spoke:

"It is not likely that I'll see another white man for some time. Would it bore you to hear my story?"

'On the contrary, I shall be extremely glad if you will tell it."

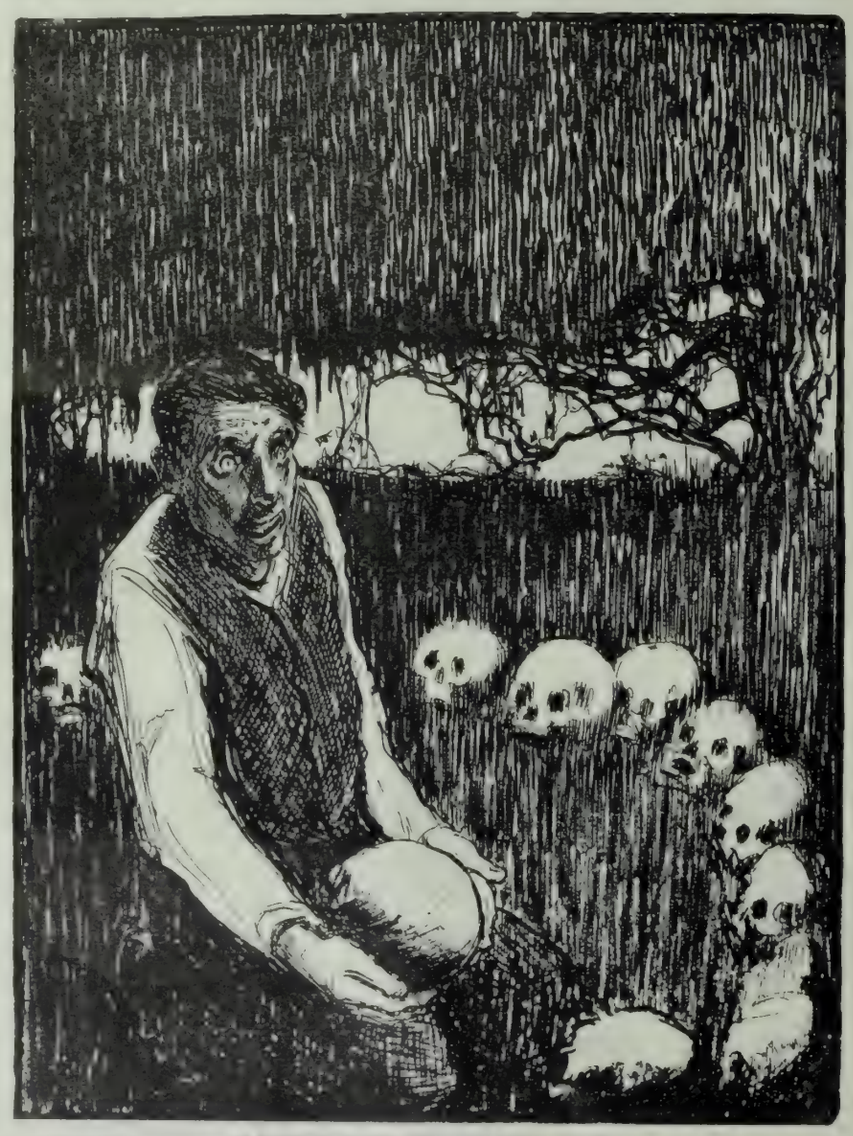
"First of all, then, I must ask you to believe that, although convicted, I was innocent. Do you take my word for this?"

"Yes, I believe you are telling the truth. 'Traps,' I suppose?"

"No, it was nobody's fault; just a piece of regular low-down bad luck—nothing else. I believe I made the biggest strike ever made outside the 'Arabian Nights,' and that I was the richest man in Africa for about five minutes; but all I got out of it was six years on the Breakwater.

"It came about in this way: I'd worked for a couple of years at 'Pilgrim's,' that you, perhaps, have heard of; but never made 'tucker.' Towards the end of 1876 I dropped working on my own account and went on wages for a spell. When I'd saved fifteen pounds, I did what I'd been wishing to do for years—started prospecting among the ranges to the northeast of what is now called the Murchison. I'd been up that way before, but got starved out. I felt dead sure that gold was to be found in a certain gorge that was crossed, near its head, by a burnt reef, and for this I made a bee-line. I'd been a gold-digger ever since I was fifteen years old, and never was, and never will be, fit for anything else.

"I had a mate, an odd sort of a chap who'd been knocking about 'Pilgrim's' ever since it was first rushed, but who had never managed to make more than a bare living. I never knew his real name, but in the creek he was called 'Billy Nuts.' He was a Roosian-Finn by birth, and had come to this country as cook of a brig that got wrecked near Delagoa Bay. Billy had lived in Japan, and had been tattooed there something wonderful. All round his body Japanese devils in red and blue were fighting and chasing one another. Sailors always say that Roosian-Finns have dealings with the devil and can work magic, and that it is unlucky to have anything to do with them. The devil-dealings of Billy never did any good to himself, at all events, whatever harm they may have done to me.



"I KNEW IT COULD NOT LAST MUCH LONGER."

"I've heard it said that every man is mad on something—some on politics, some on religion, and some on drink. Billy Nuts was mad on money; he was so fond of it that if he ever did by any chance get hold of a few coins he'd sit looking at and polishing them up for hours at a time. If ever he had to spend any, he'd just go away by himself and howl. The boys all knew Billy's weakness, and used to get fine sport out of it. Sometimes one would slide up alongside him and jingle a few half crowns in his pocket. Then Billy would laugh like an idiot and squirm like a girl being tickled. He was a low-sized, thick-set man of about forty years of age. He had reddy-brown hair and beard, a snub nose, and yellow eyes that always looked watery. He had a habit of talking to himself in Roosian-Finn.

"Billy hadn't a cent, so I paid for the whole outfit. I wanted a mate to talk to, and I did not care to waste my money paying 'boys'' wages. We took about twenty pound weight of beads and other 'trade.' I knew something of the lingo of the natives, and had no doubt of being able to get enough corn, honey, and eggs to live on. Billy borrowed an old muzzle-loading Colt's revolver from a chum; I carried a light rifle.

"Our swags were heavy, so we walked slowly. It took us about a fortnight to reach the gorge, which opened into the Letaba river. We passed through the country of Secocoeni, who was a big chief before the British were obliging enough to root him out for the benefit of the Transvaal Boers. Beyond Secocoeni's country we found no people, but plenty of game.

"Up there every gorge cuts through rough crags, which are full of caves. Having no tent, we nearly always camped just in front of a cave, so as to have shelter handy in case of rain.

"We started prospecting where the gorge opened into the Letaba, and worked up the creek for about five miles—right on to the burnt reef. 'Color' we found everywhere, but no sign of possible gold. Then our grub ran low, and feeling very down-hearted, we began to think of returning. Meat we had plenty of, for I shot game whenever I wanted to.

"One night we were lying smoking alongside the fire, which was lit on the ledge in front of the cave. All at once we heard the sound of a footstep just below us, so we quietly took our weapons and stole back into the darkness, one on each side of the fire. The step came closer, pausing now and then. All at once a native woman crept out of the scrub and came up close to the fire.

"She was quite a girl, and looked half-starved. She stood there, panting and glancing in a frightened way from side to side. When we saw she was alone we came back, and she fell on the ground at my feet and began to sob. I had shot a buck that day, so we had plenty of meat. When I offered her a piece, she snatched it from my hand and gnawed at it, raw, just like a wild animal. Then she picked up the tin 'billy,' took a big drink of water, and stepped into the cave, where she curled up to sleep behind a boulder without saying 'By your leave,' 'Thank you,' or anything else.

"Next morning, when we got up, the girl was still crouching behind the boulder. We gave her some more meat, which she cooked at a fire she lit inside the cave. Then Billy went down to the creek to wash his shirt, which he hung on a bush to dry. He came back to the cave just as he was; and when the girl saw the Japanese devils she ran away into a nook, and began to spit like a cat and swear in her own language something terrible

"She would have nothing to do with Billy after that, but with me she was all right. From what I knew of her language I was able to make out that she had run away from her home, which was away back in Secocoeni's country. It was wonderful to see how she picked up on the meat diet; in a few days she became quite sleek. When she arrived she had marks of a cruel flogging, some three or four days old. She would not tell me a word as to how or why she had got this, but she said that people were out looking for her all over the country, and that if she were caught, she would be killed. She would never leave the cave for a minute whilst there was any daylight, but at night she would go and sit outside, away from the shine of the fire, and strain her ears for sounds.

Continued on page 17.

Curious Phases in Chinese Life.

Wu Ting Sang

CHINA.

By Mary A. Woods.

TYPE of the changeless, thou; yet not of Good,
Whose high immutable is but the chime
Of waves that ceaseless throng the shores of Time,
Conquerors of fate and all vicissitude,
For thee, thy calm is of the enchanted wood
And wizard spell: a trance that—countless years—
Has sealed thy heart to love, thine eyes to tears,
And blasted so thy flower of maidenhood.

Is there no charm to rouse thee save the word
Of impotent hate, whereby thy sleep is stirred
To fevered dreams, not life? Across that sea
Whose waters, circling all, encircle thee—
The eternal Good—shall not a voice be heard—
"Ephphatha! break thy bonds! be strong and free!"

No Such Thing as China.

WHAT figures as China on the map is a number of districts often separated from each other and from the centre by immense distance, differing widely in climate, resources and configuration, inhabited by people of largely varying race, temperament, habit, religion and language. The Mohammedans, of whom there are thirty millions, regard the Buddhists as irreligious foreigners. The inhabitants of the central and northern provinces scarcely regard those of the extreme southeast districts as fellow-countrymen at all. A native of Shanghai was heard to say, "There were seven Chinamen and two Cantonese." A man from Tien Tsin and a man from Canton can no more talk to each other than a Frenchman and a Dutchman. Moreover, there exists between them a virulent race hatred. This is conspicuous where Chinese from different parts of China meet together, as, for example, in Bangkok, or on the plantations in Malaya or the Dutch Indies. Savage faction fights are of constant occurrence. Consequently it is easy to raise a force of Chinese in one place to fight Chinese in another.

It is because there is no such thing as "China" that the military caste of the Manchus, comparatively infinitesimal in numbers, have been able to impose their rule upon the enormous masses of Chinese. In the language of physics the Chinese people is a mechanical mixture and not a chemical compound, and therefore it is irresponsive to the action of any single reagent, and incapable of exhibiting any common property. There seems but the slightest possibility of the establishment by Chinese authority of a national army, or navy, or civil service. And the corruption which is the fatal curse of China is directly due to the fact that there is not and cannot be any central authority to exercise control over local officials, or, in the absence of this, to pay them.

Woman's Lot in China.

WOMAN'S influence in China is greater than is commonly supposed. Records of the Flowery Kingdom are full of examples of women famous for their learning, heroism, and high principle. Sometimes women achieve absolute power over the household, for there is a popular saying, "She eats rice with her husband," which is used to describe the rule of the female tyrant. Yet woman's lot in China is not an enviable one. She is not received into the world with joy, and gets very little education. At twelve she is banished from all companionship to become "the young girl who sits in the house," until her marriage, when she weds some one she has never seen. Then she must obey her husband and her mother-in-law; she may not come into contact with men or the outside world and, as a rule, she cannot read. She may, however, receive ladies and return their calls. The patriarchal system is so universal that the father is a despotic ruler over his family, and a married woman becomes so entirely a part of her husband's family that she has to yield her obedience to her husband's parents, who frequently treat her more as a slave than a daughter-in-law. The doctrine inculcated in the Chinese classics is that a woman has three stages of obedience: First, to her father, second, to her husband, and third, if her husband dies, to her son when he reaches manhood. The old proverb goes: "Men wish their boys to be like wolves, and fear lest they should be timid; their girls they wish to be like mice, and fear lest they should have the boldness of the tiger." The laws established 2,300 years ago are in favor to-day, and among them no rules are stricter than those for keeping the women in bondage.

No Logic in China.

THERE is no logic, as a science, in China, and very little of the ordinary, every-day logic of other civilizations. Not only do the Chinese lack the syllogism, the laws of thought and the whole system of reasoning as built up by European minds, but they show in their daily life a strange lack of the power of induction. To this may justly be ascribed the curiously undeveloped condition of their civilization. They have invented and discovered many things, but have never been able to reason from facts to a general law. The remarkable contradictions in the mental equipment of the Chinese offer a fascinating field for observation. Their very illogicality deserves study at a time like the present, when the Chinese character is truly under the microscope of our western civilization.

Sir John Davis, the Chinese authority of half a century ago, observed that the Chinese "set no value on abstract science, apart from some obvious and immediate end of utility," and he goes on to remark that the state of sciences in China is like their condition in Europe previous to the adoption of the inductive methods of investigation. This is obviously true; the Chinese civilization is the most extraordinary mixture of culture and crudity that the world has ever seen. Yet without a developed science of government the Chinese possess great administrative ability. Without a true power of invention, they were familiar centuries before Europe, with the plough, the compass, the use of gunpowder, and so on. The race which produces diplomats who baffle western statesmen, merchants who outclass our best business men, produces also men who paint eyes on their boats, saying in explanation, "No have eyes, no can see."

A Chinese boy, if asked why his sister did not come to school, will answer, "My sister did not come to school," and consider it a full reply to the question. Ask why the Chinese build pagodas thirteen stories high, and the answer will come, "The Chinese built them so." The idea of cause and effect is extremely hazy in the Celestial mind.

Chinese Easy to Learn.

CONTRARY to the general impression, Chinese is much easier to learn than any other language. There is no grammar, no tense, but the words yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; no moods to verbs, no comparison of adjectives and adverbs, but the words more and most; no plural, no spelling. There are only roots, all of one syllable, and all Chinese. With a small working vocabulary a student can converse and pupils not unusually brilliant have learned to speak Chinese in four months. A pupil of Dr. Gardiner, of the Chinese Bureau in San Francisco, asked last autumn, "Do you think I can learn to speak Chinese in three years if I work? I intend to be a merchant in Canton." He was told to come and try, which he did. In less than three months he could converse well. It is not a year since he learned his first word in Chinese, and now he can speak, read and write enough Chinese to carry on any business. Observance of oral enunciation and varying pitch which makes a syllabic word mean any of half a dozen things to a Chinaman is indispensable. It is in this one particular pitch that Chinese is difficult for a European to learn to speak.

The errors made in this direction are amusing and embarrassing. A Salvation lassie was accustomed to dismiss her class of 30 Celestials with a sentence in Chinese. It was some time before she learned that by pitching the word for home improperly she had been telling her pupils that she was about to go to that warm place below instead of saying, "I am going home."

The language is so full of bits of human interest that it impresses itself upon the mind of the student as one goes along. For instance, the characters. They look like tracks of chickens' muddy feet till one understands them. Take the sign for "old." It is made up of the two signs "trees" and "bird"—a bird buried at the root of a tree. "Jealous" is represented by two signs, a door and a woman—a woman listening at the door. Then the Chinaman, although he may have a dozen wives, naively admits that one is easier to manage, for his word for "bad" and for "angry" is the sign for one man and two women, one on either side. "Good" and "peace" and "rest" are all represented by one woman with the sign for house over her. "Crafty" is expressed by the symbol of woman three times repeated, and "flattery" is one woman and two men.

A knowledge of other languages will help little in studying Chinese, beyond the mental fibre acquired in study. The Chinaman strings his words together in a way of his own and it is just the reverse of our way whenever our way can possibly be reversed. The wheels of his mind turn in the opposite direction from the Occidental's, whether in writing, when he begins at the end of the page, or in his religion when he prays to the devil.

Chinese Courage

THERE is no denying the courage of the Chinese. In fact, the report of Admiral Seymour's march and of the military operations at Tien Tsin read more like tales of massacres than battles. Crowds of Chinamen armed with tridents and swords and antique lances, but trusting more to their small red bag containing the Boxer sign, a red fork, and a written charm, rush with bare bosoms on the well-manned intrenchments of the foreigner and fall in hundreds before the level sheet of bullets which meets them. Yet many succeed in spite of this hail of death in reaching the trenches. A case in point is mentioned by Captain Shimamura, commander of the Suma, who guarded the highway on the south bank of the Pei-ho, connecting the concessions with the native town. On June 16 he was attacked by several hundred Boxers carrying torches. The Japanese marines, who thus had an excellent opportunity for taking aim, opened a terrific fire on them and the greater part fled, leaving their torches behind. During the isolated attacks that followed one brave fellow succeeded in reaching the trench, to which he walked with as much sang-froid as if he were invulnerable. He was shot down at last, of course, but not until he had reached to within a few yards of the muzzles of the guns. When his corpse was dragged inside the intrenchment by the Japanese and examined, it was found that he was a young man of about 25, clad entirely in silk raiment. It seems somehow fitting that the youths of the oldest Empire in the world should die in the richest attire and with their faces to the conquerors.

The Population of China.

THE Chinese Government, at irregular intervals, takes a so-called census of the nineteen provinces of China proper and bases the collection of taxes upon this enumeration. Some western students of China accept the figures thus gained as fair approximations of the truth, while others are far more critical The statistics usually printed have been those of the Chinese census modified by writers on China whose opinions are regarded as authoritative; but as these experts do not agree it happens that in the present decade, the estimated population of China, as given in various geographical works, varies from 250,000,000 to 450,000,000 souls. In the first six volumes of *Die Bevolkerung der Erde*, one of the most critical of statistical publications, the Chinese enumeration of 1842, with a total of 413,000,000 was accepted as worthy of credit; but the seventh volume went back to the enumeration of 1812, which gave a population of 360,000,000; and the editor explained that this was done because the mass of criticism was now opposed to the acceptance of the figures of 1842 and the known wasting of the population by wars and famine seemed to justify smaller figures. The concensus of opinion is that the country is not over populated. Much of the soil is capable of producing from two to three crops a year, and, allowing for this fact, there are 2.75 acres of arable land per head of population, an amount far greater than in most countries of Europe.

EVENTS CURRENT.

Peking Relieved at Last.

Peking is relieved; the legations are saved. The troops of the allied powers have beaten down the gates and entered the walls of the great capital. Part of the allied force has taken and occupied the Forbidden City, the heart of the town, being almost the first white men to enter that district. The city is burning in several places. The Emperor and Empress, with the flower of the Imperial guard, are in full retreat, heading, it is surmised, to the West, although their exact location is a mystery. They took with them most of the Imperial treasure.

This summarizes the Chinese news for the week. The capture of Peking was a rather easy task, in comparison with the sharp fighting that went before. On the 13th, the allied forces drew near the city. It was raining heavily, and the commanders intended to bivouac and reconnoitre. The sound of heavy firing within the walls, however, alarmed them, and they pressed on with all possible speed. Early on the morning of the 14th, the Russians and Japanese attacked the east gate, meeting with serious opposition, and a heavy battle ensued. They finally succeeded in blowing up an entrance and forcing in; the Americans and British had meantime entered on the other side, where the opposition was lighter, and were first to reach the legations. They were just it time. The supply of food was very low, the defenders were nearly exhausted. The heavy firing which the allies heard from without was one last desperate effort by the Chinese armies to annihilate the legationaries before help could arrive. The ministers added to the meager information furnished in their official dispatches a long story of Chinese treachery; they had been continually on their guard against machinations of the Foreign Office and of the Princes. The total loss of life in the siege was 67 killed and 160 wounded. All the ministers declare that the uprising is not caused by the Boxers but by the Imperial government itself. The troops pressed on toward the palaces in the city's heart. Here they met with rather stiff resistance. However, a late dispatch from Peking, via London, says that the Americans have entered the district and are holding the outer palaces. The Emperor and Dowager Empress are gone, no one knows where. They left August 13th. accompanied by their body guard and carrying the national treasure. It is surmised that as many troops as can be spared from police duty in Peking have gone on after them. Rumor, in fact, has it that a body of Japanese cavalry holds them surrounded. The whereabouts of Prince Tuan, head of the Boxer fanatics,and of Prince Ching, the friend of the foreigners, are very uncertain, but Tuan must be with the Imperial party. Fighting is still in progress between the allies and the remnant of the Chinese army left within the city.

The Powers in China.

The fall of Peking led Li Hung Chang to make a new appeal to the United States for peace negotiations. Cessation of hostilities was requested as a preliminary. Minister Conger was named as an acceptable delegate. Nothing appeared in the letter, however, as to Li's ability or inability to force the Boxers and Imperial troops into a cessation of hostilities. The proposition was promptly refused, partly because of the distrust in which Earl Li is held just now, partly because China has not complied with the conditions of our note of the 12th, which named the free entry of a relieving force into Peking as an indispensable preliminary. The fact that the appeal was made to our Government first of all would indicate that the United States will be expected to mediate in the final settlement, as being the Power least vitally interested. The desperate condition of China is shown by the last paragraph of the appeal, which requests that no indignities be offered the Emperor or Empress Dowager. This was answered by an assurance that, so far as the United States is concerned, the rulers will be humanely treated. The riffle caused by the landing of British troops in the Yang-tse Valley, which may be the first symptom of a coming international squabble over the spoils, was settled by the landing at Shanghai of 700 French troops from Tonkin and of Russian and French detachments. Further, warships of all the Powers, including our own *New Orleans*, are in the harbor. The Chinese Navy has a squadron in one of the estuaries of Shanghai Bay. The British ships have been blockading these vessels to keep them from preying on the transports of the allied armies. This task will now be divided among the allied squadron now in the harbor. This seems to settle the dispute for the present, but Great Britain's action, whatever its motive, has been bitterly criticised on the hostile Continent, the French in especial claiming that it gives the lie to open-door protestations. Although the United States is also committed to an open-door policy, no immediate withdrawal of our troops is expected. General Chaffee sends word that the war is not nearly over, and even though it were, the policy of the country pending a settlement will take all the international forces at present in China. No policy as to the final disposition of the Empire has yet been broached by any of the Powers.

The Week in National Politics

Both parties have now passed the stage of preliminary organization for the Presidential campaign, and have settled down to active work. Bryan is on a speech-making tour through the West, and Roosevelt is to be started out on a counter tour early in September. He is now in constant conference with the President and the National Committee regarding policy and subjects. The fear which seems to oppress the Republican managers just now is that the party may lose through overconfidence. All of Mark Hanna's recent utterances have been aimed against this tendency. On the Democratic side, Imperialism is dwarfing every other issue. Even in Nebraska, Kansas and other strongholds of silver sentiment, Bryan hardly mentions the coinage issue. The trust question is also relegated to the background.

The National League of Anti-Imperialists, in convention assembled, has endorsed Bryan and the Democratic platform by an overwhelming, though not unanimous vote. On the other hand, it seems by no means certain that the Fusion Populists will endorse Stevenson to replace Towne, their regular vice-presidential nominee. When Towne withdrew, it was in Stevenson's favor and with the understanding that his party would accept the Democratic nominee. A great part of the National Committee are, however, opposed to Stevenson on the ground of his old Cleveland allegiance, and will fight him when the committee meets for a choice.

Ex Senator J. J. Ingalls.

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, for twenty years one of the most prominent men in American public life, died, August 16th, of bronchitis. He had been out of politics since the rise of Populism, which overturned the Rebublican party, in Kansas, the State of his adoption. Previous to that, he had served in the Senate for nineteen consecutive years, had presided over the body for two years, and had been a power in the formation of the present Republican party. Ingalls was born in Massachusetts in 1833, of Puritan stock. After graduating from Williams college and obtaining his entrance to the bar, he emigrated to Kansas, it being then the time of the great Free Soil struggle in that section. He became prominent at once, was a member of the Constitutional Convention which laid out the laws for the new State and was president of the first State Senate. In 1862 he was defeated for Lieutenant-Governor and thereupon took up journalism, toward which he had a strong bent. Returning later to the bar, he left a lucrative practice to become Senator in 1873. In Congress, he rose to leadership almost at once. His clear grasp of public questions and a fearless if rather reckless adherence to his opinions helped him to prominence, but his stronghold was his ability as an orator. He was, without doubt, the most popular speaker of his time in the Upper House. After his retirement in 1891, he devoted his time to journalism and literature, contributing largely to the important magazines and newspapers.

Recent Archæological Discoveries.

Two remarkable archæological discoveries made within the present year promise to enlarge our knowledge of the history of the world by many centuries. The first is the unearthing by French scientists of royal Egyptian records going back to the kings of the first dynasty. As we know practically everything to be known about the daily life of the Egyptians, and as their origin, being connected with that of no other early civilization, can throw no light on the beginning of the Caucasian race, this discovery is of comparatively small importance. The other one is, on the contrary, as momentous an archæological find as has been made in the century. It is the discovery of a great library on the site of ancient Nippur, Asia Minor, by the scientists of the University of Pennsylvania. Over 17,000 books, in the form of clay tablets, were taken out; and there are yet five sections to be explored. If the remaining sections prove as rich in results as the one explored, we shall have a record of a lost civilization far more complete than our records of Egypt. Already enough is known from these 17,000 tablets to overturn about half of archæology. There is proof that, in the region of Babylonia, a civilization as high as that of the Greeks and Romans (although lower in the direction of art) reached its climax—not its beginnings—in the century 5000-6000 B.C. The excavations at Nineveh and Babylonia bring us only to the third century B.C. The race which made Nippur its capital, the Akkads, had many points in common with the modern Chinese, and the present theory is that they were the forefathers of the existing Oriental races. If so, it credits the Chinese with seventy centuries of quiescence, for the Akkads possessed most of the essential arts of the present-day Mongolians. They were canal-builders and farmed by irrigation. They had a written language, in which they educated all their children. They loved music, and had made some progress in painting and sculpture; had a banking and clearing-house system, and kept accounts, used scientific money, had a code of laws, were familiar with the sundial, levers, pulleys, spectacles, and probably telescopes. Many of these facts are revealed for the first time by the 17,000 books turned up at Nippur, and may be more fully corroborated by the records still unread. This discovery fixes dates and proves the antiquity of the Akkad civilization. The dates are corroborated by records of solar eclipses, which invariably agree with astronomical calculations.

The last few years have been remarkable for the richness of Egyptian and Asiatic archæological finds. Ten years ago it was believed that the field in this direction was pretty well worked out. This find proves the contrary, but it had already been disproved by the recent unearthing of a library of the second century in Egypt. The dried and hardened manuscripts of this find, being unwrapped and deciphered, have already revealed a lost poem of Sappho, one of the only two complete ones now extant, a curious list of the "sayings of Jesus," containing one or two sentences not attributed to Christ either in the Bible or the Apocrypha, and fragments of a scriptural work believed to be the Last Gospel heretofore regarded as a myth. This library may show other finds just as important, since the slow work of deciphering is not half done. A further possibility of the future is the upturning of the lost New Testament originals in the old mosques of Damascus, which which were once the most important Christian churches in the world and are now for the first time opened to the research of European scholars—thanks to the diplomacy of the German Emperor.

San Francisco's Place in the Census Returns.

Before the census was completed, it was thought that San Francisco would be backward in the proportionate population this year, that, in fact, several cities formerly ranked lower on the list would outrank her. The compilation is practically completed, and it turns out that San Francisco has not only held her place but has actually gained. In 1890, she stood eighth on the list; the incorporation of Brooklyn with Greater New York puts San Francisco in seventh place—practically the same position. But the city has drawn up well toward sixth place. In 1890, San Francisco had 2000 more people than Cincinnati. The excess is now 44,000. Over Buffalo, which has been annexing suburbs, the Golden Gate City still leads by 17,000. In fact, San Francisco is the only city among the leaders which has not helped its totals by the addition of outlying districts. Were Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley added on the Greater New York plan, the California metropolis would be challenging fourth place. Further, the census of June, 1900, was taken in the worst time of the worst year possible. Probably 20,000 of the regular inhabitants are away at Cape Nome, Dawson or the other northern gold camps, and many others are scattered along the mining towns of the slope. Further, the conditions of life in the city are peculiar. Most unmarried men without families in the region sleep in lodging-houses and board in restaurants. This makes the task of complete classification difficult and nearly impossible. Under these circumstances, the official figures of 369,000 may with justice be expanded to something very nearly 400,000. A peculiar feature is the fact that San Francisco is almost the only city which did not overestimate the municipal population. The city's newspapers prophesied 340,000—about 30,000 short of the mark. On the other hand, New York's guess was 200,000 in excess of the reality, and Chicago's 400,000.

A Quarrel Between Roumania and Bulgaria.

The two turbulent little border States of Roumania and Bulgaria are again at loggerheads, and a war is expected. The disturbance goes back to the continual hatred of the two countries, but has been brought to a head by an apparent interference of the Roumanian government in the internal affairs of Bulgaria. Roumania has demanded the arrest of Sarafow, president of the Bulgarian revolutionary party organ. The reason given is that the rise of a revolutionary party would be inimical to Roumanian interests. The demand as it stands is really an ultimatum, with war as an alternative. Both sides are preparing. The Bulgarian army is being mobilized on the frontier, and on the other side three army corps are being rushed to the border. The tension has been increased by sensational speeches emanating from King Charles of Bulgaria. Further, it is expected that the minister at Sofia will be recalled. The quarrel is of more than passing interest in Europe, as trouble in the buffer States usually comes as a prelude to a general European struggle of some sort.

is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash. Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter. Subscription: Per year, $2.00; six months, $1.25; three months, 75 cents. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

San Francisco — August 25, 1900 — Seattle

A Sentimental Valentine.

CURIOUS world, this. No man can ever tell what the whirligig of time may bring about. A few short months ago, according to the *Examiner*, John J. Valentine, the President of Wells, Fargo's Express, was a selfish, grasping, and an altogether unlovely person, directing the destinies of an infamous corporation that was openly and notoriously ignoring the plain letter of the law and shirking the payment of its proportion of the war taxes. But now that Mr. Valentine has announced it as his intention to support Mr. Bryan, and has declared his hostility to the "imperialistic tendencies of the administration" he has blossomed forth into the "distinguished president" of a great express company. He is now a "thoughtful man of affairs" who holds a "foremost position in the commercial world," and is gifted with "clarity of reasoning and forcefulness of argument."

Four months ago Mr. Valentine was a tax-shirker without patriotism; four years ago when he denounced free silver and Bryanism, he was a representative of "Plutocracy," was one of the "moneyed class" and was variously suspected of having some sort of privity with the "Shylocks of Wall or Lombard Streets." But now, Mr. Valentine is all right. No noon-day sun ever dispelled an August fog as quickly or as effectually as Mr. Valentine's declaration for Bryan wiped out the sin of "Plutocracy" and the wrong of "shirking the war tax."

Mr. Valentine has not modified or renounced his views on free silver. He still firmly adheres to the belief that our national honor and credit would be hopelessly involved if the policy of free silver were ever fastened upon our financial system. He has not receded the fraction of an inch from his former very pronounced stand on the silver issue. It is just as pernicious, just as dangerous, and quite as false and damnable now as it was four years ago. He still believes that free silver would drive six hundred million of gold out of circulation; he still believes that labor would suffer, enterprise languish and commerce and manufactures come to a standstill should free silver carry the day. "*But*," he says "there are greater questions than financial or economic ones, viz.: Human Rights!"

* * *

There is a cold, clammy suspicion going the rounds that the last Congress (which was Republican) legislated too wisely and too well. The bankers, particularly the Democratic bankers, of the country who four years ago trembled in alarm over the prospect of Bryanism, have, because of the new currency act, which they owe to the Republican party, assumed a self-satisfied sense of personal security, and a feeling of buoyancy and confidence that leads them to button up their fears, snap their fingers at free silver, and take to quibbling over the fly-speck, and, as a matter of personal economy, to sagely discussing "imperialism," "tyranny," "oppression" and indulge themselves in sentimental broodings over the "rights of the Filipinos." It is not often that the banker gives full play to the sentimental side of his nature, and perhaps he ought to be encouraged in it.

The friends of Mr. Bryan are industriously at work attempting to lull just such men as Mr. Valentine to sleep. It is of vital importance to that candidate to secure the support of the men who voted against him because of his free silver tendencies, and it is hoped to persuade them that even with their support Bryan cannot be elected; and if elected, the Senate being Republican, will kill any free silver measure that may come up. As has been happily said "They hope to win for Mr. Bryan some votes from the ungrateful and weak-minded, who inspired by a morbid sentimentality, or a keen sense of economy are willing to risk the overthrow of the gold standard in order to administer a rebuke, as they call it, to the present adminstration for its treatment of the Philippine banditti."

* * *

The gold man—and Mr. Valentine is most radical in his views on the currency question—should not delude himself into believing himself out of the woods, or be moved by the sentiment that runs "I'm all right, to h—l with the other fellow." The election of Mr. Bryan would certainly mean the election of a Democratic majority in the House. If anything is certain in politics, that is. We have said before, the first act of such a majority would undoubtedly be to pass a free silver bill. Then would follow a struggle that would bring Mr. Valentine down on his knees. The powerful influence of the Bryan administration would, with all of its political force, be brought to bear upon the Senate to secure a concurrence with the House. We would like to have some banker like Mr. Valentine tell us how long that Senate would resist this pressure. Suppose, for instance, Mr. Valentine, that a great majority of the people of this state should be afflicted with the same "fears" and "dark forebodings" that possess you, in respect to this bug-a-boo of Imperialism. Suppose, in consequence of this "irresistible sympathy and patriotic fear," this state should cast its electoral vote for Mr. Bryan, anti-imperialism and free silver. Suppose, too, it should send Democrats to Congress in place of the Republicans now there. These Congressmen would come fresh from the people, they would represent the immediate wishes and desires of a majority of the voters of this state, and we would like to ask you whether Senator Perkins and Senator Bard would be justified in refusing to heed this plainly expressed wish of their constituents? Senators Perkins and Bard represent the *state* not the Republican party. You, Mr. Valentine, and we of this journal would try to urge upon them that free silver had nothing to do with the result in California. But to say the least the other fellow would have a most plausible argument to persuade them to represent the people whom they were elected to represent—and this, backed by the pressure of the administration, would be likely to give the banker with a "sentiment" a chance to think about "financial or economic ones."

* * *

Even without a silver bill, Mr. Bryan's power to play the devil with our currency is almost unlimited. If Mr. Valentine or any other banker with a "sentiment" believes the gold standard is "firmly fixed for six years, at least" as has been hastily and erroneously declared, let him come forward and tell us what is to prevent President Bryan's suspending gold payments, and bringing the currency of the nation below the gold standard. Matthew Marshall in the New York *Sun* says:

"While, too, the act provides for the redemption in gold of government notes, it makes no such provision for the redemption of silver dollars or of the certificates representing them. For does it define 'coin' used in the government bonds issued previously, as meaning gold coin only."

* * *

The result is, as Mr. Marshall points out, that some $600,000,000 of silver, $36,000,000 of national bank notes assumed by the government, the principal and interest of $600,000,000 of government bonds, and the ordinary expenses of the government, are all unaffected by the new act, so that the Secretary of the Treasury may, without violating it, offer to the public creditors in payment of more than two-thirds of their claims, money not convertible into gold at par on demand. No penalty is attached for a failure of the Secretary of the Treasury to maintain the currency on a parity with gold and there is nothing to prevent him from ignoring a currency act which all of Mr. Bryan's supporters disapprove, and which all of them denounce as "the culmination of a long series of conspiracies to deprive the people of their constitutional rights over the money of the nation and relegate to a gigantic money trust the control of the finances and hence of the people."

Lovely company Mr. Valentine is in. Let's hope for his own sake and for the country's sake that his beautiful sentiments respecting the Filipinos and his dreadful fears and elaborate constitutional theories may not operate to render him or the nation less prosperous or less happy.

Our Duty in China.

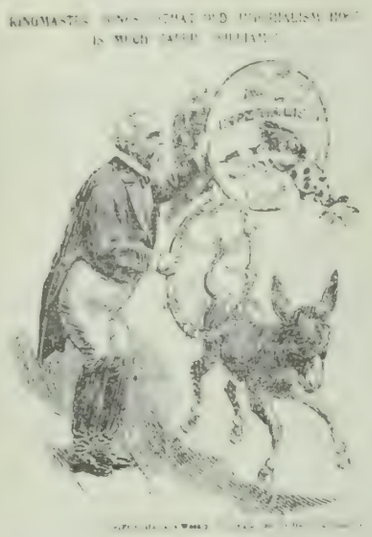
IT will probably make very little difference to the Bryanistic follower what the attitude of the administration may be with respect to China. If our troops are withdrawn, it will be cowardice; if they are directed to assist in restoring order, it will be Imperialism. Whatever may be the course of the administration, it will be wrong in the sight of these men who hold "politics" above everything else. Probably every fair-minded man will admit that to withdraw our troops, now that Minister Conger is safe, would be despicable. To say to the allied forces, "We are going to quit," and calmly shift upon their shoulders the burden of restoring order and government in China—from which we will take benefits as great as any other nation—would be rank cowardice and utterly inexcusable as matters stand to-day. Yet a condition may arise—and a few days may uncover it—when this country would be perfectly justified in refusing to proceed further. The United States was first interested—in common with all the world—in succoring her legationers, and securing protection to her citizens. No one, of any sense, has ever questioned the course of the administration in this particular connection. We joined forces with the allied armies in a just and common cause which has been partially accomplished. The United States is now interested in restoring order in China, in securing the re-establishment of a responsible government that will guarantee adequate indemnity for the outrages of the past, and insure protection to our representatives and our citizens against similar uprisings in the future. Further than this we are interested in maintaining an open door—and no further. We have no hunger for Chinese territory, and under the guise of re-establishing order and government we should no contribute to the greed of any other nation.

So long as our legation was besieged and our minister exposed to the attacks of a fanatical mob, the administration was justified in proceeding without delay to put in motion every arm and every power of the government to secure their safety and release. There was no time to stop for international agreement as to the future. With a unanimous and complete understanding among the powers that the limit of their endeavors shall be peace, government, protection to citizens and indemnity, we are justified in continuing our operation with the armies of the civilized world. Indeed, it is our duty. But if the powers refuse to come to such an agreement, if even one of them insists on demanding a slice of territory, President McKinley would be justified in withdrawing our troops from all participation in Chinese affairs upon the ground that there no longer exists a complete community of interests, and that we are not justified in contributing toward the dismemberment of China or the aggrandizement of another nation.

Alaska has been for 23 years a colony of the United States. It was purchased without the consent of the natives; it is large in extent, it is far distant, it has nearly two and one half times more sea coast than all of the balance of the United States; its inhabitants do not and cannot vote, they never had representation of any kind, or an election of any kind; it is governed by Congress, and still we are not half empire, half republic.

It is a little difficult to understand the claim of a Republican party manager that there is "no fight" on the silver question in this campaign. How, under such circumstances, can you blame the gold Democrat for returning to his party. Silver *is* an issue, and the Republicans who have accepted Bryan's dictum that it is *not* an issue may regret permitting their enemy to dictate what are and what are not the issues involved.

A brief notice of the proposed sale of the Sutro Library serves to remind one that the ex-Mayor obtained a great deal of credit for a philanthropy he promised, but failed to put in practice.



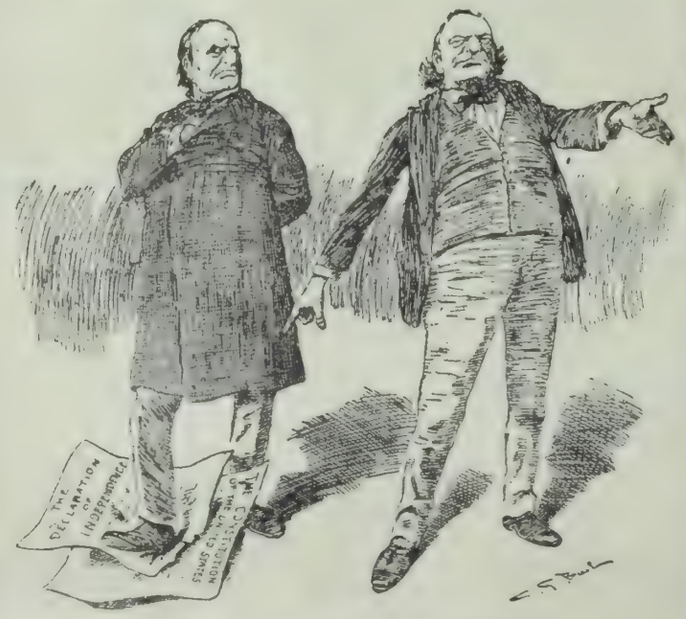
The Bryan notification meeting (from telegraphic description)
—From the Minneapolis Tribune

TO THE WEATHER MAN.

Smoke up again if this is the best you can do. Note—If this doesn't a cool wave all precedents are worthless

DESERTED

MISS DEMOCRACY—GRACIOUS ME! HOW I HAVE CHANGED SINCE I'VE BEEN KEEPING COMPANY WITH THIS MAN BRYAN



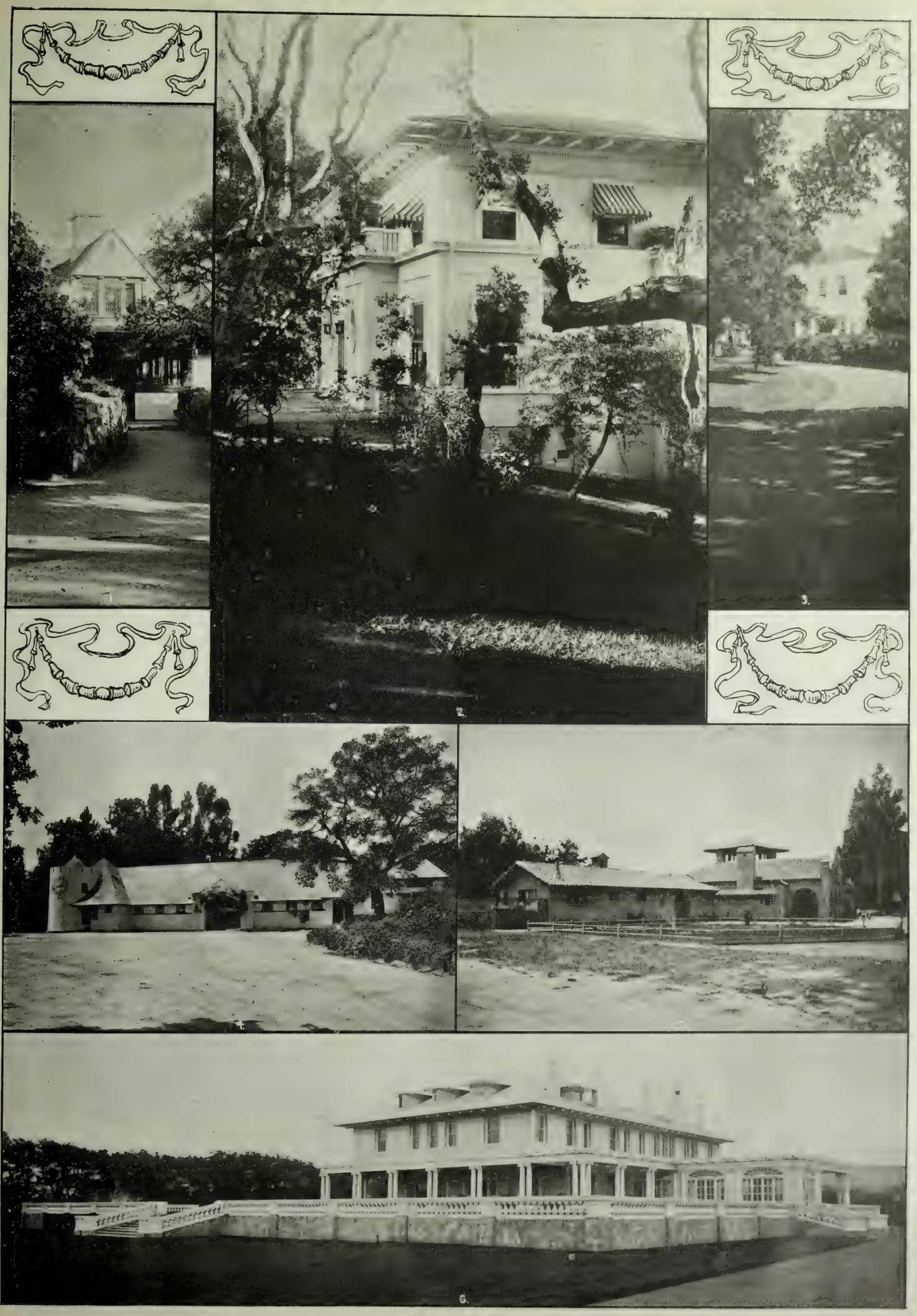
"THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE!"

THE MAN WHO MUST REMAIN IN TOWN FINDS PLENTY TO KEEP HIM INTERESTED.

Nelson in New York Herald.
Lynch in New York World.

Carter in Minneapolis Times.
Kemble in New York Herald.
Outcault in New York Herald.

POLITICAL ISSUES CARTOONED.



The Campaign and Its Leaders

NOTHING proves so thoroughly the extent to which political interest dominates this country as the elaborate organization of the national party campaigns. Senator Hanna on the Republican side and Senator Jones on the Democratic are generals of a great army, with brigades, regiments, companies and squads, a huge machine which works with the least possible friction toward a definite end. Considered on the financial side alone, it is a great undertaking. The election of a president in 1900 will cost all of $25,000,000. About one-fifth of this sum is to be distributed by the two national committees; the rest will pass through the local committees of the various states. The hire and keep of orators, the distribution of literature and devices, the organization of parades will take most of the money. After that, comes a great mass of miscellany—including the taking of a voter's canvass, the operation of phonographs and stereopticons, the hire of carriages at the polls, the salaries of writers of campaign literature. The organization was begun long before the formal opening of national headquarters in July; in fact, it is a survival of former campaigns, since the machine is not taken to pieces between elections, but only remains idle. The real work of Hanna, Jones and their counselors during the month of July lay in putting on the finishing touches.

and merchants are in receipt of private appeals of the same tenor. The party managers insist that no other means will be employed, that the party relies solely on the generosity of its supporters and that funds will be forthcoming when they are thoroughly awakened.

Chicago as a Political Center.

The watchword of the Republican party, "The Enemy's Country," is carried out in the present double arrangement of national headquarters. Chicago and New York being the "main offices," the western city will be the scene of the most active work. Hanna is organizing things in New York, but he will go to the western metropolis later and will make it his real headquarters. This idea of double centers for a campaign was Blaine's in the beginning, but was not adopted until four years ago, when it was proved to work well.

Chicago is still the center of all things for the Democrats. They intend to open a branch in New York before long, but it is evident that they will guard the West, their own particular region, most jealously. It happens, therefore, that Chicago is to be the storm-center this year. Jones, indeed, has been haunting the East, but his object has been to harmonize the jarring Hill-Croker factions in New York. This done, he is likely to return and put in most of his energy at

force, seems to be doing the most, but the patient, steady, systematic toil of Mark Hanna is undoubtedly far more productive.

Cranks and Enthusiasts.

One of the terrors of life at the campaign headquarters is the crank with a patent device or a new idea. Their name is legion, their wiles are innumerable. One man with a faculty of writing jingle has made life a horror for the campaign managers since the conventions. He has haunted Republican and Democratic headquarters alike, and both sides have just bought a bunch of his wares in order to get rid of them. The man who has made most trouble for Hanna had a scheme for forming Rough Rider Clubs in every state, who should dress in khaki and be a feature of the parades. Unfortunately for Hanna, who was down on the idea from the first, this crank raised something of a following in the committee. However, he was finally sat down on, the chief announcing that the head of the ticket was McKinley and not Roosevelt, and that he would never consent to letting the tail wag the dog in that fashion. A few devices of the sort have been adopted. For example, both parties are going to buy and use phonographs to disseminate the speeches of their leaders. This plan was laughed at in the beginning, but is now proving agreat help to the spectacular side of the election.

Cornelius N. Bliss. Senator M. A. Hanna. Senator Nathan B. Scott. Frederick S. Gibbs. Joseph H. Manley.

A SESSION OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Copyright by C. C. Johnson.

Republicans Overconfident.

The great fear which oppresses the managers of the Republican national campaign is that the party may lose through overconfidence. Throughout the East and, to a lesser extent, throughout the entire country, there is an impression that the Republicans are sure of a victory. The campaign fund collectors found this from the outset. Firms and individuals that had been accustomed to give heavily in previous years were indifferent and shy. Consequently, the party's financiers found themselves in the anomalous position of bankers to a party which is assailed by its opponents because of the wealth which it represents and because of its alleged truckling to the "money power," and is yet very much cramped for funds. This overconfidence is the chief worry of Mark Hanna's life. He works at his office early and late, whether there be anything to do or not, in order to dispel the illusion that the national committee, believing success a foregone conclusion, is resting on its oars. Some of the party organs in New York and Pennsylvania have been publishing strong letters appealing to the supporters of moderate means to contribute up to the top of their ability in order to meet the "extraordinarily strong efforts of the Democratic party." It is understood that the big manufacturers

Chicago. By the way, the superstitious among the Democrats are predicting victory for their party on the ground that their opponents are occupying this year the "hoodooed" quarters used by the Democratic committee in 1896, while they have the lucky Republican headquarters.

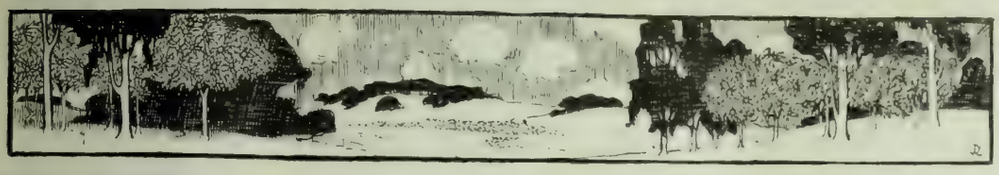
The Rival Managers.

The personal ways and methods of Jones and Hanna are widely different. The much-cartooned Senator from Ohio is given to a great, reflective calm, and manages affairs with the easy assurance of a man certain in his power and position. He works with the air of a business man, saying little but meaning much when he speaks, and seeing as few men as possible in order to allow himself precious time for office work. Jones seems to have taken his cue from his leader; he mixes with men a great deal, seeing as many personally as he can, and talks volubly. His main subjects of conversation just now are prediction of certain victory next fall and explanation of the income tax plank at Kansas City—a mistake, as events have proved. But both the men work tremendously as a man must do when he has the responsibility of years crowded into three months. Jones, owing to his apparent

THE LATEST IN SHOES.—The young New Yorker who wore white silk socks at a Newport dance is not likely to have many followers in a year marked by the flamboyant colors that men have permitted themselves to wear in this detail of dress this season. Riotous tints have been the rule, and the chaste simplicity of white silk socks is a violent contrast to the prevailing taste. The demand for highly colored hosiery is believed to be largely the result of the low black shoes, which have this season taken the place of the light-colored leather and seem to demand some contrast as a tribute to the customary lightness of summer dress.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS DECLINE IN SALE.—"There has been a very noticeable decline in the sale of religious books," said a publisher who once printed many of them, "and I do not know how to account for it. The churches are growing in wealth and numbers all the time, according to their own figures, but the interest in religious books has declined to such an extent that we now publish very few of them. Old publishing houses that years ago relied on such works for their profits have turned their attention to fiction in response to the public demand. That has been my experience and I give it to you without comment."

Personalities of the Day.



Germany's Foreign Minister.

COUNT BERNHARDT VON BUELOW, German Minister of Foreign Affairs, political heir of Bismarck, and Emperor William's right-hand man is only forty-five years old. He belongs to a family which, although only of the minor Prussian nobility,is autocratically of the highest rank on account of its antiquity. His diplomatic career began shortly after the Franco-Prussian war—during which he won his epaulets in the Hussars—and his advancement has been rapid. His father was a great friend of Bismarck, and the present minister of foreign affairs follows closely the methods of the man of blood and iron.

Von Buelow has yet much of the impetuosity of youth. Two years ago, while secretary of embassy at Dresden, he ran away with his superior—Count Denhoeff's—wife. The countess loved music; the count hated it; Buelow adored it. Wagner was a constant source of discord between the Count and the Countess; a source of ecstatic and mutual enchantment to the Countess and Buelow. The Wagnerian duettos ended in an elopement. The Count secured a divorce; and Buelow a wife. There was some scandal, but finally Bismarck's influence at court smoothed over the ruffled diplomatic feathers.

Count Bernhardt Von Bulow,
German Minister of Foreign Affairs.

He is said now to be *range*. His conduct of affairs abroad has thoroughly pleased his Imperial master. In diplomatic fencing, he has few rivals worthy of the name. He is a somewhat weak orator, one who relies very much on his manuscript yet he has the precious gift of being able to convince his opponents without losing his friends. People who know say that the Chancellorship is within his grasp.

"Ten per Cent" Dowie. Divine Healer

QUITE the most remarkable "divine healer" of the century has relieved Chicago of his presence. His name is John Alexander Dowie, his formal title is Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church of Zion, and his claim to special distinction is the fact that, unlike others of his kidney, he is frank in his acknowledgment that he makes money out of it. He left Chicago and property worth two millions to journey to the Holy Land in fulfilment of a vow—so he says. There are grovelling scoffers, however, who claim that he left Chicago because people were getting knowledge of his methods—because the game was playing out, and even the financial and diplomatic genius of Dowie could not keep it going full blast much longer. So glad was Chicago to see the last of the "healer" that the Michigan Central railroad gave him a private palace car for himself and his long retinue of family and retainers. This meek mild follower of the faith rode to the depot in his own carriage, attended by a valet and a private secretary, put up at the best hotels *en route*, and was driven in state to the Hamburg-American wharf.

Dowie's "church" was run on business principles. He claimed a following of 50,000 adults. His followers were required to observe the Scriptural injunction by giving ten per cent. of their incomes to the Church. They managed to save the makings of this sum by denying themselves worldly amusements, alcohol and tobacco; they also contributed by doing their banking business with the Church, and by subscribing for Dowie's three papers—a weekly, *Leaves of Healing*; a fortnightly, *The Coming City*; and a monthly, *The Voice of Zion*. Dowie was the whole Church, pope, bishop, priesthood, and financial manager. He had no advisers; he stood alone. It seems incredible that so many people would leave their affairs so completely in the hands of one man, but they did so with childlike faith. His enterprise included, beside the bank and the printing plant, a lace manufactory and a and company.

The "sect" was not without its "persecutions." It was customary to treat sick members by laying on of hands in the Tabernacle. This, of course, raised a howl among legitimate practitioners, who had an ordinance passed declaring the institution a hospital, and requiring a license, a thing which the City Council refused to grant. As a result, Dowie has been arrested about a hundred times in the last five years. He finally beat the ordinance with the help of his lawyers; the doctors renewed the attack on another line recently, and the healer remembered, at just about that time, his vow to see the new century dawn in Jerusalem. Dowie has done all this in ten years. He was born in Scotland and emigrated to West Australia. He declares that he was a great man in the colony, having been offered a Cabinet position as a reward for curing a fever epidemic. He came to San Francisco in 1888, and struggled with the scoffers of the coast for two years. Then, believing that Chicago held the greatest opportunities for fighting the devil, he founded his church there. He says that he intends to be back by next February. The Windy City lives in hopes that, if he really does return, which is doubted, his absence will cure his followers of their infatuation.

Count De Witte.

THERE is perhaps no man hated more cordially than Surgius Zulegevitch De Witte, Russia's financial minister, the most powerful figure in the Muscovite Empire after the Great White Czar. Since his advent as Minister of Finance, he has scattered to the four winds the coterie of shameless peculators, corrupt officials, juggling financiers that made the finances of Russia the most forlorn, crooked, wildcat muddle that ever taxed the cleansing abilities of a financial Hercules. He has re-established Russian credit,redeemed its paper currency, accumulated a gold reserve of 800,000,000 roubles in the Imperial coffers, negotiated commercial treaties that swelled Russia's trade prodigiously, and steered through to successful completion the gigantic operation of the Trans-Siberian railway. He is hated by the old corrupt officialdom who find the financial department guarded from their dubious operations and by the capitalists who, on account of his liberal and far-seeing statesmanship, find the interest-bearing power of their roubles to have fallen from forty per cent, to twenty and, in the near future, probably as low as ten. The present Czar, however, entertains a high opinion of the minister's honesty and ability, as did also his father, Alexander III. It was the latter who conferred upon De Witte the title of Count, in Russia a higher distinction than that of Prince.

De Witte rose to his present high place from comparative obscurity. At the beginning of the Turkish war, when the Russian troops were being mobilized, he was stationmaster *pro tem*—his chief was absent—of an unimportant town. Imperial troops were being hurried by rail to Bulgaria. The transportation plans evolved at headquarters did not please the young stationmaster and he deliberately disregarded them. In autocratic Russia, such disobedience was a monstrous offense. There was a great hullabulloo; the station-master's insubordination was investigated by high personages in resplendent uniforms; Siberia yawned before him.

Count de Witte,
Russia's Minister of Finance.

To the surprise of the investigating commission, however, it soon appeared that obedience to orders not only would have resulted in an awful catastrophe, but that the young stationmaster had forwarded the troops according to a splendidly conceived and executed scheme of transportation which, in anticipation of the approaching war, he had planned down to minute details—thus doing what his superiors had failed to do.

Instead of going to Siberia, De Witte was made director of the Imperial railways, from which position, by his extraordinary executive ability and indefatigable labor, he soon rose to the high place he now occupies.

An Irish-American Schoolmaster.

DURING the Washington Centennial of 1889, the "George Washington yell"—there is no other name for it—was a feature of the celebration in New York. It ran like this: "Who was George Washington? First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen!" It was then ended by a series of stamps like the end of a breakdown—"tap, tap-a-tap, tap-a-tap, tap, tap." The prank overspread the country, and still lingers in the colleges. It owes its origin to the queerest schoolmaster who ever taught in New York. This was Prof. McElvoy of the old Baxter-street school No. 6. An Irishman by birth, manner, and accent, and a man of great learning, he may be said to have taught in jig-time. He had the trick of weaving classical myths, Latin rules and historical facts into rhymes, which he rendered himself in a gentle soft roll, and taught to his classes—mostly Irish boys from the region of Baxter street. His teaching was a running fire of quaint, witty remarks. In his hands, this style was effective. It kept up the interest of the boys and made them learn in spite of themselves. Father Prout has described a geography lesson as he gave it:

"Now, Dennis Mahoney, shtand up and bound Ireland."

"Ireland is an island. It is bounded on the west by the Atlantic Ocean, on the—"

"Shtop, Dennis. Ye'll never get around. Say that Ireland sits in the chops of the English Channel like a huge oyster in the mouth of an epicure—too big to swally and too good to let go."

At every turn he kept the country of their ancestry before the boys. For example—

"Tell me about Lake Shuperior," he would say.

"Lake Superior is 360 miles long"—

"Ah gwan wid yer figgers. Say that Lake Shuperior is so big that ye cud drown all Ireland in it and save Father Matthew a dale of throuble."

He originated the Washington trick as a method of inculcating patriotism. Every twenty-first of February he would call the school to order and ask:

"Who was George Washington?"

The answer would come back in concert:

"First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen—tap, tap-a-tap, tap-a-tap, tap, tap." The boys used to practice this breakdown for days before, so as to insure good team work.

"That's right," Prof. McElvoy would say, "An' now take a holiday, ivry wan of ye."

John Wanamaker.

THERE is perhaps no character more distinctly nineteenth-century American than that of John Wanamaker, the pious merchant king. With his materialism and his religiosity; his zeal at gain, his charity in giving; his determination to be rich on earth and chosen in heaven, he is indeed the new product of a new civilization.

At four years of age John Wanamaker was already making money—seven cents a day turning brick for his father. At twelve he was earning one dollar and twenty-five cents a week in the book store of Barclay Lippincott, Market street, Philadelphia. An offer of a "raise" of twenty-five cents a week caused him to abandon the book store for the clothing salesroom of Colonel Joseph Bennett. He already showed at that age the peculiar blending of worldliness and other-worldliness that is his marked characteristic. While keenly alive to the advantages of an extra quarter he was spending all of his spare time in attending religious services and perusing pious books. At eighteen he was earning six dollars a week and founding temperance societies. For the next seven years he used all of his energy in the pious position of secreary of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., the religious side of his nature—aided by the worldly encouragement of a salary of one thousand a year—seemingly predominating during that period. Then the secular element took its innings, and, in 1861, in partnership with Nathan Brown, his brother-in-law, he started a modest clothing and furnishing store in the Quaker capital. The firm's assets were three thousand dollars. A two-wheeled cart pushed by John himself served as delivery wagon. The profit of the first day's business was thirty-six dollars, which amount was forthwith expended for an advertisement in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

In ten years from that time John Wanamaker had absorbed forty-five rival firms and was the leading merchant of his native city. Four years later he had purchased for $450,000 the freight depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad where his present store is located. To-day his two Philadelphia establishments alone do a business of between thirty and forty millions annually. Mr. Wanamaker ascribes his business successes to his religious training and his actual practice of religion. There are many who might be willing to be religious at that price.

SLIPPED THROUGH THE STRAITS.—During the recent French naval manœuvres the squadron under Admiral Gervais succeeded in slipping through the Straits of Gibraltar at night without being noticed by the British observers on the Rock. So at least the French newspapers assert.

1. Miners Journeying to Dawson from Bennett. 2. The Sports on Front Street. 3. A Balloon Ascent. 4. Scows Landing at Dawson from up and down the River.
CELEBRATING THE FOURTH OF JULY AT DAWSON CITY.

Dat-So-La-Lee, a Washoe Basket Maker

By Herbert Alden French

Dat-So-La-Lee's No. 22, Value $800.

Dat-So-La-Lee—The Greatest of the Weavers.

Dat-So-La-Lee's No. 23, Value $800.

ONE of the most interesting fads that has been taken up by people with money to afford it, is the collection of rare and valuable specimens of Indian basket work. People have recently come to appreciate that there is a certain class of Indian basket work displaying a truly marvelous skill and taste on the part of the makers but that the art is rapidly dying out, until it is only a question of a few years when it will be numbered among the lost. In fact, there are to-day very few of the Indians who are really versed in basket-making in its finest forms. These are almost altogether squaws of an advanced age and the craft is practically not being taught at all to the younger generation.

The reason for this failure to keep up this knowledge is that it involves an exceeding slow process, requiring great patience, and the younger members of the tribe have been able to find more lucrative employment in other channels. Even when there has been an attempt to teach the craft, the influence of civilization has been toward hurrying the process and has been fatal to the highest accomplishment. The best work now brings almost fabulous prices, but when the time of production is considered, the compensation does not seem extravagant. Perhaps the most skilful basket maker in the country has turned out twenty-three baskets in three years. The best of these is valued at $800 but the younger generation is absolutely incapable of obtaining the results, for their basketry does not bring a tenth of that price. As soon as the baskets are turned out rapidly enough to make the work remunerative at the high prices, the quality is so cheapened that all that has been gained by speed is lost in value.

A Famous Collection.

In view of the fact that the art is rapidly dying out, an influential movement has been started to get the government to make an appropriation for the collection and preservation of specimens which shall represent the work of the North American tribes in this line. Probably the best work that is done in the country is by the Washoe, Piute, and Shoshone tribes. The Washoe Indians are credited with the highest class of work in the collections that have thus far been got together. The most famous collection of the Washoe work is at Carson, Nevada, and arrangements have been made by the State Board of Agriculture to have it exhibited at the State Fair at Sacramento in September together with the most noted of the Washoe basket-makers

Work of Shoshone Weavers.

The history of this basket-maker and of the Carson collection is exceedingly interesting. A few years ago specimens of Indian skill were kicking about Carson and would not have been purchased at twenty-five cents each by the whites. A few people, however, began to realize that the baskets represented a rare art, that some of them had marks of exquisite beauty and that the skill which created them was rapidly being lost. Then they started the collection. They found that the "queen of the basket-makers" was Dat-So-La-Lee,

Dat-So-La-Lee's No. 24, Her Latest Work. No Price Set.

or as she was known to the whites, Louisa Keyser, an old squaw about sixty years old.

It is not often that whites are allowed to see this old squaw and she is isolated as much as possible from the younger members of her own race. Every effort is made to preserve her art pure, a task that experience has taught the Indians and the collectors is very difficult. From contact with our race the makers seem to get into shoddy methods, the most alarming of which is the tendency to increase the speed of manufacture in the desire to make the business more lucrative. Even when the older makers are allowed to associate freely with the young members of the tribe they are inclined to pick up swiftness at the expense of care and the habit so formed inevitably results in the degredation of the skilful maker into a lower class for all time. But the process is so slow that the squaws are abandoning it. They show no inclination to teach it to their children They find that they can make more money by washing or almost any other employment. An idea of the degree of patience required and the slowness of the work, may be obtained from the fact that for a skilful weaver, one round of a large basket or two of a small one is a day's work. The fibres are so compactly woven that the best baskets are perfectly water tight. The quality depends largely upon the fineness of the weaving. Six stitches to the inch is regarded as coarse weaving, twelve stitches as fair, and sixteen to thirty stitches as extra fine. During the past three years Dat-So-La-Lee has turned out sixteen baskets running sixteen stitches to the inch, three baskets twenty stitches to the inch, and four baskets of thirty stitches to the inch.

Queen of Basket-makers.

Dat-So-La-Lee is herself a fat, coarse-featured Washoe, with long, straight, black hair falling over and nearly concealing her eyes, and is certainly not possessed of any marks of beauty, either in form or feature. She is shrewd and cunning, bland in appearance, but an inveterate liar, with an ever-ready tear-fount when she is desirous of gaining something from a visitor Her hands, however, are true objects of beauty They are perfectly symmetrical; the fingers are plump and tapering, and she has a delicacy of touch that seems marvellous to one whose general appearance is so gross and apparently clumsy. She is vain to a degree and chuckles derisively at the mere mention of a squaw who can compete with her artistic creations.

Of Dat-So-La-Lee's work there are qut 24 known specimens, and these are numbered and the record of them carefully kept. Mrs. William Tevis, of San Francisco, has two specimens, numbered 6 and 11; H. E. Huntington has two, numbered 8 and 13; W. J. McNulty, of Fresno, Cal., has one; Henry Siegal, of Siegal, Cooper & Co., of New York, has one; Mrs. Hamilton, of Seattle, Wash., has three; former Superintendent Mead, of the Carson Indian Training School, has one; and the R. Stenzel Fur Company, of Salt Lake, Utah, has one. The remainder are in the Carson collection.

The most valuable of these baskets are not more than ten or eleven inches in diameter in their widest part, and some are even smaller. Of the three latest productions, No. 22 is valued at $800, No. 23 at $800, and No. 24 has no price set. No two baskets are ever made alike. The designs in the decorating, primitive though they seem, always have some significance. One recently sold to Mrs. Hamilton is called "Light ascending," and No. 20, valued at $500, in the Carson collection is termed "Sunrise." Others are intended to represent events historical, mythological, or ancestral. Some are used in tribal rites and in religious ceremonies. Others of the rare and ancient specimens are regarded by the tribe with a sort of sacred reverence, and it is rare that a white is allowed to view them. The baskets are also woven in to various shapes for water bottles, cradles, gourds and a variety of utensils. The materials used in the manufacture of the best

Continued on page 9.

Work of Washoe Weavers.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The Yellow Journals Beaten.

IS it not rather a joke on the yellow editors that their news service has not achieved the great things in the recent Chinese fracas. The *Sun's* service has scored time and again over the Associated Press and the specials of both the *Journal* and *World*. The first news of the safety of the envoys in Pekin was had by the conservative *Tribune*, not by any of the scare-head progeny. The first correspondent's letter from Pekin came to the London *Times* and not to any of the new sensational English dailies such as the *Mail* and the *Express*. All this is notable. Great professions of enterprise do not always mean precedence in news gathering. The average man who takes but one paper, however, is apt to assume it the most progressive sheet in the world, if it tells him so with sufficient emphasis. One is apt to imagine that a telegram in big letters is a much more significant announcement than the same fact in small type. Comparing the *Examiner*, *Call* and *Chronicle* of San Francisco, I have frequently found a minor item in the latter decorating in giant display style the front page of the former. But these are the tricks of the trade. It was Managing Editor Chamberlain of the Hearst organs who spoke of himself as a "literary window dresser."

***

The Triumph of Bad Taste.

AS everyone in California knows, the Admission Day celebration of this year is to derive particular pomp and glory from the fact that it is the fiftieth anniversary of the State. I had hoped that this great event would be commemorated in a fitting manner by a festival less shocking to good taste than those which have preceded it. This is the very home of awkward, tawdry, gaudy celebrations. Whenever we see fit to make merry, we do so with the help of slovenly arches, meretricious decorations, monstrosity floats, and parades composed of fraternal organizations, commercial associations and labor unions—a hopelessly inartistic crowd, which streams through the streets like a muddy torrent. In all our public occasions I have never seen one which was not spoiled for a critical eye by abominations without number. The fault does not lie in the intention; it lies in the knowledge and character of the men who run them—excellent men, no doubt, and generally honest and efficient, but men whose ideas of art are bounded by chromos. If it takes an artist to plan and conduct a scheme of decoration for one single room, is it not absurd to entrust the decoration of an entire city to persons who make no claim to artistic insight? It is like giving the embellishing of a palace to a sign painter. And so I had hoped that the organization which has such celebrations in its control would forget politics for once and place the matter in the hands of the city's artists. The hope proved vain; we will have to wait. Wherefore we may expect to see, in early September, a town decorated in lumps with ugly and inharmonious hangings, with gaudy and misplaced colored lights strung like clothes-lines from the telegraph poles; we may expect a parade like the awful one which made the volunteers wish that they had remained in Manila. And all this pomp of vulgarity will be planned and carried out by men who are working with the best intentions in the world. Therein lies the hopelessness of it.

***

Expansion at the Universities.

IT will not be long before the two California universities will be crowded up to the limits of their capacity both as regards buildings and departments. The University of California, already pretty well packed, begins the year with a freshman class larger by two hundred than last term's. The total registration in all departments, including the affiliated colleges, will be nearly 3000. Stanford has not yet opened, but I hear that an equal increase is expected there. Last year, the registration at Palo Alto was 1300 and it may pass the 1500 mark before the spring of 1901. Like Berkeley, Stanford is crowded, but the new buildings to be erected in the course of two years should make ample room for all comers. I hear that directly after the completion of this outer quadrangle the part of the income now going to contractors and masons will be devoted to strengthening of all departments and to the purchase of a big library, a point where Stanford is not very strong just now. A medical department may also be added, probably with headquarters in San Francisco, and the law school, founded last year, will receive substantial additions. Neither California nor Stanford has a theological school, and there is none of any size or endowment on the coast, the few denominational institutions being cramped for funds and limited in scope. The State University, being strictly public, could hardly undertake to add courses in theology. Stanford could, however, institute an undenominational theological school after the fashion of the one at the University of Chicago. It would meet a general demand for more thorough ministerial training on the Pacific Coast.

***

Co-eds Streaming to Berkeley.

AN amusing result of this overcrowding of the Universities is the undisguised concern among Berkeley men at the co-ed restriction at Stanford. Of course, it is not so much the effect of the edict on the Palo Alto Institution, which bothers them, but the repercussion on their own college, Berkeley, has its share of the plague (I am speaking solely from the anti-coed-college-man's standpoint) woman. The co-ed element is increasing steadily and in the last class reached the 45 per cent mark. The men are finding themselves crowded out. Some departments, in fact, are monopolized entirely by the *bas-bleu* element. The unfortunate male who studies English, for instance, is simply not "in it." He finds himself relegated to a dark corner of the class room, shut off from professional communion by a murmuring barrier of skirts, sunk in obscurity by the self-asserting display of learning of his sisters in education. On the whole, the college man likes to see woman educated, but cares not to have her co-educated. He claims, with some reason, that in a college where the proportion of femininity is too great, the professors unconsciously alter their courses to meet feminine needs, and that he suffers from the fact. But his main reason of discontent is not that at all. It is from the infinitely superior athletic standpoint that co-education is most deplorable. The athletic worth of a college is in proportion to the spirit, the concentration of energy of its members. Now, co-education acts as a diluting agent. The women are so many neutral, inert atoms in the great college organism which, to be strong, must be composed of strongly coherent parts. They are the insulators of the currents of college-spirit which are striving to unite in one great stream. They are draw-backs.

* * *

That is why the University of California man sees with infinite consternation the latest Stanford move, which he does not hesitate to declare diabolical. By its charters the Berkeley institution cannot make any provision restricting the number of its women-students. Hence the California man throws up his hands in helpless horror as he sees the diverted-from-Stanford stream of femininity rolling into his own college. Beneath the avalanche of skirts he can only bend his back and cuss impotently.

***

Walter Fong, Instructor in Cantonese.

WALTER FONG, who will instruct in Chinese at the State University during the present year, is a wise selection. Few native-born Chinese are so thoroughly in touch with both peoples as to be able to render the Oriental ideas in terms of Occidental understanding. He was born in the Canton district, and was a mission-school boy in his early childhood. Coming to this country, he prepared for college in our common schools, entering Stanford University, where he graduated in economics with the class of 1896. He married a white woman, a college mate, and gained some newspaper notoriety by suing a San Francisco weekly which published a humorous jingle on the event. He was travelling man for a local Chinese firm for several years, and was active in the Society for the Advancement of China before the Boxer disturbance quelled that organization. He speaks and writes English with native ease, and his Cantonese is said to be of the purest. Fong is a Christian and dresses in European fashion.

***

Decline of the Mourning Habit.

A DECLINE of the mourning habit is made the subject of scathing comment in the New York society journals. The dead seem to be forgotten with an ease and celerity which augurs a lightness of mind and character unpleasant to contemplate. We all know there is a deal of false sentiment expended in grieving for the departed, but there is also a happy medium. Not the most apathetic of us but shrinks from the thought of friends and relations indifferent to our memory. Cornelius Vanderbilt has not been dead a year, and already the Vanderbilt family, except the widow, are practically out of mourning. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, his daughter, is beginning to entertain, and the others have been going everywhere for quite a time. It is just a year since Robert Goelet's demise, and Mrs. "Bob" is on the *Nahma*, at Cowes, with a large party, and has been entertaining right and left. Since the death of her husband, the multi-millionaire New Yorker, Mrs. Goelet has lost two sisters, one of whom died only three weeks ago. The death of George Work took place in February, quite long enough to allow his sister, Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, to give an entertainment, this last week, at Newport. Cora, Countess of Strafford, who was Mrs. Colgate of New York has been laid up with nervous prostration, on account of the many gayeties she has been attending in London during the first year of her widowhood. The Duke of Manchester was dancing a cotillion hardly two months after the dramatic death of his only sister, and his mother, the Duchess of Manchester began to go out in London just at the close of the season. I know of some sentimentalists who shake their heads sadly when, on visiting Trinity cemetery, they see the neglected state of the tomb of Mrs. William Waldorf-Astor. The only leading family in which strict regard for mourning still exists is the Belmont. Anyone who goes to the cemetery at Newport or the churchyard in Long Island, where Mrs. August Belmont, the wife of the present head of the banking houses, lies, will note the contrast.

***

The Coolness of C ptain Reilly.

A CERTAIN military prisoner in the East will not soon forget Captain Henry J. Reilly, said to have been killed in the attack on Peking. The man was a deserter, who tried to escape just before the battle of Santiago, was captured and held under arrest while the fight was going on. He happened to be a good gunner, however, and when Reilly's battery started for the scene of action they discovered that they were one gunner short. The captain thought of the prisoner, took him out and put him in his usual place. "I'll keep my eye on you," he said, "now's your chance to show yourself." All through the day the prisoner staid by his gun, making good practice, and Reilly staid by *him* with his hand on his revolver. The folly of the gunner seems unbelievable, for his gallant conduct would probably have saved him from court-martial had he lasted the day out, but toward night he took advantage of a moment when the men of the battery were cheering Lawton's famous charge and tried to escape again by crawling through the underbrush. Reilly alone, with his eye ever on his business, saw the move. He whipped out his revolver and sent a shot after the fugitive, which, although it missed him, stopped his flight. Covering him with the weapon, Captain Reilly brought him back and held him under arrest again. In the subsequent court-martial, only Reilly's influence saved the fellow from the heavy penalty given for "desertion in the face of the enemy."

***

Senator Bard's Oil Deal.

BEING elected to the United States Senate seems to be like seeing the moon over your right shoulder or having a black cat follow you—it is a mascot. The proof whereof is that, since he went into office, Senator Bard's oil lands have made him another fortune. He has just sold his interests in Ventura for $300,000 and a one-third interest in the purchasing company. The transaction is not all luck, however. Senator Bard bought the land for next to nothing many years ago, and held it against several advantageous offers in the firm belief that it contained oil. Development work all around proved the Bard land to be prospectively rich; yet, still the Senator held on. Now he sells out, before he has spent a dollar in development, for a good-sized fortune.

BOSWELL, JR.

PUBLIC SCHOOL-BOYS AT THE FRONT.—A list of English public-school graduates serving in South Africa has been made. Eton leads with 1000 besides 496 serving in the volunteers; then follow Wellington, 500; Harrow, 400; Marlborough, 340; Cheltenham, 300; Charterhouse, 280; Winchester and Haileybury, 250 each, and Rugby 160. Sixty schools have about 5200 "old boys" at the front, besides over 3300 in the volunteer service.

H O R R O R

By Guy de Maupassant

This story is one of Guy de Maupassant's last. It was found in his study after his death. From this fact it derives a peculiar psychological interest, entirely outside of its literary merit. It is a striking example of that probing into the black, hidden abysses of life; of that brooding over the horrible, which finally drove the great Frenchman to his gloomy, madman's death.

THE warm soft night was falling slowly

The ladies had stayed in the salon of the villa. Outside, seated in a circle on the garden chairs, the men were smoking. The cigars gleamed in the deepening gloom. The conversation had been of a terrible accident that had happened the day before. Two men and three women had drowned in the river, right in sight of the guests.

"Yes," said General de G——, "such things are terrible, but they are not horrible.

"That word 'horrible' means much more than 'terrible.' An accident like this one alarms, frightens, moves to pity; it does not madden. To feel horror there must be more than the emotion of the soul, more than the spectacle of an awful death, there must be, besides, a shudder of mystery, an abnormal, supernatural sensation of fear. The death of a man even in dramatic circumstances does not cause horror; a battle-field is not horrible; blood is not horrible; the vilest crimes are rarely horrible.

"But I will give you an example. I will relate to you two events in my life that made me understand the meaning of that term 'horror':

"It was during the war of 1870. The army—twenty thousand men in rout, disbanded, demoralized, weary to death—was trying to reform itself on Harvre

"The earth was white with snow. Night was falling. We had eaten nothing for two days. We were fleeing; the Prussians were not far away.

"Beneath a black, heavy, sinister sky, the Normand plains spread in an expanse of livid white spotted with the shadows of trees. In the dull twilight, nothing was heard but a confused, mushy tramp of a driven herd mixed with a vague clashing of sabres and guns. The men, bowed, dirty, ragged, dragged themselves on in a long, weary stride. The skins of their hands stuck to the butts of their weapons, for it was bitter cold that night. Often I would see a young conscript take off his shoes and then at each step he left the imprint of his foot in blood in the snow. A few minutes after, he would sit down by the side of the road to rest awhile, and he would never rise again.

"How many we left thus behind us, of those poor, exhausted soldiers who thought they would rest a moment and then start on again! No sooner had they stopped, ceased to make their clotting blood circulate through their frozen flesh than an invincible torpor nailed them to the gronnd, closed their eyes, paralyzed in a moment this overworked human mechanism. They dropped forwards a little, their foreheads on their knees, without collapsing entirely, for their backs and arms and legs suddenly became rigid, hard and unpliable as wood. And we, the others, more robust, we went on and on, frozen to the marrow, advancing from the mere force of acquired momentum through that snow, that gloom, that desolation, weighed down with sorrow, defeat, despair, penetrated with an abominable sensation of emptiness, and death.

"Two gendarmes came to me. They held between them a singular little man, old, beardless, weazened. They thought he was a spy.

"The word 'spy' spread immediately among the stragglers and a circle formed about us. Somebody cried, 'shoot him!' a hundred voices took up the shout; and all those soldiers who were falling from exhaustion, who remained upright only because they leaned on their guns, were suddenly thrilled with that shudder of animal rage which impels mobs to massacre.

"I tried to speak; I was then major. But superiors had ceased to be obeyed; they would just as soon have shot me myself.

"One of the gendarmes said to me:

"'He has followed us for three days. He is always asking questions about the artillery.'

"I tried to question the captive.

"'What are you doing? What do you want? Why do you follow the army?'

"He mumbled a few words in unintelligible *patois*. He was really a strange creature with narrow shoulders and roving eye, and so disconcerted before my scrutiny that I did not doubt for a moment but that he was a spy. He seemed very old and feeble. He watched me with an averted face, with an air of mingled humility, stupidity and cunning.

"The men about us were crying 'Shoot him! Shoot him!'

"I said to the gendarmes, 'Guard him; you are responsible for his safety.' I had hardly spoken when a formidable lurch of the crowd hurled me to the ground, and, in a second, I saw the man seized by the infuriated troopers, struck down, dragged to the edge of the road and thrown up against a tree. He sank on the snow, half dead already.

"And the soldiers began shooting at him. They would fire, reload, and fire again. They fought for their turn, filed past the body, discharged their weapons as mourners file past a coffin to sprinkle holy water. Suddenly a cry arose.

"'The Prussians! The Prussians!'

"And I heard the immense report of a whole army running.

"The panic aroused by these shots had seized the executors themselves, and understanding nothing, mad with fear, they ran off and disappeared into the night. I remained alone before the body with the two gendarmes, held there by their sense of duty. They raised the mangled, bloody flesh. 'You must search him,' I said. And I gave them a match-box which I had in my pocket. One of the soldiers lighted the other. I stood between them.

"'A blue blouse, a white shirt, a pair of trousers, a pair of shoes,' enumerated slowly the gendarme who was searching.

"The first match went out; a second was struck. The man went on, while turning the pockets inside out:

"'A knife—horn handle, a bandana handkerchief, a snuff-box, a string, a piece of bread.'

"The second match went out. A third was lit. The gendarme shook the body and then said:

"'That's all.'

"I said:

"'Undress him. There might be something against the skin.'

"And, so that the two soldiers might work together, I lighted them myself. In the momentary flashes of the matches, I could see them take off the clothes one by one, leaving naked that heap of bleeding flesh, yet warm.

"And suddenly one of the gendarmes straightened up with a spring. 'Good God, commandant,' he said hoarsely, 'it's a woman!'

"I cannot describe the singular and poignant feeling that seized my heart then. I could not believe it and I kneeled in the snow, before the shapeless pulp, to see. It was a woman.

"The two gendarmes stood there, paralyzed, waiting for me to say something.

"But I did not know what to say, what to think.

"Then one of them said slowly:

"'Might have been a mother—looking for her son, who was in the artillery, of whom she had no news.'

"'Sure, that might be,' said the other.

"And I, who had seen many terrible things, I began to weep. And, in the frozen night, in the center of the black plain, before this mystery, before this unknown, murdered woman, I learned the meaning of that word—'Horror.'"

* * * * *

"I had the same sensation last year, while getting the story of the Flatters' expedition from an Algerian 'tirailleur.'

"You all know the details of this atrocious tragedy. There is one, however, of which you may be ignorant.

"Colonel Flatters was traveling across the desert, through the territory of the Couaregs—those pirates of the immense ocean of sand which spreads from the Atlantic to Egypt, from the Soudan to Algeria.

"The guides who led the column belonged to the Chambaa tribe.

"One day camp was struck in the middle of the desert, and the Arabs explaining that the spring was a little further on, said they would go there with all the camels and get water.

"One man warned the colonel that he was being betrayed; but Flatters did not heed him and, with the engineers, the surgeons and most of the officers, he accompanied the guides. They were all massacred at the spring and the camels were captured.

"A captain took command of the survivors who had remained in camp, and a retreat was begun. The baggage and provisions were left behind from lack of camels to bear them.

"They began to march back in the shadowless, limitless solitude, beneath the devouring sun which burned them from morning to night.

"A tribe over whose territory they passed offered their submission. They brought some dates into camp. The dates were poisoned. Nearly all of the Frenchmen, and amongst them the last officer, died.

"There remained but a few 'spahis' and some native 'tirailleurs' of the tribe of Chambaa. They had two camels left; these disappeared one night with two Arabs.

"Then the survivors saw that they would have to devour each other. They separated and, in the soft sand, beneath the penetrating flame of the sun, began to walk in a long file, each at a distance beyond rifle shot of the other.

"They marched thus all day, and when a spring was reached, each man drank from it in turn, as soon as the one ahead had regained his distance. They marched thus all day and here and there, in the flat, burning expanse, little columns of dust told of their coming.

"But one morning, one of the travelers turned obliquely in his course, approaching his neighbor. And everybody stopped to look.

"He toward whom the famished soldier approached did not flee; he flattened himself on the sand, put his rifle to his shoulder and took aim. When he judged his adversary near enough, he fired. He missed, and the other, still advancing, brought his gun to his shoulder and shot him dead.

"Then, from all parts of the horizon, the others came running to get their share. And he that had killed quartered the body and divided it.

"And they separated, these irreconcilable allies, separated to come together again at the next killing.

"For two days they lived off the human flesh. Then, famine having seized them again, he that had killed first killed again. And again, like a butcher, he cut up the body and offered the pieces to his companions, keeping for himself his share.

"And thus continued this retreat of cannibals.

"The last Frenchman, Pobe'guin, was massacred at the side of a well, the day before the arrival of the rescuing party.

"Do you understand now what I mean by 'horrible'?"

Translated by James Hopper.

"The Soldiers all About us Were Crying 'Shoot Him! Shoot Him!'"

MEDITATIONS OF A MATRON.

BY MRS. CRICKET.

WHAT a week we have had! my dear Diary. It has been marvelously exciting, wonderfully thrilling and tremendously good fun. But, Diary dear, the week of sports is only fun for one crowd. We formed a crowd, and we ate, drank and were merry together. We were the people. We were watched and talked about and envied by all those who were not of us. Why those others object to our enjoying ourselves in our own way, I cannot understand. But they do. Every other crowd has the same advantages, the same choice of friends, the same amount of money, the same education, about the same percentage of good blue blood in their families, and yet they say we run things with such a high hand that Monterey is detestable during our sojourn. Those who enjoy Del Monte are the San Mateo County people. They fetch down their drags, their polo ponies, their baseball team, their best clothes; they, in fact, contribute all the amusement that makes Del Monte worth while during the week of sports. This is a jealous world. Still it cannot hurt us, and we did have a glorious time.

When I wrote to you last, I mentioned that the crowd was coming. When it arrived on the scene I was amazed and bewildered. I had never seen people so apparently out for a gay week. Cart loads of trunks followed in the wake of the 'bus, and that night at dinner I picked out the dressmaker that was getting the trade this year. Of course, most of the gowns were cut low—too low in the back. Girls, girls, I warn you now, and I am married, your gowns are not so pretty cut so low. How many of you have nice shoulder blades? Alas! but three girls in San Francisco, and only one of those was at Del Monte. She did not show them. The men guy the low-backed gowns. I felt like saying beware! but girls resent that. You know none of our crowd are stout. We cannot be stout, for we exercise so much, and are so careful of our diet, so we naturally have somewhat thin necks, and even my arms, little as my bones are, appear a trifle scrawny, so Robert insists that I wear gloves always. Some of the girls did not. Their arms were tanned and their necks red and their skin so rough that I decided to wear a thin gimp whenever my complexion is not in perfect condition. It looks dressy, too, if it be as perfect a fit as those Helen Hopkins wears. Robert awards her the palm of being the handsomest girl at Del Monte this year. From her golf suit to her evening gown she is always quite correct. Her two sisters are pretty and receive a great deal of attention, but she is the flower of that flock. The most charming of the girls is Caro Crockett. I have only heard complimentary remarks of her all this summer. She is graceful and well bred. Diary, dear, even Robert spoke of the girls who were perceptibly well bred. Fancy that being a palpable detail in society. People of our position in other parts of the world look upon breeding as a thing that cannot be separated from them, but here, when it exists, it is always perceptible, and a subject of conversation. I heard two Eastern men say, Saturday evening, that California men seemed so infinitely surer of their positions than did the women. I did all I could to explain, but explanations invariably lack conviction.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Now that I have found fault with my fair friends let me tell you what we did. You know all the men took turns in driving the coach "Del Monte" around the seventeen-mile-drive. Whoever wished to pay the fare could go. It was lots of fun watching the people who are not accustomed to coaches get in, really anticipating a new sensation. One day Robert was driving, and they got it. There was a bicycle lying on the road and Robert in his anxiety to avoid it drove right over it crushing it to pieces. He felt pretty angry, especially as a facetious woman in one of the back seats said, absolutely for Robert's benefit:

"Now wouldn't that jar you, why don't he learn to drive?"

The laughter from the piazza was appalling. Though it was annoying, I had my own little laugh about it when I got papa off in a corner after dinner. As for Robert, he went into every rut and made the horses go like the wind all that drive. He did it in a remarkably short space of time. That night over at the clubhouse he was speaking of having broken the record; bragging of it, Arthur said, but Arthur is terribly obvious in his remarks. Walter Hobart, who really gets more out of life than any fellow I know, said he could make it in less time than Robert. He has capital horses, so next day he tried. I sat beside him. I don't want to repeat the experience—"He did not care a rap for the road, it was only just in his way." I heard two of the men, who were afraid, say that. We did fly around the corners and tear through the forest and up and down hill but not once did Walter lose his hold over those horses nor did they seem too much for him. Walter Hobart, Peter Martin, Charlie Dunphy and Raoul Duval are the pluckiest men I have ever seen. There is never a risk too dangerous for them to dare. I wish Arthur had some of their sand in him. He paralyzed me by his behavior. That boy was at the clubhouse every night drinking until he was absolutely intoxicated. There were eight in his crowd doing the same thing night after night. Yet the girls were nice to them next day. Arthur and I quarreled vigorously over it, and I threatened to tell papa, but I really hated to spoil his visit. Of course, I should never have known had not Robert told me, but just think how terribly the girls who marry these fellows will feel when they discover that a really good time with them consists of being so drunk as not to have the capacity to go to bed without assistance. Of course, the fellows who do that sort of thing, cannot ever attain perfection at any sort of game, and I notice too that they are among what Walter Hobart calls "The lobsters."

THE GOLF TOURNAMENTS.

I do not know what man I liked the best. Ernest Folger was the most distinguished looking at the hotel. It was a treat, too, to see him playing golf. He is a wonder at it; so is his friend Mr. Fitzgerald, of Oakland. I honestly had put up money on the latter. His game is so strong, and he never becomes in the least rattled. Mr. Lawson is a wonder on the links, and he did use judgment in his handicaps. The woman's contest on Tuesday was most exciting. It really occasioned more general enthusiasm than all the rest of the affairs during the week. Nine out of ten people thought Caro Crockett would be victor. She had more friends than any of the other players. I had seen Mrs. Gilman Brown play in San Rafael, where she was the champion, but with these links she was not so familiar. Nor did she play so very well at Burlingame on the Fourth, so I feared a little for her success. Maud Mullins I had noticed frequently working and making wonderful drives and splendid approaches, but I feared for her in a contest. Ella Morgan, Edith McBean, Mrs. Henry Scott, Bertha Dolbeen, Helen Wagner, Therese Morgan, entered, but I did not fancy any one of them as victors. It was a great sight. There was a great crowd standing about the first "tet" and the ninth "green," and the playing was only fairly good. When Maud Mullins and Caro Crockett each came in with a score of a hundred, the excitement was great. But when, later in the day, 99 was given out as being Mrs. Gilman Brown's, San Rafaelites were so proud, there was no holding them. She played a beautiful game, and as I heard some of the girls, and Burlingame girls too, say, "Mrs. Brown is one of the few really honest golf-players, and she scores correctly."

WOMEN WHO DO NOT SCORE ACCURATELY.

It seems women are inaccurate in their games. I can't tell you how frequently mama has returned from a card party to tell us how some one at her card table absolutely cheated, and then won the prize, and accepted it too. I hate to hear that about women. Fancy, a man is thrown out of a club if he does such a thing, but a woman is simply considered a little inaccurate Diary dear, is it not a good thing there are compensations for being a woman, for is she not terribly full of faults! But her "good time" is not to get drunk.

The men's golf contest was great fun, too, for ever so many people thought Mr. Byrne would beat Mr. Folger, but Mr. Folger was eventually the winner of the cup. I believe sport etiquette demands that the winner one year presents a cup the next, so we shall have a Gilman-Brown ladies' cup and an Ernest Folger gentleman's cup next August.

The greatest fun in all this world is watching polo. First of all, everyone puts on her swellest gown and appears at luncheon, and then the coaches, drags and traps of all kinds assemble, and everyone watches everyone else start off for the polo grounds. Ruth McNutt looked best that afternoon. Edith Preston, Therese Morgan, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Downey Harvey, and Mrs. Avery McCarthy were all particularly attractive. I wish I could remember who was on each coach, but, Diary dear, there has been so much coaching, I can't recall which girl was on at one time and which at another. It is such fun watching the expression of delight on a girl's face when she is invited to ride on a man's coach or drag, beside him. There is a great deal of manipulating. It is almost like a political campaign. As a rule, girls are much nicer to the men who have coaches and money, but the men are not duly appreciative, and I often notice the nicest girls and the most striking looking frequently drive out to games, etc., with members of their own family. I noticed this particularly this year at Del Monte. Were I going into society again, I would, just for fun, have two or three well-known men rush me bard—that would be sufficient. I should be considered popular, and the others would fall over each other in a vain endeavour to know me. A great many girls, I have discovered, do not care a straw for masculine attention. Robert says the men are not sufficiently clever, but I think that most of them are really worth while. I make it a rule to have as nice a time as possible with every fellow, irrespective of the fact that he may not be smart. I think if the other girls would assume that stereotyped expression, that has made me so wildly popular—of perpetual interest in my fellow-beings, there would be fewer wall flowers, and many more cheerful faces and dispositions.

THE LATEST ENGAGEMENTS.

Now, about the engagements, Diary dear. Of course, the two sisters of one of our handsomest girls have sealed their fates. They are both pretty, but I think should be sent east for a year before papa gives his consent. Then, rumour says that a fine golfist is also taking very seriously a young man who spends much of his time in Ross Valley. In Redwood City the eldest daughter of an eminent lawyer has sent her heart east. It is funny to watch the girls who have announced their engagements, and those who are engaged but have not quite received papa's consent. I think the latter have the greatest fun. When one knows one can have a man, he invariably becomes a bore. That was my experience, but now I am married, it is a case of the inevitable. It is so easy to be philosophical about inevitables.

Now, Diary dear, I think I've told you all that was interesting about Del Monte. The music was fine, the table, as usual, excellent, and I consider it the most successful of all the years I've been going to Monterey.

Most of the crowd departed on Monday morning, and as it is quiet I think I shall go t Burlingame for a few weeks. In San Rafael last week a good number of people left—Mrs. Casey and Katherine Dillon, the Kips, the Kanes, and the Harringtons; but I believe the latter are returning there again. Mrs. Green, Mrs. Buckbee, Mrs. Dean and Helen, Mrs Landers and Pearl are all still there, having card parties, picnics, and a great deal of golf. There is no doubt about it, the San Rafael golf links are the best on the coast.

* *

Dr. George Preston Wintermute returned from Europe Monday last after an absence of twelve months spent in the hospitals of London and Paris. Dr. Wintermute has made a specialty of nervous diseases.

The Struggle for College Athletes.

THERE is something exceedingly amusing to the outsider in the struggle in which the colleges are at present engaged to secure the services of certain valuable athletes. The latter must enjoy the situation immensely. Every Stanford man, every Berkeley man, feels it his duty to show the vacillating "prep" how superior Stanford is to California, California to Stanford. Now, the infallible method used by a college man to demonstrate the superiority of his institution is to show what a good fellow he is, what good fellows his brother collegians are. So the "prep" athlete, or the man-who-left-a-greater-university, suddenly finds himself whirled into an exuberance of conviviality. He is dined and wined and danced and treated; he is admitted to the heart-to-heart talks with the great lights of the college, the football captain, the poet, the editor. He is slapped on the back and introduced and re-introduced perpetually to the men who gaze at him in discreet admiration and whisper hoarsely behind him, "Look at that shape!" and, "We're all right now, you bet!" or, "Won't he make that 'Berkeford' line look like pancakes!" Every few days his picture appears in one of the morning papers, with an article announcing his final, unshakable, irrevocable determination to enter California, or Stanford, according to the previous nationality of the enthusiastic reporter. Mothers and sisters join in the great effort. The "available" man is invited to "our country house" for a few days, or to a cruise "on our launch," or to a garden party. Ah, the life of the "available" athlete is indeed a happy one—till his availability is converted into actual use.

* * *

For, that is the amusing part of it all; ninety-nine times out of a hundred the imported athlete proves a flat failure. He enters with a head like a balloon—only not a dirigible one—drinks beer, tells of his former exploits, and that is all. He finds that young athletic genius at the university is hampered by a thousand and one ridiculous restraints. He is supposed to follow regular rules of training. He is supposed to sink his soaring individuality in grinding team work. He suddenly awakens to the fact that he is being treated suspiciously like the other freshmen. The big men don't seem fully alive to his presence in college. The football captain calls him Smith, while his name is Jones. And then—O climax of disillusion!—he finds that his professors expect him to do some studying. If he has not been irretrievably spoiled already, he "gets on to himself," adapts himself to the circumstances and becomes a really valuable college man. This happens sometimes. In the great majority of cases, the man rebels, is pronounced "no good" by the coaches, acquires the scorn of the college for his lack of true college spirit, and, at the end of the year, receives a little note from the faculty apprising him politely that his presence at the university is unnecessary.

Continued on page 18

A MILLIONAIRE FOR FIVE MINUTES.

Continued from page 4.

"One night—it was the fifth since she had come—Masalie (that was her name) was sitting on a rock just outside the cave. I went up and began talking to her.

"'Mlungu,' she said, 'do you want diamonds?'

"'Diamonds?' I said. 'What do you know about diamonds?'

"The girl's words had taken me quite aback. I'd never even heard of diamonds being found anywhere within six hundred miles of where we were, and I was astonished to find that she so much as knew that such things existed.

"'I don't know anything about them, but I can take you to a place where there are as many as you would be able to carry away.'

"I just laughed, thinking that she had seen felspar or rock-crystal in some cave or other. All the same I kept puzzling to know how she came to call them diamonds.

"'Mlungu,' she said, as I was mocking her, 'I know what I am talking of, and if you want diamonds I can take you to where they are.'

"It was a strange tale that I then heard. It appeared that for years past numbers of Secocoeni's men had been in the habit of going to the diamond fields to work, and the law was that each man, on returning, had to hand over to the chief one or more diamonds of a certain size which he had stolen from the man he worked for. These diamonds, of which there was a very large quantity, were buried in a cave deep in among some very high rugged mountains, not more than a couple of days' walk from where we were. The cave was in the side of a cliff, and only could be got at by climbing into the branches of a tree which grew in front of it.

"A chief in a small way lived in the valley just below the cave, and it was his business to guard the treasure. Masalie was one of this chief's wives, but she had only lived with him for a few weeks. What had happened between them she would never tell, but she was just burning to be revenged on him, and her object of putting me on the lay was to have him killed for allowing the diamonds to be stolen. She became so wound up with the idea that all her fear seemed to pass away, and she was willing to go back and risk being caught and killed herself, just on the off-chance of getting her husband's neck twisted—which proves that there is great sameness in the nature of women all the world over.

"'The two of you must take away the diamonds,' she said, 'and when we get out from among the mountains we will kill the man of the fighting alligators, and I will carry his load.

"She could not understand why I would not consent to kill Billy. Until this evening I'd never guessed what a wild cat the woman was. However, I believed her story. We must have talked until past midnight; then I went and woke Billy, and told him all about it.

"Billy jumped at the notion. Of course, I did not say anything about the proposal to kill him on the quiet after we had collared the swag. He hated Masalie bad enough as it was, and I did not want to make things worse between them. Billy got so excited that he would not let me sleep a wink, all night long he kept asking me questions. When I wouldn't answer him any more, he got, as usual, talking to himself in Roosian-Finn.

"At length day broke. After eating a good breakfast we started. Masalie took us along the top of the range. She made us walk in front, she keeping close behind, ready to take cover if we came in sight of anyone. After traveling all day, we reached a high ridge covered with big boulders. Here, Masalie said, we should spend that night and the next day, as it would not be safe to go any farther by daylight.

"Next evening, just as darkness fell, we made a fresh start. Masalie led us away to the left. She must have known the country well, for she hurried us along the winding, forking footpaths without ever seeming to make a mistake. Just before day broke we reached a ridge overlooking the gorge in which the cave was situated. We took cover in a patch of scrub, alongside a spring, and here we spent the day. Masalie showed us where the cave was, on the opposite side of the valley. You could not see it, the mouth being hidden by a tree. About half a mile below was the kraal of the chief, Masalie's husband, whose neck she was trying in such a roundabout way to get twisted. There were no other kraals within sight.

"Billy was tremendously excited; he hardly seemed to hear when spoken to. All day long he sat on the edge of the scrub, with his eyes as if glued on the tree in front of the cave, and muttering to himself in Roosian-Finn.

"There was no moon, but the night was calm and clear and the stars gave enough light to enable Masalie to find her way down the mountain side and across the head of the valley, giving the chief's kraal a wide berth. As we descended, the cliff seemed to climb up before us like a black wall. The only sound we heard was the barking of dogs in the distance.

"At length we reached the fringe of bush at the foot of the cliff; here we left our swags. I had made a sconce out of a tin 'billy,' and into this I stuck a candle-end which I fished out of the 'odds-and-ends' haversack, such as is carried by every prospector. I left my rifle with the swags, and slung a shovel in its place on my back. Billy kept his revolver, slinging his pick through the holster-strap by the head. Each of us had a small gunny-bag tied around his waist. Masalie guided us to the foot of the tree which grew before the cave, and then returned to the place where we had left our swags, where she was to wait for us.

"We had no difficulty in getting into the cave—the tree was nothing to climb; and then all one had to do was to jump downwards from one of the upper forks to a ledge close alongside the mouth. We groped forward into the darkness, feeling carefully ahead. We found, after going a few yards, that the cave turned sharply to the left. After getting around the corner, we struck a match and lit the candle, carefully turning the back of the sconce toward the entrance.

"It was a strange sight that we saw. The cave was only about three paces in breadth at its widest. From the mouth it ran in for about ten paces straight, then it made a sharp elbow to the left, from which it extended for another fifteen paces more. The roofs and walls were bright white, with long, dropping shafts here and there. The clay floor was littered with human bones. Skulls grinned at us from every ledge and from the spaces between the shafts; I should say there must have been over fifty in sight. The place was full of big bats, hundreds of which flapped and squeaked around our heads.

"I spoke softly to Billy, and when he turned and the light fell on his face his looks fairly frightened me; he was as white as death, his lips worked, and his eyes were blazing. I gave him a shake and told him to pull himself together. Then we unslung our tools and began to take soundings in the floor.

"After a while we struck a spot which seemed to give out a hollow sound, and there we dug, Billy picking the ground loose and I shovelling it out. The ground soon became so soft that I was able to dig without waiting for it to be loosened by the pick. Then my shovel struck something hard, which gave out a clear, ringing clatter, and I knew that we had found what we had been seeking.

"Billy stood, breathing hard and shaking all over. I called to him to hold the sconce closer, but he let it drop and it went out. After I had lit it again I cleared the loose ground from the hole, and there I saw, lying at the bottom, a large leather bag such as the natives use when they bury milk under the floor of the cattle-kraal. I caught hold of one end and could feel a lot of lumps inside, which seemed to slide over one another like greasy marbles. I gave a strong tug, hauled the bag out, and dumped it, ringing, on the floor. It must have weighed nearly forty pounds.

"In an instant my knife was out and the side of the bag slit open. What a sight met my eyes! Out on the floor rolled a shining mass of diamonds, some of them smaller than hazel nuts and some bigger than pigeons' eggs. There they lay, winking in the light of the sconce—a sight such as no man had ever seen before.

"Billy just gave a moan and lay down on the ground, rubbing his face in the heap and running his fingers through it. I spoke to him, telling him to untie the gunny-bag from his waist; but he took no heed. Then I loosened my own bag, and began to shovel the diamonds into it with both hands. In doing this I gave Billy a shove. He sat straight up and looked at me; and the sight of his face made me sit up too—for stark, staring madness was written on it in the devil's biggest type!

"For a few seconds we sat stock still, he showing his teeth in a wicked grin, his eyes boring into mine like steel gimlets. Then I saw that his hand had stolen round to his revolver-holster, so I sprang up and dodged round the corner. I happened to have, without knowing it, six diamonds in my hand, and these I slipped into my trouser pocket.

"Here, thinks I, is a pretty kettle of fish! Billy, to my surprise, did not come after me; I held myself together, ready for a grip, in case he should do so. After a few seconds I stole back a pace or two and looked round the corner. There sat Billy, with his back to me, chattering Roosian-Finn to himself, and rolling the diamonds about on the floor.

"The revolver, full cocked, lay before him. A moth must have flown into the sconce, for the candle was flickering and spluttering away, so that it lit up the whole cave. The bats were flying thick at my face, squeaking fit to set one's teeth on edge.

"Billy suddenly stood up; and I drew back, thinking he was going to attack me, and crouched ready to grip him should he come round the corner. But that was not his game. After listening to him moving about for some little time, I once more crept to the corner and looked round. He was again sitting on the ground among the diamonds; but he had taken down a number of skulls from the ledges and was busy fitting the largest stones into the eye-holes. Then he began to sing a Roosian-Finn devil-song in a voice that made my flesh creep.

"From the way the candle was flaring I knew it could not last much longer. I puzzled my brain to know what to do. Had Billy been unarmed I should not have hesitated to tackle him; but there lay his revolver, full cocked, within reach of his hand. I had no weapon; even my knife lay where I had thrown it after ripping open the sack. There were no loose stones in the caves and nothing heavy enough to defend myself with. However, I felt it was necessary for me to do something, so, screwing up my courage, I stepped round the corner again.

"As bad luck would have it, Billy turned his head at the same instant and saw me. In a moment his revolver was up and levelled, and as I leapt back to shelter a shot rang out, and I heard the bullet smack against the wall just beyond me. Even then Billy did not follow. I made up my mind that as soon as his back was turned I would rush in and grip him, and just as I was on the point of doing this I heard a sound that made my blood run cold.

"From the kraal in the gorge rang out the blare of a cow-horn, which, as you know, is the war-cry of the mountain tribes; and I knew that the game was up. I did not stop to think, but just leaped into the fork of the tree, swarmed down the trunk, and stumbled along the pathway to where we had left the swags. There was no sign of Masalie; she had evidently bolted—and small blame to her—scared by the blaring of the horns. I just picked up my gun, my cartridge-belt, and my coat, and bolted too.

"I found myself on a footpath leading up towards the saddle. What with the steepness and the fright I had with Billy, I lost my wind after I had gone about a hundred yards, and felt quite faint; so I staggered to one side and sat down in the long grass. It was fortunate that I did so.

"Soon the blood stopped thundering in my ears, and I listened intently. Horns were now blaring away in every direction, but mostly far away. Then I heard the thud of running footsteps coming along the footpath I had just left, and a party of about twenty men, going Indian file, passed me. Had I not turned out of the path to rest I should have run right into them. I could hear the 'huh—huh—huh' of the party from the chief's kraal as they breasted the steep hill side. Some of them carried firebrands, which looked like big fire-flies dancing along.

"When the men from the kraal reached the foot of the cliff they lit a flare of some kind. Then they climbed, one by one, into the tree. After this I saw nothing more; but a lot of shots rang out, and were followed by a dreadful screech, and I knew that it was all up with Billy Nuts.

"I took my boots off and got up quietly, listening so hard that I seemed to be all ears and nothing else.

"Then I stole along the pathway, stopping now and then to make sure of not walking into the middle of a kraal in the darkness. On the top of the saddle I found two paths forking, and I happened to take the right one, for I got safely away. I never saw Masalie again.

"I stuck to my six diamonds, and never said a word to a soul as to what had happened. When Secocoeni was attacked by the Boers in 1877 I joined the commando as a volunteer, and it was a bitter disappointment to me when it turned tail. Then came the expedition under Sir Garnet Wolseley.

"I joined 'Buller's Horse,' and went through the campaign. Immediately after the fighting was over, and Secocoeni a prisoner, I took my discharge. Then, with a couple of mates whom I could trust, I went back to the cave. We found the bullet splodges on the walls, and the bones still lying around in heaps. We dug up the whole floor, right down to the bed rock, but found not a single diamond. The hole Billy and I had made had been enlarged, and Billy's body buried in it.

"When things got bad at 'Pilgrim's,' and no more alluvial could be found anywhere about, I tramped down to Kimberley. My six diamonds were sewn into my belt. I meant if I could manage it, to take them to Europe and sell them there. At Kimberley I got a touch of fever, and before I got well enough to work I had spent my last shilling. Then I tried to sell one of the stones to a Jew; but, because I would not take less than a quarter of its value, he split on me to the police. I was arrested and searched. Of course, the stones were found on me. I was tried before the Special Court, and sentenced seven years for I. D. B. They let me off a year of my sentence for good conduct in prison; I was discharged three weeks ago.

"Yes; I came up to Port Nolloth by the last boat. Thanks, but I have a pound or two in my pocket—quite as much as I will require. I'm a bit of a rough carpenter, so was able to earn a little at the Convict Station. I came up this way, hearing it was a new country and that there were a few likely looking reefs which had not been prospected.

"Yes, if I don't make a strike, I mean to cross the river and go north."

From Cassell's Magazine for August.

* White man.

The Bluefields Mining District

WHILE the mines of the frozen north have drawn their tens of thousands of miners and settlers from the United States, ready to brave the terrors of an Arctic winter and the heavy expense of northern transportation for the chance of gold-hunting in an already over-crowded country, another mining district of almost unknown wealth lies closer to hand, in a country of pleasant climate and surroundings and to be reached for a sum which is only a fraction of the small fortune needed to take the prospector to Dawson or Nome. This is the district of the Bluefield mines, situated in the pleasantest and most healthful part of the State of Nicaragua, and reached by steamer from New Orleans at a cost of only $55, first class.

This mining district lies about two hundred miles from Bluefields, going by way of Prinzipolca, Bluefields being only a four-days journey from New Orleans. The mines, both placer and quartz, have been only partially opened. Capital is scarce in Central America, and the citizens are not especially enterprising, so that a comparatively small amount of development work has been done, and that by Americans. But it is noticeable that this work has paid in every case; not an American dollar or day's work has been put in that has not returned manifold rewards. The main reason for this is the fact that the Nicaraguan country has gold everywhere. It may not run so rich as in other mining countries, although some remarkably heavy placer yields are reported, but it lies in all the soil, and generally in quantities well above the productive limit. To settle a bet, it was proved a short time ago that the red soil in the roads of Bluefields, which lies, as before stated, two hundred miles from the scene of actual operations, have more than a trace of gold.

General Jose S. Zelaya, President of Nicaragua.

A few figures will show something of the richness of the placer mines. Paul Rener, now a prosperous and wealthy mining man, came to the country "broke" and staked a placer claim. In one day, he took sixty-four pounds, not ounces, of placer gold out of a pocket on his claim. One of the nuggets weighed twenty-seven ounces. The money gained in this manner he turned over into quartz-mining, working with low-grade ores, and has made heavy profits from it ever since. Another claim in the district yielded $18,000 in one day, and proved that it was not a "single pocket" mine by turning out $50,000 in three months. The El Dorado, which has been a consistent and steady producer, record's one day's output of 348 ounces. All these mines are in the Suma district, only two days by water from Bluefields.

Quartz mines, however, are the properties which insure the stability and permanence of any mining disirict, and in this respect the Bluefields mines are especially favored. The Constancia will serve as a fair example. This mine has been in operation for ten years, and has been a steady producer, yielding 100 ounces a week with a force of sixty men. Operations have been restricted by lack of capital, this amount of ore having been worked all these years by a three-stamp protecting mill. At present a five-stamp 750-pound mill is being built to replace this dwarf. The Siemper Viva, also hampered for lack of capital, has been working since 1891, and has sent its regular 400 ounces a month to Bluefields. Others, which are doing as well with their limited means, are the La Luz, Los Angeles, Neptune, Atlas, Santo Domingo, Hidden Hand, and Jumbo. These have only dipped into the quartz-bearing districts; with capital and expert management, their number may be multiplied infinitely.

One special advantage possessed by these mines is the fertility of the surrounding country. In almost every other mining country on earth, nature has chosen to deposit the precious veins in a hard and inhospitable country. But in Nicaragua, they lie in one of the garden spots of the continent. Scratch the earth with a stick, anywhere around the Bluefields region, and it smiles in fruit and flowers. The unusual spectacle is presented, all through the placer claims, of miners combining their vocations with ranching, tilling little market gardens for their tables. The larger mines very generally operate plantations. It may not be amiss to mention that the soil of this section of Nicaragua holds riches in tillage as well as in precious metal. The rubber industry, for example, offers the brightest inducements. Eight hundred acres of rubber land sells, at present, for $300. Upon this area, 16,000 trees can be planted and brought to maturity in eight years for $5,000. After that, each tree will yield, on an average, four pounds of rubber each year, at a market price of of 43 cents. It takes no expert to calculate the tremendous returns of such an enterprise. There are also handsome profits in banana culture, in vanilla, cocoa, ramil, cocoanut, mahogany, vegetables, rice and sugar. The cane of Nicaragua is comparable for richness with that of Louisiana.

Carlos Lecayo, Consul of Nicaragua.

A mistaken idea prevails in this country that all Central America is infested with fevers, the yellow scourge in especial. Such an opinion is erroneous as regards the Bluefield region, which is absolutely devoid of all tropical fevers. No case of yellow fever was ever known within hundreds of miles of the mines. The climate is an equable and temperate one, the nights being cool enough to make blankets comfortable all the year round and the days cooled by a refreshing sea breeze.

In conclusion, it may be said that Nicaragua in general and the mining regions in particular are looking for immigrants. They want men—young, energetic live men, to build up the country and develop its resources. And, while capital is in demand, capitalists are not the only men desired. On the contrary, poor men with the desire to work—not tramps or loafers—are wanted and are encouraged by the present liberal administration.

New Verse and Good.

If I Should Win.

By Louis Rudolph Gillette.

STRIVING in the race of life,
We are runners all;
And some will win, and many lose,
And I may fall!

Quaking as I do, from fear
I may the loser be,
My heart beats quick when I think the prize
May come to me.

I wonder what my friends would say
If, after tears and shame
At repeated falls, in the end I should rise
And gain a name!

The fair one who in vain I loved
In the name of Love, the Good—
Would she fall at my feet and, smiling, say
"I knew you would."

Friendships, for whom my heart has ached
In those dark days agone,
Would they laud me then, forgetful of when
I walked alone?

Yet in the race I must hurry on,
For we are runners all;
Till I win at length I shall pray for strength,
For I may fall.

A Social Coincidence.

WILLIAM DUNBAR VINCENT.

WHEN I was ten and she was six, we played at being wed,
And started light housekeeping in a corner of the shed
That harbored tools and kindling wood—but childhood made it seem
A veritable palace filled with elegance supreme.

Her mother used to say she liked to have her play with me,
Because we always managed with each other to agree;
And I was heir to Lyndhurst, while her father tilled the soil—
But not a thought of what was meant our playdays came to spoil.

When I was twenty, she sixteen, Dame Fortune fixed it so
That she was rich and I was poor—the way of life, you know;
And though our hearts were just as close as loving hearts can be,
Her mother bade her never speak nor write a word to me.

Another decade now has passed—what Fortune once denied
I've wrested from her, inch by inch, and something more beside;
And now her mother smiles on me, as strange as it may seem,
And says our marriage will fulfil her very dearest dream.

Of course, I'd not insinuate, or even hint, you know,
But that this order of affairs just happened to be so;
And yet it seems peculiar—has it not occurred to you?
How often, when the mothers smile, Dame Fortune's smiling too!

In the sick room or on your sideboard, Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey is indispensable.

Agriculture by Electricity.

Professor Selim Lemstrom of the department of physics of the University of Helsingfors, Finland, has carried on a series of experiments on the influence of electricity on growing vegetables and plants, and states that as a result of the action of the electricity an average increase of forty per cent in the yield was obtained. The experiments were made by carrying wires terminating in sharp points about the field. The wires were connected with one pole of an electrical machine, while the other was in contact with the earth. The electricity was found to accelerate the ripening of fruits, berries, and roots, and also tended to develop sugar. The current was given during three or four hours in the morning, and during a like period in the afternoon, care being taken to avoid the time of the highest sun when the sky was clear.

This cause of increase in the growth cannot be ascribed to any change in temperature in the stalks, as such an increase in heat would be only trifling, and the effect of the electricity decomposing the air and supplying such fertilizing agents as ozone and nitrous oxide is believed to be only one of the minor consequences. The chief influence is the action of the electricity in causing moisture in capillary tubes to ascend on the inner surface. As the plant is composed of a number of fine tubes, its juices climb in a similar way, and serve to enrich the leaves and fruit. The experiments seem to indicate that the method is possible on a commercial scale, where a central station several miles distant would be used to supply electricity for a large number of fields.

The Pen in the Hand is worth two in the Mind.

If you have "a good mind to write to Dr. Pierce" take pen in hand and begin. Then you'll avoid the experience of Mrs. M. P. Davis, of Honaker, Russell Co., Va. She writes:

"For seven years I was confined to bed most of the time. I had ulceration of internal organs and female weakness. I had four doctors and they said I could not be cured.....After the doctors said I could not be cured I wrote to Doctor Pierce for advice.....I followed the advice he gave.....I feel better than I ever did. My friends say I do not look like the same woman. *I am sorry I did not take Dr. Pierce's medicine when I first began to have poor health.* I could have saved what I paid to humbugs."

No one ever regretted writing to Dr. Pierce for advice. Many have regretted not writing sooner.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, *free*, and so obtain the opinion and advice of a specialist in diseases peculiar to women. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth. Address as above.

Electric Supplies
CONSTRUCTION
AND
REPAIRS
California Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

Will You Have a

Club Cocktail

Before Your Dinner?

You can offer this polite attention to the guest who dines with you at your home if you have a bottle of the "Club Cocktails." They are home Cocktails. They are on the sideboards of thousands of homes.

Are they on yours? It's the proper thing to have.

The age of the "Club Cocktails," the pure liquors used, the perfect blending, make them better than you can mix; better than any cocktail served over any bar in the world. Send home a bottle of Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland or Tom Gin, Vermouth or York, to-day.

For sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
29 Broadway, N.Y. Hartford, Conn.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS,
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,
Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

IF YOU WANT
The Best Coal Oil
— BUY —

Santa Fe Trains

GO TO

Antioch	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Bakersfield	9 a m		8 p m
Chicago	9 a m		
Denver	9 a m		
Fresno	9 a m		8 p m
Hanford	9 a m		8 p m
Joliet	9 a m		
Kansas City	9 a m		
Leavenworth	9 a m		
Merced	9 a m		8 p m
Newton	9 a m		
Phoenix	9 a m		
Stockton	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Tulare	9 a m		8 p m
Visalia	9 a m		8 p m
Williams	9 a m		

Personally conducted Excursions to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston every MONDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in Pullman's Best Tourist Sleeping Cars. Try this NEW ROUTE.
Get full information and handsome folder at

628 MARKET STREET
or at Santa Fe Ticket Office
Ferry Building, Foot of Market Street

Physicians would not recommend Jesse Moore Whiskey if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

Dat-So-La-Lee, Basket Maker.

Continued from page 13

work are willows grown in particular locations and cured for several years by a process known only to the Indians, and the roots of a peculiar kind of fern. Beads and feathers are also used. No pigments enter into the coloring of the baskets. Where a design is contemplated, the black core of the root of a peculiar fern or brake that is grown in the swamps at the foot of the Sierra Nevada mountains is woven in. This color is absolutely imperishable. The willow from which the body of the basket is constructed is split into from twelve to twenty-four parts with the teeth and finger nails. The only part utilized is the fibre under the bark and immediately over the pitch. This thread is made of uniform thickness by scraping with a piece of glass. For warp two small willows are stripped of their bark.

The beads used in ornamentation are of Indian manufacture. Some of the choicest baskets have festoons made from the vertebræ of the rattlesnake. One small basket in the Carson collection, not over six inches in diameter, has woven into it 700 small red tufts, each tuft being the crest of a woodpecker.

These tufted and beaded specimens, however, are not the most valuable examples of the art. The best work is the simplest, and the specimens owe their great value to their perfect symmetry, the artistic beauty of the fern-root designs, and to the infinite patience required in the extraordinarily fine weaving.

College Athletes.

Continued from page 16.

And it is best that things happen so. For if there is anything injurious to true amateur sports, anything fatal to true college rivalry, it is this habit of importing ready-made athletes. If intercollegiate contests are to mean anything, it is to show the superiority of one university over another in the faculty of developing athletic organization from their own material. It is the institution that can take raw men, train them by intelligent exercise, teach them the value of grit and self sacrifice and discipline, the beauty of abnegation, and the sinking of one's personality for the common weal, that is the superior. Understood thus, athletes lose their puerility, for understood thus the athlete becomes more than an acrobat; he becomes a soldier fit for the battle of life.

To Cure a Cold in one Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

The Rubaiyat of Ali Bazan.

TOWN TOPICS.

OLD Omar sat beneath the purple vine,
And sang his tipsy praises of good wine;
The modern poet needs a sharper spur—
And so I'll take some absinthe, please, in mine.

One night, as late adown Broadway I strayed,
I ventured to reprove an erring maid:
Quoth she: "Of sin the wages may be death,
But then, you're pretty certain to be paid."

Each season brings a new soubrette, you say:
But where are the soubrettes of yesterday?
Go—seek ye in the ballet's hindmost rows,
And ye will find them withering away.

A throng of people, sitting row on row
A stein of beer, a cigarette, and thou
Before me singing coon songs in full dress
Roof gardening were good enough, I trow.

One day I met a genuine dead-head,
Who opened wide his fleshless jaws and said:
"Enjoy this life, my bucko, while you may,
For you will be a deuced long time dead."

During the summer season cramps come upon us unexpectedly; you should be prepared for an emergency of this kind, as otherwise you will suffer agony for hours. Keep a bottle of PAIN-KILLER handy and go by directions on the wrapper, it will surprise you how quickly relief will come. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Zoological Politics.

The Bronco and the Jelly Fish.

THE Imperial Jelly Fish was gasping in a lemonade bowl on top of the Family Bible on the Piazza, when the boisterous Bronco bucked himself up the steps and kicked three delegations of patriotic parasites into the green sward of Ohio.

"Hello, my soft and silky sardine," whooped the Bronco, with a loud neigh. "Are we in it? Or does the silver serenader of Nebraska bust our slats? Speak up, sweet William."

"Theodore," murmured the Jelly Fish, plaintively, "you shock me. Why are you not in Oklahoma or Arizona? Do you realize that your obstreperous strenuosity is straining vested interests? You are too loud, too gory, too expansive for timid industry. You convey the impression that the tail is wagging the dog, that you are the main guy, the whole shooting match."

"Willie," snorted the Bronco, kicking a hole in the platform; "you are a wise guy; but you stick to your weeping and I'll attend to the whooping; you ladle gush, I'll sprinkle gore; you distribute your platitude and expression, and I'll unload patriotism and expansion. I know my place, my gentle gazelle, and I know yours. I'm the wicked partner, and you're the Y. M. C. A. That's all right, but don't ever let it escape your mutable mentality that I am the only star in this imperial combination and good for a full house every night."

"Hush! Theodore," the squirming Jelly Fish whispered. "We may be overheard and the contribution box switched. I know your value, but I don't want to be lost under your hat. I may be mild and yielding, and may be sat upon, but I will not hire out as a door mat. The Octopus is annoyed and the Horse Leech alarmed. I pray you be more temperate in speech; give yourself a rest; go to—Oyster Bay; you are getting on to my nerves."

"Willie Walloo," roared the Bronco, "the Octopus and the Horse Leech are peaches, but they have a yellow streak It's my business to stir up the menagerie Prosperity, prayer, platitude, pathos, and all the ps and qs are yours; mine is the gusty, gory, galloping, garrulous, get-up-and-git role; you squirm and salve, I scare and scalp; you bleat, I blather; and we are a corking good team. When I am buck-jumping on the prairie, you are posing on the piazza; you are a sad and solemn saviour of the land, while I 'sick' on the dogs of war. We make music, Willie, but you're the pianola and I'm the hurdy-gurdy. You lack humor, my weeping, wavering Willie, but keep your eye on me. The Octopus understands me. I may buck and bound, and bump and bounce and rattle the band wagon; but you will notice that, no matter how high I kick, I never jump out of the harness. Have you observed that little peculiarity of your wicked partner, fair Willibus?"

The Jelly Fish sighed and said, "Perhaps I have misunderstood you, Theodore." And as Boisterous Bronco bounced from the Piazza and bounded into the scarlet sunset of the wild west, he added, "But we'll put you in the Philippine paddock safe enough, my roystering rough rider, in the sweet by and bye."

JOSEPH SMITH in *Life*.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases
Sold by All Druggists.

There is only one reason why you shouldn't drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey—that's because you have signed the pledge.

HALF FARE !!!

TO SAN FRANCISCO
AND RETURN
FROM ALL POINTS IN CALIFORNIA, ON THE OCCASION OF THE GRAND SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF CALIFORNIA'S STATEHOOD
TICKETS WILL BE GOOD ON ALL SOUTHERN PACIFIC TRAINS ARRIVING IN SAN FRANCISCO SEPT. 8, 9, 10, 11, AND WILL EXPIRE SEPT. 16.
Inquire of
S. P. CO AGENT, FOR EXACT PARTICULARS

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports: 11 a. m. August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):* 2 p. m. August 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Sept. 5, and every fifth day thereafter. *Freight only.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports: 9 a. m. August 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Sept. 4, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles): 11 a. m. August 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Sept. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

TO CHICAGO IN THREE DAYS.
From San Francisco at 10 A. M.
Chicago Union Pacific
and Northwestern Line.
DOUBLE DRAWING ROOM SLEEPING CARS. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with Barber, Dining-Cars; meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m.
THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast.
617 Market Street (Palace Hotel),
San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company
Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia
S. S. Mariposa for AUSTRALIA, Wednesday September 5, at 8 p. m.
S. S. Australia, for HONOLULU only, Wednesday September 19, at 2 p. m.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia and Capetown, South Africa.
TICKET OFFICE, 114 MONTGOMERY ST.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

Bank of California

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000. Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account, Jan. 1st 1900 $2,166,429.59

William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; S. Prentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier.
Allen M. Clay, Secretary.

CORRESPONDENTS

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, Union National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank, St. Louis, Merchants Bank; Kansas City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Dis. conto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies; Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus . $2,938,372.13
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash . 1,000,000.00
Deposits, July 30, 1900 ..... 28,938,395.02

OFFICERS

President ..... B. A. Becker
First Vice-President ..... Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President .... H. Horstmann
Cashier ..... A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier ..... Wm. Hermann
Secretary ..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary ..... A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hobte, I. N. Walker,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA STREET

Deposits, July 1, 1900 ..... $29,020,875
Paid Up Capital 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 218,993
Contingent Fund 439,608

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Premery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier; R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

33 POST STREET
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital 300,000

James D. Phelan, President; S. G. Murphy, Vice-Pres.; John A. Hooper, Vice-Pres.; George A. Story, Cashier; C. B. Hobson, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS: James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal and James McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co. or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

1875 CALIFORNIA 1900

Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

PHONE BUSH 165.

Safe-Deposit Boxes from $5.00 per year up. Trunks and Valuables of every Description Stored in Fire and Burglar-Proof Vaults at $1.00 per month.

Office Hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO.
General Agents.

Restaurants at the Exposition

By Etienne Marcel

IT was an unfortunate error my entering the Restaurant Russe des Boyards on the Exposition grounds. It looked inviting with its graceful decorations, its spread of snowy tables and its shining silverware. Besides, I had a fine appetite developed by an enthusiastic investigation of the "sights." No warning token admonished me that I was in a *"restaurant a la grande carte"* frequented only by millionaires and spendthrifts. I might have guessed the possibilities from an investigation of the bill of fare, on which there were marked no prices. However, I ordered—ordered a truffled fowl and a bottle of fairly good Bordeaux, a cress salad and an ice. My bill was $20. It took my breath away. There was nothing to do but settle, however, and I met the emergency.

My experience with the costly feeding places of the Exposition is by no means unique. There are several of these *"Restaurants a la grande carte"* and the form of extortion practiced therein is oppressive. An average dinner at the Restaurant Roumain costs 100 to 150 francs. No expensive vintages enter into this charge. It is nothing to be assessed 120 to 150 francs extra for a fine Burgundy or an '89 champagne. Nor is there a fixed tariff. Let the proprietor recognize in one of his patrons, a millionaire of note, the bill is in proportion to the estimation of his wealth.

Champion Extortionists.

Baron Edmond de Rothschild dined with some friends a few nights ago at the Restaurant D'Iena. It was an admirable dinner, but in no sense extravagant. The bill was for $700. He refused to pay and sent for a policeman. Then he offered to deposit the amount with the commissary of police and compel the restaurant to sue for it. Thereupon thirty per cent was deducted from the total. On another evening James Gordon Bennett of the New York *Herald* was dining at this identical establishment. There were five in his party. The bill was $800, which was exorbitant considering the character of the dinner. These places are veritable "deadfalls," but in spite of disrepute they are crowded. Croesus and wife from Cripple Creek, Butte City, Dawson City, the Midas family from Boston, New York and Pittsburg, the Plutuses and Mammons from St. Petersburg and Vienna and Frankfort and all the rest of their ilk are in Paris for a "time." They must try everything that goes. A dinner at $10 a course, what is it after all—an experience to be related to admiring and curious relatives at home. There are innumerable other establishments in the Exposition grounds in which one can be fed at reasonable rates. In the *"restaurants a la carte chiffre"* the price of each dish is set forth on the menu. There one dines agreeably for about $7 to $10—that is for two, and it includes a Pontet Canet or a corresponding grade of Burgundy. At the *restaurants a prix fixe*, which correspond to our table d'hote dinners, the charges vary from 50 cents to $2 a head. Therein one fares substantially but less artistically of course than in the *"grand carte"* places.

Luxurious Dining.

Dinner giving is the favorite form of entertainment in Paris these days. Such a congregation of the world's wealth as is centered there must be amused, and luxurious gorges alone can satisfy them. Society has become a mutual dinner-giving club. For every dinner that one gives, one can enjoy thirty or forty in other people's houses, to say nothing of the *dejeuners*, which are dinners less the *potage*. All the sauces save the bechamel are composed of the essence of beef, fowl, calves'-foot, and, in some cases, game. Salad is now served with *rocher de foie gras*, than which no food is more trying to the liver. Medoc and Graves, Corton and Chambertin, Chateau Haubrion, *Tisane de champagne frappee* (to replace water), and champagne, dry or sweet, give fillips to cloyed appetite. They make the work of grave-digging with the teeth go forward with entrain. I was going to say merrily, but there is really very little mirth or conversation at a fine *dejeuner* or dinner in Paris now. The ladies are not less sensible to the luxurious food and vintages than the gentlemen. But their interest in them is less concentrated. They are thinking of how they look, and are interested in the belongings of their fair neighbors.

Hors d'oeuvres to Burn.

I was at a particularly smart dinner in one of the best Exposition restaurants the other evening. To commence with, we were offered for an appetizer a choice, of cocktails in various styles, Russian artchisinoi (refined Vodka) or Balkanic slicbowitz (corn whiskey). Then there were at least eighteen *hors d'œuvres* which included four different preparations of Black Sea caviare, six blendings of fish roe—there was the roe of carp from the stagnant ponds and waters of France, roe of herring from the North Sea, and roe of shad from the Loire; there were three different combinations of milt; enticing saucers full of red peppers and tender cucumbers; there was a pale green caviare salad made by blending the fresh sturgeon roe with a puree of boiled eggplant passed through a fine strainer. At the Roumain restaurant and at the Restaurant Russe des Boyards over seventy varieties of *hors d'oeuvres* are kept constantly on hand.

Is it any wonder there is a demand for highly seasoned food. Is it surprising that indigestion and dyspepsia are on the increase in Paris

A Change in French Cookery.

This range of experience, coupled with the conversation of the company, which I have kept—for people pretty generally dispense with introductions in Paris just now—enables me to speak with some authority of the tendency of Paris cooking as shown forth in the Exposition cafes. At the World's Fair in 1890, the old, traditional white-and-gold cafe, which Dumas made immortal, was supplanted by the somber, Gothic brasserie copied from the Germans. The style has remained, and is the fashion for Paris cafes of all classes. Along with this external change rose a taste for German delicacies, the pickled fish of the North sea in particular. I am told that the demand for these has quadrupled in ten years. But the great change of 1900 has been such as to strike at the foundations of French culinary art and to alarm every gastronome in Paris. The rage for highly seasoned food is growing, and epicures declare that if it continues the artistic appreciation of truly great cooking will be ruined. They regard it as the literary patrons of the drama might regard the rise of cheap melodrama. The tendency arose in a peculiar way. The cafes and restaurants became so crowded in the early days of the big show that quick and prompt service was made impossible. Something had to be done to keep the guests in good humor while waiting attention. The stewards hit upon the scheme of providing choice *chefs-d'oeuvres* as a preliminary. These can be prepared hours ahead of time and kept fresh with cracked ice; it takes no time of waiters or cooks to serve them, and they help the guests to forget that the soup is o'er-long in arriving. They are always highly seasoned and, coming as they do when appetite is fresh, the diner partakes of them very freely, so by the time the meal is served he has a blunted palate incapable of nice distinction. Wherefore rose the demand for highly-seasoned foods—the wreck and ruin of good cookery. The chefs recognize it—"but what,' they say, "can we do? It is the demand of the public." But to the cook with a heart in his art it is like introducing slang into the Councils of the Academy.

Your medicine chest is incomplete if it is not stocked with Jes e Moore "AA" Whiskey.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.—LOCATION of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 3d day of August, 1900, an assessment, No. 52, of ten cents (10c) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada block, No: 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 27th day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco California.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia District, Storey county, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third (3d) day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 71) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventh (7th) day of September, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the twenty-eighth (28th) day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 6th day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 91) of fifteen cents (15c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 1st day of October, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—SAVAGE MINING Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 101) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 20-22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 8th day of October, 1900, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p.m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and the expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Room 20-22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

PRETTY WORK

NICE PRESS COPIES

Use Smith Type-Writer

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Co. dispensed with all other makes and now use the *SMITH PREMIER EXCLUSIVELY.*

Also more than 200 banks use the

SMITH PREMIER Type-Writer

We Rent New Typewriters
Art Catalogue

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.

110 Montgomery St., S. F.

Branches: Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Germea

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . . . .
Centrally Located . . .

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.
American and European Plan.
WILLIAM T. BANG, Proprietor.

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms — Elevator Service
Excellent Cuisine — References Required
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL

THE BRADBURY

J. A. FERSON, Prop.
N.W. Cor. Polk and California S. e., San Francisco
Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and upwards. Reasonable by the month. Tel. Hyde 2771.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE — Tel. Main 199
DEALERS IN Paper
55, 57, 59, 61 First Stree
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore,
MURPHY, GRANT & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
What a Gas Range Will Do?
It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!
IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes;
Your kitchen will be clean;
Your working hours shorter;
Your food will be better cooked;
Your life prolonged, and
Your happiness assured.
Stove Department,
415 Post Street, - - San Francisco

Alfred Cane — Luther A. Teague — Frederick Teague
TEAGUE, CANE & TEAGUE
Dentists
Claus Spreckels Building
Tel. Main 1459 — Third and Market Sts., 6th Floor
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Trusts add combinations do not affect Jesse Moore Whiskey. Its fame is established; its quality is the finest and it is always the best.

The London Season

By Lady Francis

OF course, London society is dull this summer. That has grown to be an axiom. How could it be otherwise with all the best men off at the wars and most of the best women in Paris? When the Exposition is over and the war is done, bringing back a few lions—these creatures are as necessary to London society as to a well-regulated menagerie—then it will be a different story. I predict a great social season next winter. In the meantime, the main feature is the expansive silliness of the "smart set" who, being drained of their ballast in the shape of the real men ordered to South Africa, are driving their puerilities full swing.

Lady Randolph Churchill's Marriage.

The only ripple on the surface of late was the marriage of Lady Randolph Churchill and her boyish and blushing bridegroom, young Cornwallis West. Advertised in the society papers as a "quiet function," it made its stir nevertheless. The unbidden guests who crowd the pavement outside and plan assaults on the church itself are a feature of every fashionable wedding in London. This time, the free advertising which the match has received swelled the free crowd to immense proportions. The ridiculous features have been dwelt on by the daily papers. I may only add that the bride was surrounded by a galaxy of youth in which the groom appeared the youngest. Her young nephew gave her away, her young niece supported her as bridesmaid, her young son was prominent in the foreground, and all appeared older than the young husband. The father and mother of the groom found it convenient to take a vacation in Ireland just before the ceremony; in their haste, they forgot to leave any wedding presents. Lady Randolph looked as stately and as handsome as ever in her turquoise-blue chiffon gown with billows of creamy lace overlying it. The blue chiffon was finely tucked, the skirt had a deep flounce of Cluny lace, a bolero of the same lace subdued the bodice. A blue chiffon toque trimmed with ostrich plumes and a bunch of cream of roses completed the costume. She carried a small, loose bunch of roses and a large prayer book. She appeared happy, which put her in deep contrast with the there assembled company—for it was a very sour and solemn wedding.

The bride set at defiance a few conventionalities on her own account. The very day was unusual, Saturday being considered unlucky and altogether vulgar. The coloring of her gown was a gage of bottle to the set decree of gray for a widow. The blue gown is to be defended on the score that it become the rich coloring of the bride, but it called forth a deal of whispered comment in the church. Then, the hour chosen for the breakfast was more than unconventional—eleven o'clock, a time of day when smart toilettes cannot be worn. Perhaps Mrs. Cornwallis-West, that is, felt that, having gone against the world's opinion in her choice of husband, she could go a little further in the manner of sealing him unto her.

Informal Dinners.

Dinners, eternal and everlasting, solemn dinners have held the field in society. This harks back to the lack of men. To bring in the few who remain, hostesses have been obliged to consult their tastes and give the style of entertainment which men-folks favor. Wednesday and Saturday have been the favored evenings, because Parliament does not sit on those nights, and more men may be corralled. As a further concession to masculine tastes, the tendency has been toward informality. Instead of one long, large table, the dining-room is arranged in smaller tables, breaking the company into congenial groups. Informal invitations are quite the thing. The Duchess of Sutherland began it by sending out her own cards inscribed simply "come and dine at eight." The Countess of Crewe went her one better by telegraphic summonses on the "reply paid" plan, as thus: "Will you dine with me on Wednesday at 8:30?" The paid reply insures a prompt answer. But after all, these attempts at frisky frivolity in connection with a London dinner seem to an irrevevent American like introducing rag-time music at a funeral.

THEATRICALS.

A Brownie Matinee.

The Saturday matinee audience at "The Brownies in Fairyland" was certainly the prettiest house which any San Francisco theatre has seen for many a long day. On an estimate, it was about nineteen per cent women, fifty per cent small girls, ten per cent small boys, and a scant one per cent subdued, crushed and misplaced men, who lingered outside in the foyer and looked extremely uncomfortable. Perhaps, come to think of it, one per cent is too large an estimate.

There are as many kinds of children as there are of men and women, but they are as like as peas when dressed up and on their good behavior. The audience at the California was trying to behave. If one *did* stand on a seat once in awhile when the events on the stage became exciting or if a very small person broke loose now and then and gurgled in unison with the chorus, that was only a slip. It was as plain as could be that the Saturday afternoon matinee had been held out to them all the week as a premium for good behavior—"if you aren't good, I won't take you to see the Brownies." They were having their reward, and living up to their reputations. Only between acts, they wandered around in the entrances and foyer, lost a little of their stiffness, forgot their good clothes in chattering about the fairies, and when the curtain finally rose the clatter on the stairway of the balcony was like the noise in the halls of a school-house after recess.

There was a pretty incident at that matinee, by the way. The tiniest, weest tot of all the actors had just done her song and was recalled to take a bunch of carnations passed over the footlights. The flowers, being somewhat carelessly thrown, became tangled on the chain dividing stage-land from real-land. The tot started to pick them up, but they were firmly caught. She thereupon sat down on the stage and began an attempt to unravel them, becoming more and more confused every moment. They still stuck firm, and, blushing clear through her make-up, she gave one desperate tug which sent the flowers flying in every direction. She gathered them up hastily and ran away in full retreat and in the first stages of a good cry.

The Avedano Household.

Signor Avedano, the tenor of the Tivoli Grand Opera Company, is so well satisfied with California that he has made up his mind to bring his family and stay. This is no small undertaking, because he is the father of ten children and his household numbers in addition several brothers and sisters. He intends, at the end of the present season, to purchase a ranch, place his family thereon, and make it his headquarters between engagements. Two or three of his children show signs of inheriting the parental voice and temperament, and may yet add to the renown of California as a seed-ground for artists.

THE high prices charged by vaudeville stars and the waning of that form of theatrical attention have led a number of the managers to form a combination—not exactly a trust, but something near it—to regulate prices and to keep them down. None of the big houses in New York are making any money this season, partly because the attendance has dwindled, but mainly on account

Buyers' Guide.

San Francisco Reliable Business Houses

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law, Bankruptcy and all the Courts, San Francisco. Office: Room 24, City Hall.

A. K. DAGGETT, Drawing of deeds, papers a specialty. Notary Public. 13 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Tel. Jessie 1[illegible]

BUSINESS PERSONALS.

Baldness and Dandruff positively cured. Shampooing and Bleaching. Prudential Hair Parlors, Glasgow Block, 105 Ellis Street, Room 6.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market street, Phelan Building.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT. Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

Electric and Hygienic Treatment.
Sure Cure for Chronic Diseases. Tumors, Cancers and Displacements, positively and without operations.
DR. WM. SCHMITT,
502 Taylor St., cor. Geary.
San Francisco
CONSULTATION FREE.

A TOILET NECESSITY
Wakelee's
Cold Cream of Roses
—MADE WITH—
Pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM
A Perfect Complexion
Made from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S,
200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BROS, Brush Mfrs.,
TEL. 5610. 609 Sacramento Street.

A. O. LINDSTROM [Phone Main 5178] AL. JOHNSON
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Dr. G. S. Moore's Scientific Hair Restorer.
A Sure and Positive Cure. One bottle will convince the most skeptical. Testimonials, 488 Geary St., S.F.

Orpheum

The Joscarys; Lavender and Thomson; The Tobins, The Newskys, Lew Hawkins; Caroline Hull; Arnim and Wagner; Macart's Dogs and Monkeys; Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

ONE WEEK, BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY
Matinee Wednesday and Saturday
Last Six nights of the HENRY MILLER season and

THE ONLY WAY.

Farewell performance Saturday, Sept. 1st.
This Sunday night—Last Burton Holmes Lectures. Subject, "Hawaiian Islands."
Sept.3, Clement Stockwell Co. in "A Great Obstacle"

Alcazar Theatre

Fred Belasco and Mark Thall, Managers
Phone Main 254

Week of Monday, August 27th
Last week of

FLORENCE ROBERTS

Supported by
White Whittlesey
In an elaborate Production of

FROU FROU

Adapted from the French

Week of Sept. 3rd Dorothy Dorr, Howard Hall and the Alcazar's new stock company in a beautiful presentation of "The Masqueraders."

Only matinee Saturday. Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50c.

Morosco's Grand Opera House

Last nights of "Sapho" Week beginning Monday Aug. 27th. Only matinee Saturday

Frawley Company

In an elaborate production of the Greatest Melodrama ever written

The Silver King

By Henry Arthur Jones

Prices:—10, 15, 25 and 50 cents. A few front rows in orchestra, 75 cents.

Saturday matinee, 10, 15, 25 and 50 cents.
Branch Ticket Office, Emporium

★TIVOLI★

Curtain rises at 8 p. m. sharp.
Tonight, "Tannhauser," Sunday night, "Mignon."

Week of August 27th.

Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights
THE MASKED BALL
Russo, Ferrari, Nicolini, Repetto, Poletini, and Lichter
Four extra performances of
TANNHAUSER
Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday nights, Saturday matinee
Avedano, Salassa, Schuster, Graham and Stewart

Popular prices, 25 and 50 cents Telephone Bush 9
Seats on sale seven days ahead only.

Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall.

Tuesday Evening, Sept. 14th

Song Recital by

MISS CLARA KALISHER

Contralto

Dr. H. J. Stewart at the Piano

Seats $1.00. On sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s beginning Saturday morning, Sept. 1st, at 9 o'clock.

PAIN'S BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

10,000 feet of Realistic Scenery. 500 Soldiers, Athletes, etc., and nightly

Pain's $1,000 Fireworks

Opens Saturday September 1st.

and for Two weeks Thereafter, excepting Sunday night, September 2nd.

Seats for 10,000. Seats and boxes at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s, beginning next Thursday morning.

THEATRICALS

Continued from page 21.

of a general advance in salary demands. The cause is said to lie in the intense self-conceit of the average variety "artist." When foreign stars were brought over at Klondike prices, the best native talent refused to be rated any lower, and when the best talent advanced prices, the inferior people raised the scale. Last year, demands went up all along the line' with as much uniformity and solidity as though a labor union had set a new scale. The fact that vaudeville people gauge the manager's appreciation by the size of the salary helped to keep them at high notch, and professional jealousy did the rest. If Zoroaster and Zendavesta, the Premier Knockabout Comedians, learned that Smith and Jones, America's Favorite Sketch Artists, were paid $150 a week, they would refuse to work for a less sum. To do so would, according to professional ethics, be a confession that they were inferior—a thing which their pride would never allow. Also, a variety star, for some occult reason, will rather play one week out of six at $150 a week than to play six straight weeks for $100. This has kept a great number of fairly good people out of the business this summer, and has made the remainder insolent in their demands. Now, the combination proposes to adopt a schedule, and to force the players to accept it or be frozen out altogether. If this is not done, the managers say, they will be forced to give up the business. The matter will, doubtless, adjust itself, after a few variety stars have felt the pinch of hunger.

There has lately been a rage for "English successes" following the rise of the "Belle of New York" and other American attractions abroad. Most of these ventures are predestined failures, because the English ideas on wit, humor and lightsomeness differ materially from our own. But the exodus has helped in the scarcity of attractions.

Nerves and Art.

"We hear a great deal in the papers about the irascibility of such actors as Richard Mansfield and Henry Miller," said Howard Hall, the Alcazar's leading man for the winter season. "I know, myself, that a good half of Mansfield's general unpopularity is caused by the way he makes his company stand around at rehearsals and performances and his absolute insistence on detail. In judging this quality, which seems like 'general cussedness' to an unsympathetic observer, the temperament of such men has to be taken into consideration. Both of them owe the faithfulness and subtlety of their acting to absolute concentration. The nervous strain is terrible, and any little, unforeseen occurrence which breaks the illusion is almost brutal in its effect. You have heard of one actor or another bursting out against some other actor on the stage because of a trivial accident caused by the victim's stupidity. This is to be excused when I tell you that such a thing would be as great a shock to the nervous system as walking into an open coal-hole. I am convinced that a great many actors, who are too much the 'good fellow' to insist on absolute quiet and perfection of illusion, would be immeasurably better off if they did.

"Not to compare myself with Miller or Mansfield except in temperament, I regard one such unexpected incident as the tragedy of my stage career. It was in my own play, my own pet part, and the one performance of my career which meant the most to me. I felt that I had the audience 'going'—and the fall of a stage brace ruined my work for that evening. It pays Miller, Mansfield and others of the sort to be exacting. It is the condition by which they succeed."

Royal Gifts to Singers.

American singers returning from abroad and those who come to this country from Europe the first time are likely to refer proudly to the jewelled gifts presented to them by Queen Victoria when they had the honor of singing for her at Windsor. Persons who have had the opportunity of inspecting these treasures have never been able to discover any intrinsic reason for pride in their possession, however great the honor of receiving them may be. The customary reward for the woman is a diamond brooch made of infinitesimally small stones, and not merely the numbers in which they must be purchased accounts for their inexpensiveness. They are invariably the same and their financial value is slight. Edouard de Reszke the other day got the Victorian Order of the fourth class, which was presented a year ago to his brother who was the first singer to receive it. Mlle. Calve, who was invited to remain over night at the castle, in addition to getting her jewelled brooch, seems so far ahead of all her associates and it is said she made a bet with a wealthy friend in London before leaving for Windsor that she would receive this invitation. She won her bet and with it the greatest distinction ever shown to any singer who appeared for a chip diamond pin in place of her customary fee.

THEATRICAL NOTES

After "Sapho," which is drawing very heavily at the Grand Opera House and which is to be given for the last time on Sunday night, comes a big scenic revival of "The Silver King," the famous romantic drama which first established the reputation of Henry Arthur Jones as a playwright for the stage. A long line of famous actors have appeared in the principal roles of this play, including Wilson Barrett and E. S. Willard, who created respectively the parts of Wilfred Denver, the silver king and Captain Herbert Skinner, the "spider." In the present production Wilton Lackaye will be seen in the title role. The remainder of the cast includes Mary Van Buren, Henry Roberts, Harrington Reynolds, H. S. Duffield, Wallace Shaw, Clarence Chase, Herbert Ashton, Frank Mathieu, Geo. W. Bowman, Grace Cahill, Phosa McAllister, Pearl Landers and Christine Hill.

* *

The demand for tickets for the Tivoli's grand opera season has been unprecedented. Had the house double its seating capacity, it would hardly suffice to hold the crowds which clamor for admission nightly. So great has been the demand for "Tannhauser" seats that the management has again changed plans in respect to the public wish. "Tannhauser" will be continued through four nights of next week, alternating with Verdi's great opera "The Masked Ball." The Wagner opera will be presented on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, and "The Masked Ball" will occupy the rest of the week. The cast of the latter piece includes Russo in the great role of Ricardo, Ferrari, Anna Lichter, Nicolini and Repetto. "The Masked Ball" was perhaps the greatest success of the last Tivoli season, and its revival is an event of importance. "Mignon" for the last time Sunday night.

* *

The Pain fireworks, which are a novelty for San Francisco, will be presented on an elaborate scale, in conjunction with the military spectacle, "The Battle of San Juan," at the Sixteenth and Folsom Street Grounds, for the two weeks commencing Saturday, September 1st, and with the exception of Sunday, September 2d. Of course the performances will take place at night and the preparations now being made are elaborate in the extreme. A stage 300 feet wide is being built, 10,000 feet of scenery will be brought from Denver where the production is now on, and seats for 10,000 spectators are being prepared. Over 500 people will participate in the charge up San Juan Hill, including two military companies. The sale of seats commences next Thursday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

* *

The California Theatre will remain closed for two weeks beginning Sunday night, August 26th, during which time stage improvements of importance will be made. The orchestra seats will be carefully overhauled and the house will be made even more comfortable than it is at present. The season will open Saturday night, September 8th, with the Azzali Italian Grand Opera Company, direct from Milan, via Central America and Mexico.

* *

Miss Clara Kalisher, an unassuming San Franciscan who has achieved fame as a contralto both abroad and in the East, is summering with her family here and will sing immediately before her return to New York, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, on Tuesday evening, September 4th. Miss Kalisher was heard here last September, when she created a most favorable impression. She will offer a numb of songs new to this city, and Dr. H. J. Stewart will accompany her at the piano. The sale of seats will begin Saturday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

* *

Another excellent bill at the Orpheum. At the head will be the Joscarys, an acrobatic combination directly from Europe, who present one of the greatest acrobatic acts in the world. Lavender and Thomson give a domestic sketch. The Tobins, San Franciscans with an international reputation, and the Newskys, in more Russian dances and songs, are also features of the bill. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

* *

The Henry Miller season at the Columbia closes next week. "The Only Way," which has been crowding the theatre this past week, will be rendered. Following the Miller troupe comes the Clay Clement and L. R. Stockwell Company in an adaptation of Dickens' and Wilkie Collins' "No Thorough fare," under the title of "A Great Obstacle."

* *

At the Alcazar Theatre next week Florence Roberts will play "Frou Frou." It is the last week of her very successful engagement. September 3d the Alcazar's new stock company opens with Dorothy Dorr and Howard Hall in the leading roles, Polly Stockwell as soubrette and Bert Young light juvenile. The opening production will be "The Masqueraders."

* *

Paloma Schramm, the remarkable child pianiste and composer, gives two farewell recitals prior to her departure East, on next Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2:30 P. M., at Sherman-Clay Hall. She will present an entirely new program and will be assisted by her younger sister, Karla.

Elegy in a Country Parlor.

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

THE cuckoo clock proclaims the knell of day,
And mother goes, astute and tactful, she.
Then father bedward wends his weary way,
And leaves the girl to darkness and to me!

Exchange.

The original Swain's Bakery 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

All bon vivants will be pleased to learn that genial "John" Heinkee supersedes Mr. Justin Ladagnous as proprietor of the famous Maison Riche, so happily named by dainty Aimee in her golden days. Epicures the world over know the Riche. "John" will maintain the high standard that this restaurant has always held in this city.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

For home use, for bar use, for physicians' use, for everybody's use, Jesse Moore Whiskey is always the best and is in most general demand.

It requires nerve to stand the strain of nervous neuralgia, pains in the face, head or any part of the body. These pains are quickly stopped by the use of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER. The relief is immediate and lasting. Do not suffer a moment longer but use the Pain-Killer as directed. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. Price 25 cents and 50 cents.

Sherman-Clay Hall

Sutter Street, near Kearny.

Two Farewell Concerts given by

PALOMA SCHRAMM

assisted by her sister Karla on

Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons at 2:30 August 29th, September 1st.

Reserved seats 50 and 75 cents on sale at Sherman Clay & Co.'s.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-314 POST STREET
SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR
SOHMER PIANO AGENCY

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY CAL

THIS CHARMING RESORT

is wholly distinct and unique: There is no basis of comparison by which its attractions can be measured. None other in the world has such a climate; none is planned on such a vast and elaborate scale, none so absolutely exempt from every annoyance and inconvenience, nor so easily within the reach of those whose refinement of taste enables them to appreciate its charms.

x x x x

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

transplanted to the shores of the "Western Sea."
There is but one Hotel del Monte.
Send for Souvenirs and other information to

W. A. JUNKER, Manager,

Monterey, California

HAVE YOU A PIANO THAT YOU DO NOT USE?

Is the piano in your home a musical instrument, and do you enjoy it as such, or does it remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than an article of furniture.

The Pianola

Is Bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is bringing music into homes where it has long been a stranger.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study and without practice.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keys of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers.

When not in use the Pianola may be easily detached from the piano and moved to another part of the room.

The Pianola can be used in connection with any Grand or Upright piano, and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

Price $250 Upward.

The Pianola can be bought by monthly payments. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.

Kohler & Chase, Sole Agents.

26, 28 and 30 O'FARRELL STREET.

Nothing more refreshing than "Jackson's NAPA SODA Lemonade"

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line

CUTS

Yosemite Engraving Co....
24 Montgomery Street
San Francisco

For Catalogues Books Souvenirs Newspapers Letter heads Etc.....

LIKE A MAGIC TOUCH
So quickly and easily is the brilliancy restored to tarnished Silver by
Electro-Silicon
SILVER POLISH
If in doubt what's best, why not make the test. Simply send address on a postal.
At grocers and druggists everywhere, and postpaid 15 cents in stamps.
"SILICON,"
30 Cliff St., New York City.

DR. CLYDE PAYNE
Has returned from New York and resumed the practice of Dentistry at
135 GEARY ST.
Phone M in 9. Spring Valley Building

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We buy or sell real estate in any part of the Group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 W. King St. HONOLULU, H. I.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters
"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.
NABER, ALFS & BRUNE Agents
323-325 MARKET STREET, S. F.

The Sign of the Peacock
229 GEARY ST.
Theatre Suppers
Luncheon Ice Cream Breakfast
ORDERS DELIVERED

The Saturday Wave
Is Printed by
THE MYSELL-ROLLINS CO.
22 CLAY STREET, S. F.

Stylish Suits $15.50
Dressy Suits $20.00
Pants..... 4.50
My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.
25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by
JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.
SAMPLES SENT FREE

New Stories Re-Told.

A ROSE BY ANOTHER NAME. In small country towns in the East the natives speak of all classes of theatricals as "op'rys," due doubtless to the fact that the playhouse in all one-night stands is called the Opera House. George Broadhurst tells of going to inspect one of these establishments prior to playing there. As he entered a janitor was sweeping the stage. "You seem to be busy, Mr. Stage Manager," he said. "Yep," replied the native. "What was the name of the last show you had here?" pursued Broadhurst. "Wall," said he, "I clean plum forgit, wait a min'it." Then yelling to a small boy at the back of the theatre he said: "Be'ull, Be'ull. What was the last op'ry we had here?" The kid closed one eye, thought a moment, and then yelled back: "Pap, the last op'ry we had yere was Seth Wilson's Trained Mice."

THE JUDGE WOULD HAVE STAYED. Before a Salt Lake justice of the peace a young man was tried on a charge of gambling. The evidence was conclusive and a fine was imposed and paid. The court then adjourned, but the defendant stopped behind. He said to the judge, "I want to tell you how this happened. The cop told us if we didn't stop playing he'd run us in. Well, we were playing a jackpot! I had an ace, three queens and a king before the draw. I discarded the ace and king and drew another queen. There were good hands out against me, and they tried to bluff me out, and I stayed with them. Now, what I want to know is what you would have done in a case like that?" "Stayed with them if the gallows had been in sight!" cried the excited judge. "Why in the name of common sense was not that evidence brought out at the trial?"

EXPLAINING HER CHOICE.—Congressman Benton of Missouri the original "offensive partisan" who was removed from office by Grover Cleveland, has the reputation of being one of the shrewdest and homeliest men who ever sat in Congress. In his early days at the bar, Benton went to Texas to prosecute a land claim. He lost the suit but won an exceedingly pretty Lone Star lass who accompanied him to his home. At St. Louis the couple met General Mitchell, a plain spoken pioneer of the region, to whom Benton introduced his wife. The old man looked surprised. He stared at Benton and beamed on the pretty bride. Then he said sadly: "Mrs. Benton, ain't there any men in Texas?"

IN THE CLOUDS. Robert Simson, the eminent mathematician, was very absent minded and used to sit every day at the open window of his home deep in geometry. One day a jolly beggar of the region who knew his ways accosted him for alms. "Who are you and what's your name?" asked the mathematician rousing himself with a great effort. The mendicant replied "Robert Simson, son of John Simpson of Kirktonhill." Simson gave him a coin and dropped off. He soon roused himself, and said, "Robert Simson, son of John Simson, of Kirktonhill? Why, that is myself! That man must be an impostor!"

THE IRRITABLE MAESTRO.—While Hans von Bulow was leading the orchestra at Hanover, a peculiar noise pervaded the theatre. At first he thought it resembled the flutter of wings, but soon he discovered an elegant lady fanning herself in one of the boxes close by. Bulow fixed his eyes on the offender in a manner which meant reproof. The lady, not heeding this, was suddenly surprised by the leader dropping his stick and turning towards her. "Madam," he cried, "if fan you must, please, at least, keep time with your infernal nuisance!"

HIS INDISCRETION.—In Washington during the last session of Congress, Chauncey M. Depew met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a union man, and Depew asked him in which battle he had been injured. "In the last battle of Bull Run, sir," he replied. "But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?" "Well, sir," said the man, half apologetically, "after I had run a mile or two I got careless and looked back."

Palace Hotel
The tourist, pleasure-seeker, and the business man, will find the location of the Palace particularly desirable being in close proximity to places of amusement, wholesale and shopping districts, and with the further advantage of having street-cars to all parts of the city pass the entrance.
Operated in conjunction with the Palace is the Grand Hotel to which it is joined by a covered passageway placing under one management 1400 rooms, 900 of which have baths attached.

Famous FOR ITS Purity
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

THE
White Pass and Yukon Route
Through Freight and Passenger Service to
Dawson, Atlin, White Horse
AND OTHER POINTS
All Rail From Skaguay, Alaska, to White Horse, Y. T.
Beginning August 1, both passenger and freight trains will be operated, Skaguay to White Horse, a distance of 112 miles. At White Horse, the ten fine river steamers of the
Canadian Development Company,
Connect directly with the railway train and afford DAILY service to Dawson and all other Yukon River points. Through connections are made at BENNETT and CARIBOU with the
Irving Navigation Company's Lake Steamers
For ATLIN, TAKU, and GOLDEN GATE MINING CAMPS.
This system now affords best of facilities for handling perishable freight.
A SCENIC AND PLEASURE TRIP TO NOME.
FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. M. IRWIN
TRAFFIC MANAGER
Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash. [Phone Main 574]
M. P. BRASCH
COMMERCIAL AGENT
536 Market Street, S. F.

WHEN LEAVING THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE
Safe Deposit Vaults
OF THE
First National Bank
N. W. Corner Bush and Sansome Sts
EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY
REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION
Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE
Repsold Select Vintage Wines
FOR YOUR HOME DINNER
This brand of Wine is served at all first-class clubs, hotels and restaurants
Office, 416 Pine St. A. REPSOLD & CO.

From Admiral George Dewey:
Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco—Dear Sir: I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly. Very truly yours,
GEORGE DEWEY.

A GRADUATE
George Mayerle
German Expert Optician
Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED
1071½ Market St.
near Seventh
Telephone Mint 257
German Eye Wate 50 cents.

From General Wm. R. Shafter:
Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco—Dear Sir: The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair.
Very truly yours,
WM. R. SHAFTER.
Major-General, U. S. V

Reduced To 5 Cents a Copy.

This Paper not to be taken from the Library

THE SATURDAY WAVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
AND JOURNAL OF EVENTS CURRENT

CONTENTS

A Royal Progress in Corea
by H. E. Bostwick.

A California Industry: Prune Growing in the Santa Clara Valley
by Will Irwin

Commercial Opportunities in the Philippines
by Herman Ross

Lord Russell of Killowen

Views of Belvedere

Margaret Anglin
by Arnold Genthe

A HARVEST SCENE

A California Industry: Prune Growing in the Santa Clara Valley

By Will Irwin

IN early June, a fruit section of the Santa Clara Valley is as dull and humdrum a spot as can be imagined. The summer sunshine has settled upon the land by that time, the early work of cultivation and preparation is over; the trees and their owners are waiting for the little, green knobs on the branches to turn into the gold and purple balls of harvesting time. Mile after mile, the dark green foliage of the trees covers the land. There are no fences; the roads run through the orchards direct, and boundaries are kept in the memories of the owners. Save for the prosperous houses and villas dotting the section, every acre of land might seem to be the property of one huge estate. Here and there the houses are clustered into a town, whose nerve-center is a big packing house. These towns, too, are waiting the summer's influx, their redwood roofs smoking out the last of the spring rains in the ripening sunshine. Teams creep lazily up the long avenues; a few workmen make pretence of working under the trees.

Arrival of the Fruit Pickers. In June comes the first sign of an awakening. The small fruits are ripening, and the advance guards of the summer army are pouring in. A month later, when the red and gold apricots are weighing down the trees, everything is alive. The roving agricultural workmen, peculiar to California, the "tramp" laborers of our industrial army, come in by every road, blanket on back, staff in hand, and find the very vacation of their year's work in the easy labor of fruit picking under the shade of the trees. Women and girls from all the country round assemble to cut and dry the fruit. The towns are packed to the limit of their accommodations, and a regiment of tenters spill out to the suburbs. Every dry water course is dotted, at night, with the fires of tramp workmen, making camp, as is their custom, under the stars All day the roads are lively with teams carrying the fruit to the dryers and storehouses. Thus for a month—then comes prune time, and the climax of the season is reached. Clear on into October, the Santa Clara Valley is too busy to talk to visitors. The inhabitants are gathering in the purple plebeian desert of the world, or are providing for those who gather, or are trading in the finished product. Practically all San Jose works overtime in that season, so nearly is the prune industry associated with all activities of the Santa Clara Valley and its metropolis.

The prune season is now in full swing, and the whole section is especially busy, for this is a phenomenal year. The yield will go beyond all previous records; how far beyond, no one has tried to estimate, but it will certainly beat the record year of 1899, when 75,000,000 pounds was the lead. There is some complaint over the quality, the fruit running small and averaging, therefore, less value to the ton, but in spite of this the actual money value of the crop will beat former figures. It has come, too, on the heels of a good apricot crop, which renders the farmers of the valley doubly happy. The big driers are working overtime and Sundays to keep up with the increase, and for once labor is rather short.

The Prune Industry. To write the whole history of the prune industry in and around San Jose would be like writing the later commercial history of the Santa Clara Valley, for the yearly production of dried prunes exceeds that of all the other fruits of the valley put together. The first beginning was made in 1873, by E. L. Bradley, a pioneer of the section, who planted on his farm, about six miles from San Jose, a ten-acre tract of trees. The cuttings were brought from France, and the whole thing was an experiment. It succeeded beyond all expectation; in six years the tract was producing heavily. Being a novelty, these California-grown prunes sold at immense prices—sometimes up to sixty dollars a ton. One season, the Bradley farm sold its entire output to a broker for $400 an acre on the trees—just $4,000 for a year's crop on a ten-acre tract! That orchard is still flourishing and bearing, being the nucleus of a 220-acre fruit farm, and is viewed with reverence by the farmers of the valley as the beginning of all things for them.

Of course the heavy receipts of the Bradley farm started a prune craze in the valley. People began to take out their grain and put in trees. The very year in which the pioneer orchard began to bear, an immense acreage was put in. The fruition of these trees brought a great change. The limit of the market for California prunes was reached and passed. Throughout the East, where the general demand was heaviest, the imported French and German article was preferred—just as California wines had a long struggle against alien prejudice before they were recognized. Further, scale made trouble; it was at first a mysterious malady, and means for fighting it were undiscovered. Then, many orchard men planted in ground unfitted for fruit-culture. These conditions had to be overcome. The fight was not a long one. The market was opened; methods for making scale almost harmless were discovered, and the conditions favorable for growth were determined with comparative certainty. By 1890, the industry entered upon an era of expansion. Beginning with over 12,000,000 tons in that year, the output grew steadily to the 75,000,000 mark of last year. It now caps all the other fruit industries of the section—dried apricots, dried peaches, fresh fruits, canned fruits—by a good margin.

Financial Results. Not everyone has succeeded, but the percentage of failure has been small. Knowledge of conditions, realization of methods have changed the whole complexion of affairs. Just now, an investment in the prune bearing land is nearly as stable as one in Spring Valley bonds, with probably a larger income on the capital. Figured for five years, with allowances for probable poor seasons, it can be calculated almost to the dollar. The failures are those who have hit on poor land, and those who are so ill-adapted to business that they would fail in any pursuit. In their first planting, prunes are always something of a risk because of the uncertainty as to what constitutes good prune land. Two orchards planted next to one other, having the same exposure, the same drainage, the same apparent quality of soil, may yet bear such widely different crops that the one will pay heavily and the other fall far below a margin of profits. It cannot be explained; it exists. The same condition is familiar with wine-producers, who know that in the first-grade European vineyards only a trail may divide the grapes producing the wine of a king's table and the *table d' hote* beverage of a cheap restaurant. This very season of prosperity, hundreds of acres are being taken out to make room for other crops, because a few years of trial have proved that they will not produce in paying quantities.

A factor which is making stability doubly stable is the general introduction of irrigation. The fear of dry years alone remains to worry the prune-farmer. The early frost, worst enemy of the delicate and uncertain apricots, trouble his hardy crop very little, but the dry year, while it will not kill the fruit, may greatly reduce output. The ordinary rainfall is generally enough for all purposes; irrigation is called in only for the exceptional year. Close calculation proves that it pays to provide against failure of crops by irrigation, even when the water has to be pumped at comparatively heavy cost. Only this year, a co-operative company, capitalized at $350,000, has been organized for the purpose.

The Growers' Combine. This year opens a movement certain to have great effect upon the whole industry. It is the combination of prune men for maintenance of prices, one of those farming trusts which have been so successful all over the country and which mark the trend of modern industry. The California Cured Fruit Association, perfected and incorporated last January, was a matter of gradual growth. While it controls the output over all California, it had all its beginnings in Santa Clara county. The tendency was first shown in the big fruit unions which began to spring up when the industry got on its feet. At first, the crop was handled by brokers, who bought the fruit on the trees, just as oranges are bought to this day in the South. This was an uncertain method, involving much risk and speculation on both sides, and allowing much margin for fraud. To meet this, the big growers of several sections pooled their interests. The associations thus formed would receive and sell the product, distributing the receipts per ton received after deducting the expenses. Further, the associations made things easier for the growers of small capital by combining a fruit-curing business with their other function. Members who do not care to invest in the apparatus required for curing, drying and preparing fruit may bring the green product to the associations, have the finishing work done there, and pay a proportional assessment for the work. In this manner the huge dryers of the West Side Fruit Growers' Association, the East Side Fruit Union, the Campbell's Fruit Union and the Santa Clara County Fruit Exchange handle thousands of tons of uncured fruit every year. On the other hand, a great majority of the growers interested cure their output themselves, turning it ready for sale into the bins of the union.

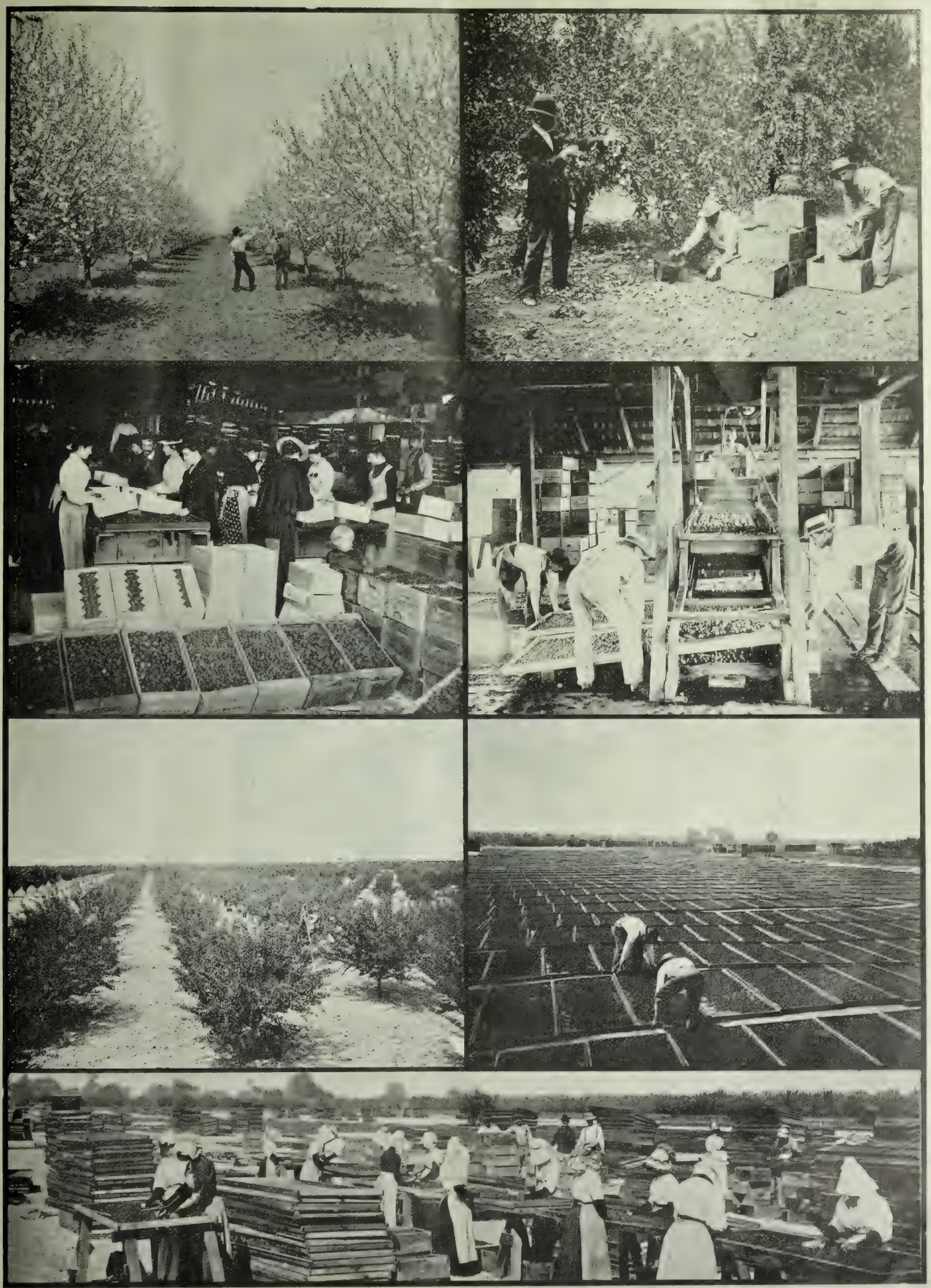
This worked very well so far as it went; nevertheless, there was no way of controlling or regulating prices without a formal understanding, and the competition of independent growers, selling through cut-rate brokers, caused the element of uncertainty to enter into calculations. The four associations mentioned above worked out a scheme of general co-operation. The result was the California Cured Fruit Association. The condition by which this concern entered into the field was that a certain per cent of the State's dried fruit producers should enter into the agreement. The limit was reached and passed, so that now 85 per cent of the State's acreage is represented. A good 95 per cent of the prunes raised in the Santa Clara valley will go through its influence and be sold under its scale this season. The Cured Fruit Association does not sell the fruit, that still being left to the individual or to the smaller associations, but it sets the price, to which the members are bound to conform. It is for this season to prove its worth, but all forecasts indicate that the organization will be successful and permanent. The fruit brokers are going out of business in shoals. One of its best activities is the cast-iron rule providing two standard grades in the various sizes, the first including only perfect fruit. This will undoubtedly raise the reputation of the California product abroad.

Process of Orchard Cultivation. The details, the finer points of prune and apricot growing interest only insiders. To the casual observer the processes do not differ strikingly from those employed in other orchard-growing. When the crop is in, pruning begins, followed by a thorough cultivation of the ground in order to loosen it and kill the weeds. This process is repeated as often as foreign vegetation appears. The whole floor, now in harvest-time, of the Santa Clara Valley stands as bare of weeds as a seed-ground for a lawn. By January, the farmer who has the wisdom and the capital to control irrigation takes a forecast, determines the chances for drought, and begins irrigation if he thinks that chances for rain are poor. There must be continual examination for scale, which can usually be exterminated when found, but is likely to wreak havoc if allowed to run. Then the braces holding up the weak prune-branches must be looked after and renewed when necessary. By mid-July, apricots are ripe and ready for picking. They are gathered like oranges by men with ladders and pails; taken to the drying-houses to be cut into sections, stoned and laid on long, wooden trays by girls; and dried in the sun. Artificial dryers have been tried, but have not proved so popular as sunlight which costs nothing for fuel. The only really artificial process in common use is a slight fumigation of sulphur, applied to bleach the fruit and render it more salable. The cutting process employs as many women and girls as the picking does men, and reaches large totals in the expense accounts. He who can invent a machine to do this work is a millionaire out-of-hand. Numerous attempts have been made—all failures. The drying, lasting from three or four days to perhaps a week, ends the work on the apricot crop.

When apricots have been a-picking some two weeks, the prunes begin to drop from the bent parent-branches. A prune-tree is the extreme limit of man's achievement in turning nature into a machine. It is a low, broad, spreading growth, made, like a human Coolie, to bear the greatest burden per pound of substantial trunk and branch. It bears beyond belief. So far has it been brought from the state of nature that the boughs cannot carry their own burdens; they must be supported by stout props of timber. Looking at a tree in full bearing, one could swear that it held more prunes than leaves. It is brutally laden. When the steady sunshine of Santa Clara has turned the fruit heavy and dark, the outraged tree gives way at its weakest point, and the purple spheres drop to the ground. When they have formed a dark circle on the ground beneath each tree, the pickers come out and break their backs gathering the crop. This process is repeated from two to four times every season. At the last picking, which comes in a dry interval during October, the trees are shaken for lingering fruit. Dishonest pickers working by the pound sometimes shake the branches before the end; this always results in the fall of green fruit and a corresponding lowering of the crop standard.

The Final Stages. From the pickers, the prunes go to a "dip" in a solution of hot lye, which cracks the tough skin and prepares them for drying. They are then spread on wooden trays and dried like apricots. At the big driers of the Fruit Associations the work is done by machinery, which takes boxful after boxful of prunes in a hungry hopper and vomits them out shrunken and wet onto the trays. The drying-ground of such a concern is impressive through its bigness. The West Side drier, this week, has twenty acres of ground covered with laden trays laid snug to one another. It is all one great field of flat purple. Being cured and reduced to the state of the dried prune favored of cheap grocers and boarding-houses, the fruit takes its final stage—sorting into sizes by a machine larger than a locomotive. Thence it tumbles into bins and is ready for sale. Even when growers do their own drying, they commonly leave the sorting process to their associations. Packing of the "fancy" product into boxes, after giving it a beautifying sugar-and-water bath, comes sometimes before and sometimes after the sale. The next time the prune sees the light it is in a grocery-store of the United States or Europe, where, by-the-way, more and more California prunes go every year.

ELECTRIC HEADLIGHTS.—Electric headlights for railway locomotives are coming very generally into use in the Western States, and are paying for themselves in saving the railway companies large sums formerly paid for cattle killed on the track. The light will show a cow or horse at a quarter of a mile on a dark night.



Orchard in Blossom
Packing
An Apricot Orchard

Sorting Crop

Picking Prunes
The Grading Process
Twenty Acres of Drying Prunes

Prune Growing In the Santa Clara Valley.

Photos by A. P. Hill, San Jose.

Dr. Roux's Experiment

By James Hopper

PROFESSOR LETOURNEAU had finished his autopsies, and, washing his hands and taking off his laboratory apron, he sat down to write his reports:

Dr. ——

Dear Sir:—The dog that you have sent me for examination shows unmistakable signs of having been, at time of death, in an advanced state of hydrophobia.

Unprofessional as it may seem, I have a suggestion to offer. I am a close friend of Pasteur, whom the whole world knows from his remarkable researches on bacterial diseases. Of late years he has been searching for an antitoxine of hydrophobia. Although he has made nothing public yet, I know from private confidences that he has obtained important results. I would advise you take your patient to him immediately.

This, of course, is strictly confidential. Pasteur wants to announce nothing until absolutely sure. I betray him only because there is a chance to save a life. I trust in your sense of honor.

Sincerely yours,
Letourneau.

He started another note:

Dr.

Dear Sir:—The dog you have delivered to me for examination shows no sign of hydrophobia. He seems to have been enjoying perfect health when the bullet in his brain cut off his canine career..

Sincerely yours,
Letourneau.

He rubbed his hands contentedly, with the satisfaction of a child who has been allowed to do something like his elders. For this famed scientist was really a child when it came to the petty, materialistic details of life. Usually, it was his wife who took charge of his correspondence; but she was away at present, nursing a sick sister. He had left the superscriptions blank, for, of course, he had forgotten the names. He never could remember names. He looked them up in the register which his wife kept so carefully, filled the blanks and addressed the letters accordingly, the first to Dr. Stratton, the second to Dr. Roux.

* * * * * *

Doctor Roux, the famed specialist in nervous diseases, was just getting up from breakfast when he received Professor Letourneau's note.

So there was no danger of hydrophobia. His patient's nervous fears could be set at rest. Well, he would go up at once and read him the comforting report.

But he did not go up immediately. He remained in his arm-chair, plunged in deep abstraction. Strange to say, he did not feel relieved by the news. It was such an interesting case—that man, athrill with fear, writhing beneath the menace of the terrible disease. He could see him now, the nervous, ultra-sensitive creature—a musician—with his pale expressive face and these wild, dark eyes which, since the accident, distended in a continuous expression of horror. Yes, it was interesting to watch the effects of fear, fear of an imaginary danger, upon this being whose distended nerves vibrated to the faintest suggestion.

"Suggestion!" He had come to the word at last! He angrily shook himself out of his reverie. Really this was too much! His researches were absorbing his faculties too completely. He must react, must change the current of his thoughts. There he was musing, loitering on the edge of an abyss of pernicious thoughts, while up there a human being was awaiting in a sweat of agonizing suspense for the verdict he held in his hand!

And yet who knew what a continuation of the experiment might bring? Who knew what he, Doctor Roux, famous for his experiments in hypnotism, could obtain from that impressionable nature by mere subtle suggestion? How far would the weaker mind be moulded by the continuous pressure of the superior, dominant will; and how far would the material body answer to the mad throbs of the imagination? Absorbing, irritating question.

There he was, at it again! He sprang to his feet and started up the stairs, three steps at a time. He would read the report immediately. But he slowed up gradually and entered the room half reluctantly.

The patient was reclining in an easy chair, wan and thin, his face livid in the yellow light that, filtering through a foggy sky, poured in at the window. He sat up as the doctor entered and flashed his dark eyes on him in mute and poignant interrogation.

"I have Letourneau's report," the doctor said slowly—a strange force seemed to compel him to pause here in a hesitating manner.

"Well?" gasped the patient.

"He's not sure—that is, the autopsy is somewhat unsatisfactory. The animal, you know, was much decomposed." The patient was breathing heavily, like a strong man undergoing a painful operation. "Well, he is not sure—that is, he does not find *decided* signs of hydrophobia." (This was diabolical, the doctor thought, with sudden, strange, objective appreciation of himself.) "He would not say that the dog had had hydrophobia; in fact, there is a chance—yes, I might say a good chance—that the animal was sound."

The patient turned away with a shuddering sigh of dejection.

"Come, come!" said the doctor cheerfully, "don't take it so hard. There is a chance, a good chance; in fact, the probabilities are in your favor. And then, you know, even if it were so, if the dog—well, cures *have* been made. Although the wound was cauterized somewhat late, yet it may not have been *too* late. And then, you know, the virus does not affect all organisms. Yes, you must brace up. Imagination is a great factor in such cases. A hopeful, determined mind will often turn the balance in the struggle of the body. Come, brace up; be cheerful. Put yourself in condition to resist."

Again the doctor had that sudden, vivid, objective sense of the atrocious subtlety of his encouragement. "What can I do for you?" he went on. "Are there any friends or relatives you would wish to see?"

The man shook his head negatively.

"He prefers the company of his own morbid fancies," thought the doctor. "Strange being!"

He left the room. All through, he had been led on by some diabolical impulse, and he stopped to ponder now. Yes, his work on suggestion was absorbing him too much altogether. There he was now making a human being writhe under an atrocious mental vivisection, and yet, as he analyzed himself coldly, he felt not the slightest tinge of pity. Had he really already come to this? A sudden horror of himself almost threw him back into the room. But the temptation clutched him again. "After all," he said to himself, "I can show him the report at any time. His joy will be the greater for the foregoing suffering. And it is all in the name of Science; Science, my pure, serene, august mistress!" His eyes glowed. "I will carry the experiment a little farther," he decided, resolutely.

And he began a systematic course of suggestion on the helpless creature in his power. He separated him from the outside world, isolated him with his own morbid fancies and slowly infiltered him with the poison of his subtle insinuation. He discoursed scientifically on hydrophobia, lent him books to read on the subject, books with hideously vivid colored plates illustrating the ravages of the disease. He told him fantastic, blood-curdling tales of mad dogs and wolves and mysterious wolf-men. He described again and again, with realism more and more hideous, the symptons of the disease, descending with inexorable precision to the minutest details, playing on the excruciatingly sensitive nerves of the morbid creature in his power.

And, from a scientific point of view, the experiment was proving eminently successful. In this atmosphere of impalpable horror, athrill to that soft, insidious, inexorable tapping, tapping, tapping of ceaseless, reiterated suggestion, the patient became a mere bundle of throbbing nerves. His black eyes, distended by an implacable fear, widened larger and larger, till the whole visage was consumed in their haunted flame. At length—wonderful confirmation of what the doctor had divined!—the symptoms which were described with such pitiless precision really began to appear. The body became rigid at intervals; the jaws had difficulty in working; an abundant saliva frothed at the mouth. His saturated imagination overflowed, sending the poison of suggestion coursing through the veins. It was a hallucination, not of the mind alone, but of the whole material body.

Several times the doctor thought of ending the experiment. The results were decisive enough; the demonstration of the effects of mere mental suggestion was striking and complete; further experiment was dangerous. But drawn on irresistibly by his hideous curiosity; seized with the vertigo of that abyss of knowledge into which his eyes plunged in morbid fascination, he kept on day after day, deciding every evening to free the victim, yielding every morning to the temptation of carrying on the investigation yet another day, and yet another day.

One night, he suddenly found himself sitting up in bed, wide awake, his heart hammering painfully at his ribs. There was a banging of doors in the halls outside, smothered exclamations, a rushing to and fro. Then, drowning these sounds, there rose a long, mournful, heart-twisting wail, low at first, but swelling in a fearful crescendo that pierced to the marrow, and dying down again in a deep mournfulness. There came a hammering and shouting at his door. An assistant was calling him. He sprang out of bed, and, as he threw on a few clothes, again the lugubrious cry rose and swelled, plaintive and enraged, beseeching and threatening, praying a horrible malediction in its agonizing wail.

The doctor rushed into his patient's room, filled with nameless terror, and yet, withal, a certain abominable triumph.

The man was crouching on all fours at the foot of the bed; at intervals he raised his head and his mouth opened convulsively in a long howl that rose tremulous, lamenting, horrible, the effort retching the body in a spasm. The doctor recognized the last symptoms of hydrophobia.

The howling wretch now sprang to his feet; his body contracted in a pang, then shot open with a spring-like snap, and he bounded almost to the ceiling. Again and again was the fearful performance repeated. The assistants could not hold him. He jumped and jumped and jumped, with enormous bounds, like the grotesque manikin of some Punch-and-Judy show, uttering strange, inarticulate cries, his nerves twisted in nameless agony.

Then—so it was related later by the assistants—the doctor made a last, desperate effort to save the man. He resorted to hypnotism, with which he had so often done marvelous things. Under his magnetic influence, the dying man calmed himself somewhat; his terrible jumping ceased gradually and at last he was held down on the bed in a sort of catalepsy. The doctor twined his arms lovingly around him. "Paul," he said, brokenly, "Paul, compose yourself. Listen to me. Don't look at me thus. Calm yourself. Listen." And, in a strangely commanding voice, "You have not hydrophobia; you have never been bitten by a mad dog; you imagine all that. I command you, Paul, listen to this. It is the report of Professor Letourneau."

Then, the assistants say, he read a pretended report of Professor Letourneau, which stated that the dog which had bitten the patient was altogether free of hydrophobia. "Paul, Paul, do you hear me? It is all a mistake. You are well!"

The glassy eyes of the man suddenly flashed with a terrible light. "Murderer!" he coughed out. Then a spasm stiffened him; a little foam rose to his lips; and he was dead.

* * * * * *

Professor Letourneau was reading, after a hard day's work,

Continued on page 15.

As The World Rolls

Monsters to Order.

TO transfer a man into a beast would at first seem to be impossible. It is accomplished, however, by the Chinese, to whom nothing seems to be unknown. The skin is removed in small particles from the entire surface of the body, and to the bleeding parts bits of the hide of living animals, bears and dogs, are usually applied. The operation requires years for its full accomplishment. After the victim has had his skin completely changed and becomes a man-bear or a man-dog, he is made mute to complete the illusion, and also to deprive him of the means of informing the public he is intended to amuse of his long torture.

A Chinese journal, the *Hupao*, prints a description of one of these human animals exhibited in the Kiangsi. His entire body was covered with dogskin. He stood erect, could utter articulate sounds, rise and sit down; in short, made the gestures of any human being. A Mandarin, who heard of this monstrosity,had him brought to the palace, where his hairy skin and bestial appearance caused quite as much terror as surprise. Upon being asked if he were a man the creature replied with an affirmative nod. He also signified in the same manner that he could write. A pencil was given to him but he could not use it, his hands were so deformed. Ashes were then placed on the ground in front of him, when the man-dog leaning over, traced in them five characters indicating his name and country.

Investigation showed that he had been stolen, imprisoned for years and subjected to long tortures. His master, who was condemned to death, testified during the trial that barely one in five failed to endure the process of skin changing. He practised it according to a traditional, and doubtless, old formula.

Another extraordinary monster was made by the bonzes who reared a child so he should have the appearance of a Buddha. The unfortunate became white as wax. He had been obliged to remain motionless in the posture of Buddha until his muscles had become rigid. No one had ever spoken to him, and he had grown in his cellar as a fungus would have done. Brought out to the light, this mute, blinking, living statue was eagerly worshipped by the credulous.

A Moving Stairway in New York.

IT has been customary in New York to bitterly complain at the steep and narrow stairways which passengers on the elevated railways must ascend and descend from street to track. To replace them various forms of elevators have been suggested, but the latest idea is an "escalator," or moving stairway. One of these is being placed at the 23rd street station, and it promises to solve the problem, "How passengers shall be raised to stations without tiring them."

Imagine a stairway in one continuous rise four feet wide with broad steps, ample room on each step for two or three people, or, the entire stairway holding sixty to ninety passengers at a time, moving along and discharging them at the upper landing with perfect ease of motion, requiring no practice or expertness in stepping from the moving platform or floor to the stationary one.

At the lower landing or approach to the escalator you step upon a moving floor, this floor forming itself into steps after travelling along three or four feet. You remain stationary on the step until you get to the upper landing, and the step in its turn is again converted into a level plane or moving floor,from which you step off on the station platform. If one or more persons are on the step ahead of you, you can readily pass on and by them, as in the present or ordinary stairway, or, if you are in a hurry,you can walk up the stairs as they travel along, and you will have taken only about ten or twelve steps in the run of thirty before landing on the upper platform.

The escalator is so constructed that the handrail travels with the stairs, so that its action is as simple for the person using it as standing upon an ordinary stairway. The motive power is electricity. One great advantage the escalator has over the incline railway is, if for any reason the electric current gives out, or the supply is temporarily cut off, you still have an easy, graceful stairway by which to reach the station platform.

A Poisoned Pin-prick.

THERE are finer ways of killing than that to which the anarchist Bresci resorted to make way with the Italian King. In Russia, where nihilism is supposed to have been stamped out, there occurred recently the most artistic murder of the century. The victim was the second in command of the Imperial gendarmerie, General Pantelegeff, and the deed was perpetrated in a railroad car, under extraordinary circumstances. Accompanied by Prince and Princess Apalinoff, General Pantelegeff made the journey from Petersburg to the Russian frontier. Seated in the compartment with them was a stranger, a well-dressed, distinguished-looking young man, who easily entered into conversation with his traveling companions. By the time the lamps were lit the talk had taken on a pleasant and intimate air; papers and magazines had been exchanged; it seemed as though the stranger would prove an agreeable traveling companion. Then an accident happened—the young man in bending forward to pick up a book which had fallen from his lap pricked his neighbour, the General, in such a manner as to evoke an exclamation of pain. Apologies, profuse regrets were at once forthcoming. It was a scarf-pin taken out of its place to cut the pages of his novel, and stuck in his sleeve, that had done the mischief. The young man was so very sorry that there was nothing to do but accept his explanations. But at the next station he got off, though he had previously declared Berlin as his destination. The conversation lulled at his departure. Apparently the General was drowsy; the Prince and Princess were reading. An hour later a new passenger entered and took a place beside Pantelegeff, who was half extended along the seat. He touched him, asking him to make room. The General was dead. At first this sudden demise was attributed to heart failure. At the autopsy, however, the doctors found first of all the mark of a pin or needle prick, the skin around it being black and "angry," and subsequently discovered traces of a very violent poison, evidently communicated by means of the pin or needle.

Then followed an inquiry. Arrests were made. Prince Apalinoff, recalling the incident of the pin-prick and the distinguished stranger, reported to the embassy. He and the Princess were at once asked to return to Russia, and scrutinize the several prisoners whom the police net had enmeshed. It is a strange episode, and it means that Russian officials must in future beware of pin-pricks as well as of bullets, knives and bombs.

Imported Coffins in China.

THE Boxer is a skilled laborer, who makes boxes, also coffins. From time immemorial the boxes made in China for teas, cotton, silks and jewelry have been put together in China by Chinese. Latterly the soft wood used in this manufacture has become very scarce, for the forests of the Mongolian Empire drawn on for years, are almost decimated. At first Japan, subsequently Russia, supplied the deficiency, but these sources both failing, the lumbermen of Washington and California began to ship to the Flowery Kingdom. Now the timber of foreign lands subserved excellently the purposes of the cabinet-makers, but the Boxers were reluctant to incorporate it into the creation of "the box so beautiful," by which name a casket is known in the land of Celestials. These have always been constructed of native woods, and as the funeral rites prescribe that the coffin shall remain tenanted in the hall of the house of the deceased for forty-nine days after its tenant's death, it is necessary that it should be made substantial and air-tight. It is not only strongly and accurately mortised together, and caulked on the outside, but it is cemented inside. Above all else, it must be made by boxers, and it is by far the most profitable "box" that they manufacture.

Chinese funeral customs are sacred. As soon as a man is dead he is supposed to have joined the celestial company of his ancestors, and is an object of worship. It follows that new ideas in coffins might naturally evoke resentment in a jealous and superstitious nation. Imagine, then, the anger and malevolence of the "boxers" when they discovered that caskets of English manufacture, decorated in the most approved fashions of the undertaking art, were being offered for sale in Shanghai and Pekin—coffins that not only attracted the eye, but appealed to the purses of their patrons. Here was competition with a vengeance—interference with ancient and sacred rights combined with cut rates. In many instances appeals were made to the patriotism and to the religious feelings of important Chinese against this invasion of vested privileges by "foreign devils," but the imported coffins had a plate-glass front through which the face of the deceased might be viewed in the long period before burial. This admirable advantage minimized the uncanny suggestions floated abroad by the Boxers. Foreign caskets grew in popularity. The Mandarins refused or neglected to lay down any hard-and-fast prohibitory rules, and the result is that the Boxers flamed up hot and fierce, vindictive toward foreigners and toward a Government that they did not consider protective. The casket, and not the glove, has been the animus, and should be the sign of distinction.

An Island of Widows.

THE population of the island of Aarlud, off the coast of Norway, is composed exclusively of widows. The story of their widowhood is one of those tragedies of the life of fisherfolk which excite, perhaps, a passing melancholy in the susceptible, provoke an ode of sorrow from a poet, while plunging the community affected into the depths of despair.

This was a colony of hardy fishermen—thirty families in all. To them there came a man and his wife from Haugesund, on the mainland, to participate in the spring egg gathering. He fell from a cliff and was killed. The sudden death, the first that occurred in Aarlud in eleven years, cast a deep gloom over the little colony, and all the men, to show their sympathy, agreed to attend the burial of the unfortunate in the cemetery at Haugesund. In a large smack they set out, dressed in their holiday garments, and saw the body of the dead lowered to its last resting-place. There arose then a storm which grew in intensity as the afternoon wore on. Would they brave the raging seas to return that night to Aarlud? Some held back, others insisted, laughing at the danger. So the smack, laden down with provender, set forth through the angry waves on its perilous voyage. On the shore the men and women who had mourned at the funeral stood and gazed after the vessel dipping like a cockle-shell into the depths between gigantic billows, again rising like a bird upon their crests. Suddenly there crashed towards her a mighty deluge. It struck, twisting round her prow. An instant later she had disappeared. From the silent watchers arose a cry. They rushed to their boats intent on rescue, but the roaring waters beat them back. Next morning the gale had subsided, and the flowing tide deposited its burden of thirty dead men upon the beach. Imagine the horror and the sorrow of the thirty wives made widows at a blow. All but two depended on their husbands' toil for daily food. Their straits were painful. From other fisher-folk came bread, and then the Government dispatched bacon and flour and tea. Now it is proposed to send to the island a number of single men, who may take up the fishing where the husbands left it,and,if they will, relieve the women of their widowhood. No living on memories of the departed when hunger presses and infant lips are crying for nourishment.

The Traveling Sidewalk at the Paris Exposition.

THE traveling sidewalk at the Paris Exposition, while by no means new in conception, is carried out on a far larger scale than ever before attempted. Extending for a length of 3.4 kilometers around the quadrilateral formed by the Rue Fabert, the Quai d'Orsay, the Avenue de la Bourdonnais, and the Avenue de la Motte-Piquet, it forms a continuous connection between the main portions of the Exposition. The mechanical operation is very simple, thanks to the ease with which power may be electrically distributed. It is understood that the main platform of two meters' width travels at the highest speed, eight kilometers per hour, while the auxiliary platform, of about half the width, travels at half the speed, the third platform remaining stationary. At every 200 meters there is placed beneath the platforms an electric motor, there being 172 motors in all, these being partly of the Alioth type and partly of the Westinghouse. The motors operate shafts extending across the framework, these shafts carrying driving wheels of two diameters acting upon rails attached to the undersides of the two sections of the platforms. The motors, being carried upon spring suspenders, are held up against the rails driven by them with a uniform pressure, so that unnecessary friction is avoided, and in practice the whole operates remarkably well, there being very little or no jarring or irregularity.

It is especially interesting to observe the ease with which all persons, old and young, of either sex, mount and descend from the platform, and even the brief experience which has been had already shows how entirely practicable the system is.

AN ANTIQUE HERO.—Field Marshal Von Blumenthal, "Unser Fritz's" chief of staff during the Franco-Prussian war, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday, and is said to be sound in mind and body. He lives on a little country estate near Dessau in Anhalt. With the exception of the King of Saxony, he is the only prominent commander in the war with France still alive.

EVENTS CURRENT.

Diplomatic Relations in China. The latest phase of the Chinese imbroglio reports Russia and the United States in complete harmony as to maintaining the integrity of China and preventing the powers from demanding territorial concessions in settlement of their claims for indemnity. On its face this statement would seem to contradict itself, for of all the powers, aside from Japan, Russia is most interested in paring off a slice of the imperial domain of the Celestial. But there is another view to take of Eastern affairs, which will fully justify the Russian diplomacy that now urges a maintenance of the empire. As matters stand today a puff of wind might topple the empire over when a general scramble would ensue, such as street-gamins might indulge in around an over-turned apple cart. To the wily Li Hung Chang has been delegated the power to make peace. Li has ever been a friend to Russia and as he loves the Russians he also hates the Japanese. Li does not desire a Japanese-Chinese alliance, nor does Russia, and what course would seem more natural for the newly accredited envoy for peace than to urge upon his well-beloved friends the Russians to join America in its pronounced hostility to partition and so save China, forestall an alliance with Japan, and trust to Li to place the matter in such a light that the Chinese government when re-established would as an unwritten clause of the articles of peace, enter into an alliance with the Muscovite and forever shut out Japan.

If China be saved by this new movement, she will owe it to Russia more than to any other nation, and Russia may be trusted to demand and receive, if she has not already been promised, full compensation in the way of future concessions and alliances. Years may come before the full measure of reward is dealt out to this "friend in need" but the Russian is a patient waiter.

Great Britain might well prefer an Anglo-American-Japanese alliance. But if Russia has cleverly taken the steps now credited to her, then Japan has lost her strategic position. England must follow Russia and America. France doubtless will not hold out against her northern ally, and this leaves Japan standing out in the cold—anxious for a partition, yet unable to demand it, and watching with gazing wonder her Russian rival who wants territory as badly as she does, yet who is cleverly leading the sentiment for the integrity of China, and by this skillful stroke setting up Japan's implacable foe Li Hung Chang as the foremost man in China, and her northern enemy Russia, as the savior of the empire.

Japan may now only turn to Germany, with whom she has little in common, and who doubtless will be well satisfied to accept the same concessions, or a little better than are meted out to her sister nations.

* * *

The wise man now discounts all Chinese news emanating from Shanghai. This much is certain Peking is entirely under foreign control, the troops of each nation have formally marched through the royal palace, and have taken technical possession of the capital. The landing of Japanese troops at Amoy on what appeared to be an insufficient pretext aroused some protests, which have gradually died away. A compact is reported between Russia and America, the main features of which are: first, that the rescue of the ministers and foreign residents, for which purpose solely the allies seized the capital, has been accomplished; second, that Emperor Kwang Hsu is *de facto* and *de jure* ruler of China; third, that Li Hung Chang is the duly accredited envoy for peace. The third, fourth and fifth articles request the powers to co-operate with Li Hung Chang and his government for the restoration of order, the open door, the arrangement for indemnities, and preserving the integrity of the empire. The sixth article provides for maintaining the integrity of the empire and that no territorial compensations be demanded. The other nations are requested to join in this agreement. If they do so the United States will at once withdraw her troops.

The Situation in South Africa. The South African struggle is still going on stubbornly without any startling results. The remaining Boer commanders are doing some wonderful work with their numerically insignificant forces. De Wet, however, after having been surrounded by "Bobs" half a dozen times, and having as many times broken through, has at last been forced to scatter his commandos and take to the hills, after burying his artillery. Having gotten rid in some degree of this most exasperating adversary, Lord Roberts turned his attention to Botha. On August 29th, after three days' stubborn fighting, Buller's advance occupied Mashadorf. The casualties on the British side were few, and it is said the enemy suffered heavily. Subsequently the Boers retired northward, followed by Dundonald. French followed them to Elandsfontein and chased them into the hills. It is understood they are retiring to Leydenburg. In the meantime, Bruce Hamilton has captured General Olivier at Winburg and beaten back his force. This officer, Lord Roberts says, was the moving spirit among the Boers in the south-east portion of the Orange colony during the war, and his retirement should aid in the process of pacification. Dr. Leyds has been interviewing the Czar with the idea of persuading his intervention, but the Russian said he could do nothing for the Transvaal but urge it to make peace.

Cost of the Philippine War. The Philippines are proving a costly addition to the budget of the United States government. A compilation made from the report of the secretary of war up to May 24th of this year and, since then, from General McArthur's casualty list shows that, from February 4, 1899, at which time hostilities with the Filipinos began, up to the present day, we have lost 2400 lives in the islands. Of these, 533 were of men killed in action, 193 were deaths from wounds, and 1668 from disease and other causes. Besides, 2073 men have been incapacitated by wounds, the total loss of fighting-material thus amounting to over 4400 soldiers.

Financially, the loss, although not as deplorable, is yet worthy of tremendous consideration. Estimates prepared by expert accountants of the treasury department up to date show that the cost of the army and navy since the beginning of the hostilities in the Philippines to have been $164,750,000 in excess of what it would have been had the same average rate of expenditure been maintained that prevailed before the war with Spain. From this, however, $30,000,000 for expenditures of the navy and $15,000,000 for expenditures of the army that cannot be charged directly to the Philippine war must be subtracted, thus leaving $159,750,000 as the approximate cost of the military and naval operations in the islands. Adding to this the $20,000,000 paid to Spain, and we have the grand total of $186,678,000, cost of the Philippines to the United States up to date.

Conviction of Caleb Powers. Caleb Powers, secretary of the State of Kentucky, has been adjudged guilty of being an accessory before the fact to the murder of William Goebel, assassinated a few days before being formally declared Governor of Kentucky. His sentence is imprisonment for life. This result is peculiarly Kentuckian. Blood for blood, not justice, is the principle that seems to have been prominent in the proceedings.

William Goebel was killed on January 30th. A cold, hard man, indomitable of will, machiavelian of brain, he was the climax of the American Politician in the worst sense of the word. For years he had controlled the Democratic machine, and in the autumn of 1899 got himself nominated candidate for the Governorship of the State. The Republicans and those of the Democrats who wished to escape the unscrupulous tyranny of the man, rallied around W. S. Taylor, the regular Republican candidate. The electoral fight was one of utmost bitterness. At last, when the polls had been counted, Taylor was found to have a majority. He immediately took his seat, in spite of the threat of the Goebel faction, who claimed fraud in the count. The Legislature was convened at Frankfort to settle the question. It was a time of intense excitement. The men of the two factions went about armed. Fifteen hundred feudists from the Kentucky mountains guarded the capitol and Governor from a *coup-de-main*. As soon as the legislature was formed it was seen that the majority of its members were of Goebel's most uncompromising followers, and a verdict in his favor was generally expected. It was just such a time as produces fanatics, and the fanatic appeared. On the morning of January 30th, while crossing the square to the capitol, Goebel was pierced by a rifle ball fired from the Executive Building. He died a few days later after having been declared Governor of the State by the Legislature.

The facts proved at the trial, which convinced the jury (composed of eight Democrats, three anti-democrats, and one Republican) of Power's guilt are these :

1. His own admission, corroborated by testimony of many witnesses, that he had organized the party of 1200 mountaineers brought down to Frankfort.

2. The proof that the bullet that killed Goebel came from his office in the Executive Building, and that he gave Youtsey, his clerk, who acted as go-between, the key to this office.

3. The testimony of Coombs and Hockersmith, two professional bravos, to the fact that Youtsey, acting for Powers, had offered them "the job," which they had refused.

This is fearfully meagre evidence on which to convict. The organization of the force of mountaineers was a precautionary measure, having nothing to do with the murder. That the fatal bullet came from the office of the Secretary of State is by no means proved, and even if it should have been, it was also established that Powers was miles away at the time of the shooting, More startling, but equally unreliable when examined, is the testimony of the two villainous negro bravos who claim that Powers offered them "the job." The most disreputable thing in the whole proceedings is the exorbitant reward offered for conviction. With such a sum, in the present inflamed state of political passions, the doom of any man can be bought.

We are having our own Dreyfus affair.

Racial Troubles Again. Racial war has again broken out, in New York this time. During the night of the 19th the metropolis was at the mercy of a maddened mob, rushing through the streets after "niggers." Inoffensive negroes were caught and brutally beaten, some to death. As in New Orleans, the cause of this burst of violence was the killing of a policeman by a negro malefactor, and, as in New Orleans, the avengers of the policeman belonged to a class which is not usually supposed to be friendly to the police. On the 26th mob violence broke out once more, and the big city was again in the convulsions of negro-baiting for a few hours. The most serious aspect of these deplorable affairs is the dubious role taken by the New York Police. Not only were they totally unable to quell the tumult, but impartial observers claim that, far from seeking to subdue the rioters, they actually gave them a helping hand. Squads sent out to disperse the mob yielded to the excitement of nigger-hunting, and not infrequent was the sight of a poor inoffensive colored man fleeing from a howling, threatening, brick-throwing populace, only to fall into the fraternal arms of two or three policemen, and be clubbed by them into insensibility. From midnight, when the riots started, to 2 o'clock in the morning, the sole arrests made were of negroes, battered, nose-broken, terrorized. It was only when the rioters became worked up to a frenzy, became irrespectful to the bluecoats, thus making their grievances personal, that white men began to appear at the stations. It is sad to think that such a state of affairs exists at the end of the nineteenth century in what is supposedly the most civilized city in America.

The Famine in India. The monsoon has at length reached the parched, famine-stricken lands of India. It would be foolish, however, to expect beneficent results within a short time. The crisis has been too severe, not to leave its effects for months and perhaps years to come. The rain has softened the ground, and has made tilling possible, but the natives have neither grain to sow nor oxen to plough with. It will take a new and tremendous effort from the British Government and individual charity to assure the future. Unless the poverty-stricken and famished Hindoo can be provided with grain and beasts of burden famine will be his lot next year, however abundant the fall of rains has been.

Reports are beginning to come in from the interior districts of the famine-stricken area, and they are indeed appalling. In the State of Bundi, for instance, the distress is awful. All crops have completely failed, 90 per cent. of the cattle have perished and the roads are white with human skeletons. Among the hills of south-western Rapputana, the population has been decimated by half. Cholera, among these debilitated survivors of famine, is making dreadful ravages. The people of Gujerat are dying off 4000 a week. In the Central Provinces 13,000 cases and 9000 deaths occurred during the past two weeks. The disease is prevalent in sixteen out of the eighteen districts. A continuation of the rains, however, is expected to bring a change for the better, as the epidemic is due to the rotten water that remains at the bottom of the ponds, and which is the Hindoo's sole source of supply.

Russia and Finland. The destruction of another nationality is slowly going on in Northern Europe. The recent ukase of Czar Nicholas, decreeing that the various departments of the Duchy of Finland should transact business exclusively in the Russian language is aimed directly at the hegemony which the Finlanders have guarded so jealously. Russian is spoken in Finland by only 8,000 out of the 2,700,000 inhabitants. The Finlanders are working strenuously to keep their last vestiges of independence. The deputies of the Finland Diet have drawn up a petition to the Czar in which they beg him to repeal this late ukase and in which they state strongly that "the Finnish language is not merely a local dialect in subordination to the imperial language, but that it is the national language of Finland and can alone, in the fullest sense of the word, be the official language of Finland," and further, "that the ukase is a decree tending to violate the position of the native language in the administration of the Finnish Government offices, which from the outset is stamped as impracticable and cannot be put into operation without conflict with the legal order of the country."

This is strong and dignified language, but the appeal stands little chance of being heeded. The Russian Government is taking vigorous measures to suppress all signs of discontent. Criticisms of the ukase in the Finnish press are instantly met by the suppression of the newspapers risking them. The *Nga Pressen*, the most important paper in Finland, has already met this fate. Some of the Imperial advisers are suggesting the abolition of the Finnish Diet. Pan-Slavism is strong and the Finns are in danger of losing the last of the autonomy secured by them at the convention of Borga.

is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash. Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter. Subscription: Per year, $2.00; six months, $1.25; three months, 75 cents. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

San Francisco—September 1, 1900—Seattle

Lest We Forget.

THERE are some things that Republicans might just as well bear in mind during the campaign.

Remember this. If Bryan had not favored the Treaty of Paris there would have been no question of Imperialism in this campaign.

He did favor paying Spain twenty million of dollars for the Philippines.

He did favor the annexation of the Philippines *after* the forces of Aguinaldo were at war with our troops.

He did urge the Democrats in the Senate to vote for the treaty.

He did secure seventeen Democratic senators to do so.

He did secure the passage of the treaty by one vote more than the necessary two-thirds vote.

He admits there would have been no issue of Imperialism if the treaty had been rejected.

He admits that the defeat of the treaty would have ended all talk of Imperialism and that he could have defeated it and *yet* he admits that he favored the treaty and secured its passage because denial would be impossible.

When your Democratic friend turns to the question of trusts,

Remember that it takes a two-thirds vote in the Senate to inaugurate a constitutional amendment.

Remember that the Senate is not two-thirds Republican.

Remember that a Republican proposed a constitutional amendment that would have put an end to unlawfnl combinations of capital.

Remember that Mr. Bryan and the Democratic senators opposed the amendment and defeated it.

Remember it was admitted on all sides that the proposed amendment was well considered and would have effectually put an end to the trusts, and

Remember the only ground the Democrats had for defeating it, and denying the people the right to vote upon it, was to prevent the Republicans from obtaining credit for opposing trusts, and for the further purpose of keeping the issue alive.

When your Democratic friend talks to you about oppression abroad and declares that "government without the consent of the governed is despotism,"

Call his attention to the condition of affairs down South.

Call his attention to the action of the Democratic party South of Mason and Dixon's line where Democracy is disfranchising ten million colored citizens.

Call his attention to the fact that these ten million people are being hopelessly stripped of all right of representation, right under Mr. Bryan's nose, and by his own party, and with his consent and approval.

And ask your Democratic friend what kind of a party is that which claims the suffrages of the American people by promising to give self-government to a rebellious people thousands of miles away, while it is robbing a peaceable people at home of every shred of right guaranteed by our constitution.

The last refuge of the Bryan Democrat is this:

"But you will admit that Mr. Bryan is honest and sincere."

There is absolutely nothing in Mr. Bryan's *record* that proclaims him as the possessor of either of these traits to any marked extent. If you read his carefully prepared public utterances and read nothing else, you might be excused for regarding him as a "patriot," "orator" and "peerless statesman"; but if you lift the curtain and look behind the scenes, you will find him to be a politician pure and simple; you will find him pulling every string and resorting to every trick and device known to the trade to catch votes; you will discover that he appeals to ignorance, that he labors to awaken class hatreds, that he appeals to prejudice, that his frankness is assumed; that he plays to the gallery; that he is a humbug, a prevaricator and a light weight who would rattle about in the presidential chair like a pea in a pod; who, if left to his own methods, would disgrace the nation in the sight of the world and introduce a cheap era of mediocrity, that the nation would look back upon with shame. He has the trick of writing and speaking to an eminent degree. He has the trick of filching as his own, fundamental principles which no man denies, and has the further trick of misrepresenting facts to which he falsely applies these principles. He has the trick of appropriating the sacred names of the great Americans of the past, garbling their utterances and distorting their meaning to fit his argument and serve his selfish ends. He misquotes Lincoln and then compares himself with that great Republican martyr. He poses like a clog dancer, and claims to be representing Jefferson and his principles. He uses quotations from Lincoln's utterances to justify the success of the party that is engaged in disfranchising ten million colored people. He is grossly insincere, and is certainly politically dishonest, as his attitude plainly shows.

H. E. Huntington.

IT now seems certain that Henry E. Huntington will succeed his uncle in managing and caring for the great railroad properties which represent the life achievement of the greatest railroad builder of the age. The name of "Huntington" will remain where it is, graven deep in the keystone. And no stranger hand will chisel it out. This is as it should be. The younger Mr. Huntington is confronted with a stupendous task, and yet it is one that the dead man had long been educating him to assume. The undertaking is one that the senior Huntington had, in his lifetime, decided the junior was competent to fill. That the younger Mr. Huntington is a far abler man than the world would be likely to give him credit for, is most natural. He has sat in the shadow of one who stood head and shoulders above all of his contemporaries. It is not likely that outside of his own office, he has ever gotten credit for many of the policies which really belong entirely to himself.

The people of California are interested in the personality of Mr. Huntington's successor, for he will direct the destinies of an institution that has more dealings with the public at large than any other half dozen concerns in the State. This much is certain, so far as his ability to manage and care for the properties go, he is fit. In all of his years of close association with his uncle, that keen master-mind has been estimating and observing the younger man with the eyes of Argus. He understood mankind as few men do. And it is safe to assume that before finally determining to entrust his all into his hands, he had taken accurate measure of the man from every point of view. Writing of him to a friend he said:

"He is a practical man, who, while losing very few points in the transaction of business, looks at things in a just spirit, and means to be fair to all."

This probably sums up Mr. H. E. Huntington's character in a very few words. In his relation with men he is extremely courteous and affable. He is easily approached—seldom denying himself to visitors. He possesses the rare art of saying "No" without giving personal offense. His manner with those immediately about him is most affectionate. He is considerate and kindly by every instinct. And the employees of the company who have grown old and gray and—well-nigh incompetent — may be thankful that to him will be reassigned the control of the physical properties. The elder Mr. Huntington understood the danger that threatened the men, old in the service, and one of the last hopes of his life was to so adjust matters that no harm could come to them because of their age or infirmity. A hostile press and rival insurance societies managed, however, to create a false sentiment among some of the men and the well-intended measure was dropped. Only a few days before his death, he wrote as follows concerning the insurance plans:

"It was the men's interests I was looking out for in the formulated plan submitted to them, and they will no doubt believe it sometime, if they do not now. If we could have helped them to get on a basis that would be a safe and permanent foundation of relief from care and anxiety for the future of their families, I should have been pleased to have done so, so far as I could consistently and with proper regard to the interest of the stockholders I represent."

Some day the employees of the corporation may come to recognize just what Mr. Huntington was attempting to do for them and will then be ready to act on the counsel of the man now dead.

H. E. Huntington partakes very largely of the spirit of development that was so marked in his senior. He is gifted with much of his wonderful foresight. The construction of the Coast line, in spite of the persistent opposition of his associates, is one of the policies that, to a man familiar with railroading, means a great deal. Just now, when a rival line is bidding for business down south, the Southern Pacific will be ready to meet that competition by offering a shorter route, more pleasantly located, and avoiding deserts, the hot valley, and the Tehachapi.

We believe Mr. H. E. Huntington will meet all the requirements of the people and the stockholders, and that he will labor as well to see that full justice be done the man to whom both he and the State owe so much.

Disfranchisement of the Blacks.

THE Democratic movement down South that is intended to strip from the negro the right to vote, by enforcing an educational test, may be more far-reaching in its effects than its authors dream. Much may be said in support of an educational qualification as prerequisite to the exercise of the highest right of citizenship. In a republic the honor, the credit, the very existence of the nation is quadriennially submitted to the votes of the people, and the nation is deeply interested in elevating the standard of national intelligence. To eliminate at one stroke the illiterate as a factor in politics would so far as practical results go, be equivalent to equipping, at one stroke, the ignorant with an education. The whole matter of the right of the State in this connection is, we believe, still to be heard and determined by the Supreme Court of the United States, but assuming the right of the State will be upheld, it is interesting to speculate as to what will result.

First as to the South itself. Political lines down in Dixie's land are drawn not so much between the Republican and the Democratic parties as they are between the Black party and the White party. To be a Republican down there means in many cases, to favor negro domination; and the white man is restrained from fleeing Democracy because he finds it well, nigh impossible to give his sanction to such domination. With the negro eliminated, the whites may freely divide along strict party lines, and—we take it—the result will show a gradual disintegration of the solid South, and a healthy and lasting division along lines free from prejudice. Suppose this policy crept north, how would it affect Democracy? Probably no one will question the statement that in the North the great majority of the illiterate vote the Democratic ticket, while in the South the majority of the illiterate (the blacks) vote the Republican ticket. Eliminate the illiterate Democratic vote in the North and you will take many a doubtful State out of the ranks of Democracy and put them solidly with the Republican party, while the same operation in the South, which will cut out the illiterate Republican vote, will eventually bring about a healthy division in the South, which must result in breaking up its solidity. It may be that out of the results of race prejudice may be evolved a something that will better the republic and create an incentive for the illiterate to acquire at least rudimentary knowledge.

A GENEROUS CORPORATION.—The Boston Elevated Railway Company has distributed about 100,000 free tickets, through churches and charitable associations, so that mothers and children and sick and aged persons who cannot pay may be carried to the woods or seashore.

At the end of his rope.

The Philippines: "What yer got?"
Cuba: "Pie."
The Philippines: "Where'd yer get it?"
Cuba: "Mah Uncle Sam gin it to me! an' maybe ef you was half way decent he' gin you some."

HARMONY.

Sambo Bull: "I'se jes gotter hab dis yer fowl. Ef I don' git him, dem udder furrin niggas'll swipe him for sunh."

IF BRYAN WERE PRESIDENT

CROKER.—"That's proper, William, don't forget to feed the tiger."

"SEE ODELL! HE'S MY BUSINESS PARTNER!"

R. C. Bowman, Minneapolis Tribune.
Bush in New York World.
Philadelphia Enquirer.

R. C. Bowman, Minneapolis Tribune.
P. J. Carter, Minneapolis Times.
Cory in New York World.

CURRENT CARTOONS.

Suburban Homes of California: Belvedere

Commercial Opportunities in the Philippines

By Herman Ross

An "Arrastre," for Collecting Gold from Quartz.

Hauling Sugar Cane on Plantation in Negros.

Sugar Cane Workers near Tanauan, Luzon.

"TALK about money," an American resident said to me the other day, "Why, in Manila, it is lying around loose." This was his way of expressing the immense commercial opportunities to be had in the Philippines. It must not be taken as a literal statement. Money makes money. The man who comes here without capital of any kind is making a huge mistake. There are too many discharged American soldiers ready to crowd the lines of ordinary employment. On the other hand, the man who comes with capital, from a few thousands clear up into the millions is sure of great results. This is a time of war and uncertainty, yet I have still to learn of a single American enterprise which is not making manifold returns on the investment. When the country is really tranquil, when conditions become stable, the chances will be beyond computation. The island of Luzon is not a pleasant place of residence, but it has a great climate for the growth of money.

Resources of Luzon.

There has been much speculation over the existence of mines and other hidden sources of wealth in the interior. The conservative observers of the Philippine commercial field place little reliance upon these reports. Whatever else may be said of the Spaniards, they are keen gold-hunters. The sudden wealth to be obtained from a gold-mine just suits their ideas on money-making. They have always found the gold in a country within the first decade of their occupation, yet they lived three hundred years in the Philippines and never discovered any considerable mines or mining properties. The chances are in straight commerce. The Island of Luzon, in spite of pessimistic reports to the contrary, is one of the richest districts in the world. Its forests, mostly untouched by the hand of man, are a gold-mine in themselves. It has hardly an acre of arid ground. The soil is of rank fertility. The section which has been under cultivation since the coming of the Spaniards has been tilled in a half-hearted, Spanish-Malay fashion and is not in any sense worked out. The rest, nearly one-half the total area, is virgin soil of extraordinary productiveness. The whole area is capable of raising those "fancy" crops which return fabulous profits in proportion to the area tilled—tobacco, coffee, sugar. The hemp crop is not pushed to one-third of its possibility, and cocoa-nut raising, in spite of the adaptability of certain sections, is only an infant industry. Almost the only crop which has reached its possibilities in acreage and totals is rice, and even that could be increased in profits by the introduction of modern methods to replace the antiquated water-buffalo and wooden plow.

Mining Chances.

I said that I placed little reliance on mining chances. It is only fair to give the other side a hearing, however. Mr. J. P. Carroll, formerly a chief in the sanitary service, has been prospecting in the hills and gulches of Benguet. He is an experienced miner, has prospected all over Central and South America, Colorado and Alaska, and is therefore entitled to a hearing when he says that the quartz leads discovered by him in that region are richer and more promising than any others known to his experience. He found leads in many of the creeks; some of these he followed, and, by drifting forty or fifty feet, discovered that they widened as they went in. The specimens returned show gold in paying quantities. It is no aspersion on Mr. Carroll to say that we who have lived in mining countries are taking all this very calmly. A show of good specimens and proof of good leads do not in themselves make a paying region by a long ways.

Commercial Opportunities.

In straight business, however, lies the best chance. Take banking for an example. There are only three banks which rise above the dignity of a pawn-shop. Two are English and one is Spanish. The British institutions, which made big receipts in the old days, have fairly coined money since the American occupation. The Shanghai and Hongkong concern, the leader, now returns a profit of *sixty per cent a year*—this in the banking business, noted for small and sure profits. The local branch of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China does not make public its financial statements, but cannot be very far behind. The Espanol-Filipino institution may do nearly as well, although the annual statement shows only 18 per cent, of which 10 per cent goes to the revenues of the islands, according to the old Spanish charter not yet revoked. This bank has, however, been much more profitable in years past, and those on the inside suspect that figures are being juggled in hopes of further governmental concessions. These banks are so independent and insolent with prosperity that they will hardly deal with a sum of less than fifty dollars, and in exchange, their principal business, they charge ruinous rates. In addition, there is one savings bank, a church affair, which combines with its regular trade the functions of a pawn shop. The American soldiers are suspicious of this institution and very shy about making deposits. A savings bank on our own plan would derive immense business from the troops alone. In fact, the figures just presented should prove that the opening for any bank is a great one. A house with headquarters in Manila and branches at Hongkong, Shanghai and other commercial ports would not only pay but would be an American power over all the East.

A Plantation House on Negros.

Openings for Railroads.

With all the rich farming and timber land in the island, there is just one railroad, that from Manila north to the Gulf of Lingayan, only 120 miles. It taps an immensely fertile region, but not by any means the most fertile one. Everywhere else, the products of the country are transported by the snail-like buffalo to the sea ports of the coast. The general agricultural development of Luzon must await the construction of other lines, and these lines will pay immensely as the opening up of the country proceeds. Ex-Minister Barrett has said that $150,000,000 of American capital will find profitable investment in this direction. While these figures are probably overstated they are by no means impossible. A line up the west coast and one through the central provinces would yield profits within two years and would in ten years give returns out of all proportion to the investment. The projected new roads through the southern coffee plantations will pay from the very start, since in that direction the field is well developed. This statement ignores the other islands, equally rich and as yet untouched by the railroad builder.

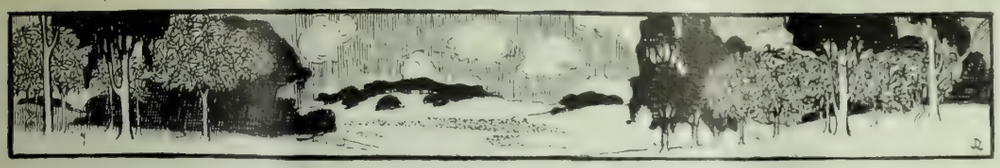
Further, there is a great field for the manufacture of the native raw material. No island of the earth has more extensive water-power. Every river, every one of the little streams which overnet Luzon is in some place or another a raging cataract. Thousands of waterfalls lie close to the hemp fields, the cane plantations, the forests. Indeed, after the raw wealth in timber, coal and minerals has been worked out, after the soil has become somewhat exhausted, this manufacturing resource is likely to become the chief source of wealth in the islands.

Suburban Traction Lines.

There is room for a system of rapid transit in the City of Manila itself. The town, although about as large as San Francisco, has only one street railway. This is drawn by mules, is as slow as walking, and is so irregular that one has often to wait from fifteen minutes to half an hour for a car. It intersects a part of the business district, and never touches the residence portion. The city has extensive suburbs. Pandacan, Santa Ana, San Pedro, Macati and Pasig maintain communication with the business portion by means of boats and the lazy current of the river, but Paranaque, Bacoor, Imus and Cavite may be reached only by foot or carriage. I have heard scoffers urge the objection that the present street railway system does not pay. This is true—it returns a fair profit, but not such a fortune as is expected from an investment in Luzon. The reason is that the slow, lazy, unreliable methods of operation make the line comparatively useless. Were there a swift system, running to the various suburbs, it would gain traffic from those who wish to trade in the city, and from the crowded city dwellers desirous of a residence outside. The central part of town is fearfully congested since the rise of business. The great army of native workmen employed have to live near at hand in order to reach business in time. At present, every inch of house space within a mile is occupied and the overflow burrows in the banks of the Pasig like rabbits. An electric line to the suburbs would be a blessing to them and a sure source of profit to the owners.

SCIENTIFIC JAIL BREAKING.—Three prisoners recently effected their escape from the New Orleans county jail by making a hole through a sandstone wall. They were in the same cell on the ground floor of the old jail. They evidently had an accomplice on the outside who furnished them with a cord or more of stovewood. The three burned a fire against the sandstone wall, and while it was very hot dashed cold water against it. This crumbled the sandstone to sand, and soon made a whole big enough for a yearling calf to walk through.

Personalities of the Day.



Count von Waldersee.

COUNT VON WALDERSEE, the commander of the allied forces in China, is somewhat leisurely taking his post. He has been traveling slowly through Germany amidst "tremendous ovation's, from the people. In Berlin, he called on all the foreign ambassadors to let them know in a discreet way his high opinion of the troops whom he was going to honor by commanding. He told the American minister that the American soldier was the best soldier in the world, a compliment which, when it is considered that the Count has never seen an American soldier, was a very graceful one. Then he lunched with the Kaiser, kissed the hand of Her Majesty and—made some more speeches. A journey to the Bavarian court was then judged indispensable, and luncheons, dinners, balls, royal hugging and popular speeches again made the last days of the departing crusader merry. Duty, however, clamored imperiously and, with tears streaming down his battle-scarred face, this nineteenth century knight buckled his armor, waved his hand to his faithful Germans who had assembled to bid him farewell, and—crossed the frontier to take lunch with Italy's new monarch. Meanwhile, the wretched Pekin legations, have had the indecency to allow themselves to be delivered in un-German, unorthodox fashion by a disreputable, wild-cat, go-as-you-please expedition without a commander-in-chief. Notwithstanding the deliberateness of his ways Count von Waldersee has an exceptional military record. He is perhaps the best example of the new type of military man evolved in Germany during the last fifty years—the scientific student of war who moves armies of men disciplined to mechanism, as the chess-player moves his ivory figures. It remains to be seen whether this system is applicable in China. The Count enjoys two other distinctions—his wife is an American girl and the Kaiser regards him as a friend. Hence his selection for the trying role as leader of the allies. He was ambassador to France after the war of 1870.

Count Von Waldersee.

The Richest Chinaman in the Philippines.

ONE of the most powerful financiers in the Philippines is a Chinaman. By the grace of the Spanish government, his name is Don Carlos Palanea, but he wears a pig-tail, long finger-nails, flowing trousers and his eyes are oblique. He was born in Amoy fifty-eight years ago and came to Manila as a poor coolie when but fourteen years old. Now, he is said to have as many thousands of dollars as there are hairs in his cue. He wears the Grand Cross of Isabella on his bosom, is Chinese consul-general and captain-general, and, is in fact, the ruler of the Philippinized Chinese. He has a galvanized-iron palace in Manila, in a sumptuous room of which he holds court.

In political principles, Don Carlos is somewhat blunt and practical. He says that the Chinese come to the Philippines to make money; that the Spaniards came to make money; and that the Americans came to make money. Of course, we are ready to agree to the first two statements, but the last should be sugar-coated. His solution of the insurrection problem is simple and can be condensed in one word: "Shoot!"

Cecil Rhodes' Portrait.

AN interesting impression of Cecil Rhodes is given by the daughter of a painter to whom the empire-builder had sat for his portrait. A great, big man sitting in a great big basket-chair lined with bright blue cotton. He and the chair seemed to fill the whole studio. And yet, after all, not such a very enormous man; it is the head that is so big, colossal—just as the head of a great lion, full of brain and capacity, with plenty of crisp, grey hair. The face is massive and majestic, like the face of a Nero on a coin.

His clothing seemed to have been dragged on through sheer force; the tweed coat was all buttoned up wrong—buttons invariably hitched up to the buttonholes that weren't meant for them. He wore snow-white flannel trousers—which, I have been told since, were a source of great anxiety to his friends in Kimberley, who were always afraid of his being sniped by the Boers, because of their conspicuousness. One could not help instinctively liking this rough, down-right-florid-faced man. And he certainly did not seem a woman-hater, as most people call him. But I gathered that he would not place the average woman high, although whenever he met a woman he would be most anxious to please her.

Directly the painter opened his paint-box and prepared to begin the portrait, Mr. Rhodes rose from his chair, drew his great form up to its full height, and said: "Sir, do you intend to paint me full face?" The painter, unaware of Mr. Rhodes' little eccentricities, knew not what to answer for the moment, but Mr. Rhodes swept all hesitation aside by blurting out, Now, look here; if you don't paint me full face, you don't, paint me at all, unless it is the back of my head. Why in heaven's name does a man want to paint your side face when all honest men look you straight n the face? No one ever saw me other than full face."

"A man here called Blank, R. A.," he added, "once dared to paint me three-quarter face. Three-quarter indeed! I sent him a cheque for the picture. I wanted it to destroy it." And he flung himself back in his chair plump in front of the painter, looked him full in the face, and growled "Now begin." The poor painter looked thoroughly embarrassed, and I felt scared, for I have never seen anyone look quite so savage. But we soon understood that a great deal of this roughness was to cover an almost childish shyness, for Mr. Rhodes at heart is a very shy man. Almost immediately the painter and he were in sympathy, and a warm friendship sprung up between them.

And then he talked, and I listened, a sympathetic listener, and oh, how natural the man was! He talked of his gardens, of his work in Rhodesia, of Long Cecil, of the Boers, of everything, and he seemed to like to talk of it. Whenever he is very excited and particularly interested in anything I notice that he always speaks in a high-pitched, falsetto voice. Does not this sound strangely out of place in a man like Rhodes?"

American Generals in China.

PERHAPS no appointments ever caused less complaint and jealousy among army men than those of Generals Chaffee and Wilson to the command of the American Expeditionary Force in China. Both generals are peculiarly fitted to deal with the situation and the qualities of the one complement those of the other in most happy fashion. Chaffee is a plain, unvarnished soldier, skilful in tactics, and brave as a lion. Wilson is a more polished man, and has a diplomatic ability which should prove useful in the complications that will surely arise in the international army.

The military career of General Chaffee has been from the very beginning haloed in romance—a singular fact when the rough soldier's dislike for the romantic, which he calls "rot," is taken into consideration. When 19 years old he enlisted for the Civil War in the Sixth Regular Cavalry—the same regiment which, as Major-General, he is leading now in China. From the very first he showed marked ability. He was soon made sergeant, then lieutenant, and came out as captain. In this capacity he was sent to Texas, in 1867, then to Arizona, where he made a reputation in fighting the Apaches. He became the best scout and trailer in the army. No cowboy is more expert in following the track of man or horse. It was at the battle of Big Dry Gulch that he specially distinguished himself.

An Act of Daring.

The troops were on one side of a canyon, the Apaches on the other. Chaffee was out in front of the firing line with scouts. The Indians were peppering away in lively fashion. Suddenly one of the scouts fell about one hundred feet from Chaffee. The latter looked at the fallen soldier and noticed a movement of the body. "He's only wounded," he said; "let's get him." Then he crawled right across the open, a mark to the concentrated fire of the enemy, to the wounded man, and dragged him back within the lines. Chaffee's men, thrilled at the act, and forgetting all about the Indians, broke out in a wi'd cheer. "Shut your mouths!" roared their irascible commander, almost dropping his burden in his indignation. "Shut up and tend to your shooting!"

When the war with Spain began Chaffee was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Cavalry. He was commissioned to command a brigade, and operated in Cuba between Las Guasimas and El Caney At El Caney, as he was walking up and down the firing line, he noticed a private in the trenches conscientiously discharging every one of his shots toward the clouds. Chaffee got down in the trench, laid his hand kindly on the shoulder of the erratic marksman, and asked what was the matter.

"Nothing, I guess, sir," was the answer, "unless it is that I am scared."

Chaffee lay down by the soldier, and proceeded to give him a lesson in marksmanship. When he got through the young fellow was as steady as a church.

At Santiago the army was anxious to co-operate with the navy in an attack on Morro Castle. Nothing, however, was known of the nature of the Spanish fortification. One day Chaffee disappeared. He came back at night to find the commanders in consultation as to the practicability of a land attack on the Spanish castle. "Here's something that you might use," he said, throwing a bundle of papers upon the table. They were rough sketches of the approaches to Morro. He had drawn them "while out walking;" he explained.

Chaffee is beloved of his men. The remark of old Sergeant Woodhall, of the Sixth Cavalry mortally wounded at El Caney, illustrates this. "I've had some close calls," said the dying soldier, turning to the men who was sitting by him, "but they've got me this time. Of course he is too busy at the front now, but I do wish I could see the 'old man' once again before I go. It's worth something to fight under him, and I tell you the boys of the Sixth would be willing to go to hell if they knew the 'old man' was with them.

General Wilson's Career.

General Wilson is also a cavalryman. In some respects he is said to have been the greatest cavalry general of the Civil War, Sheridan not excepted. He has commanded larger bodies of troops than Chaffee, and is a most skilful tactician.

Wilson has been Military Commander of the Mantanzas and Santa Clara provinces in Cuba since the Spanish War. He is somewhat acquainted with China, having spent a year there in 1885-1886. He has travelcd six times on horseback from Tien-Tsin to Pekin, twice from Taku to Tien-Tsin, and once clear across the Great Plain, so has a thorough acquaintance with the topography of the country in which the military operations are taking place. His record in the Civil War was an exceptionally brilliant one. He commanded the third division of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, under General Sherman, in the Richmond raid, and the fights about Petersburg and the Shenandoah campaign. In October, 1864, he was put in charge of the cavalry corps of the Department of Mississippi. He organized a mounted body of 15,000 men, and in twenty-eight days captured five fortified cities, 228 guns, and over 6000 prisoners, including Jefferson Davis. He has written a book, *China and a Glimpse of Japan*, which has been translated into the Japanese, and is used as a text-book.

The Power Behind the Peacock Feather.

A PUZZLE to travelers in China is Li Hung Chang's private secretary. A pure Chinaman to all appearances in dress, custom, language, there is yet something peculiar about him that differentiates him from the average Mongolian. It may be a certain subdued vigor of movement, a frankness of glance that suggests a question to the observer. All this is explained, however, on being introduced to the man. His name is William N. Pethick and he speaks English with a New York accent. Li Hung Chang's secretary, his political adviser and confidential man is an American.

He is an American by birth but a Chinaman by adoption. He came to China thirty-five years ago, a mere lad. The mysterious Empire fascinated him, and he resolved to penetrate its mystery, to grasp so far as his Occidental mind would allow the genius of its strange, ancient people. He became a Chinaman. He stripped himself of his Occidentalisms. He wore Chinese clothes, ate Chinese food, lived in Chinese houses, walked and talked with none but Chinese and gradually permeated himself thoroughly with the essence of that ancient civilization.

Li Hung Chang met him and made him his secretary. That was twenty-five years ago. Since that he has been constantly at the side of the Chinese Bismarck, advising him in moments of difficulty, acting as his medium between the East and the West. His grasp of European and American affairs, combined with the ability to take also the Chinese point of view makes him invaluable. He is indeed the power behind the throne, or rather, the power behind the peacock-feather.

I have said that Pethick was a Chinaman by adoption. This may be too strong. He has remained American at heart. When Li Hung Chang went to Canton, Pethick remained in Pekin, where he is now shut in with the rest of the foreigners. His last message to the outer world was an assurance that he would do everything to save Conger and the Americans. People who know him say that if he fails in this effort, he will never live to tell of it, but that among the bodies of the slaughtered Americans will be found that of William N. Pethick, American by birth, Chinaman by adoption, American of heart.

Margaret Anglin

A Photographic Study of the Clever Actress by Arnold Genthe.

A Royal Progress in Corea

By H. E. Bostwick

The Gate of Peace.

View of East Gate.

Lotus Temple in Old Palace Grounds.

PERHAPS the most remarkable and picturesque memory which I carried away from Corea is that of the King's procession to the grave of his ancestors. This is a regular function, observed annually at the palace. The graves are situated in a shrine on the mountain side, and the occasion is marked by the ridiculous mixture of pomp and squalor which characterizes all Corean ceremonies.

On the appointed day I went out early and was invited into the upper rooms of the Bible House, fronting on the square and on the great palace gateway, out of which the royal party were to issue. The infantry lined the roadway and were, for the most part, lying prone on the ground, asleep. They seemed to have as many flags as men, and of every color under the sun. Their muskets, a number of which I examined as they stood piled together, were commonly destitute of hammer, trigger, or plate, and were frequently held together by a coarse string. The bayonets, too, were bent and rusty. The cavalry was still more remarkable. Their uniforms were probably three hundred years old and worn over a heavy, moth-eaten brocade. Enormous jack-boots completed the costume and rendered it difficult for the men to mount their little steeds. Banners of yellow, red and green, with a tuft of pheasant's feathers at the top, were carried in front of the officials, who were with difficulty supported on their ancient two-story saddles. The middle of the roadway was kept clear and was strewn with a ribbon of sand about eighteen inches wide for a pathway. On either side of the street the white-robed crowd pressed against the walls, receiving many a rap from the weapons of the soldiers or the long wooden paddles of the runners.

Way for the King!

At length, after hours of waiting, the great middle door of the palace gate was swung open and there came forth the most motley procession one can imagine. The soldiers snatched up their venerable muskets. The banners, which beggar description, were caught up to give color to the affair. First came a company of men in red mitres, carrying scarlet lacquered chairs; then a similar band in blue. The royal standard, emblazoned with a mighty red dragon on a ground of yellow silk, followed. A sound of drums succeeded and a shout for silence. In the center of a running crowd of bearers was carried an empty sedan chair, decorated in red, the royal color. I was told that this closed chair always preceded the king, *empty* in order to hoodwink the evil spirits who would be likely to assault it with the idea that they had gotten hold of the Royal Person! Next came a long procession of the King's valets in yellow gauze robes and tiny straw hats with fancy worsted rosettes, perched sideways on their heads. Next, the corps of royal drummers, beating with frantic flourish the royal drums; a medley of cavalry, shambling along without the least attempt at order; a small Gatling

Continued on page 18

Royal Procession Coming Out of Palace Gate.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The Good Herr Koch.

AN eye for opportunity is not unprofitable, even to the far withdrawn scientist. Stories afloat in European laboratories anent Koch, the bacteriologist, are offered by way of illustration. Since Patrick Manson was bitten by the mosquito malaria theory, physicians in all parts of the world have been feverishly in search of further information. In German West Africa, where malarias and mosquitos are abundant, many of the army physicians have spent time and toil in the attempt to find the particular mosquito that offers its body as host to the germ of the fever before passing it on to plague the unwitting human. Somewhere in the Hinterland of the West Coast one youngster had toiled for years, and was satisfied that his work had added substantially to the knowledge of the subject. He had always looked on Koch as the master mind of German medicine, and when the news came that the great man was in the colony and would visit all the stations enthusiasm bent him to a fortnight's hard preparation, so all his experiments and results might be in shape for the master to see and understand. Koch came; he saw and smiled. Interest and admiration seemed to overcome. Time after time he went over methods and results with the younger man, and with the assurance that the work he had seen was a magnificent contribution to the science of preventive medicine, he went on his way. The following week the young man's dreams of fame were rudely shattered when a troop of German soldiers seized all his apparatus and records, confiscating them, and placing him under arrest for dishonestly appropriating the work of Herr Professor Koch.

However, Dr. Koch is not always so successful in his predatory adventures. Another tale relates an experience he had after his selection on the Malaria Commission, appointed to study the disease on the Roman Campagna. Malaria is rampant and deadly there and many Italian observers had taken Manson's mosquito theory as the basis of elaborate investigations. One man felt his work to be valuable and in a moment of scientific enthusiasm he, too, explained the minutiæ of his methods to the German. For his experiments he had erected several huts on the Roman marshes in which his apparatus was stored. The day after Koch's visit, on going out into the Campagna to pursue his work, he found that by orders of the German he was forbidden in the vicinity. As one of the government commission the eminent bacteriologist had gendarmes at his command and used them to prevent his rival from continuing his work. The Italian hurried home where, fortunately, his records were. He elaborated them and at once sent copies to all the foremost bacteriological journals in Germany, Italy, France and England. Curiously enough almost simultaneously, Koch published the same discovery,

***

The Art of Inspiring Loathing.

ONE of the bright, shining points about the enterprising modern newspaper is its willingness to pick up any new idea which comes its way. In this respect, the *Examiner* is in the front rank. The Boxers have a little method of their own for creating prejudice against the Caucasian Christians. They applied it just before the present outbreak. Briefly, it consists in flooding the country with the most extravagant, low and obscene abuse which the authors can conceive and formulate. The object is not so much to have the slanders believed; most of them are too extravagant to be swallowed, even by a Chinaman. It is rather to have the name of a Christian so thoroughly connected with all things vile, low and despisable that an orthodox Celestial cannot hear of them without loathing. It is a rather questionable method, but it works. Hence the Chinese War. The plan became known and disseminated in this country, and now the *Examiner*, with its customary enterprise, has adopted it. The first fruit thereof is an editorial in the issue of last Tuesday which ranks with the vilest attacks ever made in the politics of any country. It is directed against Theodore Roosevelt, and accuses him of murder on two counts. The first charges him with the slaying of old Martha Place, a low, brutal murderess who was executed, and justly, during his term as governor of New York. The second accuses and convicts him of the killing of an unarmed Spaniard in the San Juan charge. The process of reasoning by which Mr. Roosevelt is held blood-guilty for Martha Place is so false that a child could refute it. The indictment for the Spaniard's death is more subtly done. A sentence from one of Roosevelt's own articles, wherein he states that he shot a Spaniard who opposed him from the trenches, is taken up, and a bald lie is added to the effect that Roosevelt shot his opponent while the latter was unarmed and running away. But the force of this editorial does not lie in the accusations. It lies rather in the picture that is painted of the Republican candidate by its innuendos, its evil suggestions. An uninformed reader would take therefrom a picture of Roosevelt as a cowardly, cruel and villainous monster—an impression which it would be hard to efface. It is false, at the bottom it is trivial, but it sticks in the mind. It is the Boxer method, with American brains behind it.

* * *

Students of American national politics have been saying, in the last decade, that the direct, personal attack on the character of national candidates was a thing of the past. an outworn method laid aside forever along with the election riot and ballot-box stuffing. They had asserted that such campaigns as the one in which the character of Andrew Jackson's wife was made the leading argument, was put behind us; that parties had come to fight on principles, letting private characters alone. Indeed, there seemed to be ground for the belief. When Garfield ran against Hancock in 1880, the personal attack was used rather heavily. Credit Mobilier frauds being matched against army records. In the campaign of 1884, the method was still employed, although more moderately, the morality of Cleveland and Blaine being the point at issue. The next election saw a complete change accomplished; however hot the fight, no newspaper of any standing dealt with anything but issues. So it was in 1896. Bryan was ridiculed for his views on economics and politics, but his personal integrity, morality and virtue were never questioned; Hanna was abused as the agent of the money-power, but he, too, escaped direct personal attack. Now cometh the *Examiner*, with its progressive Boxer method and takes us back to the good old days of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" when every ballot meant a black eye.

***

The "Chronicle" Library and Tom Burns' Keenness.

ONE great factor in the admirable system by which the San Francisco *Chronicle* is conducted is the efficiency of its library, which is said to be second in the world only to the New York *Tribune*, the model for institutions of the class. For the benefit of the uninitiated, let me say that a newspaper "library" is not primarily a collection of books, although it includes a section devoted to reference works and Government reports. It is more like a systematized mass of newspaper clippings, drawings, and photographs, having to do with everything which interests newspaper readers. Every day the various articles and news items appearing in the paper are clipped and classified, each under its own proper head. To these are added clippings on matters of current interest from all the other great papers, and photographs and illustrations from a dozen sources. If you, gentle reader, have ever been elected corresponding secretary of your lodge, or done anything else worthy of the distinction of a newspaper paragraph, the item is filed away in the drawers of the *Chronicle* library. If the item was worthy a picture of yourself, the photograph is there also. Then, should you do anything startling, the sad story of your public and private life is ready to hand. The biography of all local men of importance, and of all public men even down to a first-term Congressman can be written from the material in this library. The city criminal records are so complete that they are frequently used by the police and detective force in preference to their own official records. The use of such a collection may be seen at once. If John Smith dies and a biography is wanted, there is no need to send out reporters to harrow his relations. The material for the article may be found and prepared at once. If Richard Roe commits a murder his criminal record, if he has any, lies ready to hand. If the Maya Indians break out in rebellion, the history of their tribal wrongs may be found without leaving the office.

* * *

This reminds me. Some five years ago Tom Burns, now Notary Burns, was acting as librarian. Not long after he entered upon the duties of his office, he learned that M. H. de Young, who had appointed him, was going to show the workings of the *Chronicle* to a party of visiting Russian engineers. Burns saw his chance to prove his own efficiency, and went to work at once. He first made his collection on Russian affairs as complete as possible, and then managed, by phenomenal hustling, to locate information about each member of the party, together with their photographs. These he filed away in various remote corners of the library. On the appointed day, the guests were shown in. "I suppose, gentlemen," said Burns, "that you would like to see our information about the Czar?" They saluted at the mention of the Emperor, and were charmed. Burns pulled out a drawer and showed pictures of the Czar from infancy to date, and a mountain of clippings. "Perhaps you would like to see our material on the Siberian exile system?" Another drawer was pulled out, crammed to the top. The Trans-Siberian Railroad, the financial system, the politics of Poland were similarly run over. Then Burns sprung his sensatio He turned to the head of the party, "Pardon me, what is your name?" The Russian gave a name which sounded like two rumbles and a sneeze. Burns thought a moment, ran a sliding ladder to a corner of the shelves, mounted it, and, after a pretended search, produced the photograph of the Russian, and a pretty thorough story of his career. In like manner he brought forth the record of every other man in the party, and they went away declaring the American newspaper to be the greatest institution in the world. De Young lingered behind the rest. "Good boy, Burns," he said, "you're getting along fine. Have a cigar?"

And so long as Tom Burns worked for the paper, his employer never knew but that the performance was impromptu and a proof of the library's completeness.

***

Estimates of C. P. Huntington.

THAT the late C. P. Huntington was the greatest railroad man and one of the most notable men the nation has produced seems to be the verdict of the press. The New York papers devoted several columns each to the narrative of his career and achievements, and all commented appreciatively on his vigor and sagacity of mind. He certainly figured as a very able man among the financiers in the metropolis, and the tributes of his contemporaries are unfailingly appreciative and generous. From the New York *Sun* I take the following:

Collis P. Huntington was one of the biggest men of his kind that America has produced. Like many other great financiers, he started in his business career without a dollar and without an education; yet by his great intellect and his indomitable energy he pushed his way to the front and became a world-recognized leader in financial and railroad circles. Even Jay Gould, who was notorious for his contempt of his business rivals, had a profound respect for Mr. Huntington.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* says:

He was the most celebrated railroad maker in the world. He was one of the greatest capitalists of his time. He had extraordinary abilities. He did transcendent work.

In California, with the exception of the *Examiner's* rancorous screed, which evoked general condemnation, the press has borne most generous testimony to the character of the dead magnate. Mr. Huntington used to say that in spite of the abuse hurled at him in San Francisco he knew he had a great many friends in California. The fact of his death has proved it. From one end of the State to the other the newspapers have paid an ungrudging tribute to his splendid talents, magnificent energy and great attainments. Such enconiums were never evoked by the deaths of his predecessors, and they show the estimation in which Mr. Huntington was really held within the borders of his own territory.

* * *

Many years ago when Mr. Huntington was a hardware merchant in Sacramento an attempt was made to boom the town of Sutterville, and, incidentally, to make it the capital of California. A leading citizen dropped in upon Mr. Huntington and having told him he proposed to buy a lot at Sutterville, asked what he thought of the idea. "Splendid," said Huntington without looking up from his work. Even in those early days his opinion about properties ranked high and the citizen thus fortified decided to lose no time about concluding the deal. As he made his exit a voice called him back. Huntington met him half way up the store. "I've been thinking that matter over," he said. "You'd better buy two lots at Sutterville. You can keep a cow on two lots and that's all Sutterville will ever be fit for."

BOSWELL, JR.

THE LIQUEUR BENEDICTINE.—A religious ceremony, incomprehensible to temperance people, took place recently at Fecamp in Normandy, when the Archbishop of Rouen blessed the new distillery buildings of the monastery where the Benedictine liqueur is made. The cordial had been manufactured for two centuries when the French revolution broke out and the Benedictine monastery was destroyed. The recipe was saved by a family named Le Grand, and restored to the monks in 1863. A bronze statue to the Le Grand who revived the industry was unveiled before the benediction of the buildings.

A BLOOD REGENERATOR.—M. Metschnikoff of the Paris Pasteur Institute has communicated to the Academie de Medecine his discovery of a lymph which regenerates the red globules in the blood of lepers. He thinks that when he has improved his serum he may be able to rejuvenate the organs of the body.

Lord Russell, of Killowen

By Spencer Masters

THE late Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, was really the most distinguished lawyer of his generation. He united charm of oratory with vigor of mind and was as highly esteemed for his knowledge of law and power of logical statement as for his persuasive grace of expression. In the practice of his profession, he was certainly a many-sided man. There were clients who swore by him for his commercial ability; others for his extensive range of common law jurisprudence; others for his all-round forensic ability and subtle grace of manner when it was wanted to convert a judge or convince a jury, but above all for the audacity of the orator, scholar, and jurist who knew his racing calendar by heart, went to Epsom, and dearly loved a rubber at whist.

In the great international cases of the last twenty years, Lord Russell has borne a distinguished part. He was one of counsel for Great Britain before the Behring Sea Commission and one of the arbitrators of the Venezuela case; but his greatest triumph was in the famous Parnell Commission in 1889, when he acted as principal counsel for the Irish members who were defending themselves against the allegations of *"The Times."* Those who were present when the forger Piggott fell to pieces under Russell's withering examination are not likely to forget the intensely dramatic scene. Nor the superb oratory in which he pleaded the cause of Parnell and his oppressed country. That was really the great speech of the period, surpassing all contemporaneous efforts in clarity of argument, vigor of invective and depth of feeling.

I met Lord Russell—Sir Charles then—at the time of the trial of Parnell before the commission. I saw him probe and probe the wretched forger-witness Piggott with the penetrating scalpel of his cross-examination, bring him on his knees and tear the truth out of his heart. I saw him in his sublime reply to the prosecution, where he reached the apogee of human oratory and moved himself to tears. And when I learned years later that he had left the bar for the bench, I was sorry in spite of the fact that he now held the most honored position in the kingdom. He was undoubtedly a great jurist but as an advocate, he was peerless.

A GREAT LAWYER.

He was then a man in the fifties, with handsome clear-cut features, dark grey eyes that never flinched and a massive, square-cut body. He was carrying on a prodigious amount of work; his lamps burned in his chambers until morning, and his income was said to amount to $150,000 a year. Yet he never showed a trace of overwork; he was always pleasant and affable, never gruff or hurried, found time here and there for a rubber at whist or for a canter in the country—he was a great horseman. His faculty for work was prodigious. I have seen him plead all day and seemingly gain in strength and vigor as evening came. He had a queer snuff-box, an oblong piece of horn which flew open upon pressure at both ends, which he was fond of playing with and tapping upon rhythmically when in thought. He spoke with a strong Irish accent and his native wit made him dangerous. I remember especially one bit of repartee. Sir Charles was speaking and Sir Digby Seymour Q. C., seemingly uninterested, kept up a side flow of small talk.

"I wish you would be quiet, Saymore," said Russell with his Irish accent.

"My name is Seymour, if you please," replied the learned gentleman with mock dignity.

"Then I wish you would see more and say less," was the lightning rejoinder.

AS CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

When I saw him again, two years ago, although he had become then the next to the highest judicial dignitary of the crown, he was the same simple, unaffected all-around-good-fellow. Only, he had discarded the snuff-box; which shows that even in the best balanced minds the rise to greatness is apt to cause a neglect of friends. I missed the snuff-box, it had seemed such an integral part of him. I went to see him on the bench. He looked exceedingly well. The pallor of his complexion harmonized with the great wig and his powerful, square-cut figure gained by being draped in the robe. He showed clearly his preference for common sense to antiquated legal precedent. In the Jameson trial, he slashed through the whole fabric of objections to the wording of the indictment by the remark that the precedents on which they were based "dated from the time when it was the habit of the courts to sacrifice justice to the science of artificial statement." Such irreverence toward the authority of ages caused a deep stir. Later when Sir Edward Clarke piled up a fresh mass of verbiage at another point in the road, Lord Russell kicked it vigorously aside with the terse query, "Do you contend then that common sense has nothing to do with this case?"

Strangely enough, the Lord Chief Justice seemed to discourage any tendency to flowery rhetoric from the advocates. A young barrister who was traveling a little far from the pleadings, in a burst of eloquence, was stopped in the midst of a resounding period with the calm question, "And what are your authorities for this statement, sir?" As the statement was something about "the God of Justice who sits on high above earthly prejudice" not permitting something or other which the young barrister did not wish, he found himself very much at a loss for authorities. I thought this hardly just from Lord Russell. With his impassioned eloquence, he suffered much in the same way when a young barrister, often being rudely brought back to the question by unpoetical judges. Perhaps this very fact gave him a malicious pleasure in clipping the wings of the aspiring orator. "Do unto others as you have had it done unto you" is a very human temptation, from which even the Lord Chief Executive of England may not be exempt.

HIS SECRET OF SUCCESS.

I asked Lord Russell once the secret method which enabled him to perform so much with so little apparent effort. He gave me these four rules which, he said, always guided him in preparing his work:

"First, do one thing at a time, whether it is reading a brief or eating oysters, concentrating such faculties as I am endowed withal upon what I am doing at the moment.

"Secondly, when dealing with complicated facts to arrange the narrative of events in the order of date—a simple rule not always acted on, but which enables you to unravel the most complicated story and to see the relation of one set of facts to other facts.

"My third rule is never to trouble about authorities or case law supposed to bear upon a particular question until I have accurately and definitely ascertained the precise facts.

"My fourth rule is to try and apply the judicial faculty to your own case in order to determine what are its strong and weak points, and in order to settle in your own mind what is the real turning point of the case. This method enables you to discard irrelevant topics and to mass your strength on the point on which the case hinged."

Let the young lawyers who read this take it to heart.

I will not promise them, however, that they will become Sir Charles Russels.

A Draught of Clear Water.

TEMPERANCE people are strangers to moderation, noted for their intemperance of their temperance compelling schemes. They have the burning zeal of the inquisitioner. The plans which they put forth to rid the world of the little lurid demon alcohol, are always sweeping, crushing, unquestioning. It is "Close all saloons!" or "Prohibit the manufacture of alcohol! or "Make drinking a crime punishable by law!" Every once in a while, they make a hysterical effort for the establishment of their dogmas and then fall back to their puerile band-of-hope, baby-pledging, blue-ribbon propaganda.

Now, I would suggest a policy on which some of their ardent energy could expend itself with, I think, acceptable results. It is merely this: "Make it *possible*—possible, that's all, not compulsory, nor morally binding, nor even band-of-hope, desirable, but merely physically possible—to drink water. For it is a fact that here in San Francisco it is impossible, outside of your own home, to drink water. Take a man, in the street, scurrying about on business, in that thirst-fanning wind which sweeps San Francisco, with a tropical sun over head, and a ton of dust in his mouth. He naturally craves for some internal moisture, a good, sparkling, fresh quaff of water. Where can he get it, tell me, O, temperance lecturers! The fountains? He may have to walk twenty-four blocks to reach one; besides, ten to one, it will be surmounted with some hideous piece of statuary that will scare him from the spot. The cup will be gone, or if there, will be covered with a two-inch layer of precious-lip incrustation, or he will find a parched-tongued canine gurggling into it. Then, everybody is looking, and it is not considered select to quaff from the public fount. Where will he drink? The churches are closed; the Y. M. C. A. is far away. Where can he go?

The only place that comes into my mind is in a saloon. Think a while and see if it is not true. The only place in San Francisco where a man can get a drink of water is—in the saloon.

And—it must be said to the credit of that much-maligned person—the saloon-keeper will always give it to you readily. He may ask you slyly if you want a straw to help you drink, or, after you have quaffed, whether you will take a toothpick, but he will give you your drink, and free of charge.

Only—even a temperance lecturer will admit that—man is a weak creature; the flesh is weak. You may enter a saloon with the best intentions in the world and have your courage fail you at the last moment. The play of light on the red and white and green and golden bottles is alluring to an esthetic temperament. A sensitive mind may shrink from the mild straw and tooth-pick joke of the man behind the bar. Man is weak.

Then why not enable a man to get a good honest drink of water, iced, if necessary, pinked with a little claret even (whoa there! I am being carried away a little too far, I am afraid), without having to expose his human weakness to this temptation. There's something for temperance men to do; there's something to which to turn their ardent (I was just on the point of saying spirited) energy. Why not open throughout the city little booths where clear water will be served in rinsed glasses, and free of charge; little moist harbors of refuge for the thirsty man? It would not cost so much; I am sure it would not cost as much as the little, fussy, futile, blue badges of the bands-of-hope. O, Knights and Ladies of the Chivalric Army of Good Templars, why not? Try it, and I promise you that the proceeds of saloon-keepers diminish fifty per cent at least. I speak from experience. Half the men that drink do so, because, on some thirsty day of their youth they looked in vain for the little limpid water that would have assuaged their thirst there and then, and that would there and then have killed their alcoholic craving before birth.

Dr. Roux's Experiment.

Continued from page 4.

when his wife brought him a letter which the postman had just left. He opened it.

"Dear Professor ——,

"I am in Paris with my patient. Pasteur made no difficulty about trying his anti-toxine treatment. My patient, or, rather, Pasteur's, is strong, healthy and gay; I think all danger is passed. Pasteur, of course, is delighted at this confirmation of his theory. There is a man who blesses you every minute of the day for your timely advice. I join in with him.

"Sincerely yours,
"Stratton, M. D."

"Stratton, Stratton," he repeated abstractedly. "Oh, that cursed inability to remember names! Stratton—and his patient—what patient?"

The name might be in the register. He opened it and ran down the entries—"Stratton, dog to perform autopsy—no hydrophobia."

"Well," the professor chuckled to himself, "no wonder his patient is well. Must have made a mistake in writing the report, I suppose."

Suddenly his cheeks paled and his blood froze. His glance had fallen on the following entry, just below the other:

"Dr. Roux—dog for autopsy—unmistakable signs of hydrophobia."

My God! If he had inter-substituted the reports!

He crushed a hat on his head and jumped into a cab. As he ran up the steps of Roux's dispensary, an assistant opened the door.

"Where is the doctor?" he asked, breathlessly.

"The doctor? Why, haven't you heard? The doctor is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead; shot himself last night; right through the head."

"Shot himself? Dr. Roux? Impossible!"

"Well, he did. They say his mind was unbalanced. Wore himself out trying to save his last patient."

"What patient?"

"Why, the one that died of hydrophobia, of course. Hello, what's the matter? Not going to faint, are you? Better now? Yes, pretty warm. You're not a relative, are you?"

LORD ROBERTS' CHIROGRAPHY.—Lord Roberts never learned the art of dictating his dispatches, and alwas has to write them out with his own hand. His writing is, moreover, so very bad that it can be read only by his aid, to whose lot consequently falls to "translate" the orders into characters more readily decipherable.

L O U I S E

From the French by Guy de Maupassant

BARON DE TREILLES had invited me to open the hunting season with him on his farm in Normandie, and, after a tiresome day's ride in the train, we arrived at the little village of Alvimare. A rustic cart, to which was attached a lanky, awkward, scary colt, was awaiting us. The baron shook hands with the driver, a big, white-haired peasant. "Everything well with you, Lebrument?" he asked.

"Same as ever, *m'sieu l' baron;* same as ever."

We got into the cart—a sort of hen-coop suspended on two enormous wheels, and the colt, after a few balks and jumps, started off at a gallop, throwing us up and down on the seat like rubber balls. "Easy, Moutard; easy, my boy," drawled the peasant, continuously, in his calm, monotonous voice, but Moutard paid little heed and kept on cavorting like a young goat. In the back of the vehicle our two dogs, erect on their haunches, opened their nostrils to the smell of game that came on the breeze. The baron looked with dreamy eye upon the undulating, melancholy plain.

"I love this country," he murmured, "I have my roots there."

He was a pure Normand, tall and broad, of that race of adventurers that used to found kingdoms on all ocean shores. About fifty years old, he was some ten years younger than the man who was driving. The latter was one of those thin peasants, all skin and bone, who live a hundred years. After two hours' ride through the green, monotonous plain, we entered a yard planted with apple-trees and stopped before an antique, dilapidated building at the door of which stood waiting an old woman-servant and a young lad who took the horse. We went into the kitchen—a high ceilinged, spacious, smoke-blackened room. A fire was blazing in the hearth and the flame glowed in reflection from the copper pans and porcelain dishes hanging to the wall. A cat was sleeping on a chair, a dog beneath the table. A smell of milk, apples, and smoke mingled with that vague, nameless odor of beast and man and by-gone days which is characteristic of these ancient peasant homes, pervaded the place. I went out into the yard. It was planted with old apple-trees, short, stocky, tortuous, covered with apples that were falling on the grass. Here the Normand perfume of apples was as violent as that of the orange blossoms in southern France. Four rows of ash-trees formed the boundary of the yard. In the twilight, these trees seemed to touch the clouds and their tops through which blew the evening breeze rocked to and fro in a continuous, sad song.

I returned to the house. The baron, with his boots to the fire, was listening to the farmer who was telling him the country news—the marriages, the births, the deaths, the fall in grain, the condition of the cattle. La Veularde (a cow bought at Veules) had had a calf in June. The cider, last year, had not been good. The nectarines were becoming rare in the province. Then we dined—a good country dinner, simple and plentiful, slow and tranquil. Throughout the repast, I noticed that peculiar friendship between the baron and the peasant-farmer which had struck me from the first. Outside, the ash-trees wailed in the night wind, and our dogs, locked up in the stable, howled sadly. The fire went out in the hearth. The servant had gone off to bed.

"If you will permit me, *m'sieu l'baron,*" said Lebrument finally, "I'm going to bed. I'm not used to staying up late."

The baron gave him his hand. "Good-night, my friend," he said.

When the man was gone I could not help asking:

"He is very faithful, to you this man, is he not?"

"More than that," answered the baron, "we are bound by a tragedy, a very sad and simple tragedy. I will tell you about it."

* * *

My father was once colonel in the cavalry. This man, Lebrument, was his orderly. When my father retired, he kept Lebrument, who was then forty, as his valet. At that time I was thirty years old, and we lived in our castle of Valrenne.

My mother had a maid named Louise. She was a beautiful girl—a blonde, slight, vivacious, charming—and I would kiss her sometimes as I passed her—nothing more. Well, the ex-trooper, my father's valet, fell in love with this girl, madly, desperately in love. He became absent-minded; he would forget everything about his duties. My father was saying all the time:

"Come, Jean, what's the matter? Are you ill?"

And the man would answer:

"No, *m'sieu l'baron*, nothing, there's nothing."

He became thin; then he began breaking glasses and dropping plates. We thought he had been taken with some nervous disease and called a physician who declared that there was something the matter with the man's spine. Then as my father was preparing to send him to a hospital, the poor fellow told everything. One morning, as my father was shaving, his valet suddenly said in a timid stammer:

"*M'sieu le baron.*"

"What is it, my boy?" answered my father.

"What I needs, t'aint medicines, it's—— "

"What?"

"It's—it's—marriage!"

My father, stupified, looked at him.

"You say? What is it you need?"

"It's marriage."

"Marriage! You are then in love, you fool?"

"That's it, *m'sieu l'baron.*"

And my father began to laugh so heartily that my mother, who was in the next room, cried:

"What's the matter, Gontran?"

"Come here and I'll tell you," shouted my father.

And as soon as she had come he told her, with tears of mirth in his eyes, that his valet was love-sick.

My mother, instead of laughing, took right away a sympathetic interest in the affair.

"Who is it that you love, Lebrument?" she asked.

"It's Louise, madame."

"Well, we'll try and arrange matters," said my mother.

She called Louise and cross-examined her. Louise answered that she knew of Jean's love, but that she did not want to marry. For the next two months, my father and mother used all efforts to persuade her to accept Jean. She continued obdurate but at the same time denied that she loved anyone else. Finally, one day, I added my voice to the family persuasion and on the next morning, she came to my mother and told her that she would marry. My father bought the couple this farm here and they left us.

Three years later, I heard that Louise had died of consumption, and two more years passed before I saw Jean again. My father and mother had died meanwhile and finally I yielded to Jean's reiterated invitations that I should come to his farm and hunt.

I arrived one rainy night. I was surprised to find the hair of my father's ex-orderly turned completely white although he was only about forty-five years old. We dined here, at this table. Outside the rain was pouring down—pattering against the roof, the walls, the windows and gurgling in a lake into the court. In the stable my dogs howled, as these do tonight. Suddenly, Lebrument, who had been strangely silent till then, murmured:

"*M'sieu l'baron.*"

"What is it, Jean?"

"I have something to tell you."

"Yes? Go on, Jean."

"Well, I don't know just how to tell it."

"Go ahead, I'll understand."

"You remember Louise, my wife."

"Certainly I recall her."

"Well, she told me something to tell you."

"What is it?"

"It's—it's—I don't like to tell you—but I must, I promised. Well, she didn't die of consumption; she died—she died of grief. It was this way.

"As soon as she got here, she began changing and getting thin till, in six months, you wouldn't have known her, no, you wouldn't have known her, *m'sieu l'baron.* She looked like me before I married, only it was different, all different. I called the doctor. He said lots of things—I couldn't understand—and I bought medicines and medicines and medicines, more than three hundred francs' worth, *m'sieu.* But she wouldn't take the medicines; she would shake her head and say:

"'No use, my poor Jean, no use. It's nothing, nothing.'

"But I could see that she was badly off, and one day, I found her weeping. I didn't know what to do any more; I'd buy her bonnets and dresses and earrings, but it didn't make any difference. Finally, I saw that she was going to die.

"One evening, in November—it was snowing outside—she asked me go and get the priest. I went. As soon as we came back, she said:

"'Jean, I'm going to make my confession to you. I owe it to you. Listen, Jean, I have always been true to you, always, before and after marriage—*m'sieu l'cure*, he who knows my soul can tell you so. Well, listen to me, Jean; if I die, it's because—because I couldn't console myself for being away from the *chateau*, because I—I liked *M'sieu l'Baron Rene* too well. That's what is killing me. When I could no longer see him, I felt I was going to die. If I had only been able to see him once in a while—just see him, that's all—I should have lived. I want you to tell him that, some day, later, when I am gone. You'll tell him—swear it, swear it, Jean, before *m'sieu l'cure*. It will console me if I know that he'll know some day when I'm dead. That's all, swear it!'

"I promised, *m'sieu l'baron*. And I have kept my word."

He stopped, with his eyes looking into mine.

* * *

My God, you have no idea of the emotion that seized me while listening to the sad story from the lips of the poor fellow, for whose wife's death I was really responsible. It was here in this humble kitchen with the rain pattering on the roof. I could only stammer, "Poor Jean! Poor Jean!"

"That's all, *m'sieu l'baron,*" he murmured. "We can't do anything, neither you nor I. It is done."

And I took his hands across the table and began to weep.

"Do you want to see the tomb?" he said at length.

I nodded in the affirmative, for I could not speak, and we went out. It was raining still, and the lantern he carried gave us sudden glimpses of rapid, oblique drops. He opened a gate ahead and I saw some black wooden crosses in the gloom. He stopped before a marble-slab and directed the light of the lantern on the following inscription:

To Louise Hortense Marinet, wife of Jean Francois Lebrument, farmer. She was a faithful spouse—God have her soul!

We were kneeling down in the mud, he and I, with the lantern between us, and I watched the rain strike the white marble, rebound in watery dust, and run off the four sides of the cold, impenetrable stone! And I thought of the dead woman.

* * *

Since then, I come back here every year And—I know not why—a sense of guilt torments me in the presence of that man who seems continually to forgive.

Translated by James Hopper.

IN THE SWIM.

The Newpo t Season.

People at Newport are having a hard time this summer. Every one has quarreled with every one else and the few who want to keep peace find it a very complicated matter to steer away from trouble. Mrs. Ollie Belmont's "latest," in having young Mills arrested for hiding her son, Harold Vanderbilt's "auto," has apparently capped the climax. That Mrs. Mills acted with dignity and proved her good breeding, in this matter, every one will admit. The experts declare the episode will certainly not help Mrs. Ollie in her fight for social supremacy to go to the police courts for revenge against the women who won't receive her. Nor will her constant rows in public with her equally bad-tempered husband (in one of which lately she actually slapped his face), tend to make her a sought-after or desirable guest. This ill-starred union seems on the verge of a split. However happy the twain seemed at first, differences soon began to be developed, and now they hate one another.

Another equally ridiculous row is that between Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and her sister, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. and Mrs. "Stuy" Fish. It seems the latter invited the scions of the Fair family to a dinner to meet Mrs. George Gould. They refused. To all good Californians and Nevadans the episode may seem amusing, but it is seriously considered in Newport. Mrs. Gould has riches, style and comes of an old and thoroughly respectable bourgeois family in Devonshire. It is not supposed the frowns of the Oelrichs will injure her aspirations. She has the cordial support of Mrs. Fish, who is not now speaking to the Fair sisters.

Mrs. Belmont's Position in Society.

It used to be supposed that scandal and divorce meant social death to the victim. Nowadays this is not the case, provided the *dramatis personæ* are loftily placed, and have staunch friends. It was predicted that the career in society of Mrs. Sloane had been terminated by the allegations on which her husband obtained his decree of divorce. On the contrary, Mrs. Percy Belmont, as she is now, is veritably in the swim, and as popular as ever. Despite the facts proven by Mr. Sloane, her friends allege that she is to be sympathized with rather than condemned; that she was hounded and driven to extremes. Therefore, they came to her rescue. The clique of which she is a member includes women of position so indisputable that their verdict is final. She and her husband seem ideally happy, and her physical charm is rapidly returning under the pleasant influences of her new life.

A Boston Mesalliance.

A Boston millionaire, Francis Skinner by name, of aristocratic connections and high social pretensions, a nephew of no less eminent a personage than Mrs. Jack Gardner, has astonished the Beacon street set by espousing a saleswoman from the cloak house of L. P. Hollander & Co. Mr. Skinner was eligible to marriage with almost any member of the smart set,yet he has had the audacity to pass them over in favor of Miss Sallie Carr, a tailor's daughter. No wonder there is a "to do" about the affair. The dailies have taken it up with avidity, and have gracefully speculated as to whether or not the family will admit Mrs. Skinner into their social precincts. The gossips have already played havoc with her reputation, while certain of the groom's associates have accounted for the situation on the theory that Miss Carr had "bewitched" her husband. The bride is veritably a beauty—blonde and golden haired, the complexion of a lily and a notably graceful and well-modeled figure. She has a dignified manner combined with charm and tact and there is nothing in her style, save its reserve, to suggest that she is not of the cult of Vere de Vere. However, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, who are yachting together, are quite oblivious of the notoriety they have attained, and Mrs. Jack Gardner declares her nephew's wife is a thoroughly fascinating woman, who could tell half the enameled and padded dames and scraggy damsels in the Back Bay district how to win a husband and how to hold him. She further avers that she doesn't intend to be influenced in her attitude toward young Mrs. Skinner by the malicious prattle of braggart cads, of which the Boston clubs are full, or envious, scandal-mongering old cats, who can't forgive the tailor's daughter her good fortune in wedding a man so far above her in the matter of social place and fortune.

Reign of the Bull Dog.

The dog that is having his day just now is the bull pup. Fashion has crowned him, and the pug, the poodle and all other kinds of dogs that have found favor with femininity in the past have given way to the homely, bat-eared pup with bowed legs and a bad eye. One reason why the bull dog has found favor with women is that his admirable ugliness makes a foil for the prettiness and grace of his mistress. Beauty looks best with the beast in the background, and so well is this fact established that fashionable photographers are kept busy by the girl who wants to be pictured with her dog beside her. Beyond his mere ugliness the bulldog possesses a serious and solid personality. Freshly brushed and washed with a large crisp bow of violet or rose beneath his ear, he looks the expensive luxury he is. Blood shows in every curve of his forelegs.

The English dog has practically displaced the French in the favor of the doggy woman. The fact is that the French pup is by nature just the little, consequential, frivolous and unfaithful creature he looks. He has none of the large instincts of his British relation. His character really calls for the whip, which is so prominent in his owner's outfit during a walk on the avenue. Besides this he is subject to various physical infirmities; a tendency to catch cold and an invalid's querulousness of manner that does not add to his personal attractions.

Owls for Dinner.

The redoubtable Henry Clews, gave a dinner at Saratoga recently which has supplied that lively watering place with a topic. A fanciful personage is Mr. Clews and he objects to the stereotyped in entertainment. Each guest, on the previous day, was asked to name some favorite dish she would like served at this feast. One lady suggested roast partridge. Mr. Clews reminded her that partridges are out of season, and consequently out of the question. Wouldn't she name a substitute? "Yes," said the lady, with a pout, "roast owls." And roast owls it was. When the game course was brought on, in came the waiter bearing a dish in which were grouped a number of small owls, feathers and all, with eyes wide open. "Good heavens! They're alive," the women cried, in chorus. But they weren't; the plumage being lifted, disclosed some nut-brown birds that had a savor much like that of young partridges done to a turn.

A Tailor Critic.

The erudite organ of the English tailoring trade *The Tailor and Cutter* had a "commissioner" at the Queen's garden party at Buckingham Palace. He descants on the clothes of Her Majesty's guests quite with the air of an art critic at a salon private view. It was a hot day—very hot—127 degrees in the sun, but the prevailing costumes took no account of the weather. The Prince of Wales wore a light cashmere suit and a hat of the Panama-alpine type but the nearest his satellites came to observing the thermometric conditions was in the direction of suits which were mainly in white, buff, or khaki-colored canvas. However, there was one pleasing feature which, he thinks, "in a measure condones the offence of adherence to black or dark grey coats—there was an extraordinary display of ties and scarves. There were a few of the reddest anarchical shade, some partook of the old-fashioned madder colorings, and others a broad red and blue stripe, and yet another,a large design of shepherd's plaid. Other ties worn had broken out into a variety of designs, from spots to zigzags or serpentine curves."

MEDITATIONS OF A MATRON.

BY MRS. CRICKET.

AFTER the gala week at Del Monte, my dear Diary, things were so fearfully quiet I just packed up my duds and chattels and started for home. Most of the people are in town now, but have not yet settled down properly. I am looking for a house. Robert thinks it will be necessary for us to remain here until next March. I hate boarding, so will search the town until I find something in the way of a suitable abode.

I should like to find a house as nice as Mrs. L. L. Baker's. It must be so jolly to live in one the architecture of which is impossible to criticise. The Dingees have bought that however, and are remodeling the interior. Jim and Maribel Gwin Follis have taken Mrs. Horts' house on Jackson street near Octavia for the winter. I believe Flora Dean Magee also intends finding one. It is such a nuisance. Robert is unusually difficult to please, he wants one on the sunny side of the street and insists that it be not gaudily furnished. It makes life very tiresome searching, but I suppose one learns a good deal about the sort of people there are in this world by inspecting furnished houses. My idea is to build a stone house. Mama thinks that perfectly ridiculous for a young married woman. I say if a young woman cannot live in a stone house, who can? Relations do interfere so much in the affairs that ought not to concern them.

FORTHCOMING WEDDINGS.

We are to have several interesting weddings soon—Leila's will be a gay affair with private cars and a jolly day at Del Monte. Helen Hopkins and Gus Taylor are to be married in the little church at Menlo Park. They will have a special train from town for their guests and a big reception out of doors at the Hopkins' place. To be married in such a delightful place is infinitely more fun than a city wedding. It is so jolly for the guests. Most people don't think of guests at a wedding, but now that I shall hereafter always figure as one, I think it very necessary that they be considered. Jane Greenwood is also to have an out-of-town wedding. She will marry Dr. Ernest Chipman in Belvedere. A few of her special friends will breakfast with her afterwards at her brother's house. I suggested a reception on a ferry-boat, but she only smiled at me. I do like novelty. Since my marriage I have thought of a hundred interesting ways in which the thing might have been brought off, still my friends will not try even one of them. Just think now of a wedding in Belvedere and afterwards a reception on one of the ferry-boats. One could charter it for the afternoon, and have a capital time. It never has been done in San Francisco. There is so little desire here to be original.

CALIFORNIA GIRLS IN EUROPE.

I received a letter from Grace Spreckels the other day telling me of an evening they spent in Frankfort. The people who gave the entertainment had a very large ball room,in one end of which a stage was erected. The rest of the room was full of little tables whereat the guests sat to watch an exceedingly clever vaudeville entertainment. Waiters went about, and one ordered from cards just as one does at a beer garden. Some of the vaudeville performers had come from London, others from Paris and Berlin. It was a wonderful program, she writes, and one of the most interesting evenings she had spent in Germany. The Spreckels girls had just made up their minds to go to Oberammergau,chaperoned by Frau Rissman, of San Francisco. I always think of mama's visit there. At that time there was only one street, and as the hotel was packed mama secured rooms in a house, the number of which was 54. It was impossible to find any sort of a conveyance at the station, so papa and she walked up to find their residence. They found number 10 standing beside number 26,and everything most confusing. At last,after discovering a German who spoke English, they explained their plight. He took them to their lodgings,telling them on the way that in Oberammergau as a house was built it was numbered, thus it was quite probable that number 1 and number 54 might be side by side. Della Mills, I think, writes the most amusing letter from Europe. Her description of the foreigners at the Paris Exposition are inimitable. Mary Scott writes a fine descriptive letter, but she has so little time, owing to the numerous entertainments given in her honor. I am so glad she will be with us again this winter, for I consider Mary one of our very, very nice girls. An Englishman here in town has missed her exceedingly, and has been a little worried owing to the devotion of a rich and fascinating New Yorker who paid Mary a great deal of attention. She is coming back, however, heart whole, at least so she says. Now-a-days we all deny engagements until we think fit to publicly announce them.

TENNIS AT SAN RAFAEL.

There was a great deal of excitement last week over in San Rafael at the tennis tournament. Robert loves tennis, so he went over there to see the matches. You know he is quite devoted to Alice Hoffman and was sure she would be the victor. She did play a fine game at times too, but Miriam Hall outplayed her. Alice volleys, but Miriam played off the base line just as Marion Jones does. Robert says he thinks Marion Jones would find her match in Miss Hall. There was a terrific amount of enthusiasm and a great deal of fun out of the two days' work. I should have liked to have been there, but I spent Friday and Saturday at San Mateo helping to make the "Mother Goose" benefit for the Armitage Orphanage a success. How these children enjoyed the fun of scampering about over the lawns of Mrs. Easton's place,and watching the little Burlingame youngsters help to make money for them. There were all sorts of things to sell, and most of those who attended were really particularly liberal. I wish I had photographs of some of the children who took part. Tallant Tubbs, a dear little chap, with a very winsome expression, was Little Boy Blue. Austin Tubbs and Elizabeth Woods were Jack and Jill. They took themselves so seriously and really worked hard all the afternoon selling lemonade. They quite looked the parts too. Emily Timlow, a very bright little girl, was the "Old Woman who lived in her shoe" and sold numbers of daintily dressed dolls, presumably her large family. She was quite as interested in her dollies' welfare as though they had been her own children. Mrs. George Pope's baby was Baby Bunting and had she been old enough might have had her head turned by the number of compliments she received. Joe Moody, Mountford Wilson, Robert Coleman and Stanie Poniatowski are really fine boys but George Tubbs won my heart, he is such a thoughtful little chap, and seemed to feel the responsibility of the children in his care when he took them for a drive in his little donkey cart. I think we all had as good a time as the Armitage children. The most pleasing part of it all is that the receipts for the day are quite large.

Continued on page 18.

Chips from the Scientific Workshop

Electricity on the Elevat d Railroads.

In the new electrical equipment of the elevated railway in New York no less than 800 horse-power will be installed on each train, 8 motors of 100 horse-power each being used. These will be mounted under two cars of the six-car train (the front and rear cars) and will be controlled by the motorman from a single controller on the front platform. With this equipment what is technically known as an "acceleration of two miles an hour per second" can be had, which means that, in starting, the speed of the train will increase by two miles an hour every second. At the end of fifteen seconds after power is turned on the speed will be thirty miles an hour, after twenty seconds, forty miles an hour. Without increasing the number of trains in service the capacity of the system will be increased about forty per cent on account of the much higher average speed possible. Most of the time lost on the elevated railway is consumed in stopping and starting. Indeed, the whole course of a local train is a succession of starts and stops, the train no sooner attaining full speed than it has to begin slowing down for the next stop. With the electrical equipment full speed will be much more quickly attained. Of course the "negative acceleration" of stopping must also be accomplished quickly, and to this end the new trains will be equipped with very powerful air brakes of the compressed air type—not vacuum brakes as at present. A moderate pressure of 500 volts will be maintained on the third rail, which is now being put in place.

Hatching Snake Eggs.

The indiscriminating maternal love of the hen is constantly taken advantage of by heartless, scheming man in most scandalous fashion. The climax of human unscrupulousness and chicken simplicity, however, has lately been reached in Atlantic City, where an innocent old speckled mother hen is conscientiously devoting her attention to the hatching out of seven baby boa-constrictors. On the seven flat, long-tough-shelled serpent eggs she sits and clucks night and day in pathetic ignorance of man's deceit. In a few days seven faithfully-sat-upon shells will crack open, and seven little scaly, undulating, constricting things will wriggle out into the world. What will happen then is matter only for conjecture. Will maternal instinct survive the shock and the faithful old hen proceed to head a snaky procession around the yard in search of worms and grain; or will a sudden horror send her flying helter-skelter away from her unexpected brood to meditate in a corner upon the perversity of things? Will she sit after that, or will her maternal love be forever tormented with the venom of suspicion? Who knows? Who can tell what obscure tragedy may thereafter lurk in the gallinaceous bosom?

The villain man who is responsible for the above state of affairs is Frank C. Bostock, the well-known animal trainer, who conducts a zoo in Atlantic City. Young boas have never been born in this country. The heat of the sun, on which the mother boa relies for the hatching of her gracious brood in her native climes, is not sufficient here in the United States for that purpose. In despair at the constant waste of good boa material due to the mildness of our sun—boas, by the way, are worth from a $100 to $500—ingenious Mr. Bostock has decided to try the barnyard method.

I hope it may succeed.

But talk about warming serpents to your bosom!

Cooking by Electricity.

A new method of constructing electric cooking utensils and heaters employs slabs of a mixture of metallic powders and some vitreous insulating substance, such as China clay. These slabs are baked at a high heat, their electrical resistance depending on the relative amount of the metal and the clay used. Such resisting slabs will stand being carried up to a bright red heat, and in certain utensils, such as broilers, this is a great advantage. It is also an additional recommendation for electric stoves for warming rooms, since the red glow of a fire may be accurately reproduced. At a cafe in the Spanish section of the Paris Exposition the kitchen is equipped with electric cooking apparatus made in this way. More than 22,000 persons had dined there up to July 1st.

Marriage of First Cousins.

The latest medical dictum on the subject of the marriage of first cousins is that the connection is good or bad purely according as it tends to intensify a good or bad strain, not of course as the strain shows itself in the individual, but in the family for generations back. In-breeding intensifies hereditary tendencies, and in this way the marriage of first cousins is to be avoided where there is a bad family history. Clearly the marriage of first cousins in such a case is as bad as mating any two ordinary people each of whom has a tendency to the same disease. But what an individual receives by heredity is derived partly from his parents and partly from the far back ancestry of both of them, and thus any peculiarities which may crop up now and again, whether in the direction of genius or disease, are quickly wiped out by the preponderating influence of those untold generations of mediocrity which have preceded them. Thus the race, constantly tending towards the commonplace, rights itself.

A Royal Progress in Corea.

Continued from page 13.

gun dragged along by a detachment of artillery; files of runners dressed in alternate blue and green gauze; a company of flute players blowing a lusty monotone on one shrill note.

Then succeeded a rush of many feet, a shouting of voices, and a phalanx of sturdy bearers clad in red, with double mitres on their heads, pass swiftly, supporting in a canopied chair of state, with red silk screens and many tassels, the uplifted person of the King. As he passed along he looked to the right and left, and the movement of the bearers made him bob up and down in a ludicrous way. Following him came the Crown Prince in a similar palanquin, carried by men in green mitres, followed by a heterogeneous jumble of courtiers, generals, colonels, match-lock men and ancient tottering cavaliers.

I went out again at evening to see the return, they having been offering sacrifices and worship of one sort or another all the afternoon. Everything and everybody had gotten thoroughly mixed up in the narrow streets, all wedged in inextricable confusion. But above the heads of the crowd ever oscillated the scarlet palanquin of the King, lit up with lanterns of blue and crimson silk, tossing at the pike heads of the infantry.

Necromancers and Devil Catchers.

The Crown Prince is an imbecile and his mother, the queen, who was murdered by the Japanese some years since, spent thousands of dollars trying to purchase sense for him from the necromancers. I was told that it is estimated that there are at the present time not less than 3000 jugglers, wizards, etc., in the city of Seoul alone. Then there are "devil jails," "devil trees," and professional "devil catchers," the latter coining plenty of the poor people's money. You will see here and there rags and bits of straw and grass tied on these "devil trees," as offerings; one of the most remarkable things which I saw in Corea was "Feast Day" when thousands of the inhabitants wended their way to the hillsides with trays of cooked food, chiefly rice and fish, to be placed on the graves of their dead.

One evening, when walking out, we were startled by the terrible cries and noises in a row of Corean huts, noises both diabolical and discordant, and when we learned it was for the purpose of frightening away the devils, we did not wonder at their running away *if there.* The wonder was how any human being could endure to make such a noise. There is always on hand a large assortment of overworked witches, fortune-tellers and astrologers. The Corean cult of ancestor worship is wrought into the Corean soul. The missionaries tell me that. It is the source, even among their most genuine converts, of more scandals, lapses and renunciations than are brought about by all other causes.

The Call Banquet.

A clever little souvenir of the banquet given by John D. Spreckels to the employes of the *Call* has been gotten up by Louis Levy. It contains portraits of Mr. Spreckels and of Managing Editor Leake together with caricatures of the leading members of the staff who spoke at the entertainment. The occasion was worth commemorating and this pleasant little souvenir does it to perfection. The speeches here detailed tell what a veritable happy family the *Call* is. The good feeling that evidently pervades every department is seldom found in a newspaper and is testimony to Manager Leake's directive capacity and Mr. Spreckels' virtue as an employer. Indeed, one never hears of any dissatisfaction on the part of a Spreckels subordinate.

Meditations of a Matron.

C otinued from page 17.

PROSPECTIVE ENTERTAINMENTS.

Now that the summer is really over I do hope the final arrangements will be made for having a Monday Night Club. We all want something that will be really worth while. We are just a trifle tired of nothing but dancing classes, for that is virtually what the Fortnightlys and La Jeunesse were last year, though of course we managed to derive a great deal of fun out of them. The Spreckels, I hear, are talkingof opening their house with a big reception, and Mrs. Irwin thinks of doing the same but neither of those mansions will be ready for some time to come. In the meantime, I shall try to find out some more news for you next week.

Engagement of Miss Livingston and Mr. C. J. Welch.

Miss Elizabeth Kilsyth Livingston, who is to marry Charles James Welch, a son of the late Andrew Welch of San Francisco, is said to be a very beautiful woman, whose descent from one of the oldest local families gives her a place in the best New York society.

Miss Livingston is a direct descendant of Robert Livingston, first Lord of the Livingston Manor, and belongs to the family bearing that name whose history is so interwoven with that of the settlement of New York.

Early in 1899 she was admitted into the Roman Catholic faith. Others of her family had joined the same church before.

Miss Livingston will become a bride on or about October 24th in St. Patrick's cathedral. She and her fiance are at present guests of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Van Brugh Livingston in Maine, where they are leading an idyllic life.

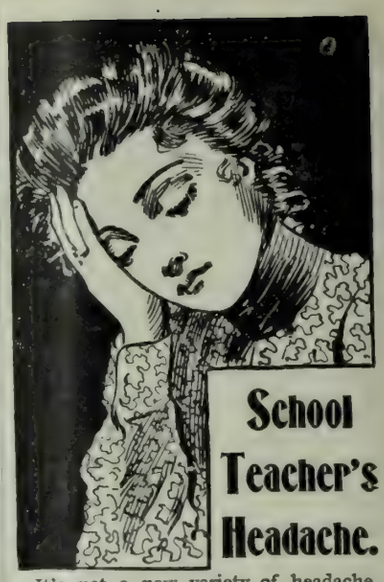
The bride-to-be is a member of the Colonial Dames. She was introduced to society at a ball given by her cousin, Mrs. John Lyon Gardiner, at No. 674 Madison avenue. She is a cousin of Johnston Livingston, of the Countess de Langler-Villars and of J. Montgomery Strong.

Your medicine chest is incomplete if it is not stocked with Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases
Sold by All Druggists.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

For home use, for bar use, for physicians' use, for everybody's use, Jesse Moore Whiskey is always the best and is in most general demand.



School Teacher's Headache.

It's not a new variety of headache. It's the old pain consequent on conditions which result from study, confinement, and careless eating. It is only one symptom of a derangement of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures headaches by curing the diseases which cause them.

"I was troubled with very frequent headaches, often accompanied by severe vomiting," writes Miss Mary Belle Summerton, of San Diego, Duval Co., Texas. "Bowels were irregular, and my stomach and liver seemed continually out of order. Often I could eat almost nothing, and sometimes absolutely nothing, for twenty-four hours at a time. I was entirely unfit for work, and my whole system seemed so run-down that I feared a severe sick spell and was very much discouraged. I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and did so with such satisfactory results that before finishing the third bottle I felt perfectly able to undertake the duties attending public school life, and contracted to do so. I most heartily advise those suffering with indigestion, and its attendant evils, to give this great medicine a fair trial."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the bowels healthy.

Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss
Stereo Binoculars

The most compact Field Glasses made, with the Highest power.

Prices, $47.50 to $80.00
Send for Illustrated Booklet

Geo. H. Kahn.
OPTICIAN.
201 KEARNY ST.,
CORNER OF SUTTER
KODAK AGENCY—PHOTO SUPPLIES

IF YOU WANT
The Best Coal Oil
—BUY—

Physicians would not recommend Jesse Moore Whiskey if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

HALF FARE !!!

TO SAN FRANCISCO AND RETURN

FROM ALL POINTS IN CALIFORNIA, ON THE OCCASION OF THE GRAND SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF CALIFORNIA'S STATEHOOD. TICKETS WILL BE GOOD ON ALL SOUTHERN PACIFIC TRAINS ARRIVING IN SAN FRANCISCO SEPT. 8, 9, 10, 11, AND WILL EXPIRE SEPT. 16.

Inquire of

S. P. CO. AGENT, FOR EXACT PARTICULARS

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADWAY wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports: 11 a. m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. Sept. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Oct. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports: 9 a. m. Sept. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Oct. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles): 11 a. m. Sept. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Oct. 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

TO CHICAGO IN THREE DAYS.

From San Francisco at 10 A. M.

Chicago Union Pacific and Northwestern Line.

DOUBLE DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with Barber, Dining-Cars; meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast.
617 Market Street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Mariposa for **AUSTRALIA**, Wednesday September 5, at 8 p. m.

S. S. Australia, for **HONOLULU only**, Wednesday, September 19, at 2 p. m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 114 MONTGOMERY ST.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

Men and Books

Julian Ralph's Rest.

Julian Ralph has been resting for a month at Lake Como. At least he went there with the determined purpose of resting, something he had never done before, and he thought he would enjoy the experience. In order that there might be no temptation before him to work, he forebore to take with him any of the paraphernalia of the scribe, neither pen nor pencil nor paper was in his grip. Como is a heavenly place, just the one spot on the earth where it would be supposed the tired man could loaf and invite his soul for at least one little month. When Mr. Ralph got there he at once began to rest—hard. Finding no pen and ink and paper in his grip, he went out and bought some. Then he wrote an introductory chapter to a book, "How to Be a Journalist." (Mr. Ralph's intimates will at once accuse him of intent to write a comic story.) Next he wrote four chapters in his new novel, "The Rich Miss Lamont." Not feeling sufficiently rested he set about arranging the material for his next book on his South African experiences.; also wrote an article for a leading American magazine; also described a day with Lord Roberts for a London publisher, knocked off some other trifles, and then feeling sufficiently recuperated returned to London, where he is now improving in health as the result of his month's idleness—and probably taking something to make him sleep o'nights. That is one of the afflictions from which fellows like Ralph suffer—they do feel the need of rest—sometimes.

George Bernard Shaw's Estate.

That is a characteristic interview reported between George Bernard Shaw and a young writer who had called on him at his home in Adelphi Terrace, to question him for the benefit of a London daily. Mr. Shaw said: "These chambers constitute the real centre of my domesticity, because my wife lives here. My official residence, qualifying me as a vestryman, is in Fitzroy square: my mother lives there. I live nowhere. . . . I have no more home instinct than a milk can at a railway station. . . . I cannot begin, like Ruskin, by saying that my father was an entirely honest merchant. I don't know whether he was or not. . . . From my mother I derive, first, my brains and my character, which do her credit; and, second, a landed estate on which her family lived for honored generations by mortgaging. I look for the advent of socialism to take the estate off my hands and relieve me of the duty of paying the interest on the mortgages. Perhaps you would like to accept the estate from me as a token of the pleasure your visit has afforded me? No? Strange how little attraction landed property has for men when it is presented to them in its detestable reality!"

Anthony Hope's New Book.

Anthony Hope has just finished reading the proofs of the new novel *Quisante*, which is to be published early in September. This novel is mainly concerned with the fortunes of Alexander Quisante, a man of foreign extraction, whose brilliant abilities gain him a prominent position in English political life, and of Lady May Gaston, a girl of high birth, who, against the wishes of all her friends, becomes his wife. There are suggestions of Disraeli about Quisante, though it is not supposed that the novelist meant to present the Premier throughout. It is said of the book that the analysis which is there found of the career of a political adventurer is one of the best things in modern fiction.

"A Master of Craft."

In "A Master of Craft" (F. A. Stokes Publishing Company) are the familiar *dramatis personal* of W. W. Jacobs' stories—the captain, the mate, two or three young women in love with or being courted by his seafaring males, complications arising from the guib of certain f the captains and the undue insistence of theo ladies. Captain Flower of the *Foam* is a mariner of much less discretion than energy in the matter of love making. He is engaged in several directions and by reason of the unswerving tenacity of purpose of his *fiancees* has a fearful time of it. But his amorous adventures are thoroughly diverting and narrated with the fine humor of which this author is master.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Teledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The original Swain's Bakery 213 Sutter St. stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch

There is no family medicine so favorably known as PAIN-KILLER. For sixty years it has been used by Missionaries in all parts of the world, not only to counteract the climatic influences on their families, but for the cure of all diseases of the bowels, and for wounds, burns, bruises, etc. Avoid substitutes, there is but one PAIN-KILLER, Perry Davis'. Price 25 cents and 50 cents.

Santa Fe Trains

GO TO

Antioch	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Bakersfield	9 a m		8 p m
Chicago	9 a m		
Denver	9 a m		
Fresno	9 a m		8 p m
Hanford	9 a m		8 p m
Joliet	9 a m		
Kansas City	9 a m		
Leavenworth	9 a m		
Merced	9 a m		8 p m
Newton	9 a m		
Phoenix	9 a m		
Stockton	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Tulare	9 a m		8 p m
Visalia	9 a m		8 p m
Williams	9 a m		

Personally conducted Excursions to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston every MONDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in Pullman's Best Tourist Sleeping Cars. Try this NEW ROUTE.

Get full information and handsome folder at

641 MARKET STREET
or at Santa Fe Ticket Office
Ferry Building, Foot of Market Street

THE GREAT FAIR AT Tanforan Park

Sept. 24th to Oct. 6th, 1900

Under Management of the San Francisco and San Mateo Agricultural Association

To the live-stock breeders of California, as well as to the lovers of out-door sports this exhibition is dedicated. The attraction will include: A High-class Open-air Horse Show, Select Herds of Prize Cattle, a complete exhibit of Swine, Sheep, Goats, Poultry and Belgian Hares. Extraordinary show of Dogs. Attractive exhibit of high-class Vehicles and other Industrial Displays from leading manufacturers of the State. The outdoor sports will embrace Polo Games, between players from Southern and Central California for championship; Pony Races; Long Distance Race of 25 miles, by noted riders; change of horses each mile, in full view of grandstand. Grand Athletic Field Day—Club Harness Racing: High-class Trotting and Pacing, in which the great stars of the east and west will meet and make world's records. All in all, the entertainment will be clean, dignified and instructive. Grand Musical Concerts Daily. Excellent railroad facilities by both regular and special trains to Grandstand entrance. Entertainment each day, from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m.

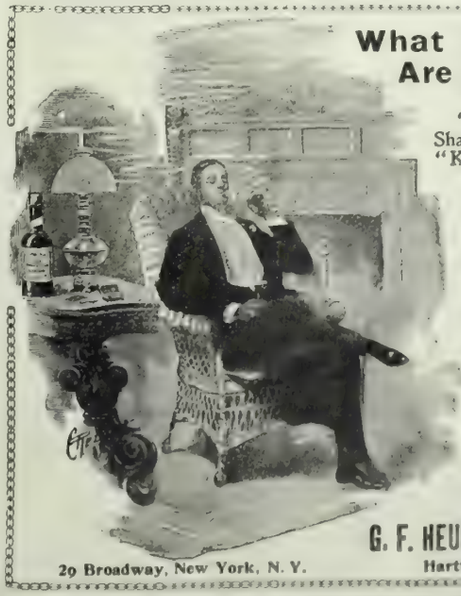
GEORGE ALMER NEWHALL, Secretary. HENRY J. CROCKER, President.
EDWIN F. SMITH, General Manager.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-314 POST STREET

SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY



What Are Club Cocktails?

"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

29 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,
Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

Bank of California

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000. Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account, July 1st 1900 $2,453,469.59

William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; S. Prentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary.

CORRESPONDENTS

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, Union National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies; Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China-Australia and New Zealand. The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus $3,238,372.15
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits, July 30, 1900 28,938,395.02

OFFICERS

President B. A. Becker
First Vice-President Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President H. Horstmann
Cashier A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier Wm. Hermann
Secretary George Tourney
Assistant Secretary A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hohte, I. N. Walker,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA STREET

Deposits, July 1, 1900	$26,952,875
Paid Up Capital	1,000,000
Reserve Fund	218,093
Contingent Fund	439,608

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Premery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier; R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Gakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital 300,000

James D. Phelan, President; S. G. Murphy, Vice-Pres.; John A. Hooper, Vice-Pres.; George A. Story, Cashier; C. E. Hobson, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS: James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal and James McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co. or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

1875 CALIFORNIA 1900

Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

PHONE BUSH 165.

Safe-Deposit Boxes from $5.00 per year up. Trunks and Valuables of every Description Stored in Fire and Burglar-Proof Vaults at $1.00 per month.

Office Hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO.
General Agents.

Beauty Doctors of Paris

By Etienne Marcel

Paris, August 10th.

I HAVE just made a joyful discovery, one which is not without its pathetic side, too. The Fountain of Youth is in Paris! That there is such a fountain, and that, existing, it had the common sense to situate itself in such a charming place as Paris is the joyful side. The pathos lies in the thought of De Soto marching a dreary life away in the American jungles in search of what he could have found merely by crossing the Pyrenees. Poor De Soto! Poor Spain! Always marching the wrong way!

I have said that the Fountain is in Paris. I should have said that Paris is the Fountain.

For Paris is a huge manufacture of Beauty. Thousands of artists are engaged night and day in molding femininity to their approved standard. To make women beautiful has become an Art, with a capital A, an art as complicated, as subtle, requiring as much genius and labor as the making of beauty in marble or on canvas. In fact, the Parisian woman-beautifiers consider the feminine frame as a mere shapeless block of more or less plastic material, which must be compressed, and expanded, and molded, and colored to an approximation of their Ideal.

THE COIFFEUR.

The most important, perhaps, of these manufacturers of feminine charm are the *coiffeurs*, the hair dressers. I went into one of the establishments the other day with a young friend of mine, who, through nervous prostration (caused by superhuman efforts to amuse herself) has lost much of her *chevelure*. After she was seated in a luxurious arm-chair, the *Professeur*, dressed in an esthetic loose velvet jacket with a Bohemian flowing tie, took off the—what shall I call it?—the outer *chevelure* and then ran the stiff, grayish mane beneath thoughtfully through his fingers. Then, with the profound gravity of a physician, he began to question his patient minutely as to the history of the case, going back as far as her ancestors to discover hereditary tendencies to baldness or grayness. All the answers he put down carefully in a perfumed little *calepin*, after which he called in his assistants—internes, they might be called, and these took samples of the hair for microscopical and chemical investigation. He then gravely gave us his *conge*, promising my friend to let her know in a week what treatment he had decided upon.

We returned at the hour appointed and found that, after close perusal of the history of the case, and a profound study of the reports of his assistants as to the chemical and microscopical examinations of scalp and hair specimens, he had decided upon the electric treatment. We were ushered in what looked like a mediaeval torture chamber. Down from the ceiling, hanging by crossing and recrossing electric wires, queer-shaped, mysterious instruments buzzed and roared and sparked. My friend was led to a deep arm-chair and an elegantly attired young woman began to run her fingers through her hair, carefully unraveling the tangles till her fingers passed from scalp to tip without a hitch. Then one of the whirring instruments was brought against the head and I saw that it was a revolving brush of long soft camel hair. This is what might be called the dry-wash process and is the method for cleaning the scalp, for to the Parisian tonsorial artist, water is an abomination which must never—O never!—be allowed to profane the feminine head. The brush whirled and whirred till every particle of dust had been removed. Then a tinted oil was worked carefully into the pores in fragrant steam. This oil, thus inoculated, is the coloring agent, and by long and patient experiments, the Parisian *coiffeurs* can give the hair any color within a fraction of a shade. A mild electric current passed through the hair finished the treatment.

I saw my friend a month after her first treatment. I did not know her. An abundant, undulating mass of glossy brown hair had taken the place of the pitiful, grayish, rebellious mane of yore. It was a—resurrection.

GREAT FIGURE RE-MOULDERS.

Hairdressers, however, are only a small division of the great army of beauty manfacturers, and after all, their *tours-de-force* are nothing compared to those of the corset-makers. These actually remould the human form according to their wishes. Their fancy having evolved a new shape of corset, they forthwith engage in the altering of the feminine form to suit that shape. They are enabled to do this by the complicity of the great dress-makers. The dress and corset maker are brothers-in-art. The first having decided upon the style of dress, the second evolves out of his inner consciousness the form of body that will best set forth the new style, and proceeds to mould the feminine flesh accordingly. The lady who rebels at the corset artists' torturing devices is quickly brought to submission when she finds that her dressmaker will not make her a gown unless she wear the stayman's production. "No corset, no dress" is the ultimatum.

The ideal now in feminine form is the ethereal. Broad, flat shoulders, prominent collar-bones, long, lean arms, the waist of an ant, curveless hips are the right thing. Flesh is the abomination *du mauvais gout*. This new standard has made necessary another Beauty artist—the flesh-dissolver, or bone-producer, as you wish to call him. The specialist in this line at present is a woman, known as the cold water witch. She melts her victims by thumping them with bags filled with finely shaped ice. A few weeks of this treatment is said to melt the most rebellious flesh and evoke the appearance of the most modest bones. The being thus regenerated is then taken to the corset-maker, where the stays do the rest.

A SPECIALIST IN COMPLEXIONS.

But what good will a form divine and opulent chevelure do one if there is no complexion to match these perfections. Can one procure such a complexion? Nothing easier. Not a clumsy, artificial, rouge-daubed, powder-dusted, eyebrows-penciled attempt at a complexion, but a real, artistic damask-cheek, lily-browed complexion, one that would make the Creator ashamed of his handiwork. Under the auspices of a young woman who sympathized with my literary quest, I was led into a white-and-pink boudoir, where a velvet-voiced woman took her in hand. She was tucked into a silk crepon and lace *robe-de-chambre;* and set reclining on a sofa. After having closely examined the patient's skin with microscope, the artist washed it with a sponge dried out from hot water. Then she beat a tattoo upon it with two tiny rubber-headed drumsticks. After this a liquid of delicate odor and secret composition was massaged in gently. Then came the "electric air," a warm, soft breeze that seemed to have passed over a bed of violets and carnations - and the first thing I knew my friend slept as peacefully as a child. When she awoke, some ten minutes later, the mysterious woman was throwing all colors of shaded lights upon her face to find out just what tint suited her best. This important question having been decided, powder was blown gently upon the skin by the "electric wind," and then she arose—veritably a new woman, with an exquisite rose-leaf complexion, fresh as nature.

So you see it is not necessary to remain ugly in Paris.

To Cure a Cold in one Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

Did you say rye? Then try the Jessee Moore Rye —the finest in the world.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.—LOCATION of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 3d day of August, 1900, an assessment, No. 52, of ten cents (10c) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada block, No: 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 27th day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco California.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia District, Storey county, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third (3d) day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 71) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventh (7th) day of September, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the twenty-eighth (28th) day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 6th day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 91) of fifteen cents (15c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 1st day of October, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—SAVAGE MINING Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 101) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 20-22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 8th day of October, 1900, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p.m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and the expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Room 20-22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes, and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. ☞ Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Electric Supplies

CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIRS

California Electrical Works

409 MARKET STREET

Germea

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . . . .
Centrally Located . . .

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.
American and European Plan.
WILLIAM T. BANG, Proprietor.

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms — Elevator Service
Excellent Cuisine — References Required
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL

THE BRADBURY

J. A. FERSON, Prop.
N.W. Cor. Polk and California Sts., San Francisco
Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and upwards. Reasonable by the month, Tel. Hyde 2771.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE — Tel. Main 199
DEALERS IN Paper
55, 57, 59, 61 First Stree
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore,
MURPHY, GRANT & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
What a Gas Range Will Do?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes;
Your kitchen will be clean;
Your working hours shorter;
Your food will be better cooked;
Your life prolonged, and
Your happiness assured.

Stove Department,
415 Post Street, - - San Francisco

Ifred Cane — Luther A. Teague — Frederick Teague
TEAGUE, CANE & TEAGUE
Dentists
Claus Spreckels Building
Tel. Main 1459 — Third and Market Sts., 6th Floor
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Trusts add combinations do not affect Jesse Moore Whiskey. Its fame is established; its quality is the finest and it is always the best.

THEATRICALS.

A Russianized Coon Song.

The Newsky troupe of Russian singers, dancers and acrobats, now performing at the Orpheum, have met the American joke and are going away sadder and wiser. They were hired on trust as a high-class foreign attraction, coming on from London direct. In the British metropolis, they encountered an exiled Yankee who told them that Americans were crazy over rag-time and coon songs—that nothing else would please a San Francisco audience. Further, he gave them copies of a rag-time medley. All the way across the ocean, the Newsky's wrestled with rag-time and coon accent. By the time they reached New York, they had learned the music, and they spent the four days of their land journey in practicing English pronunciation. They reached the city just in time for their first appearance. Manager Morrisey, trusting on their reputation, allowed them to dispense with the customary trial rehearsal. When the curtain went up Sunday afternoon, it showed eight Russians in the barbaric silks, jewels, furs and gold of their national costume. The audience waited for them to begin one of their weird national melodies. This is what they heard:

"All coons luke aleek to me,
A've gote anot'er boo yo see
An' he ees moore to me
T'an yo meester-r neeger efer dar-red to be," etc., etc.

It wasn't even funny. It was just unearthly. The interpreter refused to translate Mr. Morrisey's remarks after the performance, but the Newskys are sticking to their native music and "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean."

Zaza's First Performance.

The inspiration of a moment is often a determining factor in the creation of a new role. A curious story is told by Mrs. Leslie Carter of her first appearance in "Zaza." While preparing for its last rehearsal a gift of flowers came to her—a small bunch of forget-me-nots combined with sprays of lilies of the valley. No card was attached. The bouquet was set on the actress' dressing-table and confronted her as she made her toilet for the performance. As she plunged into the role, she allowed herself to wonder as to the effect produced on her audience. She says:

At that moment, by the merest chance, my eyes were attracted to a face in the front row. It was that of a woman, but the signs of her class were stamped only too clearly in every detail of her appearance. I knew at once that here was a woman of the Zaza type, and yet the rapt attention with which she followed every word, every scene, every change of the story passing before her, told me she understood; and my heart was carried out to her with an impulse of sympathy and pity. It was only a passing glance at first, and did not reveal what struck my attention, like a thunderclap, the very next moment. For, closely fastened to her bodice was a bunch of forget-me-nots, with its cluster of lilies of the valley, and all tied with the same ribbon of scarlet!

That second look gave inspiration for the moment. I resolved to play to that poor creature as one who would know what life must mean to Zaza. From time to time I glanced down to catch the play of emotions as she followed the unfolding of the drama. There was never a break in the absolute sympathy, the greedy understanding with which she absorbed every smallest word.

The fourth act came and was finished. The demonstration at its close was tremendous. The curtain rose, and rose again, and yet again, times almost without number, and each time my eyes sought instinctively for the verdict of the woman with the forget-me-nots and lilies and scarlet ribbon. She sat absolutely motionless, her head bent forward, her face pale and almost frightened, and her fingers tightly pressing her handkerchief. There was not the slightest question that, by one poor heart at least, the human story of Zaza's joys and griefs had been understood.

Rehearsal Time in New York.

More and harder work is being done now actors in New York theatres that are shut th at any time in the open season. Five times as many plays are being performed daily in tha city without audiences as will be given publicly a month hence. Tho labor of the actor is light, under the modern conditions of the stage, except when the piece for which he is engaged is in rehearsal. After it has gone into regular use his service is ordinarily confined to four hours in the evening and as much more on matinee afternoons. But the last half of August is a time of preparation. Every theatrical stage in town is occupied all day long and sometimes at night by the rehearsals of one or more companies. All the available small halls are utilized for the same purpose. In four cases of plays to be sent out simultaneously on three routes, the three casts are assembled at the same hours, and the members not under drill sit to watch and listen while the others are in action. The time and patience of the director are thus economized. The actors range in talent from those of the highest culture to the lowest crudity and the plays from excellent literature to poor buffoonery. Several prizefighters are being trained assiduously to enact pugilistic heroes. Some women of vicious notoriety are being coached as actresses in roles embodying their own personalities and exploits. At the top side of the business many of the dramatic artists are called upon to realize characters already familiar to readers of books, because an unprecedently large number of dramatized novels are to be put on the stage next month. So this is a trying time of study and practice in stageland. But the tasks set are easier now than they used to be. The directors of rehearsals generally know what they want and most of the actors know how to do it.

The Mac rts' Dogs

Mrs. Macart, who assists her husband in training the animal troupe now performing at the Orpheum, says that she does not believe in hydrophobia. She has been bitten over 150 times by dogs and monkeys in the course of several years' experience, and never suffered worse inconvenience than would be caused by an ordinary cut.

Two acts in this performance are decidedly new. One is a boxing-match between two Scotch terriers. Canine boxing-matches have been shown on the stage before, but the others are mainly scrambles, which require a great deal of imagination on the part of the audience. These two, however, stand up, square off, and for three rounds swing at one another realistically, without fouling with teeth or hind legs. The other is a skirt dance, *a la* Loie Fuller, done by a fox-terrier. Macart jealously guards the secret of his methods in drilling these effects into his pets. "It is like sawing a log with a grindstone" is all that he will say.

Avedano hors de Combat.

Owing to the uncertainties of the climate of San Francisco, Signor Avedano, the leading tenor of the Tivoli Grand Opera Company, was laid out with throat trouble last week and forced to take a complete rest. The management immediately telegraphed to New York for a substitute in the person of Berthald, the greatest *Tannhauser* in the country. The change lost only one performance of "Tannhauser," that of Tuesday night, when "The Masked Ball," the regular Monday, Wednesday and Friday night bill, was substituted. Avedano will be in condition by next week. His trouble is with his tonsils. which have a tendency toward quinzy. He intends to have them removed after the present season, in order to prevent a recurrence of the complaint.

The Grismer's Californian Home.

Joseph Grismer and his wife, Phœbe Davis, have a summer home near Fresno. It is near the foothills, and is in the centre of a raisin vineyard. The house is in the style of a Swiss chalet, and occupies a commanding site at the end of an avenue of giant eucalyptus trees, whose long branches form an arch of living green over the roadway. The cottage is em-

Buyers' Guide.

San Francisco Reliable Business Houses

City and Country Orders promptly filled. Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited. Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office, Room 24, Chronicle Building.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone [illegible]

BUSINESS PERSONALS.

Baldness and Dandruff positively cured. Shampooing and Bleaching. Prudential Hair Physicians. Glasgow Block, 105 Ellis Street, Room 6.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist. 806 Market street, Phelan Building.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU. Main office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT. Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

Electric and Hygienic Treatment.
Sure Cure for Chronic Diseases. Tumors, Cancers and Displacements, positively and without operations.
DR. WM. SCHMITT,
502 Taylor St., cor. Geary.
San Francisco.
CONSULTATION FREE.

A TOILET NECESSITY
Wakelee's
Cold Cream of Roses
—MADE WITH—
Pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM
A Perfect Complexion
Made from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S,
200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy-makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BROS, Brush Mfrs.,
TEL. 5610. 609 Sacramento Street.

N. O. LINDSTROM [Phone Main 5178] AL. JOHNSON
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Dr. G. S. Moore's Scientific Hair Restorer.
A Sure and Positive Cure. One bottle will convince the most skeptical. Testimonials, 155 Geary St., S.F.

Orpheum

Howe, Wall and Walters; Mansfield and Wilbur; Westman and Wren; Frances Kaplar; Lew Hawkins, Herbert Lancaster and Thomson [illegible].

Reserved Seats [illegible] Opera Chairs and Box Seats [illegible]. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

ONE WEEK, BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY
Matinee Wednesday and Saturday

A Double Star Cast

Clay Clement and L. R. Stockwell

will inaugurate their joint starring tour on

Monday, September 3rd

by presenting—with superb scenic environment—an adaption of Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins' "No Thoroughfare," entitled

A GREAT OBSTACLE

Prices, $1, 75c, 50c, 35c, and 25c.

Alcazar Theatre

Fred Belasco and Mark Thall, Managers
Phone Main 254

Week of Monday, Sept. 3rd
Beginning with Labor Day matinee

Opening of the new stock season, Dorothey Dorr and Howard Hall in an elaborate and costly production of

The Masqueraders

Regular matinee Saturday and Sunday.
Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50c.

To follow—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Morosco's Grand Opera House

Last nights of "The Silver King" Week beginning Monday Sept 3rd. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Monday matinee

Children of the Ghetto

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and Saturday and Sunday matinees

Trilby

Farewell week of Milton Lackaye.
Next play—"Quo Vadis."

Prices: 10, 15, 25 and 50 cents. A few front rows in orchestra, 75 cents.

Saturday matinee, 10, 15, 25 and 50 cents.
Branch Ticket Office, Emporium

★TIVOLI★

Curtain rises at 8 p. m. sharp.

Tonight, "Masked Ball."Sunday night, "Tannhauser',

Week of September 3rd

Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights

ERNANI

Russo, Ferrari, Nicolini, Zani and Stewart

Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday nights, Saturday matinee

CARMEN

Graham, Poletini, Lichter, Repetto,Salassa, Schuster Zani and Barron Berthald

Popular prices, 25 and 50 cents Telephone Bush 9
Seats on sale seven days ahead only.

Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall.

Tuesday Evening, Sept. 4th

Song Recital by

MISS CLARA KALISHER

Contralto

Dr. H. J. Stewart at the Piano

Seats $1.00. On sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s beginning Saturday morning, Sept. 1st, at 9 o'clock.

PAIN'S BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

Pain's $1,000 Fireworks

Opens Saturday September 1st.

Fireworks Changed Nightly.

and for Two weeks Thereafter, excepting Sunday night, September 2nd.

Seats for 10,000.
Box seats $1.00 Grand stand, reserved, 75 cents Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s. Others 25 and 50 cents. Children, first four nights, 15 and 25.

Harvey *vs.* Miller in "The Only Way"

By Robert Porter

In "The Only Way" as Sidney Carton, Mr. Henry Miller has given San Francisco the year's theatrical sensation. In the same character, in London last year, Martin Harvey won his spurs and stepped into his present place as the premier actor manager of that new school of acting of which he had been a notable exponent.

Comparisons are ever odious, but inevitably when one sees two men so distinctly divergent as Martin Harvey and Henry Miller in the same role, comparisons will creep in. In the American theater Mr. Miller stands for a good deal. He is conscientious, ambitious and highly trained rather than subtle, but his work is invariably intellectual and the performances given under his direction are always well rendered. Indeed, he alone among American actors occupies a position analogous to that of the English actor-manager. But he represents character and will-power rather than temperament. It would hardly be exaggeration to say that in London, Martin Harvey is the theater-goers' darling. In type the two are poles apart and this divergence must tint and color their renderings of so reckless, dissolute but charming a personality as that of Sydney Carton. Dissimilarities of training are apparent even though the business of the two conceptions is almost identical. Harvey is of a new school of actors that has risen within the last few years, a school that one might call the naturalistic. It is a protest against both the old school of modified Irving mannerisms, and the recent type of work that carried repression to a degree that threatened to smother expression. Forbes Robertson was the original exponent of the revolt. So quietly as hardly to be realized,a dozen or more young men who will make the acting of the next decade have followed in his path. Mrs. Campbell, Miss Davis, Harvey, Holbrook Blinn, Harvey's right hand man, well known in San Francisco; Frank Mills, who began at the Alcazar, Hawtrey, Berte Thomas, the younger Irving and Henry Esmond, are of this new school of which, since Robertson's illness, Harvey has been the chief exponent.

A comparison in detail of the two renderings severs to demonstrate the points of divergence. In the drunken scene of the first act Miller brings the recklessness and degradation of Carton more strongly to mind and, without offense, gets more comedy from the scene with Mr. Styver; perhaps the fact that Styver is better done by Brennan than it was in England helps him score, but in the scene with Darnay with its revelation of love for Lucy and in the scene with Defarge Harvey's preponderance of temperament gave him the power to leave with the audience a clearer, simpler and more dramatic picture of the real battle of Sidney Carton, the man, with Sidney Carton, the brute.

The Harvey temperament and training are better fitted to picture the Carton that is developed under the stress of threatening ill to the woman he loves. In the trial scene it is his temperament that tells.

He is smiling, scornful, reckless, cajoling, masterful by turns. One moment the student of the Latin Quarter, hail-fellow-well-met.with his cronies carousing in Defarge's wine shop, the next the skillful advocate doing special pleading. Here Harvey was Carton; Miller gave a clever picture but it was an evident picture. In realism and effectiveness the Miller mob that made the background for the scene was, perhaps superior, but there was little to choose.

In the latter scenes of the play the advantage, to my mind, was decidedly with the English actor. Miller's affectations of manner and propensity to emphasized action robbed his conception of its higher effectiveness. Among his contemporaries few are without a tendency to overact under the stress of parts that call for deep feeling, and it is, perhaps, Miller's worst characteristic. In the scenes with Lucy, in the reconciliation with Mr. Lorry and at the final scene with Mimi, his forced pose and declamatory speech marred the rendering, Perhaps it is because Mr. Harvey has learned that a true man under the stress of real grief or in the face of death can never be theatric that his work in this part of the play seems superior. Certainly in it there is neither pose nor declamation, but the quiet, convincing acting that ceases to be acting because the identity of the actor has become blended with that of the character he portrays.

Not until one has seen E. J. Morgan as Defarge does one realize how remarkable an actor is Holbrook Blinn. On entirely different lines these two men give powerful original pictures of the avenging Defarge. Blinn's is the picture of a gross man of the people, leading them by virtue of his animal courage and dominant virility. A monomaniac, revenge on the St. Evermonds is the force that urges an otherwise dull brain. Morgan, on the other hand, shows us a man of the people who has risen above his surroundings, clever, cold and cruel, with whom revenge is a point of honor. Brains is the dominant note of his Defarge, brains and cruelty. Watching his playing with enthusiastic admiration I could not help but think how great a Robespierre he would make in the Sardou play.

It is a pity that the guillotine scene is turned into broad farce by the gentleman who plays the exquisite Marquis in the Miller Company It is a part that may be made to stand out cameo-like, and on the delicacy of its handling depends much of the effectiveness of the passing of Carton and Mimi. When all is said, however, there is little room for cavilling at either player's presentation of "The Only Way." Having seen Martin Harvey one gains much in pleasure, in profit and in education at the agreeable task of watching Henry Miller.

HEATRICALS

bowered in a grove of umbrella, pepper, orange, lemon, and Adriatic fig trees, while palms and ferns lend their sinuous graces to the *ensemble*. Refreshing waters are brought in a long race from the mountains and are spread over the grounds to nourish the luxuriant vegetation and sustain a fine turf, so essential to landscap beauty in the American eye. Mrs. Grismer is a ferrless horsewoman and thinks nothing of a jaunt along through the hills. Her rifle is her companion on these trips, and has more than one notch for big game that she has brought down.

Miss Kalisher's Concert.

In Emma Nevada's recent tour of the States, she had as a member of her concert company Miss Clara Kalisher. They journeyed together as far as Detroit, singing en-route in the large New England cities. At Detroit Miss Kalisher retired. She was a victim of criticism but not in the way that criticism generally affects vocalists. It seems the critics treated her as the star and devoted the larger part of their space to discussing her voice. This was flattering but unfortunate for the subject. However, after the retirement of Miss Kalisher, Miss Nevada had no cause of complaint. She was the only cricket on the hearth. An opportunity is offered to hear the singer next Thursday evening at Sherman & Clay Hall in a long programme which should afford her a good opportunity to evince her ability. It is a chronological programme, commencing with "Vittoria Vittoria" by Carissimi (1604) to the latest expression of the vocal art. Dr. Stewart assists as accompanist.

Theatrical Notes

The long-expected "Battle of San Juan," in conjunction with Pain's magnificent fireworks, will be given at the Sixteenth and Folsom Street Grounds to-night. Five hundred soldiers, Red Cross nurses and other accessories will participate in the production, and in anticipation of great crowds seats for ten thousand spectators have been provided. With the exception of to-morrow night, the spectacle wil be continued for two weeks, with a change of fire works nightly. Monday will be Labor night, Tuesday, "Ladies" night, when portraits of Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Stanford will be shown; Wednesday, Republican night; Thursday, Olympic Club night; Friday, Children's night and Saturday, Democratic. For the second and last week many novelties are in preparation.

* *

The bill at the Orpheum for next week is entirely new. Howe, Wall and Walters are instrumental comedians. Gertrude Mansfield and Caryl Wilbur appear in a comedy sketch, "A Bird and a Bottle." Westman and Wren present "In Hayin' Time," a rural playlet. Little Frances Kappler is a clever juvenile performer.

* *

At the Grand Opera House next week two of the most successful productions of the company will be revived—"Trilby" and "Children of the Ghetto." These performances close Wilton Lackaye's engagement with the Frawley Company. The following week will be devoted to an elaborate presentation of "Quo Vadis," with Adgie and her lions as a feature.

* *

The California Theatre will be reopened a week from to-night with the Azali Italian Grand Opera Company from Milan, via Jamaica and Centra America. They come with an excellent reputation, and among the forty-five in the company some important vocal discoveries are expected. Their repertoire includes many operas seldom heard.

* *

At the Tivoli next week "Ernani" on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings and "Carmen" on alternate nights. Russo, Ferrari and Effie Stewart have the leading roles in the first, while in "Carmen" Frances Graham and Lia Poletini will alternate in the leading role. Salassa will be the torcador and Barron Berthold will be Don Jose.

* *

At the Alcazar next week the new stock company inaugurates its season in "The Masqueraders." A very good combination has been got together, headed by Dorothy Dorr and Howard Hall, and some interesting performances should be seen.

* *

"A 'Great Obstacle" at the Columbia next week, with Clay Clement and L. R. Stockwell in the leading roles.

WHY A RICH YANKEE DID NOT SETTLE IN CALIFORNIA,

120 pages octavo, cloth, illustrated, price $1.50. Sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price. Inquire at leading Bookstores, or address CUBERY & COMPANY, Publishers, 587 Mission st., S. F. Cal.

CAFE ZINKAND

Go where the crowd goes

Listen to the matchless string band and enjoy the finest wines, beers and supper.

The Cafe Zinkand is society's gathering place after the show is over.

EXCURSION

—TO—

Monterey
Pacific Grove
Del Monte

Sunday September 2

Round Trip Tickets $2.

UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF WM. H. MENTON, EXCURSION PASSENGER AGENT SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

5 HOURS

AT THIS DELIGHTFUL RENDEZVOUS
BATH HOUSE ON BAY SHORE
SWIMMING IN THE SURF
AMPLE TIME TO TAKE THE CELEBRATED EIGHTEEN-MILE DRIVE

Train leaves San Francisco, Third and Townsend Street Depot, 8 A. M. Returning, leaves Pacific Grove, 4:45 P. M.

Residents of Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley should take the 6 A. M. local for San Francisco.

SPECIAL EXCURSION TICKETS

Will be placed on sale at 613—Market St.—613 (Grand Hotel ticket office), August 29, 30, 31, and September 1, and at Third and Townsend and Valencia Street Depots on morning of the excursion.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY CAL

THIS CHARMING RESORT

is wholly distinct and unique: There is no basis of comparison by which its attractions can be measured. None other in the world has such a climate; none is planned on such a vast and elaborate scale, none so absolutely exempt from every annoyance and inconvenience, nor so easily within the reach of those whose refinement of taste enables them to appreciate its charms.

x x x x

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

transplanted to the shores of the "Western Sea."

There is but one Hotel del Monte.

Send for Souvenirs and other information to

W. A. JUNKER, Manager,

Monterey, California

HAVE YOU A PIANO THAT YOU DO NOT USE?

Is the piano in your home a musical instrument, and do you enjoy it as such, or does it remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than an article of furniture.

The Pianola

Is Bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is bringing music into homes where it has long been a stranger.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study and without practice.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keys of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers.

When not in use the Pianola may be easily detached from the piano and moved to another part of the room.

The Pianola can be used in connection with any Grand or Upright piano, and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

Price $250 Upward.

The Pianola can be bought by monthly payments. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.

Kohler & Chase, Sole Agents.

26, 28 and 30 O'FARRELL STREET.

Nothing more refreshing than "Jackson's NAPA SODA Lemonade"

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line

CUTS

Yosemite Engraving Co....
24 Montgomery Street
San Francisco

For Catalogues Books Souvenirs Newspapers Letter-heads Etc.....

DR. CLYDE PAYNE

Has returned from New York and resumed the practice of Dentistry at

135 GEARY ST.

Phone M in 9. Sp ing Val'ey Building

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We buy or sell real estate in any part of the Group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in Hawaiian Islands.

Office 10 W. King St., HONOLULU, H I

The Sign of the Peacock

229 GEARY ST.

Theatre Suppers

Luncheon Ice Cream Breakfast

ORDERS DELIVERED

The Saturday Wave

Is Printed by

THE STANLEY-TAYLOR CO.

424 SANSOME STREET, S. F.

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits $20.00
Pants 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM

THE TAILOR

SAMPLES SENT FREE

1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

New Stories Re-Told.

UNMISTAKABLE HANDWRITING. In a Kansas City Court a deliberate witness named Jones was being pressed by the District Attorney as to the character of the prisoner at the bar, named Smith, both being citizens of Grundy. Jones hedged the questions several times. Finally the District Attorney said: "Now, Mr. Jones, I want you to tell me plainly whether Mr. Smith has the reputation in his neighbourhood of being an honest man." Jones took deliberate aim at a knothole in the floor about ten feet away, struck it with great precision in expectoration, and then slowly answered: "No, sir, he has not. Any man who would look into his face and say that he was an honest man would deny the handwriting of God Almighty Himself."

OGILVIE'S ALARM CLOCK. While stopping in a Denver Hotel, Hon. Lyulph Ogilvie, a cow-puncher of note, asked that he be called at daybreak, it being his habit to rise with the sun. Daybreak is an indefinite term, and several times he had cause to complain of the inattention of the clerk. Next morning, however, the corridors of the hotel resounded with the crowing of a cock. The watchman traced the sound to Ogilvie's door, and entering, saw a huge rooster perched on the rail of the bed. "You see," explained Ogilvie, "you won't attend to my instructions to wake me at dawn, so I have to find means to wake myself. Take him away now, but be sure in future to wake me at daybreak."

KNOWLEDGE AT FIRST HAND.—On one of the British transports going to South Africa was a company of the Duke of Cambridge's Yeomanry—a regiment recruited from among the millionaires of England. These men performed every menial service on board as ordinary soldiers might. In a gale off the Benin coast, one of the officers observed a trooper swabbing the decks, and doing it in good shape. "You seem to have good sea-legs, my man," he remarked in a patronizing way. "I've kept a yacht for the last ten years," was the reply.

WHAT STRUCK HIM MOST. An Irishman who after honorable service in India returned to England and found a place as butler in a country family was telling his experience in a battle—the advance, the gallop, the charge, and how, as one rider fell dead from his saddle, the death-grip of his fingers on his pistol discharged it and killed his own horse. "What struck you most forcibly when all was over and you looked back to it?" asked a friend. "Ah," said the old servant reflectively, "I think, sir, that what struck me most forcible, sir, was the bullets that missed me!"

HAD TO SING BASS.—A Dorset clergyman, returning home late on a cold, wet windy night, found one of his parishioners shivering under a railway bridge. Wondering what the man could be doing standing on a cold, wet night in the most draughty place imaginable, the clergyman asked him what he did there, and the reply was, "Please, sir, I be going to sing bass next Sunday in the anthem, and I be trying to catch a hooze" (wheeze).

HIS FORM OF PUNISHMENT.—The Queen of Italy had taken to wearing glasses when reading, and the King did not like to see them. "Margherita, put down those glasses," he said, but was not obeyed. Then he threatened, "Margherita, if you don't take off those glasses I will sing." And the Queen has had such a dread of his Majesty's false notes that she obeyed at once to save herself from that torment."

LORD ROBERTS REPLIED.—An orderly in South Africa who happened not to know the Commander-in-Chief, for whom he was bearing a dispatch, asked another orderly in a loud voice "Where's Bobs?" In reply the cheery voice of Lord Roberts answered: "Here I am, my lad. What can I do for you?"

Palace Hotel

The tourist, pleasure-seeker, and the business man, will find the location of the Palace particularly desirable being in close proximity to places of amusement, wholesale and shopping districts, and with the further advantage of having street-cars to all parts of the city pass the entrance.

Operated in conjunction with the Palace is the Grand Hotel to which it is joined by a covered passageway placing under one management, 1400 rooms, 900 of which have baths attached.

Famous FOR ITS Purity

SEATTLE, U. S. A.

THE

White Pass and Yukon Route

Through Freight and Passenger Service to

Dawson, Atlin, White Horse AND OTHER POINTS.

All Rail From Skaguay, Alaska, to White Horse, Y. T.

Beginning August 1, both passenger and freight trains will be operated, Skaguay to White Horse, a distance of 112 miles. At White Horse, the ten fine river steamers of the

Canadian Development Company,

Connect directly with the railway train and afford DAILY service to Dawson and all other Yukon River points. Through connections are made at BENNETT and CARIBOU with the

Irving Navigation Company's Lake Steamers

For ATLIN, TAKU, and GOLDEN GATE MINING CAMPS.

This system now affords best of facilities for handling perishable freight.

A SCENIC AND PLEASURE TRIP TO NOME.

FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO

S. M. IRWIN
TRAFFIC MANAGER
Skaguay, Alaska, and Seattle, Wash.

[Phone Main 574]

M. P. BRASCH
COMMERCIAL AGENT
536 Market Street, S. F.

WHEN LEAVING THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE

First National Bank

N. W Corner Bush and Sansome Sts.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY

REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE

Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

This brand of Wine is served at all first-class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office, 416 Pine St. A. REPSOLD & CO.

From Admiral George Dewey:

Mr. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1071½ Market street, San Francisco—Dear Sir: I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent at Manila; also, the new ones suit my eyes perfectly. Very truly yours,

GEORGE DEWEY

A GRADUATE

George Mayerle

German Expert Optician

Consultation, Examination and advice free.

OPTICIAN HONORED

1071½ Market St.

near Seventh

Telephone Mint 257

German Eye Wate 50 cents.

From General Wm. R. Shafter:

Mr. George Mayerle, San Francisco—Dear Sir: The glasses made by you received yesterday. I have never been better fitted than with this pair.

Very truly yours,

WM. R. SHAFTER,
Major-General, U. S. V

THE SATURDAY WAVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AND JOURNAL OF EVENTS CURRENT

STATE LIBRARY
This Paper not to be taken from the Library

Views in Canton and Shanghai
The Modern Hotel — by Ralph Francis
Uncle Sam's New Battleship
"Who was Brown" — by George Vincent
A Religious Festival in Japan

Paco Cemetery in Manila — Wilford W. Wells
Political Issues Cartooned
Extraordinary Verdicts — by George A. Browne
In the Track of the Trade Wind
A Harvest Festival at Newport — by Robert Johnston

Legation Life in PeKing

THE treaty which closed the French and English war in 1860 first granted to the Powers the right to maintain their embassies in the Chinese capital. In the early days, before the building of the railroad from Tientsin to Pekin, the line of travel was up the river to Tungchow, and thence into the capital through the eastern one of the southern gates of the city. Entering Pekin through this gate, the Forbidden City with its imperial palaces lay to the west, and it was but natural that the first Envoys should turn up the first street leading toward the palaces. It so happened that this street had been for centuries the quarter in which lodged the Envoys from the tribute-paying neighbors of the Chinese Empire, Coreans, Mongols, Tibetans and Indo-Chinese, and the street which is known among the foreigners as Legation street is called by the Chinese the Street of Tributary Nations. The fact that the foreigners established themselves in this quarter has in a large measure influenced the Chinese in their treatment of them, and while a mistake was made in this respect, still the early Ambassadors chose wisely in selecting for their residences the handsomest of the then unoccupied palaces belonging to the Crown.

The English selected a large palace which lay along the west side of a canal that drains the lakes within the Forbidden City and lies just north of Legation street. The quaintness and Oriental magnificence of these ducal palaces have been largely preserved by the legations that have occupied them. The massive entrances stand unchanged; the open pavilions with their lacquered pillars and rich carvings are used as ball rooms. The courts and arbors and walks, with their rookeries and terraces still stand; but the details of the dwelling houses have been changed to suit the requirements of modern comfort, and there is little comparison between the severely simple furnishings of the former Chinese occupants and the luxuriously furnished salons of the modern Ambassadors. Glass windows and tight doors have replaced the old Chinese fretwork and paper windows, while chimneys have been built in every available corner. The winters in Pekin are cold, and where the Chinese find comfort in wearing additional suits of clothes, the white man insists on his fires to keep warm and the many chimneys built in these old palaces have so disturbed the spirits of their former occupants that they have caused more discussion than affairs of State.

Advantage of Thick Walls.

The heavy walls which surround these legations have proved effective means of defence, while the Chinese method of building houses up against one another and their numerous alleys and courts and narrow passages and their many back gates offer facilities for communication that can be found in no other city in the world. The British legation, in which a small band of marines has been able to defy Chinese mobs numbering tens of thousands, is adjoined on both the north and south by the compounds of friendly Chinese. At the northwest corner were the Imperial carriage yards; on the west were still other inclosures of friendly Chinese, while the stable gates at the southwest corner of the legation opened into a large Chinese market. The walls around the legation, almost three feet thick, have been cut through into the compounds of the unfriendly Chinese and through them, and from the Chinese market it was an easy matter to smuggle supplies and provisions, and also to spy on the besieging mobs around them. These legations are, in fact, little cities within themselves. The English legation has on its premises no less than eight or ten different walls and covers an area of about six acres. There are separate establishments for the minister and for the first and second secretaries of legation, extensive quarters and barracks for consular students and military escorts, private stables for the minister and general stables for others of the legation, a doctor's house and a hospital, a parsonage and a chapel, a school and homes for teachers, beside extensive quarters for servants.

The other legations, except the American, are maintained on the same general plan, though none of them on so elaborate a scale as that maintained by the English. The American legation occupies the most humble quarters of any foreign mission. On the south side of Legation street, just beyond the old marble bridge that crosses the canal, it lies in the shadow of the great wall of the Tartar city. The Chinese can not understand and have never ceased to wonder and speculate on how one who lives so simply as the American minister can expect such consideration and respect from the representatives of the other powers who maintain court with oriental splendor in the magnificent old palaces of the Manchu Princes.

Life in Peking.

Some have complained that life in Peking was almost exile. For many years it was comparatively quiet. The Ministers had little to do looking after the interests of their governments and there were few complaints from their citizens engaged in trade throughout the Empire. The delightful summers were spent in the old temples on the famous western hills overlooking the plains surrounding Peking. Excursions and side trips to the great wall, the Ming tombs, the summer palace, the beautiful deer park, or the royal potteries, where the beautiful yellow, green and blue porcelains which adorn the Imperial palaces are made under the direction of a descendant of the original inventor, furnished about all the excitement that was to be found. In the winter time the succession of State dinners and legation balls was varied with ice carnivals held in the skating rinks, which were made by flooding the tennis courts in the legation grounds and housing them over with sheds of bamboo matting.

Ever since the outbreak of the Japanese war the moving armies of Chinese soldiers from provinces where foreigners were unknown began to make it dangerous to wander about the city as the legation people had formerly done. There have been secret treaties, waves of reform and great reactions, riots, beheadings, hurried flights, rumors of uprisings, abdications, the coming and going of legation guards, and now, at last, the deluge.

Standing Room Only on Earth

WHILE man is looking forward apprehensively to the time when his supplies of coal will be exhausted, he appears to give no thought to a much more serious and imminent source of anxiety in the fact that long before our coal deposits are exhausted the world will literally be "full up," and will be no longer able to support new lives.

The first contingency which, to most people, perhaps, seems as remote as the millennium or the Greek Kalends, is really no more distant from us than the days of James I., an interval which three healthy lives would easily bridge, and, beyond that, happily at a distance of a thousand years, looms the day when it will be necessary to affix to the earth the ominous notice, "standing room only."

Crowded Countries.

This is assuming that the population only maintains present rate of growth, an assumption which errs, if at all, on the side of moderation, but before either contingency happens there is ample room for a very large increase in population. It is commonly and wrongly stated that Belgium is the most crowded country in the world. It is true that each square mile of Belgium accommodates an average population of 580, allowing only a little more than one and one-tenth acres to each inhabitant; but on each square mile of England are crowded no fewer than 600 people, so that England will very shortly reach the stage of "one man, one acre."

Italy ranks high among crowded countries, with a population of 281 to each square mile, or, roughly, one to every two and one-quarter acres. Germany has nearly two and three-fifths acres for each inhabitant, and Austria-Hungary an acre less. Spain has only ninety-one of her population for each square mile, and European-Russia fifty one.

Room in Asiatic Russia.

In Asiatic Russia there is ample elbow room, for each inhabitant has a comfortable estate of nearly 180 acres, or, at least, he ought to have if the land were equitably divided. In spite of its "teeming millions" China, on the basis of our own population, has room for at least 600,000,000 more people, for each square mile only has an average population of 200; and India, with 170 to the square mile, is still less crowded.

It is interesting, however, to note that Bombay is the most crowded city in the world, for within its limits no fewer than 700 persons are crowded on each acre.

But there are continents into which almost countless millions can be poured without any danger of overcrowding. The whole continent of Africa has only an average population of 14.5 to each square mile, so that to each African we might add forty-three new inhabitants without reaching a population as dense as our own.

Africa's Vacant Areas.

Cape Colony has a square mile for every 5.8 persons, Natal for 30, the Transvaal for 6.3, and the Orange River Colony has a square mile for every 4.3 inhabitants. Thus, on the basis of an English population, the Transvaal has ample room for 39,000,000 new colonists, and the Orange River Colony can equally find room for nearly 16,000,000. Into South Africa alone could thus be poured a new population at least twice as great as that of the United Kingdom without any in convenient crowding.

In the Dominion of Canada there is four times as much room as in the Transvaal even; for Canada can allot nearly two square miles to every three inhabitants. In Australia, which has a population of 1.5 to every square mile, there is slightly more room than in Canada.

But, unfortunately, there is a limit to the supporting capacity of the earth, and, according to scientists, this limit will be reached when the earth's population is 6,000,000,000, or four times as much as its present estimated number. As the earth doubles her children every 140 years, it is easily to calculate that in 280 years, or in the year 2180, there will positively be no room for more, and unless by that time there are facilities for emigrating to other planets some serious steps will have to be taken to restrict the growth of our numbers.

Just Standing Room.

If by any chance it should be possible to surmount the difficulty of support, and if the population continues to increase at present rates, a more difficult problem still will have to be faced a thousand years or so later, in the year 3160. For by that year—which, happily, none of us may see—the earth's brood will have grown to such proportions that every square yard of solid ground will have its population of three persons, each inhabitant of the earth being thus strictly limited to three square feet of land for all purposes of support and domicile. And here we may leave the problem, confessing our impotence to cope with it and selfishly congratulating ourselves that for our time at least the earth will furnish ample elbow room.

The Battleship "Alabama"

THE successful trial trip of the battleship *Alabama* has drawn the attention of the world to this remarkable fighting machine which differs in style from her predecessors, the *Kearsage* and *Kentucky*, and more particularly from the *Oregon* and *Iowa* types. The *Alabama* is the first of a type which seems likely to become permanent. This type has been reached by a process of selection and embodies the experience of our own and other warship builders the world over. The later ships of the *Maine* and *New Jersey* classes are simply improved *Alabamas*, incorporating as they do the later ideas as to speed, armor, and batteries, with such increase in displacement as is rendered necessary.

The *Alabama* was launched in 1898 and is of the same displacement, coal capacity and contract speed as the *Kearsage*, but there the likeness ceases. In the first place a lofty spar deck with a freeboard of about 20 feet as in the *Iowa* extends from the bow for two-thirds of the length, and above this is carried the forward pair of 13-inch guns at an elevation of about 24 feet above the water. This deck not only improves the sea-going qualities, but it also affords splendid berthing accommodations for the crew. The 8-inch gun has disappeared altogether and the intermediate battery is made up of fourteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns, with the result that the total energy of gun-fire per minute is greatly increased though the destructiveness of the 6-inch shell is far less than that of the 8-inch. The 6-inch rapid-fire battery is distributed on two decks. Eight of these guns are carried on the main deck within a central citadel protected with 6 inches of steel, two are mounted forward in 6-inch casemates, one on each bow, and two amidships in casemates on each beam on the spar deck. The after pair of 13-inch guns is carried on the main deck. The armor is 16½ inches on the belt, 5½ or 6 inches on the sides above the belt, 14 inches on the turrets and 15 inches on the barbettes. The contract speed is 16 knots and reached 17 knots on the official trial.

Following the *Alabama* is the *Maine* type. The original plans called for a 16-knot ship, but were changed to admit of her making the more modern speed of 18 knots. Twenty feet were added to the length, and 1,000 tons to the displacement. This enlargement, together with the reduction in thickness of the armor, due to its higher resisting qualities, and the saving in weight due to the substitution of the 12-inch for the 13-inch gun, enabled the coal capacity to be increased and a more liberal amount of stores to be carried. The bunker capacity is 2,000 tons, and two additional 6-inch guns appear in the intermediate battery, making 16 of this type in all.

On her trial trip the *Alabama* made a speed of 17 knots over the official course of 33 nautical miles. Her sister battleships, the *Texas*, *Massachusetts*, *Indiana*, *Kentucky* and *Kearsage* were used as stake-boats. She developed 11,500 horse-power and the maximum revolutions of her engines was 118. Though she is called the "Queen of the American Navy" by her builders, it must be admitted she has hardly equaled the *Iowa's* speed, 17.04 knots over the same distance.

The facts as to the *Alabama* are as follows: Displacement, 11,521 tons; speed, 17 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,600 tons; armor: belt, 9½ to 16½ inches; deck, 2¾ inches; barbettes, 15 inches; turrets, 14 inches; torpedo tubes, 4. Complement 489.

In the Foreign Settlement, Shanghai.
Pagoda Tower at Canton.

House Boats on Pearl River.

The Foreign Legations at Canton.
Street Scene in Canton.

DISTURBED CHINA.

Who Was Brown

By George Vincent

IT was a number of years ago when we, as newspaper people became acquainted with Brown. His nationality was a mystery to us. He might have been Polish, Hungarian, anything. It was only his pronunciation of the letter "w" which gave him away, for you never could "catch on" as to whether he called himself "Brown," "Bown," or "Boun." His English was fluent, that is, conversationally, but faulty, or meagre when he tried to write it. He was attached to a paper in good repute, and did the police business; that is to say, gleaned the facts and somebody else worked them up into correct English for him. He really showed much ability in discovering things. Nobody was especially fond of Brown, though when he had money he was lavish with it. As a story teller he showed considerable talent, but his tongue was only loosed when he had taken a drop too much. Then certain sinister traits were effaced and he was pleasant enough.

That Brown had traveled a great deal was certain, for we would come to him for the name of a street or a locality, if it were wanted in any European city, and he would give it correctly. He spoke many languages, though wanting in general education. He made it a point to tell us that he had been once attached to a great London journal, which we may call *The Thumper*—for so he designated it. We all tried to size Brown, and were unsuccessful. There was little Jo Pettit, a plucky chap, who was one of the early comers from Chicago, who wanted to make his mark in New York journalism, and Pettit, who did not like Brown, swore he was a Russian spy—and offered to prove it. Pettit did not belong to our particular set, and so we did not know what was the exact sequel, only this, that Pettit went back to Chicago with several of his front teeth knocked out, and Brown wore a black eye for some time. Supposably the two had had a row, and Pettit, who was undersized, got rather the worst of it.

The way Brown was induced to tell the following story was because there had been a murder, and the clue to it hung on the discovery of who it was who had driven a fish peddler's truck in an out-of-the-way part of New York, and Brown's assignment, so it seemed, had been to work up the case. Brown had found out nothing at all, and was not in a good temper. The night was a severe one, in mid-Winter, snowing hard, and Brown had come into our little clubroom (back of an eating house) covered with sleet. We proffered him several glasses of hot Scotch, and Brown soon "thawed out."

We referred incidentally to the case of the fish peddler's wagon, and the possibility of finding it.

"You never will find it," said Brown. "You Americans are stuck up with your detective ideas worse than the English, and Vinegar Yard can give you points. By this time that peddler's cart has vanished off the face of the earth. An incriminating letter or a suspected cart can both be burnt, and in the latter case, the horse walks off or is spirited away. Now, let me tell you a little experience of mine.

"When I was attached to *The Thumper* I was on duty at Munich. Our people had a swell representative chap there, who had to follow up the pranks of that lunatic, King Ludwig. Years before I had insisted that the King was mad enough to be locked up. I was sent to Munich to help out our man, who was an idiot, and an idiot who put on airs.

"Munich is a dull hole, and though I could drink beer with any Bavarian, I soon tired of it. Then I was not accustomed to be ordered about by such an ass as was the *Thumper's* man. One day, when I brought him some important information about the King, he was inclined to doubt the truth of my story, so I turned on him quickly, told him he was a dunce, in as many languages as I could conveniently command, and I sent in my resignation to the *Thumper*.

"It was a foolish thing, perhaps, for me to have done, for in my pocket I had not more than a dollar and a half, or its equivalent in American money. There was no more money coming to me, for I had been paid in advance. I might have asked the *Thumper* man for money enough to get me back to London, but I was above that kind of thing.

"You can live cheaply enough on bread and beer in Munich, and I was not fastidious as to my lodgings. Ten cents a day would carry me on for two weeks, and on that I had to exist. My clothes, however, were getting shabby, and my shoes were broken. Pretty soon I felt the last few coppers in my breeches' pocket. There were exactly five of them. But as you say here, 'I had been there before,' so I was not afraid. I was only terribly eager, wan-eyed, and hungry, and let me tell you that there is nothing like a hungry hound to catch a hare.

"You don't know where the Englisher Garten is in Munich? It's only English by name. It lies near the river. It used to be a fairish kind of a park. Now, not far from the park, on one of the cross streets, I had found a baker who sold stale bread cheap, and I could get more bread for a penny there than elsewhere. With my five cents I had to diminish my rations; there could be no more beer, but water. I might get along for two days more, but after that—what?

"It was about dusk. I was skirting the park, when I saw a hack coming slowly toward me. You know that in our special business you must take in everything at a glance. The hack was a shabby one, with only one lamp flickering, and the other out. It was too dark, or the evening too thick, for me to make out a number. It was a dilapidated vehicle. What struck me with surprise were the horses. They were little, active Polish horses, and showed sleek sides and grooming, though the harness was patched up, good for nothing, and did not fit the team. Just as sure as could be, the man who held the reins knew nothing at all about driving. He had, too, a scared look. He wore a stiff coachman's hat, which was a size too small for him, so that he kept mashing his hat down over his forehead.

"All that might have passed before my eyes without making much of an impression on me. The curtains were down on the side and front of the hack, when I noticed a hand come out from the front, nudge the driver in the back, and a voice cried out in good—well, no matter what was the language—the voice said: 'You fool! Hurry up, or we can't manage it. Whip up your horses.' Then the driver clutched at his whip, and took it with his left hand. Fancy, with his left hand! Then I was positive that the coachman was in a business quite foreign to him. Naturally, with his left hand he could not give the horses any kind of a blow, and more than that, the lash of his whip got tangled in the traces of the off horse.

"'Ah,' said I, 'this is indeed a funny business. Let us see what will follow.' Then the driver screamed at his horses, and one of them, becoming restive at what was probably a strange voice, wanted to bolt, while the other would not budge. If not for that, the hack would have passed me in an instant.

"I have quick ears, and I caught what sounded like a scuffle in the vehicle. Then the driver, by dint of tugging, unloosed his whip and plied the horses with the lash, and an arm—a man's arm—was thrust out of the window nearest to me, and something was dropped. Then the horses with a dash sprang along with full speed, ventre a terre, and in another second the whole concern had whirled out of sight.

I Opened the Wallet.

"I saw either a policeman or one of the custodians of the park, coming leisurely along, but he was so far away that he could never have noticed anything. Presently he took the other side of the walk and disappeared. What had been dropped out of the hack? I had no difficulty in finding it. It was a pocketbook—what you would call a wallet—lying in the mud of the roadbed. I used no precautions in picking it up, for I was positive that no one had taken in the incident. I slipped the muddy wallet in my pocket. Whatever it might contain I would find out later.

"You understand the nature of my finances. I was hungry but I did not hunt up the baker. I made up my mind that I would extend my walk indefinitely for all that night. I wandered up and down Munich, and a sorry time I had of it, for it rained hard, and kept raining until sunrise. In the early dawn I was in one of the suburbs of Munich, towards Marsfield. I had fingered the wallet from the outside, and I felt something outside of it which I took to be of metal. I pondered over the reason for the struggle in the hack, and for the wallet's having been thrown out of the window. Had murder been committed, somebody assassinated for money? Was it an attempted abduction, the end being robbery? Then the victim had thwarted the thieves, for they had not secured his money. It could not have been a woman, or she would have squealed—women always squeal under such circumstances—and it was a man who had dropped the wallet.

"I reached a little clump of woods just about dawn, and nobody being in sight, I opened the wallet. It was a fairly new wallet of black morocco, and had outside a gilt Count's coronet. The coronet had some of its gold rubbed off, as if the wallet had been in use for a certain time. As to the contents, I knew there must be money there. I was not in the least startled when I pulled out a sheaf of French banknotes. Here were twenty-seven notes of 500f. each, with six one-hundred franc ones. There were other notes, Bavarian, Prussian, wnd a wad of Russian ones. The clue to the owner, save an ordinary Count's coronet, was entirely wanting. There was no shred or loose paper, memoranda, letters, or visiting cards in the wallet. All that I could find out was this: The French notes were secured by a slip of ordinary tissue paper, such as bankers use when they make a bundle of notes, and on that slip was written in lead pencil in a foreign language what I am certain were what you call in English I O U's, as, for instance, 'Count X owes me 7,800f.' There was no date. There were several of there scribblings, with amounts indicated.

"I made up my mind that these were gambling accounts. I summed up about what was the total amount in the wallet. It figured up in all what would be about $7,000 in American money.

"Now, what was I to do? Wait for what was to turn up? There would be a mysterious disappearance, but as the whole business had just happened there could be nothing about it in the Munich papers on that day. Seven thousand dollars! That was a fair amount of money for a man with five cents. It seemed ludicrous with these thousands within my grasp that I had not money enough to buy a newspaper.

"I made up my mind at once that it would be risky for me to keep the wallet and its entire contents. I took out four bills of 100f. each, put them in my shoe, and buried the wallet with the rest of the bills, having wrapped it all up in my handkerchief, which handkerchief had nothing on it in the way of an initial letter. As the ground was damp, where the exact place was soon became undiscoverable. I raked old leaves over the spot, and then sat down on the place.

"I went back to Munich determined to see what would turn up. If there was a mystery, I had the key of the situation. I was afraid, however, to change my hundred-franc bills, at least in Munich. Two days passed and there was nothing in the papers. Then I was nearly starving. By great luck I met an Englishman, who was an artist, and I borrowed from him a small sum, about sufficient to keep me for a week, say $2. I bought at once a sheet of paper, envelope, and a stamp, and inclosed the four hundred-franc notes to a trusted friend, who was in London on *The Thumper*. I begged him to get me letters of credit, one for 200f. on Munich and one for 200f. on Paris, and to reply by the return mail. It would probably take a week before I could get an answer.

"I spent every morning in one of those reading-rooms in Munich where you can find the papers. There never was a syllable about the occurrence. On the sixth day, when I had but a few pennies left, came the much desired letter, addressed "poste restante." If the police were working quietly on the case and watching the post office, at least they

Continuea on Page 15.

In the Track of the Trade Wind.

The Russian Tea Trade.

NEXT to the English, the Russians are the greatest tea drinkers in the world. English tea now comes chiefly from Ceylon and India, while the samovars of Russia are filled exclusively with Chinese leaves. This, with the exception of a small amount from Fu Chow, comes entirely from Hankow, a treaty port 600 miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang. The Russian tea industry there is in the hands of four leading firms, three of which make brick tea, and another smaller concern, whose efforts are spent in the leaf tea industry exclusively. The best tea that reaches Hankow is bought by the Russians at any price. During the season large crowds of farmers and laborers crowd into Hankow, and the city presents a lively scene, while the leaves are packed or pressed into bricks and transferred to the large ocean steamships, which have come up the river expressly to carry their savory cargo back to Russia. The brick tea and the choice grades of leaves are shipped either by boat or land to Tien-tsin and Tung Chow, there to be loaded on camels for their overland journey to Mongolia, Siberia and Russia. Some is also shipped directly north through Shansi to Kiakhta, since the finest tea is said to lose flavor during an ocean voyage.

The camel caravans which transport the tea overland form a weird sight to a stranger. During the summer, owing to the excessive heat, they travel by night and rest during the day. Caravans of a thousand people and camels are no unusual sight. They travel in sets of four camels to a set, with a driver for each of these. The last camel has a bell attached to him, and this enables the next set following to keep in line.

The tea is rolled and dried where it is grown, but most of that shipped to Russia is in the form of bricks, which require heavy and expensive machinery for their manufacture. The largest brick tea factory in the world is located at Hankow. Its owners live in Warsaw, and are fabulously wealthy. They manufacture only when orders are on hand, but nevertheless they are kept running nearly all the year around.

Brick tea is made in two forms. The finer quality is pressed into small flat cakes with ridges for breaking, and is of about the same shape as our cakes of chocolate. This is neatly wrapped in tin foil and sold in Russia and to a small extent in Germany. The cheaper bricks of tea are made into bricks weighing from one to one and one-fourth pinculs (133-166 pounds). These usually consist of three layers with the poorest quality in the center. One cake is the average load for a man and two for a camel. These large bricks are sold exclusively in Mongolia and Russian Turkestan, where they pass as a sort of currency and form a staple article of food when mixed with other ingredients into a thick soup.

Development of the Oriental Trade.

THE trade of the United States across the Pacific is growing at a wonderful rate and holds out most flattering prospects for the future. The sugar producers of the Hawaiian Islands look to us to-day for all they consume, except sugar. They even buy their vegetables on the Pacific coast. A large part of the cotton produced in the Southern states finds a market around the Gulf of Pechili and in other parts of China. Lately we have been furnishing ties for the railroads of Asia. Canned goods from our packing-houses are going to China and Japan in large quantities, and the wheat growers of the Middle West will soon have a market in the Orient.

At present we sell twice as much to Hong Kong as we did ten years ago. Our total exports to China, apart from Hong Kong, have risen from $2,791,128 in 1889 to $14,493,440 in 1899. Seventy-five per cent of our exports to Hong Kong are farm products. Last year we shipped to that port over $4,000,000 worth of wheat flour, $46,830 worth of canned fruit, $20,841 worth of beans and peas, $9,026 worth of green or ripe apples, $8,464 worth of canned vegetables, $3,398 worth of potatoes and $6,503 worth of butter.

Our most important article of export to the Orient is raw cotton. Most of it goes to Japan where it is converted into cotton cloth, but in China we are competing with Japan in the sale of manufactured cotton goods of which we sold ten millions of dollars worth last year. We sent about 1,200,000 barrels of wheat flour to China, Hong Kong and Japan in 1899. The bulk of it went to Hong Kong—a great entrepot through which American goods of various kinds are distributed over a large part of China and the archipelagoes of the Southern Pacific. Next after raw cotton, our most important export to the Orient is kerosene oil, of which we shipped to that part of the world last year about 74,000,000 gallons. Now the Chinese have begun to take to American condensed milk of which $50,000 worth was shipped in 1899. The Chinese have taken to it with avidity, eating it as a sweetmeat, and regarding it as a great delicacy. For our eggs and butter, too, a market is springing up in those parts, and it seems to offer attractive possibilities. Next in line is butter with which experiments are now being made. Eggs are also in line and it is not impossible that in the future when refrigerating steamers ply between Pacific and Oriental ports that we may be supplying the foreign residents of China and Japan with their meats and vegetables as well as butter and eggs.

Growth of the Flower Trade.

THE growth of the flower trade in the United States during the last decade has been enormous. There are now 9,000 commercial florists' establishments in the country. These florists use 22,500,000 square feet of glass. New York State alone has 1,200 florists' establishments, which use 4,500,000 square feet of glass. Illinois has 800 establishments, with 4,250,000 square feet of glass. The estimated value of all the establishments in the United States is $11,250,000, and of their total annual output, $27,500,000. The greatest enemy of the Eastern florist is the hailstone. There is now a Florists' Hail Association, which has insurance on over thirteen million feet of glass, and it had to pay last year losses on 70,000 feet destroyed by tempestuous weather. An estimate of the value of cut flowers disposed of gives the following figures: Roses, $9,000,000; carnations, $4,000,000; violets, $750,000; chrysanthemums, $500,000; and miscellaneous, $1,250,000. The estimated number of roses annually sold is 100,000,000; carnations, 100,000,000; violets, 75,000,000; total, 275,000,000. The capital invested in carnations alone at the present day is $2,000,000. The total annual sales of cut flowers in New York City is $3,000,000, and of plants, $1,500,000.

Apropos of the plaint of the public that exorbitant prices are exacted for flowers in the holiday season, it is pointed out that the effort to produce roses and carnations in quantity for the holiday season is costly. Often a whole crop is sacrificed in order that the trees and shrubs may bear in quantity for Christmas week. If it were not for this, but half the quantity would be available. The fact is, however, that the exorbitant prices are only obtained for the few flowers which are called exhibition flowers. If the grower depended for his income upon this class of his product, there would not be a commercial foot of glass in existence for the growth of cut flowers. It is to the vast volume of second, third and fourth class flowers, and that demand which comes from the middle as well as the poorer class of people, who never pay high prices for them, that the grower, and in large measure the florist, depends for his success.

A Mercantile Invasion of England.

THE mercantile invasion of England by Americans keeps on at a great pace. Our type of electric traction is being introduced to the British. Mr. Cooper, of Seigel-Cooper & Co., has gone to London to start a big department store on the American principle. He declares the English, called by Napoleon a nation of shop keepers, are not up to date. Now, it has transpired that we supplied shirt waists to H. B. M's. subjects this season to the extent of many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The season, which was unprecedentedly hot, created a demand for cool garments, and the demand exceeded the supply. Indeed, the shirt waist absolutely dominated the market to a degree unprecedented in history. It seems, too, that the American suspender has invaded the homes of England. A certain American manufacturer, finding several years ago he could no longer compete in common cottons at his New England mill with the cheap labor of North Carolina, sold his old machinery to a company then building a Southern mill and studied the process of suspender manufacture in England and on the Continent. Now he boasts that while the British manufacturer has only about eighteen styles, he manufactured about one hundred and fifty-eight styles his first season, and claims his suspenders were better and cheaper, for he had adopted all the good processes, rejecting those he thought merely traditional, and had put in labor-saving machinery.

Monopolies in Panama.

THE government of Panama derives the greater part of its revenues from the sale to private parties of exclusive rights to carry on certain kinds of business. The particular articles which are thus monopolized are necessaries for which there is a large demand. The most desirable commodities and privileges thus leased out are tobacco, cigarettes, salt, matches, ice, opium, beef and gambling.

The concessions for articles of a decided mercantile value cover the right of importing, buying in the department, and selling the article, to the exclusion of all competitors. These concessions are placed for sale every year by the government and go to the highest bidder, generally for a period of one year. For 1900, the tobacco concession sold for $55,000 (about $26,400 gold) and was divided into two divisions. The concession for cigarettes was sold for $30,000 ($13,200 gold) to one party and the concession for tobacco, cigars, etc., was sold for $25,000 ($11,000 gold). The gambling concession was also divided into two parts. The lottery, which consists of prizes and drawings for which tickets are sold, brings the government something like $42,000 ($18,500 gold) per annum; while the right to carry on gambling games, consisting of roulette tables, dice tables, slot machines, wheels of fortune, and other devices of this character, was bought for $69,000 ($30,400 gold). Thus, the gambling right alone for the department brings the government annually over $100,000 ($44,000 gold). It can readily be seen how desirable these monopolies are, if they can be secured for anything like a reasonable price.

The Chicago Strike Dying Out.

IN Chicago the strike in the building trades is dying out. The men, weary and destitute from six long months of idleness, are deserting their unions and going back to work as individuals under the contractors' rules. Building operations are being resumed in every part of the windy city. Workmen in most of the trades seem to be plentiful, and there is no delay in work or haggling over trifling points. So long as the men are granted the wages and hours which were in force before the trouble started, and concerning which there has never at any time been any question, they seem satisfied. They work with a will, and do not appear to be troubled as to the amount of labor they shall do in a day, or the other points which have stood in the way of a formal settlement.

The contractors are as determined as the labor leaders not to settle except on the terms outlined by themselves, and will not employ a workman who is a member of a union affiliated with the Building Trades Council. They insist that the man shall sign his resignation to his union in duplicate before he is given work. The resignation in the original is sent to the union. In this way the strength of many of the organizations is being sapped to such an extent that in a short time they may exist in name only. The bricklayers were the first to give way, and the carpenters followed. The Hoisting Engineers Union have withdrawn from the Building Trades Council and are at work. The Brotherhood of Electrical Mechanics is arranging its differences with the contractors and it seems now that the war will be over within a few weeks at the outside.

Commerce in the Philippines.

FROM the War Department's summary of the commerce of the Philippines it seems American goods are not in good demand there. The summary issued covers the period for the seven months ending January 31, 1900. The total value of merchandise imported during this term was $12,670,436, and the duty collected was a little less than two and one-half millions. These are large sums, but of the amounts Europe is responsible for $5,270,000, North America only $888,000, Asia $7,591,000, and Australia $507,000. In this matter of imports China leads; the United Kingdom ranks second, Spain third, British East Indies fourth and the United States fifth. In the matter of exports during the above named period, China again leads with $2,335,414 worth, the United States second with $2,150,630 worth, Japan third and Spain fourth. The impression prevails in Manila that Americans are slow in taking advantage of their opportunities. The canned fruit sold is from Australia; the army is eating Australia butter and beef. We raise more cotton than any other land, but the cotton goods used in Manila come from England and Germany. We have the chief iron mines and the best hardware, but Germany and England are supplying the Philippines. California is nearer Manila than either Spain or France, but the wines consumed are from the latter countries. Machinery, paper and silks come from France, furniture of the bentwood variety from Austria and glass and glassware, as well as iron, paper and cement, from Belgium.

However, the Manila customs house is managed on the Spanish system and the duties exacted by Spain are still in force. Tariff is determined chiefly by weight, quality and quantity, making but little difference. A pound of canned tomatoes, selling for ten cents in gold, and a pound of potted chicken, worth fifty cents, pay the same tariff. Furniture pays its way by the pound, and so do silks, velvets and wrapping papers. It is the same with carpets and cottons, with hemp, marble and drugs, and, in fact, with almost every importation.

DUELS IN ITALY.—During the past year 2,400 duels were fought by Italian officers, and 480 officers were killed. This shows that the Italian officers are not afraid of each other; when they have to fight Abyssinians it is different. It shows, also, that one duel in every five was fatal, which is far above the average of French duels.

is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash. Entered at the Post Office as second class matter. Subscription: Per year, $2.00; six months, $1.25; three months, 75 cents. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

San Francisco—September 8, 1900—Seattle

On Investing Small Sums of Money.

A YOUNG woman, making her living at dressmaking, fell heir to $2000. Not being accustomed to handling "large sums of money" the young person in question wrote the *Examiner* editor, whose experience is large in this direction, asking his advice as to how to invest her "fortune." Editorially, and with that elusive sagacity which advises investment in a specific thing and then warns the inquirer against the very investment it suggests, the *Examiner* says "Loan your money on a mortgage in your own town" but it adds "sometimes property depreciates in value so rapidly it is not worth the amount of the mortgage. If you can get 5 per cent for your money in a first-class bank, of unimpeachable standing it would probably be a better investment than the mortgage." But then for fear the "dressmaker" might take its advice, it adds, in the next paragraph, out of abundance of caution: "We would be inclined to doubt the ability of any savings bank to honestly pay more than 4 per cent." But the editorial financier then begins again in a more hopeful strain and says "commercial banks that are permitted to enter into speculative investments * * can pay a higher rate of interest to stockholders." Then he recommends stock in commercial banks? No, indeed; for not to be caught with definite views this financial sage kicks the props from under the commercial bank investment by adding "also they sometimes go into insolvency."

The "Santa Cruz dressmaker" at this stage of the editorial has undergone six stages of "hope" each followed by the collapse of despair If she be an intelligent "dressmaker" she must, at this point, find herself and her two thousand dollars in a hopeless muddle and feel strongly inclined to throw the wretched stuff out of the window. The writer had a friend who was sick unto death with a troublesome liver. The sick man had heard a great deal of Byron Springs and the curative powers of its waters. There are a full dozen springs at Byron of different qualities and kinds and the man with the liver sought advice from his doctor on the subject. "Are you familiar with these springs?" inquired the sick man. "Yes, indeed," responded the medico. "Which spring would you recommend a man in my condition to use?" asked he of the liver. "Well," responded the doctor contemplatively, "I think if I were you I would pick out one of the springs and drink the water regularly. If that did not help me I would try another, and so on until you find the spring that benefits you the most, and then I would advise you to stick to that spring." This is about where the "Santa Cruz dressmaker" finds herself. If she has her two thousand dollars wrapped up in a newspaper and hidden away in an oyster-can, so far as the *Examiner* goes she had better let it remain there. Or if she takes her wisdom from the *Examiner* she must believe that Mr. Bryan will be our next president, and that then silver will double in value. She might go out and buy silver bullion and double her money in a few months. How did the *Examiner* sage happen to overlook this investment? But the *Examiner* financier then takes up stocks of private corporations and tosses them to one side, into the "unreliable" heap. Municipal bonds are treated in quite the same disdainful way. To sum up the advice given the "dressmaker," the only safe thing for her to do, is to deposit her money in the Hibernia Bank which "only pays 3½ per cent" per annum interest. This surely is a most doleful conclusion, and the wonder is why the editor ever wrote himself the letter, if he had no better answer to make.

Now let us tell the "Santa Cruz dressmaker" just why there are no investments for the widow, or for the funds of estates or for people like her who are without business experience. *The Examiner* has for years headed a demagogic assault upon all forms of securities that offered investment for just such capital as that of the "dressmaker." The funds of widows and orphans were usually invested by men wise in such matters, in the dividend-paying stocks of the Spring Valley Water Works, the Gas Company and similar institutions. But backed by the *Examiner* and the demagogue, raid after raid his been made upon these corporations, their earning capacity has been crippled, their stocks have been battered down, they have been threatened with rate reductions, and stringent regulations, and only recently the present "very honorable" Board of Supervisors attempted to coerce the Water Company into naming a selling figure for its plant, at a panic price, by threatening to destroy the Water Company's property, if it did not comply with the Board's demands. The young lady down in Santa Cruz who is stitching her life away making fine raiment for her more fortunate sisters, and who has unluckily fallen heir to a snug little sum, might have invested her money in Spring Valley stock we will say ten years ago. Her two thousand dollars would possibly have bought her twenty-two shares, on which she would have received eleven dollars per month income. If she did not disturb the interest or principal, she might on an average have added a new share to her capital every eight months, and within the ten years she would have thirty-seven shares paying her $18.50 per month. A little saving here and there from the income of her work would have added a tidy number of shares to this number, and when age or sickness or weariness came upon her, she would be far beyond want. We have in mind a man who started saving in just this manner. He wrote a letter to the *Wave* several years ago, recounting the self-denial he had practiced to put himself beyond want. He told the story of a man who was struggling to put himself out of reach of the poorhouse, and he bitterly denounced the *Examiner* and the demagogues who were attacking the only securities in the State that were open to the investment of the poor man. The *Examiner* derided our correspondent. That man sold every dollar of his California investments and placed his money in Eastern stocks of the same character, where they have no *Examiners* nor Phelans. He is now on a trip around the world. Before starting, he wrote us that such a trip had been the dream of his life. The man who wrote to the *Wave* worked for a living, just as the "Santa Cruz dressmaker" is working for her living. But the "dressmaker" may not now invest in similar securities in California, because the *Examiner* and the rest of the agitators have made such investments hazardous. Perhaps the "dressmaker" has read the attacks of this virtuous journal upon the rapacious corporations of San Francisco; perhaps she has applauded its "manly" stand on behalf of the "people." Perhaps, too, she has noticed that the real "people" never took part in these assaults; that it was always the same old gang of water disturbers, not the multitude of water consumers who raised the hullabaloo, and perhaps now this patient, hopeful, hard-driven little "dressmaker" with her inquiring two thousand dollars hidden away in a tomato can or poked up the fire-place or under the carpet, may come to realize all of the great good this journalistic friend of hers has accomplished. We advise the lady to buy some stock in the *Examiner*. It escapes taxation; it may make any and all kinds of profits without fear of a regulating hand; it has the longest leased wire in the world; it is always gaining in circulation without the expense of printing more papers and always gaining in advertisements without increasing in size. It is a good investment for the "dressmaker's "two thou."

Russian Diplomacy in China.

RUSSIAN diplomacy clearly has the upper hand thus far in Chinese affairs, but there is at least one opportunity for the other nations to make a final *coup* and defeat her diplomatically. In passing, one is impressed with a peculiar feature of the news discussion of the American-Russian agreement. The assertion is repeatedly made that the United States has "gone over" to Russia. The contrary is true. Russia has come over to America. The position of the United States has not changed a hair's breadth, from our declared attitude at the beginning of this trouble; while Russia has turned squarely "about face" from her position of years standing. Of all the allied powers, probably the United States is more genuinely opposed to dismembering China than any of her sister nations. We have everything to lose by such a partition and nothing to gain We can not take, and do not want to take any portion of the empire, and it is very much to our interest that China should remain, as it is, undiminished in size, and independent as a nation. We have nothing to gain by its dismemberment and have much to lose if we permit other nations to control and divert its trade. If Russia represents any sentiment at all, it is one diametrically opposite to that of America. She desires a partition of China, but she wants in that partition to be the sole recipient of territory. She neither wants Japan nor England, nor any other country to share in it.

She could not afford at this juncture to take off the thinnest sort of a slice, no matter how much she desired it, for, with the allied armies on Chinese soil, the land-hungry nations of the world are in a position to enforce similar claims and take similar territory. Russia must stand for the integrity of the empire, so long as present conditions continue. The stage will not be set for Russia's play until it has been cleared of the allied troops. Naturally she gravitated toward the only power that was genuinely against a division of the empire, and by this ruse is attempting to wrest from the other powers an agreement against partition and a recognition of her ally Li Hung Chang. It was a clever move.

There is one more play left for Japan. She may engage England and Germany to join her in refusing to recognize Li; and, while expressing a willingness to stand for the integrity of the empire, demand the appointment of another Chinese diplomat (naming him) to act as peace envoy. By this process might be forced the appointment of a man of known hostility to Russia, or at least one not partial to that country. This would be a great victory for Japan. The United States could not afford to hold out for Li. We are bent on establishing a principle—not a man. Russia with her friend deposed, and peace negotiations lodged in unfriendly hands, would be left in a most unpleasant predicament.

It seems pretty clear that unless some definite action looking to a rational settlement of Chinese affairs be taken very soon, that the United States might as well withdraw her troops, and await the struggle that is likely to ensue between the civilized powers. We have not a life to offer for the maintenance of the integrity of China. We have some patience, some brains, and some diplomatic skill that we are perfectly willing to contribute to secure that end, but we wish neither to imperil the life of a single soldier nor to take the life of a single man in that connection.

After the body of a murdered monarch has been put away forever in the tomb, and his successor has taken on the imperial robes and crown, and all of the muniments of power, where does the satisfaction come to the anarchist? One can readily understand wanton murder, perpetrated by a maniac. He has no reason with which to hold communion. It would be impossible for a dozen inmates of a mad-house to come together and plot a murder, and subsequently meet to rejoice in the deed. The men who adhere to the red flag of anarchy move about unnoticed among their fellow men, are engaged in the common occupations of life, are not insane, and to all appearances have the ordinary intelligence common to the run of men. It surpasses human comprehension how any human being, be he ever so slightly equipped with commonsense, can take satisfaction from the murder of a ruler like Humbert. Where does anarchy profit by it? Wherein are the people of Italy made happier? Where can the diseased mind of anarchy find the slightest comfort or encouragement in the cowardly, brutal and purposeless murder of the Empress of Austria? France is a republic, and the selection of its ruler is intrusted to the people; there was no tyranny, no oppression present in that country when Sadi-Carnot was murdered by an Italian anarchist, and yet it is probable, though scarcely conceivable, that all over the world little colonies of anarchists have met in secret and gloated over these very achievements. Why this should be, the intelligent man cannot fathom, and probably never will.

Events Current.

The Chinese Embroglio.

The Chinese situation is not, this week, so kaleidoscopic in its rapid changes of condition. The allied troops are still at Pekin, with no present prospect of their retiring from Tien Tsin. The Japanese landing force has been withdrawn from Amoy, and that "complication" seems at an end. Chinese rioting, however, is still feared by the foreign residents, and it is likely the United States *Castine* will remain at that port to insure protection to our people there. A cable from Hongkong reports a threatened uprising and a growing anti-foreign feeling in the Canton and other southern provinces. Stories of wanton murder and robbery on the part of foreign troops continue to trickle out of China, and at the door of Russia has been laid acts of barbarous cruelty that put even the Boxers to shame. Beating kneeling women over the head with the butts of guns, picking up children by the ankles and dashing their brains out against the pavement, are among the brutalities charged up against the Cossacks. Some space has been given an alleged renewal of the alliance between France and Russia. President Loubet has been decorated by Emperor Nicholas with the order of St. Andrew, and men wise in such matters affect to discover great significance to this proceeding. General Chaffee reports five thousand effectives as the military force of the United States in China, including cavalry, artillery, and infantry.

It is promised that the arrival of Count Von Waldersee will mark the beginning of a new chapter in Chinese affairs, and the world is waiting with some interest the promised developments. The threatened move of the government ordering the withdrawal of the United States troops from Pekin to Tien Tsin met with such a vigorous protest from our people at home and our representatives abroad that the idea for the time being at least, seems to have been abandoned.

The War in the Transvaal.

The important fact in the Transvaal campaign this week is Lord Roberts' proclamation annexing the South African Republic, which will hereafter be known as The Transvaal. In England this is taken to mean that the war is practically over. Its effect will be to cause the Transvaal burgers now in arms to be treated as rebels and forfeit belligerent rights.

For all this, there seems to be a great deal of fighting still going on. General Buller has followed Botha in the direction of Lydenburg and encountered 2,000 burgers holding a pass, who dispute his further progress. The Boers opened with three Long Toms, but did little harm. It is thought this position may be held for some time. In the meantime commandos invested the British garrison at Ladybrand, but after several desperate attempts to captnre the town and its little army of defenders they were driven off by the arrival of General Hunter. No late news has been received of Baden-Powell's attack on Groblaar's force which, from late accounts, he was engaging August 30th. It seems probable that Roberts will soon return to England, to succeed Lord Wolsley as commander-in-chief of the British army. Either General Buller or Lord Kitchener will succeed him in supreme command.

The Filipino Commission in Power.

The Filipino Commission has entered upon the administration of the islands, but until the estsblishment of a central civil government or congress, General Macarthur remains chief executive and is completely in charge of the department for the enforcement of law and order. It may be said that the Commission enters upon its duties under reasonably good conditions. A majority of the natives desire peace and the resumption of business under American rule, but are so cowed by the murderous atrocities and destruction of property by their armed countrymen that they dare not actively express their feelings. Insurgents and ladrones throughout the country still exercise a veritable reign of terror. For example, the insurgent general, Cailles, in the Province of Laguna recently put to death the president and office holders of the town of Bay who had been installed by the Americans. Filipinos who had sold their rifles to the Americans were killed. Rarely does a day pass in Southern Luzon without an encounter between the United States troops and the insurgents, and life is not safe outside the garrisoned towns. General Bates commands 18,000 troops in that district. In the northern end of the island, however, conditions are more satisfactory. It may be stated on the best authority the time is by no means ripe for withdrawal of the United States troops.

Progress of the Campaign.

The Republican majority for the state and congressional ticket in Vermont turned out to be so much greater than expectations that Republicans feel reassured, if reassurance was necessary. Local issues cut down the majority but not to the extent that even Republicans conceded it would be. Utah is reported to be strong for McKinley and Roosevelt. In New York the party is on a harmonious footing. B. P. Odell was nominated for governor and Woodruff was renominated for lieutenant-governor. Men wise in matters political freely predict Bryan's defeat in New York. The Democratic party cannot be charged with idleness in this campaign. The party managers are putting up a far better fight in the East and middle West than they are in California. A very pessimistic view of the general situation gives victory to McKinley and Roosevelt by a majority of one in the electoral college. The greatest danger to the McKinley ticket, according to the eastern dispatches, lies in the apathy of voters who believe that the Republican ticket is bound to win. A very good politician is reported to have said that every speech Bryan makes, every reported accession to his following, every boast that he is likely to carry with him the lower house, serves the Republican party more than it serves Democracy, for it breeds a fear in the mind of the man who has believed Mr. McKinley's election certain, and hurries him off to get on the register.

Bryan's Personal Prosperity.

Nature and the market quotations seems to be combining against Mr. Bryan. He is not in a position to talk to the farmer this year about the low price of grain and the high price of the material he must buy. Bryan's own experience with the small farm he owns, near Lincoln, is itself such a refutation of his previous fallacies that Nebraska farmers are laughing at the Fusion leader. Bryan had an oat field of 120 acres. His oats averaged a yield of forty bushels to the acre. These oats were sold within two weeks after being harvested at 30 cents a bushel, netting the Fusion leader something like $1,400. This is twice as much as the land cost Mr. Bryan. There are hundreds of farmers to-day in Nebraska and Kansas whose wheat and oats crop paid for their farms twice over this year, and there is not a cornfield in either of these two states to-day that will not net more money than the land cost on which the corn is growing. This is the condition that confronts the Bryan forces to-day in the West. Again, the price of wire nails and fencing wire has declined in the last three months enormously, a keg of nails which sold four years ago for $2.25, to-day bringing at Nebraska interior points only $1.25.

It is asserted, of course, that this condition is temporary, and that the Nail Trust merely forced the price of its product down for the purpose of forcing out the small stockholders. Be that as it may, Mr. Bryan is fencing his farm to-day at a cost of one-half less than he could have done the work for four years ago, and at the same time he is receiving thirty cents a bushel for his oats, which four years ago he could have sold for only sixteen and eighteen cents a bushel. In other words, while the Fusion leader claiming through the west that no real prosperity exists, and that the farmer is to-day paying more for his living than at any time in the history of the Republic, while he receives less for his products, he knows that the contrary is true from his own personal experience.

This is the situation as it exists to-day in Nebraska. This is the reason that the cries of alarm from the Popocratic camps cause no corresponding flutter among Nebraska business men. For this reason the speeches of Mr. Bryan and his associates admonishing the masses to beware of "four years more of McKinleyism" are received with jeers and ridicule among people of the west who four years ago were deceived by these same arguments and were stampeded for the Fusion ticket.

General Wood in Cuba

An era of tranquillity and satisfaction seems to be beginning in Cuba, thanks to Governor-General Wood's liberality, common-sense and unfailing tact. At a banquet given to the Governor at Santiago de Cuba by the Republican and Democratic parties on August 26th, the native population was represented by all the judicial and official dignitaries—including the civil governor and the archbishop of the island—and by a deputation of a hundred representative merchants. This is a pleasing contrast to the tendency hitherto shown by the population to keep aloof from the American authorities. General Wood's speech was a most happy one. He said that the mission of the United States in Cuba was to give the Cubans liberty and exhorted the Cuban people to lay aside all petty differences and send their best and truest men to the convention which is to frame a constitution for the island. "You want liberty for all and for no particular party" were his closing words. "The United States insists that you shall have it. This is possible and easily possible. We have said it to the world. It lies with you to help us make our word good. Your enemies predict failure. The people of the United States and their representatives hope to see you defeat these predictions. If we were not your friends, we would not seek the best men you have, but would seek the disturbed and malcontent to represent you in the convention. We seek and demand the best you have. Again I say, send people to the convention who will hereafter make your political system workable and permanent."

The Cuban flag was raised over the palace by General Wood's permission during the day, and in the evening at the principal theatre, where the Governor was present. American, Cuban, and Spanish banners were festooned in decoration symbolical of appeasement and good-will. With such spirit maintained, the words "Cuba Libre" are bound to soon be a reality.

The Jewish Movement Toward Palestine.

The fourth Zionist congress has just been held in London—the largest gathering yet held in the Zionist cause. The enthusiasm this year is largely due to the fact that the plan of securing permission from the Sultan of Turkey for the return of the Jews to Palestine could and would be carried out. The congress included such men as Dr. Max Nordau, Dr. Theodore Herzl of Vienna, Dr. Alexander Mamoret of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, Professor Richard Gottheil of Columbia University, New York; Professor Mandelstamm of Kieff, the eminent oculist; Professor Belkowsky of St. Petersburg; the Rev. Dr. Moses Gaster of London, Dr. Bodonheimer of Cologne and Sir Francis Montefiore.

One of the officers of the congress explains the situation in these words: "The Jewish race throughout the world numbers between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000. The great mass are in Europe, divided between Russia and Austria. It is very evident that the Jews are not wanted in these countries. They are subjected to horrible persecutions. The English-speaking countries, America and England, are the only ones where the Jews are tolerated and are permitted to enjoy equal rights and privileges. In America there is absolute freedom from the oppression seen in other countries. Now, where shall our people go if not to Palestine? Palestine is to-day a desolate waste. Why should our people not restore it? Here are several millions seeking a home. Here is the home for them. Of course, it will entail enormous expense, but the money will be forthcoming as soon as the arrangements are completed. Palestine is under Turkish rule. We do not seek to disturb these conditions. Our mission is one of peace. We expect to pay for our new possessions. And when we settle down just as any other propertyowners do, we shall become good and loyal subjects to the Sultan and shall conform to whatever laws that country imposes. Al we ask is religious liberty. Our people have for generations lived in Turkish territory, and we never had any trouble. We mind our own business and do not seek to interfere with other people in the exercise of their religious faith. That was the cause of the Armenian troubles. We don't anticipate any such trouble. You see, I speak as though it was already settled. I cannot tell you how we expect to bring about this scheme, but I will say that I do not anticipate any further trouble. It is not yet entirely settled, but I am confident we have overcome all obstacles."

The Vatican Press and China.

The attitude of the Vatican press in the Chinese question has caused considerable surprise in European non-clerical circles. The Catholic church possesses in China thirty-nine Catholic missions, with 693 European and 370 native missionaries, 3,119 churches and chapels, 2,739 schools, 39 seminaries and 600,000 native converts yet it was more than a month after the late King of Italy had ordered prayers to be said for the safety of those in Peking that the Vatican gave any sign that Catholic missionaries were being massacred and that the powers of the world were attempting the rescue of the survivors.

On the very day that the populace of Rome were acclaiming the departure of the Bersaglieri for China, the organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*, observed:

"We cannot but notice that more wine than holy water is being sprinkled on the Italian soldiers, that nothing but flowers is showered upon them, and that no care is taken officially to invoke for them the blessings of Heaven."

A few days later, when it was thought that the massacre of the envoys in Peking was an actual fact, *La Voce delia Verita* declared in a leading editorial article, entitled "The Humiliation of the Powers:"

"Europe is paid in the coin she deserves. Nothing is more monstrous than her impiety and rebellion against God, and it is just that everything should be monstrous in regard to her. The powers are already humiliated. Let them consider while there is time, if they can, lest they be wholly undone."

It is understood that the Pope is more determined than ever to obtain the restoration of temporal power in Rome. During the latter days of King Humbert's life, negotiations were under way between the Vatican and the Quirinal. Queen Margherita is said to favor the relinquishment of the holy city but the King held out. Whether Victor Emanuel II. will be more amenable remains to be seen. In the meantime the Vatican has been exerting itself to bring outside pressure to bear on the throne but without success and *La Tribuna di Roma* declares that it sees in the attitude of the clerical press the resentment of the Cardinals because Catholic Europe takes no steps to re-establish the temporal power of His Holiness.

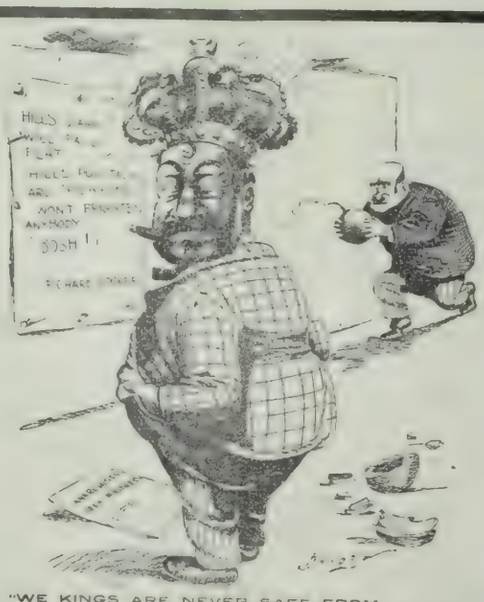
BRYAN OPENS HIS CAMPAIGN.

ALL OUT OF THE SAME BOTTLE

NEVER MIND MARK, THERE ARE OTHER BEANS

Walk right up, gentlemen; now's your chance to Pe(e)k in.

—From the Minneapolis Tribune.



"WE KINGS ARE NEVER SAFE FROM THOSE ANARCHIST FELLOWS"

R. CROKER.

OUR NEXT GOVERNOR.

Hon. Richard Thomas Collier Platt-Croker—Being a composite picture of the state ...

Nelan in N. Y. Herald
Cory in N. Y. World
Briggs in N. Y. Journal

Nelan in N. Y. Herald
Brown in Minneapolis Tribune
Cory in N. Y. World

Political Issues Cartooned

Boys' Festival in May

Festival Lanterns, Bentendori, Yokohama.

Ornamented Festival Car.

Religious Festivals in Japan.

Paco Cemetery in Manila

By Wilford W. Wells

The Crypts.

Four Generations of Manila's Dead.

Toombs, Paco Cemetery.

THE Paco Cemetery is one of the most interesting spots in Manila. From a distance it resembles rather a fortified retreat for the living than a last resting place for the dead. It is inclosed in two massive stone walls forming a circle surrounding the grounds. The outer and inner walls, some twelve feet in height and eight in thickness, are honeycombed with crypts which open into the interior. Inside the inner wall is a park-like space set out in noble palms, lawns and flowering shrubs, a veritable tropical garden. At one side is a small chapel wherein the services for the dead are conducted.

Paco Cemetery is an institution of the Catholic Church, and like burial grounds the world over, is conducted on a business basis. The crypts in the walls are rented out for burial purposes, the charges being determined by location. I believe the average cost is about $20 for five years' occupancy. At the end of that term, unless the lease is renewed, the crypt reverts to the church. So, if there are none of the living relatives of the deceased who care enough for the peaceful repose of their dead to meet the rental, the silence of the tomb is broken by the crowbar of the sexton as he demolishes the entrance preparatory to casting forth the remains.

Beloved Conchita. One day last month when I was in Paco Cemetery I noticed a group of employees busy at a place on the lowest tier. They were opening one of the large crypts sealed with a costly slab elaborately carved. It bore the inscription in Spanish "Beloved Conchita now with the angels." Evidently it was the tomb of a once idolized daughter whose death had doubtless reduced a family to despair. I thought of the funeral, the weeping parents, the last sad rites, and now there was not a soul to keep from sacrilegious hands the bones of poor Conchita. But Filipino sorrow, however intense at the moment, expends itself in the trappings and expressions of woe. The living forget the dead—as they do elsewhere, indeed, though here the conditions of indifference are painful to one with an atom of sentiment. I watched the men pry off the decorated slab and with a rake gather the bones and the grinning skull into a basket. Thence, with many a laugh and jest, they carried all that was left of "beloved Conchita" to the bone pile at the rear of the cemetery.

Manila's Bone Heap. It is an extraordinary sight, this bone heap. It is hard to express the suggestion of callous disregard and brute indifference with which this gruesome array of bleaching skeletons and staring skulls affects one. Nowhere else in the world is there such a spectacle. Truly, I thought, here is equality. There is no favoritism here. The rich and the beautiful, the poor and the ugly, sooner or later, are cast forth to whiten and disintegrate together under the pitiless Philippino sun. Here are some three or four generations of Manila's dead—the dead whose claims on the living have expired.

America's Dead. Within the inner wall, under the cool shade of wide spreading trees, were the graves of the Americans who fell in the early engagements of the war or who succumbed to exposure or the ravages of disease. This quarter of the Paco Cemetery has somewhat the character of one of our own burying places. Here are marble shafts and headstones. On one large granite monument I noted this inscription: "You helped to make this American soil. Rest in peace." Other tablets, not so elaborate, made of wood testify perhaps to a higher worth for they are the tribute of loving comradeship, hewn out by hand to testify to the honor, courage and gentleness of him who had fallen by the way. I trust that these graves will be preserved against the influence of Spanish civilization. These men died in the service of their country, and surely they have earned and deserved a resting place in which they may sleep the long sleep undisturbed by ghoulish Filipino sextons.

A Soldier's Funeral. Most informal are the funerals of the men who fell in the numerous skirmishes with the insurgents in the Philippines. Here is an episode:

In the afternoon they buried the man who had been killed in the brush of the evening before. In the tumble-down chapel at the gate of the old Campo Santo they found a box that would do for a coffin. Six men carried it down through the street draped with the headquarters flag, the dead man's hat resting on it. In the little procession that followed, the Colonel and a half dozen other officers walked bare-headed. Down by the far wall of the Campo Santo the grave had been dug. When the body had been lowered into the grave an officer stepped to its head and said:

"Men, in the absence of a chaplain, we are unable to give our comrade such a funeral as we would have liked to give him. Let us repeat the Lord's Prayer."

With bowed heads the little company followed the officer through the prayer. A corporal's squad stood at the side of the grave.

"Load!" said the corporal. "Aim, fire!" Twice more he gave the commands and each time the bullets crashed clear through the stone wall at the other side of the holy field. Then taps sounded and Private Freeman was mustered out.

A Soldier's Funeral in Manila.

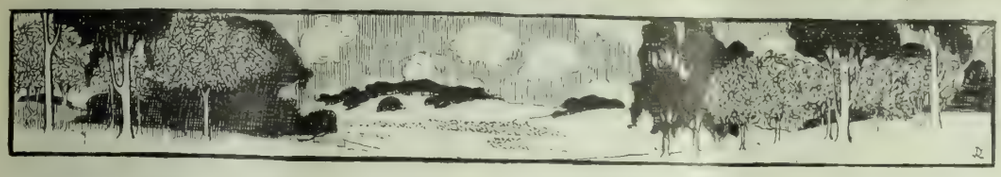
A Church Festival in Manila. The Feast of the Circumcision is celebrated with more pomp and circumstance in Manila than any other of the great festivals of the church. There are services all day throughout the city, and at five o'clock the great ceremonial occurred in the cathedral. The body of the church slowly filled with people, who represented almost entirely the old regime in Manila. Over the gallery of a house on the Calle Palacio, which skirts one side of the large building, hung the orange and red and the castle and lion of Spain, while except for the special guard which had been ordered by the Provost Marshal to keep order in the Plaza, and a few Americans so thinly dotted here and there throughout the audience that they were hardly noticeable, there was scarcely anything to indicate on this afternoon the change that has taken place in the Philippines.

Besides the civilian populace gathered together in the the cathedral, there were the pupils from all the church schools, under the watchful eyes of the "padres" or the "*hermanas*"—sisters—the boys of the Jesuit school, in their immaculate white trousers and double breasted blue coats, the "*ninas*" from Santa Isabel, Santa Rosa or Santa Catalina, hundreds of girls dressed in black, with red medal ribbons around their necks, from which depended a scapular, and their heads covered with black veils or mantillas. Inside a large square space in the center of the nave, inclosed by an iron grating, sat a number of "padres," who took no active part in the service, but who, later on, joined in the procession.

The archbishop entered in robes of bright scarlet, the long train of which was held up by some young native priests, and, after crossing himself, entered the chancel, where he stood at the left of the high altar, under a red canopy. Here, while various prayers were offered up, his scarlet robe was taken off, and he was assisted into a long white alb. Over this was placed a stole and a small cope, and over all a magnificent and heavily embroidered cope with a long train. Some twenty priests assisted. It is said that in old times five hundred priests were connected with the cathedral, and some of the duties assigned to them were made manifest. In the mean time acolytes with crosses and long brass candlesticks had been collecting at the right of the cathedral. They wore red cassocks, over which were cottas of lace, and, following a Filipino band, were to head the procession. It took about three-quarters of an hour for the pageant to file around the square. There were three bands of Filipino musicians, and all the religious orders in Manila were represented by white, blue, brown and black robed friars, with tonsured heads. About the archbishop himself were the various bishops of the islands, who long ago were obliged to take refuge in Manila—those of Cebu, Iloilo and Vigan—in long copes.

HATS OF GREAT MEN. Dr. Collins has gathered many statistics concerning the hats worn by great men. He mentions that Mr. Gladstone's number in hats was seven and three-eighths. A number-seven hat is the regular English size. Sir Walter Scott's and Lord Beaconsfield's hats were of this size. The hats of John Bright, Robert Burns, and Charles Dickens were seven and one eighth, Lord John Russell's seven and a quarter—all smaller than Mr. Gladstone's. But the Gladstone hat was exceeded in size by that of Dr. Chalmers, seven and three-quarters. Daniel O'Connell, whom Gladstone styled the greatest Irishman who ever lived, wore a hat of the size of eight. The late Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York, wore a large eight, and Joseph Hume's was emphatically abnormal, eight and a quarter. At a meeting of the convention of London University, Dr. Collins had 126 hats measured, and found that between forty and forty-one per cent were above the English average, between twenty-five and thirty per cent were just the average size, and thirty-four per cent were under the average.

Personalities of the Day.



Whistler's Mischievous Ways.

SOON after leaving school, James McNeil Whistler was apprenticed to some engineers who were etching elaborate maps on copper. One day his employer asked him if he also could etch maps on copper. "Oh, yes! I can etch," promptly answered young Whistler. As a matter of fact, he had never used an etching needle in all his life. However, they gave him the copper and he set to work, making a very fine and beautiful map. But round the edges of the plate, which, when bitten in with acid, are always stopped out, he etched some characteristic little sketches of the different members of the firm, including a very humorous one of the chief himself. Shortly after, he happened to go away for a week or two for his holiday. Meantime, the plate had been bitten in and printed, with all the dreadful caricatures that he had forgotten to stop out, appearing in startling prominence, the sketch of the chief being especially remarkable because of its great resemblance to that gentleman, who was so enraged at the indignity of the thing, that, immediately on Whistler's return, he dismissed him.

Just as young Whistler was leaving the office he passed through the proprietor's room, and his eye was caught by a huge magnifying glass that lay on the chief's desk. Now this glass was no ordinary one, but was used on the most solemn occasions by the "old man" and was held in most sacred awe by his employees. Whistler, full of bitter thoughts, stooped over the desk for a moment, and painted a sprightly little red demon right in the center of the sacred magnifying glass, and passed on his way with a smile. The next day, when the great man solemnly lifted his glass to inspect something, he saw nothing but a horrid little grinning devil, and dropped it on the table with a howl, thinking that he had gone out of his mind!

Robert O. Wolcott, who succeeds Hon. Wm. F. Draper as U. S. Ambassador to Italy.

The Shah of Persia in Paris.

THE Shah of Persia has rather disappointed the Parisians. They expected an extraordinary oriental figure laden with treasure and decorated with diamonds. Instead here is a very modern and practical personage who is at the exposition purely for business. His importance, in his own eyes, is terrific. He vouchsafes to chat with the great people, who are introduced to him, and even endeavors to be cordial, but it is with an ill-dissimulated contempt and *hauteur*. Very rarely, he displays a certain childish curiosity; but it does not last. One jeweller who saw him examining a tray of rings attentively, began to give detailed explanations—to deliver himself of the "patter" of his trade. The Shah silenced him with one gesture, imperiously, authoritatively. He often repeats the words: "*Content! Content!*" It is one of the few French phrases he has been taught, and he utters it *apropos* of everything. He rang the changes on it to M. Loubet, but never so heartily as when watching the cuirassiers of the escort. These fine troopers fill him with as much admiration as he is capable of showing, if not of feeling.

The Shah is as cool in his daily drives as if no madman had tried to take a pot shot at him from the foot-board of his carriage. Never once have his unblinking, inscrutable eyes worn the haunted look of the Tsar of Russia. He allows himself to be approached easily, and affects affability—rather unsuccessfully. For his opinion of his authority, his prestige, and himself is immense, and obvious. The speech of welcome made by the Papal Nuncio, on behalf of the diplomatic body, having been very short, the Shah replied in a speech of just three words. The interpreter rendered it literally: "I thank you." Whereupon the Shah, with a curt bow, went across the room to the Russian Ambassador, without taking the slightest notice of the all-unconsciously offending Papal Minister.

Every night, the Shah works for an hour with the Grand Vizier, drawing up the list of decorations, rewards and presents. Even the reporters will have their share, perhaps more than their share. As it is they make their exits and their entrances pretty much as they like, for the *mot d'ordre* of the Shah is that they be treated with the most perfect courtesy. There are even some of these knights of the pen who lunch with the Shah's suite, and spend their afternoons strolling about the grounds of the Hotel des Souverains.

Difficult Royal Marriages.

THE present King of Italy had been long a drug upon the royal matrimonial market before he met Helene of Montenegro. In his early youth, the Prince of Naples was so discouragingly puny and insignificant in appearance, that all efforts to negotiate a union with a princess of his own rank proved fruitless—the chosen daughters of royal houses all rebelled. Finally this hapless royal youth met the beautiful princess of Montenegro at Athens, while on a cruise, and fell in love with her. King Humbert, despairing of finding a more brilliant *parti* for his unappreciated first born gave his sanction, and everything was lovely.

Helene, on her side, had not been without her prematrimonial tribulations. One of the seven daughters of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, of remarkable beauty, it was felt early that her personal charms could be used to advantage to bolster up the poor, little, valiant principality of the Balkans. The father of the present Czar of Russia thought of her for his son and she was taken to St. Petersburg where she developed into one of the most beautiful and gifted women of the Russian court. The throne of all Russia seemed within her reach, when Czar Nicholas suddenly fell in love—a regretable failing which seems to be overtaking nineteenth century royal personages. The object of the imperial affection was Princess Alix of Hesse and the unhappy Helene wended her humbled way back to the poor little court of her father at Cettinge.

Alexander of Servia risked a proposal but was haughtily rejected and a while later came the meeting with the Italian heir. Marriage followed somewhat quickly, and the couple are now said to be very happy.

A "New Woman" in Industry.

A WOMAN who runs gigantic brass and copper mills with such success as to alarm her masculine competitors is the last evolved product of the "New Woman" movement. She is not a virago either, nor a bearded, strutting, heavy-voiced feminine mistake, but a charming, refined woman with beautiful dark eyes, a velvet voice, and is the affectionate mother of a little four-year-old son. Her name is Mrs. May Clark Avery.

Frank M. Avery, her husband, was president of a large copper mill of which he owned all the stock. His wife, pampered and petted, lived the life of a thorough society woman with slight artistic tendencies. The man died suddenly and the dainty little woman decided to take up his work. She spent her days in the foundry until no details were unknown to her. At night she perused chemistries and such works as Thurston's *Alloys Brasses and Bronzes*. Then she set out on a tour of inspection amongst the great foundries of the world and came back with new ideas. She evolved a scheme for more economic production and with indomitable energy carried it through. The works were moved to Kenosha, Wisconsin, where the crude material could be obtained more easily and an addition was built for the turning of refuse scraps into table-ware. In two years she had reduced the running expenses twenty per cent and had become a dangerous competitor of other brass and copper men.

Mrs. Avery's sole ambition is to make her son a man in the best sense of the word, and she has resolutely taken up her industrial work so he would be brought up with an example of honest toil before his eyes. When he becomes of age, he will find an intelligent pursuit open to him. But she has accomplished more than that. She has shown that woman can be man's equal even in the broader or more serious ventures of commerce.

Russia's New Foreign Minister.

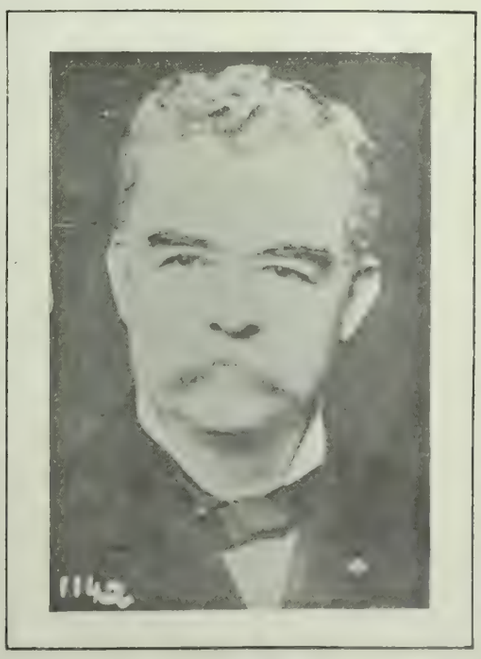
COUNT LAMDORFF, who succeeded Count Mourameff as foreign minister of Russia, lives in rooms in the Russian foreign office, and has done so for forty years. He never goes into society, and has hardly any friends. Methodical in his work and regular in his hours, one day of the week is just like another, unless in the changes of clothing the weather necessitates. Every day he has his constitutional walk. Nobody ever heard of him being poorly. He does not seem to need change of air or change of scene. The greatest authority that there is on the diplomatic history of Russia, he knows nothing of what goes on in Russia.

BISHOP DAVID H. MOORE of the Methodist Episcopal Church sails from San Francisco to China August 29th to reorganize the Methodist missions in China and to personally investigate conditions that exist. Upon his report will depend not only the missionary work of Methodism in China so far as the United States is concerned, but the missionary work of the Methodism of the world. Bishop Moore was known during the War of the Rebellion as a "fighting parson." He left his ministry and enlisted as a private in the army, and two years later was lieutenant-colonel of an Ohio regiment. He is one of the most aggressive men of the Methodist Church.

IF ever a man was Boston born and bred he is the Hon. Roger Wolcott just appointed ambassador to Italy. At the same time, he has not a trace of the uncomfortable characteristics usually attributed to Bostonese partricians. He has exceeding good looks, education, a manly, dignified bearing and great wealth, and his wife, formerly Edith Prescott, granddaughter of the historian, is also handsome, has brains, is queenly in appearance and bearing, and will grace the Court at Rome.

Ingalls on "Mummies."

THE late John J. Ingalls was a member of the class of '55 at Williams College and took a high place as a student and as editor of the college publication. On a winter's night in the last year of his term, the boys took a trip across the hills to a neighboring town and Ingalls was a member of the party. Returning, the crowd had to pass a young ladies' seminary and a serenade was proposed. There were many tin horns in the party with which a raucous volume of sound was developed. A day later, President Hopkins kept his class a few minutes after chapel services and in his slow, impressive way he remarked on the barbarity of awakening young ladies from their slumbers and concluded by observing: "In my time I have seen several men who tooted their own horns and I have observed that they have been tooting ever since."



Bishop David H. Moore.

This remark nettled Ingalls who, like most men with sharp tongues, was very sensitive to sarcasm. He declared an intention to "get even" but declared he would await a good opportunity. Commencement week for the class of '55 came around. 'Mummies' was the subject which Ingalls had chosen. Every one expected something brilliant from him. Once on the platform the speaker made his peroration short. Then he began to sketch some mummies that he had seen. There was no mistaking the members of the faculty whom he was holding up to view. Faculty and students alike sat spell bound, held as much by the ability of the man as by his audacity. Ingalls left the platform without a diploma. Later the faculty considered, and at the close of commencement week, Ingalls left Williamstown with his diploma.

The U. S. Battleship Alabama, Fastest of Her Class Afloat.

Photo by Chas. Culver Johnson.

The Modern Hotel

By Ralph Francis

THE luxury of modern hotels is rather a fertile subject in America. Though San Francisco is fairly well provided with houses of entertainment and has in the Palace an excellent exemplar of the best, yet one must go to New York to find the highest and richest manifestation of the institution. It is known to connoisseurs that one lives better in California for less money than anywhere else in the world, but no such magnificence as that of The Savoy or the Waldorf-Astoria exists out of New York. However, one pays for the decorated ballrooms, the ornate dining halls, the superlative furniture—pays a per diem charge which seems extravagantly out of proportion to the accommodation provided. Yet these palatial establishments are always full and their administration nets a splendid return on the vast sums invested, which may be taken to indicate their popularity. It is the luxurious hotels, the hotels with notable frescoes, marble tiling, ornate salons, silk velvet hangings, onyx bathrooms and fabulous rates that are profitable nowadays, not the medium-priced establishments which cater to moderate purses. The fact is well understood and is true, not only in New York but throughout the country. The Astor estate proposes to erect another palatial caravansary on Broadway above 44th street; on the site of the Hotel Brunswick there will be a five million dollar hotel of much splendor and proportion. In course of erection is a four million dollar hotel on Broadway between 73d and 74th streets. On the site of the Hotel Stratford in Philadelphia Geo. C. Boldt, who manages the Waldorf-Astoria, proposes to place a three million dollar structure. In Washington the old Hotel Willard is to be replaced by a two million dollar establishment. It is said that at least fifty million dollars is now being expended on the erection of new hotels the country through.

Entrance to Grill Room, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

The Waldorf-Astoria.

For many years the Palace Hotel of San Francisco ranked as the largest and most luxurious caravansary in the United States. It was the precursor of the great institutions of New York and Chicago. It cost several millions of dollars and was described and commented upon the world over as a colossal extravagance far beyond the necessities of San Francisco. Yet, it has served as the model of the others, though not one of them is constructed with so magnificent a disregard of the value of ground rent. There are few finer dining-rooms in the country than those of the Palace, and it is certain that the showy office of the Waldorf-Astoria does not compare for spaciousness or architectural beauty with that of the San Francisco establishment. The actual cost of the Waldorf-Astoria is said to have been twelve millions of dollars, and to furnish it involved another million. All told, 1,400 persons are employed at the height of the season, or an employee for every guest, which is the average in most of the larger hotels. One hundred and thirty men are engaged in the kitchen, and the catering department as a whole utilizes the services of 730 persons. On an average over 6,000 meals a day are served, and it is not an uncommon thing for a man with four or five guests to get a seventy-five dollar dinner in any of the dozen or more public dining-rooms. In the sub-basement are the wine cellars, and the great cigar humidors. Just now $250,000 worth of wine and $400,000 worth of cigars are stored there. The Savoy Hotel, and its neighbor, the Netherlands, the public rooms of which are more gorgeous, if less expensive, than those of the Waldorf-Astoria, represent an immense investment. Situated on Fifth avenue, just outside the entrance to Central Park, they are classed rather as family hotels than as public institutions. The Netherlands is all marble and polished granite; the Savoy has a superb office and a delightful palm garden in which its guests may sit after dinner. For their most advantageous suites these two caravansaries command very high rates. For a corner suite overlooking Central Park one old gentleman paid seventy-five dollars a day. Nor did this charge include meals. There are scores of people paying as much and more than this for high-class suites. The average charge at these establishments and at the Holland House is the same as at the Waldorf-Astoria. The price for a parlor, two bedrooms and bath run as high as $35 and $40 a day ordinarily, and often special suites bring even more, $400 a week not being unheard of. The ballroom at the Savoy rents for as much as $250 a night.

The Open Air Promenade of the St. Charles, New Orleans.

Dining Room in the Netherlands Hotel.

The Waldorf-Astoria has a royal suite for which the rate used to be $500 per day. This fabulous charge has been paid several times. Latterly this royal suite has been curtailed to meet the requirements of a certain multi-millionaire who makes his home at the hotel. In his suite of apartments he is completely isolated from the rest of the institution, for there is a private hall. His guests are received in a drawing-room as superbly furnished as an apartment in a king's palace. In a large dining-room opening therefrom his meals are served. These quarters he has by the year, and is assessed at least $150 per day for them—a total of $54,750 per annum. He entertains extensively and lavishly, frequently having large luncheon and dinner parties therein, so his living expenses doubtless average $50 per day additional. Another multi-millionaire lives almost as luxuriously at the same caravansary. He has occupied for almost two years the private hall corner suite fronting on Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street. This suite has a drawing-room, dining-room and pantry, bedrooms and bathrooms for the family and servants; in fact, all the advantages of a private apartment combined with those of the hotel. Probably these two men pay the largest individual hotel bills in the United States, if not in the world.

At present Philadelphia is rather poorly equipped in hotels. The Walton, which served as headquarters for the Republican National Committee at the convention recently, is the best of the set and its tariff approaches New York standards. In comparison with the Holland or the Savoy it is second rate, however. The Bellevue is a squat, small structure at which the best eating in the Quaker City is found. A great hotel would have all the patronage, and that the new caravansary alluded to will be.

A magnificent hotel is the new St. Charles in New Orleans, which cost $1,600,000 and was furnished at a cost of one-quarter of a million more. A great open air promenade, filled with tropical plants and shrubbery, occupying the space between the wings of the building on the second floor, with entrances from the halls and dining-rooms, affords a delightful lounging place in sunshine or shade. The Coronado Hotel at Coronado Beach is one of the show places of the Pacific Coast. It covers an immense acreage. Indeed, it is one of the largest hotels in the world. Among its features is a superb tropical garden in the interior court yard. The Hotel Del Monte at Monterey is a beautiful structure set in the midst of one of the finest parks in America. It is surrounded by giant cypress trees and a spreading area of lawns and gardens. Almost every flowering shrub known to botany is included therein. An Arizona garden, planted with extraordinary cacti, is one of its features; a maze, another. The structure itself forms a model of its kind—wide halls, spacious, airy apartments, charmingly furnished, a superb dining-room. It is, perhaps, unique in the variety of interests it offers its visitors.

Like the Waldorf-Astoria, the Palace Hotel is the most popular meeting and gathering place in San Francisco. One does not see such feminine congregations in its corridors as in the New York caravansary but its Ladies' Grill is the most notable restaurant on the Pacific Coast and one is liable to meet there the beauty and fashion of the region. Favorite corner suites command large prices at the Palace, but no such extraordinary exactions as are the rule in Eastern institutions of the same rank. Besides, the apartments of the Waldorf-Astoria are mere thimbles in comparison to the lofty and spacious rooms of the Palace. With its neighbor, the Grand, the Palace has 1,400 rooms for rental, 900 of which have baths. The Waldorf-Astoria has 1,300 rooms. Of the other important hotels on the Pacific Coast the Hotel Portland is the best. It is a handsome structure and is headquarters for the Oregon metropolis. Returning to the East, the Auditorium with its annex, in Chicago, is the one great caravansary of the Windy City, and its charges are commensurate with its importance. One may ask, however, to what extent the great expense of hotel life is justified. The papers, recently, have brimmed over with accounts of men and families who conducted

Continued on page 15.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The Heart-to-Heart Editorial

THE *Examiner* is treating its subscribers to something new in the editorial vein. The idea is that of the heart-to-heart talk with the reader, explaining how success in life is won, what to do in various emergencies, and other topics dealing with the problem of the man and his work. The idea was originated by Arthur Brisbane in the *Evening Journal* in New York and to the familiar editorials on its last page is attributed the tremendous circulation that publication has attained. It easily leads in sales the evening editions of the other dailies, and is said to have great influence with its clientelle. In journalism anything is good that goes and it may be that the intimate editorial page will achieve remarkable results in San Francisco as it has done in New York. It is said that but few people read editorials nowadays, though they do glance over them to see what subjects are treated. I think, however, that the idea would work better on an evening paper then on a morning daily, which, like editorial expression, generally, is purely a matter of personal opinion.

* * *

Apropos of the Hearst journalistic enterprises there seems now no reason to doubt the success of the *Chicago American*. A circulation of 200,000 is claimed for the daily and the Sabbath edition is now said to have excelled its competitors. With the advertising methods Mr. Hearst utilizes, success is commanded. Chicago is plastered with bills announcing the enterprise. Every dead wall in the Windy City and in Milwaukee and St. Paul and other subsidiary towns is embroidered with flaring papers calling attention to the *American's* literary stars and artistic planets. However, the days of the minor journalistic enterprise are behind us. Gradually it has become a matter of dailies with Sunday editions or weeklies and monthlies circulated from New York. A newspaper, like any other commercial enterprise, must be elaborately advertised if it would attract general attention. The *Chicago American* was handled as though it had been a new beer, or a late make of soap, or a circus—hence its success. By October it will be paying expenses and the operation will represent the creation of a million and a half dollar property out of an investment of half a million.

***

The Jubilee Celebration.

THE Native Sons' Jubilee celebration will be a much greater affair than most people expected. The average San Franciscan has had so many celebrations these latter years that he has grown rather indifferent and cannot be persuaded to enthuse save in some monumental cause. Already the city is filling up at a great rate. The hotels are already crowded; the Grand had 600 cots strung along its halls the other night and a similar condition prevails at the Lick. The committee on rooms has had applications from 180,000 people for accommodations. A tremendous crush—infinitely greater than that at the homecoming of the volunteers will witness the parade on Monday. I am told that excursion tickets for the night parade are all sold. The character of the decorations in the business streets are neat and graceful, and by Monday, the whole city will be decked in gala array.

***

A Guarantee for Grau.

IT is by no means certain that San Francisco will be privileged to hear the singers of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Now it is said that Maurice Grau is not entirely satisfied to trust to our good judgment to patronize his performance, but will exact a guarantee of $100,000. This is a great deal of money to raise in California, but one must remember the expense of the performances and the immense remuneration the eminent tenori, soprani, etc., command. The proposition as presented is for a season of 20 performances, tickets for which will cost $100. Per seat the charge will be $7.00. M. Grau expects that 1000 season tickets should be disposed of—a goodly number, as all who have engineered advance sales are well aware. The Ellis Opera Company did not exact a guarantee and made a good profit in San Francisco. It gave 12 performances for $50.

***

The Tenderfoot at Nome.

IT is the "tenderfoot" who is making all the outcry against Nome. For the experienced miner, for the man who has learned the business of trafficking in mines and how to live within the Arctic circle, the region is fertile in opportunity. To begin with there is quartz in quantity. Already several good strikes have been made but it may be taken for granted that the prizes will not go to the "tenderfoot." There is nothing quite so foolish as the business of rushing to an unknown region to engage in an occupation for which one's previous condition has not fitted one. Innumerable clerks and farmers rushed to Nome under the impression that gold might be picked up in the streets. Gold is there—more by far than in Dawson, but like other prizes it does not yield itself to the first comer. A sensible man finding himself in Nome would get what he could to do for a start, and wait his opportunity. Several fortunes were made on the Klondike by men who eschewed mining and merely loaned money. Jeremiah Lynch, well known in San Francisco, made a coup his first winter by cornering sugar and thus it goes. The experience of one young man who has recently returned from the far north seems specific. "I went to the Klondike," he explained," to wrest a fortune from the bowels of the earth. I found my competitors in this direction were Swedes, and that I was no match for them at the pick and shovel. After rather hard experience I concluded to try my fortune in Dawson. I found there employment at the occupation in which I had been engaged in civilization. Subsequently I purchased mining property but this time a Swede did the 'wresting.' I superintended and found the scheme much more profitable."

***

"Lucky" Baldwin as a Reformer.

IT cannot yet be said that "Lucky" Baldwin's investments at Nome have proved particularly profitable. On the contrary he has sunk a great deal of coin without any return so far. In his saloon and gambling house enterprises he has had to repine his own ill-fate or the poverty of the camp for he has not made any money. In the meantime he has numerous prospectors with pack trains scouring the country on the lookout for ground that looks good enough to locate and record. Thus far 286 locations have been made in his name and he does not intend to stop until he has stakes on 1000 claims. As the fee is $2.50 for each location his investment in this direction will be pretty heavy. The motive that actuates Mr. Baldwin in thus locating the country side is purely philanthropic, he says. It is preposterous that the law should permit a man to do as he has done without exacting adequate compensation. By carrying the privilege to an extraordinary excess his idea is to draw attention to the abuse and thus secure its correction. An excellent motive, Mr. Baldwin.

***

Sir Michael Foster's Lectures.

IT cannot truly be said that the series of lectures by Sir Michael Foster electrified the students of Cooper Medical College. Appreciating the opportunity of hearing so great a man speak on the topic with which he is most prominently identified, the impression prevailed that he might have found a more profitable phase of it to talk on. The history of physiology seemed well enough for an after course to men who already had mastered physiology, but to students, the subject itself, the opportunities it offered for original research, and the best methods of study would have been much more advantageous. Sir Michael is certainly an able speaker and his narrative of the development of the science was excellently stated. The audiences at the evening lectures were made up chiefly of physicians. One night, in the middle of an impressive period the electric lights went out and there was a moment of darkness.

"I did not know that the lights were ever allowed to go out in San Francisco," he said.

Dr. Levi Lane was equal to the occasion.

"They have paled before a brighter luminary," he said.

***

The Huntington Pictures.

THE value of the Huntington collection of pictures which, according to the will, eventually reverts to the Metropolitan Museum, is variously estimated among the experts, but little is known of the canvases; indeed, it is said that there is no important collection in the country which is less familiar to writers on and lovers of art. The best of the canvases hang in the great hall and in the library of the Huntington mansion on Fifth avenue, New York, but there are at least 100 notable pictures in the gallery of the residence on California street. Though so little can be told of the collection Mr. Huntington was at all times willing, even delighted to show his treasures to any one who expressed a desire to see them. He was averse to newspaper descriptions of his home however. Latterly he made a specialty of portraits especially of the English school. One series of these hung in the San Francisco gallery and he was very proud of them, though the finest examples were in New York. The gem of the latter set is an exquisite little Sir Thomas Lawrence "Nature," which is quite the best example of that artist's work in America. There is a fine Vermeer of Delft whose pictures are rarer than those of any other Dutch painter. There is but one other in America, that presented to the museum by Henry Marquand. It seems Mr. Huntington had never heard of Vermeer when he purchased the picture. It was offered to him in Paris for $400 and he liked it and bought it. He made no pretence to expertness but he had fine taste and intuitive judgment. His test of a picture was its personal appeal to him, not the name of the artist. Among other notable pictures are Vibert's "The Missionary's Story," Troyon's "The Lane," said to be that artist's masterpiece; Paul Baudry's "Fortune and the Child," "The Spy" by Alphonse de Neuville. The San Francisco collection includes two superb Murillos, two Daubignys, a magnificent Corot and a superb Diaz, two Lenbachs, one a head of Bismarck, the other a picture of a naughty child, an excellent study; a very fine Turner and two examples of Greuze were also there. In view of the great curiosity aroused by the prospective gift an effort will be made to gain Mrs. Huntington's consent to the temporary exhibition of the pictures in the Metropolitan Museum when the new wing is opened next spring.

***

An Exhibition of Books.

THE Mechanics' Institute library has taken a step of great interest to book lovers in deciding to hold a loan exhibition of books and pictures illustrating the history of English literature. The exhibit will include the works of all the famous contributors to English literature for 600 years. There will be manuscripts of such men as Chaucer and Gowe, who wrote before the days of the printing press; first editions of Shakespeare and his contemporaries—dramatists, poets and prose writers; of Milton and Dryden and the piquant "Restoration" dramatists. Inasmuch as there has been recently a revival of interest in the "Complete Angler," there will doubtless be a long list of editions of Isaac Walton's most famous work. Queen Anne's reign vies with those of Elizabeth and Victoria as a notable epoch in English letters. Addison and Steele, Swift and Defoe, and Pope will be represented adequately. The early masters of fiction, Fielding and Smollett, will be given due space; as will the contemporaries of the great Dr. Johnston, Goldsmith, Sterne, Gibbon, Hume and many others.

* * *

With the year 1800 some rule of exclusion rather than inclusion will probably be put in force for the works of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Cowper, Southey, Lamb, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Scott, will press hard for space on the Victorians, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and the many other great names ending with Browning and Tennyson.

In the exhibition only rare and unusual editions will be presented; books, as a rule, unknown to the general reader even when his own copy of the particular work is well-thumbed. In addition to books there will be numerous rare engravings, photographs, fac-similes and other illustrations representing the authors themselves; their surroundings and the various artistic conceptions of the characters in their works. Not only will such an exhibition be of great educational advantage in calling attention to the great works which are less read than spoken about, but it will serve to show what treasures of literature San Francisco possesses.

***

The Press Club's New President.

THE Press Club has just passed through the throes of an annual election and now has Fred Myrtle for its president. Though he is temporarily out of the journalistic field, and officiating as chief deputy in the Recorder's office, Mr. Myrtle, unlike so many other members of the institution, is a veritable newspaper man and a good one. He is chiefly identified with the *Bulletin* whose court reporter he was for many years. He used also to furnish its syllabi of Supreme Court decisions and did it so excellently as to satisfy even the jurists whose opinions he summarized. I believe the new president has various plans for the Club which will be unfolded as time goes on. He should make a capital president for he is a bright talker and has a capital knack at story-telling.

BOSWELL, JR.

THE IMPERIAL CONSERVATORY OF ST. PETERSBURG has just issued a circular announcing the conditions of entrance for the year 1900-1901, one paragraph of which reads, "Jews will not be admitted to the conservatory unless they present from the chief of police a permit to live in St. Petersburg."

The Value of a Jury's Verdict

By George A. Brown

"I KNEW of a case once" said an old lawyer, "in which a good round million of dollars were involved, and besides this the honor of two eminently respectable men was at stake, that was decided by a pigeon.

"I was attorney for the defendants. The plaintiffs had cooked up a case that was most plausible, but absolutely without any warrant. They had no claim against my clients and not a shred of testimony was brought out to establish their demand. The jury retired to settle on their verdict. They were out for hours. My clients were rich, but not particularly popular. The plaintiffs were poor and insistent. Ballot after ballot was taken without an agreement being reached. The jury stood seven for the defendant and five for the plaintiff. There were a couple of fellows among the five who were inveterate gamblers. While in the jury room they occupied their time matching dimes, quarters, and halves, and finally the foreman appealed to them to be serious. They stopped for a moment. One of them stood looking idly out of the window at two pigeons on the roof of a house. Turning around he said to his companion: 'I'll tell you what I'll do. If the white pigeon flies away first we will both go over to the other side and stay there to a finish. If the black one flies first we will stay where we are to a finish.' The foreman afterwards told me that there were twelve pair of eyes watching those pigeons for the next five minutes with an intentness strong enough to have hypnotized them. The pigeons marched and strutted about in a most inviting way but refused to budge. Excitement in the jury room grew intense. A million dollars were at stake. Finally, as luck would have it, the white pigeon rose on its wings, the black following. The five for the plaintiffs was reduced to three, who came over after a few ballots, and rendered a unanimous verdict for my clients."

"If I have a bad case," continued the attorney "I always demand a jury trial. If I have a good case and the judge is at all fair I want no jury."

"Speaking of juries," said another lawyer, "reminds me of a case where the jury argued over the evidence for two hours and then concluded that they were not the judges of the fact, but of the law. On the first ballot after they had retired the juryman who engineered the scheme found he was the only one who voted for acquittal. Then he began his argument and he really succeeded in convincing the other eleven men that the Judge would have instructed them to convict if the facts warranted a conviction. He argued that the man was indicted for stealing a watch valued at $50 and that the testimony showed that the watch was only worth $25. This, he said, was petty larceny and as the man had been indicted for grand larceny he said there was nothing left for the jury to do but to acquit. Then they returned a verdict for acquittal. That is one of the strange things that juries do. They just do as they please, whether right or wrong.

"I remember another case," said an old lawyer who was present, "wherein the man on trial had been indicted for murder in the first degree. He had killed a girl. His counsel advised him to play the insanity dodge and he came into court every day with his head bent over and his eyes fixed upon the floor. His counsel argued that he was insane and was not responsible for his act. His trial lasted several days and when the jury retired one man wrote upon a slip of paper 'insane.' That was his ballot. The foreman of the jury called for another ballot, and then the juryman who had written 'insane' wrote it again and made a speech saying that this should be the verdict for the reason that the prisoner appeared to be insane and they ought to give him the benefit of the doubt!

"On the third ballot three jurors wrote the word 'insane.' Then a man got up and said that he believed that all insane men ought to be executed so they would do no bodily harm to any one else. Another juror replied that every one who committed murder was insane and that he, the juror, believed that the man ought to have been tried by a jury of physicians. Finally the foreman said: 'Gentlemen, we had better agree on a verdict of murder in the second degree and that is the same as insanity.' Thereupon another ballot was taken and the jury agreed upon murder in the second degree. That young man is now serving a life sentence.

"A good jury lawyer," said the attorney who opened the conversation, "is not alone the man who makes an eloquent appeal, but he must know and understand every man on the jury. In some cases it does not do to take a married man, in some cases you must weed out old men, in some cases you must reject men, otherwise fair, who belong to a particular religion or nationality. The best practitioner in a case where large stakes are at issue tries to find out the names, the habits, the surroundings and every obtainable fact concerning the jurymen serving in the court where his case is to be tried. If they have prejudices or preferences he must ascertain them; if he is a stubborn man with an inclination to be just or to be unjust he must know it. There are the details of the profession that the successful jury lawyer never overlooks."

Who Was Brown

Continued from page 4.

took no notice of me. It is pretty hard to follow me without my knowing it. Nobody was on my track. A good distance from the post office I opened my letter. There were the credits all right. I was so filthy that any banker would have looked askance at me in such dirty clothes. But I had to run that risk. I got the money, and bought myself a second-hand suit. They were a little too nice, and so I spilt some beer on the trousers and applied a handful of dust to the back of the coat. The sooner I left Munich the better, for now I was conscious, not that I was under surveillance, but that something was up. The Bavarian police in those days were all dunces, and you could scent one a mile off. They absolutely jostled me. How could they know that I had the clue to the business they were trying to unearth? I had even gradually made little changes in my appearance, cutting off my hair myself, not all at once, but little by little. I had trimmed my beard and curtailed my mustache. My metamorphose was gradual, not sudden.

"Why did I adopt such measures? If it had been known that I had been cognizant of the hack incident I should have been at once put under arrest, and even had I presented myself as a willing witness I stood the chance of six months' or a year's incarceration, for Bavarian justice is proverbially slow. I had my papers, of course, all right, as a journalist attached to *The Thumper* of London, so I had them viseed, and, hastening to the railroad depot, took the second-class to Paris via Strasbourg. I bought the evening papers and there was not a word in them of interest to me.

"Nothing happened on the cars. There was a station, some twenty-five miles from Strasbourg, which we reached next day, and here there was time allowed for a hurried breakfast at a railroad buffet. The room was crowded so I had to stand near the counter. While my meal was being served me I bought a Journal des Debats of the day before. As I did so I noted a man alongside of me who was taking a bowl of bouillon. We both were reading the same paper as we ate. There was nothing of interest in the first two pages, but on the third page there was. Then I read something which ran as follows:

"'The mystery of the hack, with the dead man in it, which event has been sedulously concealed by the Bavarian police, is now the talk of Munich. The solution of it is near, thanks to the indefatigable zeal of the authorities. The body has been identified. As there was money in gold in the pocket of the murdered man and a diamond ring of some value on his finger, it is believed that this was no common robbery, but was instigated by revenge, *"cherchez la femme."* The murdered gentleman bore a title and was well known as an habitue of several of the fastest clubs in Munich, and much given to playing cards for high stakes. To-morrow, at the furthest, your correspondent believes, from certain indications accessible to him alone, the murderers will be caught in the toils of justice. The *on dit* is that they are now on their way to France.'

"Just then I distinctly heard the click of a spoon, which rattled in my neighbor's soup bowl. He had dropped his paper. Mine I held as a screen before me, so that I could watch him thoroughly. For a hundred thousand millions of rubles—no, dollars I mean—it was the man who had tried to drive those horses in the Munich hack. He was elegantly gotten up, as would be a first-class passenger, quite a swell." Then Brown suddenly stopped.

"But the denouement? How did it end?" we asked.

"I dared not telegraph. I wrote two letters—anonymous, of course—and sent one to police headquarters in Munich, the other to the Rue de Jerusalem in Paris. In both I gave a clear description of the man. To the Munich authorities I indicated the exact spot where I had hidden the wallet. I gave the precise bearings, and told how I had taken 400f. I wrote it in French. I frankly explained my conditions, but with due precautions."

"And then?" we inquired.

"There was no Paris for me. I took a beeline north, and staid a while in Holland."

"And the other man?"

"Just as sure as can be something had startled him. Maybe I did. He, too, probably, gave Paris a wide berth. Now, if anyone of you would like to write it up, just consult some European files of paper of, say, ten years ago, and you will find some of the incidents, but you will be none the wiser."

"And the money—was it found?"

"Certainly it was—and it went, I suppose, to the relatives of the murdered man. But who it was who ran a Khirgis knife into the poor devil will never be known. My idea was that the man had been playing high at the club; had shown his money, and some escrods, with titles, had abducted him, so as to rob him. The trick was done in this way: He was inveigled, tipsy perhaps, into a hack standing, say, at the door of the club, to which were hitched a pair of fast horses, with confederates outside and inside. Maybe he was drugged, and was to have been pitched out after he had been fleeced. He was murdered through a blunder. The hack was found that night standing in an out-of-the-way street of Munich, with the dead man inside, but nothing ever was heard about the horses."

"That is all, gentlemen," said Brown, "only the Bavarian police were duller than donkeys. Good evening," and so Brown left us.

* * * * *

Sometime afterward I met an old newspaperman, who having retired from journalism, represents a firm whose machines find a ready sale in Russia. He told some interesting details of the recent coronation at Moscow, describing the pageant, its magnificence, and he wound up in this way: "At the very fag end of the procession, with the police, there was a man with several orders on his uniform, whose quick glances seemed to shoot all around him. He spotted me, one man in the thousands, and may be you don't know I never forget a face, nor, as for that, a name. It was a mutual recognition, and, as sure as can be, it was Brown, or whatever he called himself. His face had a hard look, but he complimented me with a passing smile. But I never liked the man, and did not respond. I say it has always been a question with me whether Brown, according to his story, only took the small amount he mentioned from the pile and buried the rest, or what hand he had in the business."

"Then," I said, "poor little Jo Pettit was right when he insisted that Brown was a Russian spy."

"I do not think that can be questioned," said the friend who had just returned from Moscow.

The Modern Hotel.

Continued from page 13.

life on small sums per week. In the Mills Hotels in New York the price of a sleeping-room with bath and sitting-room privileges is twenty cents a day and meals are fifteen cents each. These meals are served in courses and more than he can eat is given each guest. Counting permanent and transient guests, the five score high-class hotels in the city of New York take care of about 50,000 people every day. The lowest estimate made by three representative hotel men places the average price paid for rooms and board at $6.25 a day. At that rate the receipts are $312,500 a day, or $114,062,500 a year. This hotel population could live in houses like the Mills Hotels for $32,500 a day, or $11,862,500 a year. Figuring on that basis, $280,000 a day, or $102,200,000 a year is paid for luxury.

GERMANY'S COLONIES.—The expense of the German Government of the African Colonies, together with Kiao-Chao in the Far East, the Caroline and Samoa Islands in the South Seas, and German New Guinea and its dependencies, is estimated at close upon £1,500,000 for 1900, the Imperial Treasury being asked to grant in subsidies a sum nearly double that required last year. Great efforts have been made to encourage German trade with the African colonies, and considerable success has been attained in Southwest Africa, where the total value of goods imported from Germany amounted to £244,187, as against £181,961 in the previous year.

The Little Clock of Bougival

From the French of Alphonse Daudet

SHE was a little mantle-clock of the Second Empire, made of Algerian onyx, ornamented with paintings by Campani. She had been bought on the Boulevard des Italiens with her gilded key hanging to her neck by a pink ribbon. She was a real *article de Paris*, delicate, dainty, refined, with a sweet voice to tell the hours, but possessing not a grain of common sense, capricious, foolish, thoughtless, ringing the time in a devil-may-care fashion, forgetting the half-hours, unable to get anything straight except the five o'clock tea of Madame. When war broke out, she was spending the summer months at Bougivalle and she seemed made expressly for those fragile summer cottages, pretty fly-cages of cut paper, furnished all in muslin and lace on sky blue background. When the Bavarians arrived, she was one of the first taken away and it must be acknowledged that those German soldiers are mighty good packers for the little toy-clock, hardly bigger than a pigeon-egg, after traveling from Bougival in cars laden with artillery, arrived at Munich without a crack and was able to display herself one morning in the show-case of Augustus Cohn, merchant of curiosities, still fresh and coquettish, her slender little hands still in place and her gilded key hanging from her neck by a new ribbon.

The Illustrious Doctor-Professor Otto von Schwanthaler.

The arrival of the little French clock created a profound sensation in Munich. The good people of this city had never yet seen a Bougiral clock and every one came to look at her with curiosity. In front of the store of August Cohn, three rows of long pipes smoked night and day and the good people asked themselves with eyes round with surprise and many "mein Gotts" of what use this singular little machine could well be. The illustrated papers reproduced drawings of her, her picture was in all the stores and it was in her honor that the illustrious Doctor-Professor Otto von Schwanthaler wrote his famous "Paradox on Time-Pieces," a philosophic-humouristic essay in 1200 pages in which is treated the influence of clocks upon peoples. Therein it is demonstrated logically that a nation so mad as to regulate the employment of its time by such crazy, fool time-pieces as the little clock of Bougival should expect all sorts of catastrophes, just as a vessel might which should go to sea with a deranged compass.

Germans always doing everything carefully, the illustrious Doctor-Professor before writing his "Paradox" thought it proper to have the subject of his study beneath his eyes in order to examine it thoroughly and analyze it minutely, as the entomologist dissects the bug; so he bought the little clock and thus it happened that she passed from the show-case of Augustus Cohn to the salon of the illustrious Doctor-Professor Otto von Schwanthaler, Conservator of the Munich Royal Picture Gallery, Member of the Academy of Sciences and Fine Arts, 24 Ludwig Strasze.

The Salon of the Schwanthalers.

The first thing that struck a visitor on entering the drawingroom of the Schwanthalers —a drawing-room academic and severe like a lecture hall—was a great, solemn black-marble clock, filled with complicated mechanisms and surmounted with a bronze statue of Polyninia. The principal face of this clock was surrounded with a multitude of smaller faces that told the minutes, the seconds, the weeks, the months, the seasons, everything, even to the phases of the moon, realistically represented by a little red moon in a blue cloud. The creak and grind of this powerful machine filled the house. From the bottom of the stairs one could hear the heavy pendulum swinging in a dignified, emphatic movement that seemed to cut up life in a whole lots of little pieces all of the same size; beneath this sonorous tretae could be heard the trepidations of the small second hand rushing around with the feverish energy of a little spider that knows the value of time. At intervals, the hour sounded, sinister and slow, and everytime it did, something took place in the house of the Schwanthalers. The professor, laden with papers and documents, started for the museum; or Frau Schwanthaler with her three daughters, who looked like hop-poles, came back from church or there was a guitar lesson, or a drawing or gymnastic or cooking lesson; pianos were opened, or sewing-machines began to whirr—everything was so well regulated, so methodical and systematic that, to hear the Schwanthalers put themselves in motion at the first stroke, to see them enter the house or go out by the wide-open doors, one was reminded irresistibly of the procession of apostles of the big clock of the Strasbourg cathedral, and half-expected to see at the last stroke the whole Schwanthaler family file in and disappear into their clock. Singular influence of the Bougival clock on a steady family of Munich.

Beside this ponderous monument, the little clock of Bougival was placed. The contrast can be imagined. One evening, as the Schwanthaler ladies were embroidering in the drawing-room and the doctor-professor was reading to his colleagues of the academy of sciences the first pages of his "Paradox," taking up at times the little French clock to illustrate some of his statements, Eva von Schwanthaler was suddenly taken with a diabolical inspiration.

"Oh, papa, make it ring!" she said with a blush.

The doctor untied the key, gave two turns with it and, right away, there was heard a tiny crystalline ring, so clear and joyful that a flutter of gayety suddenly thrilled the grave assemblage. All eyes began to shine.

"How pretty! how pretty!" exclaimed the Schwanthaler frauleins with an animated air, and a shaking of their tresses which was the first expression of vivacity or excitement they had ever been known to give.

But the professor cried in a triumphant voice:

"Look at the little French fool. She is marking three and ringing 8 o'clock!"

Everyhody laughed and, although it was late, the gentlemen started off on endless philosophical cogitations upon the frivolity of the French people. Nobody thought of going. Nobody even heard the great clock ring the terrible stroke of ten, which usually dispersed all gatherings. The big clock could not understand. She had never seen so much jollity in the Schwanthaler home, nor people in the drawing-room so late. And when, at last, the Schwanthaler frauleins had gone up into their rooms, they felt hungry from this unaccustomed excess of laughter and even sentimental Minna murmured:

"I wouldn't mind having a bit of crab salad."

Be Gay, My Children, Be Gay!

Once wound up, the little French clock fell back into her irregular ways, her habits of dissipation. At first the Schwanthalers laughed at its crazy tricks, but little by little from hearing the devil-may-care chime at all times and seasons, the dignified household began to lose all respect for time and to pass the days in amiable carelessness. They thought of nothing but amusement; life seemed so short now that all hours were mixed up. Everything was topsy-turvy—no more sermons, no more study; instead, a continual longing for amusement and excitement. Mendelssohn and Schumann became too monotonous; they were superseded by Offenbach and Meilhae and the frauleins banged away and hopped about all day long. The professor himself, taken with some sort of vertigo, was yelling all the time: "Be gay, children, be gay!" As for the great black-marble clock, it ceased to be heard. One of the frauleins had stopped the pendulum upon the pretext that it kept them from sleeping and the whole household began to mark time to the caprice of the little French clock.

It was then that the famous "Parodox on clocks" appeared. On this occasion the Schwanthalers gave a grand *soiree*, not one of the dignified entertainments of yore, but a magnificent masked ball in which Frau Schwanthaler and the frauleins appeared as "canotieres" of Bougiral in short sleeves, short skirts and little flat hats flamboyantly beribboned. The whole town talked of it, but it was only the beginning. Comedies, tableaux, suppers, "roulette" parties followed each other in breathless succession that winter in the drawing-room of the professor before the astounded eyes of scandalized Munich. "Be gay, children, be gay!" repeated the good man, now more and more exhilarated, in fact, everybody was gay. Frau von Schwanthaler, delighted with the success she obtained in her costume of canoist now passed her days upon the Isar river, clad in the most extravagant dresses. The frauleins, left alone at home, were taking French lessons from French officers, prisoners in the city, and the little clock, believing herself back in Bougival, rang off the hours with ludicrous disregard of regularity. Invariably when it was three, did she ring eight.

Then, one morning, this whirlwind of mad gayety took off the whole Schwanthaler family to America whither the best Titians of the imperial picture gallery followed in his flight their illustrious conservator.

* * *

Conclusion.

After the departure of the Schwanthalers there began in Munich an epidemic in scandals. A mother superior eloped with a lyric tenor; the dean of the institute married a ballet girl; an Aulie Councillor broke the bank, and the convent of the ladies of the nobility was closed by the police for nocturnal uproar.

It seemed as if the little clock was a fairy and was bewitching all Bavaria. Everywhere that she passed, everywhere her clear saucy note rang out, a strange madness came over the people. One day, from hand to hand, she came at last to the royal residence, and after that, do you know what manuscript King Ludwig, that out-and-out Wagnerian, had always on his piano? Tannhauser? No—"La Fille de Mme. Angot!"

Translated by James Hopper.

Joe Lathrop's Nerve.

IT was down in New Mexico in the palmy days of the cheerful pastimes the citizens of that region were wont to indulge in that Joe Lathrop was called upon to exercise nerve of a peculiar brand. Joe had come into that delectable country with $500 in gold, which he was very solicitous about, for it was his intention to make his fortune with it by investing it in a gold mine a friend of his said he had discovered, a few miles from Pueblo. Joe and his friend, with other travellers, were on their way to Pueblo in the coach that carried the mail, and it was suddenly stopped in one of the wildest spots in all that country, and three rough looking individuals, each at the butt end of a rifle, ordered the passengers to tumble out and line up, with their hands above their heads. One of the three robbers was set to guard the held-up passengers, with emphatic instructions to blow a hole through the first one of them that moved hand or foot, while the other two looted the stage. Joe was scared. He had stood there in a strained position for five minutes, looking square into the muzzle of a rifle, when he rolled his eyes downward to get a more pleasing thing to look at, but he didn't. He saw a centipede at least eight inches long, one of the terrors of that region, hurrying along directly toward town.

"It was soon at the tip of his shoe, but to his intense relief, it avoided the obstacle and passed on. It only went as far as his heel, though. Then it climbed upward, and the hideous and deadly thing was climbing his leg under his trousers, as he knew by the pricking of the long rows of shap claws in his flesh. Joe knew that the least movement he made would disturb the sensitive and acrimonious varmint and it would instantly sink every one of its many claws into his flesh and squirt into his blood from each claw its quota of deadly venom. And then Joe stood, doubly held up. If he moved a hand the desperado on guard would fill him with lead. If he moved a muscle of his leg the centipede would fill him with poison. Slowly the centipede climbed the leg, leaving its itching, burning track in the flesh, something in itself almost beyond human endurance. Joe didn't know how soon the centipede might get mad at something and sock its venom points into him anyhow, but he did know that the robber would soon be through with searching the stage and then begin going through his pockets, while the centipede was exploring him, thus disturbing it and inducing its stinging him.

"The centipede made its way deliberately up one leg, then across Joe's back to the other leg down which it moved more deliberately still, pausing now and then as if it had a notion to go up again. It did start up the leg once, and Joe was on the point of dropping his hand in hope that the robber would put him out of his misery by shooting him, when the centipede turned and went down again, and kept on going until it came out at the bottom of the trouser's leg and went scurrying away. Joe shut his eyes and gave one long breath, and was on the point of relieving himself with a yell, let the consequences be what they might, when the individual with the rifle exclaimed:—

"'Say, pard! you got more nerve than a six-hoss wagon could lug! Damned if I could a

Continued on page 18.

IN THE SWIM.

Regatta Work at Cowes.

REGATTA work at Cowes was dull. It rained, it blew so that no one dared appear without a mackintosh. Still worse were the signs of mourning—mourning for the Duke of Luxe-Coburg for relations killed in South Africa. Every second person was dressed in black, every flag was half-masted, and on Sunday a funereal feeling pervaded the entire town. However, the clerk of the weather repented of his evil ways on Tuesday, and provided a fine day and a fresh breeze. All the world was out of doors, but as might be expected the smart society women were gowned in sombre tones. Black serge and black cloth were almost a livery; and hats were either a white straw sailor with a black band round it, a neat black toque, or a white cloth yachting cap. Lady Londonderry looked well in black serge, as did also Lady Fanny Stanhope. Lady Mary Sackville was, as always, picturesque, with wide muslin collar and picture hat. Lady Dudley was very neatly dressed in black and white, and Lady Evelyn Ward, her beautiful sister-in-law, looked charming in cream-white. The usual entertainments of the week were conspicuous only by their absence, but there were a few quiet luncheons and dinners, and the Hungarian Band certainly tended to the gaiety of Cowes.

Denunciations of Newport.

Its an amusing controversy that has been started over Rev. Braddin Hamilton's sermon at Newport in which he held up to the millionaire set the necessity of remembering that it is the cynosure of all good American eyes. He emphasized the fact that good Americans read the society slush in the dailies and that the morals of the nation were being endangered by the character of diversion in which the "smart set" indulged. He alluded to Sunday golf, tennis and polo. This was bad enough but here cometh Thomas Nelson Page who has gone out of his way to search society declaring that the "400," so called, is not the real society which our true American manhood and womanhood recognize as the fulfillment of their social ideals." My, my. Whereupon Elbridge T. Gerry comes to the rescue of the bleating millionaire flock and declares it is all nonsense. Society people don't gamble, and don't desecrate the Sabbath. Their amusements are rational; their entertainments and costumes tend to keep busy innumerable poor people. Their diversions distribute large sums of money. Lespensard Stewart, another leader of the *bon ton*, thinks Newport harbors fewer corrupting influences than any fashionable place, either in America or Europe. The handful of people who attempt to extract a little pleasure out of life do so, he believes in a quiet and decorous way.

Gertrude Atherton's Dictum.

Mrs. Atherton, who has also been heard from, contrives to be very sensible on the subject and derides the idea that the example of Newport is liable to corrupt the country. The great mass has something else to think about, she declares, and, moreover, it will take a force several thousand times stronger than Newport's example to de-knob the Puritan backbone of this country. The United States is one huge network of religious semi-religious and temperance societies. To these millions Newport is but a place on the map with a round tower and other historical associations. And as for its example to the fashionable circles of other American cities, the leisure class anywhere is quite capable of originating its own deviltry. It may be grateful for a hint, but it gets on just as well without it."

All of which is very true. It has become the custom in the New York press to give large show and big headlines to whatever happens in society. It is part of the yellow journal's creed that the public is wildly interested in the doings of the Vanderbilt-Astor combination. The millionaires naturally resent the publicity conferred on them which they declare they do not deserve. They seem to show a desire to mind their own business and suggest that their affairs are really their own, after all. In this view the sensational clergyman and the reporters declare to agree—hence the fool controversies to which we have been treated.

A Trilby Party.

There was a Trilby party at Ashbury Park recently. A "Trilby party" may be otherwise described as a much show of feet. The season has been gay at Ashbury, but donkey parties had begun to pall, progressive euchre had lost its charm, the Saturday evening hop had become stale, flat and unprofitable. There was a demand for something new. The bench show was proposed and accepted.

Three judges were appointed and three prizes obtained. The judges studied pedal anatomy and obtained a physician and chiropodist to coach them. The contest took place in the dining-room of the hotel. Several sheets were sewed together and these served as a curtain. Behind this screen on a platform were the contestants, twelve in number. At 9 o'clock, with the dining-room thronged with guests, the master of ceremonies announced that the show was open. Twelve dainty ankles protruded from a profusion of lace skirts, and the spectators were invited to come forward and examine them. Familiarities with the contesting feet were sternly barred by the master of ceremonies Up and down the line, several times, walked the spectators passing judgment or criticism on the feet. After five minutes review, Mr. Schroeder announced that the judges would now take their turn, and determine who were the prize winners. Muffled laughter came from behind the curtain at times, as the examiners picked up some particular foot in order to study its anatomy more closely. It was observed that the extensor brevis digitorum of one contestant's foot was not sufficiently developed and that there was a depression in the plantar region. At last the judges came to a foot that seemed entitled to first prize. All studied it earnestly. They noted that the *abductor minimi digiti* was all right; that the *os cuboides* were of the proper size and that the *os naviculare* was perfect. To the owner was awarded the first prize, a gold necklace. After this the determination as to the second and third prizes, a breastpin and a pair of silk stockings, was an easy matter. It was the privilege of the judges to tie the blue, red and yellow ribbons, representing first, second and third prizes, on the ankles of the winners, and this they did while the orchestra played "Ben Bolt."

The curtain was drawn aside after the contestants had donned their footwear. In the excitement one contestant lost one of her slippers, but it was afterward recovered. The winner of the first prize is a young woman very well known and decidedly popular at the beach.

New Palaces in New York.

New York has the most luxurious homes in the world. Nowhere else are to be found private residences and apartment-houses furnished with such up-to-date conveniences. One of the latest innovations is in a private residence being built on Riverside Drive, where a private infirmary is being equipped in the most approved fashion. The sick room intended for members of the family is an exact reproduction of a hospital ward. It is furnished with the most approved couches, the furniture is made wholly of metal and glass, and all the appliances for illness are kept on hand. The floors and walls are of marble, and the apartment is equipped with fans and ventilating arrangements. The same house contains a billiard room, gymnasium, studio and roof garden.

Many private houses in New York have roof gardens, which may be reached by rapid electric elevators. The up-to-date mansion nowadays must also have an automobile annex. This differs from an ordinary stable in many ways. In addition to its serving as a store-house the annex is usually equipped with a dynamo for rationing the automobiles and a machine stop for making repairs.

Residences with dark rooms for amateur photographers are a novelty. Private Turkish baths are not uncommon. There are also private barber shops which consist of a regular barber's chair with mirrors, basins, and other fittings. One of the latest ideas in building houses is to construct the kitchen, bathrooms, and laundries without corners, all rounded, so that no dirt may collect and the room may be kept thoroughly cleaned. A first-class house has at least three baths, two for the family

Continued on page 20.

MEDITATIONS OF A MATRON.

BY MRS. CRICKET.

I FEAR, my dear Diary, that there is but little news for you this week. Most of our friends have settled down into the humdrum life of between seasons. Nowadays, all girls know how to sew, so the dressmaker is in the house making a few gowns for small dinners, dances, luncheons, and the more elaborate arrangements in which one helps to receive at teas. Very few girls get all their clothes made out. I think it used to be great fun having Leila, mama and me pitch in and work with a dressmaker. As a rule mama would get another seamstress to help, and the amount done was simply wonderful. I had pretty nice clothes too. Now things are different, and I am not half so interested in what I wear. It is a question of the dressmaker telling me what I should have, and I, profiting by her superior judgment, ordering it. It should be superior; I pay a price for superior judgment.

Leila's trousseau is all ready. She, however, has again put off the date of her wedding. Her last idea is to be married on the first of January, 1901. Robert is very angry. I do not know how her fiance feels, but he has allowed Leila all the privileges of either an heiress or an only child. It would not surprise me if Leila never married at all. That would be the expected, however, and the expected has to live up to the platitude of being unexpected if it wishes to take place. She goes East next week and then to Europe with Aunt Sybil who anticipates returning from South America on the fifteenth. They wish to see the end of the Paris Exposition. Robert and I may go too, but it is not quite settled yet. Sometimes it strikes me that I am too young to be married, and have to settle down. I might not mind so much if I had a house but living in a hotel is awful. Twice last week I telephoned Robert I would not be back for dinner. He dined alone. He was very nice about it, went so far as go to a restaurant, so it would not suggest itself to the people we know in the hotel that I was neglecting him. Had we a house, I should never have done such a thing. I suppose he will get tired of me and my exactions after a little. Mama says he is a man of such wonderful tact. When mama says that, I judge that I am being gently treated to a little careful management. I hope with so much management, and so many people anxious to make me a nice first-class wife, that I shall not be absolutely ruined. I always think of the advice that the colored man gave to Arthur, "Mister Arthur," he said, "there are two people to marry, a wife and a woman. When you marry, see you marry a wife."

I am afraid Robert married a woman.

The Holbrooks and Knights have gone to Europe. I wrote to Harry to know had he gone to select Olive's trousseau or his own. You know Harry has excellent taste, and is most particular that Olive wear clothes that are becoming to her. I do not want to hint of Olive's engagement for I know there is no truth in the rumor, so far as Harry is concerned. I shall say nothing, except that it is not the girl that most people suspect.

The engagement has just been announced of Miss May Hooper and Dr. George B. Somers. Dr. Somers just arrived from Europe Friday last. He is a really clever young man and has done a great deal of good work during the time he was head of the Emergency hospital in San Francisco. He also attended to all the work of the Doctor's Daughters. That I consider the most praiseworthy charity in town. I am a member of it. May Hooper is the sort of girl that will make any man happy. She is musical and well read and I for one can congratulate Dr. Somers.

So many of the girls are complaining at present of the interviews that have been written up, purposedly coming from them, in one of the morning papers. Reporters come to see all of us. That is part of life in San Francisco. Most of us see them, and are decently civil, but we certainly do not air ourselves in that chirpy, undignified manner of which we read next morning in the paper. I felt horrible because one came to see me, and asked me some questions about golf and Del Monte. The interview next morning was so absurd I could hardly keep Robert from going down to the newspaper office and attacking the editor. Editors have the whip-hand of one, so the easiest thing to do is remain quiet and let one's friends forget all about it.

Now that Henry Miller has gone all of us are crying for some good show. Everyone in town went wild over "The Only Way." It was very fine, I suppose, but I did not enjoy it particularly. The men pleased me but the women could never have made me sufficiently interested in them to cause me any tears. Most of the people around me were deeply affected. But I think people like to weep, especially at the theatre. So far as I am concerned the "Tyranny of Tears" was infinitely sadder. Just think how much more to be pitied the husband was in that than either Mimi or Sidney Carton, for was not his a living agony? We all know that his wife would only turn over a new leaf for a few days.

* *

So far as the golf links are concerned things are pretty quiet. It is too windy to play at the Presidio. Maude Mullins, who was, perhaps, the most faithful player out there, has gone to London to visit Mrs. Charles Wyndham, wife of the celebrated actor. She will meet some of the most interesting people during her stay, and be received at the best golf clubs in both England and Scotland. Ella Morgan won the cup for "putting" at Del Monte. She did exceedingly good work and made the links in forty-two. Therese came in second. I believe were Ella to work she would be one of our first-class players Most of her time, however, is spent at music. Caro Crockett still plays every day at Burlingame. I hear that Mr. Douty's house has been sold. We shall miss Mrs. Douty and her niece very much. In San Rafael the faithful players still go out every morning. Mrs. Gilman Brown, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Green and Julia Buckbee and the Gerstles never miss a day. Julia had a card party last week. Cards have really been awfully popular this summer. I think that there were at least forty parties since the first of June.

Now, Diary dear, this is all for the present, I do wish someone would do something so I could tell you about it.

How to Succeed at Journalism

A Frank Talk to a Man we Don't Know

MANY young men are confronted with a wife who must be adorned with bric-a-brac and fed with nick-nacks and a son and heir who clamors loudly for food and attention. Fifteen dollars per week is not calculated to satisfy a craving for diamond jewelry or diamond back terrapin poulette, but the fifteen-dollar-a-week young man may increase his income, and satisfy his appetite unless the latter also increases and outruns his income. Here is a letter from a young man seeking advice:

Editor Wave, Dear Sir:

I am a young man engaged as a reporter on a morning paper. My wages are fifteen dollars per week. I have a wife and child to support, and this barely suffices. I work about twelve hours a day; and write articles advocating eight hours work for every other kind of labor except my own. If I had eight hours work I might put in four or five hours keeping books for small stores, but all of my time is taken up. What would you advise me to do?

Yours truly,
Old Ned.

First we would advise this young man to stop being truthful—be scoopful. A scoopful reporter is never a fifteen-dollar man. The very first morgue case you are detailed to write up must be made to yield a sensation. Involve some wealthy or influential man who may have had a vague acquaintance with the subject on the slab. Just a bare acquaintance is enough. Then you may begin this way:

"Stretched on a cold marble slab in the public morgue lies the dead and festering body of a woman once fair, once happy. The grim hand of Sin (with a capital S) has pencilled on her poor, wan face the story of her life, more faithfully and accurately than words could portray and they preach a sermon that is an old, old story, the dominant tone of which rings out a denunciation of man's inhumanity, etc."

Then you can introduce the "gazing, curious crowd," the "calloused souled attendants," and the like. Indeed, it might heighten the effect to have the deputy coroner with the "calloused heart" drop a tear or two over this particular case. You draw a picture of the subject's childhood, of her downfall, of the end, and then rush off to the home of the prominent citizen who once knew the woman. Here you want to be careful. Your interview should read:

"Mr. Proudpurse was found in his elegant home on Van Ness avenue, utterly oblivious of the dead girl on the slab. At first he refused to be interviewed and finally the reporter dragged out of him the admission that he once had been slightly acquainted with a person of her name."

Note every quiver of his eye. If his eye does not quiver or his hand does not clench or his color does not change, note it any how, because he probably did all of these things without your noticing it. Then you can also say:

"It was evident Mr. Proudpurse was not anxious to have his name mentioned in this connection, but justice must be done. He vigorously denied having known the dead woman, except casually twenty years ago, but behind his denials it was evident he was attempting to conceal something."

You should badger Mr. Proudpurse to a certain limit and possibly he will throw you out on the street. This would be a great victory for you, and you can cite "his rage at having his relations with the dead woman made known." Request an interview with his wife. Of course he will refuse point blank. Use this unwillingness by saying:

Mr. Proudpurse was anxious that his connection with the woman's death should not be made known to his wife, and refused to permit the reporter to see the lady. It is regreted that Mrs. Proudpurse knows nothing of the affair. She is a delicate little lady and a fear is expressed that the shock of such an occurrence as this, if known to her, would kill her."

Then interview some of Mrs. Proudpurse's relatives. You will always find some sister-in-law or cousin-in-law or something or other-in-law who "always suspected Mr. Proudpurse." She will possibly put you on the trail of something to be used in the next issue. She will cry copiously over her sister's misfortune, but her tongue will be wagging all the while. She will furnish you with a picture of Mr. P. and the family. If you cannot secure photographs by this means, any picture will do.

If you secure one or two scoops like this, and don't involve any friend of the paper, you will soon cease to be a fifteen per week young man.

Then as a side issue you might study the style of Wm. Dean Howells, Max O'Rell and other prominent men and contribute to the Sunday editorial page a letter from one of these gentlemen on some insane subject like,

"Does love ease the pain of soft corns and ingrowing toe-nails?"

"Are women more gentlemanly than men?"

You must get up something after this fashion:

When we drink water are we really taking our forefathers into our stomachs? Now you know that a human being is seventy-five per cent water. Where does it go when we die? You remember Durrant was cremated down at Los Angeles. He practically went up in vapor. Vapor is always precipated to earth. The people of Los Angeles have probably drank him up before now. And so on.

You might pursue this subject with great effect and ring the changes variously on old lines, such as this: "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay may serve as chink to keep the wind away," to something like this: "Imperial Cæsar dead and in a climate hotter, may serve to keep Spring Valley stocked with drinking water." There is no end to such a subject. Think of Spring Valley crowding Cæsar and Brutus, Napoleon, etc., etc., into galvanized iron pipes and selling them by the gallon.

And then for the yellow Sunday supplement you might grind out a few jokes like this:

Democrat—Bryan is a peerless statesman and orator. He will sweep McKinley off the face of the earth with the force of Niagara.

Republican—Bryan is a good deal like Niagara falls.

Democrat—In what way, sir?

Republican—He never will dry up. Wouldn't it *jar you*?

Then here is another.

Fond mother (to nurse)—"Mary, what is Reggie eating?"

Nurse—"He's eating a fig, ma'am."

Fond mother—"Well, don't let him swallow the seeds."

Then here is another.

Her Waists Were Not Low Cut.

Swellington (to Miss Hauton at the inaugural ball)—We don't see as much of you these days as we used to.

Miss Hauton—No, the doctor told me that the low-cut corsage was responsible for more pneumonia than any other form of exposure. So I must be careful.

Now, my dear young man, we have gone to some pains to advise you, and we hope before Mr. Bryan is elected President that you will have reached a ripe old age and an over-ripe salary. Stick to your profession. It is a noble calling, but set your boy to driving a truck or some other light occupation.

Be versatile, but don't be particular. Facts are the bones, invention is the muscle and romance is the meat of all good newspaper scoops. If facts are in your way avoid them, and lock truth up in a safe deposit vault, then lose the key. Follow this advice and you will soon cease to be a fifteen per young man.

PALMER BROWNE.

Chips from the Scientific Workshop

A DANGEROUS HABIT.—*La Nature* reports the curious origin of an epidemic of tuberculosis at Karkow, a city in Russia. An unusual number of cases of consumption were noticed among the municipal officers and clerks. Some accidental suggestion finally led to a bacteriological examination of the library where the city records were kept. It was found that the departmental archives were literally covered with tubercule bacilli. Further investigation traced them to a consumptive employe, whose work had led him to consult the archives very frequently, and who had the common habit of wetting his fingers with salivh to facilitate the turning of the pages, on each one of which he thus deposited a colony of bacilli.

A New Material for Paper-Making.

In the present state of the paper-making industry, when the demand for paper is abnormally great, and the supply of material for its manufacture unprecedentedly scarce, it is interesting news that a mill has been started south of New Orleans to convert into paper the stalks of sugar-cane after the sugar has been extracted. There are from three to fiv million tons of "bagasse," as the exhausted cane is called, turned out of the mills every year, and how to utilize it has been a problem to Louisiana planters for generations. In some mills it is used for fuel, but this has not been considered a profitable way of disposing of it. Although several years ago the suggestion was made that "bagasse" would make as good a material for the manufacture of paper as wood pulp, nothing practical has been done hitherto. A diffusion plant is used in the new factories, and the cane is turned out in dry chips, which are in much better condition for paper manufacture than the soft crushed cane as it comes from the ordinary sugar factories.

Boring Metal Plates With Water.

Some fairly successful experiments have recently been made in drilling holes in and engraving on metal by means of electrolytic solutions. A nozzle of special construction was used. The lower end, which is pressed against the metal plate, is divided into two compartments, through which the electrolytic fluid flows. The upper end has two openings; through one the electrolyte flows in, down to the lower end against the plate, and finally up and out of the other. The end of the nozzle, which is pressed against the plate to be drilled, is fitted with a rubber washer, whose shape determines that of the hole bored. A strong electric current is caused to flow through the plate into the electrolyte and back to the source of electricity. The nozzle circulation of the electrolyte in the nozzle carries off the metal as fast as the electrolyte liberates it. Some of the best results for iron were obtained with sulphuric acid as the electrolyte, but good work was also done with ordinary salt water.

Joe Lathrop's Nerve.

Continued from page 16.

stood that feller a wigglin' over me myself!

"That cold-blooded reprobate had seen the centipede go up into Joe's trouser's leg, and knew all the while what Joe was suffering, and just stood there and watched what the result was going to be! The robbers made off as soon as they had secured all the plunder, and the looted stage and passengers went on to Pueblo. And that was the sort of nerve Joe Lathrop had to have with him that memorable day.

Fainting Spells

Are peculiar to women. Men rarely faint. Many women are liable to what they term "fainting spells," and this liability is always most marked at the monthly period. This alone is sufficient to connect the "fainting spell" with a deranged or diseased condition of the womanly organs. The use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures irregularity, heals inflammation and ulceration, and stops the drains which weaken the body. It builds up the nervous system, increases the vital powers, and so removes the common causes of faintness in women. There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription;" neither does it contain opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic.

"It gives me much pleasure," writes Miss Ella Sapp, of Jamestown, Guilford Co., N.C., "to thank Dr. Pierce for the great good received from the use of his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I had suffered for three years or more at monthly periods. It seemed as though I would die with pain in my back and stomach. I could not stand on my feet without fainting; had given up all hope of ever being cured, when one of my friends insisted upon my trying Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. With but little faith I tried it, and before I had taken half a bottle I felt better, had better appetite and slept better. Now I have taken two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and am happy to say I am entirely cured, and all done in two months' time, when all other medicines had failed to say good."

The Sign of the Peacock

229 GEARY ST.

Theatre Suppers

Luncheon Ice Cream Breakfast

ORDERS DELIVERED

MRS. SACHT'S

HAIR RESTORER

A Pure and Harmless Vegetable Compound

For Baldness, Dandruff, Gray and Faded Hair, Scaly and Itching Scalp and all Diseases of the Hair and Scalp.

This marvelous compound has been used for years as a remedy in the family of Mrs. Sacht. Its wonderful curative properties became known to her friends and it is now offered to the public as a safe and sure remedy for disfiguring baldness. A reference to the front label of this bottle will show the growth of hair produced for Mrs. Sacht, who, although sixty years of age, has a long soft, heavy growth of hair of natural color.

Price 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

DIRECTIONS.—Apply to the scalp once or twice a day, rubbing it very gently to avoid injury to new young hair. Wash the hair only once or twice a month, and then only with pure castile soap and as hot water as you can stand. Rinse with cold water.

MRS. M. K. SACHT
Hair Restorer.

425 Cedar Ave.; off Laguna St.

Can be had at the following Hair Dressers:
Mrs. J. S. Goldschmidt
708 Polk Street Bet. Ellis and Eddy Sts.
Telephone Polk 1321
Carl Anderson, 417 Geary Street.
Mrs. Hansen, 141 Clara Street

VAMOS A MEXICO

A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED
EXCURSION TRAIN
OF PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
WILL BE RUN BY THE
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
TO THE
CITY OF MEXICO
LEAVING
San Francisco, Wednesday, Nov. 14
Los Angeles the following day
ROUND TRIP TICKETS
From San Francisco . $80
From Los Angeles . . . $70
GOOD FOR 60 DAYS
RATES FROM OTHER POINTS IN PROPORTION

Most delightful season of the year in the quaint old republic. Complete arrangements for cheap side trips.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, INQUIRE OF
AGENT S P CO. AT DEPOT

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports: 11 a. m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. Sept. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Oct. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports: 9 a. m. Sept. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Oct. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles): 11 a. m. Sept. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Oct. 4, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

TO CHICAGO IN THREE DAYS.

From San Francisco at 10 A. M.

Chicago Union Pacific and Northwestern Line.

DOUBLE DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with Barber, Dining-Cars; meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast.
617 Market Street (Palace Hotel),
San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company
Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for HONOLULU only, Wednesday, September 19, at 2 p. m.
S. S. Moana for AUSTRALIA, Wednesday October 3, at 8 p. m.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
TICKET OFFICE, 643 MARKET STREET.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

Topical Verse

Ode to Discontent.

'NEATH the shade of a haystack Populist sat
A-twisting the brim of his last Summer's hat,
And trying to lighten his mind of a load
By humming the words of the following ode:
Oh, for free silver—oh, for a change—
Oh, for McKinley in rifle-shot range—
Oh, for a crack at the National banks—
Oh, for a chance at Plutocracy's ranks—
And so he kept oh-ing for all he had not,
Not contented with owing for all that he'd got.

Town Topics.

The Shirt-Waist Man.

THE shirt waist man is coming—he is strutting into view,
His smile of satisfaction shows he's made his mind up, too.
He wears a look that marks the soul of coolest comfort blest.
He doesn't care what people think—he's doffed his coat and vest.
And now he is devising diplomatic means and ways
Of introducing pantaloons to wear on rainy days.

The shirt waist man—hurra for him! Now let him set the pace,
And give some cooler clothing to one-half the human race.
Let's have a shirt waist with short sleeves and lace insertion, so
They'll catch the faintest sort of breeze that e'er was known to blow.
And don't forget, O tailorman, you must abbreviate
The trousers, so that all the men may be in coolest state.

—Baltimore American.

A Familiar Crank.

"HE hurled anathemata and invectives by the score,
And madly raged and tore his hair and violently swore
And raised a great disturbance in the circumambient air
As he yelled: 'Keep out of China, for we've got no business there!'

"'We've got to take our horns in, and we've got to do it quick,
And if McKinley doesn't, why we'll make McKinley sick.
I hope the Chinks will slaughter every white man in the lot,
And that not an interloper ever leaves the bloody spot.'

"You might miss him on one corner, but you'd meet him on the rest,
And he'd lam his doctrines at you, this circumforaneous pest,
With a wild and frantic frenzy, till you swore like rabid sin
That you'd hamburgize his features if he didn't lock his chin.

"Then one day the news came over, like a ray of summer sun,
That the foreigners were rescued—that the good work had been done—
And this crazy, rabid, frantic, frothing, anarchistic cuss
Kicked a hole clean through his brand new hat and yelled:

'Hooray
For
Us!'"

—Denver Tribune.

On the Road to Peking.

By S. E. Kiser.

FRANK and Teuton side by side
On the road to Peking;
Lion, eagle, bear, allied,
On the road to Peking
Yankee, Briton, German, Gaul,
Heeding one appealing call,
Sometimes foes, now brothers all,
On the road to Peking!

Shall the lordly lion sway
On the road to Peking?
Shall the eagle show the way
On the road to Peking?
Which shall lead and which be led?
Who shall boast or care or dread,
So they swiftly fare ahead
On the road to Peking!

Jonathan and John allied
On the road to Peking;
Fritz and Francois side by side
On the road to Peking;
There to share what may befall,
Heeding one appalling call—
God commanding o'er them all
On the road to Peking.

Chicago Times-Herald.

Balzac's Literary Habit.

When one considers the stupendous production of Balzac, it is difficult to realize that he had little spontaneity and that creation was always laborious to him. Gavarni, the caricaturist, knew Balzac well. When asked once how Balzac was in conversation he answered shortly.

"Stupid."

"Stupid? You don't mean stupid do you?"

"Yes, stupid. He has wit only with pen in hand, and even then it does not come easily. It is torture for him to get to work. He'll cover sheet after sheet of paper with meaningless words and sentences before he can get started. Once under way, however, he can't be stopped. He'll rush on hours at a time without rest. I have seen him work twenty-six hours at one sitting."

Winston Churchill's New Books.

Mr. Winston Churchill, who has been in no haste to bring fresh wares to the ready market made for him by the astounding popularity of *Richard Carvel*, is giving the final touches to a second historical romance, *The Crisis*, which the Macmillan Co. will publish some time in the autumn. In *Richard Carvel* the author treated of the origin and character of the cavalier in Maryland, and in *The Crisis*, he takes up the cavalier's history nearly a century later. Though the time and place have changed from those of the earlier novel it is still a record of the clash between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, the Puritans of New England and Cavaliers of Maryland, Virginia, and the South. Mr. Churchill, in surveying events, has placed the centre of excitement in St. Louis. Lincoln, Grant and Sherman are said to figure among the historical characters, but the romantic side of the story has by no means been neglected. The illustrations for Mr. Churchill's book are by Maxfield Parrish, who, by the way, is an intimate friend and a summer neighbor of the author in the beautiful Vermont hill-town where a congenial little group of settlers gather every spring. Mr. Parrish's home is one of the quaintest, for the artist, having his own ideas of architecture, as well as the pleasure and profit of labor, likes to add a room to his house with his own hands whenever it seems needed and his less practical labors permit.

DELAY IN THE TREATMENT of bronchitis, which generally begins with a chill, hot feverish attacks and a feeling of exhaustion, develops into very serious complications. PAIN-KILLER taken in hot water, as well as rubbing the chest with it clear, will speedily cure. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis. Price 25c. and 50c.

Physicians would not recommend Jesse Moore Whiskey if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

Santa Fe Trains

GO TO

Antioch	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Bakersfield	9 a m		8 p m
Chicago	9 a m		
Denver	9 a m		
Fresno	9 a m		8 p m
Hanford	9 a m		8 p m
Joliet	9 a m		
Kansas City	9 a m		
Leavenworth	9 a m		
Merced	9 a m		8 p m
Newton	9 a m		
Phoenix	9 a m		
Stockton	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Tulare	9 a m		8 p m
Visalia	9 a m		8 p m
Williams	9 a m		

Personally conducted Excursions to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston every MONDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in Pullman's Best Tourist Sleeping Cars. Try this NEW ROUTE.
Get full information and handsome folder at
641 MARKET STREET
or at Santa Fe Ticket Office
Ferry Building, Foot of Market Street

MARTELL & CO.

Cognac, France,
Established 1715.
TRADE MARK.

J. & F. Martell.

The Highest Grade of Cognac Brandy.

All Martell shipments received by us bear the name of our firm on the bottles. Beware of imitations.

William Wolff & Co.
329 Market Street. Pacific Coast Agents.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-314 POST STREET
SOHMER PIANO AGENCY
SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

Repsold Select Vintage Wines
FOR YOUR HOME DINNER
This brand of Wine is served at all first-class clubs, hotels and restaurants
Office, 416 Pine St. A. REPSOLD & CO.

Bank of California

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000. Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account July 1st, 1900, $1,453,469.59

William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; S. Prentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary.

CORRESPONDENTS

New York, Messrs. Ladlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank, Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft, China, Japan and East Indies, Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus $2,238,372.45
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, July 30, 1900 .....28,938,395.02

OFFICERS

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President....H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Hermann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary .....A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hohte, I. N. Walker,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA STREET

Deposits, July 1, 1900 .....$26,952,875
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 218,093
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Premery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier; R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Gakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

33 POST STREET
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital.....$1,000,000
Paid Up Capital..... 300,000

James D. Phelan, President; S. G. Murphy, Vice-Pres.; John A. Hooper, Vice-Pres.; George A. Story, Cashier; C. B. Hobson, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal and James McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co. or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

1875 CALIFORNIA 1900

Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

PHONE BUSH 165.

Safe-Deposit Boxes from $5.00 per year up. Trunks and Valuables of every Description Stored in Fire and Burglar-Proof Vaults at $1.00 per month.

Office Hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO.
General Agents.

A Harvest Festival at Newport

By Robert Johnson

THE event of the Newport season was the "Harvest Festival" dance at "Crossways," the mansion of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. The summer has been rather dull. Nothing startling in the way of entertainment had occurred and it seemed to devolve on Mrs. Fish, who is leading in the race for social supremacy, to organize an affair which might establish her right to the throne from which Mrs. Astor has retired.

In order to startle the millionaire set which makes its home at Newport something tremendously effective had to be thought out. The simple is not in line there; what is required is elaborateness harmonized by good taste—a condition that is only met in the families of the Dives and the Midases. The wife of Stuyvesant Fish, chief owner and president of the Illinois Central railway, can afford to splurge magnificently, however, and the festival was worthy of her income.

A DINNER AT "ROSECLIFF."

To begin with there was a dinner at the Herman Oelrichs new villa "Rosecliff." To it some one hundred and twelve of the participants at the festival were invited. On the terraces overlooking the ocean the guests were served. A series of tents were erected covered inside with vines studded with electric lights. The effect was brilliant. Eighty guests, in evening dress, sat at ten tables. At a large table in the center were seated thirty-two, chief figures at the feast, who were to dance the two quadrilles. Mrs. Oelrichs had trained one set of eight couples, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont the other set. The women among the dancers wore flapping headdresses, bodices, skirts to their ankles—almost. The men were attired in collars to their shoulders, blouses, knickerbockers, wooden shoes. The women were pictures of demureness; the men ideals of simplicity; some of their friends did not recognize them.

After dinner a procession of carriages and automobiles set forth for the "Crossways," three-quarters of a mile distant. On the gate posts of this mansion were two huge pumpkins made into "jack-o-lanterns," each twelve feet in circumference. Inside were brilliant calcium lights. Up the driveway were arches of lanterns six feet apart forming an illuminated canopy from entrance to port cochere. Throughout the grounds were illuminated with incandescent bulbs; the roof-trees, arches and gables of the mansion were rimmed with light. The lawn was transformed into a field of harvested grain with sheaves and haystacks—truly rural. There oxen gazed curiously at the electric effects, but, indeed, the scene was fine and worthy human as well as bovine inspection.

LITTLE PIGS AND BANTAMS.

However, to the entertainment itself. It was part of the scheme that the rustics who were to participate in the peasant's quadrille should lay some worthy offering at the feet of the queen of the festival. Quite a degree of competition was developed in this direction. Some brought ducks, others geese, more had chickens. It was amusing for the onlookers to witness the struggles of the guests with their barn yard attractions. When you think of it, conveying live stock is not altogether a joke. I actually saw a very pretty girl with her hands and arms all pecked and scratched by a vicious little bantam rooster. The plight of Mr. Norman Whitehouse was even worse. He had procured a sucking pig of some shape and substance and considerable activity. In order not to lose "piggy" he had him wrapped up in an old piece of fishnet or lawn tennis net. Several times this prospective roast offering made breaks for liberty and finally got off, chased by a bevy of policemen. One Italian nobleman, who was lugging a big rooster, looked as if he would rather be fighting Boxers within the Sacred City. At the end of the procession, and to cap the climax, appeared Herman Oelrichs struggling with a calf. He wanted to get it to Mrs. Fish, but the animal would not go, and it was only after impetus had been added at the rear that it was presented to the hostess.

These minor difficulties were all adjusted after a bit. Servants took charge of the live-stock and conveyed it to more appropriate quarters. Then the guests had an opportunity to inspect the interior decorations which certainly were tremendously swell. Sheaves of wheat lined the port cochere. The main hall was wainscoted with wheat studded with sunflowers and clusters of poppies. At intervals were panels of agricultural implements, and sheaves of corn tied with red ribbon. Green garlands with scarlet poppies were suspended from the ceiling and looped with sash ribbon of red and yellow. Innumerable sun flowers and poppies were used in the decorative scheme, and the effect was really beautiful. In the hall queening it in the midst of this bucolic array sat Mrs. "Stuy" Fish on an agricultural dias, garbed in a ball gown of orange-colored silk which was garlanded with a small row of poppies over the shoulder running down on the skirt. To her the arrivals made obeisance and then assembled for the peasant's quadrille which took place in the drawing room. There were sixteen couples who had been well rehearsed for the occasion. The dancing was done in rural style. Bows and courtesies gave way to countrified ducks and dips. After that there was dancing in ordinary, and then supper which was followed by a cotillion that Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr. and Mr. Harry Lehr led. The favors were miniature agricultural implements in gold and silver, which were brought into the ball room in a gilded wheelbarrow.

A RUSTIC SUPPER.

But the supper must not be forgotten. The rustic quadrillists in their rural garb were led to the eastern piazza which had been transformed into a country grape arbor. Here a long table was spread with burlap over which ran squash and pumpkin vines. A pyramid of cabbages, squashes, and celery formed the counter-piece. Board benches were the seats. The courses were served in dishes improvised from squashes, and knives and forks and spoons, made out of crooked-necked squashes and carrots, were the instruments of consumption. There was great joy at this table, and shouts of merriment were heard from it. Each of the other tables had a sheaf of wheat done up in ribbons, or a basket of poppies, or an illuminated pumpkin curiously covered, all carrying out the harvest festival idea.

As for the gowning—it was, of course, as glorious as usual and the display of diamonds was what might be expected of guests with incomes ranging from a paltry hundred thousand to half a million and a million per annum.

Your medicine chest is incomplete if it is not stocked with Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey.

New Palaces In New York.

Continued from page 17.

and one for the servants, and frequently more.

Several apartment buildings which contain flats rented from $3,000 to $7,000 a year are supplied with cold-air shafts, enabling tenants to cool their apartments or preserve their food merely by turning on a faucet.

Electric lights are used exclusively. Many apartments contain permanent mirrors surrounded by electric bulbs. Electric fans are often a permanent fixture. In a well-appointed house every closet of any size may be illuminated by electricity.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

For home use, for bar use, for physicians' use, for everybody's use, Jesse Moore Whiskey is always the best and is in most general demand.

ON CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.—LOCATION of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 3d day of August, 1900, an assessment, No. 52, of ten cents (10c) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada block, No: 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 27th day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco California.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia District, Storey county, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third (3d) day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 71) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpa d on the seventh (7th) day of September, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the twenty-eighth (28th) day of September, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 6th day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 91) of fifteen cents (15c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 1st day of October, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—SAVAGE MINING Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of August, 1900, an assessment (No. 101) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 20-22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of September, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 8th day of October, 1900, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p.m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and the expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Room 20-22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success. It soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters "Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes, and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. ☞Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Electric Supplies

CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIRS

California Electrical Works

409 MARKET STREET

Germea

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . . . .
Centrally Located . . .

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.
American and European Plan.
WILLIAM T. BANG, Proprietor.

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms — Elevator Service
Excellent Cuisine — References Required
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL

THE BRADBURY

J. A. FERSON, Prop.
N.W. Cor. Polk and California Sts., San Francisco
Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and upwards. Reasonable by the month. Tel. Hyde 2771.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE — Tel. Main 199
DEALERS IN Paper
55, 57, 59, 61 First Stree
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore,
MURPHY, GRANT & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
What a Gas Range Will Do?
It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!
IT WILL DO AWAY WITH
Dirt, Worry and Ashes;
Your kitchen will be clean;
Your working hours shorter;
Your food will be better cooked;
Your life prolonged, and
Your happiness assured.
Stove Department,
415 Post Street, - - San Francisco

lfred Cane — Luther A. Teague — Frederick Teague
TEAGUE, CANE & TEAGUE
Dentists
Claus Spreckels Building
gel. Main 1459 — Third and Market Sts., 6th Floor
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Trusts add combinations do not affect Jesse Moore Whiskey. Its fame is established; its quality is the finest and it is always the best.

THEATRICALS

A Shrewd Distinction.

Chester Bailey Fernald, the San Francisco writer, is now a factor in English stage life. His play, "A Moonlight Blossom," was not, it is true, a success, but the critics discerned in it certain rare virtues which preserved his rank among dramatists. He was engaged, subsequently, to adapt an Ibsen play for Mrs. Brown Potter, and during the first rehearsal he and the distinguished leading lady had a difference of opinion. Mr. Fernald laid down the law. Mrs. Potter replied, "You seem to forget that I've been an actress for thirteen years." "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Potter," corrected Fernald, "you have been on the stage thirteen years."

The Busy Belasco.

While in Europe recently David Belasco arranged to produce Ibsen's latest play "When We Dead Awaken" in America. Mrs. Leslie Carter is to portray the heroine and very naively Belasco says that with this actress in the leading role "I see no reason why the Norwegian dramatist's work should not be thoroughly understood and appreciated." Models of the original scenery and costumes were contracted for in Berlin and the astute Belasco is to give us Ibsen as a novelty. Mrs. Carter seems to be his dearest care just now. She is to be La Du Barry in the Jean Richepin play of that name, which Belasco is adapting. She is to have "The Red Mouse" in which Belasco and Harry Dam are collaborating; with John Luther Long, Belasco is developing a third Carter opportunity; a fourth is a new play, by Belasco alone, "Carmela," the strongest he has yet written, and a fifth a comedy thrown in as a relief after these heavier roles. When one learns that Belasco is further collaborating with Egerton Castle and purposes to adapt his "Bath Comedy," that he has contracted to write a play for Ada Rehan, that George Wyndham, the English actor, has commissioned a play, that he has finished a play "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" in collaboration with Mrs. Burton Harrison, one naturally wonders where he finds time to accomplish so much. These are but a few of the Belasco undertakings. He is becoming a wholesale dealer in plays just like Charles Frohman but whether he has the extraordinary energy and executive ability of that Napoleonic personage is another story.

Decline of the Coon Song.

No longer does the popular entertainer at the vaudeville shows in New York introduce himself with the coon song. As a feature of the ragtime music's waning vogue, the decline of the negro performer's favor is to be expected and probably there is as much cause for congratulation in one case as in another. What the successor of the ragtime tune will be nobody has yet attempted to prophesy. Good Irish songs are scarce, but there is a belief that public taste might turn to them. The languidly sentimental seems just now to be struggling with the patriotic for temporary supremacy in the music halls. Whether or not the winner is to survive as the successor to the ragtime epidemic it is not possible to say. But it is quite certain that the sentimental "mother" songs are now altogether a taste of the past.

The Pessimistic Duse.

Eleanora Duse has recently been discussing with more than her usual pessimism the condition of the stage to-day and the failure of her own ambitions. She said in effect that the theatre of the present in order to be saved would first have to be destroyed, and that all actors and actresses would have to be killed by a plague, as they poison the air and make art impossible. They do not act dramas in the opinion of the Italian actress, only pieces prepared for the theatre, and only by returning to the tragedy of the Greeks and giving plays in the open air was there hope for the salvation of the drama. It was being killed, she said, by the parquets and the boxes and the persons who came in evening dress to the theatre to digest their dinner. Since the days of the Greeks and Shakespeare there have been no great dramatists, and these represented the entire life of the people and the highest achievement of their contemporaries. Ibsen does not satisfy the actress, presumably from the narrowness of his views as the details of his dramas reveal it, and she longs for Rome, the Colisseum, the Acropolis, Athens, beauty and the living flame of life. She adores Maeterlinck, but his figures are to her in the clouds, childlike and spiritual. She has tried to act the plays of Sardou and Pinero, but finds it impossible.

Patti Still Sings.

Adelina Patti is still singing in London and from all accounts her voice is in excellent condition. See has not been in America since 1892, and it is curious some enterprising manager has not given her another farewell jaunt. Marcus Mayer, who has several times dared disaster with the great prima donna, declares that every season fears a new generation of Americans has arisen that wants to hear Patti and says he would give the diva $100,000 for thirty concerts. She will not sing in opera any longer as the exactions of acting are too great for her strength.

The Career of William A. Brady.

William A. Brady, who now ranks among the most successful of American managers, began life as a train-boy twenty years ago. His father was a New York newspaper man, and when the boy developed a desire to come to San Francisco he was serving as messenger in the New York Press Club. So insistent was this ambition in the breast of the future millionaire that the newspaper men made up a purse and started young Brady for the Coast. There followed a long period of "butchering" on the Oakland trains, and it must be said that Brady was one of the brightest boys who ever peddled peanuts and cheap literature on the Southern Pacific system. But he wanted to be an actor and finally got a place in the Grand Opera House as call-boy. Bartley Campbell took to young Brady and cast him for a part, but the company for some unaccountable reason refused to play with a novice. There was a period of ill fortune for the ex-peanut "butcher" until he met Joseph R. Grismer who recognized his talent for stage direction and made him manager of his troupe. Since then life has beeen an upward progress with Mr. Brady. He has made money at various things, but most of all with "Way Down East" which has drawn phenomenally. It was written by Lottie Blair Parker, but was crude and lacked finish. Joseph Grismer reshaped and re-wrote the drama and staged it as it is played to-day, and I believe the splendid winnings of "Shenandoah" pale before the receipts of this, the latest rural drama.

A Mnemonic System.

The leading man of a small stock company in Illinois used in memorizing lines a curious mnemonic system of his own invention. While studying a role he made it a rule to drink a certain liquor, and when the piece recurred again in the company's repertoire he drank the same liquor. In this way, without any mental effort, he recalled every word of the various parts, together with the appropriate business pertaining thereto. It happened, in the course of events, that the leading lady had a birthday and the company celebrated the occasion with an elaborate punch. It was one of those punches which cannot be brewed save at a bar, for it contained dashes of every liquor and liqueur known to the art. The decoction appealed especially to the leading man, who imbibed plentifully, though without causing any misgivings as to his sobriety. "The Lady of Lyons" was the play set for performance that night, and the first act went swimmingly. In the second the leading man appeared and spoke his first speech. Horrors!—he was do-

Buyers' Guide.

San Francisco Reliable Business Houses

[illegible] and Country Orders promptly [illegible] and Price Lists sent on application. [illegible] solicited. Mention The Wave.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law, [illegible] Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office: Room 24 Chronicle [illegible]

A. K. DAGGETT. Drawing of deeds, wills, papers a specialty. Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone [illegible]

BUSINESS PERSONALS.

Baldness and Dandruff positively cured; Shampooing and Bleaching. Professional Hair [illegible] Glasgow Block, 106 Ellis Street. Room 6.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market Street, Phelan Building.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU. Main office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. [illegible] on all kinds of Newspaper information. Valuable Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT. Northeast corner of Bush and Mason streets. Private [illegible] and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BREN, Proprietors.

Electric and Hygienic Treatment. Sure Cure for Chronic Diseases. Tumors, Cancers and Displacements, positively and without operations. DR. WM. SCHMITT, 502 Taylor St., cor. Geary, San Francisco. CONSULTATION FREE.

A TOILET NECESSITY
Wakelee's
Cold Cream of Roses
MADE WITH
Pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM
A Perfect Complexion
Made from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S,
200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents.

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Brushes for barbers, bakers, breweries, bath houses, billiard tables, breweries, booksellers, candy [illegible], dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stables, [illegible] roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BROS, Brush Mfrs.,
TEL. 5610. 609 Sacramento Street.

A. O. LINDSTROM [Phone Main 3478] A. [illegible]
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Dr. G. S. Moore's Scientific Hair Restorer.
A Sure and Positive Cure. One bottle will convince the most skeptical. Testimonials. 488 Geary St., S. F.

THEATRICALS

Orpheum

Jessie Bartlett Davis, Young American Quintette; Querita Vincent, Johnson and Dean, Howe, Wall and Walters, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Westman and Wren, Frances Kaplan, Bioscraph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

ONE WEEK, BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY
Special Holiday Matinee Monday and Tuesday
All next week

Clay Clement and L. R. Stockwell

and a strong company presenting Clay Clement's new comedy

The New Dominion

Prices, $1, 75c, 50c, 35c, and 25c.

Alcazar Theatre

Fred Belasco and Mark Thall, Managers
Phone Main 254

Week of Monday, Sept. 10th
Extra matinee Monday and Tuesday Sept. 10 and 11.
A thrilling story of frontier life

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

Written by David Belasco and Franklin Fyles
Regular matinee Saturday and Sunday.
Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50c.
To follow "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Morosco's Grand Opera House

Last nights of "Trilby." Week beginning Monday Sept. 10th, THE NEW FRAWLEY COMPANY presenting a stupendously spectacular production of

QUO VADIS

Special engagement of Adgie's lions as a feature of the arena scene.
Matinees Monday, Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday
Next play "Blue Jeans."
Prices:—10, 15, 25 and 50 cents. A few front rows in orchestra, 75 cents.
Saturday matinee, 10, 15, 25 and 50 cents.
Branch Ticket Office, Emporium

★TIVOLI★

Curtain rises at 8 p. m. sharp.
Tonight, "Ernani" Sunday night, "Carmen"
Now comes the event of the season

Week of September 10th

Every evening and Saturday matinee, the great double bill.

Cavalleria Rusticana and I 'Pagliacci

Produced with alternating casts, including Greene, Avedano, Salassa, Berthald, Russo, Ferrari, Schuster, Zani, Boyce,—Lichter, Graham, Poletini, and Stewart

Popular prices, 25 and 50 cents Telephone Bush 9
Seats on sale seven days ahead only.

PAIN'S BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

Pain's $1,000 Fireworks
Opens Saturday September 1st.
Fireworks Changed Nightly.

At the Sixteenth and Folsom street Grounds.

Tonight Democratic night and Electric Fireworks. Sunday night, Sept. 9th, Native Son's night. Monday night, Sept. 10th, Native Daughter's night.
Seats for 10,000.
Box seats $1.00 Grand stand, reserved, 75 cents Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s. Others 25 and 50 cents. Children, first four nights, 15 and 25.

BROWN'S Bronchial Troches
(Made only by John I. Brown & Son, Boston.)
give instant relief in
Hoarseness

Go where you will, the best saloons sell Jesse Moore Whiskey.

ing "The Silver King." The leading juvenile caught the cue and continued "The Silver King." The ingenue followed suit. It was again the leading man's turn, but by this time another ingredient in the punch had the ascendancy over his brain cells for he started off with a line from "The Texas Steer." The low comedian took it up and soon the whole company was doing Hoyt's play. A little later the leading man gave Anthony's oration, the company falling in as a Roman populace. At this juncture, mercifully, the curtain fell. The manager of the troupe was a man fruitful in expedients. Realizing exactly the condition he stepped in front of the stage and explained to the audience that he had, in the interest of high art, perpetrated a base deception, but noticing the evident refinement and culture of the city, he had decided to substitute for "The Lady of Lyons" the latest psychological drama of the gifted Ibsen. He retired amidst loud applause. The leading man carried the performance through two more acts in the style of the first. There were fourteen plays in the repertoire and he managed to get in extracts from every one of them, and breathlessly the company followed his cues. When the final curtain fell he had got to the tomb scene in "Romeo and Juliet." Next day, about noon, there came to the leading man's hotel a deputation from the Ladies' Reading Club of the city to ask him to give them a lecture on Symbolist Poets before the company left town.

Mrs Langtry's Romance Faded.

When the former Mrs. Langtry was playing the heroine of "The Degenerates" in New York last winter nothing else interested her so much as the welfare of her husband, Mr. Hugo de Bathe. Her efforts to collect money for the English soldiers, in which she met with great success, were in large measure inspired by the fact that her young husband was an officer in the British army. So long as Mr. de Bathe remained in South Africa, his wife's interest in him is said to have been touchingly devoted and absorbing; but since his return to London the affection between this newly married pair is so lukewarm that husband and wife have met only once and then but for a few minutes under very formal circumstances. Mr. De Bathe, moreover, is said to be once more on good terms with his family, who objected strenuously to his marriage to Mrs. Langtry. The Jersey Lily preserves her customary complacency under the circumstances and has given no intimation of what the final step in this affair will be. But she has stopped reciting "The Absent-Minded Beggar" and organizing charity fairs for the English soldier.

Ringling's Circus.

The new circus of Ringling Brothers which opens on Wednesday evening, September 19th, is quite the biggest we have had in San Francisco in many a long year. There is but one ring thank heaven and all that is to be seen may be witnessed through a single pair of eyes. This circus according to its announcements has a remarkable set of clever people. The Fisher family who do remarkable aerial exhibitions, Mlle. Turnour, an equilibrist, and Alvo, Boise and Pickard, do notable aerial bars. The DaComas head the company of acrobats. Madam Noble and her trained horse leads the equestrians.

The trained animal portion of the program includes elephant comedians, Herr Souder's elephant brass band, Marchand's pugilistic elephants, Sunlin's performing bull, O'Brien's equescurriculum, a company of sixty-one horses, which pose, pirouette, form living equine pictures, climb lofty pyramids and perform many other astonishing movements, all without the narrow area of a single ring.

The concert of Miss Clara Kalisher was a great success. Her voice is clear, full and flexible and she sings with admirable taste. Her style showed a marked improvement over that developed at her former concert, and there is little doubt but that she will be prominently heard from later on. Her renderings of the classical numbers on her programme were scholarly as well as expressive, and represented really excellent work.

The new stock company at the Alcazar gave an excellent performance of "The Masqueraders." Miss Dorr, the new leading lady, acted with considerable briskness and vigor, and Mr. Howard Hall showed himself a worthy successor of Ernest Hastings.

Margaret Dale, who has so long been a member of Henry Miller's company, and who particularly distinguished herself playing the role of Lucie Manette in "The Only Way," has been promoted by Charles Frohman, and will hereafter be a member of the Empire stock company. She will play light comedy and ingenue parts.

Theatrical Notes

The magnificent spectacle, "The Battle of San Juan," followed each night by one of the thousand dollar displays of Pain's fireworks, has attracted tens of thousands of delighted spectators to the Sixteenth and Folsom Street Grounds during the past week. Nothing in the way of military and pyrotechnic productions ever seen in this city has approached these performances, and to attend once means to go again. The season here is necessarily limited, and the battle will be continued but a few nights more. To-night will be Democratic night, when pictures in fire of Bryan and Stevenson will be shown.

* *

DuMaurier's popular Drama has repeated its former success and has packed the Grand at every performance. Next week is to be given up to a superb production of an entirely new dramatization of Henryk Sienkiewicz great story of "Quo Vadis." A feature which will lend especial interest to the arena scene will be Adgie's lions, which have been engaged for this occasion. An addition to the company is found in the person of Mr. Carl Koening, a gigantic young native of this State, who will appear as Ursus, Lygia's faithful slave. He is almost seven feet in stature and otherwise huge in dimensions.

* *

Jessie Bartlett Davis will head the Orpheum's new bill. The time of her engagement here is limited, and in view of the temporary increase of the city's population, the management has arranged to give a number of extra Jubilee matinees. These matinees will be given on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The Young American Quintette, an excellent musical organization, Querita Vincent, a California girl who has a sweet voice, knows how to dance, and has won quite a reputation by her character impersonations, and Johnson and Dean, originators of a novelty they call the "Kinetoscope Rag Dance" are the new people.

* *

For the coming week the Tivoli will present the strongest bill of the grand opera season, consisting of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagliacci," in which the entire company of grand opera artists will be heard, being sung with alternate casts. Last year "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" drew crowded houses for twenty performances.

* *

The Azzali Italian Grand Opera Company, delayed in transit between Jamaica and Vera Cruz, could not arrive in time to open at the California Theatre tonight, and, in consequence, the opening has been postponed until Saturday evening September 15th. "Otello" will be the opening opera.

* *

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is the attraction at the Alcazar beginning Monday, September 10th, with special Admission Day matinees, September 10th and 11th.

* *

The fourteenth year of musical evenings at Byron Mauzy Hall was inaugurated by the California School of Elocution and Oratory with a recital of Martha Stuart Miller assisted by the choir of St. Marks Church.

* *

For the second week of the Clay Clement and L. R. Stockwell Company's engagement, "The New Dominion."

The original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St. stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

There is only one reason why you shouldn't drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey—that's because you have signed the pledge.

A Novel Clock.

In the exhibition of clocks and bronzes at the Paris Exposition is a very curious and unique timepiece devised by M. Passerat. On a square pedestal of wood covered with bronze decorations rests a plate of ordinary size. The plate has marked on its upper surface a clock dial, and there is a small figure of a swan lying on the bottom. If a little water is poured into the plate (enough to float the swan), the latter immediately swims to the edge of the plate and indicates the hour with its beak The mechanism is very simple. In the interior of the box is a clock movement acting on a vertical pivot, to which is attached a horizontal arm. On the end of this arm is a powerful magnet. As the arm is revolved, just under the upper side of the box, by the clock mechanism, the swan, which has a piece of soft iron concealed in its beak, closely follows the magnet, when it is left free to move by the presence of water in the plate, and thus the contrivance makes a practical timepiece. A slight mark on the upper surface of the pedestal and a corresponding one on the edge of the plate serve to determine the correct placing of the latter.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In the sic room or on your sideboard, Jesse Moores 'AA" Whiskey is indispensable.

CAFE ZINKAND

Go where the crowd goes

Listen to the matchless string band and enjoy the finest wines, beers and supper.
The Cafe Zinkand is society's gathering place after the show is over.

Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss
Stereo Binoculars

The most compact Field Glasses made, with the Highest power.
Prices, $47.50 to $80.000
Send for Illustrated Booklet

Geo. H. Kahn.
OPTICIAN.
201 KEARNY ST.,
CORNER OF SUTTER
KODAK AGENCY—PHOTO SUPPLIES

Did you say rye? Then try the Jessee Moore Ry —the finest in the world.

Clarke's Carlton Cigarettes

Pure Virginia Tobacco

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY CAL

THIS CHARMING RESORT

is wholly distinct and unique: There is no basis of comparison by which its attractions can be measured. None other in the world has such a climate; none is planned on such a vast and elaborate scale, none so absolutely exempt from every annoyance and inconvenience, nor so easily within the reach of those whose refinement of taste enables them to appreciate its charms.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

transplanted to the shores of the "Western Sea."

There is but one Hotel del Monte.

Send for Souvenirs and other information to

W. A. JUNKER, Manager,

Monterey, Cal.forma

HAVE YOU A PIANO THAT YOU DO NOT USE?

Is the piano in your home a musical instrument, and do you enjoy it as such, or does it remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than an article of furniture.

The Pianola

Is Bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is bringing music into homes where it has long been a stranger.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study and without practice.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keys of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers.

When not in use the Pianola may be easily detached from the piano and moved to another part of the room.

The Pianola can be used in connection with any Grand or Upright piano, and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

Price $250 Upward.

The Pianola can be bought by monthly payments. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers

Kohler & Chase, Sole Agents.

26, 28 and 30 O'FARRELL STREET.

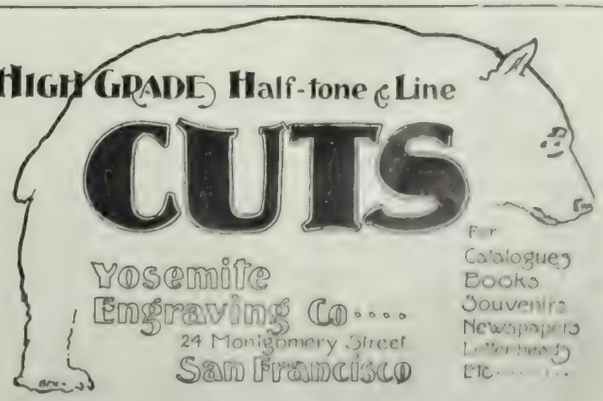
William Jameson's

HARP BRAND

Whiskey

Pure and Matured — Sold Everywhere

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.



OVER A MILLION
Bright Women

say it's easily done and well done with
SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH
It cleans Silver without a blemish whatever the form or finish. If you doubt it's best, why not make the test.
Trial quantity for the asking. Large package 15 cts. in stamps. Grocers and Druggists sell it.
"SILICON," 80 Cliff St., New York.

DR. CLYDE PAYNE
Has returned from New York and resumed the practice of Dentistry at
135 GEARY ST.
Phone Main 9. Spring Valley Building

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We buy or sell real estate in any part of the Group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 W. King St., HONOLULU, H. I.

The Saturday Wave
Is Printed by
THE STANLEY-TAYLOR CO.
424 SANSOME STREET, S. F.

Stylish Suits $15.50
Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants..... 1.50
My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.
25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by
JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.
SAMPLES SENT FREE

IF YOU WANT
The Best Coal Oil
— BUY —

New Stories Re-Told.

REFORMATION IN CHINA.—Judge Yuan who presided at Chinan Fu had an idea that his territory contained rather more specimens of the frail sisterhood than the law, however liberally interpreted, could sanction. So he ordered a round-up and some hundred were arrested and placed in the courtyard of the Judge's house. A proclamation was issued declaring that the women had to be reclaimed and in the Judge's opinion, this was best accomplished through matrimony. The ladies, he announced, would be sold to the highest bidder, and no one would be allowed to take more than one wife. At first no one had the courage to select a wife, but finally an old farmer pointed to one, and, struggling and kicking, she was carried to a scale and weighed. "Ninety catties," said the weigher. "How much a cattie?" asked the prospective purchaser, in alarm lest he had insufficient funds. "What is the price of pork today?" asked the Judge. "Ninety cash a catty," replied the farmer. "Then sell them at ninety cash a catty," said the Judge, and that was the prevailing price. Before night not one woman was left.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH. A deputation of nonconformist ministers once waited on Lord Thurlow for the purpose of propounding certain grievances which affected their sect. Lord Thurlow listened attentively to them but eventually cut short the addresses with these words: "Gentlemen, I am against you. I am an upholder of the Established Church. Not that I care for the Established Church but I uphold it because it is established. Get your d——d sect established in its place, and then I will uphold it. I wish you good morning, gentlemen."

AN IRISH DEFINER.—An Irish servant, whose name was Connolly, had been convicted on a charge of theft. His master came forward to speak in his favour, and the following conversation occurred:—Said Connolly: "Now, sorr, I only ask ye how many pairs of socks ye had whin first Oi came to ye?" The master replied. "I am sure I don't know." "Thin I'll tell ye, sorr. Ye had six pair. And how many have ye got now, sorr?" persisted Connolly. "I don't know," was again the answer. "Thin I'll tell ye, sorr. Ye have fourteen as beautiful pairs as iver anybody saw."

THE INHABITED CASTLE. A party of Americans was sitting on the upper deck of a Rhine river boat, enjoying the charming scenery. One was reading aloud from a guidebook about the various castles as they came into view. Just as the boat was passing one of the finest of the old buildings, a woman in the party exclaimed to her companions: "Why, that old castle is inhabited. See, there are blinds at the windows." "No," said a man standing by her side; "those are the shades of their ancestors."

ATTENTIONS WASTED.—When Duchenois, the great French actress died, some one met an old man who had been her intimate friend, and who was apparently crushed with sorrow. Kindly-meant professions of sympathy and consolation failed to cheer him. "For," said he, "it is not so much her loss which troubles me as her base ingratitude. Can you credit it? She left me nothing in her will, and yet I dined with her at her own house three times a week regularly for thirty years!"

A CRUSHING RETORT.—John Parsons, one of the first Irish Commissioners of Insolvency, was travelling in a coach with Lord Norbury, the judge. Passing a gibbet, Norbury said, with a chuckle, "Parsons, where would you be now if that gallows had its due?" "Riding alone, Norbury," was the quick reply.

AN UP-TO-DATE EXCUSE.—The teacher in an Ashland Sunday school remonstrated with one of the boys in her class whom she had discovered in the act of taking the eggs from a bird's nest. "Think how the poor mother-bird will feel!" she said. "Ho-ho!" laughed the boy. "You've got the mother-bird on your hat! I 'spect she won't feel very bad!"

AN ECONOMICAL NOBLEMAN.—The former Duke of Westminster was rather inclined to be economical. Driving in Picadilly one day a shower overtook the equipage. He put his hand out the window and called to the coachman who with the footman sat on the box: "John, give me those two new hats; I will keep them under cover until the rain is over."

Palace Hotel
The tourist, pleasure-seeker, and the business man, will find the location of the Palace particularly desirable being in close proximity to places of amusement, wholesale and shopping districts, and with the further advantage of having street-cars to all parts of the city pass the entrance.
Operated in conjunction with the Palace is the Grand Hotel to which it is joined by a covered passageway placing under one management 1400 rooms, 900 of which have baths attached.

Famous FOR ITS Purity
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

THE GREAT FAIR AT
Tanforan Park
Sept. 24th to Oct. 6th, 1900
Under Management of the San Francisco and San Mateo Agricultural Association
To the live-stock breeders of California, as well as to the lovers of out-door sports this exhibition is dedicated. The attraction will include: A High-class Open-air Horse Show, Select Herds of Prize Cattle, a complete exhibit of Swine, Sheep, Goats, Poultry and Belgian Hares. Extraordinary show of Dogs. Attractive exhibit of high-class Vehicles and other Industrial Displays from leading manufacturers of the State. The outdoor sports will embrace Polo Games, between players from Southern and Central California for championship; Pony Races; Long Distance Race of 25 miles, by noted riders; change of horses each mile, in full view of grandstand. Grand Athletic Field Day—Club Harness Racing: High-class Trotting and Pacing, in which the great stars of the east and west will meet and make world's records. All in all, the entertainment will be clean, dignified and instructive. Grand Musical Concerts Daily. Excellent railroad facilities by both regular and special trains to Grandstand entrance. Entertainment each day, from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m.
GEORGE ALMER NEWHALL, Secretary. HENRY J. CROCKER, President.
EDWIN F. SMITH, General Manager.

RINGLING BROS.
World's Greatest Shows
Grand Opening of the San Francisco Season
Wednesday Eve. Sept. 19
and continuing twice daily thereafter until Wednesday Sept 26th inclusive
Exhibition Grounds. 16th and Folsom Streets

The Greatest Circus in the World, and the only Positively Big One ever seen on the Pacific Coast. More Cars, More People, More Horses, More Elephants, More Performers, and More Novel Features than all the other shows combined.
NOTHING LIKE IT EVER SEEN ON EARTH BEFORE.
The talk of the country! The sensation of the day! Wednesday, Sept, 19th, at 10 a.m. the Largest, Richest, Most Resplendent Free Street Parade ever seen in San Francisco. Usual route over the down-town streets.
General admission—50 cents, Children under 12 years half price. Reserved numbered seats and admissions during the circus season at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store, corner Kearny and Sutter streets. Unlike other shows prices at down-town office are the same as charged at ticket wagon on show grounds.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE SATURDAY WAVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
AND JOURNAL OF EVENTS CURRENT.

This paper may not be taken from the Library.

Dedication of the Claus Spreckels Music Stand in Golden Gate Park.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The Native Sons' Celebration.

THE late Jubilee Celebration has done much for the Native Son. It has enhanced his reputation tremendously in quarters which were disposed to ridicule his pretensions. He has given San Francisco the smartest celebration in her history. It was really capitally managed from one end to the other—the chorus of complaints, the murmurs of omissions, the confession of errors, are not heard. On the contrary, everyone seems satisfied—really an extraordinary condition in San Francisco. From the congratulatory condition of the entire community, one might imagine the millenium had arrived. The main achievement of the affair was the parade, undoubtedly. It was a lengthy pageant—three and a half hours of it, and it traversed its long course almost without interruption or delay. What is better—it began on time and was interesting from vanguard to rear. Prospectively, one does not expect a great deal from the pageant of a fraternal organization, which, after all, is what the N. S. G. W. is, but there was injected into this a deal of Californian enthusiasm, that always works wonders. Not content to appear in the garb of the average citizen, each parlor had designed a distinctive uniform, or an especial hat or cap, or a brilliant scarf, and the result was exceedingly fine. Some parlors revived the Mexican costume, typical of the early days of the State, others came as caballeros on horseback; others were attired in natty tunics of blue or white or black, trimmed with gold lace. There were shirt-waist men with yellow satin ties and badges; another set wore blue, with brass buttons and white hats. Still another section carried pampas plumes. There were all varieties of garbs, and innumerable floats and features—indeed, it was quite the best, as well as the most orderly parade we have ever had.

* * *

Perhaps the prettiest feature in the procession was the star of Estrella Parlor borne by a cortege of maidens in white lace. Really an artistic effect, it was greeted with cheers by the immense concourse of people along the line of march. The vacqueros of Romona Parlor, the Eschscholtzia float, the maidens of Precita Parlor in short blue skirts trimmed with gold and natty drab hats, the bouquet of Orinda girls fluffy pink lace edged with black, the sea shell float, the Sunsets in red vests and Vacquero hats, and Captain Jack Crawford's emigrant train, were the best things in the pageant. To the chorus of commendation one must not forget a testimony to the orderliness of the gathering confined on the sidewalks by wire ropes,nor to the excellent service of the police force which, for once did not figure as a factor in the procession, but confined itself to its legitimate functions along the line of march. All this reflects credit on Chief Sullivan, and as it was the first public occasion in which his executive capacity could be displayed, the results proved his efficiency. There were few accidents, no disorder, but altogether everything was conducted with perfect smoothness, regularity and comfort.

Looking Down Kearny Street on Admission Day

***

A Physical Observation.

WHOEVER retained a recollection of the last great Admission Day parade in San Francisco ten years ago must have noted the tremendous contrast between the physiques of the men who participated then and the fine stalwart fellows who tramped the cobbles last Monday. The decade has certainly worked wonders in the habits of the male Californian. In the eighties and early nineties no one thought of discussing the human product of the Golden State without animadverting on the tremendous physical advantage the Native Daughter had over the Native Son. Ingenious theories were brought forward to account for the slim figures and the pale, peaked faces of our young men as compared with the robust Amazonian type of our daughters. Now, however, one hears no such invidious comparisons. This change is due to the influence of athletics. To-day San Francisco is one of the greatest sporting centers in the world. The State is a big shooting and fishing ground. The two universities first created the interest in athletics and exercise which to-day pervades the community. It began with football. The Olympic Club was a strong factor. Gradually fishing and shooting, tennis and yachting grew in popularity. Later came the bicycle and golf. Nowadays half the community spends its Sundays in sport or in some form of outdoor enjoyment. This interest in athletics is not peculiar to California, but extends throughout the country and will mean much to future generations of Americans.

***

Statistics of the Celebration.

NOW that the celebration is over it is interesting to speculate on the number of people who flocked to San Francisco for the occasion. It was the biggest gathering the city has entertained. From Friday night until Tuesday the streets were crowded with strangers. In the evenings the main thoroughfares were almost jammed by the moving thousands. On a statistical basis it is said that at least 200,000 visitors were entertained here. It is estimated that at least 100,000 came from across the bay. From the central valleys came 20,000 people; from the southern valleys 15,000 more. The California and Northwestern brought in 12,000; on the Santa Fe line 3,500 traveled, and at least 3,000 more arrived by steamer. In the parade there must have been at least 25,000 in line. Grand Marshall Costello figures out 27,500 from his records. There were 2,400 horses 79 bands and 60 floats. Just what sums were spent by the immense concourse is hard to fix, but assuming that 100,000 visitors spent 3 days in San Francisco and expended $5.00 per day, you have a million and a half dollars. I should think the occasion meant at least two millions of dollars, the bulk of which went to the hotels, restaurants, theatres, barbers and dry goods houses.

***

Dedication of the New Music Stand.

SUCH a tremendous concourse of people as Golden Gate Park held last Sunday has not been gathered there since Midwinter Fair days. The occasion was the presentation of the Spreckels' music stand to the city, the donor making the speech of presentation and General Barnes accepting. The photograph presented herewith gives an excellent impression of the structure, which is certainly as imposing and magnificent a monument as any man could desire. It is in Colusa sandstone, gray in tint, and it is set in the central basin which was created at the time of the Fair. With the architecture of the stand, the critics are finding faults—the colonnade is hardly extended enough for the central arch; the pillars are of the "bellied" type that Reed Brothers, its architects, are so prone to introduce into their designs. The figures supporting the arch are too

Scenes at the Launching of the Monitor "Wyoming" at the Union Iron Works

heavy, too obese for grace. An enlargement of the colonnade would certainly add to the beauty and effectiveness of the design, and this might easily be executed. With the carvings and with the embonpoint columns we must perforce be content. Claus Spreckels, in his speech, spoke of his love for California and her generosity to him. He had excellent cause to felicitate himself on the lucky inspiration which sent him westward fifty years ago. To-day he figures as one of the richest men in America, and he has certainly been one of the most useful and productive citizens of the Golden State. It can truly be said that the average man, however envious he be, does not grudge Claus Spreckels his millions. They were earned by force and vigor of an indomitable will and they are invested and spent in the place of their creation. Besides he has given his State a new industry—the cultivation of the beet, which under his vigorous promotion promises to be for years to come a substantial source of wealth to our farmers. So we have all much to be thankful to Claus Spreckels for besides the new music stand and the beautiful Spreckels Building on Market street, which is without doubt the most graceful "sky scraper" in the country.

***

Seattle's Census Returns.

THE pretty row that arose between Seattle and Tacoma over the census has been settled in favor of the Queen city. When the enumerators filed the population schedules of Seattle the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce alleged fraud, and an expert was thereupon sent out to investigate. The basis of the charge was jealousy—the strong feeling of Tacoma against her rival being well understood. A member of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. J. B. Meikle, undertook an investigation, the results of which should prove of general value as affording an index of how computations of population may be arrived at. Mr. Meikle compared the names in the directory of 1890 with the census figures. In the former there were 17,514 names; the latter gave 43,835—a multiple of 2½. The last directory, of 1900, showed 39,169, therefore the figures 97,925 may be taken as accurate. The school census and the registration of voters showed an increase in the same ratio, and what is more, the totals for Tacoma, which Mr. Meikle also computed, proved up accurately on a similar basis. Further, the census expert, after a further examination, has declared groundless the charge that an organized attempt to swell Seattle's rolls had been made at the instigation of the city fathers. So the Queen city may now rest on her population laurels.

***

The Dewey Arch.

THERE is now a demand in New York for the removal of the Dewey arch which has fallen into sad disrepair and dilapidation. The wind and the rain and the dust have played havoc with the structure which now is a libel on the original project. Ever since Admiral Dewey turned over the Washington mansion presented to him by a grateful country to his bride, there have been few subscriptions for the perpetuation of the arch. To build it in stone or marble would cost $600,000 and but $200,000 has been subscribed. The project will not be abandoned, however, for a vigorous effort is to be made toward its execution.

***

The "Post's" New Press.

IT is generally admitted that the modern printing press, capable of running off the big papers which our dailies vouchsafe us every morning and evening, represents the highest achievement of mechanical ingenuity. Even the simplest of these great machines, one which will print and fold an eight page paper, is a marvelous complex apparatus, but when it comes to a press built to run off a thirty-two page publication, then you have a wonderful assemblage of cogs and rollers, the intricacies of which require a liberal education in engineering to unravel. The *Evening Post* has recently imported the latest type of these big machines—a four-story structure it is, which will print and bind up to thirty-two pages and do it in two colors if required. It is a Goss press, and contains all the latest improvements. Its great value is the speed at which it will produce a twelve or sixteen page paper. Every moment counts on an evening paper. It does not have spare hours of production as the morning daily has. The several editions must be printed by the thousand in time for the afternoon trains and the carriers. There is not a second lost between writer and stereotyper. The *Post* has been gaining on its facilities for a year past, and though it boasted one of the most compact and convenient presses in the country, this did not produce papers fast enough for its rapidly growing circulation. Hence the new Goss, which is indeed a thing of beauty. I sincerely hope Editor Hugh Hume will have to take in another four decker twelve months hence for the same good reasons.

Launch of the Wyoming.

THE Monitor *Wyoming* which was launched on Saturday last at the Union Iron Works, is one of the four harbor defense monitors authorized by Congress in 1898. On a displacement of 3200 tons, she will have a speed of 12 knots and will carry two modern 12-inch guns in a barbette turret armored with 10 inches and 12 inches of steel. There will be a battery of four 4-inch guns carried at the four angles of the superstructure. The entire battery will use smokeless powder.

The *Wyoming*, like her three sister ships, will have twin screws worked by two three-cylinder triple expansion engines, quartered in one water-tight compartment. These engines, together with those of the circulating pumps, will have a collective indicated horse-power of 2400 when making 200 revolutions a minute. Steam, at a working pressure of 250 pounds, will be supplied by four water-tube boilers placed in a common water-tight compartment. The coal capacity is about 200 tons, loosely stowed—enough for a considerable radius of action along the coast line. Comfortable quarters are provided for the captain, six other officers and a crew of about 130 persons.

As is well known, naval authorities now agree that the monitor type of war vessel is useful only for coast defense in comparatively smooth water, and it is for that purpose alone that the *Wyoming* is intended

The ceremony of launching was celebrated with the usual pomp and circumstance. Miss Frances Warren, daughter of Senator Warren of Wyoming, christened the vessel in the presence of Governor Richards and his staff who had come to honor the great occasion. The huge vessel slipped easily down the ways into the bay and a flotilla of steam craft, naptha launchs, tugs, ferry steamers, transports, and the battleship *Iowa* screamed a riotous greeting to their formidable sister.

Quantrell the Guerilla

By Robert Francis

CHARLES WILLIAM QUANTRELL was the fiercest, wildest, most untamable guerrilla that the civil war produced. He fought for the stars and bars of the Confederacy, but not under them. Over him and his men there always floated the black flag. It was no quarter asked, no quarter given. They shot and hanged and harried and burned over four States, with a relentlessness that finds no parallel in history. Quantrell has been called a murderer, a thug and a robber, with all the variations possible in the English language. It is not necessary to defend him. He acted according to his lights, and in passing it is well to remember that the Anglo-Saxon, once roused, is the most terrible animal in all creation. Qnantrell began life a quiet, unassuming country schoolmaster of literary taste and developed into a red-handed monster, ready to cut and kill every human being not owing allegiance to the Southern cause. This is how it came about.

Quantrell was born in Maryland in 1836 and lived in that State until he was sixteen years old. His mother, during most of his early life, was a poor widow, and the boy had to work hard. When he was sixteen, however, a family friend took him to Cleveland, Ohio, and gave him a good common school education. An older brother of Quantrell had left Maryland and settled in Kansas, where the clash between the North and the South was already on. The fiercest enmity existed between the Kansans, who were Abolitionists, and the Missourians, who were slaveholders. Armed bands patrolled the border and skirmishes were frequent. The Kansans, or Jayhawkers, as they were called, often made raids into Missouri for the purpose of stealing slaves, and the Missourians, or Border Ruffians, raided back. Desperate men arise under such conditions, and Charles Quantrell was one of them. In 1855 his brother sent for him to join him and go overland to California. The boy did so and they started. One night, while encamped on the Little Cottonwood River, on the way, they were set upon by a company of Gen. Jim Lane's Jayhawkers. The brother was shot to death. Quantrell was desperately wounded and left for dead, all their belongings being stolen by the Jayhawkers. For two days Quantrell watched by the side of his dead brother, fighting the buzzards in the daytime and the wolves at night. Death was swooping down on him, too, when an old Indian happened along and rescued him. The brother's body was buried, and Quantrell was carried to the tepee of the Indian and nursed back to health.

In that convalescence he vowed to be revenged. What his plans were he never divulged to any man, but he must have plotted the whole scheme out at that time, for when he left the Indian's tent he was Quantrell no longer, but Charles Hart. Never a word did he tell of the fight that night on the Little Cottonwood. He was willing to bide his time, for he was a patient man. He took a school and taught the remainder of the year in a country town. Then he went to Leavenworth and enlisted in Lane's Jayhawkers. He was a fine soldier. Temperate, industrious, bright, he rose from the ranks to a lieutenancy. The time had come for his revenge. Already the war clouds were thickening. Fights with the Border Ruffians were becoming more frequent. The Indians, too, were troublesome, and Lane's regiment was kept busy. Quantrell was the most indefatigable of them all. Lane was his friend. He admired the modest, clean-shaven, handsomely dressed young Lieutenant who was so prompt to respond to every call. All Lawrence, for it was in this ill-fated town that Lane's regiment had its headquarters, was taken with the young soldier and so upon his shoulders fell a great share of the work of keeping down the slaveholders across the border. So far as any one could discern Quantrell performed his work with the greatest zest.

But there was a peculiar misfortune following the regiment. It was first noticed late in the fall of 1858. One day Quantrell was sent with a detail of three men to convoy a train of stolen slaves that was coming out of Missouri via the underground railway, which was the name applied in those days to the devious route by which negroes were passed along by the abolitionists to Canada and freedom. When the convoy came back one of the men was missing. Quantrell reported with deep regret to Lane that the man had been on sentry duty and when his relief turned out the man was found dead with a navy revolver bullet hole in the middle of his forehead. Some Border Ruffian had shot him and crept away like a coward. Strangely enough the abolitionist who was in charge of the slaves was found dead with his bones picked by the buzzards and a hole in the centre of his skull. He lay near the dead sentry and his death was attributed to the same murderer, an unknown Border Ruffian.

A little later four companies of Lane's men, including Quantrell's, were ordered down around Fort Scott to check the Missourians who had been doing harm across the Kansas border. When they returned sixty men were missing, forty-two of whom had fallen in encounters with the enemy. But the other eighteen! Every one had fallen mysteriously at night with a bullet hole from a navy revolver in the center of his forehead. It was very strange, said the men in the regiment, but a week later it was forgotten, because events were moving swiftly and because death in those days was a frequent visitor and in many guises. But still men kept falling at the sentry posts, always with the navy revolver bullet holes in their foreheads. Every dash after the Indians, every raid across the border counted its one, two or three victims, whom no one saw die and in whose foreheads was always the deadly blue puncture. A panic came upon the men. A murderous traitor was abroad. Suspicion looked slant-eyed in all directions. Lane sought counsel of Quantrell. They laid plans to catch this supernatural assassin who slew always at night and always with one bullet in the forehead, but nothing came of it. There was a lull in the deaths and quiet was soon restored.

One night Quantrell and his company Captain, sitting by a camp fire, went back into their lives and opened pages of their history. The Captain told with much apparent pleasure of a little foray on which he had taken his company several years before. They had fallen upon a camping party on the Little Cottonwood River and wiped them out. The party's belongings they had sold, spending the proceeds on a spree, Quantrell listened with his eyes turned away and said nothing. Three days later the captain's body was found with a bullet hole from a navy revolver in his head. Again there was a hue and cry. Suspicions thickened. No man was free from them, but through it all Quantrell bore himself with matchless coolness. When they brought the Captain's body into camp he stood beside the corpse, pale as the face of the dead man, and apparently stricken with grief. Kneeling beside it, he stroked the man's black hair and took an oath to find his murderer.

Once more there was a lull in the harvest of the avenging angel. The old vigilance was relaxed. Suspicion died with the crowding of events. Quantrell was still the same grave, pleasant man, immaculate in dress, faultless in bearing, all attention to the details of duty. So it was that when a man was needed to ride out into the West and chase a band of ugly indians, Quantrell was chosen. He took with him 114 men, and was gone two months. Not an indian was seen, not a border ruffian met with, and yet, when the command returned, fourteen men were missing. They were dead on the plains, each with a bullet hole in his skull. Quantrell was called on to explain their absence. An extravagant storm of fury was raised about him, bnt he was as calm and cold as stone. He told what little he knew—how the men had gone out on detached duty and never returned. On investigation their bodies would be found, and that was all. Although suspicion against him was not wiped out by his explanations, it was allayed in a measure. He retained his command and men still died that weird death.

How much longer this would have continued no one knows, but something happened which changed everything. Quantrell planned a raid into Missouri. He wanted to steal the slaves of a Jackson county farmer. He called for volunteers, and got seven. When their preparations were complete they rode away across the border and hid in some timber about two miles from the house of the man they were to rob. Then Quantrell went out alone to reconnoitre.

He reported that the negroes were already to skip as soon as the farmer and his three sons should be overpowered. He did not report, however, that he had been in the farmer's house and dined with him. That night under cover of the darkness, the Jayhawkers, with Quantrell at their head, crept stealthily up to the house. Not a dog barked—a strange circumstance in itself to those accustomed to Missouri farmhouses, but no one took notice of it. Arriving in front of the door, Quantrell advanced alone and knocked. The others stood back with their carbines ready. There was no answer to the first summons, and Quantrell rapped again. The door flew open—not on a jar, but wide. Quantrell leaped within. A flash followed his disappearance. Four of the Jayhawkers fell. The three others turned to run. There was another flash. Two more Jayhawkers fell. The third ran on wounded. He was followed and killed in the woods.

"Two days later Quantrell turned up in Lawrence unhurt. He reported his command wiped out. There was a howl of rage. His death was demanded. Treachery was openly charged. The grand jury investigated the matter, but there was no evidence against him. Dead men tell no tales, and neither did the men whom Quantrell chose as his confederates in that crime. He was acquitted, and moved about town as unconcernedly as before. He was as calm and as courteous as though suspicion were dead again in every breast. But this time it would not die. His usefulness was impaired, from his point of view, so he threw off the mask, crossed the border, and openly took up arms against the regiment of which he had so long been an officer. He fought on openly, relentlessly, and with the same cold-blooded, cruel butchering methods until he died in battle, hated and feared throughout the whole north as the most horrible monster of a most horrible war. Quantrell never talked much of his deeds, because it was not his nature, but there are men living today to whom he told that terrible story of assassination which constituted his vengeance for the death of his brother. Of the men who were engaged in that affair on the Little Cottonwood river, he boasted that only two escaped, these two going to California. The last three left in Kansas fell that night in the attempted slave raid on the Missouri farmer.

YELLOW JOURNALISTIC ACCURACY.—Secretary Hay, who has been ill of late, took the trouble to read over an article about politics in the East and the Alaskan treaty, published in one of the yellow journals. He said to a friend who had dropped in to see him at his office at the State Department one afternoon, "I had a little time to spare this afternoon, so I have taken the trouble to go over this three-fourths of a column and mark the iuaccurate statements that it contains. There are in it just twenty-nine lies and two correct statements.

A FIERY AUGUST.—Just how hot August was in New York may be gathered from the fact that the mean temperature throughout the month was 77 degrees—about the average in Manila, by the way. The highest recorded was 95 degrees. The blessings of life in San Francisco, where the thermometer rarely goes into ecstasies and seldom drops into torpidity, need not be dwelt upon in such a connection.

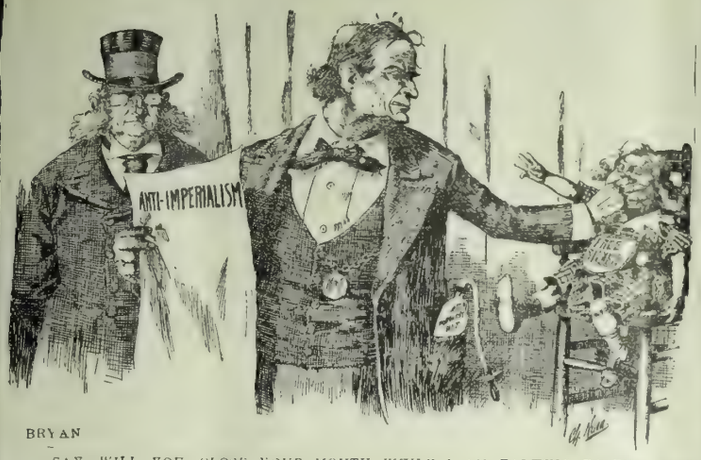
BLIND TYPEWRITERS.—The work of blind women typewriters is one of the interesting features of the United States Treasury Department. It is said that their work is equal to that of the best operators, and as much is expected of them in dictation and copying as those who have their eye-sight. So satisfactory is the work of these blind clerks that it is proposed to give opportunity to many more next year. There are now only three or four employed.

THE VAINEST PEOPLE.—A French explorer has discovered on the west coast of Africa what he regards as the vainest people on earth. They are the Pahonins, a warlike tribe, whose main employment is the adornment of their persons, chiefly by means of tattooing. Great ingenuity is also exhibited in dressing their hair.

ANCIENT CITY WALL OF BABYLON.—Modern research has again strikingly verified ancient records. Herodotus told of the city wall of Babylon as being so thick that upon the top of it there was room for two rows of houses, with a roadway between them wide enough for four chariots to be driven abreast. Dr. Koldeway, the archæologist, now reports the finding of this wall, the top of which is 136½ feet wide. The dimension amply vindicates the record of Herodotus.

ATTENDANCE AT RUSSIAN UNIVERSITIES has suffered a noticeable decrease during the present academic term. The St. Petersburg university has dropped from 3867 students to 3662, and the Moscow university, with its 4408 students has 382 fewer than last year, while the Kief institution has lost 390 students. It is generally believed that the steps taken last year by the authorities, abridging the rights and the liberties of the universities is the cause of of this retrogression.

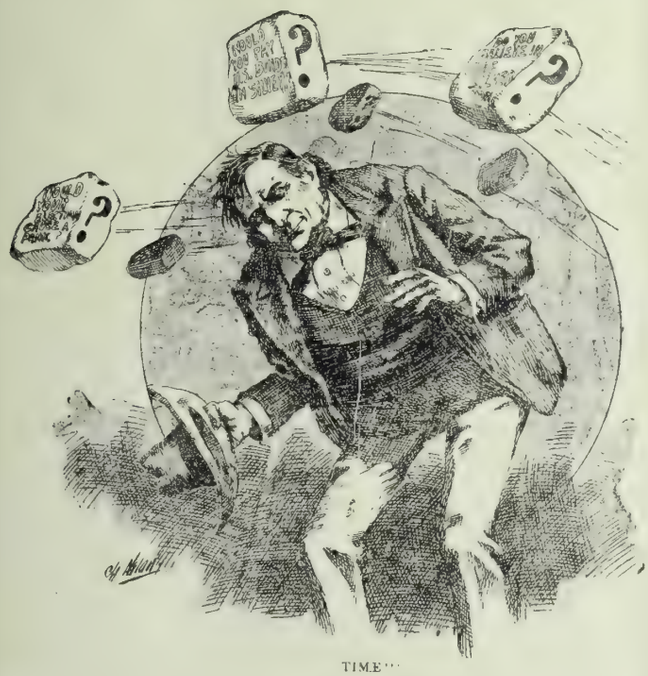
¶ THE ZEALOUS VIENNESE POLICE.—The extreme zeal of the Viennese police is a subject for wonder even in the censored journals of the Austrian metropolis. A lady was walking along the Kaerntuer Ring when the police stopped her, objecting to her dress. Not that she was wearing knickerbockers when on foot instead of on a bicycle, or had in any other way imitated men's dress. Oh! no, nothing of the sort; she had on a very feminine piece of finery, a hat trimmed with the enormous feathers now so much affected by many ladies. That was her offense.



BRYAN

SAY, WILL YOU CLOSE YOUR MOUTH WHILE I AM TALKING TO THE EAST-

Don Quixote Bryan Madly Charging a Flock of Windmills



TIME...

UNCLE DICK'S LESSONS TO THE YOUNG . N°3

'This one-man power is a deadly, dangerous thing, both in business and government

RICHARD CROKER

"THE ABSENT MINDED BEGGAR"—TO DATE.

Smith's son, Brown's son, son of a plutocrat—
Son of a Pittsburg iron man, its all the same today
Each one doing his own good work, but where in the world's the fat!
So write your checks, dig up the dough and Pay! Pay! Pay!

FOLLOWERS OF AQUINALDO AND DON PAUL

The Emperor of China and the Empress Dowager start another perambulating capital.

Courier Republican

Nelan in N. Y. Herald
" " "
Carter in Minneapolis Times

Philadelphia Inquirer
C. G. Bush in Sunday World

CURRENT CARTOONS

is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash. Entered at the Post Office as second class matter. Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months $1.75; three months, 75 cents. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

San Francisco—September 15, 1900—Seattle

The President's Letter of Acceptance.

A MANLY straightforward document is President McKinley's letter of acceptance. Mr. Bryan's poor sophistries, loud pretentions and carefully framed phrases seem poor indeed beside it. It breathes a rugged honesty. It is built upon a sound, secure foundation, and one feels that the county will be safe in the hands of the man who wrote it.

The difference between President McKinley's letter and Mr. Bryan's utterance, is the difference between gold and tinsel, the difference between the house built of enduring stone and the exposition building, graceful to look upon, but built of staff. There are no brilliant catchy phrases to cull from the McKinley letter to tickle the cheap side of one's intellect, but there are some good, wholesome sentences, meaty with plain common sense and unanswerable logic. Pointing out that in all three platforms of the parties nominating Mr. Bryan, there is an emphatic denunciation of the gold standard and a declaration for the immediate restoration of free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Mr. McKinley says:

"It will be noted thas the demand is for the immediate restoration of the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. If another issue is paramount, this is immediate. It will admit of no delay, and will suffer no postponement. * * * The relative importance of the issnes I do not stop to discuss. All of them are important. Whichever party is successful will be bound in conscience to carry into administration and legislation its several declarations and doctrines. One declaration will be as obligatory as another, but all are not immediate. It is not possible that these parties would treat the doctrine of 16 to 1, the immediate realization of which is demanded by their several platforms, as void and inoperative in the event that they should be clothed with power. * * It is, therefore, the imperative business of those opposed to this financial heresy to prevent the triumph of parties whose union is only assured by adherence to the silver issue."

Dealing with the Tariff, he reiterates full faith and adherence to the principle that has brought so much of prosperity to the country.

"The amount of our exports for the year 1900 over those of the exceptionally prosperous year of 1899, was about half a million dollars for every day of the year, and these sums have gone into the homes and enterprises of the people. There has been an increase of over $50,000,000 in the exports of agricultural products, $92,692,220 in manufactures, and in the products of the mines over $10,000,000. Our trade balances cannot fail to give satisfaction to the people of the country. In 1898 we sold abroad $615,432,676 of products more than we bought abroad; in 1899, $529,874,813, and in 1900, $544,471,701, making during the three years a total balance in our favor of $1,689,779,190—*nearly five times the balance of trade in our favor for the whole period of* 108 *years from* 1790 *to June* 30, 1897 *inclusive.*"

* * * * * *

Five years ago we were selling Government bonds bearing as high as five per cent interest. Now we are redeeming them with a bond at par bearing two per cent interest. We are selling our surplus products and lending our surplus money to Europe. One result of our selling to other nations so much more than we have bought from them during the past three years is a radical improvement of our financial relations. The great amounts of capital which have been borrowed of Europe for our rapid, material development have remained a constant drain upon our resources for interest and dividends, and made our money market liable to constant disturbances by calls for payment or heavy sales of our securities whenever money stringency or panic occurred abroad. We have now been paying these debts and bringing home many of our securities and establishing countervailing credits abroad by our loans, and placing ourselves upon a sure foundation of financial independence.

Speaking of American shipping, the President points out that he has several times directed the attention of Congress to the importance of developing American shipping, and to emphasize his position, he says:

Ninety-one per cent of our exports and imports are now carried by foreign ships. For ocean transportation we pay annually to foreign shipowners over $165,000,000. We ought to own the ships for our carrying trade with the world and we ought to build them in American shipyards and man them with American sailors. Our citizens should receive the transportation charges now paid to foreigners. I have called the attention of Congress to this subject in my several annual messages.

On the question of trusts he has taken the only position that any honest man can take:

Combinations of capital which control the markets in commodities necessary to the general use of the people, by suppressing natural and ordinary competition, thus enhancing prices to the general consumer, are obnoxious to the common law and the public welfare. They are dangerous conspiracies against the public good and should be made the subject for prohibitory or penal legislation. Publicity will be a helpful influence to check this evil. This uniformity of legislation in the several States should be secured. Discrimination between what is injurious and what is useful and necessary in business operations is essential to the wise and effective treatment of this subject. Honest co-operation of capital is necessary to meet new business conditions and extend our rapidly increasing foreign trade, but conspiracies and combinations intended to restrict business, create monopolies and control prices should be effectually restrained.

The letter of acceptance traverses with historical accuracy the Spanish war, and all of its accompanying issues. Step by step it brings the reader up to the time when the Treaty of Paris was laid before the Senate for its approval or disapproval. Up to this point the most rabid anti-expansionist would find it difficult to place his finger on a flaw in the policy of this government toward Spain or the Philippines. Documents, proclamations and instructions regarding the Philippines are collated and are here for the first time brought together for the information of the American people. We advise every American citizen to read them and judge for himself whether or not the administration has evidenced the slightest tendency that would justify the charge of Imperialism. Space will not permit a reproduction of Mr. McKinley's unanswerable logic in connection with Imperialism. He fairly toasts Mr. Bryan. He skins him alive, and pushing the spit through him, roasts him in a quiet, dignified tone that must make that charlatan wince. He says among other things:

Are our opponents against the treaty? If so, they must be reminded that it could not have been ratified in the Senate but for their assistance. The Senate which ratified the treaty and the Congress which added its sanction by a large appropriation, comprised senators and representatives of the people of all parties.

Would our opponents surrender to the insurgents, abandon our sovereignty, or cede it to them? If that be not their purpose, then it should be promptly disclaimed, for only evil can result from the hopes raised by our opponents in the minds of the Filipinos, that with their success at the polls in November there will be a withdrawal of our army and our American sovereignty in the archipelago; the complete independence of the Tagalo people recognized and the powers of government over all other peoples of the archipelago conferred upon Tagalo leaders.

* * * * * *

The American people are asked by our opponents to yield the sovereignty of the islands of the Philippines to a small fraction of the population, a single tribe out of eighty or more inhabiting the archipelago, a fraction which wantonly attacked the American troops in Manila while rightful possession under the protocol with Spain, awaiting the ratification of the treaty of peace by the Senate, and which has since been in active, open rebellion against the United States. We are asked to transfer our sovereignty to a small minority in the islands, without consulting the majority, and abandoning the largest portion of the population which has been loyal to us, to the cruelties of the guerrilla insurgent bands. More than this, we are asked to protect this minority in establishing a government, and to this end repress all opposition of the majority. We are required (by the Democratic platform) to set up a stable government in the interest of those who have assailed our sovereignty and fired on our soldiers, and then maintain it at any cost or sacrifice against its enemy, with and against those having ambitious designs without.

This would require an army and navy far larger than is now maintained in the Philippines, and still more in excess of what will be necessary with the full recognition of our sovereignty. A military support of authority not our own, as thus proposed, is the very essence of militarism which our opponents in their platform oppose, but which by their policy would of necessity be established in its most offensive form.

If these few extracts will whet the appetite of the reader, and induce him to read the menage in full, their publication is justified. No editorial review of the message can do it justice. It is a statesmenlike document, addressing itself to intelligent men.

Roosevelt's Chicago Reception.

THE Chicago workingmen turned out last Monday in a monster parade and were addressed by Mr. Bryan and Governor Roosevelt, both of whom were the guests of labor on that occasion. The Democratic morning papers say:

"Bryan was greeted with cheers and warm enthusiasm; Roosevelt with hisses, jeering remarks and chill indifference. It is not pleasant to relate, but Chicago workingmen, bitter from the privations of a seven months' lock-out, showed unmistakably their personal and political feelings. . . . The two political leaders sat almost side by side in the balcony of the Auditorium Hotel. . . . There was instant recognition of the distinguished guests. 'Hurrah for Bryan' was the dominant note. Occasionally a shout would go up from some lone parader for 'Teddy.' But Roosevelt had to run a battery more difficult to face than Gatlings: 'Shoot him in the back!' 'Volunteers no good, hey?' Roosevelt quivered as the first shot struck him, then braced himself for the volley and grinned like a Cheshire cat for three hours."

If this account is the truth, then the wretches guilty of the insults were cowardly and despicable beyond expression. If it is untrue, then the *Examiner* has slandered the Chicago man of labor in a most unforgivable manner. But assuming it to be true, assuming that malice, ignorance, and utter depravity of mind should prompt men to hiss and hurl insults at a "distinguished guest" who was utterly powerless to defend himself; assuming that the cowardly thrusts stung Roosevelt and made him "quiver" and "brace himself" to withstand three hours of such gratuitous insults, what shall we say of the intelligent journalist who prints the tale of it, in black-faced type, in a spirit of gleefulness, as a victory for any political party claiming to possess an ounce of decency. Any man deserving of the name of "man" would rather have been one of the "lone paraders" shouting for "Teddy" than to have been one of the "battery" that flung indignities and insults at a defenseless guest.

Is Los Angeles in California.

FIFTY years ago to day, or yesterday rather, California was admitted to the glorious family of states. Its area extended from "snowy Shasta on the north to sun-kissed San Diego on the south. Its hardy pioneers thrilled with pleasure and patriotism at the great work they had accomplished in the short period of American occupation and set their shoulders to the wheel for the accomplishment of greater things.

To them, it was all for "California."

To-day, I, the son of one of those pioneers, am sitting in this southern city of that same commonwealth, exiled from participation in the burst of enthusiastic patriotism, now being lovingly bestowed on the memory of the '49er in my native city. Here, all is the same as on the other 300 odd working days of the year. All the stores and workshops are opened and running the same as usual.

It is true, that, by edict of the governor the public offices and banks have been forced to close, but aside from an occasional notice "Closed on account of a legal holiday" posted on the various banks no other sign of the state's fiftieth birthday is evident. By actual count but four flags are floating from private buildings on the main business thoroughfares; one being on the Wilcox building owned by San Franciscans, one raised by the local branch of a San Francisco clothing establishment, another on the Temple building and the fourth on the Laughlin block owned by a gentleman but recently from the east, though a true Californian at heart.

Aside from this meager display of the national colors, not another vestage of display is to be seen; neither are there any exercises nor public ceremony to denote the import of the day. Is the Tehachapi the southern boundary of California?

"San Franciscan."

Los Angeles, Sept. 10, 1900.

A Caballero from Fresno

Estrella Parlor and its Star
Sunset Parlor on Market Street

Captain Jack Crawford

Features of the Native Sons of the Golden West Pageant on Admission Day

His Terrible Cough.

Few things are so depressing and weakening as a constant cough. Few things are as discouraging as a cough that will not yield to treatment. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs when all other medicines fail, because it is more than a cough medicine. The cough is but a symptom. "Discovery" makes new and pure blood, heals the lacerated tissues, and gives the body the needed strength to throw off disease. It cures the cough by curing the cause of the cough. There is no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotic in the "Discovery."

"I had a terrible cough something over a year ago and could find nothing to stop it, or even to do me a particle of good," writes Mr. J. M. Farr, of Cameron, Screven Co., Ga. "I chanced to see an advertisement of yours, and forthwith bought a bottle of your invaluable 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Before I had taken half a bottle I was entirely well."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper covers, *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Sign of the Peacock

229 GEARY ST.

Theatre Suppers

Luncheon Ice Cream Breakfast

ORDERS DELIVERED

MRS. SACHT'S

HAIR RESTORER

A Pure and Harmless Vegetable Compound

For Baldness, Dandruff, Gray and Faded Hair, Scaly and Itching Scalp and all Diseases of the Hair and Scalp.

This marvelous compound has been used for years as a remedy in the family of Mrs. Sacht. Its wonderful curative properties became known to her friends and it is now offered to the public as a safe and sure remedy for disfiguring baldness. A reference to the front label of this bottle will show the growth of hair produced for Mrs. Sacht, who, although sixty years of age, has a long soft, heavy growth of hair of natural color.

Price 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

DIRECTIONS. Apply to the scalp once or twice a day, rubbing it very gently to avoid injury to new young hair. Wash the hair only once or twice a month, and then only with pure castile soap and as hot water as you can stand. Rinse with cold water.

MRS. M. K. SACHT

Hair Restorer.

425 Cedar Ave., off Laguna St.

Can be had at the following Hair Dressers:
Mrs. J. S. Goldschmidt
708 Polk Street Bet. Ellis and Eddy Sts.
Telephone Polk 1321
Carl Anderson, 417 Geary Street.
Mrs. Hansen, 141 Clara Street

Meditations of a Matron

By Mrs. Cricket

THIS, my dear Diary, has been a week of great excitement, owing to the crowds of people in town. I am a native daughter, but I do not belong to any of the associations or parlors, nor so far as that goes, to anything that makes me different from the hundreds of people who were not born here. I am not a person who is specially devoted to organizations, but I do enjoy watching others have their fun.

A great many of the girls have returned to town; in fact, I think all but the Hopkins, Prestons and Josselyns. They invariably remain away until late in the year. Helen Hopkins has all her trosseau quite ready. It is beautiful too, and so well chosen. Were she a New York girl, I suppose cuts of some of her lingerie would appear in the yellow journals. Her taste, as we have all had reason to know for several years, is excellent and she has displayed it to its usual lengths in the selection of her gowns. She will make a very handsome bride. Last week Ed Greenway gave Gus and Helen a dinner. It was in the red room of the Bohemian Club and chaperoned by the Mountford Wilsons and Mrs. Henry Scott. Helen looked superb, so did Therese Morgan and Mollie Thomas. It was a beautifully decorated table and the food cooked to perfection. Robert was away, so Mr. Greenway told me for once to forget I was married. I had such a jolly time, as I sat near Fred McNear. I am afraid I received all his attention, but I am too infinitely good a friend of all the girls for them to mind my flirtations. Edith McBean, Therese Morgan' Carrie Taylor, Will Taylor, Al Stetson, Fred McNear and I were the life of the affair. We drank Helen's and Gus' health until I do not think they could be unhappy even were they to try. Mr. Greenway was, as usual, full of fun, and altogether we had a joyous evening. The Morgans are to give a dinner on Friday evening. Their dinners, too, are always exceedingly worth while. How I love the gayety of dressing up again and flying about. I really wish at times I had not married. I honestly do not see how I can manage to exist this winter unless I go to some of the dances. We are to have splendid Monday night dances—really swell ones; the sort of things that are to be very exclusive and at which we shall all dress just as magnificently as possible—fine music, beautiful decorations and a good supper. I do not know much about the fortnightly dances, but I think we may count upon them too. They were so popular last year, and Mrs. Salisbury has the faculty of gathering the nicest girls and men about her. I shall join everything and go wherever I can.

Leila and I have been so deeply interested in the number of really good looking men that have been in town during the week of the celebration—great big broad-shouldered fellows with bright eyes aud clearly cut features. I could have lost my heart to ever so many of them. I always have a keen desire to go and talk to some of them in order to test their intelligence. I suppose many are really bright. I have often heard that country fellows are excellent dancers. If a man can dance well and is good fun at a dinner, what more could any girl desire? How I wish Robert was a dancing man! Saturday evening Papa hired a tug and we went out on the bay.

Coming down on the car I met Bernie Drown, who had just returned from the East. I never saw her look so well in my life. She was going on the *Iowa* with Mrs. Voorhies. After we had grown tired of steaming about, watching the burning barge, the fireworks and the hundreds of little crafts we came up to the *Iowa* and all went aboard. There was Mrs. McCutcheon, whom Robert says is very bright and charming, chaperoning a party. Sara Collier was in it; so was Genevieve Carolan. There is such a difference between Sara Coller and Genevieve Carolan. Sara is tall and distinguished looking, with fine features. Genevieve's beauty lies in her brilliant coloring and pretty eyes. Cora Smedburg was there, too. I think she is exceedingly pretty and I really like 'Cozy!' Charlotte Ellinwood, Lottie Cunningham and Mamie Polhemus were chaperoned by Mrs. Page and Katherine Dillon by her mother, Mrs. Casey. The officers looked fine in their uniforms. I can't quite make up my mind which of the three, Mr. Bulmer, Mr. Winship or Mr. Jensen looked the handsomest. Of course, mama prefers Mr. Winship, but I do like Mr. Bulmer very much. Mrs. Kautz is still quite ill with a cold. Mr. Boyd, to whom I have given a large part of my heart, was also on board. He has the most captivating smile. Had he fallen in love with me I very much fear I should have succumbed to that smile. I look upon matrimony as a fate, and I was not destined to cross Mr. Boyd's path. I believe he returns to Manila on the 15th. Poor fellow, I do hate to hear of nice men being sent there.

The Huntingtons have returned to town. They are in mourning for their grand-uncle so will not entertain this year. I am sorry, for we had several jolly parties at their house last season. They have an excellent ballroom. Genevieve Goad-Martin and Mamie McNutt are in town again; so are the Hagers. Walter Dean looks so well after his sojourn in the northern part of the State. I hope he and Emilie will stay here now, for I am sure they would give any number of jolly dinners. Alice and Ethel Hager are both fond of entertaining, so the three would have great fun.

Everyone is speaking of the lack of debutantes this winter I hoped that Hazel King and Ethel Dean would come out but they have returned to college. Flora Dean-Magee will make her debut as a young married woman and hopes to entertain quite a good deal. She is handsomer than ever since her return. The A. A. Moores of Oakland have taken the Al. Moore house on the corner of Powell and California. It is fine for parties, and they know so many really clever men it will be jolly to go to their dinners. Jacqueline Moore has gone for a three months' trip to Europe with her brother and sister-in-law. Leila left Tuesday to meet Aunt Sybil in New York. I would have been tremendously happy, but she took it quite as cooly as though it had been the most ordinary thing in the world. On Wednesday I am going to the wedding of Claire Hamilton and George Martin. It is not to be a church affair however. The Murphys have taken that big house of the Galpins on Jackson street for three months. They then anticipate spending a few months in Washington with Mrs. Biddle, and later, will go to Europe. I trust by that time that Robert and I shall be able to go, too. This is all I can think of this week, now Diary dear, so good-bye.

The Art of Cutting Gems.

The art of cutting, engraving, and polishing jewels has never reached, in the world's history, a higher state of perfection than it possesses to-day. The art, it is true, is a costly one, and it requires the devotion of much time and delicate manipulation to approximate, if not excel, the beautiful designs and work of the ancients. To-day this is merely a matter of price. If people want this, and will only pay the price, they can secure jewels with cutting, engraving, and polishing that would astonish the inhabitants of the old world and almost forgotten City of Persepolis.

The original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St. stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Physicians would not recommend Jesse Moore Whiskey if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

Bank of California

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000. Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account July 1st, 1900, $2,453,469.59

William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; S. Prentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary.

CORRESPONDENTS

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies; Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China-Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus $2,238,372.45
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits, July 30, 1900 ..... 28,938,395.02

OFFICERS

President ..... B. A. Becker
First Vice-President ..... Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President ..... H. Horstmann
Cashier ..... A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier ..... Wm. Hermann
Secretary ..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary ..... A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hohte, I. N. Walker,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA STREET

Deposits, July 1, 1900 ..... $26,952,875
Paid Up Capital 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 218,093
Contingent Fund 439,608

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Premery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier; R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Gakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

33 POST STREET
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital 300,000

James D. Phelan, President; S. G. Murphy, Vice-Pres.; John A. Hooper, Vice-Pres.; George A. Story, Cashier; C. B. Hobson, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal and James McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co. or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes, and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. ☞Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 MARKET STREET, S. F.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

For home use, for bar use, for physicians' use, for everybody's use, Jesse Moore Whiskey is always the best and is in most general demand.

VAMOS Á MEXICO

A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED
EXCURSION TRAIN
OF PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
WILL BE RUN BY THE
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
TO THE
CITY OF MEXICO
LEAVING
San Francisco, Wednesday, Nov. 14
Los Angeles the following day
ROUND TRIP TICKETS
From San Francisco . $80
From Los Angeles . . . $70
GOOD FOR 60 DAYS
RATES FROM OTHER POINTS IN PROPORTION

Most delightful season of the year in the quaint old republic. Complete arrangements for cheap side trips.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, INQUIRE OF
AGENT S. P. CO. AT DEPOT

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports: 11 a. m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. Sept. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Oct. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports: 9 a. m. Sept. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Oct. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles): 11 a. m. Sept. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Oct. 4, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

TO CHICAGO IN THREE DAYS.

From San Francisco at 10 A. M.

Chicago Union Pacific and Northwestern Line.

DOUBLE DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with Barber, Dining-Cars; meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast.
617 Market Street (Palace Hotel),
San Francisco, Cal.

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for HONOLULU only, Wednesday, September 19, at 2 p. m.
S. S. Moana for AUSTRALIA, Wednesday October 3, at 8 p. m.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 643 MARKET STREET.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

American Actors in London

By Robert Porter

AMERICA, and especially California, has just right to be proud of many of her sons who have gone abroad and won distinction in art, in letters and in things theatrical. In London at the present time there are many Americans in the front ranks of promising actors and not a few of these are Californians by nativity or adoption. The tale is trite by now; repetition has staled it, but the names of Holbrook Blin, Paul Arthur, Frank Mills, Helen McBeth, Gertrude Elliott, Fay Davis, Julie Opp, John Sullivan and a half dozen more are as familiar in America as in London.

Gertrude Elliott's Success.

Of the women Gertrude Elliott has gone most rapidly and with the least advertising to the foremost position. A year ago she surprised London theatre-goers in the ingenue role of Clyde Fitch's "Lady and the Cowboy." The play failed but both Maxine and Gertrude Elliott made great personal success. Goodwin retrieved his earlier failure with "An American Citizen," in which Miss Elliott again scored, and when the company returned to America Arthur Bouchier persuaded her to remain. As the pretty inconsequent but utterly spoiled princess in "Captain Marshall's delightfully dainty play "A Royal Family," the American girl won applause. The same pleasant fate attended her efforts in Bouchier's revival of "His Excellency the Governor" and in R. C. Carton's play "Lady Huntsworth's Experiment," which was the best received of London's new plays last year. In all her work in England Miss Elliott has played ingenue parts. So many people besides her personal friends will be watching Mr. Forbes Robertson's experiment with deep interest, for this foremost of English speaking actors has chosen Gertrude Elliott to play leading roles with him during the coming year. To play Ophelia to the greatest Hamlet of any time—how many an actress of experience and reputation would find joy in the chance that has come to the young American girl.

Gertrude Elliott.

Frank Mills

Helen Macbeth

Frank Mills.

Speaking of Robertson naturally brings Frank Mills to mind. Mills slaved year after year in the Alcazar Stock Company. Nine performances a week, a new play each seven days, and a more than occasional extra matinee on holidays is experience that makes for the best or worst development. Daniel Frohman gave Mills his chance when Mrs. Leslie Carter opened in London in "The Heart of Maryland." It failed but Mills was recognized by the critics. To fill in a failing season Mrs. Fiske was presented in "Sue." London's college of critics gave her unstinted applause, and hardly less to Mills who was the acrobat villain of the play. Quick to see his opportunity the young American accepted Beerbohm Tree's offer and again he scored as Athos of "The Three Musketeers." As Sakata, in Chester Fernald's delightful Japanesque idyll the "Moonlight Blossom," he was hardly fitted, but association with Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in this play paved the way for his final step to the eminence he has attained.

Forbes Robertson succumbed to pneumonia and Mills succeeded to his roles. The most difficult task that an actor could have was his to face. To follow an avowed favorite in a part which that favorite had made distinctively his own was trying. But our player came through with triumph. As the apostate priest, with wonderfully spiritual grace, Robertson had presented a picture ranked with his best efforts. With an altogether different conception of the character Mills followed the older man's presentation in a way that gained for him acknowledged position in the first rank, and now that the famous Robertson-Campbell partnership has dissolved Mills is chosen Mrs. Campbell's leading man. The wise say that some day on his shoulders the mantle of Forbes Robertson will fall.

Holbrook Blinn's Victory.

Blinn, the irrepressible Holbrook, owes his grip on the heart of the London play-goer and manager alike to his finished and novel picture of Wing Shee, the learned philosopher, the avenger of Hoo Chee, the cherub of Fernald's remarkable little Chinatown tragedy. For a year the "Cat and the Cherub" held the attention of the theatre-goers and during that time Blinn's reputation increased. When Martin Harvey undertook his own management, he immediately chose Blinn for his company. During the whole of the long run of the "Only Way," Blinn's masterly playing as Defarge, the nemesis of the D'Everemonds, divided interest with Harvey's Carton, and Miss Di Silva's picture of Mimi.

Again in the Spanish "Don Juan," while the play was so dire a failure that even Harvey failed to score, Blinn again won a personal success. It is said probably that one of the best studies of extreme age that was ever given on the London stage, always excepting Irving's Corporal Brewster, is Blinn's old man in that exquisite little play, "Ib and Little Christina."

Santa Fe Trains

GO TO

Antioch	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Bakersfield	9 a m		8 p m
Chicago	9 a m		
Denver	9 a m		
Fresno	9 a m		8 p m
Hanford	9 a m		8 p m
Joliet	9 a m		
Kansas City	9 a m		
Leavenworth	9 a m		
Merced	9 a m		8 p m
Newton	9 a m		
Phoenix	9 a m		
Stockton	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Tulare	9 a m		8 p m
Visalia	9 a m		8 p m
Williams	9 a m		

Personally conducted Excursions to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston every MONDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in Pullman's Best Tourist Sleeping Cars. Try this NEW ROUTE.
Get full information and handsome folder at
641 MARKET STREET
or at Santa Fe Ticket Office
Ferry Building, Foot of Market Street

Buyers' Guide.

San Francisco Reliable Business Houses

City and Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited. MENTION THE WAVE.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law.—Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office, Room 94 Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

BUSINESS PERSONALS.

Baldness and Dandruff positively cured; Shampooing and Bleaching. Prudential Hair Physicians. Glascow Block, 105 Ellis Street, Room 6.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist.—806 Market street, Phelan Building.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042.

RESTAURANT

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM

A Perfect Complexion
Made from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S,
200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

In the District Court of the United States, in and for the Northern District of California
IN THE MATTER OF }
Louise A. Brown }

Take notice that Louise A. Brown, bankrupt, above named, have been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94 Chronicle building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 29th day of September, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt, and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.
Dated San Francisco, September 8th, 1900.
MILTON J. GREEN, Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Orpheum

Jessie Bartlett Davis, Johnstone Bennett; McGale and Daniels, Musical Duetists; Young America Quintette; Mossman and Willard; Querita Vincent, Delaney and Dore; Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, SEPT. 17th

Every night including Sunday

Clay Clement and L. R. Stockwell

and a strong company

Presenting a great double bill, Dion Boucicault's powerful one act drama

NAPOLEON'S GUARD

preceeding the psychological drama

THE BESLS

Clay Clement as Matthias.

Prices, $1, 75c, 50c, 25c, and 25c.

Alcazar Theatre

Fred Belasco and Mark Thall, Managers
Phone Main 254

Week of Monday, Sept. 17th

First time on any stage a farce that will make you laugh

THE WIDOW'S HUSBAND

Special engagement of Ada Lewis.

Regular matinee Saturday and Sunday.

Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50c.

Morosco's Grand Opera House

Matinees every Saturday and Sunday

Week beginning Monday, Sept. 17th, The new Frawley Company by public demand.

Second and last week of the success of successes

QUO VADIS

Prices:—10, 15, 25 and 50 cents. A few front rows in orchestra, 75 cents.

Saturday matinee, 10, 15, 25 and 50 cents.

Branch Ticket Office, Emporium

★TIVOLI★

Curtain rises at 8 p. m. sharp.

Last times tonight and Sunday night of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" with the entire company alternating

Week of September 17th

Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights

FAUST

Nicolini, Berthald, Salassa, Graham and Lichter.

Note:—The famous "church scene" will be sung.

Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday nights, Saturday matinee

IL TROVATORE

Russo, Ferrari, Schuster, Poletini and Stewart

Popular prices, 25 and 50 cents. Telephone Bush 9

Seats on sale seven days ahead only.

Grand Concert

GIVEN BY

ROSE ADLER RELDA

of the Opera Comique, Paris.

Friday Evening, September 21st

AT

Sherman and Clay Hall.

Reserved seats $1.50. Admission $1.00

CAFE ZINKAND

Go where the crowd goes

Listen to the matchless string band and enjoy the finest wines, beers and supper.

The Cafe Zinkand is society's gathering place after the show is over.

Dr. G. S. Moore's Scientific Hair Restorer.

Sure and Positive Cure. One bottle will convince the most skeptical. Testimonials, 488 Geary St., S.F.

Go where you will, the best saloons sell Jesse Moore Whiskey.

Ruth Benson and Helen Macbeth.

Blinn's wife, formerly Miss Ruth Benson, was well received as the Chinese girl in "The Cat and Cherub" and again in "Don Juan." She gave a very small part distinction. The better judges class her with Miss Helen Macbeth; from both of these aspiring American girls much is expected, and if steadily improving and consistent hard work are any criterion, the critics will not be disappointed. One of the best things of late seasons was Miss Macbeth in 'The First Violin." Latterly her work has been in Comedy, but it is in more serious lines that she will make fame.

Eleanor Calhoun.

Amongst the women of the English stage there is none more richly endowed than Eleanor Calhoun—none who to a greater degree blend temperament with the unremitting endeavor that makes the highest type of true artist. "The Moonlight Blossom," that most dainty exotic, redolent with the odors and atmosphere of the true Japan, ran fifty nights. Had her associates been endowed with half Miss Calhoun's sympathetic conception of its spirit, the little drama might well have been delighting the beauty-lover to this day. There was nothing hollow, forced or artificial about her picture of the Japanese widow. She was the jealous woman and the Japanese woman, and her appearance in no way broke the illusion. It was only the innate cleverness of the play that kept the other actors from seeming ridiculous—so far were they in appearance from the Japanese one knows. Her triumph as Lady Macbeth is so recent that it is still ringing.

THEATRICALS

Miss Adler's Success.

Miss Rose Adler Relda, a San Franciscan who has attained a very genuine success abroad, is to give a concert at Sherman & Clay Hall on next Friday evening, the 21st. The city of the Golden Gate has been the birthplace of a good many musical celebrities, but few can boast having sung a leading role in Paris as Miss Adler Relda can. She was engaged at the Opera Comique and sang Lakme thirty-five times. Subsequently Lecocq selected her to sing the Swan's song in his ballet "La Cygne." She is in San Francisco on a visit and returns at once to Paris.

* *

Miss Evelyn Henry, who was frequently heard in concert work, both in Oakland and in San Francisco, prior to her departure for New York some two years ago, where she has since been studying, under Theodor Bjkorsten, appeared at an invitational concert at Bar Harbor, Maine, on August 31st, given by Mrs. A. C. Barney of New York. During the evening Miss Henry had three numbers. Miss Hilda Newman, the well-known accompanist, was at the piano. The young vocalist sang under the auspices of Walter Damrosch, Park Godwin, Theodor Bjkorsten, Fremont Smith, Mrs. William T. Draper and Mrs. John Van Bibber.

* *

Theatrical Notes

"Faust" and "Il Trovatore" alternate at the Tivoli Opera House next week. "Faust" will be sung on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, while "Trovatore" will be given on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings and at the matinee. Nicolini will sing Mephisto in "Faust," in which his reputation was first made; Salassa will be Valentine, Barron Berthald, Faust; Anna Lichter, Marguerite; and Frances Graham, Siebel. In "Trovatore" the cast will include Russo as Manrico; Ferrari as Count Luna; Effie Stewart is Leonora and Lia Politini Azecuna.

* *

The Clay Clement-L. R. Stockwell combination at the Columbia Theatre will present a double bill next week. The one act drama by Dion Boucicault "Napoleon's Guard," and "The Bells" in which Clay Clement does Matthias.

* *

Owing to the enormous and unprecedented demand at the Grand Opera House box office for seats for 'Quo Vadis," and the very apparent fact that it wil be impossible to accommodate all wishing to see this great production during the present week, it has been decided by the management of the theatre, and the Frawley Company, to continue the play another week.

* *

Jessie Bartlett Davis is the star at the Orpheum next week. She is certainly an expensive attraction but decidedly worth hearing. Among other members on the new bill are the Johnston Bros., instrumentalists, McGale and Daniels, Irish comedians, and the Young America Quintette.

* *

A new farce has the boards at the Alcazar next week "The Widow's Husband." It has been sometime since farce has held sway at this theatre and the patrons will welcome "The Widow's Hulband" as an appropriate change from grave to gay.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

The Ringling Circus.

Ringling Bros. circus is about the biggest that has ever visited California. It travels in three sections made up of 65 cars. In the first come the baggage wagons and the laborers; in the second is for the ring animals, trained horses, dogs, etc., and the subordinate performers; the third is the cage train in which travel the menagerie and the prominent members of the company. A good impression may be had of the resources of the organization by the character of its street parade which will be more than two miles in length. One section will show correctly uniformed soldiery of the important nations of the world. Another section will be a picture of Roman and Grecian splendor. Still another, a complete children's parade, with pony chariots and other novel effects delightful to child folk. Besides there are several bands of music, half a hundred gayly decorated cages, many tableau cars, open animal dens, chime and chuach bells and many other unique and picturesque features.

Wanted: Two Fine Saddle Horses.

September 12, 1900.

Two of the very best saddle horses that can be purchased on the Pacific Coast. Well bred, thoroughly broken, gentle under the saddle, of a kindly disposition, with easy mouth and gait, free from vicious habits, without blemish or defect, geldings, color black, bay or sorrel, height 15.1 to 15.3, weight not less than 1050 pounds nor more than 1200 pounds. Age 6 to 9 years, head and ears small, forehead broad, eyes large and prominent, vision perfect in every respect, chest full, broad and deep, forelegs straight and standing well under, barrel large and increasing from girth towards flank, back short and straight, withers elevated, loins and haunches broad and muscular, hocks well bent and under the horse, good mane and tail.

A liberal price will be paid. Address P. O. Box 2637.

N. B.—Useless to offer unless it is guaranteed that horse answers requirements in every respect and is in fact unusually fine.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

When your joints are stiff and your muscles sore from cold or rheumatism, when you slip and sprain a joint, strain your side or bruise yourself, PAIN-KILLER will take out the soreness and fix you right in a jiffy. Always have it with you, and use it freely. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25 and 50 cents.

Mrs. Sacht's HAIR RESTORER is prompt to act and sure in its results. It is POSITIVELY HARMLESS AND NO DYE. You are cordially invited to inspect same at MRS. J. S. GOLDSCHMIDT'S Hair Dressing and Manicuring Parlors, 708 Polk Street, 'Phone Polk 1321, San Francisco, Cal.

Germea

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . . . .
Centrally Located . . .

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.

American and European Plan.

WILLIAM T. BANG, Proprietor.

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms — Elevator Service
Excellent Cuisine — References Required
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL

THE BRADBURY

J. A. FERSON, Prop.

N.W. Cor. Polk and California Sts., San Francisco

Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and upwards. Reasonable by the month. Tel. Hyde 2771

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE — Tel. Main 199

DEALERS IN Paper

55, 57, 59, 61 First Stree

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore,

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents.

Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss

Stereo Binoculars

The most compact Field Glasses made, with the Highest power.

Prices, $47.50 to $80.00

Send for Illustrated Booklet

Geo. H. Kahn.

OPTICIAN.

201 KEARNY ST.,
CORNER OF SUTTER

KODAK AGENCY—PHOTO SUPPLIES

Alfred Cane — Luther A. Teague — Frederick Teague

TEAGUE, CANE & TEAGUE

Dentists

Claus Spreckels Building

Tel. Main 1459 — Third and Market Sts., 6th Floor

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

Trusts and combinations do not affect Jesse Moore Whiskey. Its fame is established; its quality is the constant it is always the best.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY CAL

THIS CHARMING RESORT

is wholly distinct and unique: There is no basis of comparison by which its attractions can be measured. None other in the world has such a climate; none is planned on such a vast and elaborate scale, none so absolutely exempt from every annoyance and inconvenience, nor so easily within the reach of those whose refinement of taste enables them to appreciate its charms.

x x x x

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

transplanted to the shores of the "Western Sea."

There is but one Hotel del Monte.

Send for Souvenirs and other information to

W. A. JUNKER, Manager,

Monterey. - - California

Recent Verse

The Dancing of Sister Ca'line.

FRANK L. STANTON.

BR'ER William play de fiddle Sister Ca'line hoppin' light,
En de room a-gwine 'roun' me, ez I swing her lef' an' right
All up en down de hall:
"Swing co'ners!" is de call—
"Bless God, dat Sister Ca'line is outdancin' er 'em all!"

De flo' wuz des a-creakin' en de frosty winders shake,
En de ol' folks sorter fidget at de music what we make;
En betwix' 'em dar's a scuffle
Fer ter dance de double shuffle,
Sister Ca'line gwine 'roun' 'em wid de flounces en de ruffle.
"Sister Ca'line—Sister Ca'line, ain't you dancin mighty much?
I mighty 'fraid de preacher gwine ter tu'n you out de chu'ch!"
But I tu'n en see de preacher—
De sollum gospill teacher -
A-swingin' Sister Ca'line ever' time dat he could reach her!

"Sister Ca'line—I is tired, en de fiddle tired, too!
Can't you stop untell de preacher take en marry me en you?
But de preacher kick the stubble
F'um his shoes, en swing em double:
"I ain't gwine marry any folks—dis ain't no time fer trouble!"

But w'en we gwine home'ards—'bout de breakin' er de day
I see de preacher huggin' Sister Ca'line all de way!
En hit sho' did take my bref—
Des lay me on de she'f.
When he 'low: "She hop so lively, I'll des marry her myse'f!"

—Leslie's Monthly.

From a Suffolk Farm.

C. E. C. WEIGALL.

WOKE last night at the hoot of owl,
When the hour was dark and dead;
Upon the hills the poplar-trees
Shook each one, in the far faint breeze,
Its slim and slender head.

The upland meadows were white with dew;
Like spectres against the sky
Stood oak and ash and sapling tall,
And the lilies under the garden wall
Shook as a bat brushed by.

Flooded with moonlight, the silver world
Showed fair as a dream might be;
The gabled house, with its window blind,
With the sleeping, dreamy souls behind,
Was part of my fantasy.

The owl he perched on an elder-bough
And laughed at the round white moon,
Till the ducks in the farmyard woke to hear,
And the sheep in the field lent a list'ning ear,
For this was his scornful rune—

"Sleeping and slumbering human souls,
I laugh at you all to-night,
For I alone, with the spectre bat,
And a thieving, prowling, midnight cat,
Am heir to the cold moonlight.

"But I alone am the bird of the moon,
And I alone do know
The secret of night and the weird gray dawn
That comes when the shivering day is born,
So I bid farewell to you all in scorn!"
With a flap of brown wings he was gone
As he shouted, "Tut-whit-u-whoo!"

Poker Adapted to their Purses.

The millionaire yacht owner who invites a company of friends on a cruise is often perplexed to find they cannot join his diversions on the basis of possessing great wealth. For instance, when it comes to the inevitable poker game, the man with but six or eight thousand often cannot risk the extreme profit or loss that his friend the millionaire can. This disparity is especially trying when the game continues over a series of months. However, a way has recently been found out of the difficulty whereby the poor man can afford to play with the rich one and not require equal capital. The method of deciding the extent to which each man will participate in the profits and the approximate extent of his losses is very simple. When the party sets out on a cruise, each member writes on a piece of paper the value at which he expects to play every chip and puts this paper into an envelope which is sealed and not opened until the end of the cruise. He may elect to have a red chip worth five cents, while another member of the party may make a red chip worth five dollars, and the yacht owner may value it at twice as much. The game is, of course, played entirely with chips. No money is handled until the time for a final settlement comes at the end of the trip. Then the letters are opened and the basis on which every man in the party has played is made clear. He shares in the profits and losses in accordance with the conditions contained therein and the guest with the smallest income is able to play freely with his many times millionaire host. Then is the situation adapted to the circumstances of the Little Brother of the Rich.

There is only one reason why you shouldn't drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey—that's because you have signed the pledge.

REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE

Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

This brand of Wine is served at all first-class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office, 416 Pine St. A. REPSOLD & CO.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-312 POST STREET

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line

CUTS

Yosemite Engraving Co....

24 Montgomery Street

San Francisco

For Catalogues ... Souvenirs ... Newspapers ... Letter heads Etc.....

DR. CLYDE PAYNE

Has returned from New York and resumed the practice of Dentistry at

135 GEARY ST.

Phone Main 9. Spring Valley Building

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We buy or sell real estate in any part of the Group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in Hawaiian Islands.

Office 10 W. King St. HONOLULU. H. I.

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

IF YOU WANT
The Best Coal Oil
BUY

New Stories Re-Told.

SAM LONG'S AMBITION.—A big raw-boned cowboy named Sam Long, employed on a Texas ranch, cherished as his chief ambition a desire to have a dinner at Delmonicos in New York. This ambition was a source of much joy to his comrades, and the chaff about it reached the ears of a wealthy young man who had a property near by. He offered to take Sam as his guest to New York. In some way the idea became circulated among the cowboys that Delmonico's boasted of being able to provide a guest with anything, no matter how outlandish it might be. They proposed to Sam that he might win a triumph over the Gothamites by ordering something beyond the resources of their larder. "Ask 'em for fried rattlesnake's eggs," one suggested, "or stewed prairie dog, that'll stump them," said a second. Pickled wolves ears, owls' toes and sliced lizards were other uncanny requirements with which to best Delmonico's. A month later Sam returned from his excursion looking considerably abashed. "How did y' come out?" shouted the cowboys! "Did y' floor 'em? Did they have airy snake eggs? What about them owl's toes?" Sam looked distressed. "Well, fellers," he said sheepishly, "I have ter admit they brung me what I ordered. I'll tell ye how it was," replied Sam, slowly; "I got so bad skeered after I set down that I plumb forgot all you told me, and ordered ham an' eggs."

CONFOUND THE ORGAN. Best, the great organist, had a strong sense of personal dignity. He was a guest at a public dinner in the Liverpool town hall, and it was understood he was to give a recital on the grand organ afterwards. "The organ will now play," was the curt way in which the mayor, who was in the chair, announced the performance. Best, however, sat still. The mayor repeated the words in a louder tone; a messenger touched the musician on the shoulder. "Didn't you hear his worship, sir?" the man whispered. "The organ will now play." Best looked up with a surprised and injured air. "Confound the organ!" he exclaimed. "Let it play!" Then the mayor rose again. "Our distinguished fellow-townsman, Mr. Best," he said, "will now very kindly oblige us with a selection of music on the organ." Then Best rose and entertained the company

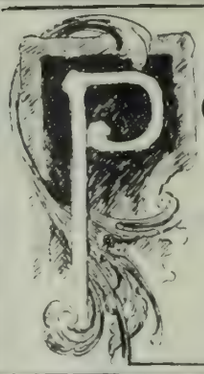
NOT IN HIS POLICE COURT.—The late Lord Russell was the best whist player in London and being a man of high temper resented poor judgment in a partner. He participated once in a game at the officer's mess of a crack regiment, his partner being a "haw-haw" sort of young officer, the scion of a noble house and the typical young guardsman of the lady novelist. He played most carelessly and the Lord Chief Justice's wrath soon asserted itself and he spoke sharply to the blase young soldier several times. At last he fired a particularly caustic verbal shot at him, whereupon the youth remarked with a drawl. "Look here, I say, old chap, you are not in your bloomin' police court now, you know."

A LENGTHY CALL.—He had been talking and talking and talking and talking until the poor girl was so tired and sleepy she didn't know whether it was this week or last week or come next Sunday, and the clock on the mantel was holding up its hands, either in pity or in protest. Finally it occurred to the young man that an evening call had its limits, at least in a latitude where the nights were not six months long. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, starting up suddenly, "it certainly must be time I was going home." "Oh," she said in a dazed kind of way, "it must be a good deal later than that."

DISILLUSION, IN NORTHUMBERLAND.—A group of Northumberland labourers were discussing a report of the death by suicide of one of their fellow-labourers which had turned out to be false. "Folk what sends them reports aboot owt to be punished," declared one man. "Hoots, man," ejaculated another, "whaat dis't mettor? Aa yence knew a man that read his aan deeth in the public paypors, but he didn't believe a word on't!"

HE DID NOT END WELL.—John Corning, who was superintendent of the Central Pacific Railway, when on a visit to his brother Erastus in Albany, was taken to church, and heard a sermon remarkable for its length. "What do you think of our preacher?" asked Erastus, as they left the church. "He is very fine," answered the practical railroad man, "but has poor terminal facilities."

AN IRISH REPLY.—An American travelling through County Wexford came to a ford and hired a boat to take him across. The water being rather more agitated than was agreeable, he asked the boatman if any person was ever lost on the passage. "Niver," replied the boatman. "My brother was drownded here last week, but we found him nixt day."



Palace Hotel

The tourist, pleasure-seeker, and the business man, will find the location of the Palace particularly desirable being in close proximity to places of amusement, wholesale and shopping districts, and with the further advantage of having street-cars to all parts of the city pass the entrance.

Operated in conjunction with the Palace is the Grand Hotel to which it is joined by a covered passageway placing under one management 1400 rooms, 900 of which have baths attached.

Famous FOR ITS Purity

SEATTLE, U. S. A.

THE GREAT FAIR AT Tanforan Park

Sept. 24th to Oct. 6th, 1900

Under Management of the San Francisco and San Mateo Agricultural Association

To the live-stock breeders of California, as well as to the lovers of out-door sports this exhibition is dedicated. The attraction will include: A High-class Open-air Horse Show, Select Herds of Prize Cattle, a complete exhibit of Swine, Sheep, Goats, Poultry and Belgian Hares. Extraordinary show of Dogs. Attractive exhibit of high-class Vehicles and other Industrial Displays from leading manufacturers of the State. The outdoor sports will embrace Polo Games, between players from Southern and Central California for championship; Pony Races; Long Distance Race of 25 miles, by noted riders; change of horses each mile, in full view of grandstand. Grand Athletic Field Day—Club Harness Racing: High-class Trotting and Pacing, in which the great stars of the east and west will meet and make world's records. All in all, the entertainment will be clean, dignified and instructive. Grand Musical Concerts Daily. Excellent railroad facilities by both regular and special trains to Grandstand entrance. Entertainment each day, from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m.

GEORGE ALMER NEWHALL, Secretary. HENRY J. CROCKER, President.
EDWIN F. SMITH, General Manager.

RINGLING BROS.

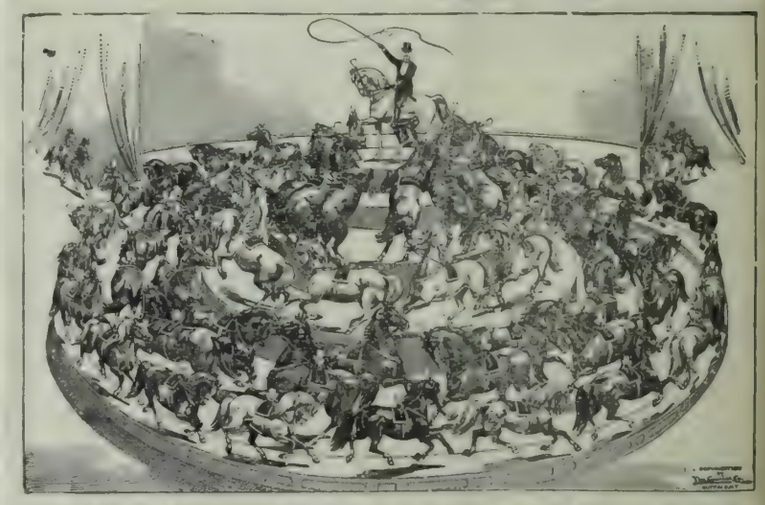
World's Greatest Shows

Grand Opening of the San Francisco Season

Wednesday Eve. Sept. 19

and continuing twice daily thereafter until **Wednesday Sept 26th** inclusive

Exhibition Grounds. **16th and Folsom Streets**



The Greatest Circus in the World, and the only Positively Big One ever seen on the Pacific Coast. More Cars, More People, More Horses, More Elephants, More Performers, and More Novel Features than all the other shows combined.

NOTHING LIKE IT EVER SEEN ON EARTH BEFORE.

The talk of the country! The sensation of the day! Wednesday, Sept, 19th, at 10 a.m. the Largest, Richest, Most Resplendent Free Street Parade ever seen in San Francisco. Usual route over the down-town streets.

General admission—**50** cents, Children under 12 years half price. Reserved numbered seats and admissions during the circus season at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store, corner Kearny and Sutter streets. Unlike other shows prices at down-town office are the same as charged at ticket wagon on show grounds.

THE SATURDAY WAVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
AND JOURNAL OF EVENTS CURRENT.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

Reception of the Governor General of Canada and Lady Minto in Dawson City.

is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash. Entered at the Post-Office as second class matter. Subscription: Per year, $2.00; six months, $1.00; three months, 75 cents. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

San Francisco—September 22, 1900—Seattle

The Santa Fe's Danger.

It is rumored among men who are wise in such matters, that the Santa Fe Railroad people are mixing up in politics with an abandon that used to characterize the political performances of its predecessor.

No one believes that the directors or the president of the Santa Fe system have any hand or part in these proceedings, but politically inclined employes, with an itch for power, seem to be dragging the institution into the game, and presently, after the mischief is done, there will be created a real necessity for a Santa Fe political bureau to protect that corporation from the enemies its employes are busily manufacturing.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, who is reported to stand at the head of the Santa Fe bureau has denied that he is a candidate for the United States Senate, but frankly declared that he was devoting himself exclusively and industriously to electing members of the judiciary. So far as present evidences go, Mr. Pillsbury's efforts in this direction have come to naught. It now appears that he will not be able to share in the honor of naming a single judge. If the result of all of the wire pulling and intriguing that has been going on ostensibly for the Santa Fe system may be summed up by a cipher, the directors may well ask, Where is the profit?

* * *

The Santa Fe system is not in any measure an unpopular institution. There is no doubt that it will be "stood up" by the newspapers and the politicians, and in some cases will be compelled to submit to demands which are unjust and extortionate, but the greatest danger to its peaceful operation, the greatest menace to it from a monetary point of view, will come from within, not from without. Politically inclined employes are a hindrance rather than a help. They have enemies to punish and friends to reward. The doing of the first creates enemies for the corporation, while the accomplishment of the latter usually sets up one ingrate and makes a dozen fresh adversaries. The Santa Fe people should awaken early to their danger and avoid it.

The Democratic Coal Strike.

THE Democratic press is "shy" on figures when it talks of the coal miners' strike, but it is loaded up with denunciatory adjectives and wild abuse.

That insatiable liar Creelman, however, has gone through the coal regions, and he slipped up in one of his letters and quoted some figures. Here is what he said in part:

"Here," said the old miner, turning to his wife, "tell these gentlemen what the trusts have done for us, and they will tell the American people about it. Give them the prices the trusts make us pay for the necessaries of life. It's about the same in the mining regions, and I suppose it is the same in the rest of the country."

The miner's wife gave me a list of prices, showing how the trusts have raised the cost of living. The flour trust had raised the prices of flour from $2.15 a bag to $2.75.

The sugar trust had raised sugar from 5 cents to 7 cents a pound.

The Standard Oil Company has raised oil from 12 cents to 15 cents a gallon.

The woolen trust has raised the price of woolen clothing from 20 to 25 per cent.

The price of sardines has been nearly doubled.

The beef trust has raised the poorest grade of beef from 12 cents to 15 cents a pound; soup meat from 9 cents a pound to 14; veal from 12 cents to 16 cents per pound; ham from 11 cents to 15 cents a pound.

The cracker trust has raised the price of crackers from 5 cents a pound to 10 cents a pound—just double.

The shoe and leather trust has increased the cost of shoes about 30 per cent The rubber trust has caused miners' rubber boots which were sold a year ago for $2.25 to be sold now for $5.25.

So it is with brooms and kitchen utensils, and wire and nails.

Tea has risen from 40 cents to 50 cents a pound (the Chinese war has affected tea quotations, not trusts. Teas are jobbing here at 25 and 50 cents); coffee from 9 cents to 16 cents a pound; condensed milk has increased in cost more than 30 per cent; lard has jumped from 6 cents to 12 cents a pound (eastern pure lard is quoted in California at from 9¼ cents to 10½.)

Think for a moment what this means to the nation. The price of living has been increased at least 30 per cent in a year and a half by the operation of the trust system. The price of plug or smoking tobacco is identically the same in every State. The facts cannot be disputed. They can be proved in any store or in any miner's shanty.

Any man or woman who has been housekeeping twenty years knows that all provisions are vastly lower now than they have been in years. But let us take Mr. Creelman's figures. The miner's wife says "flour has raised from $2.15 a bag to $2.75." But wheat has gone up and the farmer is getting the profit. At the very most this increase would not make a difference of 2 cents a day to a family of six. "The sugar trust," says the miner's wife, "has raised sugar from 5 to 7 cents." Sugar stood at 11 cents for years. The raise of 2 cents per pound which the miner's wife complains of would not amount to a cent per day in a family of six.

"The Standard Oil Company," said the miner's wife, "has raised the price of oil from 12 to 15 cents per gallon. Three gallons per month would be a liberal allowance to a family of six, and this raise would impose on the miner's wife an additional burden of about one-third of a cent a day.

"The woolen trust has raised the price of clothing from 20 to 25 per cent," but the wool industry is flourishing, and not one miner in a hundred wears woolen clothing. The price of his clothing we venture to say has not increased one per cent.

"The price of sardines has been nearly doubled," complains the miner's wife, *pate de foi gras* and truffles, doubtless.

In the matter of eastern beef we know nothing, but the miner's wife complains that the beef trust has raised "ham from 11 cents to 15 cents per pound," while the *Examiner's* market reports quote eastern hams that have been transported 3,000 miles to California at 12½ cents.

It is scarcely worth while to treat such a report seriously, but not an item in Mr. Creelman's list will justify his wail for the "downtrodden." Strikes have been precipitated before now on the eve of a presidential election to defeat the party in power. But it has always been the Democratic party that was responsible for the crime against labor—indeed against the nation itself.

Mr. Bryan in Reply.

IF any Democrat expected Mr. Bryan to answer President McKinley in his letter of acceptance, he has been wofully disappointed. As the matter stands to-day, so far as the written record goes, Bryan has filed his closing argument without answering the serious charges advanced by his opponent.

So far as the "paramount" issue is concerned, any fair-minded man reading the Democratic candidate's Indianapolis speech, the letter of President McKinley, and Bryan's "brief in response" must admit that the Democratic standard bearer is in a most unfortunate and pitiable plight. He is charged with duplicity and hypocrisy—not only charged—he is convicted of it. Of course, there are men, ignorant men, and political idolaters, who set up and worship ideals in public life who are not to be influenced by reason, but the mass of men who read and think have by this time made up their minds that Mr. Bryan is a pretender pure and simple. The most charitable view to take of him is that he is most unfortunately complicated in his relations to what he is pleased to term the "paramount issue." He has been upon both sides of it—which is always awkward when denial is impossible.

* * *

But here is some delicious reading. On the silver question Mr. Bryan is as coy and timid as a maid at her first kissing "party." The *Examiner*, however, profoundly regrets that the candidate referred in any manner to free silver. It says:

"It is a pity that he felt compelled to drag into renewed prominence the dead issue of free silver. Much can happen—much has happened—in four years. What was possible in 1896 is impossible now. There is no longer any effective demand for free silver. The Republicans do not want it; the Democrats do not want it, even the Populists do not want it. . . . There is no more probability of passing a free silver bill through *any sort of Congress* that could be elected, than there is of passing a bill for the construction of a railroad to to the moon."

Did any party candidate ever seek the votes of an intelligent people upon so many contradictory and deceitful grounds? Bryan has been on both sides of the "paramount" issue and now the *Examiner* and his own duplicity are firmly placing him on sides of the silver issue.

What becomes of the Silver Republicans? What becomes of the Populists? The Republican State Central Committee should use Mr. Bryan's remarks on free silver, with this *Examiner* editorial as a campaign document and send hundreds of thousands of them broadcast among Populists and Silver Republicans. Mr. Hearst enjoys exceptionally friendly relations with Mr. Bryan, and perhaps speaks for him in this matter.

THE Fresno jury that acquitted Fred Himes, the thirteen year-old lad who poisoned his father, simply recorded a verdict of sentiment and sympathy. The boy was guilty of the crime as charged; he admitted it and recited all of the details without the slightest compunctions of conscience. The lad does not appear to be naturally vicious, as was the notorious Jesse Pomeroy. He is a bright, kindly little chap apparently, and no good purpose would have been served by inflicting even the punishment of imprisonment upon him. He would have emerged from jail a criminal and it is difficult to see how anything but acquittal could have been expected of the jury.

The future of this lad will be made or marred by his environment during the next few years. To raise him in the neighborhood of his crime, even among friends and relatives most kindly, would seem to be a mistake. He is at an impressionable age. His schoolmaster will either make a hero or an outcast of him, either of which will be dangerous to the boy. It would be a kindness to remove the lad from the scene of the tragedy, and permit him to grow to manhood among such surroundings as would serve to obliterate, rather than keep alive all memory of the dreadful deed.

The Fair at Tanforen Park.

An extraordinary degree of anticipation has been developed among people interested in the horse, the dog and the cow by the live stock fair at Tanforan Park. It is to be a great show, comprising all manner of manifestations from polo to bronco busting. To commence with the Golden Gate Park Driving Association has its speed programme on the opening day; on the second there will be a horse show parade together with a polo tournament; a bench show on the third day. together with a live stock parade and pony racing. More horse parade on the fourth, together with a vacquero exhibition. On the following days there will be races for lady equestriennes, a twenty-five mile running race, an athletic field day and a Belgian hare and poultry show.

The second week will be devoted to the speed programme which is cleverly arranged to elicit the attention of all lovers of racing.

Admirers of the Democratic candidate for President have an opportunity of obtaining a worthy picture of this hero at an outlay of only one dollar. A fine portrait of Mr. Bryan recently painted by R. Duesbury now hanging in the office of the State Central Committee, is being raffled. The chances are going like hot cakes. Mr. Duesbury persuaded the candidate to give him a few sittings during his last visit here and seems to have caught his type and expression in a very satisfactory manner.

A carrier pigeon let loose from "La Lorraine," 413 miles out at sea, returned safely to its cote at Rennes. This is a record.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Keith "Artist Photographer."

THE negative of the late C.P. Huntington which William Keith made is by all odds the best in existence. From all over the country have come applications for prints from it. The writers are evidently under the impression that our greatest painter is a professional camera man, for the letters are addressed "phographer" or "artist photographer." However, it is an excellent picture and though it represents Mr. Huntington as a very old man, it gives one an excellent idea of his type and of his expression of face, and is suggestive of his strong individuality. From it and from his memory of "the chief" as Mr. Huntington was known among his head men, Keith has painted a first-rate portrait which is not only a good likeness, but is full of the character and personality of the subject. It is a labor of love, for Mr. Huntington was one of the artist's most appreciative and generous patrons. On several occasions he advised his friends to buy canvases saying that Keith's pictures were as good an investment as he knew of. Some of the artist's finest landscapes are in the Huntington collection. Keith has recently finished a superb study of Charles Keeler of Berkeley, and it is really one of the best things he has ever done.

***

The Estimates of C. P. Huntington.

COULD the late C. P. Huntington read the biographies and commentaries his death has evoked from the press of the nation he would realize he had not lived in vain. No other American of our generation whose distinction was commercial and financial rather than political, has drawn forth such a body of appreciative criticism. There have been a few fatuous misunderstandings, notably that of Annie Laurie in the N. Y. *Journal*; the *Examiner's* screed was mere mud-slinging, but on the whole the subject would not be dissatisfied with the tribute to his life and labors. No man cared less for eulogy or for compliment. C. P. Huntington was decidedly of his own sex and was set on satisfying his individual conscience rather than the exactions of his contemporaries. Though abused in California, it is evident he had impressed the majority of his countrymen as a virile and sagacious personality representing those qualities of power, patience, humor, boldness, and common sense which go to make the typical American.

***

Commissioner De Young's Trick.

COMMISSIONER DE YOUNG is now in New York on his way home from the Paris Exposition. It was a happy circumstance that California was represented on the United States commission and fortunate that Mr. De Young was that representative, otherwise the industries of the State would have been in some cases entirely overlooked. Visitors returning from the exposition have reported Mr. De Young as untiring in behalf of his native hearth. This scarcely needs stating. But a good story comes in this connection. A certain French *bon vivant* had taken occasion to say unkind things of California wines, under circumstances calculated to arose the indignation of a Californian. Mr. De Young declared, with his customary warmth, that the State produced a wine that was the equal of any French wine of its class. This the Parisian naturally disputing, a wager was made. "Come to my rooms to-night," exclaimed the Californian, and I'll prove it." For the test the commissioner procured a California burgundy of high reputation and a French wine much in vogue. He carefully removed the capsules and corks of each, and emptying both bottles put the California wine back into the French bottle and *vice versa*. Recorking the bottles and replacing the capsules, he set both on his sideboard and then rang for the *garcon* in attendance. To the servant he went to great pains to denounce French wines as inferior and California wines as superior declaring that nine-tenths of the experts would select the California vintage as the better. There was a light in the *garcon's* eyes that the commissioner understood. It was the awakening of a patriotic protest and a determination that this boaster from California would meet defeat. The commissioner did not cease his abuse of one and praise of the other until he was certain the *garcon* would give the "tip" to his coming guest.

"Now, Pierre," said Mr. De Young, "wrap each bottle in a napkin carefully concealing the label. Remove the cap and capsule at the sideboard and then bring both to the table. Warm the wine until it is a little below tepid. Pour out a glass of each and place the proper bottle beside each glass, one to the right one to the left."

Pierre was apt. He understood. The guest arrived at the appointed hour. Pierre appeared in answer to the bell and as he was serving the wine the commissioner pretended to be called away but he overheard his *garcon* say in a hurried but subdued tone.

"The American wine is that to the left of Monsieur."

The amateur did not hesitate long. Wise through the servant's tip, he selected the California wine in the French bottle and was confused when the commissioner proved his error.

The Parisian next day found a case of selected California wines at his rooms with Mr. De Young's compliments, and a note saying: "The reputation of France as a wine producing country will not suffer by dealing justly with the products of a neighbor."

***

Protection and Progress.

THE managing editor of the *Chronicle*, John P. Young, has written a study of the bases of the American protective system, which he has entitled *Protection and Progress*. It is rather a portly volume, but the topic is thoroughly surveyed in all its phases—so admirably, indeed, that Hon. R. N. Taylor, member of Congress from Ohio, and an authority, writes to the *American Economist* that the book is the best he knows on the subject and that Mr. Young had more thoroughly thought out the tariff question in all its details than any other man of

John P. Young.

Photo by Taber.

whom he had knowledge —certainly an unequivocal commendation. W. F. Wakeman, Secretary of the American Protection Tariff League, says it should be recognized as a standard work on Protection, but these are only a few of the many compliments the book has called forth. Mr. Young is a man of strong individuality and tremendous energy and he is completely responsible for the editorial end of the *Chronicle*. A stickler for accuracy and for facts, he it is who organizes the special publications abounding in information and statistics, which the *Chronicle* occasionally puts forth. The most valuable of these is the annual in which the figures of the State's growth and development are presented at the end of every year, and which has proved a most important factor in spreading abroad the rumor of California's marvelous resources. The average newspaper man who is aware of the amount of work which Mr. Young puts through every day, for he is a liberal contributor to the editorial page, wonders how he found time to obtain so complete a mastery of a difficult subject and then to write a bulky volume thereon. He did, however, which proves again that all things are possible to industry and method.

***

The Foreign Vote.

ONE hears a great deal in this campaign about the German, the Hungarian, even the Italian vote, and but little of the American vote. It is a certainty that the party depending on these foreign combinations for success will find itself disappointed on election day. The Democratic press has been casting the German vote for Bryan for a year past, yet it is hard to find any representative German who will stand for the proposition. If it were true that the Teutons were really rallying to the Democratic standard would we not have prominent members of the race announcing themselves as advocating the election of Bryan? Your average German is not a fool to be deluded with false issues. He is as well able as the smartest of us to realize how little there is behind the cries of "imperialism." He is not an advocate of experimental legislation, but is generally conservative in his views and an upholder of existing institutions and sound money. Nor has the Boer cause so enlisted his sympathies as to pursuade him of the advisability of this nation interfering between England and her enemies. When it came to estimating foreign votes however, the Democrats seem to have left out of consideration citizens of England and Canadian extraction who may certainly be counted against the national party favoring the Afrikanders. Canada has been a great source of population for the middle and western states, and though one seldom hears of political clubs composed of men of English nationality they are none the less among our most estimable citizens, and are invariable voters, while still retaining an honest respect for the institutions of the mother country. In the mining counties of California twenty per cent of the voters are Cornishmen who are certain to cast Republican ballots this year. Altogether one cannot but see the unwisdom of handling a campaign on the basis of foreign prejudices. The policy which commends itself to the reasoning man, as on the whole, the best American policy is sure to win, five times out of six.

***

Stuffed Democratic Clubs.

THUS far the political campaign has lacked exciting features. In the *Examiner* one reads a great deal about the organization of Democratic clubs with a total membership exceeding a million. I fear this institution is like the lamented Dick Hammond's Young Men's Democratic League of which we in California used once to hear a great deal. I believe some 20,000 members had been enrolled, but in fact the organization was politically valueless having no cohesion whatever; and no specific object of existence. To be effective a club must be given some distinction, must have some basis for its gatherings. There must be, prospectively some spoil of office to attract. If not, there may be a collection of signatures but no dependable list of voters. This has been proven so often that further demonstration is unnecessary. There is, I hear, general dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Democratic campaign. Its specific direction has passed out of the hands of Senator J. K. Jones, who, by the way, is now a millionaire, and is being controlled by Mr. Johnson, whose chief function seems to be that of a letter writer. He is corresponding all over the country at a great rate but does not appear to develop any better leading ideas than his predecessor. He has figured out, however, on the strength of the Maine returns that California will go for Bryan by some 30,000 majority. No one will deny him imagination.

BOSWELL, JR.

THE GREAT EXCURSION TO SANTA CRUZ.

The Southern Pacific Company announces that Sunday, the 30th inst., is the date set apart for the great annual excursion to Santa Cruz, and which will enable excursionists to visit this beautiful city by the sea before the close of the summer season and participate with the other visitors in the enjoyment of swimming, boating, driving, etc.

As heretofore, the excursion will be under the personal supervision of Colonel William H. Menton, the well-known excursion passenger agent of the Southern Pacific Company, who will see to it that the excursionists are well cared for.

These trains (these excursions being run probably in three sections) will be run over the scenic narrow-guage route through the famous Santa Clara valley and along the beautiful streams which wind through the magnificent redwood forests of the Santa Cruz mountains.

The round-trip rate for this occasion has been placed at the very low price of $2, and special excursion tickets will be placed on sale at the Grand Hotel ticket office on September 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th, and at the depot ticket office on the morning of the excursion. Those intending to avail themselves of this opportunity will take the 7:45 A. M. boat from the San Francisco ferry landing. Train leaves Fourteenth and Franklin streets at 7:45 A. M. and from Alameda (Park street) at 8:20 A M. Returning excursionists will be landed at San Francisco at 8:05 P. M.

THE ACROBAT'S AWKWARD POSITION

If Bryan Were President—

According to Mr. Carl Schurz he could be rendered powerless to do harm in the above manner.

THE MEANDERINGS OF WILLIE AND LITTLE STEVE—

They get into some poison ivy

—From the Minneapolis Tribune.

Captains Jones and Hanna drilling their "awkward squads" for the battle of November 6

THE DEAL

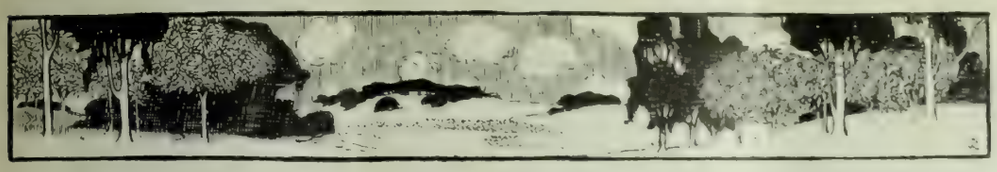
"FAIR EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY!"

Chas. Nelau in N. Y. Herald
Philadelphia Enquirer
Carter in Minneapolis Times

Cleveland Plain Dealer
Bush in N. Y. World

CURRENT CARTOONS

Personalities of the Day



Max Nordau's Career.

MAX NORDAU'S name has been the subject of a good many paragraphs at one time and another, but the truth of the matter is very simple. His father's name was "Sudfeld," and he himself was called,originally,"Max Simon Sudfeld," but changed his name at the age of fifteen, at his father's behest for reasons which, as he once declared, "have no interest for strangers." Students of German will not fail to note, of course, the philological connection between the two names—"Sudfeld" (or Southfield) becoming transformed into "Nordau" (or Northmeadow.)

In his youth Nordau suffered the familiar privations of genius. His father, a Prussian, who originally had been a rabbi,was earning a wretched living as a Jewish schoolmaster at Pesth when young Nordau was born in 1849—although a man of considerable ability, who had written a Hebrew grammar, as well as plays, poems, and other works. Eventually, the youthful Max supported the entire family by his journalistic labours,though he found opportunity at the same time to take his degree as a Doctor of Medicine, to travel about studying men and manners all over Europe, and to write his earliest books. How he managed it all goodness only knows. Eventually his literary productions brought him fame and fortune, and thenceforward his way was clear.

He left Pesth because no German could live there in comfort, unless prepared to disown his nationality. "You find yourself," he told an interviewer, "in a drawing-room in a German family. Everybody is speaking German. Suddenly a sham Magyar is announced Everybody pretends to be a Magyar, and talks Hungarian. It is sickening. It disgusted me, and drove me away from Pesth." Subsequently he took to lecturing, and made a huge success here too; and recent Queen's Hall audiences have learnt that he still retains his powers as a public speaker. Then he wrote the first of his well-known books, afterwards plays, after that again novels, until his reputation embraced the earth.

Dr. Nordau, who is still in the prime of life, is a handsome man, whose physiognomy attests his Jewish origin. His hair and beard are already whitened by profound study, and yet he looks perhaps almost younger than he is. Although society has few charms for him, with his friends his manners are charmingly genial. The perfect health which he enjoys, despite the life of constant toil which he has led since his childhood, may be ascribed to the regularity of his habits. He neither smokes nor drinks, visits cafes, nor keeps late hours, and though his output is so prodigious, he only devotes a limited number of hours each day to his literary labours. As a physician he respects the laws of health.

The Late John J. Ingalls. By H. I. Cleveland.

JUST where the national historian of fifty years hence will place the name and the life work of John J. Ingalls it would be interesting to foresee. He was a public man who essentially lived for the present; who loved power, but having it could not make it constructive; who was constantly intoxicated with the power of words, without the ability to make them other than destructive. Life to him was having possession of a vitriolic squirt-gun, whose contents were to be showered by the possessor upon the just and the unjust alike. When his residence at Atchison burned he congratulated his neighbors upon the saving of the well. He said of prohibition in Kansas that it worked to a charm because temperance people had their prohibition and drinkers their whisky.

He was asked:—

"Can a politician be a good Christian?"

"All things are possible with God," he retorted.

Charles S. Gleed described him:—

"His presence of mind is the presence of a regiment of soldiers armed with mitrailleuse. His compassion is a cat's, his tenacity a bull-dog's, and he has the good nature of a billy-goat which knocks over the boys for fun. Virility is one of his fads. He lays great stress on the virtue of being of his own sex. An ancient ruler once cut off his dog's tail that his subjects might have something to talk about. Mr. Ingalls has much of this ruler's disposition."

Once upon a time the dead man said:—

"To be a fool is a crime. Yet if I met a fool in the forest would have fun with him."

He had occasion to describe his neighbors of the Missouri bottoms:—

"Ghizeh has its pyramids, Petra its temples, the middle ages their cathedrals, Central America its ruins, but Pike and Posey counties have their saloons, where the patrician of the bottoms assembles with his peers."

He continues: "A more inviting field for the utilitarian cannot be imagined than one of the benighted border counties of Missouri, where climate, products, labor, and tradition have conspired to develop a race of hard-visaged and forbidding ruffians, exhibiting a grotesque medley of all the vices of civilization unaccompanied by even the negative virtues of barbarism. Their continued existence is a standing reproach to the New Testament, to the doctrines of every apostle, to the creed of every church."

He was always in the negative position of the critic. He was never consistent. The "drunkenness of flash-light oratory" was more to him than a methodical action. Then, too, he enjoyed a pitiless joke, the joke which, while provoking the laugh, burned and seared. He is said to have once given a large amount of firewood to the poor of Atchison. Investigation showed the wood to be so located that it could not be got to them short of an expense of $25 per cord. He was asked to define Populism. His reply was:

"An incurable malady of people already suffering from other diseases."

Mr. Ingalls faced numerous ugly public charges during his career. One of his elections was investigated in some fashion by the senate. He was charged with being a railroad lobbyist. His retort was always to tell what he believed his accusers to be. Whether they accused him rightly or not, they never had the best of the public argument. Finally, they let him alone, and that hurt him worse than all the slurs. He liked the glare of the day and the centering of eyes upon him. This was never better illustrated than the simple words of that poem of Eugene Ware's, in which he refers to the political overthrow of Mr. Ingalls. There are only four lines:—

Up was he stuck,
And in the upness
Of his stuctitude
He fell.

"Stuctitude" expresses the pride of Mr. Ingalls in being "in evidence." Yet it was truly written of him that "his mouth was his Judas and his vocabularly his Jonah. These two would have ruined him but for his nerve."

He wrote an essay on "Grass" once—the universal beneficence of grass. In word-stringing it is exquisite. The last lines come back now with new force:—

"When the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead."

A Fatal Statuette.

A HIGHLY curious anecdote has just been made public relating to a mysterious and maleficent statuette which would seem to have exercised a strange and baneful influence on the destiny of the late President Carnot. At the time when M. Sadi Carnot was Minister of Finance, and before there was any question of his election to the Presidency, his intimate friend, Dr. Gustave Le Bon, the well-known sociologist and traveller, offered to make him a present of a statuette he had brought back from one of his many journeys to India. When making the offer Dr. Le Bon was careful to acquaint M. Carnot with the circumstances in which the statuette had come into his possession, and with the legend which attached to it. It had been given him by a rajah, who was most thankful to get rid of it for good and all by presenting it to a foreigner about to leave the country. The rajah explained that, according to a legend in which he firmly believed, the owner of the statuette, however humble his origin, was certain to become the principal personage in his country, but was equally certain to die a violent death. M. Carnot made light of this typically Eastern story, and had no hesitation in accepting the present. When most unexpectedly he was elected President, Dr. Le Bon received a brief and playful note from Mme. Carnot, saying that it was the statuette that had worked a miracle. Seven years later President Carnot was struck down by Caserio, and the mysterious and terrible legend had thus come true in every particular. Mme. Carnot was so impressed by these inexplicable coincidences that in her will she solemnly adjured her family to rid themselves of the fateful statuette. The truth of this anecdote is vouched for in every particular by unimpeachable witnesses, and it is certainly as strange a story of the uncanny as it is easy to recall.

A Great French Surgeon's Clinic.

ONE of the most interesting places which the hospitality of the Parisian physicians threw open to their visiting brethren at the recent International Medical Congress was the private surgical clinic of Dr. Doyen, one of the leading surgeons of the world. Here the doctor operated daily at 7:30 in the morning, and despite the early hour there was each day a large attendance.

One day on which, among many other famous men, the venerable pathologist Rudolf Virchow was present, Dr. Doyen produced a cinematograph, and between patients showed moving pictures which he had had taken of himself, making other of his celebrated operations. This was legitimate enough, perhaps, but one can hardly imagine an English or American surgeon using such methods. The doctor prides himself on his rapidity of operation, often quoting the English saying that "time is money" and adding *"pour nous chirurgiens le temps c'est la vie."*

Victor Emanuel's Active Forbears.

THE new King of Italy descends directly in the male line from Humbert of the White Hand, Count of Savoy, who died in 1056; his house has had as counts and dukes forty-one sovereign rulers; he is himself—we leave out the titular kings of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia—the tenth King of the House of Savoy, and the seventh king owning no over lord. The house has produced Saints and Blessed, Popes and Cardinals, fighting men of the finest quality, statesmen of the subtlest parts, and sovereigns with such attributes as the Great, the Good, the Holy, the Peaceful, the Venerable, the Hunter, the Warrior, the Lesser Charlemagne. Tough material truly from which to fashion the monarch of a modern revolutionary throne with a representative government that has no liking for kingly initiative.

A Royal Smoker.

"KING ALEXANEER of Servia smokes as he does many other things, by fits and starts, sometimes consuming as many as fifty cigars and cigarettes a day, and then again never lighting one for weeks at a time. As for being a slave to tobacco, Alexander cannot hold a candle to his father, ex-King Milan. When King Alexander last visited Paris a large reception was given in his honor at the Elysee Palace. After the customary greetings had been exchanged between host and guest, Alexander was presented to different French dignitaries. When introduced to the Prime Minister, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the King seemed much abashed and quite at a loss to know what to say, but after a moment's awkward pause a thought came to him, and he stammered out, 'I am glad to meet you, M. Rousseau. You smoke a great many cigarettes?' 'Not so many as your father does,' replied the Frenchman, to whom the King's greeting had been anything but acceptable."

COLOR DISCRIMINATION IN STREET CARS.—The refusal of the negroes of Montgomery to use the street cars now that the city ordinance commands that the front portion of each car shall be reserved for white passengers and the rear portion for colored passengers, leaves the cars practically at the disposal of the white people, and, as is observed with some surprise by the press of Montgomery, many people who never rode in the street cars before or who had given up the practice of riding, owing to the pervasiveness of the negro in the street car, began the patronage of the service, and to such an extent that the Belt line reports that its receipts are larger than they were when both whites and blacks patronized the cars.

THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE.—Corneville in Normandy, in spite of Planquette's opera, never had a chime of bells. Subscriptions have been received from all parts of the world, however, and a peal of twelve bells will be set up in the village church at the end of this month. Each bell will bear the name of a country; one is "L'Americaine" and another "La Canadienne."

WALDERSEE'S PORTABLE MANSION.—Feldmarschall Graf von Waldersee has taken precautions against being burnt up. He is taking with him a portable asbestos slate house, packed in sections, that contains seven large rooms when set up. The house has excited an interest in Europe second only to the question whether the Feldmarschall will reach China in time to make use of it in the field.

BEACONSFIELD'S BIOGRAPHY.—Lord Rowton, who is the literary executor of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, has been visiting the Queen and it is rumored that she has directed him to put off the publication of Beaconsfield's memoirs till after her death.

A Group of Alcazar Debutantes

Miss Stella Razeto

Miss Edith Angus

Miss Zorah Irvine

Miss Ruby Miguel

Miss Baggo Conklin.

NOWADAYS, when the nativity of a new stage favorite is in doubt, it is safe to call her a Californian. It may not always be true for there are several actresses who were born elsewhere, but with all possible exceptions, it is a good enough rule. The Golden State has provided so many clever aspirants that cleverness in an aspirant suggests California to the critics. In fact, actresses are now among our leading crops, and certainly rank as one of our richest resources.

Why should it be? Why should we be pre-eminent in beans, in wine, in oranges, and a dozen other nice things as well as in actresses? Latitude and the Japanese current, first, I suppose; the race mixture next and the stock company system as the germinating factor. San Francisco is the greatest show town on earth—in proportion to its size. At the moment, eight theatres and a circus are playing to good audiences.

With its permanent stock company playing the year round, the Alcazar is naturally the house to which the California girl takes her dramatic aspirations. There is, of course, a period between the germination of an ambition and its submission to a manager, but this is each one's individual tragedy, fought out behind closed doors, between Miss Ingenue and her obdurate parents. The resignation or reconciliation of relatives having been accomplished Miss Ingenue, often accompanied by her mother, approaches Mr. Fred Belasco or Mr. Thall and explains herself. Sometimes through timidity, she is unable to do her ambitions justice, but don't imagine that diffidence makes an unfavorable impression. Mr. Belasco, who really knows, declares modesty invariably conceals some kind of capacity. In a debutante humility, rather than confidence, suggests ability.

Quite a bevy of budding artistes are now in the Alcazar conservatory, gaining experience as "extras." They have not a great deal to do; like good children they are seen rather than heard, but the atmosphere is doing its part. They are absorbing the dramatic convenances at each breath; they are learning how the wheels revolve, the ways of the leading lady and the tricks of the scene shifter. Its the place where foundations are laid, the stalking ground of opportunity The latest crop of aspirants whose pictures appear above, hail from various sections of California. Most of them were born here, or if not, they grew up under the beneficent influences of our skies and zephyrs. For instance, Miss Baggo Conklin, a daughter of the late Judge Conklin of Kern County, who was in his life-time grand master of the Masons, was born in Missouri, which was unavoidable, presumably, but her face and figure have the charm and vigor which is the true birthright of the Native Daughter. She was transplanted early to the rich soil of the State, and was educated at the Convent of Notre Dame at San Jose. As long as she remembers, which does not necessarily imply a prodigious memory, Miss Conklin has longed for her hour upon the stage. Such minor chances as amateur plays at the convent afforded, she took; she can sing, and is blissfully endowed with common sense, so should achieve success, if en route, it is not thrust upon her. Miss Edith Angus, a tall, slim blonde maiden with a delightful voice and a host of high aspirations, is also a daughter of the law. Her father was a member of the Superior Bench of Napa, and there she grew up. To play Shakesperian heroines is her desire and certainly she has the physical characteristics to fit her ambitions. Miss Ruby Miguel, a dark-eyed, tragic looking girl from San Bernardino, has already had some experience, for she has played Portia and Julie in "Richlieu" all through Southern California. This came out of a benefit performance of the "Merchant of Venice" given in San Bernardino under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal Holt, and Miss Ruby and her asssociates developed so much talent that they were taken on a tour. A prospective tragedienne is Miss Miguel—she has the face and the figure and, I imagine, the force. Those fine eyes of hers were created to look daggers at the villain.

Miss Mae Keane, whose talent is inherited, for her mother was leading lady in Charles Fecheler's company in other days, is also a Californian. She is the product of the convent of St. Gertrude at Rio Vista but she takes naturally to the life of the footlights. She is a vivacious and spirited young lady who has had fully twelve months' experience and has emerged from the "extra" list. She has had several speaking parts so is hardly a debutante. Miss Stella Razetto, brisk, quick-witted and attractive, originally came from San Diego, but attributes her bright eyes and her rosy cheeks to the peninsular breezes, is a graduate of the Girl's High School. She emerged in "Mother Earth," played the tough girl in "Chimmie Fadden," is a Hebrew maid in the "The Widows' Husband" and is a general favorite in the company. There is also Miss Zorah Irvine, a Latin type, of strictly American stock. She attributes to a French great grandfather, her dark eyes and her olive coloring, but the piquant expression and the graceful figure are thoroughly Californian. Miss Zorah plunged on her own behalf, beginning her stage career as a member of the Southwell Opera company's chorus. She has yet formulated no high ambition but is determined to take what comes which is, perhaps the best way to get to the front. To be where the lightning is striking, is better than to be forging thunderbolts of one's own which may not explode.

They are a very happy family these Alcazar buds and not one of them but seems to have the capacity and promise of development. Success is, after all, mere knack backed by industry. The knack is here—the rest is character.

GEORGE VINCENT.

Present Conditions on the Klondike

TO one who has never made a personal inspection of the placer producing properties of this country, but has secured his information as to its wealth from newspaper reports, and hearsay conversation, must be content to be credited with a limited knowledge of the great resources of this the greatest of gold producing countries. The writer has had the pleasure of "mushing" over trails across creeks and mountains for about three weeks, going up Bonanza to King Solomon's Hill, thence to Monte Christo, Fox Gulch, American Gulch, Magnet Gulch, Chechaco Hill and Gold Hill. From there up the famous Eldorado as far as 32 above. I did full justice to Dominion, Hunker and Sulphur, and picked blueberries along the trail, or stopping occasionally to examine the delicate almost transparent petals of the white flowers, or the Lychnis which was even more fragile. At Ash's claim on Monte Christo I saw a 16 hour run with a clean-up of $3,000. This mine employs over 50 men and has made its owner among the wealthiest of Klondikers. McGillvrays' Syndicate property on King Solomon's Hill is returning its stockholder's handsome dividends. It was at this property that Lord and Lady Minto were entertained by Mr. McGillvray on their recent visit to the Yukon. They witnessed a clean-up, which to them was both novel and highly interesting.

Successful Miners.

Billy Chappell at 7 above on Eldorado and Mr. Stander No. 4 are two very successful Klondikers, both being accredited with large fortunes taken from these famous placers—Mr. Chappell recently unearthed the largest nugget ever found in the Yukon Territory. It was discovered on one of his claims on Jack Wade; the weight is 35 oz. and the lump is almost pure gold being valued at $635. Mr. Northrup on Magnet Gulch has several of the very best claims on Magnet and American Gulch all being equipped with most modern machinery. These claims are large producers of that wealth which comes to those who underwent the privations and hardships of '97 and which they richly deserve. Then again, there's Jim Hall of 16, Charley Anderson of 29 and 32, Billy Leek of 31, Charley Warden of 24, Skiff Mitchell of No. 1, Eldorado, Charley Lamb 4 below, Alex McDonald's London Syndicate of 2 above, James McNamee, 17 below on Bonanza, these are all names to conjure by, but why enumerate? These are only a few of the kings of "bonanza-land," and to name them all would occupy almost the entire *Wave* edition.

Among other rich creeks which have turned out beyond the expectations of the locators, is Dominion, now rapidly coming to the front as a great gold producer. No. 31 below upper is owned by Louis Pond, formerly a jeweler of Dawson. A recent clean-up of 30 hours run showed $3,000 in the pan. Andy Nelson owns 33 and 34 below upper, and his clean-ups are a surprise even to a "sour-dough;" another very rich claim on Dominion is 10 above lower owned by Henry Holst, who is a pioneer of 8 years in the Yukon. Gold Run is one of the coming creeks of the Yukon—up to a short time ago it was not looked upon as very promising but recent development work has proven that this creek will soon be classed with the other famous ones for richness.

Output of the Klondike.

The output for the Yukon Territory this year will be about $22,000,000. This is a conservative estimate. The yearly production is counted from October 1st of one year to September 30th the following, comprising the winter work which is the most important, and the summer work. Most of the work done in winter is in the creek claims, while the benches and hillside claims are principally worked in summer. But there is a tendency on the part of a good many creek claim owners to operate their mines in summer, several advantages being claimed by the change. On account of the high royalty (which is 10 per cent of all the gold produced by a claim except on the first $5,000), it is difficult to calculate exactly the output for any year, but now it is believed the Canadian Government is at last aroused to do the mine owners the simple act of justice of removing this obnoxious feature of the mining laws which, when done will permit the exact output to be known. The greater output of gold this year is due to the introduction of machinery on a large scale, in the shape of thawing machines and mechanical appliances for raising the pay dirt from the bottom of the shafts, and for removing the muck from the top of the pay streak. Machinery has now given value to claims the workings of which would not have paid at first. The claims are worked now systematically, and dirt that was not deemed profitable to handle before is now washed and handled on many claims. When one considers that the output for 1900 is over the twenty million mark and which will undoubtedly advance each year, as the population and development work increases you can then realize what the future possibilities are for the Klondyke. I am safe in stating that the *rich quartz ledges* in the Yukon will some day startle the mining world. All over this gold-strewn wonderland new discoveries are being daily made. So for this, and the reason that the past has been productive of such great results, we can say—what country in the world holds out more bright and promising prospects than this Yukon Country the Gem of Placers?

The Development of Dawson City.

The average person on the outside knows something about Dawson but his understanding of what is going on in this City is limited—no one can grasp the reality without seeing it. The whole district is alive, and while important events succeed one another in rapid succession, the thoughtful observer sees below the surface forces at work for future development so powerful and far-reaching as to stimulate the keenest interest. Changes are taking place here rapidly. This year has witnessed the erection of a great number of residences and warehouses. First avenue to-day has a number of fine warehouses, notably the Ladau Company, the Ames Mercantile Company, Lancaster & Calderhead, Mead & Davis, and the N. A. T. & T. Co. On Third avenue McCauley Bros. and Lilly Bros. have splendid corrugated iron buildings. One could hardly recognize in Dawson of 1899 the Dawson of 1900. A number of fine stories have also been erected, and fronts have been changed and improvements added to others that have materially altered their former appearance.

The Reception to Lord and Lady Minto.

The reception to Lord and Lady Minto was really very grand. A number of arches had been erected that would have done credit to any city in any country. The people were very generous in their display of bunting, and altogether the event was converted into a first rate festivity.

The following is an exact copy of a Bill of Fare that hung in a Dawson restaurant the winter of 1898:—

Bowl of soup, $1.00, mush and milk, $1.25, dish of canned corn, $1.25, dish of canned tomatoes, $2.00, slice of pie, 75cts, beans, coffee and bread, $2.00, plain steak, $3.50, doughnuts with coffee and tea, $1.25.

This year of grace, Dawson has a number of very good restaurants where a really fine course meal can be procured for $1.00.

It is rumored we are to have more competition in the transportation line next year. Well competition has been the means of rate cutting this year by all the lines. The B. L. & K. Co. started the ball rolling and caught a largely increased passenger list, then the Flyer Line went one better, but the C. D. Co. having the largest boats came again, and the cuts have been at $30 2nd class to $40 1st class for some weeks. A large number of people are taking advantage of the cheap tariff and going to the outside for a hurried visit before close of navigation.

Practical Politics in the Yukon

WHY has the name of Klondyke, the richest gold camp in the world, become synonymous with kicker, agitator, dissatisfaction and malcontent? It would require probably as large a pamphlet as this whole issue to ferret out and explain this matter thoroughly and make it comprehensible by the people of the outside world.

Although the Klondyke probably produces more virgin wealth per capita than any other section of the earth to-day, and therefore according to political economists, its populace should be the most thoroughly satisfied on the hemisphere, the moment one crosses the White Pass summit it is one complaint after another in rapid and continuous succession.

Probably as great a cause of the initial lack of proper organization of the political power of the country was the fact that a large number of the citizens in the Yukon came from the interior of the United States and were unacquainted with Canadian political methods and with the rivalries and jealousies which characterize the border towns and people of Canada and the United States. In fact, until they arrived in the Canadian gold fields half of the Americans had never heard that there was upon the statutes of Congress an alien labor law which is rigidly enforced around Buffalo, N. Y., and Detroit, Mich., and along the St. Lawrence.

This fact led first to the mistake of appointing aliens as members of various citizens', miners' and other committees, and as representatives and delegates of the people.

A Bad Condition.

In February, 1890, political dissatisfaction was at its greatest depth and the government of the Yukon commanded less respect thon any time before or since: people grew really dispirited and sought relief in one was only, namely, by fleeing the country. There was no elected representative head, and a people who have never been without a mayor to beseech, a council to blame and members of parliament to work and importune and abuse cannot realize how essential these adjuncts are to a civilized government.

In the Yukon there were two specific classes—the officials, and their proteges, and the citizens. There being no check, the officials did about as they pleased. This year, 1900, the bare-faced rascality of the officials came to such a pitch that the N. W. M. P. was forced to make an example of one of the many crooks who had fastened themselves upon the people. With a plea of "Guilty," to what was a complete admission of forgery, perjury, and malfeasance in office, Clerk Strothers closed the investigation, and to compensate him for his self-sacrifice in becoming a scapegoat, he was fined $500 which he promptly paid out of his savings. He was receiving per month by the way $75. His two dupes, however, were incarcerated in the Common Gaol, as a warning to other spies or informers, or even kickers. In the words of the sergeant of the N. W. M. P. "What is the use of working up prosecutions when justice is thus administered?"

It was at this time that a band of determined men quietly decided to grapple with the Yukon question, and to sink or swim in the effort to right the wrongs of the country, the people, and the individuals.

A Citizens' Committee in February, 1900, was then formed, with Colonel McGregor, as chairman, Joseph A. Clarke, as secretary, and Messrs. A. D. Williams, C. M. Woodworth, Alex. McDonald, Jas. Sturgeon, and Thomas McMullen were appointed at this meeting. Jas. Gillis was subsequently substituted for Jas. Sturgeon resigned, and Alex. Prudhomme and A. Neel were added as members representing the French Canadians. This Committee were appointed nominally for two specific purposes, to secure the immediate election of two members to the present appointed Yukon Council, and two or more members to the Dominion House of Commons.

This organization rapidly secured a prominence in the Yukon never attained by any previous committee and recognition and influence in Ottawa. To concede the practical demands of the people of the Yukon was a departure for the Ottawa administration. Knowing this, the Citizen's Committee confined itself exclusively to insisting that the subject-matter of all correspondence with the government should be confined to the questions at issue which were debatable only in the Yukon. In no other part of the British Empire is it necessary for a British people, who produce a large surplus of taxes over expenditure, to petition, demand, insist, and agitate for representatives for the taxed, and in other parts of Canada would the people be allowed to threaten rebellion over the issue, of "taxation without representation," with all its 1776, 1837, and 1885, and numerous other historic reminiscences.

Reform at Last.

Step by step the Yukon Council yielded, and there was actually greater joy over the fact that this organization condescended to meet the Citizens' Committee than ever the actual granting of the petition, which in itself shows the condition of public opinion at that time.

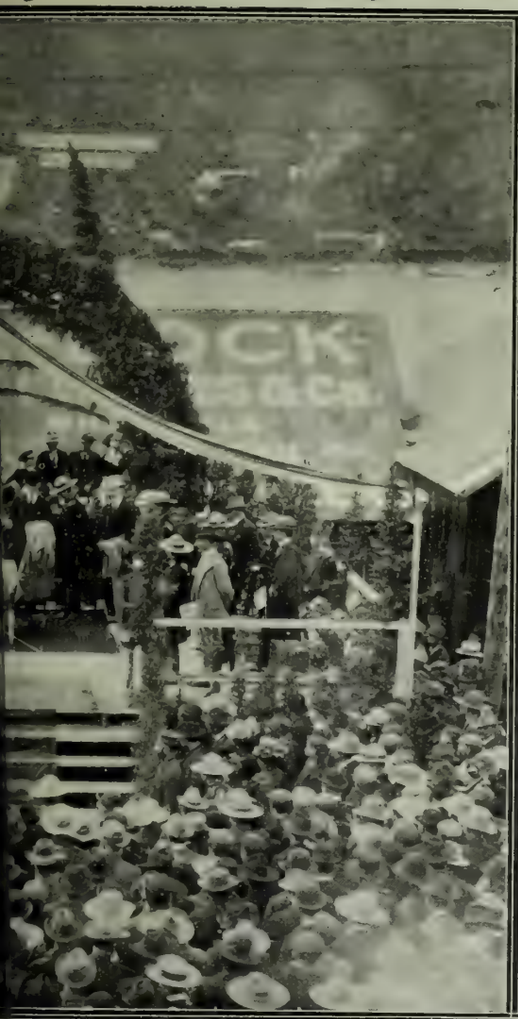
One by one the sentries of government autocracy at Ottawa were passed and at last Sir Wilfred Laurier in June last after five months unceasing agitation announced that in a few weeks the Yukon people would elect two representatives to the Yukon Council, and that after the census about to be taken, the territory would have representation in the Dominion House of Commons. The former promise is on the verge of fulfilment for the election of two members to the Yukon Council takes place on the 17th day of October, A. D. 1900.

Herein is developed the wisdom of the Citizens' Committee. Had the election been held last February no candidate against whom there existed a suspicion of being friendly to the Government would have received one hundred votes outside of the officials themselves. With the granting of the petition for two elective members to the Yukon Council, however, the barriers to progress, unnatural taxation, and the legalized assistances to hold-ups and crafts began to fall one by one, and the arrival of every boat at Skaguay brings another promise of specific relief. Reform after reform has been granted and revolution in the administration of the Yukon is promised at once. If all this accompanies a local election our people look forward to a real Dominion Parliament election as such a benefit producer in prospective, as to lead us to expect the receipt of a bonus, out of an immense surplus, for living if we only vote the right? way.

Third Street Arch.
A famous Claim— No. 34, Below Upper Dominion.

Formal Reception of Lord a
The Governor General, Lady Mi

Reception of the Governor Ge



Lad dinto.
and uite Watching a Clean-up.

The Prettiest Arch in Dawson.
A Great Gold Yielder—No. 7, Below on Bonanza.

Business Personalities of Dawson City

lliam Thornburn, Barrister and Solicitor.

HE individual who has the courage of his convictions to break away from established customs and to leave old landmarks for a new community is ne who deserves any prosperity that may to him; nor can he be too highly comed for his manifest intrepidity in letting world recognize his determination to be ssful beyond peradventure, if a proper ption of what is due the public in any ed line of business or profession is any ance of success—and that it is goes withaying.

e subject of our article whose photograph ars herewith, Wm. Thornburn, Barrister, tor, Advocate, Notary Public, etc., of on, Yukon Territory, was born in Ontario, la. After completion of his law course ronto he affiliated himself with the well-n firm of Castle & Standish, Solicitors to uilding and Loan Association, one of the st financial and investment institutions in la. The experience gained by this con-n gave Mr. Thornton valuable and profit-knowledge of commercial and financial actions, which, added to his legal attain-, has most peculiarly fitted him to cope the practically unlimited opportunities came to him when he established his uarters and office at Dawson, Yukon ory. Mr. Thornburn's experience has enhim to mark out a policy both broad-

William Thornburn.

and progressive, and the consensus of n is, that this is the reason of his succith the number of mining suits he has ented before the Gold Commissioner.

ng in close touch with the officials of ment of the interior, Mr. Thornburn is osition to assure applicants for hydraulic sions, and all other applications to the er of the Interior, that these interests e especially conserved. His practical edge, combined with his familiarity with ining laws, enable him to organize and te companies both at home and abroad, one is better posted as to the value of properties. Mr. Thornburn has ac-a number of valuable mining places and properties which he will be pleased to h information about.

Thornburn is very prominently con-both in the United States and Canada, a nephew of Hon. R. A. Bonner, Crown cutor, Winnipeg.

A. Bonner, ex-M. P., a very wealthy iker. Prof. W. Griffin Bonner, M. D., go, Ill. Prof. J. D. Bonner, M. D., L. R. E. D., M. C., P. S. O.

Thornburn will be pleased to answer all pondence personally in reference to matertaining to mining and other interests Yukon Territory.

"Here's to Life."

ST around the corner from Third street on Second avenue old Juneau Joe established his restaurant when compelled by nd other circumstances to move from

Juneau Joe.

the Front. Juneau Joe was of the Sourdoughs, and his restaurant was famed throughout the whole camp for the quality and quantity he gave for the money. The place always had a big patronage and a solid and substantial business, for when a man came in from the creeks, tired and hungry, he was most liable to drift into the old sourdough restaurant for a big square meal. But one day not long ago, it was announced that the place had changed hands and the old patrons straightway heaved a sigh and wondered if that was not the end of Juneau Joe's and all its popularity. That same day that the announcement appeared in the newspapers there was posted at the door post of the famous old place a large gruesome sketch of the skull and beside it the curious motto, "Here's to life—we're a long time dead;" following it a short and pithy screed about how much better the future was to be than had been the very notable past of that house. People gathered about to regard this strange announcement and ever since there has been a crowd about the door, though the legend, "Here's to life," is no longer new. Germain is a better known name in Dawson than that of Juneau Joe ever was. In one month it has taken the first rank among the caterers of the capital of the Klondike. The number of those who thought there was no place in Dawson to dine but at Juneau Joe's is only half the number who pledge their appetites and good digestion by the name of Germain.

Germain's success has been phenomenal and it has yet been a matter of course. For every man who eats a meal there understands it. Every patron of Germain is made to feel that he is a welcome personal guest of Germain himself. There is an air of hospitality and good fellowship about the place that causes the patron to feel at home, and when breakfast, lunch or dinner hour recurs, instinctively that man drifts 'round the corner on Second avenue to Germain's. Germain is as much at home there as are his patrons. He knows just what to do. His tables are laden always with the things that appeal to

the Klondike appetite—they are served just right and without stint—quantity, quality, service, have combined to make the new and greater fame of old Juneau Joe's.

William Chappell.

William Chappell is the owner of 7-30 and 37 on Eldorado and also seven claims in Jack Wade district, 2 on Hunker, 3 and 27 below, also 20 below on Bonanza, on which he employs 50 men. He is credited with having the most modern machinery on his claims that there is in the Klondike. Mr. Chappell has been on the Yukon since 1895, and not only has he been most successful in his mining enterprises, but has also been extremely fortunate in various speculations in which he has been engaged both here and in Seattle. About a year ago Mr. Chappell married a charming young San Franciscan, Miss Elizabeth Bush, who entertains most hospitably those who may be favored to call on her and her husband at their home at No. 7 Eldorado street. Fortunate indeed, is the one who is privileged to be entertained by the Chappels when visiting the Creeks. A glass of milk from their "Jersey Cow" refreshes the inward person, and the butter made sweet and fresh by Mrs. Chappell is an inspiration to one who has been compelled to exist on the usual imported "Klondike brand."

John L. Sale & Co. of Dawson, Y. T.

THIS leading firm of jewelers have succeeded in making a name not only in Dawson but in a large portion of the world by their famous souvenir nugget work. Among other noted pieces of artistic work we would mention the nugget rosary made for the Catholics of Dawson, and which now is on exhibition at the Paris Exposition, also the Cad Wilson and other famous nugget belts.

The native gold souvenir presented to Lady Minto by the miners of Klondyke, on her recent visit to the Yukon territory, was made by this firm. Sale & Company employ a large force of skilled workmen operating three stores and two factories. They carry a large stock of watches, diamonds and jewelry that compares favorably with many of the metropolitan stores, and that they have no peers in the manufacturing nugget and souvenir jewelry goes without saying.

Henry's Ranch at Stewart River.

OUT in the region where huge tracts of land are owned by one man, and are cultivated by men in his employ, the enterprise is known as a "bonanza" farm, and the owner of it is called a "bonanza" farmer.

Many of the owners of these huge farms which embrace thousands of acres are owned by parties living in the east who are not even practical farmers, but depend on a superintendent in whom they have confidence, and who understands the methods of tilling the soil that have proved successful in the locality of the farm he has been called upon to manage. There are two varieties of wheat raised—winter and spring. Winter wheat is planted in the fall, usually in September. It immediately sprouts and attains a good growth before cold weather. It stays green all winter and is ready to harvest during mid-summer. Spring wheat is planted early in the spring in ground that was ploughed late in the previous fall. It is most successful in the far north, where the severe and long-continued cold weather would seriously affect the winter variety.

The attention of readers is called to a farm (or rather ranch) in the far away region of the Yukon territory, a region which many people look upon as a place of eternal ice and snow. But—that the owners of this ranch have accomplished such splendid results in a few years disproves this belief—for the climatic conditions of this far off northern country during the summer season are grand in the full sense of a cloudless sky and an average mean

Continued on page 14.

Harvesting Scene on Sonnickson and Henry's Ranch, Stewart River.

A Spotless Skin

And a clear complexion are desired by every woman and admired by every man.

Eruptions, pimples and similar blemishes are caused by an impure condition of the blood. These skin blemishes are permanently removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which thoroughly purifies the blood and cures the cause of the disease.

"For about one year and a half my face was badly broken out," writes Miss Carrie Adams, of 116 West Main St., Battlecreek, Mich. "I spent a great deal of money with doctors and for different kinds of medicine, but received no benefit. At last I read one of your advertisements in a paper, and obtained a bottle of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Before I had taken one bottle of this medicine I noticed a change, and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured.

Free. The Common Sense Medical Adviser 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to cover expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address, Doctor R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Leading High Grade

Clothiers and Men's Furnishers

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Stein Block Clothing Dunlap Hats
Johnson and Murphy Shoes

CHENEY'S BOSTON STORE

BROADWAY, - - - - SKAGWAY, ALASKA

Yukon Iron Works

J. W. WALTHER CO., Proprietor

The largest and best equipped Machine Shop and Boiler Works in the Yukon. A complete line of engines, boilers, pumps, hoists, and steam fittings always on hand. We manufacture the best thawers and points in use.

OFFICE AND WORKS

Cor. 6th St. and 2d ave., Dawson, Y. T.

E. S. Orr W. V. Tukey

ORR & TUKEY

Freight Contractors

Fully equipped for moving any and all kinds of heavy machinery.

Dawson Office A. C. Co.'s Bldg.
Forks " opp. Gold Hill Hotel

Telephones 8 and 43 and at Grand Forks.

FIFE-ALASKA CO.

DEALERS IN General Merchandise

523 Fourth Avenue.

Near Broadway Skagway, Alaska

The Bank of British North America

Capital	Established	Reserve
$4,800,000	1836	$1,581,000

Drafts sold on all parts of the world. Gold dust purchased at best rates. Assaying done on the premises

D. Doig, - Manager.

Upper Yukon Consolidated Co.

[Limited]

M. KING, Manager

King's Mill

BOATS
SCOWS
LUMBER

Through Rates to Dawson

Towing by Steamers

Kilbourne and Goddard

Caribou Crossing

EMIL STAUF,

Real Estate, Mining and Financial Agent

DAWSON, Y. T.

Agent for

Harper & Ladue Townsite Co.
Harper's Addition
Menzie's Addition
The Imperial Life Insurance Co.

PIONEER BROKER

Property for non-residents attended. References any of the banks and business stores in town. [Big Companies]

VAMOS A MEXICO

A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

EXCURSION TRAIN

OF PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS

WILL BE RUN BY THE

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

TO THE

CITY OF MEXICO

LEAVING

San Francisco, Wednesday, Nov. 14

Los Angeles the following day

ROUND TRIP TICKETS

From San Francisco . $80

From Los Angeles . . . $70

GOOD FOR 60 DAYS

RATES FROM OTHER POINTS IN PROPORTION

Most delightful season of the year in the quaint old republic. Complete arrangements for cheap side trips.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS INQUIRE OF

AGENT S. P. CO. AT DEPOT

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADWAY wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports: 11 a. m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. Sept. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Oct. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports: 9 a. m. Sept. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Oct. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles): 11 a. m. Sept. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Oct. 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE 4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market street, San Francisco.

TO CHICAGO IN THREE DAYS.

From San Francisco at 10 A. M.

Chicago Union Pacific and Northwestern Line.

DOUBLE DRAWING ROOM SLEEPING CARS, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars with Barber, Dining Cars; meals a la carte. Daily Tourist Car Service and Personally Conducted Excursions every week from San Francisco at 6 p. m.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast.

617 Market Street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana for AUSTRALIA, Wednesday October 3, at 8 p. m.

S. S. Australia, for HONOLULU only, Wednesday, October 17, at 2 p. m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 643 MARKE STREET.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

Meditations of a Matron

By Mrs. Cricket

I AM in an exceedingly contented frame of mind this week, my dear Diary. I have had such a good time and I expect it will continue. Robert was called East on Tuesday last most unexpectedly. We were eating our luncheon when the telegram came. He passed it to me saying, "Cricket, dear, will you come?" I am a most impulsive person, so jumped up with joy to rush and throw my things some way or another into my trunk.

Robert is very slow and self-contained.

"Do not hurry," he said, "we shall not start until this evening; we shall go to Los Angeles first."

After luncheon I telephoned Mama who came down post haste to see me. I have had a very severe cold, so Mama insisted I should not dream of going without the doctor's consent. By that time, Robert began to think how uncomfortable I might be on a hurried trip. So by five o'clock I was bidding him a sad farewell. I began then to feel desolate. Mama had returned home, and I was all alone and was coughing incessantly, so I rang up Arthur and asked him to come down. Arthur was in a very good humor, but not wishing to stay about the hotel, we hired a buggy and drove out to the Cliff House. It was really a lovely night—a beautiful moon and the air deliciously cool after the rain. We had a fine talk, and when I returned to the hotel my cold had really all gone. It is remarkable how fresh air can cure almost anything. Next morning I was awakened by a telegram from Robert, and before noon, I am sure I had half a dozen. That man made a great mistake in marrying me. I have not the capacity to thoroughly appreciate him.

Later in the day I went in one of my new gowns to the Martin-Hamilton wedding. It was really a great success, though as I said before, I do like a church wedding. The house was a mass of greens—wonderful foliage, too, and there were great quantities of flowers. Under a canopy of smilax and flowers, the ceremony was performed by Dr. Mackenzie. Clara was looking her best, and her best is a stunningly good looking girl. She wore a cream white gown—I suppose really it was pearl colored satin. There was some nice lace too on it. I was so taken up with her face I cannot tell you quite how the gown was made. There was such a lot of bridesmaids—the two Josselyns, Ruth McNutt, Addie Murphy and Clara's two sisters, one of whom was maid of honor. The girls wore white gowns and carried those wonderful bright pink lilies. It was quite novel and the person who created the idea should be congratulated, for it was thoroughly picturesque. Ruth McNutt was the girl at that wedding whom I called the belle. I admire the Hamilton girls, too. I think George and Clara are going to be ideally happy. They seem both so level headed and to understand each other.

A Dinner at the Morgans.

All day Thursday I was swathed in flannel. It seemed my cold was worse, and Mama came down to stay with me. I was quite worried about missing the Morgan dinner Friday night, but fate was kind to me, and I wore a high-necked, very elaborate gown. It is, as you know, Diary dear, very much against my principles to describe my own clothes but this had just arrived from Paris. It is of a brilliant yellow crepe de China, made in tiny tucks, waist and skirt fitting me so tight as to give somewhat the effect of a mermaid, especially as this gown is covered with iridescent beads. My slippers and stockings were also beaded and on the left shoulder was a large bunch of green velvet grapes with the foliage. I looked at the gown a dozen times before I decided to wear it. However, it caused a sensation at the dinner, and they all agreed that had I been a tall girl, I should have been a great success, but it was a little too daring for a tiny bewitching coquettish young person like me. I agree with them, but this is not telling you of the deliciously cooked dinner we enjoyed. The Morgans entertain really well, and we were all seated just as though each had fixed the table for herself. I had Harry Stetson and Gus Taylor, so was quite happy. I am just a little afraid, however, that had I not been married, I should have caused a pang or two of jealousy. I noticed Harry's eyes wandering to a maiden near by, very often. She smiled, too, as though she were reciprocating the affection. I quite approve, for I think they could make each other very happy. The Hopkins all looked well, though there is no doubt about it Helen is the flower of the flock. The Morgan girls can, if they will, make any dinner a success. They are both bright and have the faculty of making a general conversation, and that is a rare virtue, but a very necessary one to successful entertaining. The table was beautiful—lots of beautiful glass and silver, and dishes that were works of art in themselves.

Speaking of dishes reminds me that I have a whole set just sent out to me from England by Robert's cousin. It is magnificent—so rich looking, and the ware is "Minton." Mama gave me a Dresden set and the irony of fate is that I am living in a hotel. As we really expect to go to Europe in February, it hardly seems worth while to take a house.

Society in San Mateo.

Saturday afternoon I went down to help Madam de Guigni with her garden party. San Mateo looked lovely, and most of the people wore very light-colored gowns. I met all Jack Parrot's big girls and Mary Christine de Guigne. They are all really charmingly well bred and have the ease of manner of young people who have been in society for many years. With that they are apparently quite unspoiled and frank. Mama, in fact, a great many mothers, spent some time discussing Marie Christine's charm. I hope she will not be spoiled by the girls with whom she will have to associate, for there are all sorts of people who consider themselves above being well bred in San Mateo County. I know one of the Burlingamites who invited some girls to stay with her, and during their visit snubbed and neglected them so obviously they left before their visit was over, and wondered had they hurt her feelings. I really think that she invited them, anticipating a refusal. It seems incredible that such things should occur in a set presumably gentle of manners, but in San Francisco we have to put up with a very cosmopolitan combination.

Coming Events.

Helen Hopkins' wedding is the next big event in society; then Jane Greenwood's. Helen's and Jane's are both to be country affairs and I am anticipating great pleasure at each. Fred Greenwood gives a big dinner at the Bohemian Club to his sister and Dr. Chipman on Monday evening next. I love Bohemian Club dinners—they have such an excellent cook and the red room is so fine for decorations.

All except the navy people were surprised to hear Eleanor Morrow was to marry a navy man. Eleanor made her debut last year and was proclaimed by all to be a great favorite. She has a bright, interesting face and I have her name on the list of the really nice girls. I have only just met Mr. Roosevelt but all the navy men speak so well of him. In lots of ways I'd much prefer marrying into the marine corps than the regular navy because I dislike very much indeed being separated from my husband and it is almost inevitable in the navy. Eleanor and Mr. Roosevelt will be married in San Rafael at the Morrow's place. Speaking of San Rafael reminds me that Alyse

Continued on page 14.

Santa Fe Trains

GO TO

Antioch	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Bakersfield	9 a m		8 p m
Chicago	9 a m		
Denver	9 a m		
Fresno	9 a m		8 p m
Hanford	9 a m		8 p m
Joliet	9 a m		
Kansas City	9 a m		
Leavenworth	9 a m		
Merced	9 a m		8 p m
Newton	9 a m		
Phoenix	9 a m		
Stockton	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Tulare	9 a m		8 p m
Visalia	9 a m		8 p m
Williams	9 a m		

Personally conducted Excursions to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston every MONDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in Pullman's Best Tourist Sleeping Cars. Try this NEW ROUTE.

Get full information and handsome folder at

641 MARKET STREET

or at Santa Fe Ticket Office

Ferry Building, Foot of Market Street

Buyers' Guide.

San Francisco Reliable Business Houses

City and Country Orders promptly filled. Catalogues and Price Lists sent on application. Correspondence solicited. MENTION THE WAVE.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law.—Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office, Room 94 Chronicle bldg.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

BUSINESS PERSONALS.

Baldness and Dandruff positively cured; Shampooing and Bleaching. Prudential Hair Physicians. Glascow Block, 105 Ellis Street, Room 6.

DENTIST.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist. 806 Market street, Phelan Building.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042.

RESTAURANT.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM

For a Perfect Complexion

Made from the pure fruit juice at

GREENBAUM'S,

200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave.

Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Electric Supplies

CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIRS

California Electrical Works

409 MARKET STREET

Your medicine chest is incomplete if it is not stocked with Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey.

Germea

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . . . .
Centrally Located . . .

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts,, New York.

American and European Plan.

WILLIAM T. BANG, Proprietor.

Eighty-five Fine Sunny Rooms — Elevator Service
Excellent Cuisine — References Required
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL

THE BRADBURY

J. A. FERSON, Prop.
N.W. Cor. Polk and California Ste., San Francisco
Transient trade solicited. Rates $2.00 and up wards. Reasonable by the month, Tel. Hyde 2771

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE Tel. Main 199

DEALERS IN *Paper*

55, 57, 59, 61 First Stree
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monu mental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore,
MURPHY, GRANT & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents.

Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss
Stereo Binoculars

The most compact Field Glasses made, with the Highest power.

Prices, $47.50 to $80.00
Send for Illustrated Booklet

Geo. H. Kahn.
OPTICIAN.
201 KEARNY ST.,
CORNER OF SUTTER
KODAK AGENCY—PHOTO SUPPLIES

Ifred Cane — Luther A. Teague — Frederick Teague

TEAGUE, CANE & TEAGUE

Dentists

Claus Spreckels Building
yel. Main 1459 — Third and Market Sts., 6th Floor
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

Trusts add combinations do not affect Jesse Moore Whiskey. Its fame is established; its quality is the finest and it is always the best.

Two Parisian Topics

By Etienne Marcel

IN America one isn't likely to find the leading article of a great daily paper devoted to the latest fashion in corsets. In Paris that very thing has just happened. There is a lot of talk about the emancipated condition of American woman. As a matter of fact the importance of an American woman in the body politic of her country isn't to be compared with the importance of French women in France. They take women much more seriously over there. They have given her a really superb role to play and they concern themselves mightily about her manner of playing it. Women have a tremendous deal of power and men seem jealously anxious that the power should stay in the woman's hands.

The latest fashion in corsets may seem a far cry from this serious business but from the Frenchman's point of view it isn't. The woman's power is largely hers because of her charm,her grace, her femininity. M. Paul Adam, one of the leading journalists of Paris,finds that these qualities are threatened by the new fashion and therefore speaks up promptly in three columns beginning with corsets and ending with anarchy. He handles the corset subject without gloves—much as he says the lady's maids have to handle the corsets.

"Without the aid of a robust maid and remarkable biceps," he says,"no woman can hope to attain this platitude."

Platitude in this case is to be taken literally. It means flatness; flatness physical,without the curves which hitherto been regarded as the proud possession of woman. All these curves, according to M. Adam, are forbidden by the new fashion, aided and abetted by the brawny lady's maids.

"She laces, she pulls, she buckles, she ties," he laments. "And the most attractive Venus finds herself transformed into Ganymede. She is like a lead soldier in a six-cent box."

Girls Looks Like Boys.

M. Adam declares that the fashionable young woman of the day is like a boy parading in girl's clothes and that one looks instinctively to see if a dowdy mustache is not to be discerned on her upper lip. He also carefully makes the inevitable thrust at England. There is more ground for it in this case than there generally is. The average English woman somehow seems as if she had been cut out by an amateur and one whose material was in awkward shape to begin with.

However the new corset has worked wonders for the gratification of people who prefer lines which are really lines and not ebullitions. For the last year tne French women have worn the most ravishing gowns, which have set off—thanks to the new corset and to the husky lady's maid of M. Adam's imagination, for she is only a fiction—the most charming figures which the French women have had for years. The Palais du Costume is one of the attractions at the Exposition. It is a sort of Eden Musee, giving groups representing women's costumes from a period when Mother Eve's simplicity of raiment had been only slightly modified. The most pleasing thing about this exhibit is that the modern dresses shown are the most artistic of them all. They are not especially beautiful examples of gowns. One can see prettier ones almost any day where the Paris world of fashion congregates, which isn't in Paris just at present, but even the ones that are shown, and on wax figures at that, are altogether more attractive than those of any bygone day. Honor then where honor is due. And this, M. Adam to the contrary notwithstanding, is largely in the direction of the new corset.

M. Rochefort Tricked.

Karl, who so cleverly tricked M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire during the Dreyfus affair,has been again amusing himself. This time his victim has been the redoubtable M. Rochefort, the truculent editor of the *Intransigeant*. Rochefort having declared in his paper that the death of Capt. Pallier was an assassination, Karl was pained to observe that he had no evidence in proof of his assertion, and kindly undertook to manufacture some for him. Assuming a frock coat, white tie and broad-brimmed hat of Quaker-like dimensions, bearing under his arm a large case for documents and on his nose a pair of spectacles,and looking for all the world like a most respectable member of society, instead of the merry scamp he is, Karl presented himself at the office of the *Intransigeant*, where he introduced himself as Dr. Berthemet, the intimate friend of Dr. Pallier, the brother of the gallant Captain who lately succumbed to yellow fever in Africa.

He informed the representative of the paper who received him that he was acquainted with all the circumstances attending the death of that officer and was able to prove that it had been premeditated in cold blood and that it was only called by its right name when described as an assassination. Deeply interested, the representative of M. Rochefort asked to be allowed to take notes, which Karl was only too anxious to allow. Then began an amusing scene, Karl spinning the most detailed yarns respecting Pallier and his companions, occasionally unclasping the case he carried under his arm as if to refresh his memory by consulting some document. He even went so far as to promise that documents would be supplied for production in the Chamber when M. Lasies interpellated the Minister of the Colonies respecting the Captain's death.

It is almost incredible that so astute a man as Rochefort can have allowed himself to be played with as though he were a mere Quesnay de Beaurepaire, but he is not the only clever Frenchman who has let passion blind him completely.

Fashionable Brown Hands.

The summer fashion of going gloveless has sent any number of women back to the city with brown hands, upon which the rings most modern women delight in, show up with odd effect. Few of the younger women show a disposition to resume the glove of civilization, apparently delighting in unfettered fingers and wrists as men generally do. The brown hands are not the sort that poets love to sing of, as nothing shows the effects of exposure or use of any sort more than the hand. The skin grows rough, the fingers thicken at the tips and the nails take months to get back to their normal daintiness. Still, a white, delicate looking hand is not up to date this autumn, and a mannish distaste for covering. it threatens to injure the women's gloves until well on toward winter.

While the home-coming girl of autumn has thrown over her gloves, she has added an extra veil to her equipment. The inventor of the two-veil fad, or the reason for its prevalence is not known, but it has become the custom to wear one closely drawn veil of dotted gauze over the face to the chin, while an additional veil of chiffon usually of the brown variety flutters loosely from the hat brim or is at times draped back upon the brim The two veils give the effect of mystery, and strangely enough, even the very prettiest girls swathe their faces in the double covering and peer out from the gauze like Turkish women, piquing the curiosity of the beholder.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Physicians would not recommend Jesse Moore Whiskey if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

Bank of California

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000. Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account July 1st, 1900 [illegible]
William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop Vice President, Thomas Brown, Cashier; Prentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary.

CORRESPONDENTS

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies; Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus $2,238,372.45
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits, July 30, 1900 ..... 28,938,395.02

OFFICERS

President ..... B. A. Becker
First Vice-President ..... Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President .... H. Horstmann
Cashier ..... A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier ..... Wm. Hermann
Secretary ..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary ..... A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hohte, I. N. Walker, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 California Street

Deposits, July 1, 1900 ..... $26,952,875
Paid Up Capital 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 218,093
Contingent Fund 439,608

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Premery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier; R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Gakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

33 Post Street
Below Kearny — Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital 300,000

James D. Phelan, President; S. G. Murphy, Vice-Pres.; John A. Hooper, Vice-Pres.; George A. Story, Cashier; C. B. Hobson, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal and James McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co. or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes, and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. ☞ Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market Street S. F.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty five cents a bottle.

For home use, for bar use, for physicians' use, for everybody's use, Jesse Moore Whiskey is always the best and is in most general demand.

Orpheum

Jessie Ba[illegible] Davis [illegible] and Anna Carlwe [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Jack[illegible] [illegible] Mc[illegible] [illegible]

Coming Camille D'Arville

Reserved [illegible] Box [illegible] and Saturday.

Columbia Theatre

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, SEPT. 24th

Every night including Sunday

Clay Clement and L. R. Stockwell

and a strong company

Revival of the Popular Comedy Success, by A. W. Pinero,

"The Magistrate"

With the strongest cast that has ever presented it here Oct 1. Eddie Foy presenting "A Night in Town."

Prices, $1, 75c, 50c, 35c, and 25c.

Alcazar Theatre

Fred Belasco and Mark Thall, Managers

Phone Main 234

Week of Monday, Sept. 24th

Picturesque production of Clay M. Green's comedy

His Japanese Wife

Regular matinee Saturday and Sunday.

Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50c.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

H. FRIEDLANDER & Co., Lessees and Managers

Telephone Main 1731

Sunday Night, Sept., 23rd

Grand re-opening and first appearance in America of The **Azzali Italian Grand Opera Co.,** in

OTELLO

Monday, Friday, "Carmen; Tuesday "Aida"; Wednesday night and Saturday matinee "Traviata"; Thursday, Saturday, "Otello."

POPULAR PRICES.

Reserved—Night 25, 50 and 75. Matinee 25 and 50

Morosco's Grand Opera House

Matinees every Saturday and Sunday

Last nights of "Quo Vadis" Week beginning Monday Sept 17th. THE NEW FRAWLEY COMPANY presenting Joseph Arthur's Famous Hoosier play

BLUE JEANS

With Miss Minnie Dupree as June

Prices:—10, 15, 25 and 50 cents. A few front rows in orchestra, 75 cents.

Saturday matinee, 10, 15, 25 and 50 cents.

Branch Ticket Office, Emporium

★TIVOLI★

Curtain rises at 8 p. m. sharp.

Tonight "Faust," Sunday night "Trovatore."

Week of September 24th

Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights

By general Request **TANNHAUSER**

Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday nights, Saturday matinee

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

Popular prices, 25 and 50 cents Telephone Bush 9

Seats on sale seven days ahead only.

CAFE ZINKAND

Go where the crowd goes

Listen to the matchless string band and enjoy the finest wines, beers and supper.

The Cafe Zinkand is society's gathering place after the show is over.

Dr. G. S. Moore's Scientific Hair Restorer.

A Sure and Positive Cure. One bottle will convince the most skeptical. Testimonials, 488 Geary St., S.F.

Business Personalities of Dawson City

Continued from page 10.

temperature from May until the middle of October. Sonnickson and Henry located their ranch of 320 acres in the year of 1897. Since then they have expended about $40,000 in improvements, and a thorough equipment of modern machinery. The property is situated thirty miles up the Stewart river, Stewart river being 71 miles from Dawson and is reached by boat fnom Dawson up the Yukon. The first crop off the ranch consisted principally of hay and was harvested in 1897. This year they have cut over 100 tons of hay, which is baled by hydraulic press and shipped to Dawson; in addition they will harvest oats, barley, and rye. The two half tones which appear in this number of the *Wave* remind one of a scene on one of the large farms in the Dakotas or Minnesota, showing the harvesting being done by modern machinery. Mr. Sonnickson, is a pioneer in this country coming here sixteen years ago. Mr. Henry arrived in Dawson in '97 since which time he has been associated with Mr. Sonnickson in freighting in Dawson and on the ranch at Stewart river.

The Miners' Drug Store of Dawson, Y. T., and Its Popularity.

DISEASE is one of the conditions of the survival of the fittest. Abolish disease, and the weak and defective will have the same chances of life as have the strong. The unfittest will then be as they naturally are—the majority. We cannot have a robust race of men without disease to kill off the weaklings, and the philanthropist, who proposes to remodel the world by abolishing disease—would if he could succeed make conditions of mankind infinitely worse. The Miners' Drug Store sprung into popularity quickly because the proprietors Reid & Company were unfailing in their courtesy to all, and that those who once became patrons recognized that this store carried only the purest and best of drugs. Patent medicines and accessories recommended this popular place to their friends who in turn sung its praises to others, and thus in a short time the Miners' Drug Store became a household name in every cabin in the Yukon territory. If you have a complaint or disease take your prescription, go to Reid & Company the Miners' Drug store, Front avenue, Dawson, Y. T., where you can depend on getting pure drugs at fair prices

Antone F. Stander and Mrs. Stander nee Miss Violet Raymond.

Mr. Stander is the owner of 4 and 5 El Dorado and one of those quiet, unassuming, soft spoken young millionaires, who goes about his business in an unaffected way, one who is glad to see an old friend or ever ready to help a former companion in need. In this land of sudden fortune there is no one more deserving of the blessings of wealth nor less envied in its possession than this same Antone. Mrs. Stander, formerly Miss Violet Raymond, is well known on the Pacific Coast. She has delighted thousands yf theater-goers with her sweet face and graceful dancing. She was known in vaudeville as one of the Raymond sisters. Miss Raymond became Mrs. Stander in the summer of 1898, and that "fortune favors the brain," such is the case here for Mr. Stander besides settling a handsome allowance on his wife, has presented her with magnificent gems from the famous Tiffany of New York.

Meditations of a Matron.

Continued from page 12.

Latham and Wyatt Allen are to be married in that dear little church in Ross Valley on the third of October. I like the Ross Valley weddings but I must miss this as I have promised Jane Greenwood to go to hers.

The Will Crockers I hear, are having a splendid time in Paris. They have taken an apartment, and Mrs. Crocker has made a very delightful coterie of friends amongst French people, who are worth while from a French standpoint. Mrs. Henry Scott will return with Mary next week. I forgot to tell you that the Carolan Barn Dance is to be an exact reproduction of one of those magnificent affairs given in Newport last year. I am so glad I am going; I do worship innovations. I shall tell you later of another big ball to be given the first week in December by one of last season's debutantes.

This, I think, is all the news I have, Diary dear. Golf is about the same, I have not been to the Links this week.

THEATRICALS

Miss Minnie Dupree.

A quick, brisk, alert young woman is Miss Minnie Dupree, who came west on a telegram from Manager Frawley to enact the heroine of "Blue Jeans." Like so many others, she is a California girl and began her career as an "extra" on the very stage she is now to tread as leading lady. Such are the retributions of the drama. Since flitting from the lusty atmosphere of the peninsula she has had various valuable experiences. She was the ingenue in "Held by the Enemy" on its initial presentation and visited the coast with the combination which first presented that clever rigmarole to our population. She went to London in "The Heart of Maryland," and assisted in the development of "The Lady and the Cowboy" with the Goodwins. She has been in vaudeville and altogether she has kept herself busy throughout the brief years of her career. However, that's what one has for being brisk and alert.

Returning to her native hearth after all these years, Miss Duprer feels a certain diffidence which, under the circumstances, is not unnatural. Yet there must be an infinite satisfaction in taking the first place where one has had the last, in being a star where one has been an "extra."

Captain Jack's Opportunity.

Fancy the happiness for an egotist of appearing before the public in a play made out of his own career in which he has the privilege of figuring in his own person as hero, incident, dialogue and scenery being all directed at the exploitation of his brilliant personality. This is just what is brought about in Captain Crawford's "On The Trail" which has had a brief run at the Alta Theater. The hero is the author, the eminent poet scout, Captain Jack Crawford, the other *dramatis personæ*, the plot, and scenery all attest his prowess. "What—not Jack Crawford—the greatest of scouts, the bravest man in the mountains" is the form of address customary on the introduction of the Captain. He rescues Indian maidens, fights with savage braves, foils the villain and does a score of noble deeds all in a brief space with appropriate limelight. And this is the Captain's own role. He accepts the compliments of the dialogue with the easy grace of true desert. He performs his heroic business to the manner born. He is himself; the part fits him like a glove and I am quite sure the felicity of it must surpass the possibilities of celestial joys. Think of the opportunity of accurate exaltation here afforded. True, certain eminent pugs have figured as heroes, in plays constructed round their exploits but other hands set down the dialogue. Openings for eulogy must have been missed. Captain Jack, however, has let slip no chance of explaining himself. He is even compelled by the business of the role to recite his own poetry, ostensibly to the boys around the camp fire but really to the audience. I have known of men who in order to taste the sweets of their obituaries have circulated rumors of their deaths, but Captain Jack's is ready made immortality.

Otherwise, "The Trail" has been capitally put on at the Alta, the scenery is decidedly picturesque and in spite of the naive egotism of the production it possessed an interest which kept the audience to the end.

There is only one reason why you shouldn't drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey — that's because you have signed the pledge.

The Hoffman Cafe and Grill

3rd St. opp. Post Office.

High class service at reasonable rates. Cuisine unsurpassed. Private dining rooms for ladies. BALZE & WUBBENHORST, Props.

BELCOURT, McDOUGAL & SMITH—Barristers, solicitors, conveyancers, etc. Offices at Dawson and Ottawa. Rooms 1 and 2, Chisholm block, Dawson. Special attention given to parliamentary work. N. A. Belcourt, Q. C., M. P., Frank J. McDougal, John P. Smith.

JEPHSON & ASTLEY

D. L. Surveyors, Mining, Engr's.

A special report furnished in connection with the Survey of any Hydraulic Concession.

Webb Block

Lager and Steam Beer made of the Choicest Hops and Malt. Bottled Beer for Family Use a Specialty.

City Brewery

Cor. Main St and 7th Ave. Skagway, A

CHAS. A. SAAKE, Prop. P. O. Box 63.

Orders Promptly Filled

W. T. Iliff

Manufacturer of and dealer in Lumber Mouldings, Shingles, Lath and Building Material [Office and Mill.]

Foot of 3rd ave. Skagway, Alaska

Chas. S. W. Barwell

Dom. Land Surveyor

Mining and Civil Engineer

Reports on Mines, and Hydraulic Concessions Mines Surveyed, etc.

Office Exchange Bldg., Dawson, Y. T.

Price 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

MRS. SACHT'S

HAIR RESTORER

A Pure and Harmless Vegetable Compound

For Baldness, Dandruff, Gray and Faded Hair, Scaly and Itching Scalp and all Diseases of the Hair and Scalp.

This marvelous compound has been used for years as a remedy in the family of Mrs. Sacht. Its wonderful curative properties became known to her friends and it is now offered to the public as a safe and sure remedy for disfiguring baldness. A reference to the front label of this bottle will show the growth of hair produced for Mrs. Sacht, who, although sixty years of age, has a long soft, heavy growth of hair of natural color.

DIRECTIONS. Apply to the scalp once or twice a day, rubbing it very gently to avoid injury to new young hair. Wash the hair only once or twice a month, and then only with pure castile soap and as hot water as you can stand. Rinse with cold water.

MRS. M. K. SACHT

Hair Restorer.

425 Cedar Ave., off Laguna St.

Can be had at the following Hair Dressers:

Mrs. J. S. Goldschmidt

708 Polk Street Bet. Ellis and Eddy Sts.

Telephone Polk 1321

Carl Anderson, 417 Geary Street.

Mrs. Hansen, 141 Clara Street

Go where you will, the best saloons sell Jesse Moore Whiskey.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY CAL

THIS CHARMING RESORT

is wholly distinct and unique: There is no basis of comparison by which its attractions can be measured. None other in the world has such a climate; none is planned on such a vast and elaborate scale, none so absolutely exempt from every annoyance and inconvenience, nor so easily within the reach of those whose refinement of taste enables them to appreciate its charms.

x x x x

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

transplanted to the shores of the "Western Sea."

There is but one Hotel del Monte.

Send for Souvenirs and other information to

W. A. JUNKER, Manager,

Monterey, California

Theatrical Notes

Mr. Max Hirschfeld, musical director of the Tivoli Opera House, announces a Special Symphony Concert to be given at the Tivoli Thursday afternoon, October 25th at 3:15. The program will be particularly interesting and novel, the principal feature being the masterwork of Hector Berlioz—"Symphony Fantastique, an Episode in the Life of an Artist," in which Berlioz depicts the dreams of an opium fiend. This will be its first performance in this city. A set of steel chimes used in the last movement of this work is being specially constructed for the production. The balance of the program includes the famous "Kaiser March" and the "Ride of the Valkyries," by Wagner, "Dance of the Will o' the Wisps," by Rubenstein, and other standard works.

Mr. Hirschfeld's work in the productions of "Tannhauser," "Queen of Sheba," "Lohengrin" and other grand operas has proved him to be a competent conductor of the dramatic type, and this concert will serve to introduce him to us in another style of music, and it is to be hoped that his success will be such as to warrant a series of symphony concerts under his direction. The most successful symphony concerts have always been those given at the Tivoli Opera House both under Bauer and Scheel.

Mr. William L. Greenbaum, whose efforts with the Hinrichs-Beel and Scheel concerts were so successful, will represent Mr. Hirschfeld as manager. This means no disappointments, changes of program, etc. Subscription lists are now open at all the music stores.

* *

After many weeks of anxious waiting on the part of the California Theatre management, the Azzali Italian Opera Company has at last been discovered, and S. H. Friedlander & Co. are glad to announce that the renowned organization will sing for the first time in this country to-morrow, Sunday night, Sept. 23d. The opening opera will be Verdi's "Othello," which will be repeated Thursday and Saturday nights. Bizet's "Carmen" has been chosen for Monday and Friday, "Aida" will be given Tuesday and the following Sunday night and "La Traviata" will be heard on Wednesday night and Saturday afternoon. Among the principals are many vocalists of international renown, including Nice Barbareschi, dramatic soprano; Angelini Turconi-Bruno, lyric soprano; Estefania Collamarini, contralto; Vittorio Emanuele Castellano, dramatic tenor; Lauro Alghissi, lyric tenor; Lorenzo Bellagamba, first baritone; Cesare Allesandroni, second baritone; Louis Lucenti, first bass. Angelini Rizzi Baccarini, Pio Facci and Julio Cortesi are lesser artists, and the impressario and musical director is Augusto Azzali, his assistant being Alfredo Gore.

* *

The New Frawley Company, at the Grand Opera House, is scoring a success in "Quo Vadis," which is breaking all records for attendance at Manager Morosco's big theatre. The last performance of this play will be given Sunday night with matinees today and tomorrow. On Monday evening it will be succeeded by a production of Joseph Arthur's famous Hoosier drama "Blue Jeans," which will introduce a new member of the Frawley Company in the person of Minnie Dupree who will assume the role of June, which is the principal female part. Miss Dupree will be remembered here through her connection with Nat Goodwin's Companies, and "Held By The Enemy," in which attractions she played the ingenues. Since last here she created the part of Liz "In Mizzoura," and the leading character in "Two Little Vagrants.' The feature of "Blue Jeans" is the great sawmill scene, with its real whirling saws, from which the hero has a most narrow escape. Another interesting scene is the one showing an Indiana political barbecue with a double quartette, a full brass band, and a live bull.

* *

The bill at the Tivoli next week will consist of "Tannhauser" and "The Barber of Seville." "Tannhauser" will be sung on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, while "The Barber of Seville" will be the bill for Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday nights and the Saturday matinee. In "Tannhauser" Barron Berthald is to sing the title role, Salassa as "Wolfram," Schuster the "Landgrave," Anna Lichter the "Venus" and Effie Stewart will sing "Elizabeth." The orchestra will be doubled and the chorus enlarged. In "The Barber of Seville" Russo is to sing "Count Almaviva," Ferrari "Figaro," Nicolini "Don Basilio." Signor Panitza makes his first appearance this season as "Dr. Bartolo;" Lia Polotini is to sing "Bertha" and Italia Repetto "Rosina," which is said to be her greatest success. With two such operas as "Tannhauser" and "The Barber of Seville," the Tivoli should draw crowded houses.

* *

The Clay Clement—L. R. Stockwell Company begins the fourth and final week of its engagement next Monday night at the Columbia Theatre. The bill for the week is to be the popular comedy, "The Magistrate," in which L. R. Stockwell will play the title role, while his co-star, Mr. Clement and the supporting company, will be satisfactorily cast. "The Magistrate" is the work of Arthur Wing Pinero, and is one of the best of that author's many excellent plays.

Eddie Foy in his new production, "A Night in Town" follows for a limited engagement.

* *

Last week's good bill at the Orpheum will be followed by another even stronger. Jessie Bartlett Davis will be retained for one more week, and among the newcomers are some of the cleverest performers in vaudeville. Charles Wayne and Anna Caldwell will present a new sketch by George M. Cohan, called "To Boston on Business," and is said to be one of the funniest things he has written. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson will appear in "A Bachelor's Home." Kolb and Dill are German comedians, original and very funny. Merritt and Murdoch are comedians of note; they will present "A Quiet Evening" by Geo. F. Farren.

* *

Following the closing of "The Widow's Husband" with Sunday evening's performance at the Alcazar, Clay M. Green's play, "His Japanese Wife," will be revived with all of the beauty of settings and picturesque scenes of its initial production over a year ago at the Alcazar. The play won hearty recognition as being bright, entertaining and novel, and a goodly number of players created some clever business and bright scenes.

* *

The choir of the Spanish Church, under the direction of Senor Arrillaga, gave a very interesting program last Thursday evening at Byron Mauzy Hall for the benefit of the Church.

This Saturday evening a musicale will be given at Byron Mauzy Hall by the pupils of Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Dorrington, and promises to be quite an interesting event.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

The original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St. stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Have used many hair tonics, but find none as good as Mrs. Sacht's Hair Restorer to prevent the hair from falling out, and sure cure for dandruff.
ALICE KEEGAN, 709 Ellis St., S. F.

After my return from the country, I found my naturally curly hair very straight, after using Mrs. Sacht's Hair Restorer I found that the natural curl returned. LEONORA GOLDSCHMIDT,
2000 Fillmore St., S. F.

The Great Family Medicine of the Age!—For sore throat, gargle the throat with a mixture of PAIN-KILLER and water, and the relief is immediate, and cure positive. It should not be forgotten that the PAIN KILLER is equally as good to take internally as to use externally. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. Price 25 and 50 cents.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
What a Gas Range Will Do?

It will do everything any other cooking apparatus will do, but it will do it BETTER, QUICKER, EASIER and CHEAPER!

IT WILL DO AWAY WITH

Dirt, Worry and Ashes;
Your kitchen will be clean;
Your working hours shorter;
Your food will be better cooked;
Your life prolonged, and
Your happiness assured.

Stove Department,
415 Post Street, - - San Francisco

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy-makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS, Brush Mfrs.,
TEL. 5610. 609 Sacramento Street.

A. O. LINDSTROM [Phone Main 5178] AL. JOHNSON

Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

In the sick room or on your sideboard, Jesse Moores "AA" Whiskey is indispensable.

The Sign of the Peacock
229 GEARY ST.
Theatre Suppers
Luncheon Ice Cream Breakfast
ORDERS DELIVERED

LIKE A MAGIC TOUCH

Soquick and easily is the brilliancy restored to tarnished Silver by

Electro-Silicon

SILVER POLISH

If in doubt what's best, why not make the test. Simply send address on a postal.

At grocers and druggists everywhere, and postpaid 15 cents in stamps.

"SILICON,"
30 Cliff St., New York City.

The Saturday Wave

Is Printed by

THE STANLEY-TAYLOR CO.

424 SANSOME STREET, S. F.

DR. CLYDE PAYNE

Has returned from New York and resumed the practice of Dentistry at

135 GEARY ST.

Phone Main 9. Spring Valley Building

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We buy or sell real estate in any part of the Group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in Hawaiian Islands.

Office. 10 W. King St., HONOLULU, H. I.

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM

THE TAILOR

1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

IF YOU WANT

The Best Coal Oil

BUY—

New Stories Re-Told.

THE SUPERIOR SEX. Lucy and George are children of Pacific Heights parents. Lucy is seven and George is five. She has attended the primary department of a private school just four months and has begun to be interested in the intellectual welfare of her little brother. They were discussing a problem which had come up at school that day, and Lucy said "why brother, anybody could tell you are only five. You don't even know the difference between corn and wheat." George (who hates to acknowledge his inferiority) "I do, too! Wheat is is ..." Lucy (taking pity on him)—"Why, George, you know well enough you don't know. Listen to me and remember. Wheat is wheat and corn is corn, and wheat grows in a wheatfield and corn grows in a cornfield! And don't you ever forget it."

x

DIPLOMACY UNNECESSARY. Charles Lever, the novelist, was once the guest of Dr. Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, at his country seat. Among the other guests were some of the expectant clergy, who paid submissive court to their host. While the Archbishop and his guests were walking through the grounds the prelate plucked from a bush a leaf which, he declared, had a most nauseous flavour. "Taste it," said he, handing the leaf to one of the clergymen. The latter smilingly obeyed, and then, with a wry face, subscribed to the botanical orthodoxy of the Archbishop. "Taste it, you, Lever," said the gratified prelate, handing the leaf to the novelist. "No, thank you," said Lever, laughing: "my brother is not in your Grace's diocese."

x

SCOTTISH THRIFT.—A certain member of the Thistle Club in the smoking room of a Pullman between San Francisco and Shasta addressing his fellow travelers said: "Can ye oblige me with a light?" One traveller produced an empty box, with apologies; another said he did not smoke, and therefore did not carry matches. "Can ye give me a light?" repeated the Scotsman to the third, who stolidly looked out of the window. Then the Scotsman's finger went reluctantly into his own pocket. "Weel, weel," he murmured—"I'll jist need to tak' ane o' my ain!"

x

THE SHAH'S ERROR.—While in Belgium the Shah of Persia was entertained by the Belgian monarch and brought to see the beautiful gardens of the Chateau de Laeken. There the Oriental potentate saw the Queen surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting, after a prolonged stare he turned to the King, "Your harem, sire?" The question took his majesty so much by surprise that he did not for a moment reply, and the Shah, taking his silence for consent, looked critically along the line and added, mildly but decidedly: "You will have to renew it."

x

A SOURCE OF CONSOLATION. Two countrymen who had not seen each other for a long time met at a fair. They had a lot of things to tell each other. "Shure it's married I am," said O'Brien. "You don't tell me so!" said Blake. "Faith, yes," said O'Brien, "an' I've got a fine healthy bhoy which the neighbors say is the very picter of me." Blake looked for a moment at O'Brien, who was not, to say the least, remarkable for his good looks, and then said: "Och, weil, what's the harrum so long as the child's healthy."

x

LORD RUSSELL'S COMPLIMENT.—The late Lord Russell and Sir Frank Lockwood were walking in Dublin with a charming young Irish girl. They were talking of some renowned English beauty, when the girl made a disparaging remark about her countrywoman, saying that beauty had died out in Ireland since the English conquest. "Not altogether," remarked Russell. "I've seen beauty in this country fully equal to any that can be found across the channel; but that, Frank," he added, looking across at his companion, "is between you and me!"

x

"WILL" AND "SHALL."—Andrew Lang says that a Scotchman who understands the distinction between "will" and "shall" is not a good Scotchman. He tells of a Scotch reporter who had joined the staff of an English newspaper. His first night on duty he knocked at the editor's door and asked: "Will I come in?" "God knows," replied the editor.

x

A SPONGE.—A group of friends dining at the home of Sir John Pope-Hennessy, were gossipping about a certain member of parliament who had two objectionable peculiarities—he was not given to the use of soap and water and he was always borrowing money. "Yes, poor fellow," remarked Hennessy, "he sponges upon everybody except himself."

Palace Hotel

The tourist, pleasure-seeker, and the business man will find the location of the Palace particularly desirable being in close proximity to places of amusement, wholesale and shopping districts, and with the further advantage of having street-cars to all parts of the city pass the entrance.

Operated in conjunction with the Palace is the Grand Hotel to which it is joined by a covered passageway placing under one management 1400 rooms, 900 of which have baths attached.

Famous FOR ITS Purity

SEATTLE, U. S. A.

THE GREAT FAIR AT Tanforan Park

Sept. 24th to Oct. 6th, 1900

Under Management of the San Francisco and San Mateo Agricultural Association

To the live-stock breeders of California, as well as to the lovers of out-door sports this exhibition is dedicated. The attraction will include: A High-class Open-air Horse Show, Select Herds of Prize Cattle, a complete exhibit of Swine, Sheep, Goats, Poultry and Belgian Hares. Extraordinary show of Dogs. Attractive exhibit of high-class Vehicles and other Industrial Displays from leading manufacturers of the State. The outdoor sports will embrace Polo Games, between players from Southern and Central California for championship; Pony Races; Long Distance Race of 25 miles, by noted riders; change of horses each mile, in full view of grandstand. Grand Athletic Field Day—Club Harness Racing: High-class Trotting and Pacing, in which the great stars of the east and west will meet and make world's records. All in all, the entertainment will be clean, dignified and instructive. Grand Musical Concerts Daily. Excellent railroad facilities by both regular and special trains to Grandstand entrance. Entertainment each day, from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m.

GEORGE ALMER NEWHALL, Secretary. HENRY J. CROCKER, President.
EDWIN F. SMITH, General Manager.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

This brand of Wine is served at all first-class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office, 416 Pine St. A. REPSOLD & CO.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-312 POST STREET

SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY

We Make the Cuts in this Paper.

HIGH GRADE Half-tone & Line CUTS

Yosemite Engraving Co.
24 Montgomery Street
San Francisco

For Catalogues Books venirs Newspapers Letter-heads Etc.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO.

General Agents.

Electric and Hygienic Treatment.

Sure Cure for Chronic Diseases. Tumors, Cancers and Displacements, positively and without operations.

DR. WM. SCHMITT,
502 Taylor St., cor. Geary.
San Francisco.

CONSULTATION FREE.

Volume 22 No. 37 December 1, 1900

This Paper Not to be taken from the Library.
CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

The Wave

Published every Saturday

Price 10 Cents

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal. Entered at the Post Office second class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

San Francisco—December 1, 1900

Mayor Phelan's Opportunity.

In January Mayor Phelan will have the opportunity to rid himself and the city of some of his mistakes, as the terms of several municipal commissioners then expire. Whether the Mayor will attempt to restore himself to public esteem remains to be shown. The people are waiting with no little curiosity to learn whether Mr. Phelan has profited by a year's experience, or whether, like a typical bourbon, he is impervious, learning nothing and forgetting.

The *Wave* makes these remarks in a spirit of kindness. Mayor Phelan has in the past done much for San Francisco and deserved well of the city; and if rehabilitated in public favor he might be useful to the people and to himself. Mr. Phelan and San Francisco can assist each other.

But in order to go forward Mr. Phelan will require to go backward—back to the time before he was last elected Mayor, and when surrounded by men instead of flatterers and toad-eaters he was the representative not only of the Democracy but of the manhood, intelligence, energy and character of San Francisco as no other man in our history ever was. The fall from that position to the one now occupied by him has been so great that it would have destroyed any ordinary man, and the fact that there is anything left of Mr. Phelan is proof that he is more than ordinary. This being the case there is hope, but hope only if the falling movement can be arrested, as the distance between the present and annihilation and oblivion is little.

As has been said, the Mayor must go backward. He must restore to his friendship the strong men who were the van guard of the battles for municipal reform, of which he was a leading part. He must restore to himself the confidence of the young men of the town, of whom he should, as a young man, be the natural leader, but of whom he has always shown fear and distrust. He must keep himself in touch with and in reach of advice of people whose integrity and unselfishness have been proved by past action. But most of all he must admit that he may, at some time in his official or political career, have erred. The people dearly love a man who is big enough to confess a mistake and to throw himself on their generosity for forgiveness. But to deny the possibility of error continues a controversy with the people in which the individual is sure of defeat.

Let the Mayor take down that halo which he persists in wearing and place it in cold storage for a while. It is no longer becoming, and in the light of events in his administration, is ridiculous. Minus the halo, and admitting the possibility of past mistakes, let him get out among the people and learn what they are saying and what they are wishing. Even if the things said are not musical to his ears they will be beneficial and invigorating.

Mayor Phelan was elected by the plain, commonsense people of the town, with the idea that he would, under the power granted by the charter, give San Francisco an honest and progressive government. The government has been honest, but has not been, and under present conditions can not be, progressive. It has been negative where it should have been positive and positive where it should have been negative.

The Mayor took office under the impression that there were but two considerable elements in the community—certain newspaper influence and the Merchants' Association. The scandalous manner in which the city was paper ridden by the former of these powers is something which it is unnecessary at this time to discuss. As to the Merchants' Association, although a worthy civic body of patriotic purposes, it instilled into the Mayor's mind that anybody who had shown political activity and had accomplished anything was dangerous, and that the road to good government lay through the suppression of such, and to save the city from these people it would be proper for the Merchants' Association to take the offices themselves or fill them, which they did, showing themselves in this to be very clever politicians indeed.

The result of all this has been to establish commissions not in touch with the people. The commissioners do not know the people and the people do not know the commissioners. The commissioners with few exceptions are not representative men, and they have constituted the various boards so many bureaus for the creation of enemies for the administration. Nothing is said, of course, against the personal character of the individual commissioners. For the most part they are very nice old ladies, but such are not the people to rejuvenate San Francisco.

Nor is any criticism intended the Mayor's love for antiquities, provided it is exercised within proper bounds; for example, at the excavations of Nippur, or in appointing boards to constitute an imaginary and fanciful government for that ancient city. But to have appointed obsolete, retired and disabled men to establish and inaugurate the new San Francisco shows the Mayor to be lamentably deficient in a sense of humor and an appreciation of the absurd.

Then the magnificent sentiment that supported public improvements and municipal advancement at the close of last year has been frittered away by petty irritations, by threats and small persecutions inflicted on business interests. Who heard during the campaigns of Mr. Phelan, of threatened sumptuary legislation and attacks on the liquor trade? And yet these have been a prominent feature of the administration and have dwarfed and rendered impossible the measures of general concern for which that administration was elected.

Mayor Phelan and San Francisco have a chance in January. Let us hope for the best.

The Civil Service Bogie.

Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court W. R. Hearst, having tried the civil service case in the columns of the *Examiner*, has, without the aid of the Supreme Court of the State of California or any other appellate tribunal, promptly reversed Judge Hebbard of the Superior Court, and declared that the Civil Service Commission, of which E. F. Moran, an *Examiner* reporter, is *de facto* chief commissioner, is omnipotent and the Superior Court of San Francisco a nonentity.

The *Wave* is not wise enough nor sufficiently learned in the law to pass judgment on the merits of the civil service suit. It was brought by an attorney long recognized as the head of the Pacific coast bar. The case was ably and elaborately argued on each side before a judge of distinguished reputation; a judge whose independent conduct on the bench so antagonized powerful political factions that his own party refused him renomination, but the course that had antagonized politicians and domineering litigants had endeared the Judge to the people, and without party nomination or support he was elected by the largest vote ever given a judge in San Francisco. It would seem that this state of facts would entitle the decision of Judge Hebbard in the civil service case to respectful consideration; and that an appeal to the Supreme Court in an orderly manner would be the proper course.

But not so it seems. One side to their controversy is behaving in a clamorous, abusive manner—violative of the spirit of law and order—threatening courts and judges and asserting its superiority to law and courts. These gentlemen are certainly making a poor spectacle of American citizenship. They are furnishing a very poor example to the "push," who are supposed to have a monopoly of such behavior.

The charter of San Francisco is a law like any other law, subject to interpretation by the courts. The *Wave* is aware that in making this statement it is subject to challenge. At the beginning of the year it was generally understood that the charter was so peculiarly constructed that its interpretation where doubtful or disputed was confided to but two authorities, the *Examiner* and Mayor Phelan. But after the *Examiner* and Mr Phelan quarreled it was inevitable that the courts should obtain jurisdiction of this as of any other law; and having done so, it became impossible that either party to a controversy should be able to dictate to the courts in advance the form of judgments. This method of making courts superfluous is not favored by the constitution.

While on the subject of civil service, the remark is in order that the *Wave* strongly favors civil service. It is a principle that must underlie good government. But calling a proceeding civil service does not make t such, and there is certainly little resemblance in the proceedings of Messrs. Moran, Freud, Quinn and McCarthy to any civil service of which mankind has heretofore had any knowledge. Civil Service is in operation in Germany, France, Great Britain and in the federal government of the United States, but it is an entirely different article

from that which the local commission is trying to foist on San Francisco.

The cardinal principle elsewhere has been the public good and that a competent man performing properly the duties of his office shall be protected against a man whose principal recommendation consists in wanting the other man's job. The wanton removal of competent persons because they could not pass an examination largely made up of matters disconnected with their duties would not only create astonishment but would be resented as an outrage and an assault on civil service. The present outcry consists in the worship of words and the destruction of principles. The "push" which it has been supposed the civil service would crush, has always operated on the plan of the present commission; that is, turn the man now in office out, no matter what his experience, to make room for another man.

No element in San Francisco has ever done so much to undermine civil service ideas as the present commission. Outside of the *Examiner*, which has its finger in the pie, in the presence of Edward Moran and the salt of the earth of the Merchants' Association, which feels itself bound to back its secretary, Mr. Freud, be he right or wrong, nobody has any confidence in the commission or its work. As for the talk of jobbery and corruption in connection with the commission, nobody who knows the commissioners will take that seriously. Outside of Moran, the secretary, nobody would accuse these worthy persons of being sufficiently intelligent to job anybody or anything. The public is safe on that score.

In passing, it is rather curious to note that Mayor Phelan appointed on this board two strong Republicans and one Democrat; and in this way has the commission proceeded, attacking the Democratic officers first, throwing out the people who did most to produce the Democratic administration which gave the commission its appointment, and greatly strengthening that bond of affection between the Mayor and his party which binds them together like two Kilkenny cats.

That hoary-headed swindle the Saint Mary's Park appropriation has broken out again in the Board of Supervisors. Fortunately for the taxpayers, the Charter forbids this scheme from maturing, as purchases of land amounting to more than fifty thousand dollars must be submitted to the votes of the people and there is not the slightest doubt if the voters get at this job that they will defeat it by a majority of more than ten to one. The Supervisors cannot in this instance break the Charter, but they can prove themselves to be first-class demagogues and humbugs by trying.

Probably no land buying scheme could be brought before the city that would have less to recommend it than their Saint Mary's Park Project. The plan to cut out the buildings from a large tract alongside a business thoroughfare, is injurious to the business of that part of the city, and is of no use to the people. That portion of the city is already better supplied with parks than any other. Three short blocks away is Portsmouth Square, not a great distance farther in the same direction is Washington Square, and not far in an opposite direction is Union Square. Why buy more where there are now most? If more squares are needed, they should be created where there are now least of them. Every argument that can be advanced for another square is an argument against using the Saint Mary's land for that purpose. Nobody wants this square except a few persons with land to sell and a few special interests. And the sooner the Supervisors who are working this thing return to the service of the city, the better it will be for all concerned.

No Fool Like an Old Fool

What is the reason that the distinctively California comic opera has not been written? There is material enough developed every day in the courts to build up a romantic opera of the most interesting kind. And it will be purely a California production.

When the right man comes along, the Reginald Dekoven of the Pacific Coast, and picks out his subject for melody and rhyme from the court records of the Metropolis, then will the laurel wreath of fame have to be rebuilt to fit a new brow and then will the auditorium of the local theatre where this production is billed, have to be enlarged.

During the past few weeks there has come to light through court proceedings as humorous a state of affairs in the marital troubles of capitalist Wm. C. Lund as ever was chosen by comedy writer for his theme. The daily papers have made much of it, and a loud laugh has gone over the whole coast at the absurd denouement. Mr. Lund engages a housekeeper in a Boston intelligence bureau for his Mexican ranch and marries her at New Orleans. Then he takes his youthful wife globe trotting and for several years they see the world together. She forms another attachment for a San Francisco traveling man and leaves her aged spouse who retaliates with a criminal complaint and her arrest. When the case is practically completed and the evidence against her is all in, he comes to her hotel, woos and wins her back and the sensation lovers are robbed of a fitting wind-up.

The following outline is suggested for a three-act comic opera, entitled,

No Fool Like an Old Fool.

AN OPERA.

CHARACTERS.

Wm. C. Lund, an aged capitalist.
Mrs. Lund, young and flighty.
Henry Hertz, a lady killer.

Chorus of private detectives, female help, etc., etc.

ACT I.

In the Intelligence Office at Boston. Large Chorus of applicants for positions as female help. The strong-minded female proprietor sits at desk with register before her. Opening Chorus. Enter Wm. C. Lund looking for a housekeeper. Bass solo. Chorus girls display their qualifications for the position. Lund selects soprano. Duet. He asks her to marry him and go to his Mexican ranch. She consents. Act closes with grand wedding scene in the intelligence office.

Curtain.

ACT II.

In an upper hallway of a San Francisco hotel. Some four years are supposed to have elapsed since the curtain rang down on the first act. Harry Hertz and Mrs. Lund come on the stage to slow music. Loving duet. They cross to left, conversing. Enter numerous chorus of private detectives, male and female, on tiptoe with fingers on lips. They watch Hertz and Mrs. Lund who enter room at left. Detectives form line across stage, the foremost with his eye glued to keyhole. Enter Wm. C. Lund. Lund and Chorus.

Curtain.

ACT III.

In Judge Cabaniss' court room, Mrs. Lund in prisoner's box, with Wm. C. Lund as complaining witness. Chorus of private detective witnesses, jury and audience. Court proceeds in appropriate manner and the case looks dark for Mrs. Lund. Then grand reconciliation between husband and wife. The villian, Harry Hertz, is foiled again. Tableau.

Curtain.

A Close Call.

She—Were you ever married?

He—No; but I was once engaged to a Sacramento girl.

Over the Demi-Tasse

They are smiling arouud the club-rooms over a practical joke recently perpetrated upon the Bohemian, Julian Thorne. He doesn't join the smile because he doesn't see the joke. It is still a serious matter with him.

It began in a law office down town—no matter whose. The young attorneys pretend a friendship for Thorne which the facts here presented do not warrant. Mr. Thorne may not know the full particulars of their devilment and it is as well not to involve him in more trouble.

One day a week or two ago Julian Thorne was served with a summons and complaint in criminal action, Superior Court, by a burly deputy sheriff. At least he looked like a deputy to Mr. Thorne. The complaint cited with the usual whereases and wherefores that Julian Thorne of the city and county of San Francisco aforesaid had on the 10th day of November or thereabouts committed an ungentlemanly assault upon the person of one Miss ——the name is omitted as she is a social belle—the complainant in this action. The exact nature of the assault was so successfuliy buried under legal verbiage that Thorne was not sure but he might be guilty. He had perhaps kissed the girl—he could not remember these trifles. But he never expected it to be taken seriously.

The summons stated that Julian Thorne, as aforesaid, must appear before Judge Dunne and answer to the charge on December 3d, and that failing so to do, the most severe consequences would result.

Naturally, Julian Thorne was much disturbed by this sudden legal trouble and he at once went to an attorney for advice. As the lawyer was a party to the joke, the matter grew no less serious under his handling and Thorne's state of mind can be imagined. "Keep away from the newspaper reporters," said the attorney. "Tell them nothing—absolutely nothing. Refer them to me and I will see that this thing is kept out of the papers."

Every one of the newspaper men that could be reached was sent to Thorne. "He has a good story up his sleeve," the reporters were told, "but he is very reticent in regard to it. You will have to pump him hard but he will give up if you persevere. I know the story but am sworn to secrecy. No, not a word—not even a hint; I have promised. Get it from Thorne."

For the next few days Thorne's life was spent in struggles with inquisitive representatives of the press. No man can come through such a contest without dropping some clues, and the reporters soon patched enough together to know that Thorne was in legal difficulties over some woman. They had not enough to print but they could make Thorne's life miserable, and they did.

This has been going on ever since and Thorne has been losing sleep nights worrying over the outcome of the case and spending long daylight hours in consultation with his attorneys. Next Monday the boys are expecting him to appear before Judge Dunne and they are awaiting the time to explode the laugh. Thorne's attorney's efforts for a continuance at his client's request have been unsuccessful. The insti gators of the affair have issued cards.

May Sing on the Operatic Stage. The ex-husband of Amy Crocker, Harry Gillig, is in town. This is his first visit to San Francisco since the divorce in New York, and he is kept busy explaining to his many friends the whys and wherefores thereof. Mr. Gillig is thinking seriously of the operatic stage as a future light industry and has taken to theatrical study. He had a very fair voice in the old days before he became the husband of Miss Crocker.

Blew in with the Storm. There was a heavy spender in town last week and he was not properly taken care of. C. W. Clark blew in during the storm and C. W. Clark is the man who handled the checkbook of his father, W. A. Clark, for a few days senator from Montana, during the famous campaign. A man with his capabilities in the political-financial line should never be allowed to get out of the city.

Defends Amateur Sports. The Alameda *Argus* takes up the defense of the amateur oarsmen in and about San Francisco in the following sledge-hammer way:

Says Caspar Whitney, editor of *Outing:* "Around San Francisco rowing stands alone in showing no upward tendency. Its ranks are still filled with a squabbling, semi-professional, Sunday-racing crowd, although I hasten to add that it also includes oarsmen who are amateur at heart, despite their associations. California needs a strong governing association with an executive committee of amateur spirit and undaunted courage."

This is not the result of personal observation on the part of Mr. Whitney, as he has not been in California for some years. It is possible that such conditions prevailed at the time of his visit. We do not know to the contrary. It may be that some "authority" has thus presented the situation to him. However, be that as it may, it is false. It is not a true statement of the condition of affairs, and being untrue, it is a slander that should not pass unnoticed.

It is true that rowing stands alone but not in the manner that Mr. Whitney would have it. It is the one sport that has shown a decided and marked upward tendency. Its ranks are not filled with a "squabbling, semi-professional, Sunday-racing crowd." It does not need a "strong governing association." What can be stronger than the Amateur Athletic Union, which has jurisdiction over rowing around San Francisco? Does he know this? Is he aware of the fact that the Olympic Club, which he says by its reformation has cleansed athletics in California, is a prime mover in the Pacific Association of the A. A. U. and its captain is vice-president? Does he know that the registration law is most rigidly enforced and none are permitted to enter regattas unless they have certificates of registration? Does he know that these certificates are issued by the registration committee of the A. A. U.?

We are free to say that the amateur laws are more rigidly enforced over rowing than any other sport in the state.

Take the case of a rower of the local club for instance. One of its leading and popular members had developed into considerable of a sculler. He aspired to championship honors and applied for registration that he might enter the championship regatta. The registration committee rejected the application. Why? A year ago he had transgressed the amateur law. He boxed for money. Do semi-professionals reject on such pretenses? Take the case of Bob McArthur of San Francisco. He could not secure a certificate because he had taken part in a semi-professional boxing tournament. The ranks have been purged of the semi-professionals. They are filled with young men—amateurs at heart and in spirit who compete for medals.

If they had a few Pacific Associations in the East, there would be no Rumohr or Ten Eyck persons to haggle over

Grocers Will Give No Presents. The iron hoof of monopoly has once more come down with a stamp, grinding the poor man who works beneath its heel. The following sign, which may already be seen in some of the city's stores, explains itself:

$100 FINE will be imposed upon any grocer giving CHRISTMAS PRESENTS to his customers during the holidays.

RETAIL GROCERS' ASSOCIATION.

Now how about that pretty litho-chromo, "When Beauty Wakes," that you has planned to give your wife from your grocery account? And the bread and milk set in imitation delft ware for the boy? They are hopeless now and you will have to go down in your pocket for presents this year.

The Leak Closed. A choice scandal has been so narrowly averted in San Jose that the people of that wide-awake little city are wondering how they slipped up on it. It was coming in tiny whispers, working gradually through the term of stage asides to the termination of a wild shriek, when suddenly it all ceased. The leak had been closed and so tightly that not a word has since come out.

A prominent San Josean—prominent in both business and social circles—has a wife who has held that not especially enviable position for over twenty-five years. There are grown-up children, the eldest, a girl, being married.

Nearly four years ago the prominent San Josean was in the courts as defendant in a suit for divorce which was afterwards arranged and dropped. The complaint alleged cruelty and said that the defendant had frequently "knocked her down, kicked her and threatened to kill her, and she was in constant fear of violent bodily injury." It cited instances of abuse and told how the husband and father had turned his daughter from his house, claiming that she was wanting in chastity and must henceforth "rustle for herself."

Several weeks ago the spouse of this prominent citizen was taken ill and gradually failed in health. The daughter was at last sent for by her mother. She came to San Jose and shortly stories began to be whispered. She had discovered something queer about the medicines. There was arsenic—some said strychnine—in minute quantities in doses that properly should not contain such poison. These medicines she quietly changed for harmless remedies and bundled them all to a San Jose chemist for analysis. And she changed the physician who attended her mother. The old one had been tried for murder once. He was acquitted because the evidence showed a mistake had been made in the medicines.

The chemist did not make the analysis. He says that he did not have the necessary apparatus and that he advised that the powders be sent to Dr. Price or Dr. Wenzell in San Francisco. He made a few preliminary tests, but he is a cautious German and is not anxious to mix up in a lively scandal. What he discovered he does not tell.

Here gossip stops. Dr. Price and Dr. Wenzell will neither one admit that they made the analysis. The

only one who really knows is the daughter and she will not tell. Her mother will not continue marital relations with the prominent San Josean.

Of course there is another lady in the story. Equally of course the prominent citizen is said to be in love with her and desirous of making her his wife. She is a widow and she is handsome.

Will Respect the Law in Future.

Judge Hebard has enforced the respect due the law and its administrators in a manner which the people admire. There are times when the strong hand must be shown in order that the attorney with a surplus of self importance and a great lack of common sense, may not presume too far.

Last Tuesday Judge Hebbard found Attorney A. M. Armstroug guilty of contempt of court in filing an offensive and unfair affidavit, and promptly sentenced him to five days in jail. It was the second case of contempt during the proceedings and in both instances Judge Hebbard has dealt out punishment swiftly and fairly.

A Shotgun Borrow.

One of the most peculiar law suits in recent years is that of the very eccentric Senator-editor Charles M. Shortridge of the *San Jose Herald* who is suing an individual of that city for $1000 which it is claimed he promised to loan Mr. Shortridge. This forcing a borrow at the muzzle of a law suit is a brand new idea and carries out Mr. Shortridge's frequently expressed statement that he is original.

No Nolans in the Court.

The *Chronicle* hints strongly at irregularities in the proceedure of the Nolan divorce case before Judge Bahrs.

"This is the only divorce case known of at the City Hall" says that paper, "in which the plaintiff has not been required to appear in court. The proceedings in the suit, beginning with the sealing up of the papers in it by Judge Bahrs' order,have been regarded as peculiar"

This peculiarity may be the result of the "closed door" which sometimes cause a newspaper reporter to see things in a harsh light, especially if he has been expecting choice copy out of the case. There are, however, certain other matters in this peculiar case which are queer. In the first place neither of the parties to the suit will talk. Think of it? A divorce case where neither plaintiff nor defendant is anxious to rush their whole life's story into print? It is an almost unknown instance.

A representative of the *Wave* went out to see the pretty Mrs. Nolan when the complaint was first filed. She was living with her brother Jimmie Treadwell, at Santa Clara, and she came to the door of the cottage —it was quite late at night—in a pink Kimosha and carrying a candle. She was a picture and a beautiful one, but she did not allow the *Wave* man's eyes to linger on it. When he stated his reasons for calling, which, by the by, were to discover the real reasons for the suit, she flipped out of sight with a hurried "nothing to say."

Joe Nolan, too, was tongue-tied when the question was popped at him. He had not read the complaint or had not noticed what had been said of him. He was apparently as much at sea about the case as any of the newspaper men.

There was a story published in the *Call* a week or so after the complaint was filed that the Nolan's had decided to forgive and forget, and were beginning life anew at the Golden Gate avenue residence. How much of this was true is not known, although the fact of a decree having been granted and Mrs. Nolans statement that she is again "heart whole and fancy free" would lead one to believe that the *Call* had run in a little imaginary material. But you can't tell when Maude Nolan, now Treadwell, is the issue. It might all be true and still not be impossible.

Mrs. Nolan's few months in Santa Clara were quiet ones and there was no gossip in that little town regarding her. The days of her hilarity have been forgotten in San Jose and the story of her non-nuptial supper at the St. James hotel is still one of the favorite morsels at the clubs.

J. Marion Brooks Tries Blackmail.

When law partners fall out, look for disclosures. The recent rupture in the firm of Montano & Brooks of Los Angeles is making newspaper copy the length of the Coast. Brooks is having the best of it, up to date, because he talked first. He accuses Montano of misappropriating funds of the co-partnership and with having lived in the Philippines with a stenographer whom he introduced as his wife, while his family were in a destitute condition in Los Angeles.

In regard to these charges Montano says:

"Brooks has hounded and blackmailed me persistently for months. I have tried to do right, to succeed and make a reputation for myself over there, but they have clung to me like leeches. Not content with blackmailing me, Brooks has dragged in the name of Miss Maud Hinton, who went to Manila to earn an honest livelihood as a stenographer. A man who will bring a reputable young woman's name in a business dispute is a menace to the community."

There are a few incidents in the last few months of J. Marion Brooks' life that have never been published. He was in San Jose as attorney for Jack Ortega, charged with and convicted of the blackest of crimes against a seven year old girl. During the hearing of the case, Brooks was arrested for uttering fictitious checks, but the matter was hushed up. Before he left San Jose, he attempted to seduce and take away to the Philippines a sixteen-year-old girl, the daughter by adoption of the landlady of the lodging-house where he was stopping. He used every blandishment in his power and might have been successful if the mother had not learned of his despicable attempt.

This affair came to the notice of the police, but the mother refused to prosecute and in consequence no arrest was made.

When these things are taken into consideration, Judge Montano's statements should be believed and no credence given to Brook's black-mailing utterances.

"Miss Hinton," says Judge Montano, "did not go under my name in Hongkong, and I never introduced her in Manilla to any army or navy officers as Mrs. Montano. I have driven with her on the Duneta, it is true. If she gave the name of Mrs. Montano on the returning transport I do not know of it.

"Brooks has written two letters to Miss Hinton threatening to publish the fact of her acquaintance with me if I did not give him money."

The Second Grau Company.

It will be news to some that a second Grau Opera Company, with Miss Kate Michelena as the *prima donna assoluta* and Joseph W. Smith as *tenore primo*, is singing "The Little Tycoon" and other classic works for the delectation of Seattle folk. Can it be that Mr. Grau, not content with the sole directorship of the operatic congress of all nations, and a joint interest in the Metropolitan English Opera Co., has brought into being a third aggregation to sing "The Little Tycoon" and "The Isle of Champagne" to the woolly West? Anyway, here is what the Seattle *Times* printed in its issue of Nov. 7:

That the Grau Opera Company has made a decided hit with the Seattle public was in great evidence last night. The Seattle Theatre was packed to the doors. "The Little Tycoon" was the opera and was well rendered. It is not as pleasing or meritorious an opera as "The Isle of Champagne" or "El Capitan," but in the hands of so capable a company as Grau's it was hugely pleasing to every one. Miss Kate Michelena was a charming Violet and her sweet fresh voice fairly captivated the large audience. Mr. Joseph W. Smith is a tenor of superior voice and one can not hear or see him too much.

Miss Ada Rehan is coming back to America. She has been over in England this summer, but has been seen by very few friends, as she spent her time quietly in a little iron bungalow on the coast of Cumberland. This lonely home is set up on some land belonging to Lord Muncaster, whose seat, Muncaster Castle, is only a few miles off. Miss Rehan spends her days very peacefully in Cumberland. She bathes from a little private hut on the beach, strolls on the wide sand banks accompanied by her two little dogs, about as big as rats, and bicycles along the edge of the sea towards the neighboring village of Ravenglass. Sometimes, towards sunset, she may be seen sitting on a small green bench that faces the flat rocks, rehearsing a new part to an audience of wheeling seagulls, while the Isle of Man grows purple in the distance, and far off a faint vision of Scotch hills fades away into the shadows of the night.

Buncoed Melba.

Grand opera has never received the warm welcome of well filled houses in San Francisco. The box-office, the only test of the people's pleasure, has this season remained at a mark away below zero. The past week has shown a decided improvement in the attendance,and some nights the house has been filled but there is still much to be asked. Mr. Grau is discouraged and he can not be blamed.

The rich owe to themselves and to the community in which they reside the pleasant task of patronizing to the limit of their willingness these higher, more expensive forms of culture and amusement. The poor may desire but can not afford. To the rich must the people look, and the managers appeal for the support necessary in bringing these high grade attractions and civilizing influences to the coast.

All this introductory to a trifling tale. One night last week Melba sang to a not over large audience scattered about the great auditorium of the Grand. In that audience were two San Francisco young men, Seward and Fred McNear, whose incomes are larger than nine out of ten of this city's wealthy men. They are the sons of George W. McNear, shipping and commission merchant, grain dealer, president Port Costa Warehouse and Dock Company, proprietor Port Costa flouring mills, Pacific Coast agent of the Marine Insurance Company (Limited) of London and the Merchants' Insurance Company of Newark; so the directory says.

They sat near the stage in seats scheduled at $7 per. They enjoyed the ecstatic music; they luxuriated in the crystal tones of Melba's voice; but keener than the joy of all this harmony of sweet sounds was the thought that they had buncoed the Grau management out of ten dollars. They had paid but for standing room—two dollars apiece.

Many a man and many a woman in San Francisco during the past few weeks has foregone the common luxuries, has given up almost necessities, to hear these greatest of singers who have ventured into the frigid regions of the coast. They have paid what they could afford and even more to see and hear, and in the full of their ability have advanced the cause of the best in music in San Francisco. What must they think of young men like these two, with money to throw away on their every whim, who buy standing room and then steal their seats.

THE TIVOLI COMPANY CHORUS IN "THE JOLLY MUSKETEER."

Dramatic

Miss Zeffie Tilbury, who plays Mrs. Ingram so sweetly in "Auld Lang Syne" at a London theatre tells a capital story of her touring days in New England. The company arrived at a quiet, slow little town with a small, so-called Opera House. The manager found the stage carpenters and staff consisted of one long-visaged, cool New Englander, who proceeded to show him over the place. After looking at the small stage, they turned into a large, bare room behind the scenes. "Now, where do the gentleman dress?" said the manager. "Here!" was the brief reply. "Oh! Where do the ladies dress?" "Here!" was the second rejoinder. "My good fellow," exclaimed the manager, "if the ladies dress here, then where did I understand you to say the gentlemen dress?" "Here!" for the third time. "But that won't do at all!" protested the astonished manager. "Why not?" said the cool new Englander, "Don't they speak?"

On another occasion Miss Tilbury was playing Juliet in an "oil lamp theatre." During the scene of the dance in Capulet's house, the second row of the oil lamps, over the center of the stage, slowly flickered out. As Juliet continued dancing, in the semi-darkness, she saw to her horror a man in his shirt sleeves amble on at the back, with a long pole in his hand, to re-light the lamps. "What are you doing?" asked Juliet in a loud stage whisper. "Go off, can't you?" muttered Mercutio. But the man in his shirt sleeves only edged more and more into full view of the audience. "Get out!" said Romeo as loudly as he dared. The man with the pole turned round at that and indignantly exclaimed: "Say! I ain't goin' to have 'em stink!"

Mrs. Fiske's itinerary on her way to the West is taking her through several college towns, in which thus far, as in other cities in which she appears, she plays to crowded houses. But beyond this fact there is something peculiarly significant that marks her advent in the seats of learning. In Northampton, Mass., the seat of Smith College, one of the most prominent of women's colleges, and one, too, that has shown an exceptional love for the better drama by elaborate Shakespeare productions in which its pupils have figured, it is said that a thousand of the twelve hundred students attended the Academy of Music to greet Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp" As this remarkable bevy of young women filed into the theatre, all in evening dress, it was seen that many carried copies of "Vanity Fair," to which attention was directed until the play began. Most of these young women, after enjoyment of the play, were intent upon getting copies of one of Mrs. Fiske's artistic posters that have attracted the attention of poster collectors this season.

In Poughkeepsie, the seat of Vassar College, the entire balcony of the theatre was given up to the students of that institution, and in the language of one spectator, that part of the house "looked like a flower garden." In Schenectady, the Union College city, and at Ithaca, the seat of Cornell, a like lively interest has been shown in Mrs. Fiske's appearance, and the young men of these institutions have been as persistent in their efforts to get posters of Mrs. Fiske as were the young women in the other towns. In all these places "Becky Sharp" has been hailed as a treat, owing no doubt to its pronounced literary flavor as well as its dramatic quality.

Mrs. Fiske's engagement in Rochester is notable for several reasons. There she was booked in a vaudeville theatre, the prices of which for her engagement were raised to correspond with those of a first-class house. On the first day of the sale for the engagement, in spite of a snow storm, a crowd of people awaited the opening of the box-office, and the first day's "take" amounted to over $2,000. It is needless to add that Mrs. Fiske's engagement in Rochester offers another proof of the fact "prosperity follows the flag" of a great player the conduct of whose business is independent of any syndicate dictation, no matter where that may be planted.

Lulu Glaser's New York opening in "Sweet Anne Page" occurs at the Manhattan Theatre December 3. She personates the merriest tom-boy in "Merry England," and among the characters which she assumes are a queen of the May, a pierrot, a Spanish dancing girl and a fisher maiden.

"The Burgomaster," a blending of musical comedy and extravaganza that is very successful in the West, is to be given a New York production at the Manhattan at holiday time. A special company is being organized and six Chicago artists are at work upon the scenic equipment.

"Way Down East" is being interpreted throughout the country by three companies of equal cost and merit, and the scenic outfit, snow-storm effects and farm-yard outfit are precisely identical.

Sansone and Delilah, billed for this week at the Orpheum were among the wounded in the "Owl" train wreck. They are at the Hotel Langham recovering from some severe bruises and will probably be seen here a little later on.

Haverley's Minstrels at the California have proven a strong drawing card and have given, undoubtedly, the best in the line seen in Ssn Francisco this season.

The Wave's Favorites.

ALICE NIELSEN.

She wears a dainty peasant gown
And little shoes of wood;
But she couldn't milk a gentle cow,
And wouldn't if she could.
She can act and dance divinely
And sing our hearts away:
She's the same sweet Alice Nielsen
That lived across the bay.

Clyde Fitch's play "Nathan Hale" will soon be sent out with the original production as seen during its run at the Knickerbocker Theatre here. Howard Kyle, one of the best known of leading men and Miss Nannette Comstock, who has supported several of our prominent stars, are to be "featured" as Nathan Hale and Alice Adams. The tour is to be under the direction of W. M. Wilkison and will probably open in New London, Conn., where the opening scene of this play is laid.

Last week Olga Nethersole inaugurated her sixth American season at Wallack's Theatre. The event proved to be not only a dramatic but a thoroughly social affair. There were representatives of the professions, art and literature present to give the distinguished English actress a very hearty send off on her new American tour. Sappho was reproduced by the actress and it was conceded that it had never been so powerfully played as on this occasion. Miss Nethersole, always intense, seemed, if it were possible, stronger and more emotionable than ever. She was greeted at the end of each act with tumultuous applause and at the end of the third act there were no less than nine curtain calls. The actress after her great scene with Jean, seemed almost exhausted, but notwithstanding this the audience demanded her to appear before them again and again and would not be satisfied until she responded with a speech.

A number of prominent theatrical men were discussing, in a certain New York club, one day last week, the probable earnings of a few of the more important theatrical managers for the season of 1900 and 1901. Of the six or seven, which comprise the foremost list, the following was the result: Charles Frohman, $300,000; Wm. A. Brady, $280,000; Klaw & Erlanger, $275,000; Jacob Litt, $260,000; Liebler & Co., $230,000, and the firm known as the "Syndicate," $500,000. This is exclusive of twenty to twenty-five managers who will earn all the way from $25,000 to $40,000.

Miss Grace George began the seventh week of her engagement at the Manhatten Theatre in J. I. C. Clark's romantic comedy, "Her Majesty," last Monday night. Both star and play have been received with more enthusiasm than is usually seen in a New York Theatre. That Miss George has carried the feminine heart by storm has been attested by the audiences which are made up almost exclusively of ladies. It is not an uncommon occurrence for her to receive from twelve to fifteen curtain calls. Miss George has been taken up by the "Blue" society of New York and bids fair to remain a permanent attraction at the Manhattan Theatre.

Peter F. Dailey in "Hodge, Podge & Co." will make a long run at the Madison-Square Theatre. The house is packed at every performance. The audiences greatly enjoy his curtain speeches. When he first opened his run in New York he used to tell the audience to go out between acts and surprise him by buying him a diamond ring. Last week he came before the curtain and ended his remarks with his usual lines about the ring. Just as he said this, a package was thrown on the stage. He picked it up but did not open it until he reached his dressing room. It contained not one, but four diamond rings. Dailey, since then, has not said a word about diamonds rings before the curtain. They came too fast for him.

Miss Maud Jeffries as Mariamne, in Beerbohm Trees' production of "Herod" at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, does not wear her own dark hair, but long, heavy tresses of burning red-gold. Her dress in the first act is wonderful to see—a mingling of golden tissue, faint rainbow tints, purple silk and richest embroidery of gold and vivid green. The whole play is magnificently staged and was greeted on the first night by prolonged applause. The far, dim pillars, the half circle of wide, gilded steps, the golden

MISS MAUD WILLIAMS,
The Tivolis New Soprano.

throne, and the great stretch of landscape beyond the City of Jerusalem, is a fitting frame for the figure of Herod, in his flowing robes of deep purple, green and turquoise blue, bright with jewels and glittering with gold.

At the Orpheum.

The Orpheum's new bill should be one of the best offered in some time. The head-liner will be Patrice who, with her own company, will present George Totten Smith's fairy idyl, "The Girl in the Moon." The scenery used in this act has been specially painted for this engagement by an eminent New York scenic artist. Patrice is one of the most notable figures in vaudeville and bound to please Orpheum patrons who have seen her before. Robertus and Wilfredo are equilibrists and jugglers. They come direct from Europe and are said to have an extremely entertaining act. May de Sousa is a songstress of note and comes from the East fresh from recent triumphs. The Pantzer Trio, assisted by Mrs. Carl Pantzer will present their new comedy acrobatic act, "A Gymnast's Parlor Amusements." Hart and Broom are eccentric comiques. Among the holdovers will be:—Julius P. Witmark, Dupont and Lothiam, Mallory Brothers and Brooks and Anna Kenwick.

At the Tivoli.

"The Jolly Musketeer" at the Tivoli Opera House continues to attract crowded houses, and will continue in the bill for next week. Thursday night the students of the University of California attended the theatre in a body and a special performance was given by the college boys with the aid of the second act of the "Musketeer" by the Tivoli company. The theatre was crowded to the doors.

The rehearsals for the Christmas production, "Cinderella" are under active headway, and the elaborate ballets and scenic effects will eclipse any previous effort in this line.

The Alcazar has presented "Seven-twenty-eight," during the past week in a manner very creditable to the company.

Perish the Thought!

When I asked her to wait
She declared that she wouldn't;
She scorned such a fate
When I asked her to wait,
She's not wed up to date—
Can it be that she couldn't?
When I asked her to wait
She declared that she wouldn't.

S. G. C., in *Smart Set*

"She's teaching me to dance," he explained.
"And how far have you progressed?"
"I've learned where to put my arm."
"How long has she been giving you lessons?"
"Oh, a little over six weeks."

THE PANTZER TRIO, ASSISTED BY MRS. CARL PANTZER, AT THE ORPHEUM.

FEMME INCOMPRISE.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

It had been a hard struggle; but she had conquered.

He stood there, convinced at last that he was very, very wicked, while she, in triumphant womanhood, declared:

"A woman's lips are for her husband alone."

He moved to the door, not trusting himself to face the good in those dreamily mystic eyes, now imperiously seeking his.

How happy she was! How supremely, spiritually happy! She was his good angel; she had saved him; all would now be well.

"Good-bye!" he said. as if his words were an adieu to the work.

"Good-bye!"

Her voice wavered slightly.

"Thanks, awfully," he said sadly. "You've made a new man of me. You've pointed out the one right way. . . . I'm going now."

She flashed a strange look at him—surprise, satisfaction, fear equally blended. . . . She wondered if he were only joking.

"Stay one moment," she said, with her most insidious winsomeness. . . . "Have I really cured you?"

He bowed in answer, but did not speak.

"Suppose," she ventured, anxiously, "suppose I should change my mind and ask you to come back, promising to do as you wish? . . . Suppose I should tell you I love you? . . love you passionately? Suppose——"

She broke off in a husky whisper.

"Why don't you speak?" she asked, suddenly.

What was the meaning of his dead, set face? Was he turned to stone? No; he repeated mechanically the words:

"You have made a new man of me. You have pointed out the one right way. . . . I'm going now." He turned the door knob.

"Geoffrey, what have I done?" There was tragedy in her eyes and voice.

He opened the door.

"Geoffrey!" she screamed. "Geoffrey."

But her only answer was the diminishing sound of his footsteps as he passed down the hall.

N. Y. Town Topics.

To Lesbia.

Ah, Lesbia sweet, let us love in our day,
Let us toss to the winds the dry saws of the old;
Suns may wane and again rise and glitter for aye;
But when *our* little light is extinguished, untold
And unknown is the night
That shall end our delight,
One perpetual night to be slumbered away;
So let's love while we live dear, and live while we may.

Let us love! Life is short; wherefore kiss me, my sweet.
Yea, a thousand times kiss me, and add hundreds more,
Till a million of kisses our lips shall repeat,
And still many hundreds we'll add to the score;
And then at the end
The sweet numbers we'll blend
And confuse them, lest some jealous fool in his spite
Should tell the long list of our kisses to-night.

W. J. Lancaster.

Satisfactory.

"I thought for sure I was a goner last night. Col. Sblud caught me kissing his wife.

"Whew! How did you pacify him?"

"Told him it was an election bet,"

AITKEN'S STATUE "ART LURED BY BOHEMIA."

Her Dowry

From the French of Guy de Maupassant

No one felt any special surprise over the marriage of Monsieur Simon Lebrument and Mademoiselle Jeanne Cordier. Lebrument had just finished his law studies with Monsieur Papillon, who naturally expected his pay which was still to be raised, and Mlle. Jeanne Cordier was possessed of three hundred thousand francs in bank stock and bonds. Young Lebrument was a handsome fellow who had a certain style, that of a notary and even a provincial notary possibly, but still a style which was a rare possession at Bontiguy-le-Rebours. Mlle. Cordier had both grace and freshness, grace a thought too prim and freshness just touched with drought; but she was on the whole a fine girl, one to be desired and made much of. The betrothal ceremony turned all Bontiguy upside down. Great admiration was expressed for the pair who coyly hid their happiness under the conjugal roof, being resolved to take a little trip to Paris in the most unostentatious manner so soon as they had enjoyed a few days entirely tete-a-tete. Such charming days as these were, with no one to interupt their pleasure!

Monsieur Lebrument had the sense to exhibit in his first approaches an admirable delicacy and self-restraint. He had adopted the motto: "All things come to him who is willing to wait." He understood how to be both patient and passionate, and his success was swift and sure.

In four days time Madame Lebrument simply adored her husband. She could not do without him. She needed his presence, his touch. She was only content when he was caressing her, when his arms were about her and he was kissing her hands, her hair, her lips. Seating herself on his knees she softly caught him by the ears and whispered, childishly.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes!"

He opened his mouth with perfect confidence, shut his eyes only half way, and suddenly received a kiss so long, so ardent, so tender, that it sent a shiver down his spine. And in return he could never have enough caresses from her lips; never enough of clasping hands, of clinging bodies, willing thus to cherish his wife from morning till night and from night till morning.

One day, as the first week drew to a close, he said to his young companion:

"If you wish we will leave for Paris next Tuesday. We will do like those lovers who are not married, and visit restaurants, theatres, concerts at the cafes—in fact everything everywhere."

She danced with joy.

"Oh, yes, yes! Let's go just as soon as possible,"

He answered: "Well then, as we should forget nothing we had better remind your father to have the dowry quite ready. I can take it along with us, and at the same time settle with my master, Papillon."

"I will tell him, myself, tomorrow morning," she promised instantly, and he caught her in his arms to begin anew the tender foolish toying which had become so dear to her in this short week.

The following Tuesday the father and mother-in-law accompanied their young people to the station to speed them on their way to the capital. Said the old gentleman:

"I declare, my son, it is a risky thing to carry so much money in your grip!"

But the young notary only laughed. "Don't worry yourself, father! I'm perfectly used to these things. You can readily understand that in my profession it sometimes happens that I have a million about me. By this method, at least, we avoid a lot of formality and delay. Don't you worry—it will be all right."

"She was only content when he was caressing her, when his arms were about her and he was kissing her hands, her hair, her lips."

Just then the guard called out, "Passengers all aboard for Paris!"

They flung themselves into a coach, already preempted by two old ladies, and Lebrument murmured close to his wife's ear.

"How tiresome! Now I can't have a smoke."

She whispered back, "It's just as annoying to me, but not on account of your cigar!"

The train whistled and drew out. The journey lasted one hour during which little was said because of the two wakeful old ladies. As soon as they were in the depot Saint-Lazare young Lebrument said to his wife:

"If you like, darling, we will first go and breakfast on the boulevard, then we can return at our ease to hunt up our trunk and take it to the hotel."

She immediately consented.

"Why yes, let us go to the restaurant by a means. Is it far?"

He returned carlessly, "Oh, rather far, but we will take an omnibus."

She looked her astonishment.

"But why don't we take a cab?"

He answered teasingly, between smiles and chiding.

"Is that your idea of economy? A cab for a five-minutes drive—six sous a minute! You surely don't intend to deny yourself anything!"

"That's a fact," she acknowledged with confusion.

A large omnibus appeared, drawn at a brisk trot by three horses. Lebrument crled, "Conductor! Hey, conductor!"

The heavy vehicle stopped and the young notary, pushing his wife ahead, said rapidly,

"Get up inside, dear, but I'll climb above and have time to smoke at least a cigarette before breakfast."

She had not a minute to reply. The conductor, who had grasped her arm to help her up the steps, hustled her inside where she fell breathless upon the seat, gazing in a sort of a stupor through the rear window at the vanishing feet of her husband scrambling up to the roof. She sat wedged in between a fat man, who was redolent of his pipe, and an old woman equally suggestive of her dog. All the other passengers were lined up in mute stillness—a grocers' boy, a laborer, an infantry sergeant, a fine gentleman with gold eyeglasses and a silk hat, its enormous brim hollowed out like a gutter; two dames, grim and important, whose manner seemed to say, "We are here, but are worthy of better things"—two good sisters, a bearded girl, and an undertaker.

All had the air of being on parade as a caricature collection, a museum of freaks, or as those comical guys set up on wires to be shot at in country fairs.

The jerky vehicle set their heads to wagging and shook their flabby cheeks, while the uneveness of the streets bumped them to and fro, till they seemed idiotic and stupid. The young girl sat in utter silence frozen, inert.

"Why didn't he come with me?" The thoughts oppressed with a vague sadness. "He might for once have, I think, done without his cigarette."

The good Sisters made signs to stop the conveyance, then went softly out, one close behind the other, exhaling a faint odor of old petticoats. They rumbled on once more, only to stop again. This time a cook climbed in, red and wheezing. She sat down solidly, and rested a basket of provisions on her fat knees. A strong odor of dish-water filled the omnibus.

"It is farther than I could have believed!" thought poor Jeanne.

The undertaker went down and out next, to be replaced by a coachman who smelled of the stable. The girl with the beard was succeeded by a commissioner whose dusty feet exhaled the perfume of the highway. The notary's little wife felt ill at ease, heart-sore, ready to weep without knowing why. Others climbed out and in. The omnibus seemed to be always threading interminable streets, stopping at

Continued on page 13.

BOHEMIAN DAYS IN SAN FRANCISCO—A HUMEROUS STORY IN THE STUDIO.

Olga Nethersole

Who is still playing "Sapho" in New York regardless of criticism having opened her sixth season at Wallack's Theatre with this much abused play.

Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris, just received by the Columbia Theatre Management where Miss Nethersole will appear early in 1901.

New York Letter.

New York, Nov. 25:

Howard Gould has had his bad half hour—and more. These times come to the men of millions as well as to the poor and lowly, and they of course receive greater notoriety on account of the prominence that money gives.

When Mr. Gould took the witness stand in Justice Giegericho's Court in his own defence against the action of Frank D. Mowbray to recover $25,000 for alleged breach of contract to employ him for life as valet, he was nervous and balked hard at some of the searching questions of Attorney Severance, designed to pry into the deepest secrets of his private life.

Referring to the discharge of Mowbray at St. Petersburg where Mr. Gould and Miss Clemmons were at anchor in the Gould yacht Mr. Severance asked:

Q. Was any woman other than Miss Clemmons aboard the yacht that night? A. No.

Q. Was any other male in the party? A. No, sir.

Q. Was there any ladies' maid? A. No, sir.

Q. Now Mr. Gould you were seated with Miss Clemmons in what is known as "social hall" on the yacht, were you not? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Had you been drinking? A. I do not remember, I may have been.

Q. Did Miss Clemmons say anything when Mowbray entered, as you say, only partly dressed and his hair disheveled, blear-eyed and red-faced? A. She did not.

Q. Not a word? A. Not a word.

At another point in the cross-examination Mr. Gould was asked:

Q. Did you know a woman named Odette Tyler or Bessie Kirkland? A. I did.

Q. How long did you know her? A. Three or four years prior to 1894.

Q. Do you remember that the plaintiff objected to serving as your valet while you were in company with that woman?

A. I do not.

Q. Will you swear that no such conversation ever took place between you and Mowbray? A. No, I will not swear that it did not, but I remember no such conversation.

Mowbray's testimony in rebuttal as to the reasons for his discharge is interesting as an explanation of the golden hair of the present Mrs. Howard Gould. "I was shampooing Mr. Gould's head," said Mowbray, "when Miss Clemmons said, 'Howard, I wish I had a shampoo.' Then, at the request of Mr. Gould I shampooed her hair, although I said I was not in the habit of shampooing women, but I could. Subsequent to that time Mr. Gould said to Miss Clemmons: 'Kate, your hair is growing darker. What's the matter?' She said: 'That hound Mowbray put something in the water when he shampooed me.'"

Q. Did Miss Clemmons use peroxide of hydrogen at that time?

The answer was ruled out by the Court and New York is still wondering what it would have been.

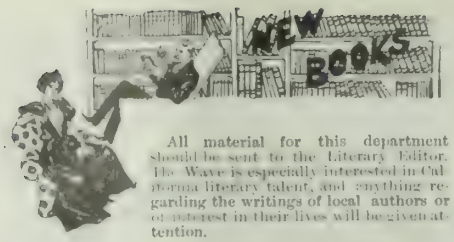
The interest that New Yorkers have taken in the divorce case of Alfred Kayne against the pretty little actress Atalie Clair deserves a more sensational denouement than the abrupt decree granted by Justice Dickey at Newburgh last week. The defendant failed to appear and make the contest that was expected and the large crowd of Court-room spectators was correspondingly depressed.

The plaintiff testified to his marriage and other witnesses testified to the scenes in the boarding house at 74 Madison avenue on the night of January 11 1899, when Atalie and the young New York lawyer, Abram H. Kaffenberg, were caught together. The plaintiff and his friend, Dr. Kane, took a room in the boarding house and according to Dr. Kane's evidence at about 7:30 in the morning they broke into Mrs. Kayne's bedroom and found her and Kaffenberg together. The defendant begged her husband to spare her life. After securing the evidence they left the house, taking the three-year-old child of Mrs. Kayne with them.

Mr. Bagley, who was a boarder at the house, corroborated Mr. Kayne's testimony, as also did Mrs. Brunn to some extent. The jury then took the case and in fifteen minutes adjudged the defendant guilty of adultery as charged and the plaintiff not guilty of the counter charges. The father was given the custody of his pretty boy.

Tom Davis, the well-known theatrical manager, formerly of Litt & Davis, has gone against the financial wall. His petition in bankruptcy shows his liabilities as $2,503, and no available assets.

He mentions in his schedules that he has books covering fourteen plays, among them being the following: "Have You Seen Smith?" "On the Bowery," "Sidewalks of New York," "Heart of the Klondike," "My Innocent Boy," "The Stowaway," and "The White Rat."



All material for this department should be sent to the Literary Editor. The Wave is especially interested in California literary talent, and anything regarding the writings of local authors or of interest in their lives will be given attention.

Found Him a Celebrity.

It is rare that a publisher takes up an unknown author, accepts his book, and then discovers that he is famous, but such was the case with "The Inn of the Silver Moon." The name of its author, Herman Knickerbocker Viele, carried no suggestion to the publisher's mind, which is apt to be too full of things literary to care for things scientific; and it was only after the book was in type that it was discovered that Mr. Viele is so distinguished a civil engineer as to have been entrusted with the enormous work of the extension of the City of Washington, which occupied six years and involved some millions of dollars. This and other things took so much time, in fact, that little was left for writing, and even the small amount of work of this kind that was done was subjected to such severe criticism by the author that he made no effort to publish it. "The Inn of the Silver Moon" is therefore his first book, but it is hardly probable that it will be his last. Mr. Viele has too many talents for one man, for he paints pictures that are hung in the Salamagundi Club, and he takes houses in Brittany, Holland and Touraine. His is a many-colored life, and a gay one. His brother, Francis Viele-Griffin, is the only Anglo-Saxon who has received the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor as a writer of French verse. He is famous as one of the symbolists, and his chateau is the rendezvous of the younger crowd of French writers, so Mr. Viele comes by the knowledge of French life displayed in his little romance most honestly.

Herbert S. Stone & Co., the publishers, were awarded a silver medal at Paris this year for their exhibit of commercial books—a fact which emphasizes again the distinction of this firm in the make-up of its books. The pioneer in the art of giving character to the covers of the ordinary novel, Mr. Stone has maintained his superiority against the competition which he inaugurated. No other books are so well dressed —as fittingly, as smartly—as his, and certainly none carry their clothes with such an air.

A Poet's Life.

Among the more important books issued this fall is "The Life of Edward Fitz-Gerald," by John Glyde, which is soon to appear from the press of Herbert S. Stone & Co. The book has the authorization and backing of the Omar Khayyam Club of London, and Edward Clodd, an ex-president of that organization, has written an introduction. The volume is designed as a definitive life of Fitz-Gerald, and all lovers of the Rubaiyat will welcome its appearance.

A Timely Book.

"Colonial Government" is the title and subject of a new book by Paul S. Reinsch, Assistant Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin. It will be issued in the "Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics, and Sociology," which is under the general editorship of Professor Richard T. Ely, and published by the Macmillan Company. It is intended to make the work not only the most complete treatise extant on its subject but one which can also be used as a textbook in those universities which are giving courses in it. A pretty thorough piece of work may be expected from Professor Reinsch whose "World Politics" has met with such a cordial reception from students of modern political history.

Four Noteworthy Novels.

During the past two weeks the Macmillan Company has published four noteworthy novels. "In the Palace of the King" by F. Marion Crawford; "Richard Nay and Yea" by Maurice Hewlett; "Who Goes There?" by B. K. Benson, and "The Hosts of the Lord" by Flora Annie Steel. The first three ran into a second large edition the day of publication, and the fourth into a second edition within a week of issue.

He Could n't Happen Nowadays.

Mr. Dooley, in *Harpers' Weekly*, touches off the prevailing style of romantic novel in his usual humorous and witty manner. He is telling Mr. Hennessy of "Richard Carvel."

"Ye can see, Hinnissy, that this la-ad cudden't happen nowadays. He cudden't find th' horses nor th' s'ciety. But he was good thin. I won't undhertake to tell ye iv th' things he done in deetail to win th' heart iv th' lovely girl who was tellin' him that she loved him through a megaphone. He jined Paul Jones, an' sailed his ship acrost Scotland; he fought a dool a day, an' come to in th' ar-rms iv th' crool whose love he sought. Afther stickin' all th' nobility in England with a soord, he come home an' took charge iv the Rivolution, which he won in a canther. Thin he sought out th' woman he loved, an' she threw her ar-rms ar-round his neck, an' befure they cud be split out th' parson crept up behind him an' married thim. All these things he told to his gran'daughter, who set thim down with her own fair hand."

"His grandmother!" said Mr. Hennessy.

"No, his gran'daughter," said Mr. Dooley, "and she believed him."

"Thim things cudden't happen," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Anything cud happen that far back, whin they wore romantic clothes," said Mr Dooley.

The World's Discoverers.

Little, Brown and Company have just published "The World's Discoverers," by William Henry Johnson, author of "The King's Henchman." It includes only such voyages of discovery as were made with a view to finding a sea route to the Indies; and its purpose is to trace in outline the impulse which started early in the fifteenth century, with the awakening of Europe, and which has reached its final achievement in our own time. It is believed to be the only book, giving, as a whole, a connected account of the search for a route to the Indies.

A Book for Boys.

The out-of-door life depicted in "Gold Seeking on the Dalton Trail," a book for boys, by Arthur R. Thompson, makes the work noteworthy, though there is an added interest in the race of two exploring parties towards the gold fields. "Natural features, scenery, and people," says the author, "have been described faithfully, and the story throughout is based on real happenings."

Afterglow.

A dainty book of verse from the press of Charles Scribner's sons is "Afterglow," the later poems of Julia C. R. Dorr. Those who are familiar with "Afternoon Songs" and "Bermuda" by Mrs. Dorr will appreciate the present addition to her volumes. Her varses are sweet and have rhythm and poesy in their composition.

Book of Travels.

Among the Berbers of Algeria by Anthony Wilkin, (Cassell & Company) records and illusrrates the wanderings of two anthropologists amony the two great Berger tribes of modern Algeria—the Chawia and the Kabyles. The purely scientific results are not obtruded upon the notice of the reader, though many of the common occupations of the Berger's life, their arts and crafts, are described. Thns, the purely scientific reader will find plenty to interest him, and he is not so purely scientific will find little to tire or disgust. The book, in a word, is an account of travel among the descendants of an ancient race whose culture spread from one end of the Mediterranean to the other, in a country full of natural interest and beauty which the numerous illustrations are designed, so far as in them lies, to explain and exemplify.

In addition to the very numerous photographs there is a map showing the author's route and all the more important places mentioned in the text.

A New Rubaiyat.

The new edition of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" (Little, Brown and Company), in addition to the renderings of Fitzgerald, Whinfield and McCarthy, contains Andrew Lang's poem, "To Omar Khayyam." The following is one of the eighteen quatrains:—

> "You were a Saint of unbeliving Days,
> Liking your Life and happy in Men's Praise;
> Enough for you the Shade beneath the Bough,
> Enough to watch the wild World go its Ways."

Magazines.

Wanamakers New Monthly.

The latest development in magazines is the entrance of the firm of John Wanamaker into the publisher's field. They will take over and publish, beginning with the December issue, *Everybody's Magazine*.. "We have set ourselves the task of building up in character and circalation an illustrated magazine of our own and of the best type" says the announcement. So radical a departure seems to call for some explanation; the statements made that the Wanamaker stores have become the largest sellers of books at retail in the country and that they deal with more readers directly than any other firm (the aggregate sales equalling or surpassing the sales of even the larger publishing houses) they think that a popular magazine belongs naturally to this organization. A highly attractive Christmas number is promised with contributions from James Whitcomb Riley, Miss Mary E. Wilkins, Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood was in Flower," Edwin Asa Dix of "Deacon Bradbury" fame and a novel serial by a new Southern woman writer of whom much is expected.

Of Interest to Clubmen.

Life members of the Olympic Club will be interested in the picture in the Cristmas number of *Camera Craft*, a reproduction of an india ink sketch made by Charles Nahl at the time the nucleus of the present institution was laid in the back yard of the artist. This picture is but one of a number of old sketches all of which will be reproduced in a monotone to correspond to the time of the original drawings. Other features of the Christmas number will be a three color reproduction of one of the best photographs ever made of "Wawona" the giant of the Mariposo grove. An article on "Photographing Children in Chinatown" by Dr. Arnold Genthe, is another interesting feature.

For Nineteen Hundred One.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has issued its forecast for 1901 and its promises are a surety that the coming volume will be better than ever before. In fiction, "Audrey" by Miss Mary Johnston, author of "To Have and To Hold," is the leader. Another historical novel promised is "The Tory Lover" by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, and Kate Douglas Wiggin will publish the third and final group of the delightful Penelope papers, in "Penelope's Irish Experiences."

The most important group of papers is a series of studies of the Reconstruction Period contributed by Woodrow Wilson, Hilary A. Herbert, W. E. B. Du Bois, Daniel H. Chamberlain, William G. Brown, Thomas Nelson Page, Samuel W. McCall and William A. Dunning.

Mansfield's Elocution.

For the first time in Mr. Mansfield's career the principal New York critics joined cordially in commending his production of Henry V, although some of them carp more or less with reference to his fault as an elocutionist. But Mr. Mansfield is creating a great effect upon the public with his declamation of the numerous and varied speeches uttered by Henry, and he could not accomplish this end without a certain amount of art. Many do not seem to remember that the standards of elocution and declamation as applied to stage purpose have vastly changed within the last twenty years. Rignold's noisy, melodramatic method would not be tolerated today, and it is quite likely that audiences would now be profounnly distressed by the pompous oratory of Kemble, Macready or Junius Brutus Booth. King Henry V., measured by the speeches Shakespeare put into his mouth, was not a stump orator or a mouthing politician, but a thoughtful man valorous in deed,yet simple in manner and speech. This is the view Mr. Mansfield takes, and each of the speeches is uttered with glowing earnestness and manly sentiment, but not with the nerve-racking energy of a Bombastes Furioso.

GILBERT PARKER, the distinguished author, says a friend is a great lover of children, and all children love him. He will dress up as a robber chief to perfection, and look really splendid with his raven black hair, dark complexion, and big expressive eyes—in fact, when you look at him first you only see these large, biack, dreamy eyes. He can tell the most lovely bogey stories you ever heard; and then he plays snapdragon with you to make you not feel creepy before you go to bed, ending up with a fairy story, dainty and fascinating, and all made up on the spur of the moment. He is a brilliant conversationalist, but perhaps he is still more brilliant listener. He is one of the few men that I have met who have reduced listening to a science; it doesn't matter what you say, he is always absorbed in that particular subject. And that is, undoubtedly, a quality as rare as it is delightful.

The Richest Playwright.

The playwright with the largest income today is Edmond de Rostand. In Paris he has plays at two theatres,"L'Aiglon"—Sarah Bernhardt's, and "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the Porte Saint-Martin. His author's fees for July, a month in which the sweltering heat affected the run even of "L'Aiglon," exceeded £1,300. In August they rose to £1,800, and there is little doubt that from now on till Sarah Bernhardt closes her season M. Rostand will receive considerably more than £2,000 on the 10th of each month—the payday of French dramatists. In addition to the anthor's fees there are the seats given to the author for every performance, the sales of which brings in at least £120 a month. At a moderate estimate Rostand has made $400,000 since the first night of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

AN INVIDIOUS COMPLIMENT.—Beerbohm Tree was playing the part of Falstaff at the Haymarket Theatre in London, and the indispensable "stuffing" made him perspire profusely. Gilbert, the playright, going behind the scenes to see the actor, who may well have expected commendation on the excellence of his impersonation, said simply, "How well your skin acts, Mr. Tree!"

Her Dowry

Continued from page 9.

remote stations, then rumbling onward again.

"How far it is!" murmured Jeanne. "Is it possible he has forgotten himself—gone to sleep? He has had much to fatigue him these last few days."

One by one all the passengers left. She remained alone—all alone. The conductor bawled,

"Vaugirard!"

As she did not stir he repeated,

"Vaugirard!"

She looked at him, beginning to understand that this mysterious word was flung at herself,since she had no neighbors to appropriate it. The man bellowed for the third time,

"Vaugirard!"

Then she asked, "Where are we?"

He answered impatiently,

"We are at Vaugirard to be sure! Haven't I called it twenty times?"

"Is it far from the boulevard?" said she.

"What boulevard?"

"Why, the boulevard des Italiens."

"It's an age since we passed that!"

"Ah! Will you kindly inform my husband?"

"Your husband! Where is he?"

"On the roof, of course."

"On the roof! There hasn't been anybody up there for ever so long."

She made a terrified gesture.

"What is that? It is not possible! He boarded the omnibus with me. Look carefully—he *must* be there!"

The conductor was getting crosser every minute.

"Come, come, child 'nough said! For one man lost, ten can be found. Let him go! It is finished. You can pick up another in the streets."

The tears were in her eyes as she insisted,

"But, sir, you are mistaken—I assure you it's all a mistake! He had a large bill-case under his arm."

The man began to laugh.

"A large bill-case? Ah, yes, yes! He got off at the Madeleine. It's all the same; he was tired of you—ah, ha! ha!"

The vehicle was stopped. She climbed out and, in spite of herself, flung an instinctive glance upward to the roof. It was utterly deserted.

It was only then that she broke into uncontrollable weeping and, not caring who could see or hear, cried in anguish—

"Oh, what am I going to do?"

The bureau inspector approached her.

"What is all this?" he asked brusquely, and the conductor answered in a gruff voice:

"It's a woman whose husband has deserted her on the road."

"Well," said the former, "that is nothing. Go back to your duty," and he turned on his heel abruptly.

Left alone, Jeanne began an aimless walk. She was blinded by tears and too frightened and bewildered to even know where she was going. Where could she go? What could she do? What had happened to him?

Whoever had heard of such strange conduct, such forgetfulness, such indifference, such incredible abstraction and carelessness.

She had two francs in her pocket. To whom could she appeal? And suddenly came the remembrance of her cousin Barral, subchief on the Bureau of Marines.

She had just enough to pay a cab for that distance. She at once called one and was soon there, meeting him just as he was leaving for his diplomatic studies.

He carried, just as Lebrument had done, a large bill-case under his arm.

She flung herself from the carriage.

"Henry! Henry!" she cried.

He stopped, stupefied.

"Jeanne, here? All alone? What are you doing? Where did you come from?"

GLUTTONY

Is more common than we may think, if we define gluttony as eating beyond the body's need of sustenance and beyond the stomach's capacity for digestion and assimilation of food. That is a fair definition, and it fastens the name glutton on many a person who would resent the term as an insult. The fact of this gluttony is marked by its consequences. The overloaded stomach becomes diseased. The popular term for the condition is "weak" stomach. The "weak" stomach fails in furnishing adequate nutrition for the body, and soon the "weakness" spreads from the stomach to other organs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the perfect assimilation of food, by which alone the health and strength of the body is maintained.

"Your medicine helped me so much that I cannot praise it too highly," writes Mrs. C. L. Brooks, of Poland, Androscoggin Co., Me. "The first dose I took helped me. I cannot forget how I felt when I took it; I was suffering everything with indigestion, and my stomach was so bloated that it seemed as though it must burst. My husband said he was going for the doctor, but I said if he would get me a bottle of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' I would try that. I had not taken it long when I felt relieved, and have not had a touch of indigestion or stomach trouble since. I had been sick for four years, and less than four bottles cured me. Some people that knew me before I began to take the 'Golden Medical Discovery' tell me that they never saw such a change in any one, and they also say they don't see how I can do such large washings as I do now, when I had not done a washing for so long."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN.

KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

Sunset Limited

For the Season of

1900=1901

Tri=Weekly

Leave SAN FRANCISCO	Leave LOS ANGELES
Mondays	Tuesdays
Wednesdays	Thursdays
Fridays	Saturdays
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.

ARRIVE NEW ORLEANS, 7:20 P. M. MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS.

MORE BRILLIANT THAN EVER
NEW EQUIPMENT
IMPROVED SERVICE

Secure Time Tables and any desired information from
Any S. P. Co's Agent.

Santa Fe Trains

GO TO

Antioch	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Bakersfield	9 a m		8 p m
Chicago	9 a m		
Denver	9 a m		
Fresno	9 a m		8 p m
Hanford	9 a m		8 p m
Joliet	9 a m		
Kansas City	9 a m		
Leavenworth	9 a m		
Merced	9 a m		8 p m
Newton	9 a m		
Phoenix	9 a m		
Stockton	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Tulare	9 a m		8 p m
Visalia	9 a m		8 p m
Williams	9 a m		

Personally conducted Excursions to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston every MONDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in Pullman's Best Tourist Sleeping Cars. Try this NEW ROUTE.
Get full information and handsome folder at

641 MARKET STREET
or at Santa Fe Ticket Office
Ferry Building, Foot of Market Street

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters "Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable. Leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

Naber, Alfs & Brune, Agents,
325 Market Street S F Cal

With eyes drenched in tears she stammered forth,

"My husband has just disappeared."

"Disappeared? How is that?"

"On an omnibus."

"An omnibus? Oh-h!——"

And, bitterly weeping, she related her adventures. He listened thoughtfully, then asked:

"This morning how was his head? Was he quite calm?"

"Yes."

"Good! Had he much money with him?"

"Yes, he was carrying my dowry."

"Your dowry! The whole of it?"

"Every sou. He was going to pay for his legal education."

"Ah, indeed! Well, my dear little cousin, just about this time your husband is spinning along on the express for Belgium."

She did not yet comprehend, and brightened into hope.

"My husband—you say—"

"I say that he has swept up your—your whole capital—and that's the whole story!"

She stood like one stricken dumb and, half suffocating, murmured,

"Then he is—he is a scoundrel!"

After which, overcome with emotion, she fell upon the waistcoat of her cousin, shaken with sobs.

As passers-by were stopping to gaze curiously at them, he very gently pushed her under the deep doorway of his house where, supporting her with his arm around her waist, he led her up the stairs. As his astonished maid opened the door, he commanded,

"Sophie, run to the restaurant and order up a breakfast for two. I shall not go to the office today."

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT. Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Sutter Street Hammam

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

FIGPRUNE CEREAL

A Perfect Food Beverage

54% Fruit
46% Grains
100 -
and nothing else

A Substitute for Coffee. Nourishing and Invigorating. YOUR GROCER SELLS IT.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Thomas Greene, Miss Grace Orr and Edward Webb of the Tivoli Company. This is not the way they appear in the "Jolly Musketeer" but is the result of a mixup in the Wave Art Department.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For
Brain Workers.

Strengthens the exhausted and confused brain, relieves nervous headache, and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

Pears

obtained the only

Grand Prize

awarded solely for toilet soap at the

Paris Exhibition, 1900.

This is the highest award obtainable for anything.

Pears' Soap has obtained 21 International awards.

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

A TOILET NECESSITY

Wakelee's

Cold Cream of Roses

—MADE WITH—

Pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses

Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss Stereo Binoculars The most compact Field Glasses made, with the Highest power. Prices, $47.50 to $80.00.

Send for Illustrated Booklet

Geo. H. Kahn.
OPTICIAN.
201 KEARNY ST.,
CORNER OF SUTTER
KODAK AGENCY—PHOTO SUPPLIES

Cotton Sail Ducks Twenty two-inch, in all numbers, Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore.

Murphy, Grant & Co

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . . .
Centrally Located . .
San Francisco, California

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts.,
New York. . . . .
American and European Plan
WILLIAM T. BANG, Pro.

Electric Supplies

CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIRS
Cal. Electrical Works
409 MARKET STREET

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM For a Perfect Complexion

Made from the pure fruit juice at

GREENBAUM'S,

200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave. Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

Don't Borrow a Home! BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., - - San Francisco

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000
Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S.F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO. General Agents.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE Tel. Main 199

DEALERS IN *Paper*

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

Germea

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

Bank of California
SAN FRANCISCO

Capital $2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits, Oct. 1, 1900 $3,514,068.82

William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; S. Prentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies; Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; Australia and New Zealand. The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN Savings and Loan Society
526 California Street

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....$2,238,372.45
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits, July 30, 1900 ..... 28,938,395.02

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President....H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Hermann
Secretary..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary .....A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hohte, I. N. Walker, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union
532 CALIFORNIA STREET

Deposits, July 1, 1900 .....$26,952,875
Reserve Fund..... 218,093
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Premery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier; R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.
Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

MUUUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO
33 POST STREET
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital..... 300,000

James D. Phelan, President; S. G. Murphy, Vice-Pres.; John A. Hooper, Vice-Pres. George A. Story, Cashier; C. B. Hobson, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal, James McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co. or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

It will surprise you

All bright housewives say

Electro-Silicon

SILVER POLISH

is best in every way.

"SILICON,"
30 Cliff St., New York.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath houses billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.,

TEL. 5610 609 Sacramento St

Arthur Roberts, who is a possible visitor to San Francisco during the coming season, has been for some years one of the popular low comedians of the London stage and in certain lines of burlesque has stood at the head of his profession. Less has been heard of him during recent seasons, although he is today ranked among the first of English comedians. He is now 50 years old and has been on the stage since he began his studies in a solicitor's office. Almost immediately after this time he went on the stage and for eight years served as an actor in small roles while following his regular duties as a clerk during the daytime. He was discovered at the end of that period. He has sung in comic opera and musical farce and was at one time about to come to this country to play in "Erminie," but the project fell through. He has managed his own theatre ike many London actors, and failed.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

Famous for its Purity

Seattle, U. S. A

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-312 POST STREET

SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EA

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY

Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE

This brand of Wine is served at all first-class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office, 416 Pine St. A. REPSOLD & CO.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU. Main office, 510 Montgomery Street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law.—Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office, Room 94 Chronicle bldg

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY CAL

THIS CHARMING RESORT

is wholly distinct and unique: There is no basis of comparison by which its attractions can be measured. None other in the world has such a climate; none is planned on such a vast and elaborate scale, none so absolutely exempt from every annoyance and inconvenience, nor so easily within the reach of those whose refinement of taste enables them to appreciate its charms.

x x x x

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

transplanted to the shores of the "Western Sea."

There is but one Hotel del Monte.

Send for Souvenirs and other information to

W. A. JUNKER, Manager,

Monterey, California

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

This Page to be taken from the Library

The Wave

Volume 22. Number 38
December 8, 1900.

Published *Every* Saturday

Price 10 Cents

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

San Francisco—December 8, 1900

Proposed Primary Law and Party Organization.

The proximity of a sound, thoroughly honest and constitutional primary law brings to the front party reorganization. A primary at which people can vote will produce people that do vote, and the participation of the voter brings into being the party leader and retires the boss. Locally, the most violent changes in party organization must necessarily occur in the Republican party. The Democratic organization, although not popular, is at least decent, and it is difficult to see where its opposition is to come from. The croakers who are telling what they intend to do to upset the present Democratic system belong to the old guard which, although it may die, will never surrender as long as a hope of office is in sight. They are for the most part chronic squealers who have by past acts become utterly discredited. Their presence in any movement would add to their opponents the element which as opponents they now lack—popularity.

With the Republicans it is different. Nine-tenths of the Republican voters of this city are highly respectable men, having at heart the welfare of the city. But these nine-tenths have nothing to say regarding party management. The other tenth, composed largely of characters that are doubtful and of characters that are not doubtful at all, constitute the machine and nominate the people whom the other nine-tenths of the party feel it a civic duty not to support. It is a singular fact that among the rank and file of the Republican party, there is an absence of leadership and a scarcity of material of which leaders can be made.

The honest people lack experience and skill and the machine lacks honesty and even common decency. Thus it comes to pass that year after year the respectable Republicans of the town feel compelled to elect the Democratic ticket. This is an absurd state of things, and uuder a well-framed primary law it will cease to be excusable. San Francisco has just gone Republican by an overwhelming majority—it remains to be seen whether there is enough vitality and intelligence in its ranks to win another and a greater victory; to clear the party of polluted bosses and nominate and elect honest men to constitute our municipal government.

Tobin for Mayor.

A certain body of Democrats connected with the local administration are pressing Joseph Tobin to the front as a candidate for mayor, with the idea that Phelanism may thus be perpetuated for two years longer, it being understood that Mr. Tobin is entirely docile in the hands of the present mayor.

The theory is rapidly crystalizing into practice that only a rich man has a right to aspire to be mayor of San Francisco. If this be accepted as a fact, probably Joseph Tobin is as good as any of his kind. People would maybe prefer a man who had done something—a man whose fitness would be judged by American, rather than European models. But running the government on aristocratic lines and excluding poor and self-made men from the competition leaves Mr. Tobin well up in the running. As to his election that is another matter. He has numerous weaknesses. His regard for Mayor Phelan is such that he accepts that person's faults as virtues, and as mayor the unpopular features of the present administration would be maintained, and on sumptuary legislation and the saloon question he would be more undemocratic and meddlesome than Phelan. Then he belongs to the Burlingame association of snobs, is a distinguished figure where prominence among that class passes for distinction and among the vulgar and impudent rich more nearly approximates to being a man than the others. This association would be a weakness at the polls. To pride oneself on the assumed exclusiveness of one's company, and insist on superiority founded thereon, is to found advancement on minority as opposed to majority, and this is an objectionable policy to the people. Snobbery is offensive anywhere, but most so in the atmosphere of California which should be free from it. When the sons and daughters of the butcher, baker and candlestick maker flock together and proclaim themselves an aristocracy they furnish themselves amusement and the public laughter. But employing this sort of thing as a basis for political preferment is another phase of the subject.

Mr. Tobin has much to learn and to unlearn before he can be elected mayor. If the right stuff is in him he has time to make himself eligible. He certainly is a clean man and would give the city an honest administration.

Election at Los Angeles.

Los Angeles which less than a month ago gave McKinley an overwhelming majority has just elected M. P. Snyder, a Democrat mayor, casting for him over two thousand more votes than were received by his opponent,

Most of all the local Democratic ticket was elected. In this there is a lesson for the San Francisco administration.

When the Republican ticket won in Los Angeles two years since, the mayor then elected felt that he had been ordained by Heaven to regulate the affairs of everybody, but particularly to persecute saloon-keepers. The administration nose was inserted into everything, and enemies for the Republican organization created by wholesale.

Sumptuary laws are naturally resented by California, and the city of Los Angeles counted the days until she could free herself from unpopular and tyrannical government. The Democrats ran on a platform and policy opposed to general meddlesomeness, and have won handsomely.

Mayor Phelan ought to consider the lesson from Los Angeles and overhaul his commissions before the public decides that they must be abated as intolerable nuisances.

M. P. Snyder may be depended on to give Los Angeles a first-class business administration. He served a term as mayor once before and made a fine record.

Police Commission as Architects.

Poor old "Pop" Sullivan has had another job of explaining to do for the benefit of the Police Commission. This time the brilliant ruling was made that he should close one of his side doors, the one leading into the Grill Room and only have two entrances from that street. The first time they called the case up the Board resolved itself into an architectural commission and planned changes for the interior, such as the removal of curtains, the changing of entrances and a few other minor details. As usual in such great bodies a portion of them did not concur in the opinion, so they "passed the buck" for a future hearing. This time they have decided that there are too many doors to the place or else they desire to have all the patrons pass in through prescribed limits. So they have closed one entrance. There seems to be no reasonable solution for such a decision, as it certainly will affect the patronage in no manner, unless it may be that the front doors being broader will be patronized by men too fat to enter the more narrow portals. If the Hoffman is an objectionable place, why not shut it up entirely? If, as seems to be the opinion of every one except the Police Commission, it is an orderly resort, what is the use in assuming a gnat-like attitude and continuously buzzing in a truly insect way? Are there no greater evils to which this immaculate Board can turn its attentions? Are there no other so-called cafes in this city that require notice, remodeling, repainting, new signs and perhaps new bar-tenders? The Board has occasionally done good work. In could do more by being a little less namby-pamby.

Should be Made to Pay.

So Eugene Deuprey, the Assistant District Attorney went to jail for contempt of court, rather than pay his former wife, Florence L. Deuprey, alimony of $100 a month? Judge Daingerfield seems obdurate. What an amusing thing it must be to those who are on the inside of political affairs. At the time when he received his appointment the wheel within the wheel that always revolves in such cases was made to turn in the interest of his former wife, or at least there was supposed to be a tacit understanding to that effect. It was said at that time that Mrs

Hearst, who was much interested in the welfare of Florence Deuprey, was in a large sense instrumental in his getting the appointment, because it would enable him from his salary of $300 a month to pay alimony promptly on time without at all embarassing himself. His marriage was one of the unforseen exigencies. Nor is it thought by many of those interested that he has the right to shirk a just and honorable obligation, assumed prior to his second matrimonial venture, merely that he may live at a $300 a month pace. There are many men on this earth that would be heartily glad of an opportunity to try to live in a very fair way for $200 a month and doubtless before he dies Mr. Deuprey also will be glad to join that number.

His Ox Gored.

It is odd how one's public spirit is always tested when it comes to the subjugation of one's own pocket book to meet patriotic demands. Thursday the Merchants' Association held its third annual dinner, and as usual there was a lot of eating, some drinking and an immense amount of talking. The most brilliant speech of the evening was that made by Frank J. Symmes, against the municipal ownership of public utilities. The gentleman fairly outdid himself in brilliant logic and all of his utterances were made with the utmost force of conviction. It is certainly conducive to eloquence and force when one's own ox is being gored. Mr. Symmes is a prominent Director of the Spring Valley Water Co., which in case of legitimate municipal ownership would certainly be one of the first corporations obsorbed.

Bluffer—In the matter of reading, the tastes of the man and the boy are alike.

Brightly—Not at all. The boy gets a dime novel for a nickel and reads it in hiding, while the man buys a dime novel in a dollar and a half edition and talks about it in public.

Whacht Racht.

Two nautical maids on a yacht
Cried bravely: "We care not a jacht
About mal de mer
When the weather is fer—
You can put us ashore when it's nacht."

When a man receives a quarter which is palpably of lead,
His remarks before a clergyman could scarcely be resaid.
He raves about dishonesty and snorteth with contempt;
More righteous indignation, surely, mortal never dreamt—
And ne'er a smiling countenance doth this same man present
Until he's passed the quarter on some unsuspecting gent.

"I'm engaged to a foreign nobleman, pa."
"How much does he expect me to shell out?"
"I don't know."
"That's just like you; you never ask the price of anything!"

Londoner—She is one of your most popular actresses, isn't she?

American—Oh, yes. Why, she has had a racehorse, a cigar and a tooth-powder named after her.

Drinkwater—The abuse of liquor has reached a terrible stage in this country.

Old Soak—I should say it has. Some of those temperance people should be lynched for what they say about it.

Militarism and Vegetables.

One day last week General W. R. Shafter came in at the gates of the Presidio riding in an Italian's vegetable wagon. "Turn out the guard: post commandant!" cried the startled sentry. There was a rushing of feet, a hurried grasping of rifles, the clinking of belts in the guard tent. "Never mind the guard," cried the General and really he did not want any display. He would have gladly slid by the sentry in disguise or have hid beneath the cabbages in the wagon bottom if there had been enough to cover his form. Times like these, the less ostentation, the better the feeling; then military grandeur brings no pride.

The Italian vegetable man who knew not the rank of his heavy passenger, was first frightened and then proud of the manner in which his advent on the encampment grounds was greeted. He returned each salute of hand to visor or presented rifle with a genial smile and nod as they drove up the road, and he did not notice his companion's scowl or the doubling-up in merriment of the officers and men when his wagon had passed.

General Shafter has friends on Van Ness avenue whom he frequently visits. He comes in a cab which leaves him and at a previously specified time returns to take him back to his quarters. On this day there was some misunderstanding regarding the hour and no cab was waiting when the General left his friend's house.

It was a long walk to the Presidio even for a man of average weight and besides, there was a strong head wind blowing with a slight sleet of rain. The General did not enjoy the prospect nor did he wish to return to his friends and explain. He started to walk but before he had gone a quarter of the distance his legs gave out and he was obliged to sit down on the lower step of a porch stair and rest.

As he mopped his face, wet with perspiration and rain, with his handkerchief, he saw approaching a solution to his trouble. An Italian vegetable vender with provender for the Presidio hove in sight down the street and was stopped by the General after a sharp run. The preliminaries were soon arranged, the careful Italian insisting on a guarantee for his wagon springs besides a sufficiently high fare, and the vehicle with its freight of garden truck and Shafter started for the barracks, with a group of wide-eyed street urchins running after.

Thus the General came to his sovereignty. The story is not to be whispered at the post under pain of instant court martial.

"Say, old man, how do you tell a debutante from a girl in her fourth season, when you don't know either and one looks as old as the other?"

"Watch them at a problem play or when a risky story is told. The debutante tries not to appear shocked, though she is, while the other pretends to be shocked, though she isn't."

Over the Demi-Tasse

"Speaking of General Shafter," said one of the newspaper boys at the Press Club high-jinks the other night, "reminds me of a trick he played on an *Examiner* reporter when he was Colonel in command at Alcatraz. Tom Garrett was city editor of the *Examiner* in those days and somehow it got to Tom that the officers at Alcatraz were getting all the best parts of the meat sent there for the enlisted men, leaving the bones and the hide for the privates. To right such wrongs is the *Examiner's* mission on earth. Here the United States government was purchasing meat for its brave boys in blue—this was before the Khaki days—and paying its commissioned officers a salary out of which they were supposed to buy their grub; and the officers were not only robbing the privates but also the government.

"Garrett sent the boy into the local room for a clever reporter named Scott. When Scott came in Garrett gave him his prompt and decisive orders: 'Get on Alcatraz; be arrested and put in the guard house. I want two columns on so and so,' and he explained the points of the story.

"Scott was bright and did not ask how. He went down to the Front and renting a row boat, pulled out to Alcatraz. Of course, as soon as he set foot on shore he was promptly picked up by a sentry and taken to the guard house. The officer of the day questioned him but Scott put up a bluff of drunk and he was left to sleep it off.

"That night Scott got his story. He was not overcautious about it because he expected to leave next morning and the sergeant of the guard heard him asking many questions which had a suspicious sound. The sergeant reported to the officer of the guard and the officer of the guard reported to the officer of the day and the officer of the day reported to Colonel Shafter. The next morning Scott was taken by a file of soldiers to the Colonel's headquarters. Scott had all he wanted to know and he felt sure he could dish up a page of horrible meat steals if necessary; he was ready to go and expected to answer a few questions, keeping up his bluff of a drunken wanderer and be put aboard the tug.

"But the first query popped at him by Colonel Shafter disabused his mind: 'What paper are you for?'

"Scott took the bull by the horns. 'The *Examiner*,' he replied.

" 'What's your lay?' asked the Colonel.

" 'I am detailed here,' Scott said with dignity, 'to discover the truth of the story which has come to the notice of the *Examiner*, that the best of the meat purchased for the privates is being used by the officers.'

" 'You will be given ample opportunity. Take him back to the guard house, corporal, and keep him there until further instructions from me. Feed him guard house meat, too.'

"Scott was led away vowing yellow-journalism revenge. For a week he was kept under lock and key and fed twice a day on prison fare. At first he had hopes that the Hearst dailies would send a steel-clad yacht to his rescue but none came. On the seventh morning he was taken down to the wharf and placed aboard the government tug.

"His first move when he landed on San Francisco soil was to hasten to the *Examiner* office and he caught Tom Garrett in his room. Scott was pale and emaciated from his confinement when he stepped up to Garrett's desk, and the city editor looked up at him.

" 'You've been drunk again, Scott. I can see it in your face,' said Garrett. 'I haven't noticed you around here for a week or so either. We can't stand this any more. Put in your pay-slip and get out.'

"Scott didn't say a word. Mad! It's a wonder he didn't kill Garrett as he sat there. He slammed out of the office and out of the building, and the big meat story came out in the *Call*. Garrett had clean forgotten all about the detail."

The Reporter who Didn't Know a Story.

The old reporter smoked for a time with a smile on his face. "Tom Garrett" he began, "always did have queer notions regarding a reporter's power to secure a story, He never excused the man that asked how to get his material or failed to make the requisite showing. There was a young fellow from Los Angeles named Bentley who came a cropper in the local room because he didn't savvy.

"It was Bentley's second day on the Monarch when Garrett came into the room, took a squint about and beckoned to him. 'Come, get your hat on!' he said. 'Follow me.'

"The reporter followed. Garrett chased him over to the Poodle Dog restaurant, and up to the second floor. A man and two women were in a box when Garrett and Bentley bumped in. The man jumped up and Garrett grabbed him by the button hole. Then they whispered for awhile. Garrett next took one of the ladies aside and conversed hurriedly in low tones with her while the man and the other woman whispered. The reporter looked on, wondering.

"It was over in two minutes and Bentley chased after Garrett back to the office. As the city editor disappeared in his box he called to Bentley, 'Give me two columns on this.'

"Well, that reporter had just as much idea of what had taken place as you or I. The proper thing for him to have done was to start out and discover, but he made the mistake of asking Garrett. He was fired so quickly that his head swam and Garrett said afterwards that Bentley didn't know a story when he bumped into it."

Melba Spoke Plain English.

One of San Francisco's society boys —some say "sissy-boys"—has decided to give up all hopes of a career as an actor and instead of singing Siegfried and Die Walkure, continue to suck the head of his cane and smoke cigarettes. It happened that he "suped" at the Grand on a Melba night presenting the part of a tin-clad soldier. It was his first opportunity in the higher form of the drama and he was there because he wished to be able to say off-hand at the club or in the drawing room that he had once acted with Melba; then too he had aspirations and dim ideas of the great prima donna noticing his strong tenor voice and asking him to take a leading part. Such things happened in the books he read.

It was in the third act. Melba was on the stage and the chorus was awaiting its cue. The tin-clad soldier had slipped into a favorable position to see and hear and was just in time to get into Melba's road as she made a hurried exit. There was a collision which for a moment threatened to upset the divine Melba. Then she turned on him.

"You damned little runt, you, get the hell out of here!" she said in remarkably pure beer shop English.

And so he has given up his aspirations in the operatic line. His name? He knows it and his friends will guess.

Have you Read Them in the Sunday Chronicle.

Justice Garoutte is still traveling. San Franciscans do not object to this. It is the presentation of his thoughts during the trip that sicken the heart and makes the blood congeal. Now what excuse is there for printing this kind of rot? The judge is supposed to be at the foot of the Eiffel tower in Paris.

"Remembering how light atmosphere is at great altitudes," he writes, "I thought it better to go to the first landing, and there lunch at the great cafe, as it was about the proper hour. Now, anybody who thinks this restaurant landing is near the ground is much mistaken. I could not see it at all with the naked eye, but my wife, who wears long-distance glasses, said that she saw something black up there in the sky, which she thought might be the restaurant.

"So we went to take the ascenseur. I took a snapshot at this ascenseur with my eyes, and it looked frail. Now, I am a heavy man, and, while that ascenseur looked all right for the first mile or so, I didn't know how the light atmosphere might affect it at a higher altitude. Of course I had no fear for myself. But there were my dear wife and two daughters. What would become of them if the thing should drop? Ah, I loved them too well to risk it, and said, 'Loved ones, go up and eat; eat your fill. I will not endanger your lives by going with you. I am fearful the extra weight would be too much. I would truly love to go. Indeed, it has been one of the ambitions of my life to ascend the eiffel tower, but I now forego the pleasure. I will not endanger a hair on your heads.' So up they went."

If the Judge's "dear wife and two daughters" would prevail upon him to curb his wild Bill Nye humor or else fall into the Vesuvian crater or off the Maetterhorn all would be forgiven. Nothing can be done at this end. Mike de Young insists on running the letters

Ed. Greenway now a Bohemian.

Ed. Greenway, mourning the loss of his formal social position; with no birthday parties and with no debutante to force in his hot-house into a social bud— at so much per bud—is going into the Bohemian line. He will next take to drink.

What a shock it would be for Ed's mother to know that her dear boy had given a supper for a person on the stage. And at the Bohemian Club! And in the *Red Room* of the Bohemian Club!

Dear, dear!

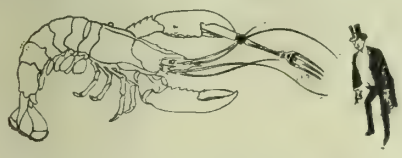
Bohemianism may have rubbed against Mr Greenway before but not to be chronicled in the daily papers. It is only since the loss of his heavy position as manager of San Francisco's social functions that he has taken to the foot-lights and the Bohemian supper.

Now Miss Fritzie Scheff is a dear little girl and as jolly off the stage as she is on. She can have a good time anywhere—almost. But they say she nearly froze at Ed. Greenway's Bohemian supper. It isn't pleasant to be the only Bohemian at a Bohemian sup-

per; and she was that. She had to be shown off like a trick canary at the bird show, and Ed. Greenway was the trainer.

The list of those invited to meet the little singer would have kept any local Bohemian away. They were:

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Dillon, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Mamie Josselyn, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Caro Crockett,Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. Toplitz of Paris, Walter L. Dean, Major James McM. Wood of Portland, Nat N. Wilson, N. Stetson, J. L. Rathbone, Samuel G. Boardman, E. H. Sheldon, R. McKee Duperu, Willard N. Drown,Theodore Wores, A. B. Costigan and Walter S. Martin.



A Wonderful Financial Genius.

John I. Sabin is a good business manager. For several years he has kept competition in the telephone line out of San Francisco and at the same time has given this city the most general and cheapest system of inter-communication in the world. Then Mr. Sabin has launched two daughters successfully in the social world, marrying one of them. His last venture is the newspaper debut of Miss Pearl Ladd Sabin made in last Monday's *Call* with a column cut.

This shows executive ability seldom equalled; and when to top all this, it is understood that Mr. Sabin is the vestry, board of management, Sunday School Committee—in fact the entire works of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, his achievements stand pre-eminent.

Stealing Harrison's Only Joke.

Says the *Call:* "Every one of the students at the Girls' High School is madly in love. Of course, that is nothing strange or wonderful, but they are all worshiping the same man, and that is where my tale comes in. On Monday last ex-Minister to Siam Barrett visited the school and spoke to the pupils.

" 'How shall I address the students?' said the ex-diplomat to Principal Brooks as he stood in the auditorium facing a bewitching bunch of blooming girls. 'Shall I call them young ladies?'

" 'Call them girls,' said Brooks.

" 'Very well,' said Barrett, 'but I really would like to call them sweethearts.' "

"And that is how it came about and that is the simple fashion in which Barrett with one fell swoop captured several hundred palpitating girlish hearts."

* * * *

Of course ex-Minister to Siam Barrett may not have known, but the *Call* should; this little joke *belongs* to William Greer Harrison. He has held undisputed possession for twenty-seven years and has never missed an opening to use it.

Jim Jeffries is Not Gallant.

"In days of old when knights were bold and barons held their sway, a warrior bold" wasn't considered of much account unless he propped the concrete woman upon a pedestal and worshipped her with chivalrous devotion. To-day, here is our own Jim Jeffries, warrior and bold, coming out with the most ungallant kind of a statement in which he denies ever having proposed marriage to Miss Dorothy Drew, the actress, or that he is engaged to her.

He says: "Miss Drew herself knows this to be the truth, and I think the least she could have done would have been to make a denial of the statement instead of substantiating it, as she practically did."

And he also says: "I never gave Miss Drew any encouragement whatever in regard to matrimony."

Last Regular Meeting of the Cabinet.

Tuesday afternoon last, the Cabinet held its regular weekly meeting at O'Brien's Hall. Acting Mayor Charles Wesley Reed presided. The object of the meeting was to investigate into the action of the administration in causing the loss of a horse and cart to James O'Brien in sequence to the recent election.

Mr. O'Brien started the discussion, addressing the meeting at some length. He was interrupted by ex-Chief of Police Lees who asserted that he had detected something. Cross-examination revealed the fact that the something was a bad odor. Jim Nealon and Blinker Murphy were appointed a committee to assist the chief in unravelling the clew.

Mr. Murphy refused to serve until he had made a statement. Permission having been obtained he announced somewhat irrelevantly that it was through his son in the assessor's office that the *Examiner* got the inside tip that the deputies in that office were contributing to the anti-Civil service suit. Mr. O'Brien then took up the thread of his discourse and was proceeding with the genealogy of the horse when he was interrupted by Chairman Neaton of the committee on offensive odors who reported for the committee that the stench detected by Chief Lees arose from the decomposition of one of Sam Rainey's stories. Inquiry as to which story caused the trouble elicited the information that it was the old story about Mr. Rainey's going to the doctor with a bottle. The episode caused no surprise because as George Maxwell remarked, "None of Sam's stories are less than twenty years old and most of them have been rotting several years already."

At the conclusion of Mr. O'Brien's complaint it was decided to lay the dead horse on the morgue table and postpone the cart for one week. This novel solution of the difficulty was offered by Judge Lawlor who explained that he was better versed in parliamentary law than in any other kind, he having graduated from Professor Popper's Iroquois school of acting. Judge Lawlor then resigned from the Cabinet. The resignation was accepted with resolutions of respect. No question was asked as to the motive underlying Judge Lawlor's action, it being understood by all as a compliment to the Cabinet.

An application was presented from Johnny Barrett for membership. On motion of Blinker Murphy, action was suspended until it was ascertained if Mr. Barrett was sufficiently dead. Chairman Reed then offered a resolution endorsing the candidacy of Charles Wesley Reed for mayor. Charles Wesley Reed spoke for the resolution, delivering a glowing panegyric of the subject.

The resolution received the first and second reading and was ordered printed in the *Wave*, provided it could be paid for in hot air. Mr. Nealon presented the Cabinet with a copy of his celebrated "Treatise on Assessments." The meeting then adjourned.

Huntington's Aged Horses Taken Care of.

The pretty story comes from New York that the five aged steeds of the late Collis P. Huntington will be pensioned off for the balance of their lives and be kept from the horse poor house.

Archer Huntington, the son of the late millionaire, makes the statement:

"None of the horses is less than twenty years old.

"They have outlived their usefulness, and we do not like the idea of seeing them go into the possession of strangers, who might neglect or overwork them.

"It has now been decided to keep them and care for them until they die of old age."

Someone had started the report in Throgg's Neck that the Huntington heirs, tired of keeping the wo out nags, had decided to have them killed.

As a consequence, there was a hasty exodus of eager village folk to the estate, a delegation of hack drivers in the van.

Behind the cabbies was a nondescript following of shopkeepers, market gardeners and hucksters, and winding up the procession was the man who drives the village scavenger's cart.

They were much disappointed in not obtaining the horses as a gift.

Gave Melba a Bite to Eat.

Mayor Phelan is not to be outdone by Ed. Greenway in the entertaining of the elect in opera. He "farewelled" Melba with a dinner last Sunday night and it was in the red room at the Bohemian Club. Melba was there, as also were her sister, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean, Dr. and Mrs. Washington Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Older, Miss Voorhies, Miss Wells, Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. Ed. Greenway, Mr. R. J. Tobin, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs and Mr. Horace Platt. Neither Jack Carserly nor Dr. Voorsanger were invited.

Manager Grau is Delighted.

Every daily paper has given its readers this week the very flattering information that Maurice Grau is highly pleased with San Francisco. As Mr. Grau's pleasure is directly proportionate with the size of the bag he carried away, there is no real cause for much rejoicing. While Mr. Grau is uttering these words of tribute to San Francisco's liberality, he is using some of the same brand in New York, as is evidenced by the following clipping from the New York *Journal* of November 27th:

GRAU IS DELIGHTED.

It has been the dream of my life to have the greatest living actress and the greatest living actor on the stage at the same performance. I am delighted at their success.—MAURICE GRAU, on the Bernhardt-Coquelin performance.

Regarding Percy King's Sleeping Hours.

As the social season advances the question again arises and grows pregnant; how does Percy King manage his sleeping hours to accommodate his business and his pleasure?

Percy is the time-keeper at the Union Iron Works which means that he must be at his work before seven o'clock and mark down in a big book the exact minute when each of the numerous employes of the institution arrive. If he wasn't there the presumption is that the works would cease working.

But Percy is also a social leader—of course in a small way. Cotillions are his specialty and cotillions mean late hours. So do theatre parties and suppers. Now, if Percy gets home at half past two or three o'clock a. m., and has to be at the works at a quarter of seven, when must he sleep? And how long a social season can he stand?

Mayor Phelan's Defense of Free Speech.

Mayor Phelan gave a dinner recently that somehow escaped press notice. No anonymous communications were sent to the papers regarding it and it has been kept a close secret among those present.

The original intention was all right. Mayor Phelan desired to honor the outspokenness of Professor Ross of Stanford and show his contempt for the un-Democratic attempt to bridle free speech. He would gather around the board the foremost in educational, ministerial and judicial circles, and it could all be printed in the *Bulletin* and prove Mayor Phelan, once again, the defender of the people and the exponent of true Democracy. The reasons why this program was not carried out developed at the banquet. One of them, and the principal one, was Jack Casserly

When the wine had gone around once or twice, and even Judge Seawell and Dr. Rader were feeling kindly toward the world, Jack Casserly who, as everyone knows, draws a $4000 salary as member of the dignified Board of Education, decided it was his turn to talk and he told a story. It can not be printed here. The laws of the state against obscene literature prevent. The title of his tale was, "When a maid is a virgin."

The company around Mr. Phelan's table was not the kind upon which such classic literature can be sprung. Frank Lane laughed at the proper time, but the chill that emanated from Dr. Voorsanger, Prof. Ross and others of the company frosted Lane's laugh and entirely froze Casserly. It was a terrible contretemps.

Mayor Phelan attempted to relieve the strain by asking Dr. Voorsanger to say a few words. It was a case of turning on a regular Arctic cold wave. Rabbi Voorsanger was probably flustered by Jack Casserly's assininity for he seemed to forget that Prof. Ross was the guest of honor, and referred to the famous Stanford incident in a way that caused the hero of it to flush up hotly. Dr. Voorsanger said that he could not place the blame for such an unfortunate affair; that he did not know whether Mrs. Stanford, President Jordan or Prof. Ross was most in the wrong.

The people who listened were amazed and Mayor Phelan horrified. The dinner so carefully planned was a failure. No one was proud of himself or his neighbor and by tacit consent no one has talked of it. That is why the newspapers have not chronicled Mayor Phelan's protest against hampering the expression of individual views in the college faculties.

Superior Judge Graham's Grammar.

Judge-elect Thomas Graham, whose practice in the past has been principally battery cases in the Justice courts, made his debut in the higher temples of the judiciary as attorney for a woman who had brought suit for divorce. The allegations in the complaint were many and serious.

Judge-elect Graham put his plaintiff client on the witness stand. "Now," he said in a reassuring way, "just you tell the court what your man done to you."

Put his Name in the Hall of Fame.

Certainly the crowning act in a Judicial career strewn with other blazes of glory has been perpetrated by Judge Belcher of the Superior court in his recently rendered decision anent the Mechanics' Lien Law. Poor mechanics! No longer can they look for redress when their labor bills are unpaid, no longer will the protecting arm of the law shield them from wild cat speculations of impecunious builders. Judge Belcher has, in the language of George Ade, "fixed 'em plenty." Now it is time for some public spirited and broadly enlightened man to rise up and explain to these poor benighted workingmen why it is that for all these years the laws governing mechanics' liens have remained uncontested. Is this the first case where they have ever been put to the test? Is it a fact that for years the people of this state have accepted and operated under an unconstitutional law and might have continued to do so for years had not a Moses in the personage of Judge Belcher arisen to lead them from the sloughs of ignorance? By the way—Judge Belcher retires from office on December 31, 1900, this year.

Policemen Needed at the Union League.

It is stated that the Union League will expel from its membership George E. Curtis, attorney. This is the result of Mr. Curtis' peculiar ways of making bets and arranging the preliminaries.

Some months ago Mr. Curtis wagered D. E. McKinley, the prominent Santa Rosa politician, that a child born to citizens of the United States traveling abroad in a private capacity is eligible to the Presidency. Curtis wanted the decision by Federal Judges, and as judges always decide slowly, after deep thought, the matter is still holding fire.

Last Monday the money wagered, $20 a side, was being passed over from the club safe to the stakeholder, Joseph Simonson, when Curtis grabbed his twenty It was skilfully done; no pickpocket in the country could have been more adroit. But Curtis should have run and made his escape after his polite action. As it was, the police were called in and the clubman was dragged before a magistrate and forced to disgorge

The Union League is a gentleman's club and will not brook any such behavior as has been evidenced by Mr. Curtis. If necessary, policemen in plain clothes will be kept at all times in the club rooms to prevent thefts. Signs like the following will be posted in conspicuous places about the walls:

KEEP YOUR HAND ON YOUR POCKET-BOOK.

CLUB MEMBERS WILL REFRAIN FROM STEALING THE FURNITURE.

And George E. Curtis will be made an example, to teach others in the organization that while cheating at cards may be tolerated, highway robbery will not be allowed.

The Shock of Disillusion.

With a truly English rigidity of pose the proud and haughty driver held the reins over a spanking pair of silver-mounted bays, attached to a shining victoria standing in front of the main entrance to the Mills Building.

With an obsequious removal of his hat, a business man held the heavy doors leading into the rotunda open and an elegantly dressed woman passed out, stepping to the pavement daintily. Her well gloved hand kept from contact with the coarse pavement her skirts, exposing a wealth of lingerie fit for a queen. Her beautiful face, seraphic like in its innocence, had that indefinable cast which the bluest of blue blood and breeding can give. With various methods of watching, from the sly out-of-the-corner look to the more noticeable stare, the throng of passers-by made way for her, wondering at the elegance of the woman as well as that of the stylish turnout, which seemed fitted for her use. But she did not enter the victoria. Instead she paused a moment in deep thought, then—horror of horrors!—carelessly extracted a toothpick from her glove and passed down the crowded thoroughfare, picking her teeth!

Oscar Wilde Dies in Obscurity.

Twenty years ago, Oscar Wilde was a prophet with a large following; he was the originator of a cult and the founder of the school of æsthetism. Last week he died in an obscure pension in the Quartier Latin in Paris; hardly a friend in the world could he call to his side; his books had been ostracised and his plays acted without the author's name attached.

This was the punishment for the crime of being found out. Wilde's trial in the Old Bailey, London, was the most obnoxious affair that newspapers ever have handled. During the course of it, people fumigated their dailies and handled them with tongs. But the world read every detail that was printed, and felt better when the old Marquis of Queensbury won out and Lord Alfred Douglas was separated from his companion by prison walls.

But at the end, when Oscar Wilde was dying in his garret, the man beside his bed, the only friend left to the broken down author, playwright and poet, was Lord Alfred Douglas.

When he Visited San Francisco.

Wilde, at the time of his supremacy, was in San Francisco and many of the Bohemian Club remember his visit yet. It was in 1882 and the entertainment accorded him was the tribute due a man of his wit and brains. While the bulk of the world was laughing at and ridiculing this poseur, the stamp of approval had been placed upon him by the artistic set in London and New York and there was reason for it. Though he sought notoriety by the cheap trappings of the quack street doctor, he had given the cultured occasion for new thought in his books and poems.

San Francisco followed the lead of older and more settled seats of wisdom and Oscar Wilde was the guest of honor at the Tavernier-Strong studio and was received with open arms by the exclusive set, who have been striving for some years now to forget his name.

Robbing the Press Agent.

Has Mrs. Roos taken up the theatrical star line of advertising? Is she trying to rob the drama of what has always been its own particular field? Now that she has lost and found her $1000 diamond pin, will she begin bathing in goat's milk or champagne and take the last prop from under the overworked press agent?

Roos Bros. Roos Bros.

Cheapest Clothes in Town.
Prices Smashed to Flinders!
Overcoats Marked Down.
Socks Reduced to twenty cents.
Shirts that were four bits,
Now are Sold at forty cents.
Our Tremendous Hits.

Everything in the Big Store
This Week Goes at Cost.

For Mammas found the Diamond Pin
That was Lost, Lost, Lost.

Critic—Although my review is severe, I trust you do not attribute it to malice.

Author—Not at all. I ascribed its tone to your ignorance of the subject handled.

Friendship.

BY

CHARLES DENNETT BURROW.

(*Mrs. Holmbush is at a secretaire writing letters. She is a widow, still young, pretty, and wears a morning gown of pale blue cashmere. To her enters Mr. Arnold Rodway, a tall, thin, gentleman, clean-shaven, somewhat nervous, but with a determined chin. The time is half past eleven o'clock.*)

Rodway: Good morning, Mrs. Holmbush. Am I interrupting you? Pray don't let me do that.

Mrs. Holmbush: If you'll excuse me for just one moment——— (*She continues to scribble for half a minute, makes a flourishing signature, lays down her pen, and turns, smiling, to Mr. Rodway.*) Now, Mr. Rodway. I knew you'd wait patiently. Some men are so different. I can't bear impatient men.

Rodway: You're very good, Mrs. Holmbush. How sweet those roses smell!

Mrs. Holmbush: Aren't they lovely! And do you know, I haven't the least idea who sent them.

(*Mr. Rodway smooths his chin, coughs, and peers inquiringly into the bowl.*)

Rodway: How very extraordinary! And yet, after all, why should I say that? With so many admirers.

Mrs. Holmbush: But without a name. They may have come from somebody I hate, and suppose he happened to see them there! It is so inconsiderate!

Rodway: Let us hope you don't hate him. (*A pause.*) Mrs. Holmbush, I have news for you.

Mrs. Holmbush: Yes?

Rodway: I hope it will please you. It concerns your brother Hector. We are, as you know, great friends; up at college together and all that.

Mrs. Holmbush: You could hardly have occupied the same chambers for so long without being dear friends to start with, could you?

Rodway: Well, I suppose not. He was unable to bring the news himself, being—a—suddenly called out of town, but he begged me to come to you with it.

Mrs. Holmbush: Hurry, hurry! What has he done?

Rodway (*smiling*): Nothing scandalous. He has only become engaged.

Mrs. Holmbush: Engaged! O, Mr. Rodway, and to whom?

Rodway: To Gwendoline Mortlake.

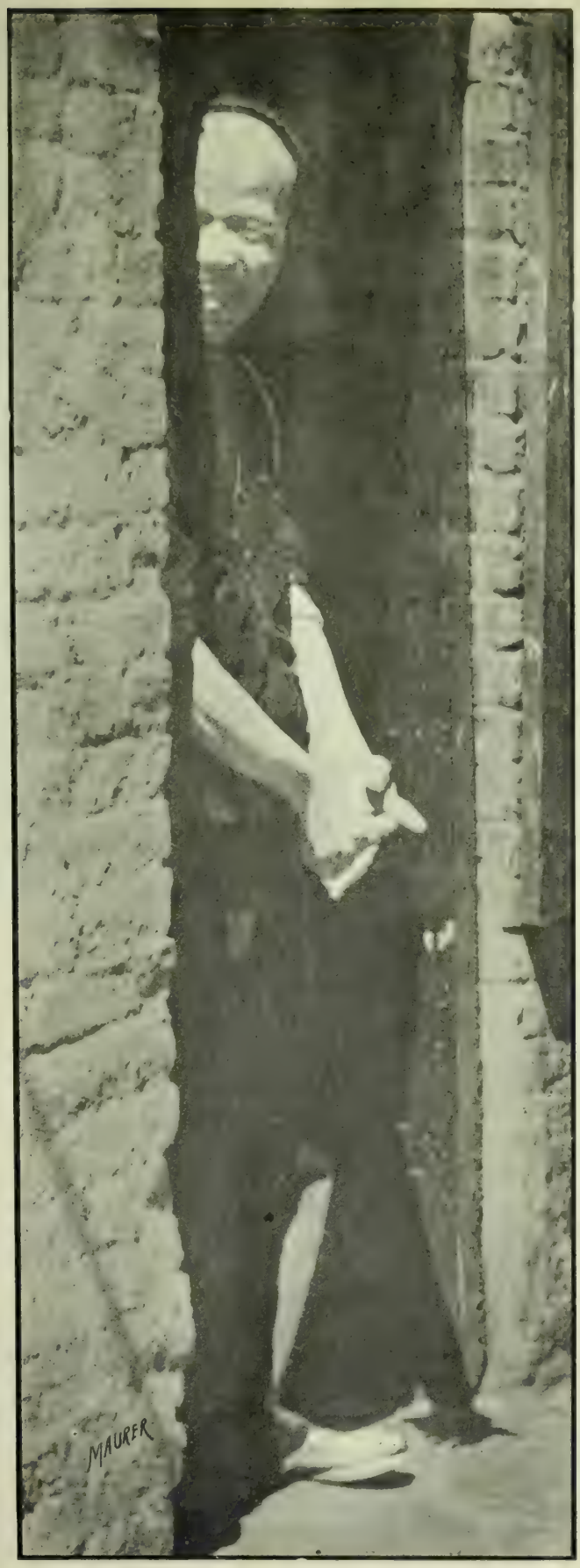
Mrs. Holmbush; Good heavens—to Gwen! What can he have been thinking of? Mr. Rodway, this is dreadful, terrible!

Rodway (*with marked surprise*): But Miss Mortlake is your friend!

Mrs. Holmbush: Yes, and that being so, who is more capable of judging her faults than I? Gwen! she's the last woman in the world to make Hector happy! She's proud, extravagant, spiteful, and to my certain knowledge has been engaged three times already! We have no secrets from each other, Mr. Rodway.

Rodway: It might be as well, Mrs. Holmbush, if you had. I beg you to remember that Miss Mortlake is my cousin.

Mrs. Holmbush: That's an accident for which I can only pity you.



"FOR WAYS THAT ARE DARK" *A Camera Study by Oscar Maurer.*

Rodway: It's an accident for which I'm profoundly thankful. It pleases me to think that my friend Hector should choose a member of my mother's family.

Mrs. Holmbush: Mr. Rodway, I begin to see it all, and I must speak out. You encouraged him in this; you lured the poor boy into his infatuation!

Rodway: The poor boy, as you call him, required no assistance from me, Mrs. Holmbush.

Mrs Holmbush (*excitedly*): I must be candid, Mr. Rodway, at any cost! I never considered you a fit companion for Hector—he is so easily led, so impressionable. (*Mr. Rodway smiles grimly.*) He knows nothing of the world!

Rodway: I should say that he knew quite as much as was good for him. But as you don't consider me a fit companion for your brother, Mrs. Holmbush, I can hardly be so for you. I had hoped that this might bring us together, intimately together, but——

Mrs. Holmbush: O, Mr. Rodway, I spoke wildly! My nerves ——(*Miss Gwendoline Mortlake is announced. She glides up to Mrs. Holmbush, and they embrace.*). My dearest Gwen!

Miss Mortlake: And how is my Bessie? (*Mr. Rodway stands watching them with a polite smile.*) And why are you here so early, Arnold?

Rodway: I had news for Mrs. Holmbush. It always charms me so to be a witness of the affection between ladies!

Mrs. Holmbush (*hurriedly, with a glance at Rodway*): And such news, dear Gwen! To think that you, my best fr end, are engaged to Hector!

Miss Mortlake: Sweet, isn't it?

Rodway: I knew Mrs. Holmbush would be charmed!

Mrs. Holmbush: How could I be otherwise?

Miss Mortlake: But why didn't Hector come himself?

Rodway: He had an engagement—a—out of town.

Miss Mortlake (*suspiciously*): O!

Mrs. Holmbush: Aren't these lovely roses, Gwen? I can't think who sent them to me.

Miss Mortlake: Can't you, Bessie? (*Rodway frowns at her meaningly.*) I'm afraid I can't help you

Rodway: Some token of friendship, doubtless; perhaps of more.

Mrs. Holmbush; Of more, Mr. Rodway?

Rodway: One may suspect it. (*He prepares to leave.*)

Mrs. Holmbush: Won't you stay to lunch, Mr. Rodway? I'm sure Gwen will stay.

Rodway: Thank you, I have to meet a man at the club. Besides, I shouldn't like to interrupt your charming confidences Good-bye! (*As he goes downstairs*) Gwen's all right, but the other!—I shall tell Hecto. I've had a happy escape: he won't mind. What a lucky thing I forgot to put a card in with those flowers!

Black and White.

Typog aphical.

Yes, Nature's wise, we can't deny,
In all her hidden ways,
But in her "types of men," oh, why
Are there so many "J's?"

Training the Ballet

THE fairies who gracefully float into the Christmas pantomine to the langorous music of the Rose ballet, have not always floated; have not always been fairies. Back in the dark ages they were girls and it took work and drill, work and drill, day after day, hours at a time, steady, continuous hard, before they became the graceful, rhythmic dancers of the fairy ballet.

It all looks so easy from a seat in the dress circle. There is a deep strong chord from the orchestra and as the curtain rolls up the music of a dance wells forth. From both sides of the stage, keeping perfect time, feet and arms and head and body, passing through intricate movements with graceful piroquets, the mazes of the ballet.

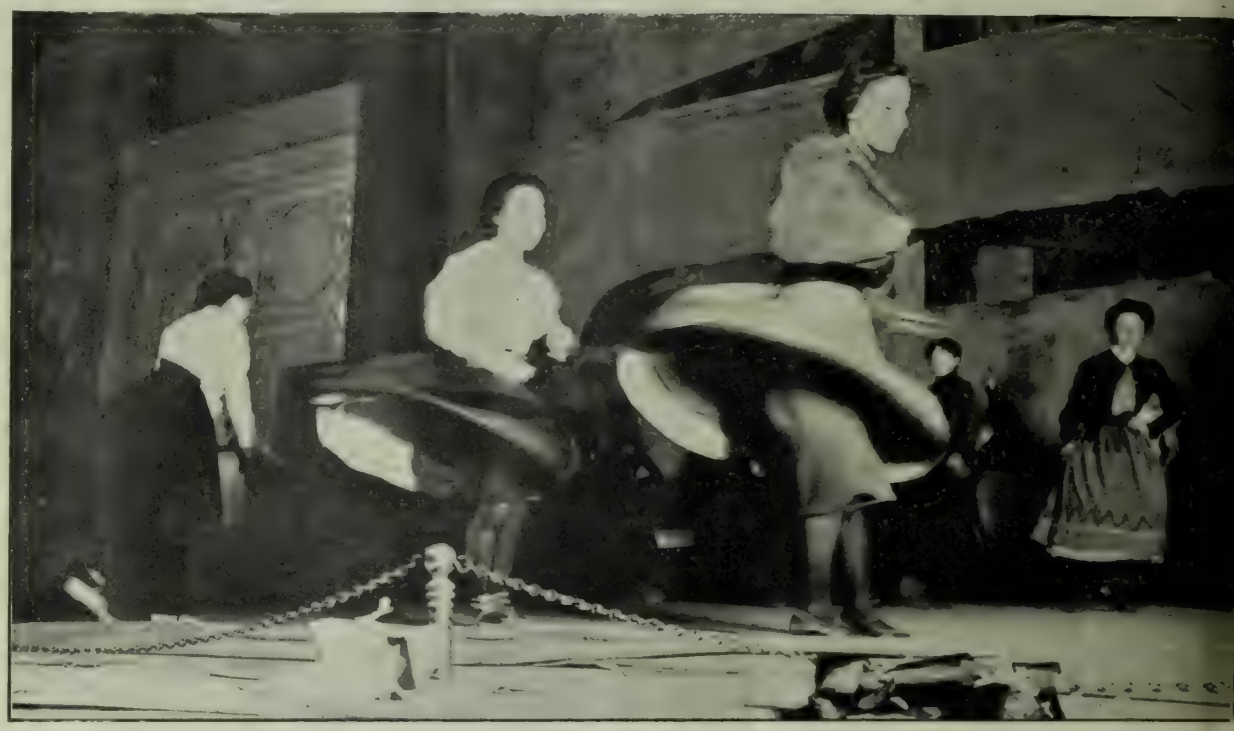
The lime-light casts a rosy hue over the sensuous motion of the youthful figures and it all seems like a dream.

But there were stern realities before there were dreams.

"Now all together, girls; follow your leaders and watch me. Not too fast! Keep the time, slowly now. One, two, three, one, two, three. Dance with your hands, dance with your bodies. Move your arms, so! Wait a moment. Fogarty. Once more from the beginning, please."

It is Miss Ida Wyatt and she is instructing the Tivoli ballet. Now they are girls—not fairies.

Some are pretty, some are graceful; none are homely, none are awkward. They have been too carefully selected for absolute awkwardness to creep in. But they are the raw material, new to the work, beginning at the beginning. Will they ever reach perfection or even presentability?



A DIZZY WHIRL.

On the big stage at the Tivoli are twenty-four of the future dancers and they are in their practice gowns. Short skirts, very short skirts and bloomers; street gowns pinned up; blouses, jackets or short waists; some have dancing slippers, some wear the ordinary pumps.

There is no tinsel, no lace, no fluffy skirts and pink hosiery. It is all woefully prosaic and business like; it is work.

Miss Wyatt in a plain black skirt coming just below her knees and a light blouse is directing. She is always good humored and seems always happy. How it must tire her!

The theatre except for the girls on the stage is almost empty. Two or three of the attaches smoke cigarettes in front watching the progress of the lesson. From somewhere above is heard the thumping of a piano and Ferris Hartman's voice attempting a new song. There are other rehersals going on.

Joseph Fogarty sits at the piano with the ballet score before him and plays mechanically while he smokes and watches Miss Wyatt's motions. It is work too, for him. Again he begins the Rose ballet.

The double procession of girls starts again through the intricacies with their eyes on their instructor. She dancing all the while, here there and everywhere, straightening out a figure that is mixed or grasping a girl and dancing her through a difficult measure. And all the time, "Dance girls; more life! Move your bodies, your hips. Don't be afraid. No one will eat you. Face the audience all the time. Dou't turn your bodies, just your heads. Keep your arms moving—so. Dance with your heads. Now cross over. Very good. You may rest now a moment."

And the girls enjoy it. They will not keep still even in the few moments rest. Some throw themselves on the floor but their feet are still dancing and their eyes are dancing and their tongues are dancing. Others prantice the steps and try new ones; turn handsprings or cartwheels to limber up their joints. Only Mr. Fogarty rests and smokes his cigarette.

Again they are off, but this time it is the Dutch peasant dance. It's a clickety, clickety, clack, clickety, clickety, click dance. Here gracefulness is not the requisite, as it is an awkward, jumping-jack ballet, and the lack of training is not so evident. Over and over again it is repeated with short intervals of rest. Sometimes individual girls are taken apart by the instructor and given lessons on the step.

Through it all a sign painter on his scaffold at the rear of the stage daubs on the paint with a whitewash brush that will transform a barren piece of canvas into the fairy grotto,

He pays no heed to the music or the dance and he does not even hear it for there is no rhythm in his brush strokes. He is as far away as though he were not in the room.

These girls have been in training for just a week and only the very outer rim of their awkwardness has been polished off. But every day counts now and improvement grows more rapid as the first dress rehearsal approaches. They are quick to learn.

"They're coming on nicely," said Miss Wyatt. "A week ago they were all new to me and most of them new to the business. An hour and a half every day of almost continual dancing is making ballet girls of them fast.

"How do I select them? Well, I can size a girl's capabilities in the dancing line up very quickly. I have been five years here and have had this same thing over many times.

"An applicant for a job must of course have good looks and a figure. These are essential points. Something of a voice is required and natural grace of action. If they have danced before on a stage it makes their work and mine much easier.

"The chorus girl of San Francisco is not the chorus

r Christmas Pantomine

AT THE STAGE DOOR.

girl of New York. Our girls are mostly of good families and all well mannered. There is none of the wild life and wine drinking, cigarette smoking, late hour existence that one imagines as associated with the girls of the ballet. San Francisco is not cosmopolitan enough as yet to have a profession of chorus girls. We haven't the theatres for it. Nearly all our girls live at their homes and this is a chance to earn a little extra money."

Henrietta Crosman had been forgotten by most people who go to New York theatres when she came back to command admiration as *Nell Gwynne*. Nor did the sight of her cause a general recognition, because she had been vulgarly plump in farces, while now she was elegantly slender in a comedy. In the meantime practice had made her a proficient actress, and marriage with Maurice Campbell had provided a heartfelt manager. It is likely that Dr. Parkhurst would reasonably find "objectionable" but not shocking things in "Mistress Nell," as no potrayal of the historic siren could purify her. In these days of Gwynne plays it is interesting to note how that actress climaxed her profession in Dryden's tragedy of "Tyrannic Love" or rather, how the author wrote a somewhat reckless epilogue for her. Here are the lines and stage directions:

"Epilogue to 'Tyrannic Love.'" Spoken by Nell Gwynne when she was to be carried off dead by the bearers.

Nell (to the Bearers)—Hold. Are you mad, you dammed confounded dog?

I am to rise and speak the epilogue.

(Then she advances to the audience.)

I come, kind Gentlemen, strange news to tell ye,
I am the Ghost of poor departed Nellie.
Sweet Ladies, be not frighted. I'll be civil;
I'm what I was—a little harmless devil.
For after death we Sprites have just such natures
We had for all the world, as human creatures;
And, therefore, I, that was an Actress here,
Play all my tricks in Hell, a Goblin there.
Gallants, look to it; you say there are no sprites,
But I'll come dance about your beds at night,
And, faith, you'll be in a sweet kind of taking
When I surprise you, between sleep and waking,
To tell you truth I walk, because I die,
Out of my calling, in a Tragedy.
Oh, Poet, damned. Dull Poet, who could prove
So senseless, to make Nellie die for Love:
Nay, what's worse, to kill me in my prime?
But farewell, Gentlemen, make haste to me,
I'm sure ere long to have your company,
As for my Epitaph, I will write my own:
"Here Nellie lies, who, though she lived a slattern,
Yet died a princess, acting in 'Saint Catherine.'"

Dr. Parkhurst will kindly observe that Dryden provided profanity in abundance for the original Nell to utter, and that the only bad language put into the mouth of her representative by Hazelton is a single outbreak, "To hell with all of yez!" We are not degenerating hopelessly.

Sarah Bernhardt is to receive for every appearance during her present American season the sum of $1000, which is more than any actor ever got here before. Eleonora Duse, when she was negotiating with an American manager three years ago, demanded only that sum for the services of herself and her company. She was to get $1,000 a performance for seven performances a week and was to pay the other actors. Mme. Bernhardt is the only actress speaking a foreign language who ever made money for her managers in this country.

Miss Jessie Bartlett Davis who has recently gone on the Vaudeville stage, describes her first sensations:

"Well, I can just tell you that when I got out in the center of the stage all alone and felt that I was the only thing and had to do it all, why, it nearly scared my wits away.

"I have been eleven years with the Bostonians, and have had only eight weeks in vaudeville, but I like it immensely as far as I have got. My first part on any stage was Buttercup in "Pinafore," and, strangely enough, I could have played in the New York production, as Mr. Savage offered me a good position in the English Grand Opera Company.

"My first three nights in vaudeville I sang arias from the operas, but I found the public did not want them. Then I sang ballads and made a big hit. My best success has been 'Oh, Promise Me.'"

Mr. Thomas Whiffen the New York baritone, has just gone to London to play the lover in the "Casino Girl" at the Shaftesbury. His name is fairly well known in America, for his father was the original Major-General" of "Pinafore." Thomas Whiffen senior started his career in light opera in England and was afterwards popular in serious American drama, while his son has reversed the position, having come out, a few years ago, in serious drama in the States, and now playing comic opera in London. Mr. Whiffen has been many times in England, but he has never played there before. He is singing an up-to-date, rattling song in the first act at the Shaftesbury, called "The Automobile Girl."

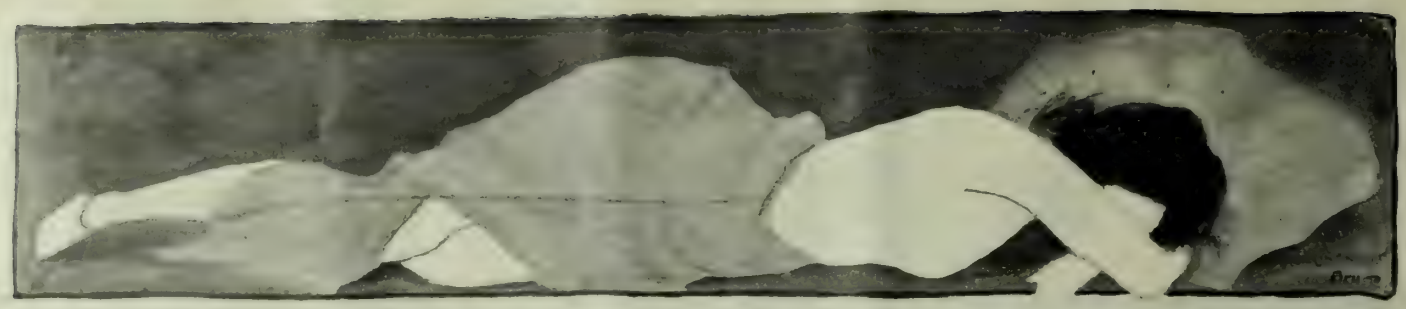
De Garry—I met that old summer girl of mine in a cable car and I was afraid she would speak to me.

Giles—How did you stop her?

De Garry—I offered her my seat.

"Dobley has at last painted a picture that will keep the wolf from the door."

"That so? Painted it on the door, did he?"



Caught by an Advertisement

By Jules Hoche.

When Hector Giral, an employe of the puhlic board of instruction, had reached his thirtieth year, his dreams of marriage took a serious turn. But, unhappily, a formidable stumbling block lay across the sill of his bachelor life, threatening to debar him from family ties. Yet, when I speak of this as a "stone" I am conscious that the image is not well chosen, for this something was infinitely softer and more tender—a woman's heart. Nay more, a woman's whole existence.

For six years she had been Hector's mistress, this charming girl whose innate virtue was beyond question, and he had loved her with his whole soul; indeed he loved her yet. This was not wholly because she gave him back such generous measure, but largely because he had taken her when very young and utterly alone, death having removed her parents and left her helpless and unprotected upon the streets of Paris.

Under such circumstances you might think there was nothing to hinder Hector, himself a free lance, from crowning his work by a legitimate union, sanctioned and sweetened by these six years of happiness.

And in fact there was nothing—nothing at all—except that universal prejudice which forbids a man to marry his mistress. Like all persons of moderate intelligence, lacking any breadth of view, Hector was a slave to prejudice, and confined himself strictly to the routine of his own day and age. So single was his eye to this duty that he would have felt guilty even to adopt any new fashion of parting his hair, unless sanctioned by the best usage.

So, though his heart bled within him, he ended by telling Juliette the whole truth, reminding her as he did so of what he had always forewarned her (which she could not deny) that sooner or later the time must come when such a separation would be inevitable, necessitated as it was by all his hopes for a peaceful future.

Like many other poor girls, set suddenly face to face with such desolation, Juliette made no great ado; on the contrary, she let her lover understand that she accepted the situation—yes, even cheerfully paid the heavy price of her broken future that his might be untrameled. She made but one demand, that, once separated, there should no longer be anything in common between them, and to this he agreed.

Thus freed, but with his heart torn and empty save for the memory of a past which left him nothing but a crop of sincere regrets, Hector started for the country to hunt up that ideal wife who should bear his name and share the responsibilities which would pertain to him as a settled family man.

He found this a far more difficult task than he had imagined it. He had few connections, or intimate acquaintances, and those whom he thought the most of could offer no suitable *parti*.

He began to tire of this unremitting and unproductive search, and to weary for something more adventurous and exciting until, finally, he had recourse, like so many others, to a method tolerated by usage, perhaps, but which experience too often forces us to condemn. In a Parisian journal he had read the following announcement:

"An orphaned girl of twenty-two years with simple tastes, an excellent education which procures her a situation worth from 2000 to 3000 francs a year, domestically inclined and a finished musician, desires marriage with an employe of the government, or of a commercial company, in an assured position. Write to Letter Z, 13 Poste restante, etc., etc."

"Here is my opportunity!" cried Hector, and without loss of time, he addressed to the place indicated the following note:

"Mademoiselle:

My tastes are yours. My sweetest dream has always been to become the husband of some young girl alone in the world, that I might make up to her for all the affection she had lost, and thus completely fill her heart. Hence, I dare to predict that we are made for each other! I am a government employe, and my only desire is to unite my fate with that of a young and pretty woman, who will understand how to manage a modest establishment and ornament it with all the domestic virtues. Young you are by your own announcement; pretty I fully believe you to be; all the rest is secondary. I await with full confidence your reply, and beg of you, mademoiselle, to accept my most tender and respectful homage.

HECTOR GIRAL.

No. 13, second bell, Lady street.

P. S. Enclosed is my photograph, in exchange for which I hope to receive your own."

The reply was not long delayed. It consisted of eight closely written pages in a handsome hand a thought masculine in style, and contained the most ample biographical details of the young lady's life.

Thanks to the thorough instruction given her by her relatives she had built up a fine position for herself, giving English and music lessons in several great families. Outside of these duties she lived in a quiet so deep, nothing but the thought of sweeter joys in wedlock would have had power to disturb it. As to her looks—she knew herself pretty, and it would be false modesty to deny it! Still, either from coquetry or simple caprice, she insisted that he must take her word for this, as she desired to deepen his attachment to her before showihg him her face. This decision was her ultimatum. His srrict observance of it was positively enjoined, if their exchange of confidences was to continue.

Piqued and interested by this move in the game Hector accepted the situation, and from that moment drew upon the sleep of each night to expend it in evoking from his imagination a thousand and one shadow pictures, which might stand for his mysterious correspondent.

Meanwhile, the affair progressed with rapid strides. Each wrote twice a week, and Hector, captivated by the tender yet picturesque style of the unknown, soon cast out every fear. It was certain, whatever she might exact, however inexplicable this exaction might be, that so spiritual a creature could not be encased in physcal deformity. There must be some other cause for resisting his desires.

* * * *

A first meeting was once more proposed by the eager Hector, at last to be promptly accepted by his unknown friend.

"This evening at 10 o'clock in Saint Sulpice place," said the note received by him one morning, and so strong was his emotion as to strain every vestige of color from his face.

The afternoon, naturally, seemed of interminable length and by 9 o'clock he was posted by the fountain, which rises in the center of the square.

It is scarcely necessary for me to explain that there was no light in that spot—all Paris knows that Saint Sulpice is filled with shadows the minute the gas is lighted!

There Hector waited near the fountain, holding in his fist a handkerchief, which was the sign agreed upon for his indentification.

As 10 o'clock was sounded from the nearest clock he saw the figure of a young woman approaching him, and her gloved hand also displayed one corner of a dainty mouchoir.

They recognized each other simultaneously, but oh deception! the face of the unknown was impenetrably veiled. Her voice, however, war charming, with a musical resource that recalled another voice to Hector—one whose accents had formerly played upon his heart strings, while even its remembrance filled him with a strange and sudden trembling. No, decidedly she could not be ugly!

Hector longed to be done with this mystery. Making the cold a pretext he invited the veiled figure to come home with him, if only for a few minutes, assuring her that she was under the safeguard of his loyalty. After raising many objections she at last consented and, taking his offered arm, went docilely beside him to Lady street

Here, in Hector's parlor, lamps were lighted and the piano was open. Without waiting to take breath, even the mysterious stranger seated herself before the instrument and began the prelude to Beethooven's famous 'Moonlight Sonata."

Then, while both were floating in the delicious tones of this sonata, Hector began to understand the whole! Seized by hopes and fears and trembling with inexpressible ecstacy, he crept softly behind her while with slow hesitating movements, born of his nameless dread and desire he tried to snatch away the violet veil which made her features still a problem.

It was not easy. As he succeeded the last note of the sonata died beneath her touch, while the head of the player turned softly towards him showing the

Continued on page 14.

The Local Theatres

At the Orpheum.

The Orpheum's new bill promises to be a good one. It will be almost entirely new and includes some of the best acts in vaudeville.

The Harmony Four is one of the strongest musical combination in America. Every member is a finished soloist, and their work together is the perfection of harmony. They have a well selected repertoire and should be one of the most popular features on the bill.

Hal Davis and Inez Macauley are two comedians. They will present "One Christmas Eve," a sketch by Will M. Cressy. All of Cressy's sketches are good and this one will be in first-class hands.

Spenser Kelly is a famous barytone. He has an extensive repertoire and will draw on the best of it for this Orpheum engagement.

After an absence of several weeks, the ever popular Biograph will return with views never before exhibited in San Francisco. Among the new pictures will be some views taken recently in China.

BESSIE MARLOWE in "A Bell Boy" California Theatre

INEZ MACAULEY at the Orpheum.

At the California.

The diverting, breezy and buovant farce comedy, "A Bell Boy," will occupy the boards at the California Theatre for one month, beginning to-morrow afternoon. It is written in the happiest vein of James D. Flynn, one of the country's foremost producers in that line of work, and it boasts of a plot that is so simple yet withal so funny, that old and young alike are kept in a continuous grin of expectation from the rise of the first till the fall of the final curtain. The singing is said to be of a high grade, the choruses bright and catchy and everything goes with a snap and dash highly entertaining. Among the clever people who will be seen in "A Bell Boy" are John M. Welch, Lon Harvey, Harry Hughes, George Gale, Bessie Marlowe, the Young sisters and other funmakers of repute.

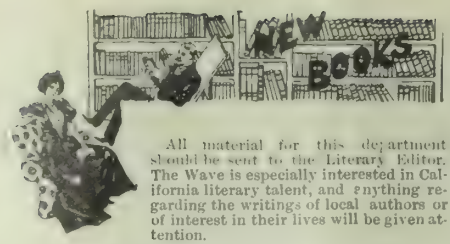
"Ole Olson" with Ben Hendricks, the creator of the part, will follow.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

Commencing Sunday Afternoon, December 9th
and for One Week Only.
That Funny Fellow JOHN M. WELCH,
In the Comedy Cyclone
"A BELL BOY."
New Songs, Dances, Specialties. Costumes Elaborate,
Comedians Clever, and a Bevy of Pretty Girls.
POPULAR PRICES.
NEXT "OLE OLSON"

Orpheum

The Harmony Four; Hal Davis & Inez Macauley;
Spencer Kelly; May de Sousa; Pantzner Trio;
Patrice; Roberts and Winfreds; Biograph.
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats
50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.



All material for this department should be sent to the Literary Editor. The Wave is especially interested in California literary talent, and anything regarding the writings of local authors or of interest in their lives will be given attention.

Could Not Remember the Name.

In his "Literary Friends and Acquaintance," which the Harpers have just published, Mr. Howells tells a little anecdote of Emerson in his last years which is as interesting as it is pathetic.

The great thinker had come from his home to be present at the funeral of Longfellow.

He was but a wreck of what he had been, and his memory had altogether failed him.

He stood for some time beside the bier looking down into the dead poet's face struggling to recall him.

When the last ceremonies were over he said simply to the friend who accompanied him, "The gentleman we have just been burying was a sweet and beautiful soul; but I forget his name."

A Story of New Hampshire.

The always pathetic and as invariably romantic subject of the "abandoned farm" of New Hampshire furnishes the background of "Mountain Playmates," a story by Mrs. Helen R. Albee, which will be brought out in late October by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The "playmates" found their home and playground on an abandoned farm on a hilltop near Mount Chocorua, in New Hampshire. They "reclaimed" the land with skill, energy, and patience, made the house habitable, and the farm partially profitable. Then, following the Roycroft example, they took unto themselves other playmates and engaged in an industry which they developed into an art, giving remunerative and satisfying employment to many industrious women of the region. The book has a genial philosophy and a bright humor, it describes a beautiful country, and it narrates a story which carries one back to the work-spirit of William Morris, and also reminds one of "Fra Elbertus" and "East Aurora."

Miss Robins Improving.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, the well-known actress and the author of "The Open Question," a novel that had a great success a year or two ago, has been seriously ill for the past few months.

She left New York last spring for a trip to Alaska; but on her return was stricken with typhoid fever at Seattle.

The latest word received by her publishers was that she was recovering. The publication of her new novel has been postponed until the early part of 1901.

Secures "Wave's" Former Editor.

John O'Hara Cosgrave, former editor of the *Wave*, has taken the editorial position upon "Everbody's Magazine," John Wanamaker's new venture, in New York. Mr. Cosgrave has seen long service in the Pacific Coast field of literature and has won his spurs on a rocky road. He is a careful and able writer and student, and has a discriminating knowledge of what constitutes literature, both permanent and popular. The great Wanamaker firm is to be congratulated on securing this brilliant product of Californian advancement.

Lacking in Ideas.

There seems to be a woeful paucity of ideas on the lines of Christmas illustrations. The artists have certainly been worked to death during the past few years with the immense number of publications doing color-work Christmas specials. But two covers and one double page illustration of the same subject treated similarly in color scheme and in execution is an indication that either new material must be sought in the Christmas literary line or new artists brought to the front with some original ideas.

One of the finest covers of the month is Joel C. Leyendecker's "Wise Men with Presents" on December "Success." Kneeling with salvers and jewel-boxes, eyes downcast and reverent looks, the men from the east make obeisance to the new King. The colors are rich, in red, blue and gold.

Scribner's cover presents the same idea very similarly treated. One of the figures is standing. In both pictures the Christ child is not shown, but indicated in the positions of the wise men.

The third similar drawing is one of F. V. Dumond's illustrations to Milton's "Ode on the Nativity" in the *Centurg*. It is strikingly like Leyendecker's cover in its handling of color, and bears a resemblance in the postures of the wise men bearing presents.

The Christmas number of "Success" is a remarkable issue in the line of refined art and helpful literature. Edwin Markham opens with his greatest poem since "The Man with the Hoe." It is entitled "The Mighty Hundred Years." W. T. Stead arraigns his own government for its Boer War policy in scathing terms; while J. Henniker Heaton, M. P., writes hopefully of the unwritten alliance of the Anglo-Americans. S. R. Crockett is represented by a clever piece of fiction entitled "Tadmor in the Wilderness," the story of a poor clergyman who won renown. Grace McKinley, niece of the President, is shown in her new environment as a schoolteacher. A masterly summary of the achievements of the century, illustrated by forty drawings, is not the least brilliant in the long list.

"Her Guard of Honor," by Miriam Michelson, in the December "Smart Set" is the strongest short story that has been published in this country in recent years. It cannot be read without profound emotion. The leading characters are an actress and her son. The child, whom she worships passionately, constitutes himself her guard of honor, and finds his task difficult.

The fact that Andrew Carnegie has just pledged himself to the foundation of a technical institute at Pittsburg, at an expense of $3,000,000 or so, gives special timeliness to the publication of his book expounding "The Gospel of Wealth," with an introductory sketch telling how he served his apprenticeship as a business man. Mr. Carnegie has thus far devoted about $15,000,000 to philanthropic purposes, in accordance with the principles laid down in his essays.

H. Reuterdahl, the marine artist, has returned from abroad with drawings to illustrate a series of articles on the life and customs in the Navies of the World which will appear in early numbers of "Collier's Weekly." His sketches were obtained under great difficulties and in spite of the fact that the naval regulations of most countries forbid the presence of an artist on board their various ships. This is the first time in the history of journalism that an emissary of an American paper has successfully managed to penetrate the Chinese wall of secrecy surrounding the navies of Europe.

From 324 illustrations in 1894 to over 1600 in 1900 are the figures which denote the numerical growth and development of the pictorial features in the "Ladies Home Journal" in six years. This 400 per cent increase in numbers is rather dwarfed by the fact that nearly 1000 per cent more space is now given to pictures than six years ago, and that the quality, or artistic value, of the illustrations has improved beyond computation. A few years ago magazine making was thought by some to have attained a degree of perfection that precluded further advancement, but it seems to have been in its infancy. The reading public now insists upon illustrations, and in meeting that demand it is safe that the pictures printed in the "Ladies' Home Journal" in 1900 exceed in number, size, quality and cost those published in all the leading magazines ten years ago.

One of the best novels in Gertrude Atherton's succession of literary successes is "The Doomswoman," an historical romance of old California. The reading public quickly exhausted the small first edition issued a few years ago, and was delighted with it. But the failure of the publishers, which was almost simultaneous with the issue of the book, caused its withdrawal from the market. The Continental Publishing Company of New York, having secured all rights in the book, novel readers will be glad to learn that a new and beautiful edition will shortly be issued. The full force of the title is given in a quotation from an old Spanish manuscript:

"For it is believed that the woman who is twin is also the woman of doom; that in her doth abide the power to heal and to curse; to give and to know the highest joy and deepest sorrow; her love exalts, her hate blasts; in her nature is iron and fire, and the fire shall melt the iron; calm is not her lot, nor the lot of those whose fate is hers—and so unto the end."

The Continental Publishing Company also have in hand for early publication a collection of Mrs. Atherton's best short stories of the old days in California. Some of them appeared in the magazines and added greatly to her literary reputation. "The Splendid Idle Forties" is to be the title of this book.

The "strenuous life" of the football season has its literary accompaniment in Mr. R. H. Barbour's brilliant new story, "For the Honor of the School," which pictures football as well as track athletics and cross-country runs. Mr. Barbour's successful football tale, "The Half-Back," published last year by D. Appleton & Company, is said to hold its own this year as one of the most sought-for juvenile books.

Stephen Crane was "discovered" by English readers, and it looks as if a new American writer in Crane's own field is to win noteworthy recognition from the same source. The publishers say that a large edition of "Who Goes There" has been taken up by English readers. This is the story of a spy in the Civil War and a love story too; but its interest turns on the spy's loss of memory—amnesia—while in the enemy's camp. The first American edition was exhausted the day after its publication by the Macmillan Company.

"The Eagle's Heart," Mr. Hamlin Garland's new romance, promises to add another striking success to the list of remarkably successful American novels published within the last two or three years. The book is attracting much attention in England, while in this country there has already been a demand for new editions.

Books Received.

Afterglow: Later Poems; by Julia C. R. Dorr. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) $1.25.

The Riddle of the Universe; by Prof. Ernst Haeckle. (Harper & Bros.)

A Bicycle of Cathay, by Frank R. Stockton. (Harper & Bros.)

The Stickit Minister's Wooing; by S. R. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)

Lord Jim; a romance; by Joseph Conrad. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)

The Problem of Asia; by A. J. Mahan D. C L., L. L.D. (Little Brown & Co.) $2.00.

Boy's Book of Explorations; by Tudor Jenks. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $2.00.

Napoleon the Last Phase; by Roseberg. (Harper & Bros.) $3.00.

In the Hands of the Cave Dwellers; by George A. Henty. (Harper & Bros.) $1.00.

Songs of the Old South; by Howard Weeden. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

Sister Carrie; by Theodore Dreiser. Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.)

Woman of the Bible; by Eminent Divines. (Harper & Bros.)

GLUTTONY

Is more common than we may think, if we define gluttony as eating beyond the body's need of sustenance and beyond the stomach's capacity for digestion and assimilation of food. That is a fair definition, and it fastens the name glutton on many a person who would resent the term as an insult. The fact of this gluttony is marked by its consequences. The overloaded stomach becomes diseased. The popular term for the condition is "weak" stomach. The "weak" stomach fails in furnishing adequate nutrition for the body, and soon the "weakness" spreads from the stomach to other organs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the perfect assimilation of food, by which alone the health and strength of the body is maintained.

"Your medicine helped me so much that I cannot praise it too highly," writes Mrs. C. L. Brooks, of Poland, Androscoggin Co., Me. "The first dose I took helped me. I cannot forget how I felt when I took it; I was suffering everything with indigestion, and my stomach was so bloated that it seemed as though it must burst. My husband said he was going for the doctor, but I said if he would get me a bottle of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' I would try that. I had not taken it long when I felt relieved, and have not had a touch of indigestion or stomach trouble since. I had been sick for four years, and less than four bottles cured me. Some people that knew me before I began to take the 'Golden Medical Discovery' tell me that they never saw such a change in any one, and they also say they don't see how I can do such large washings as I do now, when I had not done a washing for so long."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN.

KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

The Saint and the Sinners.

Mr. Horace Wispear was one of the holiest men breathing, and he breathed very hard and snuffed between whiles. He was wealthy, too, having made his money in advocating Christian principles and ignoring these himself in business hours. No employer got more work out of his men for less wages than he did, and he expected them to give more than they received, as his religion directed.

Yet somehow, he had enemies. He went to church regularly, he gave liberally to charities when his name was advertised, he was even prepared to give a good man work if he would work for less money than the ungodly, and yet some people had no love for him.

He went to Paris, and while there met and reproved some young men whom he had known at home, and he was so circumspect in his conduct that the Recording Angel had absolutely nothing to debit his account with during his stay. Yet when he returned, and revisited his special church, good folks looked away when he came near them, and the pastor called him aside after the service.

"Brother," said his reverence, "this is indeed sad."

"It seems so," said Wispear. "What is the calamity? Everyone seems desolated."

"Be not unseemly, sir," said the pastor, severely, and then drew a photograph from his pocket and gave it to the saint.

A SKIRT DANCER.

Wispear looked at it in horror. It depicted him side by side with a lady in tights.

"Brother," he cried, "there is some mistake here."

"There is, indeed, but there is yet time for repentance."

"But I didn't do it. I never saw the woman."

"Oh! brother, brother!" groaned the pastor. "To fall is terrible, to lie about it is more terrible."

"Lie yourself!" said Wispear, hotly "I tell you I never saw the woman."

"Do you deny that this is a likeness of yourself, brother?"

"No, that's true; but the woman—I swear I never saw her."

"Brother, go home and pray, and when you have repented, come and see me again," said the pastor kindly.

"I'll be hanged if I do," said the saint, foaming.

"Then we cannot meet again. Yet I hope——"

"Oh! go to—well, you know," said Wispear, and, going home, he wrote a check out and sent it to another minister, and intimated that he should join his congregation. Yet the check came back, for the photograph had gone the rounds, and now the saint is an outcast, and no one has told him how easy it is for a photographer to work up two photographs into one.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

Lady Francis Hope.

Lady Francis Hope has disappointed many of her old acquaintances who thought that a title might have increased her ideas of her own importance. She is quite as unpresuming as ever and rides now in a cable car with as much apparent satisfaction as she exhibited on the Broadway horse car before she went to England and became accustomed to hansoms and other luxuries of the titled London actress. After her marriage Lady Francis Hope is said with characteristic American independence to have made no effort to become reconciled with her husband's relatives. She continued to lead the life to which she was accustomed and made no changes, in view of the great name and position that may some day be hers. So if her husband ever does become a duke she will have altered in no particular way since the time of her theatrical career.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.,

TEL. 5610 609 Sacramento St.

Price 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

MRS. SACHT'S

HAIR RESTORER

A Pure and Harmless Vegetable Compound

For Baldness, Dandruff, Gray and Faded Hair, Scaly and Itching Scalp and all Diseases of the Hair and Scalp.

This marvelous compound has been used for years as a remedy in the family of Mrs. Sacht. Its wonderful curative properties became known to her friends and it is now offered to the public as a safe and sure remedy for disfiguring baldness. A reference to the front label of this bottle will show the growth of hair produced for Mrs. Sacht, who, although sixty years of age, has a long soft, heavy growth of hair of natural color.

DIRECTIONS.—Apply to the scalp once or twice a day, rubbing it very gently to avoid injury to new young hair. Wash the hair only once or twice a month, and then only with pure castile soap and as hot water as you can stand. Rinse with cold water.

MRS. M. K. SACHT

Hair Restorer.

425 Cedar Ave., off Laguna St.

Can be had at the following Hair Dressers:

Mrs. J. S. Goldschmidt

708 Polk Street Bet. Ellis and Eddy Sts.

Telephone Polk 1321

Carl Anderson, 417 Geary Street.

J. Isacson, Pharmacist, cor. Geary and Larkin sts.

Phone E. 406

Sunset Limited

For the Season of

1900=1901

Tri=Weekly

Leave SAN FRANCISCO	Leave LOS ANGELES
Mondays	Tuesdays
Wednesdays	Thursdays
Fridays	Saturdays
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.

ARRIVE NEW ORLEANS, 7:20 P. M. MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS.

MORE BRILLIANT THAN EVER
NEW EQUIPMENT
IMPROVED SERVICE

Secure Time Tables and any desired information from Any S. P. Co's Agent.

Santa Fe Trains

GO TO

Antioch	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Bakersfield	9 a m		8 p m
Chicago	9 a m		
Denver	9 a m		
Fresno	9 a m		8 p m
Hanford	9 a m		8 p m
Joliet	9 a m		
Kansas City	9 a m		
Leavenworth	9 a m		
Merced	9 a m		8 p m
Newton	9 a m		
Phoenix	9 a m		
Stockton	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Tulare	9 a m		8 p m
Visalia	9 a m		8 p m
Williams	9 a m		

Personally conducted Excursions to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston every MONDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in Pullman's Best Tourist Sleeping Cars. Try this NEW ROUTE.

Get full information and handsome folder at

641 MARKET STREET

or at Santa Fe Ticket Office

Ferry Building, Foot of Market Street

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters "Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes, and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

Naber, Alfs & Brune, Agents,

323-325 MARKET STREET. S. F., CAL

Caught by an Advertisement

Concluded from page 10.

lovely, tender face of Juliette. And without a word she was enfolded in her lovers arms!

* * * *

It is told in the quarter that Hector has married Juliette and that her happiness is great, but I would not advise the reader, should he find himself in the same situation as my hero, to follow his example. Such fantasias, in love and music, end in this harmonious fashion only under the hand of the romancer!

Inconsistent Woman.

While visiting in the East she learned that her fiance had once been engaged to a girl who lives in Providence. Of course she insisted on meeting this girl, jealously recognizing that she was handsome, bright and unusually attractive.

"I have heard," the Detroit girl finally blurted out, "that you and Harry used to think a great deal of each other."

"Fiddlesticks! He was a little boy and I a little girl. Just pappy love, don't you know. He went west and had the good sense to fall in love with you and I'm going to marry at Easter."

"But who broke it off?"

"Neither of us. We just drifted apart. Harry's a capital fellow and he was fortunate in finding you. I want you both at my wedding. Remember me kindly to him and congratulate him."

All this was tactful, but the young lady came home annoyed because Harry had been engaged and because he had never told her of it.

"Why," he said, when brought to book, "I never thought it worth mentioning. We were mere children. I long since ceased to think of her as more than a friend."

"But she's a sweet girl."

"Very."

"And she's stylish, vivacious and smart."

"Yes."

"And much more beautiful than I."

"Ye——; why, darling, you don't mean it," for she was holding the ring toward him, her eyes flashing and her face as hard as granite.

It required an hour of endearing words, praise and caresses to get that ring back where he wanted it.—Detroit *Free Press.*

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT. Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

BRAUNSCHWEIGER & CO.

5 & 7 DRUMM STREET,

San Francisco, Cal.

Yosemite Engraving Company.

Makers of High Grade Printing Plates,

Half-Tone a Specialty.

24 Montgomery St., S. F. Cal.

After losing a thick head of hair, I was recommended to use Mrs. Sacht's Hair Restorer, upon using I found it strengthened both the scalp and roots of the hair thus producing the former growth.

MR. E. A DEHAY, 756 Bush St., S. F.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports. 11 a. m., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle for this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. Dec. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Jan. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles)—Steamer Queen, Wed. 9a. m. seamer Santa Rosa. Sun. 9 a.m.

For Santa Cruz, Monteyey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbarba. Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro (Los Angeles) and Newport—Steamea Corona, Fripays, 9 a. m. steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Sose del Cabo, Muzatlin, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE -4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Sierra for **Honolulu Samoa, New Zealand** and **Australia** Wed. Dec. 12th, 9 p. m.

S. S. Australia. for **Tahiti**, Sunday .Jan 6, 4 p.m.

S.S. Zealandia for **HONOLULU only**, Wednesday, Dec. 22, 6. p. m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 643 MARKET STREET.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

REFRESHING SLEEP.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

Going to San Jose?

"The Stanford"

is one of the most centrally located rooming houses in San Jose. It is especially desirable for traveling men and tourists. Everything clean and first class and rates are reasonable.

MRS. McCUNE, Prop.

192 South 1st St., San Jose, Cal.

Pears

obtained the only

Grand Prize

awarded solely for toilet soap at the

Paris Exhibition, 1900.

This is the highest award obtainable for anything.

Pears' Soap has obtained 21 International awards.

A TOILET NECESSITY

Wakelee's

Cold Cream of Roses

—MADE WITH—

Pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses

Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss Stereo Binoculars The most compact Field Glasses made, with the Highest power. Prices, $47.50 to $80.00.

Send for Illustrated Booklet

Geo. H. Kahn.

OPTICIAN.

201 KEARNY ST., CORNER OF SUTTER

KODAK AGENCY—PHOTO SUPPLIES

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention A Quiet Home . . . . Centrally Located . . San Francisco, California

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts., New York. . . . .

American and European Plan

WILLIAM T. BANG, Pro.

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM For a Perfect Complexion

Made from the pure fruit juice at

GREENBAUM'S,

200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave. Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

Don't Borrow a Home! BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., - - San Francisco

Thuringia Insurance Co. Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S.F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO. General Agents.

Cotton Sail Ducks Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks. Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore.

Murphy, Grant & Co

Sutter Street Hammam

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON [Phone Main 5178]

TURKISH RUSSIAN *BATHS*

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE Tel. Main 199

DEALERS IN *Paper*

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co. Portland, Or.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Germea

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

Bank of California

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital . $2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits, Oct 1, 1900 $3,514,068.82

William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; S. Prentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies; Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China-Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN

Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....$2,238,372.45
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, July 30, 1900.....28,938,395.02

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President....H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Hermann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hohte, I. N. Walker, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA STREET

Deposits, July 1, 1900.....$26,952,875
Reserve Fund..... 218,093
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Premery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier; R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

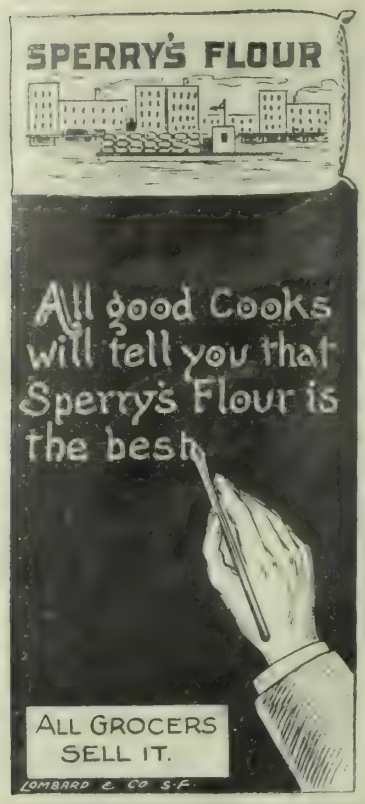
No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.



Famous FOR ITS Purity

SEATTLE, U. S. A.

Byron Mauzy Pianos

308-312 POST STREET

SOHMER Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. PIANO AGENCY

Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE

This brand of Wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office, 416 Pine St.

A. REPSOLD & CO.

FIGPRUNE CEREAL

A Perfect Food Beverag

54% Fruit

46% Grain

100 - and nothing else

A Substitute for Coffee. Nourishing a Invigorating. YOUR GROCER SELLS

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY CAL

THIS CHARMING RESORT

is wholly distinct and unique: There is no basis of comparison by which its attractions can be measured. None other in the world has such a climate; none is planned on such a vast and elaborate scale, none so absolutely exempt from every annoyance and inconvenience, nor so easily within the reach of those whose refinement of taste enables them to appreciate its charms.

x x x x

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

transplanted to the shores of the "Western Sea."

There is but one Hotel del Monte.

Send for Souvenirs and other information to

W. A. JUNKER, Manager.

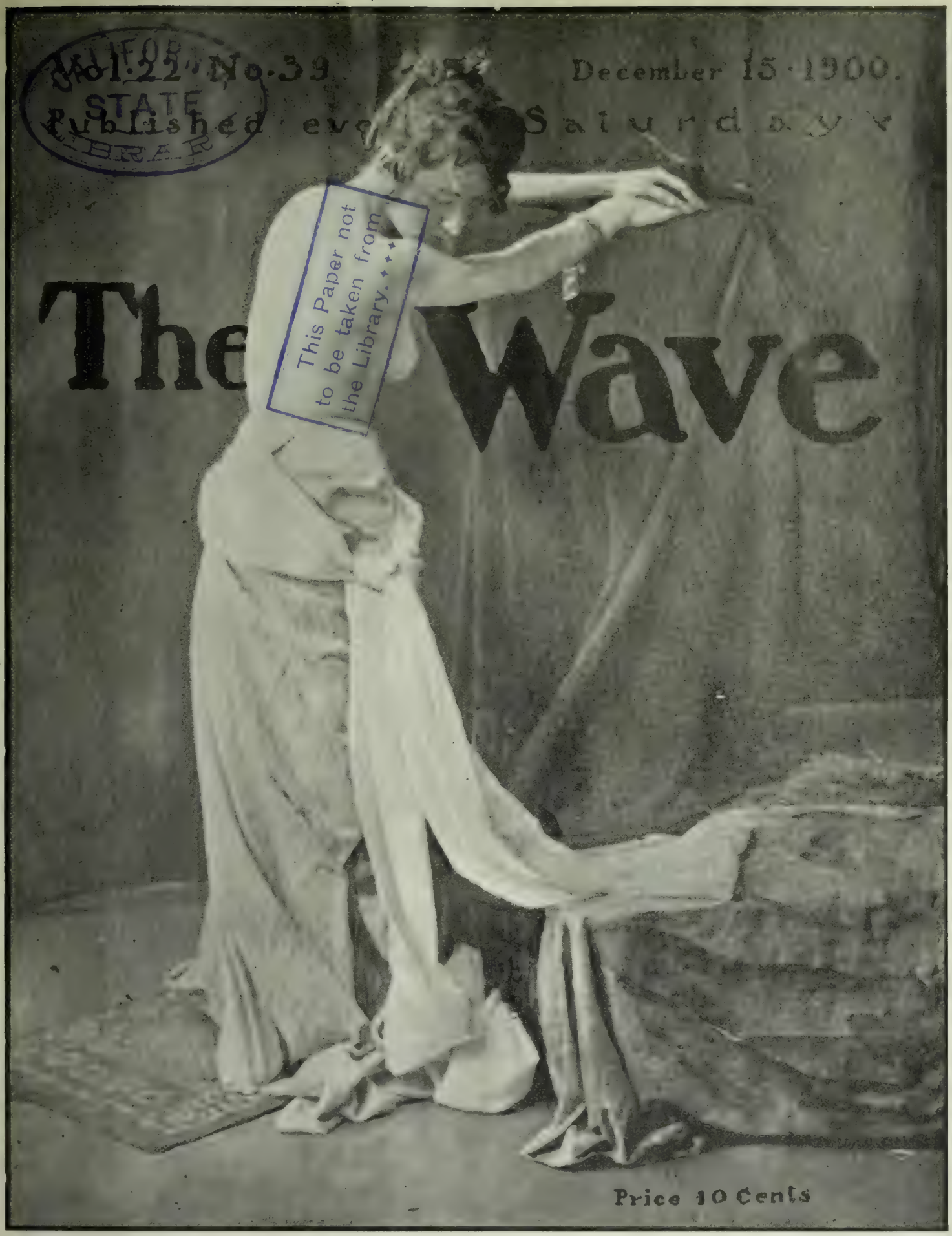
Monterey, California

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

Vol. 22 No. 39 December 15 1900.
Published every Saturday

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

The Wave



Price 10 Cents

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal. Entered at the Post Office second class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

San Francisco—December 15, 1900

Our Governmental Aristocracy.

It is reported that Mayor Phelan will in January appoint J. Downey Harvey as member of that Municipal Aristocracy, our government, as Park Commissioner to succeed Frederick Zeile.

As the appointment will be that of an alleged Democrat to succeed a so-called Democrat, it illustrates how the Democracy is advancing.

Who can now urge that the party is composed of the vulgar common people—laborers, mechanics and shopkeepers? Why, the Democracy is getting into society, attending cotillions, placing its legs under the tables of the rich, eating fine food, drinking good wine and learning to talk small talk.

This is as it should be. The common people have had their way long enough. They should be suppressed. And if Mayor Phelan can make of the local Democracy an aristocracy, make it fashionable and have it attend pink teas and other social functions, he will have accomplished a great work, and future generations of fobs and snobs will call him blessed.

And why should not Mr. Harvey become a member of our government? Is he not very rich? And is not that a sufficient title to office? Have we not Scriptural authority for this? To him who hath shall be given? Then Mr. Harvey has an additional advantage. He did not earn his wealth. Therefore it is not contaminated by contact with the struggling and intolerable herd sometimes called the masses. No, he inherited his prosperity, and this makes him additionally eligible. As for the arguments that this man has never performed any service for this city, or for the party of which he is accused of being a member—such suggestions may have had weight in former times, but no longer. Mr. Harvey has higher claims to public honor than civic or party service: Have not he and Mr. Phelan for years guzzled together? And should not that entitle him to be one of the Court that supports the throne of the Lord Mayor?

The Law Resumes Sway.

After all it appears that the judges of the Superior Court are not going to be destroyed on account of the Civil Service Suit.

After W. R. Hearst had struck an attitude in true story book style, and said "Fee, fo, fi, fum! I am going to eat some one; observe me eat a judge!" the whole affair has flattened out. Nobody has been eaten and the case goes to the Supreme Court like any other case.

After declaring their wish for martyrdom, their willingness to go to jail for the principle, the Civil Service Commissioners suddenly stopped talking, did nothing, and law takes its course. This is as it should be. But in the light of the bellicose intentions expressed immediately after the decision, the people have a right to inquire what soothed the bold and melodramatic commissioners.

The truth is that these worthies had been led to believe that contempt of a Superior Court judgment would in all probability lead to nothing more serious than a formal commitment to jail for a day and a Habeas Corpus to the Supreme Court.

Without any inconvenience to themselves, they would thus receive an extensive advertisement much to the delight of their vanity and would play a part in mock heroics to a supposedly admiring public. But the rumor spread about the city that Judge Hebbard did not regard lightly a contempt of a solemn judgment of a Superior Court, and that if the lawbreaking Commissioners were brought before him, he would in all likelihood place against them respectively, a five hundred dollar fine. As the charter requires that no money be paid by the city to any person who is owing the city money until the city debt is paid, Messrs. Freud, McCarthy and Quinn would not have been able to draw their salaries until the fines had been collected from the Commissioners.

This settled the matter. The celebrated vocal organ of McCarthy was stilled, Freud withdrew into the secret recesses of the Merchants' Association, Quinn disappeared from public view, and law and order resumed sway in Ssn Francisco.

His Sentence.

"Stand up, Henry Oxnard.

"You have been found guilty by this Social Court of a grave crime, that of marrying beneath you. The evidence shows that you fell in love with a lady's-maid; that you overset all the laws of society by offering her honorable marriage; that such marriage has been consummated and that you now present this woman as your wife.

"It has been presented in your defense that the young woman is refined, cultivated, honest, good and handsome; that she has been obliged, in order to secure a livelihood, to have recourse to work; that she has been able and conscientious in this work; and that there is nothing in her past life to reflect upon her character or disqualify her from holding a place in society.

"This defense is entirely outside of the case and can have no bearing before this Court. The jury, under instructions, gave it no recognition, and their conviction is absolute.

"There is no necessity for this Court to expatiate upon the heinousness of your offense. You were an eligible parti and widows, spinsters and debutantes in society regarded you, and had the right to regard you, as a possible husband. By marrying outside of this class, you have left a vacancy which it is difficult to fill. In taking for your wife a lady's maid, you have gone still deeper into crime and there is no forgiveness, no charity in this Court for you.

"The argument made in your defense can only be regarded as ridiculous and as an insult to this Court. The statement that other women now in San Francisco society, have at some time in their career worked for a living, have taken in washing and kept corner grocery stores, is simply malicious. The assertion that Society is not morally clean and the insinuation that women in society have broken the laws of the Commandments, is absurd and has nothing to do with the case. There is no charge before this Court that the woman you have married is not altogether too good for you; there is no question but that she will be a help to your future life instead of a hindrance; there is no doubt but that your happiness is assured. Your crime is marrying out of your social sphere—out of the Four Hundred.

"Henry Oxnard, listen to the sentence of this Court.

"You shall, for the term of your natural life, be ostracised by Society and your wife shall not be received.

"Take the prisoner away."

California's New Industry.

Recent developments in the oil fields of California prove conclusively that the industry is not only a permanent one but its scope is far greater than has been imagined even by the most sanguine. The fields now extend from Colusa county to San Diego and new territory is constantly being proven as oil bearing after careful investigation. The production in the developed fields, notably Bakersfield, McKittrick, Coalinga, and Sunset districts and in the old producing fields of Ventura county has now reached a point that settles definitely the fuel question on this coast and has attracted the attention of the large financiers of the East.

The one thing above all others that has caused worry in the minds of the heavier manufacturers of California is the question of fuel. The high price of coal has always been a thorn in the side of the manufacturer and has caused many to leave the field. With this problem settled by cheap oil fuel the advancement in manufactures can not be over-estimated.

San Francisco has barely awakened to the significance of this wondeful discovery of oil. It may be due to the fact that California has always been a state of great mining discoveries and the people do not enthuse as readily as elsewhere. Certain it is that the East is more alive to the opportunities here than our own capitalists and money is coming in large amounts from eastern financial centers. The Standard Oil Co. is early securing what it can of the best wells and has recently purchased the Pacific Coast properties in Ventura county. Other financiers have men in the fields watching developments and purchasing properties.

There are at present probably more than five hundred companies organized to deal in oil or oil stock in

California. Fully two-thirds of these are seeking the capital for development in small amounts by the sale of stock. Many of these companies are wild-cat and any investment in them is, of course, lost; but they are of short life and will soon be lost to sight as the business settles down to a permanent basis.

Frank Symmes for Mayor.

The appearance of Frank Symmes at the banquet of the Merchants' Association programmed to speak against the acquisition of public utilities has established that person's candidacy, at least among his friends for the Republican nomination for Mayor.

The Merchants' Association, it is claimed, desires to remain in control of the city government, having become less a civic improvement society than a political club. Consequently it is grooming available candidates. But Mr. Symmes is not available. He is a director of the Spring Valley Water Company, the corporation which has the heaviest dealings with the city and with its inhabitants, and which is most interested against municipal ownership of public utilities, and although the Merchants' Association, which is largely composed of stockholders in quari public corporations may have concluded that the time has arrived to suppress the agitation for acquisition of public utilities, it is a mistake to suppose that the people are similarly inclined.

The citizens of San Francisco believe in the acquisition of public utilities and this belief makes Mr. Symmes ineligible to the office of Mayor.

"Examiner" Will Have to Pay.

The case of Mize against Hearst, which grew out of a libel of the *Examiner* against the plaintiff, and in which Mize obtained a large verdict against Hearst in Judge Daingerfield's court, and the refusal to grant a new trial in which action was one of the causes of the *Examiner's* bitterness towards Dangerfield in the late campaign, has been affirmed by the Supreme Court and Hearst will have to pay the verdict, interest and costs. The newspaper defense association which is composed of all the daily papers, forbids the news of any libel suit to be published. But it is well that the people should know that justice is sometimes meted to the powerful so that the helplessness of the individual may not become too much accentuated.

Wilde's Last Poem.

Ah! happy they whose hearts can break
And peace of pardon win!
How else may man make straight his plan
And cleanse his soul from sin?
How else but through a broken heart
May Lord Christ enter in?

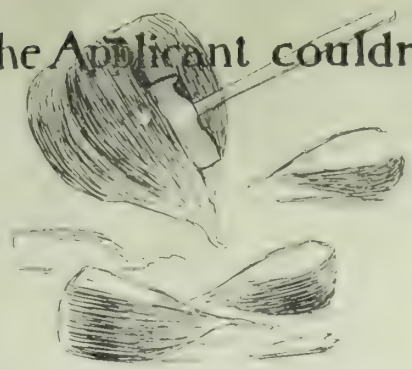
And he of the swollen purple throat
And the dark staring eyes
Waits for the holy hands that took
The Thief to Paradise;
And a broken and a contrite heart
The Lord will not despise.

* * * *

And all men kill the thing they love,
By all let this be heard;
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word.
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

—*Oscar Wilde*, (The Ballad of Reading Gaol.)

The Applicant couldn't Stand the Strain



Once in a while the inherent Irish wit of Police Commissioner George A. Newhall overflows its bounds and bubbles out like a spring of sparkling Napa soda. He can not stop it or stem its merry tide. Before it men go down in the convulsions of hysteric laughter —that is, if it is necessary to hold their jobs.

He is a wit of the Eddie Foy class, or perhaps more like the clown in a three ring circus. His jokes have that effervescent quality which made Joe Miller's joke book a classic.

One day during the examination of applicants for the position of protector of San Francisco's peace, the information came in answer to a question, that the man had formerly been a gripman on the Market street car-line. This was Newhall's opening and his humor was irrepressible during the balance of the civil service examination.

"If you were detailed" he asked, "on the water front, do you believe you could catch the grippe?"

There was a howl of merry laughter. The applicant doubled up and rolled about the floor holding his sides and shrieking with the humor of the sally. When he had sufficiently recovered to arise, Commissioner Newhall, with sparkling eyes, sprang this:

"If you laid hands on a thief, could you hold your grip?"

The paroxysms were again violent. As soon as the laugh subsided, Newhall, who could barely control his witticisms from burning his tongue, cried again,

"If you had the grippe and should see a thief grip a grip and jump a grip could you grip your grip on the grip and the thief?"

This was a trifle complex and the laughter was not so long and had a tired ring about it. But Newhall was just "getting good." He realized better than anyone present that he was making the hit of his life and wondered if he could not send out for a reporter to take it all down. He gave his masterpiece.

"Now Mr. Gripman; you are anxious to grip your grip on this job. If you do grip your grip on this job and and don't catch the grippe will you grip the duties of the office as you would grip the grip and the grip and jump the grip if the thief stole a grip?"

"Sir," said the applicant politely but firmly, "I have done my best to laugh at these previous ones you put out. But I'd rather not have the job, sir. I'll go."

"Your poem used? I should say not," answered the editor.

"Would you give me a criticism of it?"

"Certainly. It's clumsy and vulgar and unspeakably idiotic."

"Good!"

"Good?"

"Yes, set it to music, and it will become a popular song."—*The King.*

Over the Demi-Tasse

She was a coffin-dealers wife and she looked on the maid with scorn.

"You are not of the aristocracy, you are not to the purple born,

"You have failed to pass the Fortnightly's list and my dear friend Mrs. McClung

"Has never sent you her 'at home' card, and your door bell has never rung.

"Go back to your Alameda cows and the pastoral life you have led,

"For my husband's caskets will rot in their graves before Horace and you are wed."

Giving him Good Advice.

Now Horace Morgan, listen to some good advice. It isn't expected you will follow it, but read it over carefully, for it won't hurt you, and remember all the time that it isn't the fault of the papers of San Francisco that your private affairs are public property. Your family has used the columns of every daily and weekly in San Francisco for years past to hoist themselves into social prominence, and now there is no use in objecting just because a certain style of handling this present affair does not suit you. It is the only good news story in all the endless rot that has been published concerning the Morgan family, and this is the first opportunity the papers have had to even up for the puffs they have given you. Then again, remember that if these puffs had not wafted your family into society, the present affair would have amounted to nothing as a news story, and would have been given but two lines in the Sunday social column, something like this: "The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Beaumont and Horace Morgan, son of W. P. Morgan, president of the California Casket Co."

But for the advice: You are now on the inside of that higher strata of individuals known as Society, with the upper-case S. You have had the opportunity to guage it pretty accurately. You have seen the class of men and women who make up the aggregation and have been able to determine the value of their approval or disapproval. You know it is not the aristoracy of many generations of noble names or blue blood; that the money bags rule it with the absolute monarchial government of an empire.

Have you, personally, as a unit in this combination, any especial reasons for social rank? Have you long lines of ancestors or is your name in Burke's peerage? Your father's business of selling coffins has given him wealth, but has it given him the right to look askance at anyone who does not move in the same social set?

There have been objections made to your engagement by members of your family on account of a difference in social positions. If you give such advice attention, you place yourself in the same category as the objector and forfeit all right to any good girl's love. If your fiancee goes to Europe now, the wager is a safe one that you never marry her. Parental objections are stumbling blocks to matrimony and there is no evidence in your career that you are stronger than circumstances.

Is the girl not worth the giving up of social position? If not then give her up. If she is, marry her rent a flat and go to work to earn her an honest living.

Lady Teazle's Twaddle.

It was oh! such a lovely time! I was there. So was Mrs. Eleanor Martin. She had on a blue bombazine gown direct from Paris, cut on the bias with scallops a la pinky-pank-punk. So sweet! And Therese Morgan wore her Bohemian Club portrait. It was a novel idea and so pretty. I was there, too.

Everyone had a good time. So did I. Bernice Drown and Olive Holbrook led the German. Olive's gown was sea shrimp polonaise over turtle dove denim trimmed about the bottom with ostrich feathers, and Bernice was a Sunday supplement half-tone in three colors. I know them both.

Of course I went to Della Mills' card party. Why shouldn't I go—they have refreshments? Mrs. Eleanor Martin wasn't there nor was Therese Morgan, but I was. Such fun as we had! It was the most original and unique affair I have attended this year. Della confided to me afterwards that she felt shaky in the knees, but I didn't.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was at home last Friday and I was there, too. So was Therese Morgan.—*Sunday Chronicle.*

Sally Sharp's Slop.

I predict that Mrs. Eleanor Martin's rhinocerous-hide tea next Friday will be the jolliest affair of the holiday season. That settles it, because when I predict, things have to drop. My rates for predictions sent on application.

I am still wearing blue goggles from the glare of Therese Morgan's portrait in the Bohemian Club. Such a work of art! and oh, such a dress! I'll wager a bunch of dried carrots against an old cheese, that her gown was an imported one and that the paint it was done in was imported too. White organdie, appliqued in gorgeous Ecrustan pattern on white mosquito net and the whole made over green canvas. When I caught my first glimpse of that gown, I could not rest until I had criticised the painting.

I went to the Fortnightly last Friday and am still anxiously seeking for information and fairly perishing to know what has become of poor old Ned Greenway.—*Monday Call.*

Now, Chief Sullivan, Warn the Attorneys.

Chief Sullivan has warned the presidents of the threatening highbinder tongs to be good. Past history gives no encouragement in this system of preventing bloodshed in the quarter. If the chief would go to the American attorneys of the rival tongs, who draw monthly salaries to aid and abet murder and prevent its legal punishment, and hold these attorneys personally responsible for any outbreak in Chinatown, the war would be over.

Some people may not know that each highbinder tong has its attorney, that these attorneys are members of the local bar association and in good standing, that they receive a regular salary as a retainer, besides fees for each case, and that they are consulted before any serious move, such as the beginning of a war or the concoction of a murder. These attorneys trade upon their profession to commit the gravest of crimes, and were the victims white, and were they not attorneys, would hang for their participation in the murders.

Babies of the Rich.

There is more fuss upon earth over one baby born to the Very Rich, than to the ninety and nine that are lost.

While columns pile upon columns in our daily papers, describing the new Vanderbilt baby, born to San Francisco's own "Birdie;" fighting over the naming and mussing about its dainty clothes; detailing to disgust its every move and cry and rioting in the rot of its many christening presents; while the Vanderbilt baby holds the entire center of the stage with the lime-light turned on full head, Dr. G. W. O'Donnell, professional abortionist, accused of murder and convicted of using the mail for unlawful purposes in advertising his foul and obnoxious trade is passed over as a matter of no import. His business has been to prevent the coming of the stork to the homes of the rich and he has made a fortune out of his practice. Caught now in the place where fines can not buy him clear, he will be defended by the ablest attorneys his wealthy patients' money can secure

He Took the Advice.

A certain club man who lives across the bay has been devoted for a long time to a pretty girl. Recently he read in the "Heart to Heart Talk" column of a local paper, which seems always to have an interest to men contemplating matrimony, the following advice: "Before marrying a girl, look her mother over."

The young man did so with the cheerful result that he is now engaged to the mother.

Entitled to a Trial by her Peers.

Is the constitutional right of an American citizen to be tried by a jury of his peers, not being infringed in New York? Bridget White was on trial in that city for slander. Bridget is a respectable, clean and honest scrub woman. She is a naturalized American and entitled to every privelege of the law of this country.

In the jury box during the trial sat William Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Peter Cooper Hewitt, Frederick T. Adams and several other millionaires, to pass judgment on this honest American citizeness. To prove they were not her peers, they laughed audibly at her Irish brogue and at last Pierpont Morgan who was vainly striving to restrain his hilarity secured the rebuke from the defendant that the policecourt justice feared to give.

"Oi'm a lady," said Mrs. White, her flashing eyes turned straight on Mr. Morgan, "an' I hope you be gentlemen. Yez can laugh after yez git out of here."

Thought Best not to Prosecute.

There is probably no better known money lender in the city than Jake Rauer, nor one who knows how to make better use of his capital. Jake is an artist in the many devious wiles of money lending, he has men of all classes, lawyers, doctors, and alas, newspaper men in his clutches, and it is rarely that any unfortunate borrower, once in the toils, escapes. But there was one famous occasion on which Jake was sadly slipped up, and by his own trusted employees, too.

It happened sometime ago, and but few people know the story, because all the actors in it had necessarily the greatest inducement to maintain secrecy. In his business Jake has of course need of many assistants, collectors, cashiers, bookkeepers and so on. Well, once upon a time Jake's staff put their collective heads together, and the game they worked played havoc with the money lender's profits. Everyone was in it, from the office boy to the confidential typewriter, the only

man in the office who did not know what was going on being Rauer himself.

The method employed was very simple. With the connivance of the bookkeeper the cashier manipulated the cash, the collectors made false returns, even the office boy stole the money given him to purchase postage stamps. It was a perfect bonanza for all hands while it lasted, but of course Jake eventually got wise to the whole scheme. He found his profits diminishing at an alarming rate without any apparent cause, so he got in an expert who worked secretly on the books after the staff had gone home. The result amazed Rauer, and, in a moment of ill advised rage, he called the staff together.

"I'll send some of you to San Quentin for this," he thundered.

"If you do," they answered,"you will come with us."

It is not on record that any of Jake's staff were ever prosecuted for their embezzling scheme.

Not Good at Finding News.

The cowardice of the morning press of this city was never more clearly exemplified than in the case of the British American Union, the new association which is now making rapid progress. The idea of the B. A. U. is, of course,to bring about more harmonious relations between the two great nations,and to discourage that ceaseless twisting of the lion's tail, which has been the favorite of our low class politicians The idea commends itself to every patriotic citizen' but it did not suit the editors of our dailies. They had been too long accustomed to vilifying the British, and feared that they would lose the support of their anti English subscribers if they opened their columns to impartial comment. As a result they practically ignored the association, which was perhaps the best thing they could have done, for the movement,meeting with no opposition, grew with startling rapidity. The membership is now getting well on to a thousand, all the leading Englishmen in the city belong to it,and the association is becoming a force which politicians can no longer afford to neglect. Many prominent American citizens have given practical support,men of weight and culture like President Wheeler, of Berkeley, Professor Fairclough of Stanford, Irving M. Scott, and many others, have spoken at its monthly meetings, and yet the papers have quite overlooked the circumstance. At the meeting held last week, Irving Scott delivered a powerful address. Now if Scott had spoken anywhere else, say at a meeting of the Associated Dishwashers, he would have been good for one, if not two columns, for the papers always give great prominence to his remarks. In this case the meeting was entirely ignored by the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, and only mentioned casually in the *Call*. To make the matter worse, the *Chronicle's* leading editorial writer, Taliesin Evans was one of the speakers, yet that paper overlooked its own man. This style of news gathering may be peculiar to San Francisco, but it cannot be considered fair to the general reader.

"Examiner" Gas for Suicides.

With a great pretense of secrecy, the *Examiner* has been instructing its readers in the gentle art of suicide. It tells the story of a fakir who offered to show Helen Dare the way to Lethe for the trifling sum of ten dollars. Helen bought the poison, but unfortunately she has not taken it yet, for, with charming *naivete* she tells us exactly how to make the deadly gas,one whiff of which will terminate existence. Two chemicals, both commonly employed in photography, are to be used. The combination of these substances produces the gas, which can be easily collected and saved for future use. The name of one, cyanide of potassium, is given, also the exact method of preparation, and we are left to guess the other. Such an easy guess too. As if this was keeping the fatal secret from a too curious public. Any schoolboy could tell you that hydra-cyanic acid is the gas meant. Now cyanide of potassium is simply a combination of cyanogen with potassium. Cyanogen, which has a delicious odor resembling crushed peach leaves, is prepared from carbon and nitrogen. It follows therefore, that if an acid is added to cyanide of potassium, strong enough to dissolve the metallic base, hydro-cyanic acid gas, is released. Almost any inorganic acid, say sulphuric would do. And this is the great secret for which the *Examiner* paid ten dollars. Surely Hearst's people are easy. It looks as if the so called suicide expert has merely developed a new variety of the "sure thing" game.

Judge Bahrs Gave Him the Tip.

It is not customary for the judge who is hearing a case to indicate his decision to one of the contestants, and it is not quite regular; but friendship is friendship—especially if it is political friendship.

Judge Bahrs has recently heard the divorce suit of Kelly vs. Kelly. Judge Bahrs and Kelly are pretty close. They were pretty close even before Judge Bahr's election, and his honor did his level best in the case for his friend. It was no use. The evidence was all the other way and there was no chance for Kelly.

Then Judge Bahrs made a mistake. He reserved his decision and invited Kelly to his house for dinner. "I've done all I can for you, Kelly," said the judge, "and my decision has got to go against you. Get in now and fix up a compromise. It's the best you can do. I've given you the tip—now you do the rest."

Noble Visitors are on their Way.

The Duke and Duchess of Manchester will soon be here and Society is already beginning to quiver with excitement. They are coming in Papa Zimmerman's private car and Papa pays the bills. He can afford it.

The honeymoon itinerary of the Duke and Duchess as given out, is as follows:

Leave Cincinnati for Chattanooga, Tenn., for a brief stay in a few days.

Leave Chattanooga for Talladega, Ala., where an old-fashioned English manor welcome, with reception, will be given by employes in the Zimmerman iron mills.

Will stop at Meridian and Jackson, Miss., and then go to Natchez, Miss., for a two days' visit to the Duke's grandmother, Mrs. Antonio Yznaga.

From Natchez the bridal party will go to New Orleans, and from there to San Francisco.

Returning east, they will stay at Cincinnati a short time, then will visit New York and go abroad to the Duke's home, Tanderagee Castle, Ireland.

Duration of honeymoon journey, about six weeks.

Now who of the local 400 will have the first shy at the noble young ones? That is where the competition is coming in.

The Institute Changed Its System.

The real reason why the Mechanics Institute has amended the constitution to do away with the preferential system of representation is amusing. It was the first system of suffrage ever adopted in which the minority had equal representation with the majority and it has been copied the world over. For eight years the elections for directors have been conducted on this plan, and the return to the old method of representation by the will of the majority is a decided setback for the Institute.

The reason for the change may be found in a comparison of the nominations for next year's trustees with the present list. Of the following, seven will be chosen to regulate the affairs of the institution: Messrs. Beattie, Gniesen, McLaub, McLaren, Joseph Leggett, H. A. Wilson, Root, Von Caten, Spaulding' George F. Day, A. E. Buckingham, H. H. Reed, and Joseph L. Sharp. P. J. Healy's name is not there among. To oust Mr. Healy from the board of trustees a world-famous system was abolished.

Mr. Healy has been a member of the directorate for several years and he has not been the most popular man on the board. Every year he secured re-election on a minority representation. There was no way to remove him and he wouldn't be lost, but bobbed up serenely at the annual election with just enough ballots to make good. Next year he must look for another board.

The Kind of Wife Needed.

Edgar Saltus started it and there are plenty to keep it up. "Is marriage detrimental to an author's career?" That is the question.

After reading letters on the subject, pro and con, the *Wave* would suggest that it depends a great deal on the woman. If she is capable of living on dried beef, codfish, round steaks, smoked herring and crackers; if she can occasionally do without any and all of these; if she is willing to get up first in the morning and give the genius his breakfast in bed; if she has no literary, artistic, political, or social aspirations herself; if she can cook, mend socks, turn her old dresses, and make a shirt; if she is always cheerful and jolly and never loses her temper; then the *Wave* would say that she might help her husband in his career. This is the crying need in the matrimonial line among young authors at the present time.

No Announcement yet Made.

There is some surprise among friends that Miss Jessie Fillmore has returned to the East and no announcement has yet been made of an engagement. There was a general idea that Jack Partridge had won out. He made a good running and it may be yet that family reasons withhold the announcement. It is hard to believe that handsome Jack Partridge could be refused.

Tod Receives Little Sympathy.

Tod Sloan seems to be up against it and he will receive very little sympathy, for Tod is a snob. Breaking bottles over an English waiter's head would not have cost him his position in the hearts of his countrymen had they not been champagne bottles. He might have killed two bartenders and eight waiters with beer bottles and still remained the idol of American hearts.

Then Tod has too many clothes to suit the popular mind. An extra outfit for Sunday would have been allowed and even cheered. But eighteen coats and twenty-four pants are not permitted.

If Tod Sloan had stuck to winning English races in an American way he might never have returned and still have been Our Tod; but he mixed with the aristocracy and he learned to drawl and drop his h's. And then he did worse, as the following cable from Weatherby of London to Tom Williams signifies:

"Findings proved. Sloan accepted large offer of Cadoman's winnings. He made frequent wagers and has been informed that he need not apply for a license."

There is still a chance for Tod in San Francisco Society may take him up.

Rumors of an Engagement in High Life.

It is current rumor that a matrimonial alliance has been arranged between Miss Caro Crockett and Mr. Lawrence Scott. Miss Crockett is the daughter of Joseph B. Crockett, president of the San Francisco Gas Light Co. Laurence Scott is the son of Henry T. Scott. The alliance is regarded in the 400 as suitable and fitting. There is no discrepancy in social standing to be bridged and no questions need arise regarding finances.

The announcement, should it come—and rumor is strong—will surprise no one. It has been thought for some time that Miss Crockett would follow the lead of the Hopkins girls into matrimony and secure a little more extended notice in the society columns of the press than the usual weekly announcement, "Among those present."

Merely a Suggestion.

There is an opportunity for Judge Belcher to attract considerable attention to himself and add a little vermilion to the glorious coloring of his judicial sunset, by delivering his decision in the divorce case of Adgie Hall against Frank R. Hall in Adgie's lion cage. Adgie became a wife in this iron-barred den, now free her from her matrimonial chains in the same spectacular way.

Society Ladies in the Nielsen Chorus.

Jo. Mansfield was all wrought up this week over a joke. "Doc" Leahy was also wrought up, and it was no joke to him. George Bowles was the perpetrator and he sti all the laugh.

day early last week Mansfield, city editor of the *Call*, met Bowles, assistant manager of the Alice Nielsen company at a place where men sometimes congregate. Of course they began talking business—Bowle's business. After a bit Bowles dropped a remark in a casual way which stirred up all of Jo. Mansfield's journalistic instincts.

"We go south from here," said Bowles, "and, by the way, we are taking four San Francisco ladies with us."

"That so?" queried Mansfield. "Who are they?"

"They're society ladies. I can't give you their names."

"What? not society women?"

"Yes. Bang up, too. You'd be knocked silly if I told you who."

"Tell me. That's the kind of stuff we hire men to get in the *Call* office."

"I'm sorry, Mansfield. I simply can't. I'm tied up tight and if you ran it they could tell in a minute that I leaked. No. Forget that I mentioned it."

Mansfield did not answer.

"Come, Jo," continued Bowles pleadingly. "My tongue slipped. I forgot you were a newspaper man, or I'd have bit it off before saying a word about this. Just forget all about it, that's a good fellow!"

But Mansfield wouldn't promise and as soon as he could break away, he hurried back to the office. In ten minutes, two reporters were scurrying about hunting for Bowles' society chorus girls.

It proved a difficult detail, and they reported back late that night, unsuccessful. Manager Perley of the Nielsen company had put up a bluff that he knew nothing of it and simulated surprise. Alice herself had laughed and said it must be a joke. The reporter who had handled the society end, met with no better results. None of the social leaders knew of desertion in their ranks for the footlight's glare.

Mansfield listened with a sneer in his smile. "You boys will have to wake up," he said. "Sit on a keg of dynamite. Here I tip you to a hot one and you cannot even smell smoke. Get alive! This is straight and we want it for to-morrow."

It did not run "to-morrow" nor the next day. The reporters who had suspected some hoax their first trip, were put wise by Bowles; and they reported back every night to Mansfield that there was nothing new; Perley had admitted it was true, but wouldn't give names; Nielsen had hinted that the ladies were in the upper crust but was equally reticent regarding their identity.

Mansfield was furious. "If you don't land to-day," he exclaimed, "I'll have to get out on the street myself. What's the use of paying you people salaries?"

That was Friday. The story came out in Saturday's *Call*.

The society ladies were the Misses Justina Wayne, Mabel Hilliard, Annabell Gordon and Blanche Woodman. They are not in the upper crust of the Four Hundred. They are chorus girls with pretty faces, shapely figures, musical voices and nimble toes. They are Tivoli chorus girls, and that is why "Doc" Leahy does not see the joke.

And Jo. Mansfield is laying for George Bowles with the shears in one hand and the paste-pot in the other.

He Kept Them all Jolly.

"Throughout the long sea voyage of the Shriners to the Islands," remarked a member of the organization the other night, "there was one man who arose to every occasion. G. W. Harris was the life of the steamer. His stories, his jokes, his quips and repartee were always on tap and always bright and sparkling. He kept ennui away even on the dullest of days and everyone aboard had kindly words and thoughts for him. How he managed it was a mystery but all the while during the voyage his stories were fresh and crisp, his poetry was new and entertaining, and he was better than a whole minstrel show at gags. He never repeated and his mind seemed to be stored with an inexhaustible supply of good things.

"Of course this state of affairs made some of the boys jealous of Harris' popularity and they did their best to keep even with him, but in vain. No other one man could carry all the humor and nonsense that he held in his brain.

"It was on the trip back that one of the jealous ones made a discovery that resulted in Harris' fall. Two or three were let in on it and arrangements made to floor the ship's comedian.

"It was in the cabin after dinner and a number of us, including Harris, were conversing about the day's run and the usual topics when some remark recalled to Harris' mind a story. As usual a crowd gathered about him to hear.

"'Gusher's wife was pretty sick,' began Harris, and naturally Gusher was worried. He went to a doctor—'

"'Page 69, second volume,' interrupted one of the boys. Harris flushed up and looked at the disturber 'What's the matter with you?' he queried.

"The man who had interrupted made no answer but took up the story where Harris had left it, and finished. Everyone was surprised and Harris was aghast. The next time Harris began a story the same thing transpired. One of the boys called out a page and volume number and completed the story. It was so for the rest of the voyage.

"It gradually leaked out that the boys had discovered Harris' method of gaining a reputation as a raconteur. He had three scrap books filled with many years' collection of bright stories, poems and witticisms. Late at night and early in the morning he studied his books and prepared himself for the day ahead. The boys got hold of these volumes some way and they worked up the demoralization.

"It is lucky they didn't find it out earlier in the voyage. Harris was no good afterwards, and it is certain that he did help make that voyage pleasant."

Gossip about the Tennis Courts.

In tennis circles the year 1900 is regarded as one of the most prosperous in the history of the game. Doubtless the greatest interest centered upon the Eastern trip of the Hardys. To most enthusiasts, however, the outcome of the journey was a disappointment. Many still claim that Sumner Hardy failed to exhibit his true form while away. It is almost the unanimous opinion of tennis devotees, in fact, that he should have defeated Kreigh Collins at Chicago, thus bringing the western championship to this state. By again taking Hardy into camp last July, Geo. F. Whitney decisively demonstrated that he is the wizard of the west, and that this title belongs to a Californian.

Of late the tennis world has been agog over the announcements that George Whitney as well as Sam and very likely Sumner Hardy had decided to permanently quit tournament play. Every effort is being brought to bear on these gentleman who with Robert N. Whitney, are doubtless the big four of the Pacific tennis world, and it is to be hoped that they will reconsider their determination.

Sumner Hardy has recently expressed his intention of joining the California Club. His name on the membership roll could not fail to raise the standard of play at the local courts.

With the Hardy brothers and Whitney out of the race the championship next year would probably lie between R. N. Whitney, Grant Smith, Collier and Reuben Hunt, with chances in the order named. Should Smith continue to improve as he has during the past six months, however, his name should head the list. J. Code is looked upon as the darkest of dark horses after his showing against Smith last Sunday.

Code and Merle Johnson, by the way, are standing sponsors for a Round Robin tournament with themselves, Collier, Crowell and Smith as contestants. A valuable prize would doubtless fall to the winner and some excellent playing should result. Smith and Johnson are regarded as the contestants in the finals. Last Tuesday Smith took three straight sets from Johnson, 6-4, 6-4, 6-2. However, there may be surprises.

Many moons have passed since Joe Daily has played up to form. When in condition there are few who can cover the courts as can the professor.

He Wears a Worried Look.

The dream of an evening paper anent one great indoor tournament to be held at Mechanics' Pavilion in sweet charity's cause struck the club shortly after the windstorm struck the fence. The entries for said tournament are still a minimum. Now, the "special correspondent" of said evening paper is possessed of a deep bass voice and is a lover of "close harmony." At one time that beautiful ditty, "Dreaming, Dreaming," was his especial favorite. Of late, however, when the beautiful notes of that song float from out the open windows of the clubroom over the calm and peaceful (when Billy isn't there) asphalt courts, the special correspondent "wears a worried look."

There is a crying need of a decent drinking-place in the vicinity of the California courts. Tennis is conducive of thirst. There are several so-called "bars" in the neighborhood, but they are run on the mediæval plan of stale crackers and cheese for the hungry and the poorest of liquor for the thirsty. Here is undoubtedly an opportunity for some enterprising American.

With the ladies the past has been a busy week. Unfortunately rain necessitated a postponement of Wednesday's tournament. Miss Hunter's playing has improved rapidly of late. Miss Bowman and Miss Clarke are also doing well. Miss R. Garland of Santa Barbara is in town at present and it is rumored that she is a player of no small skill. It is not impossible that she will gain local honors during her visit.

George and Robert Whitney have had a composite photograph taken for use in their book soon to be published, "What We Know About Tennis." This work will contain everything regarding the game that need be known and will prove an interesting addition to the literature of the period. The portrait is printed without permission.

Lorimer Stoddard, who dramatized "In the Palace of the King" for Miss Viola Allen, from the original novel of the same name by F. Marion Crawford, is out of the hospital after a severe siege of illness which,at one time, threatened to be very serious. In this connection the *Post* of Washington, D. C., in which city the play was first formally produced, declares that of the brood of dramatized books this season, the Crawford-Stoddard work is by far the best. "In the Palace of the King" succeeded, not because it was based upon a book, but on its own merits. It is a play entirely apart from the original novel following the plot of the book only when convenient. Moreover it was first written as a play scenario, especially for Miss Allen,then written in novel form by Mr.Crawford, and in play form by Mr. Stoddard. The latter had carte blanche to deviate from the original story,as he deemed best for dramatic effect, and at the same time he had the benefit of Mr. Crawford's wide research in Spanish history to assist in reproducing the atmosphere of the period. The result is a perfectly balanced play, which carries on its own merits, as is proved by the fact that it was an approval success before the book was published. Usually a book play draws its support principally from the readers of the novel, but in the case of "In the Palace of the King" the play evidently advertised the novel, as is proved by the fact that the first edition, 47,000 copies was sold out the first week after its appearance on the market. "In the Palace of the King" has been the success of the season in every city where it has been presented up to date. Miss Allen is now moving rapidly toward New York, where she will open for a run at Hammerstein's new Theatre Republic on December 31.

Marie Corelli writes to an American friend that she has so safe guarded her new novel, "The Master Christian," that its stage representation will be absolutely impossible. She is determined that it shall never be acted, although her "Sorrows of Satan" has proved so successful in dramatic form that Wm. A. Brady has just sent out a second company to play it.

The Editor:—I guess our correspondent must have been alluding to shoes

The Assistant:—Why so?

"He says the St. Louis girls were there in large numbers."

Chicago News.

Mr. Dooley on Thanksgiving.

"But as I told ye, Hinnissy, afther all, th' Turkey bur-rd's th' rale cause iv Thanksgivin'. He's th' naytional air. Abolish th' Turkey an' ye desthroy th' tie that binds us as wan people. We're wan race, hitched together be a gr-reat manny languages, a rellijon apiece, traditions that don't agree with each other, okel opporchunities f'r th' rich an' poor to continue bein' rich an' poor, an' a common barn-yard food. Whin iv'rybody in a nation eats th' same things that all th' others eats, ye can't break thim up. Talk about th' dove iv peace! Th' Turkey makes him look like a game-cock. Can I help ye, Mr. Hinnissy? White or dark? Th' leg, p'raps, or maybe th' part that goes over th'—"

"Some iv us," said Mr. Hennessy, gloomily—"some iv us will be atin' another kind iv bur-rd this fall."

"Ye're wrong there, me la-ad," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye're wrong there. Ye're wrong. They'se no such thing as crow. Thanksginin' day comes too quick afther iliction. We're all r-ready f'r th' blackest crow that ivvir Dimmycrat ate, an' we have our noses in th' air. An' thin we look down, an', lo an' behold! 'tis *Thanksgivin' Turkey.*"—*F. P. Dunne, in Harper's Weekly.*

He Knew.

They met in front of the Read House. One was fat and black, with a wonderful expanse of mouth and a voice like a couple of foghorns, The other was black and lean and wizened.

Said the fat black to the lean black: "Why doan yer 'gratulate me, Brudder Johnsing?"

"Whut fur I 'gratulate you," said Brudder Johnsing.

"Whut fer you 'gratulate me? Why, man, kase I done mar'd de Widder Jeff's'n."

"You is—you don mar'd de Widder Jeff'son?" squeaked out the lean one.

"I sho' is done mar'd dat lady," said the fat one with an air of great satisfaction.

"Den I does 'gratulate yer, wif my whole heart, I sho' does.

The two separated, when the lean one turned to a knot of white gentlemen who had been interested and amused auditors of the conversation, and remarked:

"Yas, I 'gratulate him! Haw! haw! haw!—he! he! I sho' does. He's de wus en'my I has, an' I certinly 'gratulates. Why, boss," he said confidentially singling out one of the spectators, "I wus mar'd to dat 'oman fer a year myself. Yas, I sho' do 'gratulate dat man," and he moved off toward Market street chuckling and muttering to himself.—*Chattanooga News.*

A Twilight Friend.

Who is it breathes outside my door,
  Then jars the lock with ghostly click,
And venturing further to explore,
  Glides softly in? Uncanny trick!

I wrapped in shadows scarcely hear
  The bold intruder—quick or dead,
To desolate for hope or fear,
  I lift not my despondent head.

Then in my clasped and rigid palm
  That shuts a muscular despair,
Is thrust a muzzle, soft and warm,
  And presto? goes my every care!

'Tis but a dog! Retriever Dick,
  But loving, human, kindly soul,
How has he learned to choose and pick
  From all the rest, my hour of dole?

—*M. L. Rayne.*

The Baron's Master Stroke

FROM THE FRENCH OF "BRADA."

Having barely arrived at home after five years spent in Japan, Baron de Tomy was made Counselor of the legation at X. At the ministry they obligingly posted him upon all matters concerning his new chief. Young T., just in from X. on a furlough, even went into details, and endeavored to make his colleague thoroughly understand the position awaiting him.

Monsieur de Tomy learned that his nomination had even brought floods of tears to the loveliest of eyes, for his future chieftaness could see no excuse for any change in a department so perfectly filled already.

As for the ministry, in losing Z. it lost its right arm, and that, too, at the critical moment when the marriage of the crown princess was being negotiated, and when the two suitors, whom it was extremely important that France should make a wise choice, were neither in high favor. It certainly did seem as if the recall of Z., who was so admirably constituted to understand all the little tricks of the game and knew exactly how to circumvent them, was one of those stupidities only possible to an impersonal, uncaring ministry!

But to replace such a diplomat as Z. by a man just out from the wilds of Japan, to whom the least European complications would be a dense mystery, put the cap-sheaf on this absurdity!

In fact, Monsieur de Tomy was made to understand, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he was anything but welcome, and yet he could but secretly hope that fortune might be less harsh to him than she was represented.

He listened with attention and respect to the verbal instructions of his august superior, was charged with several messages for his colleagues, and on the evening of his departure, received the sacred trust of the private dispatches to his chief

It had been difficult to fix upon the momentous day to begin, as he had gathered up on his several previous missions a number of tender little superstitions which he had sworn always to respect. However, Wednesdays and Sundays were not yet on the prescribed list, so on Saturday evening, just as the half-light was sadly merging into seven o'clock, he entered an English cafe for his last Parisian dinner, and suddenly found himself almost touching noses with the renowned Z., whom he was about to replace.

"Hello!" he cried awkwardly, "are you here?"

"And you have not yet left? How goes the world since your return from Japan?"

"Oh, not badly. And perhaps you will kindly coach me a little, since I have run upon you, as to how I should manage in X.?"

They seated themselves at the same table. Z., who could think of nothing but the grand marriage, set it forth in minutest detail before his colleague, never giving voice to his own regrets that they had taken from him the right to say that this success was his own work; and like a good fellow, he made his usurper understand first whom he should flatter, or fear, deceive, or coax, or work openly against. As for the young princess, he did not mention her.

But Tomy, whom Japan had barbarized, asked to which suitor she gave the preference, at which Z. plainly showed him that the only important things to be considered were the wishes of France, which meant of course those of two or three great heads who watched over her destines. Tomy, who believed that he now thoroughly understood all questions pertaining to the marriage passed on to matters of closer import.

"And his Excellency?" he asked anxiously.

Z. was just then eating fresh pease and he had his mouth full.

"Best of men!" he mumbled.

"And the Countess?" continued Tomy, intently studying his glass

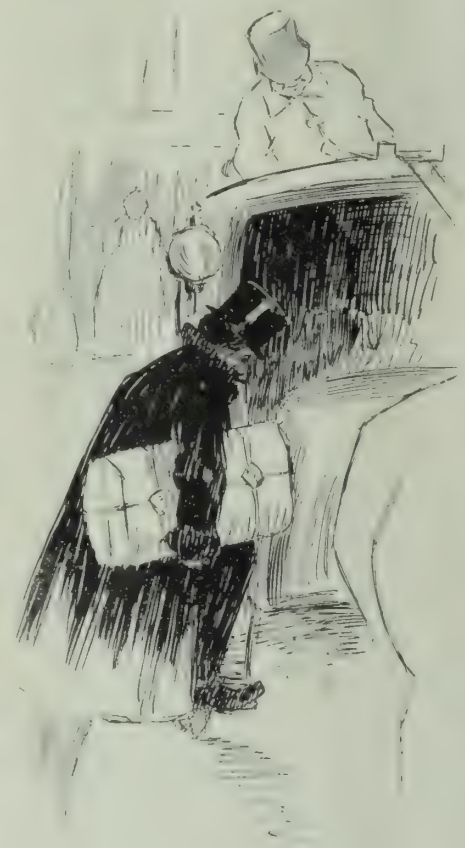
"Charming woman and highly educated," said Z., adding in a livelier tone, "Gad! but she's fond of fresh pease."

Tomy looked up quickly.

"You were saying, my friend——"

"I said the Countess adores fresh pease. You see, they only have the dried things down there and as she's a perfect little gourmand—but pardon me, my dear sir! I wasn't thinking—however, where one has eaten for three years the hard, dry, shrivelled things it is a happy change."

From this moment M. de Tomy was preoccupied,and listened with only one ear while Z. poured out plans and instructions,quite contrary to every point to those with which he was officially made acquainted. At last Z. stopped to rise and wish him a pleasant journey,



He gravely carried his bag to the carriage.

quite devoid of rancour, "And give my best regards to the Countess," he ended.

"Be sure I shall not fail to do so," was returned, while the baron promptly forgot all about the princely marriage and the ponderous instructions, to sit himself gravely down before this unique question:

"Where could I find some perfectly fresh pease,this evening?"

He thought awhile, then strode rapidly homeward, where, finding his servant, he ordered him to hunt him up a bag which should have the most diplomatic appearance. Jean understood perfectly what his master required, but was secretly astonished that the ministry did not furnish the bag with the dispatches; nevertheless, as he was a man of resources, at eleven o'clock M. de Tomy was in possession of the bag. But the stunning blow to Jean came when his master gravely asked:

"How many pecks will that hold?"

"But, my lord——"

"Well, well, never mind! You're sure this cord is good and strong, at least? I don't want the bag to burst open on the way!"

"But, master, it isn't a potato bag! And at this hour I couldn't find another—I had a great time to find this. I hope my lord will not be disappointed in it. As to its solidity——"

Jean caught it up to demonstrate the strength of its fabric.

"See! It is perfect, perfect!"

At which M. de Tomy gave the bag so complacent a look that puzzled Jean flung his last vestige of care to the winds. The baron then ordered the valet to arouse him at four o'clock and have a carriage ready at five, sharp.

"But does my lord know that the train does not leave until half past seven?"

"Jean, I can do very well without your wise counsels, if you please!"

At five o'clock M. de Tomy entered his carriage, the bag wound up in a tight roll in one hand, his necessary luggage in the other.

"To the market!" was his order.

But, good heavens! though he had been to Japan he had never been to market. He was by no means afraid, yet with that great empty bag and in his traveler's dress, he felt that if he did not exactly have the air of a cook, he certainly did look very funny.

Yet, without much trouble, he found the greengrocer he was looking for, and was at the acme of delight when in response to his hesitating question, "Have you fresh pease enough to fill this bag?" as he gingerly handed it out, the stout country woman answered in a resounding voice,

"That and ten more like it, little father! And such pease! Just look at that——" Then with her teeth she opened a shell and made the contents fly with her finger-nail. "Isn't it tender—and fine—and juicy? Taste and see for yourself."

He tasted, she watching him with anxiety.

"Hah! Isn't it of the first quality? And every pod the same! Give me the bag till I fill it,"—and she rapidly emptied the measure into the sack.

"Put in all you possibly can," urged the baron, but was almost scared at the literalness with which she obeyed him. The bag, puffed out to its fullest extent, was enormous! He caught back the measure with a grimace.

"Now, sir, you have all of twelve pecks there—you surely can't say you've been robbed of one pod!"

He felt very certain of it, and questioned,

"But will they keep fresh for three days?"

"Fresh as if just picked, to be sure."

He gravely carried his bag to the carriage, opened his dressng-case, lighted a wax taper, and began to affix at the ends, which were tied up with packthread, most enormous seals.

He saw with perfect satisfaction that it no longer resembled a potato-bag, and broke out in a delighted tone

"Now I can carry the thing anywhere without making a spectacle of myself. So much for diplomacy!"

Jean opened wide eyes when he saw the bag's dimensions, but was nearly fowled over when the baron forbade him to touch it. But in time he recovered sufficiently to decide that one thing was sure—the bag did not contain papers!

During three days and two nights, in carriage, train and steamer, that bag never was out of sight and reach of M. de Tomy. The great seals awakened deep respect in the common herd, while Jean was beginning to believe that they guarded a treasure of

Continued on page 13.

One of the Aristocracy.

HER FATHER WAS HANGED BY THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE. HER MOTHER SANG IN A DANCE HALL. BEFORE SHE MARRIED, SHE WASHED DISHES AT ANGEL'S CAMP. HER HUSBAND WAS A BUTCHER. NOW HE IS RICH AND SHE IS ONE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

BEN HENDRICKS,
in "Ole Olson," at the California
LEW DOCKSTADDER,
who comes soon to the Columbia.

Future at the Theatres

CALIFORNIA—Beginning Sunday, Ben Hendricks in "Ole Olson."

ORPHEUM—Vaudeville, with Al. Shean and Charles Warren in "Quo Vadis Upside Down," Shattuck, Mlle. Christina's dogs and monkeys, etc.

COLUMBIA—Beginning Monday, Frederick Warde in "The Duke's Jester."

TIVOLI—Beginning Monday, "Cinderella," Christmas production, Tivoli Stock Company.

MOROSCO'S GRAND—Beginning Monday, the Oliver Leslie Co. in "A Tale of Two Cities."

ALCAZAR—"Madame Butterfly" and "A Serious Tangle."

ALAHAMBRA—Beginning Monday, The Boston Lyric Opera Co. in repertoire.

He Wouldn't Give it up.

Wm. A. Brady is considered what is called a lucky man, in the theatrical profession, and why such, is inexplicable. Brady started on the lowest rung of the ladder and has attained his position by brains and perseverance and pushing his judgment to the limit. There are many men as smart as Brady, but they lack the nerve to bank on their own convictions. Had he listened to the "Solomons" of the theatrical world " 'Way Down East" would have been shelved after the first week, but not with him, and after several disastrous weeks his keen judgement became apparent. " 'Way Down East" today is one of the greatest pieces of theatrical property spoken in the English tongue.

Such an innocent thing as "San Toy" has caused a challenge for a duel. The trouble started with Sidney Jones, the composer, who refused to permit a production of the comic opera at the Carl Theatre, Vienna, because the management proposed rearranging parts of his score. With the music tucked under his arm, he angrily left the theatre. The director, E. B. Norman, vented his anger on Baron Hammerstein, the prima donna's husband, and ordered him off the stage. Refusing to go, the Baron was forcibly ejected from the theatre, and thereupon sent his seconds to challenge Mr. Norman to a duel, which the Englishman considers absurd.

A lot of Vassar girls went to see how Thackeray was constructed in a stage version of "Vanity Fair." They were so lightly impressed that the leading actress, Minnie Maddern Fiske, asked the manager of the theatre what their indifference meant. He replied evasively that Poughkeepsie audiences seldom applauded much. "But there's a man asleep out there," she is reported in the locol press to have exclaimed, "and he snores, too, I won't go on until he is awakened." The slumberer was roused in time to see what is known as the badger-game scene, in which the siren lures the old libertine to her apartments and he is caught there by her husband. The account does not tell whether the Vassar girls remained chilly through that act.

Francis Wilson expresses the feelings of his every brother and sister in the profession regarding "First nights," in December "Success."

"First nights? Heavens! don't speak of them. It makes me feel bad now to think of the Thursday when we first gave the 'Monks of Malabar.' Really, I felt like taking a train and running away when that evening came around; and if it hadn't been for my wife coming down from New Rochelle with me, I believe I should have tried to swim across the Sound and lose myself on Long Island. First nights! Whew! They're worse than frost bites, mosquitoes and the yellow jaundice all at once. Don't lets talk about 'em. I'm not a bit superstitious, but the man who invented them owes me his life. I have an idea where he is, and I hope he'll stay there till I reach him."—

Famous Henschels to Return.

The return of the distinguished vocalists, Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel, to this city is announced, arrangements having just been completed for a number of recitals, early in the coming year, at Metropolitan Temple. Since the Henschels were here, some three years ago, they have sung in all the large cities of Europe and the East, and have won golden opinions everywhere. It is safe to assume that when the advance sale of seats opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store, there will be a big rush for tickets.

Strauss Orchestra to Come.

The next musical event of great importance to San Francisco will be the appearance of Edward Strauss and his famous orchestra, direct from Vienna, via New York. They come to the California Theatre the last part of the month and will repeat the programmes that have completely captured New York since the twenty-first of October when they opened at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The Western Company representing Wm. A. Brady's production, "Way Down East," is playing to the capacity of theatres everywhere, and in many cases the demand is so great to see this beautiful play that extra matinees to the extent of two and three per week have to be given in order, in a measure, to satisfy the demand.

"Lost River," Joseph Arthur's latest successful play of life and character in southern Indiana, will play its first engagement out of New York in Indianapolis. The booking of the New York company has just begun, and at special request of many Indiana friends of Mr. Arthur, and others interested in a play of Hoosier life Indianapolis was selected as the first stand. It was the original intention to jump the company from New York to Chicago, where "Lost River" goes on for a run; but in deference to these numerous requests, the managers, Messrs. Liebler & Co., decided to let the organization stop by the way and give Indianapolis a a treat.

At the California.

"Ole Olson" with Ben Hendricks in the title role will be the attraction at the California Theater for the week beginning Sunday afternoon, December 16. "Ole Olson" is like an old friend who has been tried and not found wanting. This really superior comedy has probably more admirers than any other American play. Its friends here are legion and they will doubtless prove loyal again. Not only has the play been rewritten for this season's production, but the specialties are all new and numerous, it is said. The singing of the National Swedish Ladies' Quartette will no doubt be a most enjoyable feature of the performance.

"At the White Horse Tavern," the great success at Wallack's Theater, New York, will follow.

At the Orpheum.

The Orpheum's new bill should be popular with all classes of theater goers. The newcomers are all head liners and those retained from the previous bill have been kept on their merits. Al. Shean and Charles Warren are two clever comedians and among the most popular of vaudeville performers. They will present their latest travesty, "Quo Vadis Upside Down." Truly Shattuck, who started her stage career in San Francisco and since leaving her native town has won a high

place in the vaudeville world, returns to this city in the full glory of her wonderful success. Mlle. Christina's dogs and monkeys will be a big attraction for the children and should afford amusement for the grown-ups as well. The animals present a regular circus and the act is said to be most entertaining. Among the holdovers will be Hal Davis and Inez McCauley, Harmony Four, Spenser Kelly, Pantzer Trio, Ahern and Patrick and the biograph.

At the Columbia.

The appearance of that grand and sterling actor, Frederick Warde, and the Bruno Company which includes those two well-known stars, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Spencer, in a new comedy, "The Duke's Jester," at the Columbia on Monday night, will undoubtedly prove the theatrical event of the season. Mr. Warde has never been associated with an inferior company and has for several years gone but forward in the general excellence of his entertainment. This season he stars under auspicies and conditions never before attained by him. His production of "The Duke's Jester" is said to be magnificently staged as well as one of the most amusing comedies extant. His support has already won the reputation of being the strongest organization since the famous Booth and Barrett combination.

Betsy Ross, whose hands sewed the first American flag, is to be a central figure in a new romance of the Revolution, by H. A Du Souchet, author of "My Friend from India." It will be produced in Philadelphia before the close of the season by Wm. A. Brady and Jos. R. Grismer, with a special cast including Phoebe Davies and Odell Williams of "Way Down East" fame.

Alcazar Theatre

Fred Belasco and Mark Thall, Managers
Phone Main 254

Every night next week the Remarkable One-Act Play.

Madame Butterfly

A Japanese Tragedy by David Belasco.

Preceded by "A Serious Tangle."

Regular matinee Saturday and Sunday.

Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50c.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

Commencing Sunday Afternoon, December 16th
and for One Week Only.

YOLLY-YENIAL-YOVIAL BEN HENDRICKS
in the play that made him famous

"OLE OLSON."

Everything new and up-to-date excepting the title, and the original 1,000 laughs!

POPULAR PRICES.

Next:—The Season's Biggest Success
"AT THE WHITE HORSE TAVERN.'

Orpheum

Al. Shean and Charles Warren; Truly Shattuck; Mlle. Christina's Dogs; Hal Davis and Inez Macauley; The Harmony Four; Spencer Kelly; Pantzner Trio; Ahern and Patrick; Biograph

Reserved Seats 25c.: Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

The Wave's Favorites.

MAUD WILLIAMS.

The poets have sung of the songs of the birds
In all sorts of metrical gush;
The nightingale's trill has been told of u til
We're sick of the maundering slush.
The robin and lark have been praised to the skies,
Boquets have been thrown to the thrush,
But pretty Maud Williams can give them all cards
She beats any two birds in the bush.

Social Happenings.

Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal and her daughter, Miss Elsie Lilienthal, are on a visit to their relativas in the East, and expect to remain about two months, visiting many places of interest before their return to California.

Miss Florence Neustadter will make her bow to society on the afternoon of December 16th, as her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Neustadter, have issued invitations for an at home at their residence, corner of Van Ness and Sacramento, for that day.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas will introduce their daughter Florine to society at a ball to be given at the Haas residence on Franklin street, December 22d.

Geo. W. Cavanagh and Miss M. A. Telfer were married in Sacred Heart Church last Tuesday.

Invitations have been sent for the wedding of Miss Maud Getz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Getz, and M. O. Meyer, to take place at the Palace Hotel on the 18th.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin's at home Friday last was largely attended.

Miss Ida Wise and Charles E. Phelps were married last Wednesday evening at the California Hotel.

The engagement is announced of Miss Carrie Patek and Alexander Jacobi. They received last Thursday at the Patek home, 1425 Larkin street.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Levene announce the engagement of their daughter Lizzie to Ralph Levy.

On December 17th the Woman's Press Association will give a reception to Miss Jessie Sekerman.

The engagement is announced of Miss Christina Fasshauer and Charles Wirth.

Miss Grace Kellogg has gone to New York for the winter and will spend a portion of the early summer in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fletcher are in Venice.

Mrs. A. P. Whittell and Miss Whittell, who have been abroad for some years, have returned and are at the Palace Hotel.

The wedding of Miss Ida Wise and Charles E. Phillips took place at the California Hotel last Wednesday.

Horace Morgan, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan, announces his engagement to Miss Lilian Beauman, of Alameda.

The 1900 Club gave a domino and fancy dress party at Union Square Hall last Tuesday evening.

Miss Claribel Munsell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Munsell, was married last Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock to Frederick March Colby, a son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Colby of Claremount and a brother of Professor George E. Colby of the State University Rev. John Bakewell, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church officiated.

Captain and Mrs. W. A. Nevills have returned from a month's trip through Mexico and Arizona.

The wedding of Miss Mae Weldon and Dr. Morrow will take place at the Hotel Van Nuys in Los Angeles on Christmas Eve.

Miss Bessie Center gave a tea last Thursday in honor of Miss Elena Robinson.

Mrs. Warren Dearbon Clarke gave a tea last Friday in honor of Miss Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells have abandoned their trip to Japan and China, and will leave shortly for their home in the East.

Mr. and Mrs Thomas Magee Jr. have secured apartments at the Palace Hotel for three months. They arrive on the 1st of January.

At Home.

Miss Florence T. Buyer, 1510 Octavia, second Tuesdays.

Mrs. H. Kirschbraun, 1626 Pacific avenue, Alameda, third Tuesdays.

The Misses Loewy, 726 Shotwell, second Sundays.

Mrs. J. A. Noah, Post and Powell, Thursdays.

Mrs. J. Bien, in Mexico. Day discontinued.

Mrs. Edward Weil, 1004 Van Ness, third Mondays.

Miss Bertha Herzog, first and second Fridays December and January.

Mrs. J. Feist and Miss Feist, 2102 Van Ness, first Fridays.

Miss Ray Manasse, 1432 Webster, second Thursdays.

Mrs. Alex Weil, 2017 Broderick, first Wednesdays.

Mrs. Max Bornstein, 805½ Geary, Wednesdays in December.

Mrs. Phil S. Beel, 1451 Leavenworth, second Wednesdays.

Mrs. Otto J. Joel, 1528 Ellis, second Tuesdays.

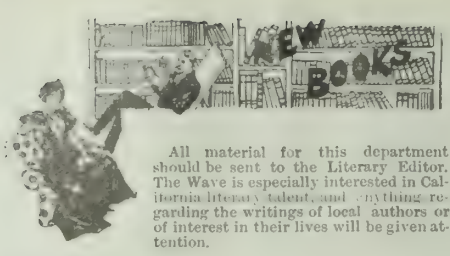
Mrs. J. Levy and Miss Hahn, 2004 Bush, second Tuesdays.

Mrs. I. Strauss, 1441 Hyde, second Wednesdays.

Mrs. J. Nieto, first Tuesdays.

Mrs. S. Laventhal and Miss H. Kaskel, 1527 Octavia, second Wednesdays.

Lulu Glaser has scored a personal hit in her new comic opera, "Sweet Anne Page," at the Manhattan New York. She has a rollicking Tom-boy part, with incidental disguises, that peculiarly fit her romping, roguish personality. The music of the opera, by W. H. Neidlinger, is remarkably tuneful.



All material for this department should be sent to the Literary Editor. The Wave is especially interested in California literary talent, and anything regarding the writings of local authors or of interest in their lives will be given attention.

Books Received.

"A Sequel to a Tragedy;" a Story of the Far West, by Henry C. Dibble. (J. P. Lippincott Co.) $1.50

"Lord Linlithgow," by Morley Roberts, (Harper Bros.) $1.50.

'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." (Doxey's.)

"Lucid Intervals," by E. S. Martin. (Harper & Bros.) $1.50.

"The Biography of a Baby," by Milicent W. Shinn. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"In the Hands of the Cave Dwellers," by Geo. A. Henty. (Harper & Bros.) $1.00.

"A Chambermaid's Diary," by Octave Mirbeau. (Benjamin R. Tucker.)

Doxey's "Omar Khayyam."

Doxey, formerly of San Francisco, now of New York, has published the finest "Rubaiyat" yet seen on the book stalls. It is Edward Fitzgerald's beautiful translation, introduced by a poem to Omar Khayyam, by Justin H. McCarthy and "Glose upon a Raba'iy" by Porter Garnett. The decorative illustrations are by Florence Lundborg who has outshone all her previous efforts in this line and has given a wonderfully beautiful setting to this jewel.

"A Chambermaid's Diary,"

By Octave Mirbeau, translated by Benjamin R. Tucker. The modest cover of this clever book probably saved it from the postal authorities; if its contents had been noticed it would have never been allowed to pass through the mails.

Translations from the French for American readers are usually so carefully expurgated that but little of the original wit and humor is left. Mr. Tucker translates with a different object in view, and he has an unusual style of calling a French spade a spade. However, these quaint and philosophical reminiscences of a Parisian chambermaid are not for family reading.

"The Sequel to a Tragedy; a Story of the Far West,"

By Henry C. Dibble.

With no pretense to literary style, H. C. Dibble has told a plain story in a plain way. There are no symptoms about the book that it will run into its twenty millionth edition, and there is no especial reason for its being written. San Franciscans may enjoy its local color and lawyers may appreciate its realistic court scenes, but the average reader can have little interest in the erratic character drawing and the jumbled psychological study.

The "tragedy," of which this book is the "sequel," occurred some time before the book went to press and caused the hero to break his heart, the heroine to lose her mind and the kindly mamma to drown. The working out to happy marriage bells of this sorrowful state of affairs is the Herculean labor the author set himself to do. Then feeling himself fully able to take care of a larger job, he works in a brother of the heroine, arrested and convicted of a crime of which he is innocent, who has to be cleared.

A stage hold-up, assault and battery on the waterfront, a Palace Hotel serenade by the Hawaiian band, are some of the incidents that give the Far West coloring.

That Capt. Slocum's great adventure in "Sailing Alone Around the World" is appreciated in naval circles is shown by the fact that his book has recently been added to the list of works included in the crews' libraries on American men-of-war.

"Deacon Bradbury," Mr. Edwin Asa Dix's recent novel of New England life, touches the Christmas note in the concluding chapters, and may therefore be fairly included in the season's holiday books. Regarding the episode of the Bradbury girls making Christmas wreaths to be sold in the cities, as well as to decorate the house for their brother's home-coming, it is a fact that Vermont furnishes a large proportion of the enormous number of evergreens sold annually during holiday-time.

In a writer of fiction the unpardonable sin is to be uninteresting, and when one is uninteresting for five hundred pages at a stretch, it is adding insult to injury. "Who Goes There," by B. K. Benson, is an account of the doings of a spy during the Civil War, given with deadly detail. It is a veritable treadmill of words. (The Mac millan Company.)

Mr. George A. Henty is a writer of what now are styled "stories for boys." The hero of "In the Hands of the Cave Dwellers" runs away to sea, kills a great many Indians and eventually marries an heiress. In our youth such tales came cheaper and were called by another name. (Harper and Brothers.)

"Marr'd in Making," by Baroness von Hutten, is most aptly named. In spite of many blemishes, the book contains an excellent character study in "Beth," the heroine. In the end, however, the author flinches from the logical evolution of her own conception, and seeks to escape from an artistically impossible situation by a psychologically improved. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"A White Guard to Satan" purports to be a narrative written soon after Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia and "recovered" by Alice Maud Ewell. Had she stumbled upon it some years ago, before such tales became a drug, it would have been welcomed more warmly. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company.)

A Chinese work by the Viceroy Chang-Ching-Tung has been translated by Samuel I. Woodbridge and is called "China's Only Hope." Besides giving the opinion of a liberal and polished Chinaman anent the present crisis, it affords an interesting glimpse of ourselves as the Orient sees us. (The Fleming H. Revell Company.)

Lord Roseberry has written a most delightful book in his "Napoleon, the Last Phase." He deals with the life of the Emperor subsequent to the Battle of Waterloo, and he deals with it in a thoroughly satisfactory and scholarly manner. The book is eminently worth reading. (Harper & Brothers.)

"The Life of Henry George," by his son and namesake, is as good a biography as could be hoped for at this time. The style is dignified, and the matter selected, for the most part, interesting. On the other hand, the part of the book devoted to the childhood and youth of Mr. George is overloaded with letters and quotations of no interest to the public, and it seems at least premature to class him with Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, and to draw comparisons between him and Herbert Spencer to the disparagement of the latter. (Doubleday & McClure Company.)

A wild tale of gambling and crime at Monte Carlo, by William Le Queux, is called "The Sign of the Seven Sins." Were it bound in yellow paper and sold at fifteen cents, it would be dear at the price. (J. P. Lippincott Company.)

A new book of animal pictures, by Harry B. Neilson, "Droll Doings," abounds in fun. The amount of expression this artist condenses in an animal's face is a perpetual surprise. (Blackie & Son, London.)

Sympathy

Is a good thing for the young husband to give the young wife. But sympathy will not abate one jot of her nervousness or lift her to that plane of sound health where alone the wife and mother can find happiness.

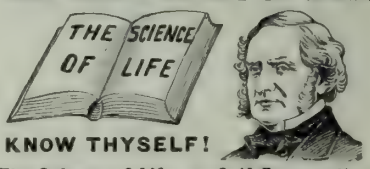
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription meets every womanly want and need. It tranquilizes the nerves, restores the appetite and induces refreshing sleep. Its use previous to maternity makes the baby's advent practically painless and gives the mother abundant nutrition for her child. "Favorite Prescription" is a woman's medicine and has no equal as a cure for womanly diseases. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." No other medicine is "just as good" for weak and sick women.

"It affords me great pleasure to be able to say a few words in regard to the merits of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. Flora Arn, of Dallas, Jackson Co., Mo. "I was tempted to try these medicines after seeing the effect upon my mother. At an early age of married life I was greatly bothered with painful periods, also a troublesome drain which rendered me weak and unfit for work of any kind. I became so thin there was nothing left of me but skin and bone. My husband became alarmed and got me a bottle of 'Favorite Prescription. After he saw the wonderful effects of that one he got two more, and after I used those up there was no more pain, and I began to gain in flesh very rapidly."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps, to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN.



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald

It is one of the strictest rules of the great theatres that no actor or actress shall carry natural flowers on the stage. The rule is based on common sense, for nothing is more likely to make one slip than a flower petal. One time during the Henderson productions there was a large chorus on the stage and clouds above the stage. Angels' heads were to be seen through the openings in the clouds. Suddenly one of the chorus girls slipped and fell full length. The stage manager was furious. When the curtain dropped he found two or three natural rose petals on the stage, showing the cause of the accident.

"Who dared to bring natural flowers on this stage?" he asked. A meek little voice piped up:

"If you please, sir, they fell out of the hole in heaven. One of the angels wore them.'"

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure: Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Teledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Order some

"Club Cocktails"

Sent Home To-day.

You will then have on your own sideboard a better cocktail than can be served over any bar in the world. A cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and all blends improve with age.

The **"Club Cocktails"** are made of the best of liquors; made by actual weight and measurement. No guesswork about them.

Ask your husband at breakfast which he prefers—a Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth or York—and then surprise him with one at his dinner.

For sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

29 Broadway, N.Y. **Hartford, Conn.**

Pacific Coast Agents.
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,
Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

The Baron's Master Stroke

Concluded from page 8.

golden ingots, at least. Never had the baron lived under the weight of such a responsibility. The way he cared for it and took precaution against its breaking, the almost tender consideration with which he guarded it from dampness, from heat, from dryness, from everything, can scarcely be imagined. He would neither eat, drink nor sleep until the bag was safe from all danger. Jean could only wonder, but he felt certain his master was charged with some great mission which would make him an ambassador at least.

They alighted in X. at five o'clock of a dreary morning just opening into a dubious-looking day. But everything seemed radiant to the young diplomat; he was here and his bag was safe! As he brought along with his other papers personal letters to his chief, he presented himself at the great man's home by ten o'clock. Of course the bag went with him, and though he furtively kicked it under the chair nearest to the entrance, the eagle eye of the minister spied it out.

The Count de T., with a cool, but courteous manner, welcomed his new subordinate. He posed with great dignity before him, seated in his most stately attitude in a large desk chair of leather, his bust only appearing above the great table where his left hand fluttered among the heaped-up papers, while his right joined eyes and ears in an expectant air of dignified attention.

Poor Tomy felt that he had never run up against such an icicle—such an all-over-one—and could only murmur "Perfectly! Just so! to his frigid sentences. At length, this official conversation having come to an end, the Count de T. spoke up brusquely—"Hello, there! What have you got in that great bag you kicked under the chair in that dark corner, eh?"

The unfortunate baron, upon whom that bag now lay with the weight of all those three days and two nights, tried to answer airily, "Oh, that? God! sire, it is nothing at all but a bag of fresh pease—yes, I assure you, *fresh pease!* And this is how it happened. The night before my departure I met Z. at the English cafe, where he happened to mention that here you could only get dried vegetables, and that Madame the Countess was especially fond of fresh pease. So I just thought I would bring her a few, and here they are!"

M. de Tomy was, after all his expectations, astonished at the effect of this speech. The minister arose, hastened around the great table, and laying his hands paternally on the young man's shoulders, cried out, "My dear boy! That was simply a master stroke."

But without permitting Tomy to answer, he sat down and wrote two notes, each word of which he appeared to weigh profoundly. Then looking up—

"Would you be so kind as to touch the bell?"

Tomy docilely rang, asking himself meanwhile what possible relation could exist between his fresh pease and the correspondence of the ministry. An attendant entered to whom the great man spoke:

"See that these letters are instantly taken to their addresses, and find out from Madam the Countess if she can receive me with Monsieur the Baron de Tomy." Then turning again to the latter, most amicably,—"You will dine with us this evening, my dear friend? I have just written to the Prince de V. and the Counselor de B. We have been under a light frost for some days; the marriage hung fire and I did not know how to break the ice. But your pease are an admirable pretext! The prince is a devil of a gourmand! Then the Countess will be charmed and charming, the marriage will come off—— Tell me all about Paris aud Japan whenever you feel disposed; I see that we shall understand each other perfectly."

The welcome of the Countess set out to be even more reserved and dignified than had been her husband's but the instant the bag was placed before her and the explanation made, Tomy saw the face, which had so severely met him a moment since, suddenly break up into dimpling smiles that made it charming.

"Why, how perfectly delightful! A delicious idea! Give me the scissors quick—Mousieur de Tomy, take care there! These are my

Sunset Limited

For the Season of

1900=1901

Tri=Weekly

Leave SAN FRANCISCO	Leave LOS ANGELES
Mondays	Tuesdays
Wednesdays	Thursdays
Fridays	Saturdays
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.

ARRIVE NEW ORLEANS, 7:20 P. M. MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS.

MORE BRILLIANT THAN EVER
NEW EQUIPMENT
IMPROVED SERVICE

Secure Time Tables and any desired information from Any S. P. Co's Agent.

Santa Fe Trains

GO TO

Antioch	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Bakersfield	9 a m		8 p m
Chicago	9 a m		
Denver	9 a m		
Fresno	9 a m		8 p m
Hanford	9 a m		8 p m
Joliet	9 a m		
Kansas City	9 a m		
Leavenworth	9 a m		
Merced	9 a m		8 p m
Newton	9 a m		
Phoenix	9 a m		
Stockton	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Tulare	9 a m		8 p m
Visalia	9 a m		8 p m
Williams	9 a m		

Personally conducted Excursions to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston every MONDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in Pullman's Best Tourist Sleeping Cars. Try this NEW ROUTE.

Get full information and handsome folder at

641 MARKET STREET

or at Santa Fe Ticket Office

Ferry Building, Foot of Market Street

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters "Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes, and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

Naber, Alfs & Brune, Agents,

323-325 MARKET STREET. S. F., CAL.

pease—are they still fresh and green?" and she split them between her teeth as the market woman had done.

"Good! And you had the courage to lug that bag clear from Paris? It was admirable—admirable! My dear, you have here a most unusual man; I don't see how he could have found such charming manners in Japan—what is that? You even know how to cool them? I see you are a creature of great talents!"

After much more of the same kind they at last permitted Tomy to depart,recommending him to go straight to bed and sleep soundly in order to be at his best when six o'clock arrived. When he had gone the Countess thought,

"And so this is the poor boy I detested without knowing him? How careful we should be of hasty judgments! Certainly the departure of Z. changed my life, and in this forsaken spot it is none too gay. But, now that he is gone I can't wish him back, for this little baron has the brightest kind of wit there's no doubt of that His idea about those pease was simply luminous! He will have a brilliant career; why should I not have a chance in it? Come, come, I've been a fool to weep so much and make myself look like a fright!"

The minister had a long conference with his wife and the cook, all about the fresh pease, and it was decided that they should be served both in the French and English manner, while the prime minister of the range was solemnly commanded to give his most particular attention to this fortunate vegetable.

At a quarter to six Tomy was in the salon of the ministry where he was welcomed like an old friend.

"You are soon going to taste our pease!" said the Countess archly, after which in a few words she gave him all the enlightenment he needed concerning the new and formable people he was to meet.

Later, M. de Tomy was presented to each by his chief with the most particular solicitude; he evidently was one of the household.

The dinner was exquisite The Prince de V. was in his most jovial mood, the Counselor de B. gallant and assiduous in his attentions to the Countess. All joked Tomy in a fraternal way, and he was the object of general attention as they questioned and exclaimed,

"How's that? In a dispatch-bag, did you say?"

"Yes, yes, and with immense seals! Three days and two nights, and it weighed twelve pecks, my dear prince!"

The Prince de V. looked across at him with the most genial friendliness; the Counselor de B. bent forward and addressed the modest young man several times with marked respect, and upon leaving the table the prince said to his host,

"My dear minister, I must say this M. de Tomy appears to me a remarkable young fellow!"

The Counselor at once added,

"You have there, sir, a boy who will be heard from some day, mark my words!"

To all which the minister answered with absolute seriousness,

"Yes, I asked for him knowing his great merit."

From that day the gentlemen of the legation made it a matter of personal emulation, even to jealously, to secure the advancement of this new colleague who had captured the confidence of the chief and the good will of his Countess.

And, one month later, there was celebrated at X. the marriage of the princess with the suitor best approved of France.

For on just such trifles depend the destinies of men and of princes!

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT. Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Yosemite Engraving Company.

Makers of High Grade Printing Plates.
Half-Tone a Specialty.
24 Montgomery St., S. F. Cal.

The English Emergency Ration.

Every soldier in the British army carries in his haversack what is known as the "emergency ration." This consists of a small tin cylinder, similar to a pocket spirit-flask, divided into two compartments. One of these is filled with four ounces of cocoa paste, and the other contains a similar quantity of concentrated beef—pemmican. As its title implies, the ration is not to be used, except in the cases of direst necessity, and if consumed in small quantities it will maintain strength for thirty-six hours The tin has to be produced at parades and daily inspections, and the soldier who does not display his ration is severely dealt with. The tin must not be opened on any account, except by order of an officer. The ingredients may be either spread upon a biscuit like butter, or boiled up as cocoa or soup. Each tin contains sufficient quantities of the foodstuffs to make four pints of each.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27. Jan. 1, and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle for this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. Dec. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Jan. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles)—Steamer Queen, Wed. 9a. m. steamer Santa Rosa, Sun. 9 a.m.

For Santa Cruz, Monteyey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbarba, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro (Los Angeles) and Newport—Steamea Corona, Fripays, 9 a. m. steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Sose del Cabo, Mazatlin, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S.S. Zealandia for **HONOLULU only**, Wednesday, Dec. 26, 2. p. m.

S. S. Sierra for **Honolulu Samoa, Au kland, and Sydney**, Wed. Jan. 2, 9 p. m.

S. S. Australia, for **Tahiti**, Sunday .Jan 6, 4 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 643 MARKET STREET.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

The Old Government the perfection of Whisky.
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
PURE-AGED-WHOLESOME.
Used in the Medical Departments of the U.S. ARMY & NAVY SERVICE
WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO. DISTRIBUTORS.
Beware of Imitations or refilled Bottles

BRAUNSCHWEIGER & CO.
5 & 7 DRUMM STREET,
San Francisco, Cal.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
AT CROCKER'S

ARTISTIC CALENDARS
HIGH GRADE UMBRELLAS, VIENNA NOVELTIES, STYLISH CORRESPONDENCE PAPER
FINE LEATHER GOODS

CROCKER'S
227-229 POST ST. 215-219 BUSH ST.

REFRESHING SLEEP.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

Going to San Jose?

"The Stanford"

is one of the most centrally located rooming houses in San Jose. It is especially desirable for traveling men and tourists. Everything clean and first class and rates are reasonable.

MRS. McCUNE, Prop.

192 South 1st St., San Jose, Cal

MRS. SAHCT'S

HAIR RESTORER

A Pure and Harmless Vegetable Compound

For Baldness, Dandruff, Gray and Faded Hair, Scaly and Itching Scalp and all Diseases of the Hair and Scalp.

This marvelous compound has been used for years as a remedy in the family of Mrs. Sacht. Its wonderful curative properties became known to her friends and it is now offered to the public as a safe and sure remedy for disfiguring baldness. A reference to the front label of this bottle will show the growth of hair produced for Mrs. Sacht, who, although sixty years of age, has a long soft, heavy growth of hair of natural color.

Price 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

DIRECTIONS.—Apply to the scalp once or twice a day, rubbing it very gently to avoid injury to new young hair. Wash the hair only once or twice a month, and then only with pure castile soap and as hot water as you can stand. Rinse with cold water.

MRS. M. K. SACHT Hair Restorer.

425 Cedar Ave., off Laguna St.

Can be had at the following Hair Dressers:
Mrs. J. S. Goldschmidt
708 Polk Street Bet. Ellis and Eddy Sts.
Telephone Polk 1321
Carl Anderson, 417 Geary Street.
J. Isaacson, Pharmacist, cor. Geary and Octavia sts.
Phone E. 280

A TOILET NECESSITY

Wakelee's

Cold Cream of Roses

—MADE WITH—

Pure Almond Oil and Distilled Water of Roses

Holiday Notes.

Give Presents that are useful and will be appreciated

Opera Glasses, Race and Field Glasses. Binoculars, Lorgnettes, Gold Spectacles and Eyeglasses, Graphoscopes, Thermometers.

Prices Within Reach of Everyone

Geo. H. Kahn.

OPTICIAN.

201 KEARNY ST., CORNER OF SUTTER

Kodaks and Cameras, Photo Supplies.

KODAK AGENCY—PHOTO SUPPLIES

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts., New York. . . . .

American and European Plan.

WILLIAM T. BANG, Pro.

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM For a Perfect Complexion

Made from the pure fruit juice at

GREENBAUM'S,

200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave. Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., - - San Francisco

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000
Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S.F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO. General Agents.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks. Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore.

Murphy, Grant & Co.

Sutter Street Hammam

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]

TURKISH RUSSIAN *BATHS*

Open Day and ght for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

Tel. Main 199

DEALERS IN *Paper*

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co. Portland, Or.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Germea

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

Bank of California

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital $2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits, Oct. 1, 1900 $3,511,068.82

William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; S. Pentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies; Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China Australia and New Zealand. The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....$2,238,372.45
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, July 30, 1900.....28,938,395.02

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President....H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Hermann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hohte, I. N. Walker,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA STREET

Deposits, July 1, 1900.....$26,952,875
Reserve Fund..... 218,093
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Premery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier: R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.
Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

LIKE A MAGIC TOUCH

So quickly and easily is the brilliancy restored to tarnished Silver by

Electro-Silicon

SILVER POLISH

If in doubt what's best, why not make the test. Simply send address on a postal.

At grocers and druggists everywhere, and postpaid 15 cents in stamps.

"SILICON,"
30 Cliff St., New York City.

Famous FOR ITS Purity

SEATTLE, U. S. A.

Byron Mauzy Pianos

308-312 POST STREET

SOHMER Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. PIANO AGENCY

Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE

This brand of Wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office, 416 Pine St.

A. REPSOLD & CO.

FIGPRUNE CEREAL

A Perfect Food Beverage

54% Fruit
46% Grains
100 -
and nothing else

A Substitute for Coffee. Nourishing and Invigorating. YOUR GROCER SELLS IT.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath houses billiard tables brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.,

TEL. 5610 609 Sacramento St.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY CAL

THIS CHARMING RESORT

is wholly distinct and unique: There is no basis of comparison by which its attractions can be measured. None other in the world has such a climate; none is planned on such a vast and elaborate scale, none so absolutely exempt from every annoyance and inconvenience, nor so easily within the reach of those whose refinement of taste enables them to appreciate its charms.

x x x x

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

transplanted to the shores of the "Western Sea."
There is but one Hotel del Monte.
Send for Souvenirs and other information to

W. A. JUNKER, Manager,

Monterey, California

The WAVE

TEN CENTS

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

This Paper not to be taken from the Library

VOL 22 NO 40 DECEMBER 22 1900

Fire Proof

FUNDS OVER $53,000.000.oo

SURPLUS $15,000,000.oo

INVESTED IN UNITED STATES
$7,000,000.oo

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY

Pacific Department

Royal Insurance Building,

PINE and SANSOME STS.,

SAN FRANCISCOe

ROLLA V. WATT, Manager

Jno. R. Hillman, City Manaagr

American Steel & Wire Company

Wire Ropes for

Hoisting Haulage
Power and Transmission
Bridge Work, Etc, Etc.

We make the wires from exceptionally high grade Steel and Iron of our own production, and we offer special features in

STRENGTH DURABILITY FLEXIBILITY

Trolley Wires, Feeder Wires Crown Rail Wires

American Steel & Wire Co.,

8 and 10 Pine Street San Francisco

GEORGE H. ISMON Pacific Coast Sales Agent

TUBBS CORDAGE CO.

Established 1856

MANUFACTURERS OF

Cordage and Binder Twine

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Office, 607-613 Front Street

Factory Kentucky St., bet. 22d and 23d

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Meese PRINT, 419 SACRAMENTO ST., S. F.

Homes Built by

The Continental Building and Loan Association

A HOME NOT BUILT BY THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

ARE ARTISTIC

UP-TO-DATE

and Within the Reach of any Man on Salary or Regular Income

W. M. CORBIN,

Secretary and Treasurer

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY CAL

THIS CHARMING RESORT

is wholly distinct and unique: There is no basis of comparison by which its attractions can be measured. None other in the world has such a climate; none is planned on such a vast and elaborate scale, none so absolutely exempt from every annoyance and inconvenience, nor so easily within the reach of those whose refinement of taste enables them to appreciate its charms.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

transplanted to the shores of the "Western Sea."

There is but one Hotel del Monte.

Send for Souvenirs and other information to

W. A. JUNKER, Manager,

Monterey, California

The Wave

Published every Saturday

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal. Entered at the Post Office second class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

San Francisco—December 22, 1900

A Christmas Greeting.

Once in the days of old, when the earth was far younger and nearer to the heart of Nature, there was born in the little town of Bethlehem one whose life, be it of God or man, had greater results for the betterment of the world than any before or since. The anniversary of that birthday has become the great holiday of every English speaking race. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon language is known there is a warming at the heart and a casting aside of thoughts of worldly things when the church bells ring out the opening paeons of their Christmas chants.

As a result of this feeling, born of a lofty sentiment and fostered by generations of custom, the Christmas time is one of rejoicing and celebration. To the children who are waifs and gamins of the streets of the city, it means a remembrance of their existence by those more fortunate; to the poor and suffering, it brings the comfort of happier recollections; to the hard-working sons and daughters of toil, it is the time of short reprieve and momentary respite; to the well-to-do, a re-uniting of family ties and the thanksgiving of peace and plenty; to the rich, it means the full knowledge of the power of wealth in the happiness of the ability to give.

Then let the glorious Christmas time, warm with the fires of love and good will, be so firmly welded in the hearts of everyone, regardless of nationality or religious belief, that the time may never come when it shall be regarded as a childish custom, outgrown in the advance of science. Let the spirit of Santa Claus reign as of yore in every childish mind, and the gentle superstition of reindeer and sleigh remain until driven out by the cruel whip of knowledge.

At this the time of holly and mistletoe, of happiness, comfort, friendliness and love, the *Wave* presents its greetings in the shape of its holiday number. With it go to you, warm from the heart, the best wishes of the season. To you who have been its friends; to you who have never before seen it; to all and to everyone, a merry Christmas and "God rest ye."

A Timely Word to Mayor Phelan.

With the advent of Christmas time, the kindly feeling of good will towards all men arises from the heart, causing the words of severe censure to be tempered with friendliness. To you, Mayor Phelan, the *Wave* will express itself, candidly, confidentially and publicly. What it has to say to you is meant honestly and fairly, in a friendly spirit, in a kindly way. Do not believe that it is from your friends alone that you hear the pleasant things, or that from your friends you should hear pleasant things alone. Sometimes it becomes the duty of a friend to to say the things which hurt the most, which bite the sharpest and which sting the fiercest.

A man born and reared as you have been is at a disadvantage in one respect: he has no opportunity to make a correct estimate of himself. And it is vital to success in a career such as you have laid out for yourself that one's judgment of oneself should be unerring. In that you fail.

Surrounded as you are, you know but two classes of men, your flatterers and your enemies. Those who fatten upon your bounty, or hope to , and those who seek revenge. You have no friends. No man comes to you honestly and candidly and tells you what is for your own interest, simply for your sake and yours alone. Every one of the sycophant crowd that surrounds meditates you but one thing—advancement at your expense. Your court is like that of Richelieu or Wolsey—ready to desert at the first shock.

Now, you can benefit them and they flatter you. They speak to you with soft words and entertain you with charming pictures of yourself. And they make you ridiculous. You pose as a social leader, and behind your back they laugh at you and mock your birth. You pose as a patron of art. It is your purse alone which wins you faint respect. And what they say when you have bought some high-priced treasure even a friend may be spared the pain of repeating to you. You think you are a reformer, and you have innocently, blindly and stupidly made the name of reform a stink in the nostrils of San Francisco. Your adulators have told you that you are a politician and they and your own conceit have shaped a course that has disrupted your party and driven those who truly desired its success away from you, scampering like rats from a sinking ship.

A year ago you were the most popular young man whom California had introduced to political life. Today you have lost that proud prestige. Your name has become a byword, your acts a target for abuse. The powers regard you as a demagogue, your party as a traitor, and the people as a false alarm.

You are at a crucial moment of your career. You have gone as near to the brink of destruction as any man may dare to approach. It is time to cease sunning yourself in the glories of self-contemplation, to listen for once to words not greased with flattery, to lay aside the vanity that enshrouds you like a pall, and cease pursuing the fatuous shadows of social and political ambition that are dancing you headlong to your ruin.

Be honest. Give the people what belongs to them —their government. It is theirs; they have a right to it. It is not yours to trade in little bits for social recognition; nor may you barter it to purchase silence or reward your enemies. It is a trust reposed in you to be by you administered for them. They believe you recreant to that trust, and only await the opportunity to say so. Unless you turn, unless you change your course, the blow will fall. And when it does, there will go down to political destruction not only you yourself, but those who, by association with you, have shared the odium of your name.

You have one chance more, on January first. Seize it.

A New Law Needed.

The fount of sympathy in the breast of every male member of the human race has been touched during the past week by the newspaper tales of the Smith divorce case. A husband, cross-examined by his wife, is not an unusual spectacle in domestic life and must needs be met with fortitude and resignation. But the husband on the witness stand, the wife as attorney and an audience of interested and grinning sensation-lovers is another matter.

There are laws on the books against cruelty to animals. Should there not be a law against permitting a wife to browbeat her husband with searching questions into his private affairs in the very Hall of Justice?

The Holiday Trade.

San Francisco may jubilate over the holiday trade of the present year. It has never been better, in many lines; in others, it has held well up to the average. The heavy days of the Christmas purchasing are still to come and promise to bring the balance well on the right side of the ledger.

If San Francisco may be taken as an indication, the business of the coast is remarkably encouraging. Money is freely spent and the sale of fancy articles and Christmas toys and notions is a sign of that prosperity which means playthings for the children of the rich and the poor.

Good resolutions begun now will be a little better than if postponed until January first.

The Christmas ratio is about 16 wishes to 1 present

Mr. Gabber is Impressed.

"Mrs. McAddie called today," observed Mrs. Gabber.

"Did, eh?" responded Mr. Gabber from the depths of his evening paper.

"Yes, and she came to see if we wouldn't join their golf club."

"Well," said he, "I'm waiting to hear what you told her."

"Oh, I said it was too late in the season to join now, but we were just as much obliged, and all that."

Gabber rolled his eyes in despair.

"How distinctly a woman's answer!" he mused, aloud. "Weak, polite and non-committal."

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed Mrs. Gabber, indignantly. "I'd just like to know, John Gabber, what more or less I could have said?"

"Ah yes, my dear, 'what less?' indeed," said Mr. Gabber, patronizingly. "But, instead of refusing because of the lateness of the season, you would have shown a little moral stamina, as well as deal a straight blow at a modern form of insanity, by replying, for instance, 'Mr. Gabber and myself happily have not reached that state of mind where pleasure consists in hitting a little ball before us as we tramp over nineteen miles of stubble.'"

"Just imagine my saying that!"

"Impossible, my dear, impossible! I cannot imagine any woman making so straightforward and comprehensive a statement, under any circumstances."

"You know very well you're talking like an idiot!" cried the usually calm Mrs. Gabber, losing her self-possession and trembling on the verge of tears. "You'd give anything to play, but you couldn't master the rules in a thousand years, let alone become a player!"

"Perhaps," said Gabber, "your phenomenal intellect has grasped enough of the subject for you to teach me. Did the lovely Mrs. McAddie attempt to lead your mind through imaginary cow-lots in pursuit of the winsome golf-ball?"

"Mrs. McAddie explained the entire game to me, and, whether you believe me or not, I understand the game perfectly."

"Now see here," exclaimed Mr. Gabber, laying a ten-dollar bill upon the table between them, "I know something about this improved shinny myself. I've been reading newspaper accounts of golf matches all the year, aud if you explain the main points of the game correctly, the ten is yours."

Mrs. Gabber carefully put the bill under a book on her side of the table, and Mr. Gabber lighted a fresh cigar and settled back comfortably, prepared to be sarcastic.

"In the first place," began his wife confidently, "the ground they play on is called a minx."

"Hold up!" interrupted Mr. Gabber. "Did you say *minx?* Great Scott, woman, *links, links!*"

"Mrs. McAddie said minx—and I wish you'd keep still till I'm through. The first player makes a little mud-pie, with a point on top, called a mashie, and balances her ball on it. Then she takes her stimy and hits the ball into the first scruff. She walks over and digs it out with an iron-stance, and hits it towards the niblick. For this shot she uses a teeing-cup. Now, if the ball is stopped by a bunko, she runs over and whacks it with her baff-gobble, or perhaps it has fallen into a cleik-spoon, and she gives it a little putter-hole with her toe-loft. When she's sand-ironed all the drives and stolen a strike-off from the last fore, she gives her iron-caddie a rub-o'-the-green, and the foozle is hers."

Mr. Gabber weakly wiped his forehead.

"I'm going out for a few minutes to get the—er—air," he remarked, in what he intended to be a careless tone. "You've acquired a very fair idea of the game, for a beginner, though, of course, some of your statements I might dispute, if I had time. Keep the money, however, Mrs Gabber, just as an encouragement, you know."

When he got outside, Gabber was heard to murmur:

"It doesn't do to let women think they know it all, but that wife of mine certainly has golf down to a fine point. Why, without a glance or so at the rules, I don't believe I could give a better explanation myself."

—*The Criterion.*

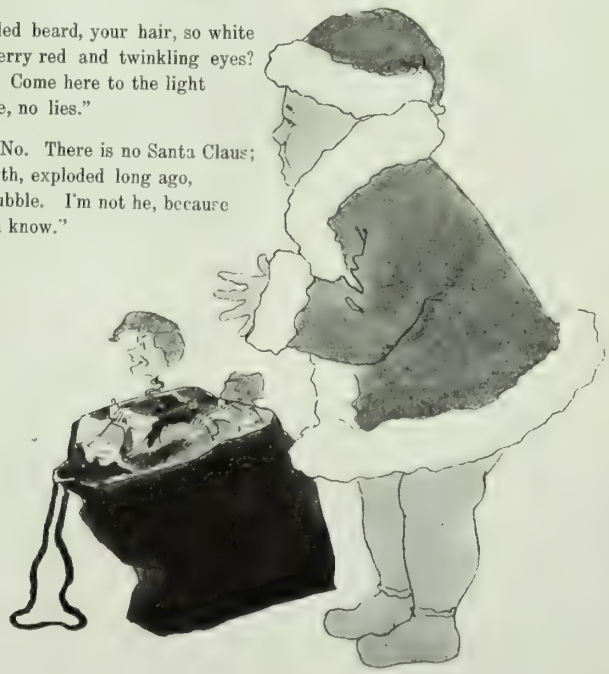
An Exploded Myth.

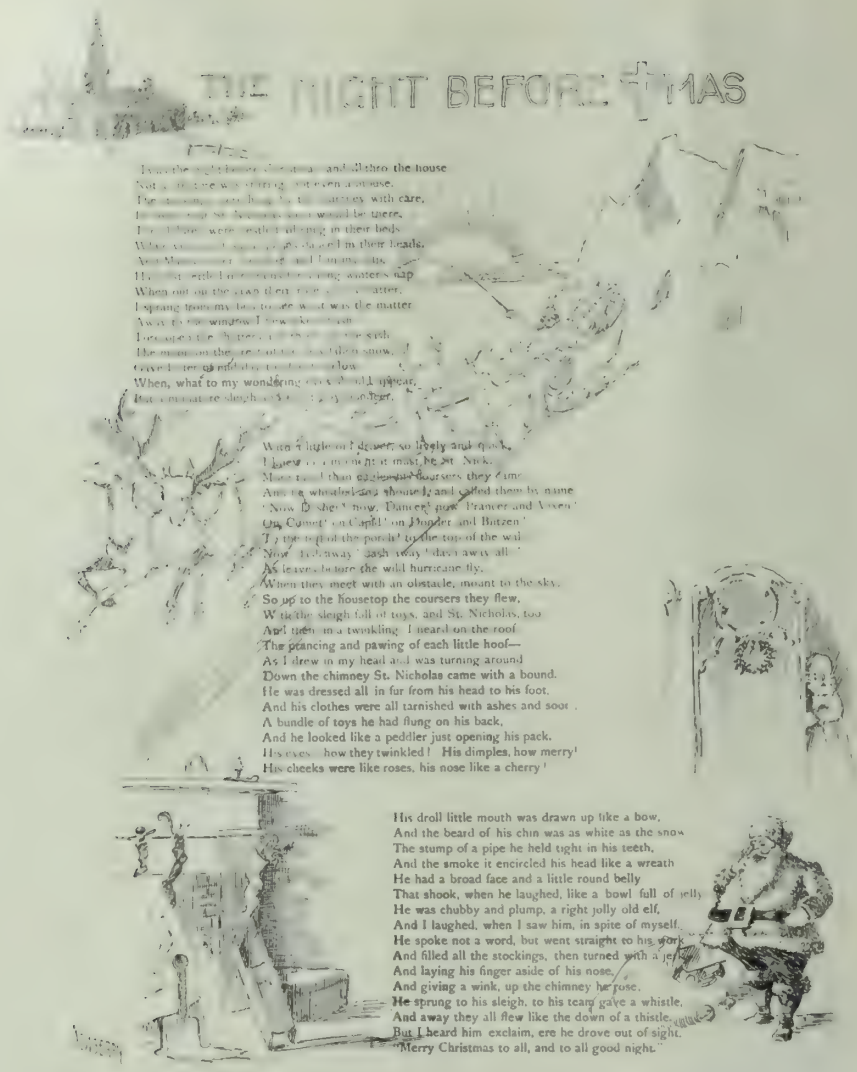
Once Santa Claus was caught by Phyllis bright
He'd stopped too long a moment to admire.
She slipping down the stairway, treading light,
Found him before the fire.

"What Santa Claus? I've caught you now," she cried
With joyous accents. Then she shook her head.
"Why, you're not Santa? No, don't try to hide.
Who are you, sir?" she said.

"Where is your tangled beard, your hair, so white
Your cheeks of cherry red and twinkling eyes?
You're an imposter! Come here to the light
And tell me, please, no lies."

"Santa Claus? No. There is no Santa Claus;
He's but a myth, exploded long ago,
A childhood's bubble. I'm not he, because
I'm Love, you know."





His Poem, History; His Name, Forgotten.

Many poets have written many poems; some to live through the future years like the stars in the heavens, never diminished in radiance or beauty; some to die, with the first breath of reading. A few poets there are whose remembrance is insured by one effort that has risen so far above its fellows that the world selects it as the gem of all and the rest are lost forever.

This was the case with the author of that dearest poem of the childrens' hearts, "The Night Before Christmas." There is probably not one in a hundred men, women and children, who does not know almost by rote this stirring epic of old St. Nick. There is probably not one in a hundred who does know the name of the poet who inscribed the famous lines. Dr. Clement Clark Moore is his name and he was born in 1779, the son of Rev. Dr. Benjamin Moore, second Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York.

It is three quarters of a century since "The Night Before Christmas" was written, and all these years it has lived to gladden the hearts of the little ones, but the soul of the writer passed to the great beyond thirty-six years ago. The verses were composed as a Christmas present to the Moore children, the poem being purely a domestic production and not intended to be seen outside of the household. A relation saw the verses and copied them in her album. Then a friend of this relative from Troy, N. Y., read the poem and sent a copy to the Troy *Sentinel*, and it appeared in print for the first time December 23, 1823.

Dr. Moore was not pleased at the publication of his poem, considering it unworthy of notice. Twenty years later he included it in a volume, containing other poems. The appreciation of thousands of children made him glad that it had, after all, been issued to the public, for he dearly loved little children. His house was the gathering place for all the girls and boys in the vicinity and he would play by the hour to them upon his violin.

In fact after it became known in the neighborhood that Dr Moore was the author of this beautiful Christmas poem, his house was the Mecca of all the children in the country 'round and he was the most sought after man by childrens' fairs and festivals and holiday parties of all that peaceful neighborhood.

In 1862 Dr. Moore made an autograph copy of the poem for the New York Historical Society. A year later, at the age of eighty-three he passed away. Dr. Moore's remains were laid to rest in old Trinity Cemetery. A tablet has since been placed in St. Peters Episcopal Church, New York, to his memory; but the most lasting and enduring monument to the poet is the love of the children, old and young, who on Christmas eve will sit at their mother's knee around the open fireplace and listen with deep drawn breaths and sparkling eyes to the old, yet ever new tale of the holiday times of the holly wreath and mistletoe, " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas."

Ella A. Burges.

John A. Benson.

John A. Benson was born in Jefferson county, New York, and received his earlier education in the public schools, where, by his indefatigable energy, he won the praise of his teachers and gave promise of making his mark in the world, which promise has been amply fulfilled. From his very youth he showed his natural bent for mathematical problems and scientific subjects, and when, after graduating with distinguished honors from Warren Collegiate Institute of Illinois, he adopted civil engineering as a profession, all who knew him predicted a brilliant and profitable future for him. How true those predictions were, his successful professional career on this coast has shown. At the early age of twenty-one, when most young men are still looking for a profession, he was elected surveyor of Keokuk county, Iowa, which position he held for five years, when, much to the regret of a host of prominent friends, to whom he had, by his agreeable personality and talents, endeared himself, he announced his intention of going to this state. On his arrival in this city he opened an office and was soon in possession of a lucrative business, to which his practical and thorough knowledge of civil engineering entitled him. His offices are situated at 507 Montgomery street, and are probably the best equipped in the state in the way of land plats, maps and books relating to engineering and surveys, outside of the General Land Office. They are the result of many years of hard toil and show every transaction connected with the state lands. The records are corrected daily by reports received direct from various land offices, so that with a complete set of indexes and plat books, Mr. Benson is enabled at any moment to accurately show the condition of any piece of land in California. In addition to locating government lands in this state, Mr. Benson is prepared to secure title to any vacant unappropriated public lands anywhere in the United States, surveyed or unsurveyed, by means of forest reserve rights and other scrips.

Hon. E. B. Edson.

Hon. E. B. Edson, the present Railroad Commissioner for the Northern District of California, is one of the best poised men that has ever been placed in a pasition of prominence in this state. He has established a reputation for equitable dealing between the people and the railroad companies and would, in the opinion of his many friends and supporters, make an admirable state officer on a much larger scale. Al-

though not a native of this state, having been born in Dixon, Ill., in 1836, for thirty-seven years he has been one of its most prominent men. During almost that entire time he has been one of the leading cattle dealers and ranchers, owning large interesrs in Siskiyou County and elsewhere. For more than twenty years he has been known as one of the leaders. He is a man of very simple habits and tastes, with an established reputation for straightforward dealing and a high code of honesty and manliness.

Because of You.

Brown tints upon the hillsides lie,
The Brook's voice brings a solemn tone:
Because of you I dream and sigh —
Because of you, I dream alone.

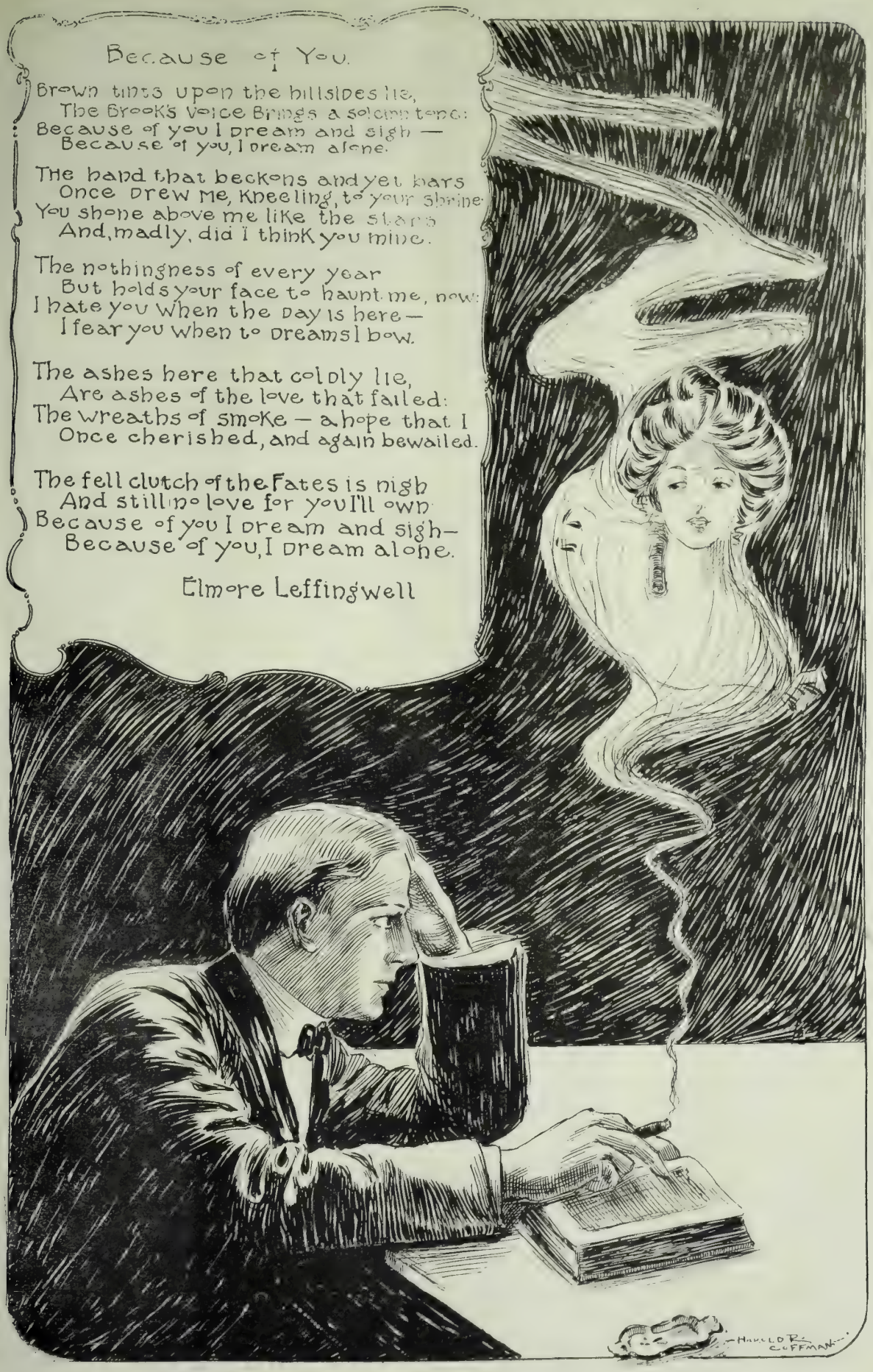
The hand that beckons and yet bars
Once drew me, kneeling, to your shrine.
You shone above me like the stars
And, madly, did I think you mine.

The nothingness of every year
But holds your face to haunt me, now:
I hate you when the day is here —
I fear you when to dreams I bow.

The ashes here that coldly lie,
Are ashes of the love that failed:
The wreaths of smoke — a hope that I
Once cherished, and again bewailed.

The fell clutch of the Fates is nigh
And still no love for you I'll own:
Because of you I dream and sigh —
Because of you, I dream alone.

Elmore Leffingwell



Over the Demi-Tasse

Regardless of the outcome, the Von Schroeder libel suit will leave a trail of black pitch behind, and an odor. It is a remarkably dirty affair throughout, and the principals, named and nameless, will never be made whole in reputation again.

The legal question has but little interest to the public at large. Whether a newspaper has the right to publish articles reflecting upon the character of a man, be the article true or false, is not of live import except to Von Schroeder and the *Call*. Spreckels can pay if he loses without becoming bankrupt, and Von Schroeder will not go hungry if he does not win. The matter at issue with the people is, do such things as are charged transpire at alleged respectable hotels? If so, is it safe to send one's wife or danghter into the country, to seaside or mountain resort?

There are, of course, some hotels in this state which are so well known as conservative and respectable in their management that the issue cannot be raised. But there are many others which are looking only for the present dollar, regardless of reputation in the future. These hotels are frequently the habitations of men of the Baron Von Schroeder type, who use them as opportunites for chance acquaintances and passing friendships with the summer outing woman whose husband is at the business grind in the city.

The whole truth in the charges made by the *Call* against Von Schroeder should be presented to the court where the people are the jury, even if not allowed as evidence before Judge Angellotti. If this baron has been guilty of the offenses against decency and against honesty and virtue that are named in the answer to his complaint for libel, the fact that these offenses are not admissible as evidence in the superior court should not withhold the truth from being made known. Let this evidence that is being ruled out be placed in the form of affidavits and let it be published. There is something higher than the courts, and that is popular opinion. The people want to know just how black Baron Von Schroeder is, how guilty or how innocent are the alleged partners to his corruption, and how clean a place is the average summer hotel.

Another Libel Suit Imminent.

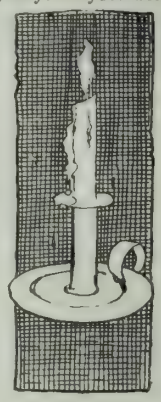
Henri De Rougemont is threatening the *Chronicle* with a heavy libel suit for intimating that he is the Baron Munchausen of the present era. De Rougemont, who is now in San Francisco figuring on doing some lectures, is probably looking for free advertising. He has been called worse names before by papers just as weighty and just as rich as the *Chronicle* and there are no records of any big judgments piled up against them.

When Henri De Rougemont's travels were published in the *Wide World Magazine* of London, they created a stir. They were wildly realistic. His adventures made Stanley look like a weak child. Paul du Chaillu, who was not a bit modest himself, could not begin to reel them off with De Rougemont. Then a London daily went after the explorer and explained to a British public that De Rougemont was a joke; that he should not be taken seriously. The *Wide World* came out with an explanation at the head of the next installment of the tales of fiction, which was the most farcical thing of the whole affair. They admitted that they had regarded the impossible stories as facts but begged their readers to regard them in future as cleverly told fiction.

De Rougemont, who is a prepossessing enough Frenchman, is here with the idea that San Francisco will enjoy listening to his own tales of his alleged adventures. He had better secure an engagement at the Chutes in Adgie's lion cage. He is a curiosity, not a lecturer.

Surprised His Democratic Friends.

There was a supper one night last week in honor of Mayor-elect M. P. Snyder of Los Angeles. Many of San Francisco's Democrats were there and it was an occasion of great good cheer, Mayor Snyder being one of the few bright spots in a cloudy Republican sky, the result of the fall campaign.



With the wine came free speech— some say a little too free. Isador Dockweiler announced the candidacy of Mayor Snyder for the Governorship, causing the Mayor to blush, look at his feet and deny the announcement as premature. But there were other statements of a confidential nature made at the supper that caused even greater surprise, notably that of L. A. Redman who admitted, much to the surprise of his Democratic friends, that he had voted the straight Republican ticket Nov. 6th.

The Anti-Fussing Association.

Berkeley is to have a new club. The tendency of a number of the male students to devote a large part of their leisure hours to visiting the other sex has bothered the majority of the young men desirous of enhancing the interest in athletics even at the expense of pink teas, dances and receptions. The organization will be called the "Anti-Fussing Association."

It must be explained that in Berkeley "Fusser" is a student prone to spend much of his time in the society of women. It must not be inferred from this that the Berkeley student as a whole is not as susceptible to the charms of the fair sex as any other young men, but the "Fusser" is one who carries his devotion to the extreme.

The by-laws of the organization will be drawn up with much care by some of the most athletic students in the university and to these is given the power of enforcement. Rejected suitors will not be eligible for membership—this in order to show that the association is not formed for purposes of revenge.

Any member of the association who desires to do any "fussing" must first receive permission from the President. He is then in line to be fined for his pleasure. The schedule of fines will be as follows:

For one call, not more than an hour in length, $1.

Duty calls, half rate.

No member may call on the same girl or married female more than once in any month.

For one tea, $3.

A dinner and dance cost $5 each.

For theatres and athletic games, when the member is accompanied by "any girl or married female" the fine is equal to the price of both tickets, chaperons being free.

Evening lectures and concerts cost $1 each.

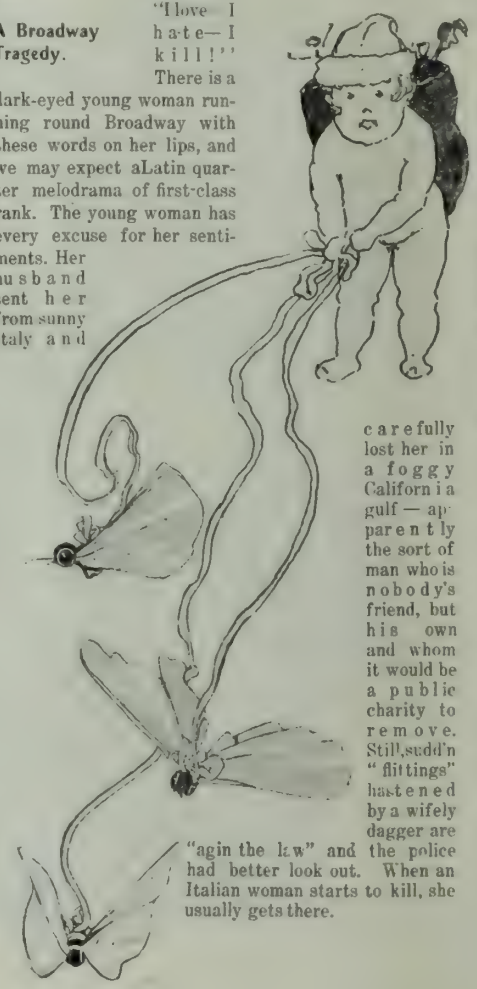
Should one of the members of the association so far forget his obligations as to promise to marry, the members will go into mourning for three days. They are required to wear black bands around their sleeves and participate in funeral orgies at which the offender is treated with the utmost contumely.

A Poetic Outrage on the Dead.

Our warrior dead are threatened with a new horror, their names bid fair to be turned into ridicule by the gasping efforts of a spurious muse. But a few days back, brave Colonel Lascum was borne home with military honors and every sign of national grief. America is not backward in honoring her dead who have fallen on the field. But lo, after the climax of lying in state and military funeral, comes the anti-climax in the columns of the blessed *Examiner*—a so-called poem by an "American woman" lately returned from China. It is just as well that this American woman does not give her name, to be forever coupled with the word twaddle. Rhythm, grammar and sense are alike lacking to her beautiful effusion, and we are expected to feel pathetic over the information that "When the day had scarcely broken which saw him leave the world, Gorman, his color-bearer, fell clutching the flag still furled"—the sort of jangle we all wrote about the mature age of twelve. Baby muses of ten or twelve may be allowed to write and burn; it is good practice but they should not be allowed to publish in representative papers; above all they should not be allowed to turn the dead into ridicule and harass the feelings of living mourners.

A Broadway Tragedy.

"I love I hate—I kill!" There is a dark-eyed young woman running round Broadway with these words on her lips, and we may expect a Latin quarter melodrama of first-class rank. The young woman has every excuse for her sentiments. Her husband sent her from sunny Italy and carefully lost her in a foggy California gulf — apparently the sort of man who is nobody's friend, but his own and whom it would be a public charity to remove. Still, sudd'n "flittings" hastened by a wifely dagger are "agin the law" and the police had better look out. When an Italian woman starts to kill, she usually gets there.



At the Theatres

LOUISE DRESSER AND PICKANINNIES, ORPHEUM

Cinderella at the Tivoli.

It is not a very novel theme to choose for a Christmas extravaganza, but then one looks for fun and frolic, glitter and display, rather than novelty at this festive season. The good old fairy tale, which delighted us all in our youth, has formed the excuse for more spectacular productions than any other legend, though, as a general rule. especially in the case of more pretentious efforts, most of the story is crowded out to make room for processions, ballets, and other spectacular extras.

But the Tivoli management, wisely enough, has followed very closely the lines of the original Cinderella. We have all the old familiar characters, with a few extras thrown in. We have the good fairy and the demon, the ballroom and the glass slipper, Prince Charming and the two ugly sisters, and oh, the daintiest, sweetest little Cinderella! Even in her soiled, torn kitchen frock she is a thing of pure delight, whilst in her white satin ball dress she is simply *rarissante* Very few actresses can look innocent and coquettish, demure and piquante, all at once, but pretty Mae Hill somehow manages to accomplish this feat. She is heard at her best in her duet, "I Was a Dainty Little Girl," which she delivers with just that air of maidenly shyness requisite to give it point. The success of the song is immense, and the audience evinces a desire to go on encoring until the next century begins. To give Felix Hartman a chance to display his low comedy talent a new part, that of Buttons, has been written in. The role of a stupid, blundering servant boy just suits this popular actor. It is needless to say that he is in one continuous scream throughout the whole piece. He is brimming over with wag and witticism and his topical songs make the hit of the evening. The most effective of these up-to-date ditties is the conundrum duet, sung with Edward Webb as Baron Boozmont. The two clever actors ask each other all sorts of amusing riddles, such as, "Why does an old maid wear cotton gloves?" If any of our readers want to know the answer to this proposition, they can easily find out by going to the Tivoli.

As Prince Peerless, Miss Maud Williams has every opportunity to display her shapely figure, though the part does not give much scope for acting; and the same may be said of her constant companion and valet, Daudini, a saucy little youth, who is vivaciously pictured by Annie Myers. The two elder daughters, broad, farcical characters, apt to become coarse if not delicately treated, were very amusingly handled by Tom Greene and Fred Kavanagh. Female impersonation, at its best, is not a pretty thing on the stage, but we suppose we must accept it here, since tradition has made it inseparable from Cinderella.

Of course no Tivoli notice is complete without mention of its beauteous chorus. It is superfluous to say that the girls wore the most radiant of costumes, that their many colored tights fitted without a crease, and that Miss Ida Wyatt had drilled them in their dances until they reached a state of mechanical perfection. These things happen at every Tivoli play, so they may be taken for granted. Also, Mr. Fest's scenery, especially the transformation, was a dream of color

HOWARD HALL, AT THE CENTRAL THEATRE.

painting, and altogether it is hard to find fault with the production, which is in every way creditable to this old established house.

At the Orpheum.

The Orpheum's Christmas bill, commencing on Sunday, will be entirely new from start to finish. It will be contributed by the Orpheum Road Show, a combination which the Orpheum management considers without its equal the world over. It took over two years to get together, cost an enormous amount of money and includes every type of first-class vaudeville. Every artist on the bill has occupied the headline position in every show they have previously appeared in, and none of them have played other than the best houses in the East and Europe. A list of the attractions will be sufficient to satisfy the most exacting of the justice in the Orpheum's claim to having a "perfect" bill.

Severus Shaffer is the greatest equilibrist in the world. He is the king of all jugglers and will be remembered by many as the sensation of Kiralfy's America at the World's Fair in Chicago. Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne require no introduction to anybody. Cressy is the most successful writer of short plays in the world and will present one of his latest. Johnson, Davenport and Lorello, comedians and acrobats, will present their novel specialty, "The Farmer and the Football Players." Louise Dresser and her pickaninnies are known in San Francisco, as is Jack Norworth the monologist. Bertie Fowler once gave San Francisco a brief glimpse of her wonderful mimicry, but New York likes her too well to let her go very often or for long. The new moving picture machine, the comeograph, will be shown for the first time, and Truly Shattuck will continue for one week. There will be special matinees Christmas and New Year's days.

At the California.

"At the White Horse Tavern," which comes to the California Theatre for the week beginning Sunday afternoon, Dec. 23d, with matinees Christmas and Saturday, was an immense success at Wallack's Theatre, New York, and the piece was praised universally by both press and public.

This comedy from the German, which has been well received by American theatre-goers in all the cities visited, comes with the endorsement of a high character. Unlike most German comedies, it is said that it possesses none of the farcical elements. It depends on logical and natural developments for its laughs—developments, however, that are described as surprising as they are amusing. The scene is in the Austrian Alps, in the little mountain inn, where lovesick tourists and the red-cheeked hostess take part in no less than four heart affairs. Besides, a law-suit figures in the story, so that where laughter ends, intense interest is said to begin, a somewhat unusual sequence in present day comedies.

Eduard Strauss and his orchestra direct from Vienna will follow.

PRIMROSE AND DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS; AT THE COLUMBIA.

"Old Recluse"

By W. H. Irwin

On all three sides of the outlook lies a wilderness of back stairs, clotheslines, and high, blank sidewalls. The whole view is painted with the worn sea-gray, in which the breeze off the Japan current tints all exposed things in San Francisco. Just opposite my window is a highbound back yard, bounded like a court by the back porches of a house of three flats, the sidewall of another house, and the rear of a back-court dwelling which fronts on no street, but occupies a little unnamed niche in the space between street and alley. How they ever designate its inhabitants in the directory I can not see. The lord of the top flat in this house is the most interesting inhabitant of the neighborhood. I take him to be an Italian. although he may be French; certainly he is of some Latin blood. How he lives or what is his source of income no one around seems to know; but he must have independent means of some sort, because he never stirs from his house, except on Sunday morning—of which, more anon. He is well past his working days, very grave, very dignified and very fat.

The abrupt height of the narrow stairs, which are the only approach to his door, combined with his own bulk, dignity and circumstance, may explain why he never ventures afield. Every day the grocer comes to the court-yard below and fills a basket hanging to a cord and attached at the other end to the rail of the back landing, with the day's provisions. Twice a week he adds a jug of wine, and the householder returns the empty jug by another cord. Generally, he stops for a long distance conversation.

So far as I can see, this is his only communication with the outside world, on week days at least. But on Sundays, a trifle after ten o'clock, he issues forth, dressed and decent. He wears a black frock coat, bound with braid an inch thick, a broad felt hat, bright blue trousers, and an immactlate white tie. He goes down carefully, but disdaining to lower his dignity by holding on the rail, and so away to church.

The ascent an hour and a half later is made with more difficulty, and he is fain to stop and pretend to study the landscape two or three times on the way. I can imagine that he drops down with a sigh of relief when he is once safe inside.

No one ever comes to see him, except a collector once in a while, and no one else lives in his third story flat. What he does all day, outside of his domestic labors, which he must perform for himself, no one in the neighborhood knows. Once in a great while he sits by his back door in the little box of a landing and smokes while he watches the children play below. Bold as they are with all other things in their small corner of the world, they do not venture to presume upon his notice, and he makes no advance. I fancy that if the ice were ever broken, he would have much to say to them.

Once each day, generally late in the afternoon when he stands the least chance of disturbing the neighbors, he begins to play the cornet. The neighborhood stops to listen. Untrained in music as I am, I fail to recognize the tunes. They are not classics; they certainly are not the popular airs of our own making; I rather imagine that they are the folk-songs of his own land. And how he plays! Not like us stolid Northmen, with the blare of the Norse bugles still in our blood, but tenderly, gently, with little pats and caresses, as a Spaniard makes love or a Flemish woman worships God. He closes always with the same tune, a peasant love song I take it to be. The neighbors, who have stopped their homely trafficking on the back stairs, return to their washing, their gossip and their play. A moment later he is bustling round getting supper

I believe that he is happy with the quiet happiness belonging to the monk and the recluse. But there is something in his face, in his demeanor, in his whole way of life that tells of burnt-out passions and old, dead desires. The true story of his struggle and final submission, of his course into this little cove of the world—what a tale it would make!

The Back Yard Cats

The possession of numerous cats and dogs is a mark and brand of the poor. In the tenement of three flats backing up the dwelling of my old recluse there are about a score of cats and three philosophical dogs past that puppy age when all cats are marked for legitimate prey. On floor number one lives a striped tabby and five variegated kittens half-grown. The next floor above has three grown cats of peaceable disposition, and on the very top floor dwells a big battered, gray tomcat, the patriarch of the region and terrible in battle. He is at once the tyrant and protector of the whole colony. Being equal to the task of thrashing any dog on earth, he makes the three who dwell in his court preserve a dignified distance. The Murphys' setter, which, like all his kind, is of a polite and affable nature, has approached him once or twice, to my knowledge, with an offer of friendship, and has gone away with a bloody nose and a drooping tail.

The chief care of Tom's life, however, lies in the other cats of his own sex which venture in to visit his harem. This *casus belli* furnishes him about two fights a day on the average. He has such a reputation in the neighborhood that no other cat will face him to do battle openly. So he resorts to strategem. Whenever he discerns a Lothario from without peeping over the roofs or sneaking around the fence-corners, he goes into hiding behind an ash-barrel or a washtub. The intruder glides in, stops, takes a survey, sees a clear coast and approaches the nearest tabby with a honeyed air. The guardian of his fireside waits with lashing, expectant tail until Lothario is committed beyond hope of escape. Then he breaks cover with a "yowl" of joy and rage, hurdles through the air like a ten-inch shell, and takes his opponent full to the front. The fight lasts usually about five strenuous seconds; then Lothario streaks over the wall, and the home guard walks back to his nest with a tough swagger.

A fence divides his home court from our back yard, which lies twenty feet below my second story window. This morning I saw him on our side of the fence lying on a pile of lumber and apparently asleep. When a cat seems to be asleep in any place except his own home, he is concealing some dark, deep purpose. Knowing this, I watched him. Presently a young, black tomcat came from under our house, reconnoitered, and shambled across the yard on noiseless feet toward a hole near the bottom of the fence. The neighbor's gray opened one of his big eyes and watched. The black took another survey, saw the head of his enemy peering above the lumber, and broke for the boundary. Like a flash the gray was on him, and the fight resolved itself into a race for the hole. The black reached it first, got his head and shoulders through and stuck there momentarily while he squeezed in his lithe body. That instant's delay gave the gray time to reach him. He delivered three quick scratches, rapid as the vibrations of a watch-spring, and the black ran like a streak down the court with his tail as bare as a rat's, leaving the victor to snarl over a bunch of black hair tangled in his redoubtable left paw.

And yet this Ulysses has been vanquished by the Powers of Darkness; has turned tail before an imagined terror. It happened a week ago when the Murphy baby, who plays in our premises when it is washday in his own, left one of those stuffed cotton cats in our yard. I had discovered it and was wondering whether I should return it to Mrs. Murphy, thus placing little Ignatius in danger of a whipping for carelessness, or whether it would be better to hand it over to Ignatius himself, when the warrior hove in sight returning from an expedition, with some new wounds on his gray skin. Just for an experiment I put the cotton cat directly in his path. He stopped; his tail quivered and lashed; and he crawled sidewise towards this new enemy with an offer of a fight. The cotton cat looked straight forward and never moved.

Tom gave the low snarl which means in cat language, "You dassn't knock the chip off my shoulder." The cotton cat sat on its cotton tail and smiled pleasantly, gazing meanwhile directly into Tom's eyes. The warrior stopped to study the new phenomenon; the eyes remained fixed on him. He shifted his own gaze from side to side, but each time that he looked back those terrible eyes were still fixed. Tom's tail began to rise, stiffen and swell, and he moved stealthily backward, the picture of fear. It was at this point that a terrible, blood-freezing development took place. I reached out with a broomstick, unnoticed by the concentrated Tom, and shoved the cotton cat forward on his face, directly toward the mortal cat. That settled it. With a caterwaul and a rush, Tom went over the fence, up a shed, over its roof and away into the world. It was a whole day before he summoned up the courage to come home, and two more before he ventured into our yard. I am not sure he would be over his scare even now, had not the fights caused by his absence given him occupation and turned his mind into other channels.

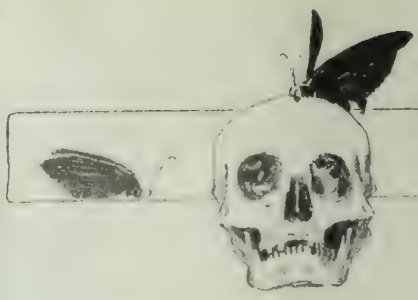
Mrs. Fiske has won a signal victory over the Theatrical Trust in the Denver litigation. It will be remembered that Frank E. Carstarphen, a lawyer of Denver, entered into a contract with the managers of the Denver Theatre last June for the use of that house during the week of January 7, and subsequently contracted with the manager of Mrs. Fiske for her appearance there during that week. The Denver Theatre was then a non-Trust house. It subsequently was brought under Trust auspices, with the evident purpose of excluding Mrs. Fiske from Denver, and the agent of the Trust informed Mr. Carstarphen that Mrs. Fiske's engagement had been canceled by the new management of the theatre. Mr. Carstarphen applied in the District Court of Colorado for a temporary injunction to prevent interference with his contract, and it was issued. The agents of the Trust contested the case, but last Friday Judge Butlar decided it finally, making the temporary injunction permanent, and thus rebuking a high-handed attempt to interfere with a legal contract and to shut Mrs. Fiske out of Denver.

"When a thing is ended, it's ended," said I, "and that's all there is to it!"

My friend smiled.

"You forget," said he, "the revolution in the Philippines!"

A CHINESE JULIETTE.



Malice Aforethought.

The questionable sweets of Juan Real's revenge; as told by Ana the wife of Antonio

Nita use live in this lil valle; Nita and her madre, an' after pobre Santiago. You have hear of Nita mia? No? Not hear of Nita an' her maridage triste?

You like me tell you? Ay! Sit here, Senora; here is sof' moss by la Zanja. Up here so high, it go tinkl', tinkl', all year roun', give Nita water plenty, grass for cow, wood for she cut it.

Now pobra my Nita lie in holy groun'; but la Zanja tinkl', tinkl', just the same.

Por Dios, it is hot, Senora! You tek you hat for fan, no? To t'ink in winter snow is here so deep; all down in the chaparral, when Nita die. So col; so col; la montana! but no for long.

Padre Julian an' young Enrico climb the trail—where you came now; they no have seen Nita for one week, nor I; they fin' them so, hand clasp in hand—Santiago on the bed, she sit beside; the door is open, snow blow on the floor, she does not know. We t'ink he die, then she no live alone; her heart is break.

The story? Ay, thou hast no patience; even as Nita herself, before el Montereno come. Then listen:

La madre, Carmen, is the sister of my husban'; but Nita is a big girl when I marry. She laugh, an' dance an' snap her lil' fingers at my weddin'. "I no go marry!" she say, mockin', "we have plenty clo'es, plenty eat! What do with a husban'?"

Ol' Carmen sigh, an' shake the white hair down. "Foolish girl," she answer, "thy madre no go to be with thee always!"

"Then I go to Ana!" she say, an' put lil' coaxing han's on my arm so I say come; but she never come.

Juan Real is so handsome then; so tall, so straight, like the blue gum; the bes'-shot, the bes' shearer, in all San Bernardino country. The girls peek at him under the rebosas; it is say that for him ol' Don Enrico sen' la Sensrita Bella to the sisters at Los Angeles; an' he love Nita. Ay, Madre de Dios! the love shine from his eyes as the stars from heaven! He dance only with her at la fiesta, he kneel by her at holy sacrament, but Nita will none of him.

Bent ol' Marta Real hobble up the trail groanin", the sweat upon her forehead, to ask the joy for her son, but Nita say again as at my weddin', "I no go to marry—not now—all!"

"Let be as she say," la madre mutter so sadly to her friend. "If one drive her she be like the ugly burro, turn the tail another way."

Then that ol' witch call after my laughin' lil' minx: "The saints deal with her as she with my Juanito, Carmen Vegao!" an' Carmen bow her head, like make "Amen," but Nita only cry out so saucily, "Adios, adios, my mother-in-law," an' turn away.

Have she other lovers? Dios he me almo, she have a score, but for no one have she any eyes at all till Santiago come.

Don Enrico bring him here from Monterey; he is a vacquero of renown; his eye is black, his mustachio curl.

Ay de mi, but girls will love a stranger always! Why, t'ink you? He saw Nita first with net baskets at Los Olivos; he follow, see her home; after that the trail grow deep from the hoofs of his horse, where no horse been before.

Juan hear, we know; he no spik of it ever; but ol' lame Marta cry, cry, all day, when he no at home.

He grow thin an' black; an' we all are sorry that his long time love be thrown away by this silly chit, for the beck of the bow-leg Montereno; for, you see, the vacqueros, the herders my husban', every man an' woman have jealousy for the stranger. The girls be glad for comfort him; but no! he dance no more, he come no more to the mass; he live in the hills, hunt, say—bring not much game, that's all.

One day Nita come to me, her eyes red, her face white. It is the day of her betrothal. "Santiago Sanchez an' Juan Real meet in the chaparral," she say. "Juan have his gun, Santiago only the riata."

"Call 'Tonio!" she cry. "Tell him to bring his gun!" an' she stan' trem'lin'; but 'Tonio is gone to la ranchita—For me, I can jus' wring the han's an' sob.

"Come thou, then!" she scream in my ear, like the wil'cat; she pull me by the arm an' drag me with her, cryin'. We run, run, pant, sob, up the trail till we hear voices; not high like men who knife an' shoot, but deep, and hard, and col'—like the steel.

"You lie! She promise me this very day!" It is Santiago.

"Sh-h-!" Nita whisper to me fiercely; "what has Juan say? I promise *him!* Ah-h!" Then we hear Juan, the words hiss like the snake:

"Si, you go to marry Nita, you no live to be the husban'! I, Juan Real, say it. She is mine."

I feel the girl shake, for my arm aroun' her. "Never!" she mutter in her teeth; "I hate him!" but before she no hate Juan, she only care not a bit.

We listen like the deer. Nita has the gun of my Tonio point at Juan, for we see them now, but I hol' her han'—I no will let her shoot if I can help. It is one lil' minute—it seem an hour while we stan'.

Santiago have the riata hung on the saddle; his eye like the coal—he have no fear. "Caramba! Peon dog," he shout, "Take that!"

Across Juan's face it go—the riata. It start the blood; it make him reel; ay, how he scream! but he see Nita an' he never lif' the gun; he turn his face aroun' an' walk away.

Ay, I am wil'. I never look to see Juan Real play the coward, swallow the insult. "You stranger beas'!" I shriek. "The Saints of Heaven strike——" but Nita hol' her han' over my mout, I no can say the rest. Then pobra my Nita is happy no more. It is the curse of ol' Marta. No? She live in fear all time for Santiago. She grow like the shadow woman; she is all eyes, so large, so scare,—look for Juan hid in the chaparral, watch for the can'l her lover set in his window to please her: for he is very tender, this Santiago, while he laugh all the time at her warning, an' he hurry up his cabin by her garden over there. See? For he say if they be not marry soon she melt all away.

But she—she change the day for their weddin', ay, twice she put it off; have not Juan say he no shall live to be husban'?—only it is no good to change the day of marriage; it is—you say—on-luck-y. But then I no scold her at all. I t'ink if it is my 'Tonio in danger, an' I sorrow for my lil' one; for Santiago, he so good to her I forget he is el Montereno.

Of Juan I no hear much; he is away, he is at work, he have a scar—he talk not at all; but the face of ol' Marta Real is as the face of the dead.

They marry in May, with the roses, for Santiago will no more be put off. Ay yi, that is so big a weddin'!

The ladies come from Los Olivos, and young Don Enrico: Ah, the beautiful dress for Nita mia! an' from the brother a fan of feathers! No girl in the village has the like.

From the village, from the rancheria, from the hills, the people come. Is Nita no la favorita? Ay, yi, so big a weddin'! and Nita is like the white lily in the garden of roses, like a spirit from the holy paradise! the voice of Padre Julian trem'le when he bless her.

But, look you! the day before I go to Carmen Vegao: "What of Juan?" I say, "Thou hast fear, my sister, No?"

The ol' brown cheek go grey like ashes; she spik up so, ver' quick. "No speak that name to our Nita! He is gone; Santiago himself tol' me—he is gone a week!"

Nita is in the new cabin; I go to her. "So you no care to live with me now, Senorita!" I cry gaily; I like mek' come to her lips the saucy look I miss; "Por Dios! thou say no longer: 'I no go to marry!'"

She go trem'le, trem'le, where she stan', hol' out her lil' hands to me like I strike her: "Ana mia, Ana mia, I am punished by the Saints!" She sway like she fall, so I run to her; something black fly past her head,—I pray she has not see; trem'le too, I tek her in my arms like I can save her. Ay de mi!

You know the sign, Senora, No? the big black mariposa—butterfly? Madre de Dios, pray you see it never!

I no tell a soul what happen; but those two days I slip the beads like never in my life before.

In the chapel I no see one face from another—only the yellow skin of ol' Marta by the door, her col' eyes on the lily of my soul; but the eyes of Nita are two star—I t'ink she is no more scare; I pray to the holy Maria. At the fiesta she show me the dagger in her bosom; "If Santiago die, I die!" say she.

It is over; the girls, the men are gone; the night is come; the bridegroom has no hurt. I bless the Saints an' go.

It is Antonio shek me in the early day an' cry: "Come." I no say, "Where?" I t'ink of the black mariposa, an' I shiver like I am col'.

Look you, Senora? Is not the mother curse enough?

"The Saints deal with her as she with my Juanito!" witch Marta say: an' Nita no is glad in her betrothal—not one single day. But the soul of Juan Real is black—the black mariposa? Who can know?

He no stan' to fight his rival when he may, he no shoot him down before the whole worl'—but the Saints too slow for him—he strike at her with Santiago; so is his impious t'reat fail.

What he do? Have they no harm?

Ay yi! the fine new cabin by the zanja! the bed, the chairs—Santiago bring all from la ciudad—the gif's, the beautiful gif's of the weddin'. All gone, all burn!

It is days that Nita no can tell me; she is like a girl craze. Dead? her husban' dead? No, no, Senora! Am I no tell you el renegado fail of his t'reat he mek?

Pobre Santiago! Pobre my Nita! She is asleep, he tell me by'm-by; som'at brush across the face an' ek her—again the black mariposa; she see gret ht like the moon—by her win'ow the fierce eyes ze, an' mek her shudder; she go to scream, but no n' come.

is the eye of Juan Real at her win'ow; she know a o can scream. Soon the smoke roll in an' choke he, he see the gret flame jump, an' Juan is gone; she can move—an' Santiago sleepin'.

I row so hot her head like burs', she struggle in her ul; then she t'ink they die toget'er, an' she pray.

Wh come nex' she never know; she wek in my arm, t cabin all is gone, but her husban' ben' over and wh er, "Is she hurt?" She see he live.

When e can see his face she faint once more; the brigh lack eyes all scar an' burn; his strong swift han ll seam an' stiff.

He ride more the wil' mustang, he t'row no more the riata; t save her he is cripple all his life, an' Nita mus' sti mek the baskets, still work in the lil' garden, like t girl who no go to marry, in the years before el Monte no come!

La madre die, a' Nita mus' work harder; her babies no live long; an' s she grieve; her husban' never be quite well again, but they are happy. Are they no toget'er all the years—eight, nine?

An' when he die, she die her heart is brek' an' so we come an' fin' them in th snow.

Por Dios it is hot! What come of Juan? Who know? One day they fin' a body in the chaparral; it be a long time dead. Some say the man is Juan, but some say no, that Juan is gone away.

—*Gertrude B. Millard.*

Closeness Personified.

There's a good story told on a young fellow here noted for his closeness. He went to spend the night with a friend. During the entire night he betrayed much restlessness, which kept the host wide awake, and finally the slumberer betrayed signs of violent emotion. "He's going to have a nightmare," said the friend, "but he always grumbles so when you wake him up that I hate to disturb him." He waited awhile longer, sitting up in bed staring on the miserable sleeper, and finally, becoming alarmed, he aroused him. He sprang up in bed, glared wildly round and said: "Where am I? I don't see the storm?"

"Why, here in my room," said the host, soothingly. "Don't you remember you stayed all night with me? I beg your pardon for waking you up, but you carried on so I had to."

"Beg my pardon," gasped the guest. "I shall never be grateful enough to you. I dreamed I was out with Miss Bud and a terrible storm came up, and my shoes were new, and I was just ordering a coupe for two when you roused. Old boy, you have saved me a dollar."

And the host says his friend was actually afraid to go to sleep again that night, for fear the coupe would come.—*Louisville Times.*

Not Extremely Binding.

One morning Pound Officer Tait had occasion to rope in a fine Jersey cow which had escaped from her owner's lot and was roaming the streets at will.

This action evoked the following letter from the owner:

"Chief Richards, Old Friend: The pound man hauled my cow into court this morning for prowling. As it was her first offense, please let her off with as light a fine as possible G. W. DAVIS."

And underneath the letter the chief scribbled the following instructions to the pound man:

"Release the old cow referred to on her own recognizance."

The Business Instinct.

Poverty-stricken suitor—Sir I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand.

The merchant prince—I am quite willing to believe you love my daughter, but I am anxious to know why you have brought your kodak at such an inopportune time?

Suitor—I am so passionately fond of photography besides, I am entered in an amateur photographer's competion, and I wished to take a shot at your astonished face when you heard my proposal. It will sesure me a prize. Thus I shall profit either way.

The merchant prince—My son, come to my arms! I shall make you a partner in my house.—*Collier's Weekly.*

Her Distinct Advance.

[*A. J. Hare's "Story of my Life."*]

"British Museum" Newton, the archaeologist, was a capital story teller, and Mr. Hare has preserved two or three of his tales. One is a spiritualistic seance, where an old cockney was informed that the spirit manifested was his deceased wife, whereupon the following dialogue took place:

"Is that you, 'Arriet?"

"Yes, it is me."

"Are you 'appy, 'Arriet?"

"Yes, very 'appy."

"'Appier than you was with me, 'Arriet?"

"Yes, much 'appier."

"Where are you, 'Arriet?"

"In 'ell.

Optional, but Usual.

Tommy—When a member of parliament first goes into office does he have to swear?

Papa—Yes, my boy.

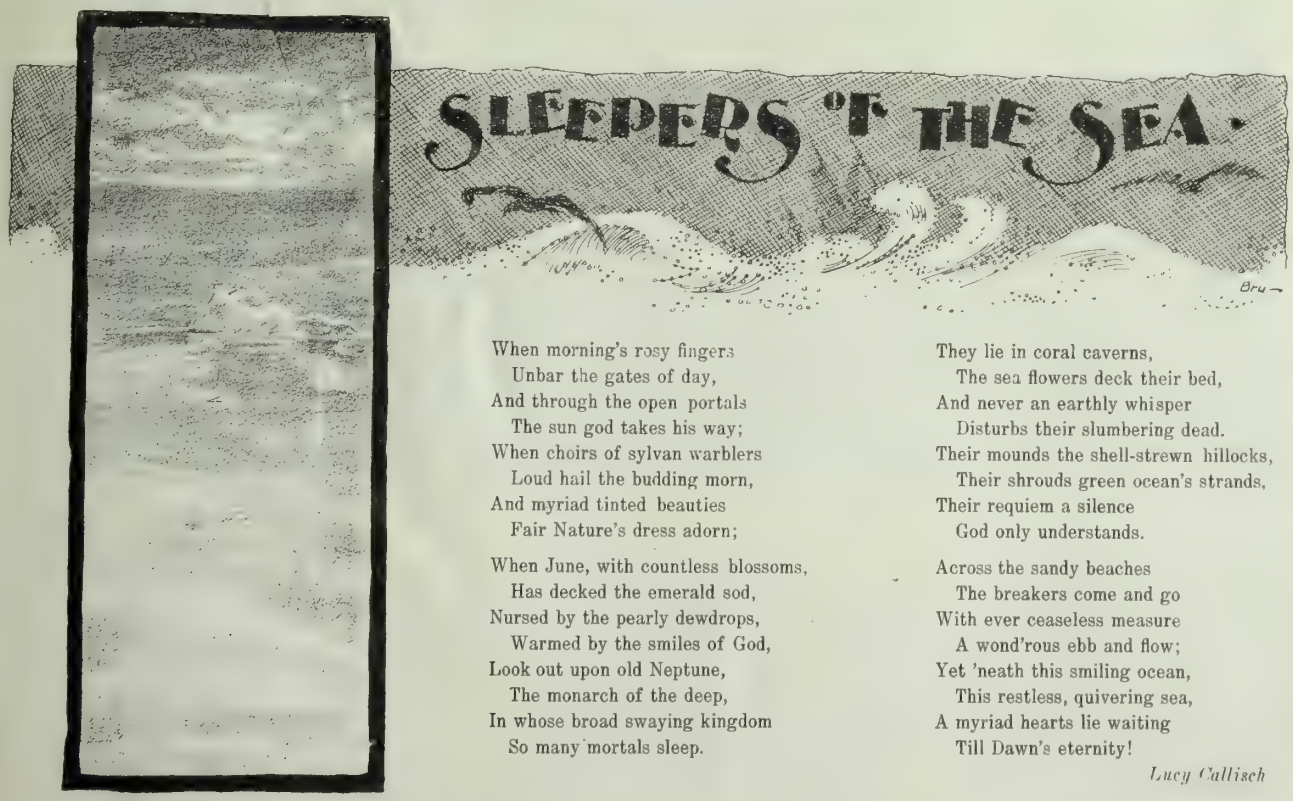
Tommy—When he goes out does he have to swear then?

Papa—Well, he is not compelled to.—*The King.*

An Unjust Charge.

"Penelope is so abominably mannish."

"Mannish! I wish you could see her carve."—Denver *Times.*



When morning's rosy fingers
Unbar the gates of day,
And through the open portals
The sun god takes his way;
When choirs of sylvan warblers
Loud hail the budding morn,
And myriad tinted beauties
Fair Nature's dress adorn;

When June, with countless blossoms,
Has decked the emerald sod,
Nursed by the pearly dewdrops,
Warmed by the smiles of God,
Look out upon old Neptune,
The monarch of the deep,
In whose broad swaying kingdom
So many mortals sleep.

They lie in coral caverns,
The sea flowers deck their bed,
And never an earthly whisper
Disturbs their slumbering dead.
Their mounds the shell-strewn hillocks,
Their shrouds green ocean's strands,
Their requiem a silence
God only understands.

Across the sandy beaches
The breakers come and go
With ever ceaseless measure
A wond'rous ebb and flow;
Yet 'neath this smiling ocean,
This restless, quivering sea,
A myriad hearts lie waiting
Till Dawn's eternity!

Lucy Callisch

THE REDWOODS

Clasping cool hands, fair Shade and Silence move
In majesty serene throughout the place;
Queens of the realm of leaf-fringed solitude,
Envelope they with soft and quiet dreams.
Their lovers—kings—the mighty Redwood trees,
Who tower majestic—glorious over all.
All nature looketh upward to the king—
The forest king, and lowly homage pays.
The greening ferns up-thrust their dainty heads,
And wild Aeolus moves among the boughs
And sends an answering message back again;
Pale violets peep from tiny nests of green,
Adding their perfume to the quiet air,
While on the swaying bough the robin's nest
Rocks gently, and the mother-bird croons low,
And trills a lullabye of peace and rest.
Beneath the perfumed tapestry of pine
We lie and dream throughout one golden day.
Slim sunbeams slant between the thick-wove boughs,
But scarce are bold enough to venture in
The home of Shade and Silence, and the realm
Of good king Redwood—sovereign of the place.
Cool leaves and trembling petals drop within
The tinkling silver brooklet, scarce espied,
And soft Olympian breezes waft a kiss,
While the vast redwoods murmur in the wind.
The forest Dryads here are soothed to sleep
Upon a bed of dreamy quietness;
While swaying flowers lean o'er the water's brim,
And gaze in vanity upon their grace.
Where woven boughs shut out the dazzling day,
The spirit of the Shade her scepter wields;
Smiling upon the flowers and the birds,
And gazing ever at the forest king,
Whose massive arms protectingly reach down
To draw cool Shade and Silence to his breast.
But now the merry birds their warblings hush,
And Dusk, with noiseless footsteps, cometh near;
The salt breeze blows from off the dark'ning sea,
And brings with it the moan of restless waves.
Day closes all the flowers, ere she goes,
While Shade and Silence clasp seductive arms
Around the Redwoods—and dark night falls.

—*Jessie Juliet Knox.*

"In Terrorem."

By G. Canninge.

Extract from Mrs. Kenworthy's Private Diary.

Even in my private Diary, which, after all, is but Self speaking to Self, how is it possible I can bring myself to write down the words? Yet it is better I should commit them to paper, that the record, in plain black and white, may make me feel more assured that what I have passed through to-day was not a mere dream, but an actual passage in my life.

All seemed going well. Four years married—the very happiest years of my life—and I was beginning to feel so safe, and to value my happiness and my safety every day more and more. Why, who was there could destroy my happiness? Not a soul knew of "it." No one except—no, I cannot bring myself to write the name—and he had vanished, gone I knew not where. I had never seen him and he had never troubled me since—that time. It seemed as though arranged by a Higher Power that a husband should come, in order that I might be given another chance. And, God knows, I availed myself of it to the full, thanking Him, the Great Deliverer, on my knees night and day for the chance that had been given me.

All was going on well then, till to-day.

Robert had given me a special permit to visit the Infirmary along with the Chaplain. I was walking down the ward, and the Chaplain was just a little in advance of me and was bending over one of the convicts, speaking to him when, turning my eyes a little to the left, I saw *him*, and at the same moment—he saw me.

How I forced myself to keep still and not utter a sound is even now incomprehensible to me. Hitherto, human powers of self-command must have been altogether underrated. In fiction, I should have screamed out, and started back in abject terror. In reality I only opened my eyes wider, and a strong shock vibrated through me, as if my heart were beating up against my brain and shaking my whole frame with the impact. Then I stood still for a moment and looked at him.

He was a good deal changed since the time when he was an officer quartered at York, and as I stood gazing at him, a train of memories clustered and crowded themselves round me, and rushed past me again. Perhaps they occupied only the hundredth part of a second in their transit. But during that infinitesimally small moment I had absolutely clean forgotten that this great horror had presented itself in living flesh before me. It was the past only that was present with me. The next instant, I was recalled to to-day, for the man raised his finger scarcely an inch above the bed-clothes and beckoned me. Then at once I knew I was in his power, and that he was exercising his whole sway over me.

A step or two took me to his bedside. A little latitude is allowed to the Governor's wife; or rather, the warders, thinking it well perhaps to keep on good terms with "Colonel Kenworthy's Lady," ignored the latitude I took, though one of them, very soon after I had approached the bed, made for the same spot; but not before the man in the bed had found time to hurriedly whisper—

"You must get me out of this—you can guess the consequences if you don't. Pass the quarry when I'm at work next, and I'll drop a scrap of a note;" then aloud, "Yes, madam, the pain is great at times, but I trust I shall soon be well."

"No talking, No. 413!"

"I fear it was my fault," I said. "I asked the man how he was."

"Beg pardon, M'm; but of course the rules must be kept to."

"Of course! Is the man seriously ill?"

"No, M'm; only attack of rheumatism. Doctor says he'll be fit for work in a week."

A MONTH LATER.

Extract from the "Havenmouth Gazette."

"The escape must have been singularly well planned and arranged, and doubtless material aid has been afforded the man by friends outside the prison. Money and clothes must by some means have been supplied him—how, or by whom, it is as yet impossible to say. . . . At a late hour last night the police had no clue whatever to the whereabouts of the convict. The all-important point lies in the answer to the questions: Will the runaway's money hold out? and will he be furnished with a fresh store when present funds run short? Should the reply to these queries prove to be in the affirmative, the task which Justice has set herself to perform will, we fear, be an extremely difficult one. It should be added that Colonel Kenworthy, the Governor of the prison, deserves all possible credit for the prompt yet, unfortunately, up to the present, unavailing measures he has taken to lay the escaped prisoner by the heels."

THREE WEEKS LATER.

A Room in a London Lodging-House.

A Man: All I can say is, "it's gone!"

A Lady: I can not help you. I can not let you have any more. I have no more.

A Man: You'll have to get it, Maudie.

A Lady: Impossible! I can not forge checks.

A Man: That is a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, unworthy of you. Painful allusions do not make good repartee.

A Lady (*in a tone of despair*). How is it possible I can raise it?

A Man: It is for you to discover the way, Maudie. I can not even suggest one.

A Lady (*with sudden vehemence*): And supposing I stop the supplies?

A Man: If you do, *I tell your husband!*

A Lady: If you discover yourself, he sends you back to prison!

A Man: And risks the fact of his wife's "indiscretion" coming out. No, I don't think he'd do that. He'd buy me off sooner and shut my mouth that way. Mind, I don't want him to know of it. I don't want to ruin your married happiness—of the two, I'd sooner not. But I must live—I mean I think I must. But (*decisively*), understand this clearly, Maudie, that unless the money is here by Tuesday next, I go straight to Colonel Kenworthy. [*Pause.*

A Lady: I'll—see—what—if it is poossible—I——

A Man: Don't faint, Maudie, Maude—Maude! The people will wonder what's happening. Come, Maude! Ah, that's better!

A YEAR LATER.

Extract from a Letter.

. . . . I'm dreadfully sorry, Mandie; but I shall have to trouble you again. I've been ill—very ill. The doctor said it was heart, though you'd probably disagree with him there. I've been near death's door. I dare say you wish the door had opened. But it didn't. Not this time. However, one thing is certain; I'm broke—stoney! You will have to help me once more, Maudie. Only this once. For there's a probability of my marrying a widow—a widow "with means," who used to come to the hospital and read to the patients. She was very kind to me, and, I think, took a strong fancy to me. But I must rig myself out and look like a gentleman before I can, with any face, pay court to her. Besides, I've got to live all the time the courtship is proceeding, haven't I? So, Maudie, send me some money. As much as you can. And, remember, it will be for the last time. If you don't—but, there, I can't bear to threaten. Only, you know the consequences.

Answer to Above.

I can help you no more. It is impossible—do you hear? impossible. This is *final* If you seek my husband you will not find him. By the time this reaches you we shall be far away.

ANOTHER YEAR LATER.

A Small Foreign Watering-Place: Colonel Kenworthy and his wife are seated on a bench in a sequestered walk overlooking the sea. Time: Evening.

Colonel Kenworthy: Absolutely still, is it not, dear?

Maude: Yes, except for the tiny sounds made by the falling pine-needles and the far-off "plash-plash" of the water—and they only accentuate the stillness. It almost seems out of place to disturb the hush by speaking above a whisper—resting Nature might resent it. Sighing, dear?

Colonel Kenworthy: No, Maude; or, if I was, it was only a sigh of content—"a sigh that mocks a smile." Doesn't Shakespeare say that, or something like it? I think this is the very pleasantest holiday we've had. Certainly pleasanter than last year's, when you were so ill.

Maude (*a slight shudder passing over her*): Yes, yes! That was a dreadful time. Don't let us speak of it. (*Short pause.*) I'm glad we didn't dine at *table d'hote*, but left the visitors to it; they have given us this quietude in exchange. A good bargain, was it not?

Colonel Kenworthy: For us, dear, yes.

Maude (*dreamily*): And now we have nothing but our two selves, the sea, and the pines for company.

Colonel Kenworthy: We couldn't have better.

Maude (*half to herself*): If it could only last!

Colonel Kenworthy: I'm afraid it can't. In half an hour *table d'hote* will be over and the visitors will come out afresh.

Maude: If they were only some of them interesting, one would not resent their presence so much.

Colonel Kenworthy (*smiling*): I confess Batignolles and Clapham hold strong sway here. I've met only one single creature that has excited my interest in the very smallest degree.

Maude: Oh? A man or a woman?

Colonel Kenworthy: A man. Saw him last evening on the beach, and again this morning.

Maude (*taking out a little roll of work*): What was there interesting about him? French or English?

Colonel Kenworthy: French, I should say, by the cut of his beard, but I didn't hear him speak. Still, I couldn't help thinking I'd seen the fellow somewhere before, in England—London, I fancy. He was rather of the shabby-genteel sort—(*Maude stops working*) but looked as if he was, or had been at one time, a gentleman. Yes, I'm nearly sure I've seen him before, but for the life of me I can't say where.

[*Maude's work slips through her fingers and on to her lap.*]

Maude: What was he like, dear.

Colonel Kenworthy: Well, he had a pointed beard and a turned-up mustache, a perfectly yellow, parchment-like face, and looked awfully ill, poor devil! But the most remarkable thing about him was his eyes. I had often read in books of a man with "glittering" or "glowing" eyes, but had never in my life before seen them exhibited in anyone. Let me put your wrap round you, dear; you're shivering. No? Now, this fellow's eyes did actually shine out like a great cat's—

shone out positively bright topaz against the twilight last evening.

Maude (*repeating the words mechanically*): "Bright topaz against the—twilight— last evening."

Colonel Kenworthy: Fact! I daresay the man is a most highly respectable member of society, though just now, may be, a bit down on his luck. Very likely brought down on his luck by an illness; who knows? But certainly his face reminded me of one I had once seen in a picture in a gallery in Paris, where a man is supposed to be persecuting a woman. He has the poor woman in a corner, and is just—I'm certain you feel cold, dear; these autumn evenings are apt to be confoundedly chilly. Would you prefer that we went indoors?

Maude (*who has turned away from her husband so that he may not see the look in her face*): No, Robert, No!

Colonel Kenworthy: As you please, dear; only mind you say when you would like to go in. Yes (*knocking the ash off his cigar*), that was the only interesting person I've seen. Most of the other persons appear to me to be—— What was that?

Maude: What, dear?

Colonel Kenworthy: Thought I heard a footstep.

Maude: Where?

Colonel Kenworthy: Over yonder—up that little by-path to the left. (*Turns his head.*) By Jove, there is the very man I was speaking about! Look, dear! Up the winding path. No, you can't see him now; he's hidden by the shrubs. Yes, there he is again. Why, he's coming this way! (*Maude tries to speak, but is unable.*) Here he comes. Look at his eyes! Did you ever see anything so like——? H'sh! Don't say a word; he's close to us. (*Short pause. The man stops for an instant, then goes on.*) Thought he was going to say something, but he's gone on instead.

[*Maude again tries to speak, but is able only to mutter incoherently under her breath.*]

Colonel Kenworthy: Expect he's going on to the beach. (*Maude breathes freely for an instant.*) No; I m hanged if he's not returning! Looks as if he wanted to speak to me. What can he possibly have to say?

[*By this time the man has come up to the bench on which Colonel Kenworthy and his wife are sitting.*]

The Man: May I speak with you a moment, sir?

Colonel Kenworthy (*rather surprised*): By all means! What is it?

The Man (*commencing slowly, and speaking with difficulty*): Well, sir—— (*Stops Maude throws at him a look of agonized supplication, without avail.*)

Colonel Kenworthy: Go on. I'm listening.

The Man: Well, sir, it's—it's a somewhat delicate matter. I—have something to communicate to you—something for which I am sure you must be entirely unprepared.

Colonel Kenworthy: Something that concerns me?

The Man: It does, sir—very closely. I think it right you should know of it. Nothing but the strictest sense of duty would induce me——

Colonel Kenworthy: Yes yes!

The Man: Would induce me to make this avowal—this painful avowal. (*Short pause.*) You may remember, sir, when you were Governor of Northfort Prison——

Colonel Kenworthy: Take time! You are agitated—you are ill. Come to the hotel. Tell me there. It will——

The Man (*speaking with still greater difficulty*): I'd rather tell you here. You may recollect you—had a prisoner under your charge—named—named——

Colonel Kenworthy (*rising abruptly*): Hullo! Hold hard—hold hard! What's the matter? Pull yourself together, man! What's happened? Maude, unfasten his collar and necktie—I'll hold his hands! Poor chap, a fit—or is it aneurism? Stand clear of him—the convulsion will be over in a moment; or—I'll run to the hotel—it's close by—I shan't be a moment! I'll get some brandy and—See, he's quiet now—I'll be back before——

[*Exit Kenworthy hurriedly. Maude is left alone with The Man. He opens his eyes. They meet hers.*]

The Man (*faintly*): What the doctor said was true I'm dying. I was going to tell your husband—I came here on purpose. Maude—can you forgive me?

Maude (*breathing hard*): I *can not!*

The man (*in weaker tones*): You—will not?

Maude: I can not.

The Man (*almost inaudibly*): Think, Maude—it's the last thing—I'll ever ask—Think!—I'm dying. Will you forgive—will you for——

[*Maude is shaken by a strong mental conflict. Re-enter Kenworthy.*]

Colonel Kenworthy: How is he?

Maude: Quiet.

Colonel Kenworthy: Is he breathing?

Maude: I do not know. See!

[*Kenworthy kneels, places his hand over The Man's heart, feels pulse. Starts.*]

Colonel Kenworthy: I'm too late! The man's *dead!* Who was he? And what could it have been he wanted to tell me? —*London Sketch.*

The Music-hall Tenor.

Your male singer is a bird of the same fine feather. If you wish to see the ideal of dressiness as exemplified by the gentlemen of the road, see these individuals arrive at the office of the publishers. The radiance of halfhose and neckties is not outdone by the sprightliness of the suit pattern or the glint of the stone in the shirt front. Fresh from Chicago or Buffalo they arrive, rich in self-opinion, fostered by rural praise, perhaps possessed of a new droll story, always loaded with the details of the hit they made.

"Well, well, you should have seen how that song went in Baltimore. I never saw anything like it. Why, it's the hit of the season."

New songs are forthcoming, a new batch delivered for his service next year.

Is he absolutely sure of the estimation in which the house holds his services? You will hear a sequel to this. Not this day, perhaps, but a week or a month later, during his idle summer in New York.

"You haven't twenty-five handy you could let me have, have you?"

Into the publisher's eye steals the light of wisdom and decision. Is this individual worth it? Will he do the songs of the house twenty-five dollars' worth of good next season? Blessed be fate if there's a partner to consult. He will have time to reflect.

"Well, George, I haven't it right here in the drawer but I can find out. I always like to consult my partner about these things, you know. Can you wait until this afternoon?"

Of course the applicant can wait, and betweenwhiles are conferences and decisions. All things considered, it may be advisable to do it.

"We will get twenty-five out of him, any way. He's got a fine tenor voice. You never can tell what he might do."

So a pleasant smile and the money may be waiting when he returns.—THEODORE DREISER, in *Harper's Weekly.*

What he was Thinking About.

Soon after Singleton's first baby was born Mrs. Singleton went up stairs one evening and entered the room where her darling lay asleep. There she found her husband standing by the side of the crib and gazing earnestly at the child. As she stood still for a moment, touched by the sight, the tears filled her eyes, and she thought:

"Oh, how dearly Charles loves that boy!"

Her arms stole softly around his neck, as she rubbed her cheek caressingly against his shoulder. Singleton started slightly at the touch.

"Darling," he said, dreamily, voicing his thoughts, "it is incomprehensible to me how they can get up such a crib as that for half a guinea."—*London Tid Bits.*

In a face that I saw
The Master had given,
The glimpse of an angel
Just waking in heaven;
Whose beauty sublime,
So subtle the while,
The stars were transfixed
By her ravishing smile

Yet love seemed a dream,
And Fate stood apart,
For none had e'er shared
The wealth of her heart—
So I paused and wondered,
As I gazed at the skies,
If the truth could be read
In her pretty brown eyes.

—*William Lyons Metcalfe.*

MT. HAMILTON BY MOONLIGHT.

THE KILL——DEER HUNTING IN CALIFORNIA.

Literary Chat

Henry Sandham, writing of his illustrations for the new Monterey edition of "Ramona," (Little, Brown & Co.) says: "I had thus sufficient knowledge of the spirit of the text to work with keener zest upon the sketches for the illustrations; sketches which, it may be of interest to know, were always made on the spot, with Mrs. Jackson close at hand suggesting emphasis to this object or prominence to that, as it was to have special mention in the book. But let me add that the restorations of late years have materially altered the appearance of many places referred to in the story."

Raffles, the hero of E. W. Hornung's stories of the "Amateur Cracksman," will reappear in the January number of *Scribner's* with a most remarkable adventure in crime. It has been suggested that Sherlock Holmes is the only man who could catch Raffles. Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, is brother-in-law to Mr. Hornung.

Among children's books that have a good literary quality, may be mentioned Miss Helen Leah Reed's "Brenda, Her School and Her Club." It is a careful stuty of school-girl life in a large city, and is somewhat unique in its way, as it bears nearly the same relation to the life of half-grown boys and girls that the novel of manners bears to older social life. Miss Reed has caught many subtle phases of the youthful mind, besides telling an interesting story.

In "Shadowings," Lafcadio Hearn asserts of the moral training of the Japanese that it "produced perhaps the very sweetest type of woman that this world has ever known."

A curious story is being told concerning the facts which caused the publication of one of the most popular novels of the day. Some months ago a New York publisher heard that Mr. John Uri Lloyd, a prominent chemist in Cincinnati had written a rather remarkable story. He had no idea, however, of committing it to print. It had been written purely as a solace and an amusement, and the manuscript was being bound to tuck away in his library, where it was to remain until his death. The publisher, of course, begged permission to see it. On reading it he immediately recognized it as a novel of great force, individuality and interest.

The author was unknown, and the risk may at first have seemed hazardous. The story was called "Stringtown on the Pike," and "serialized" in a literary paper. So deep was its effect, and so instant, that before the date of its publication in book form 10,000 copies had been sold—a remarkable feat for an author then almost unknown.

A second edition was put on the press and sold within two weeks of the date of publication; a third edition was sold in the next week; while a fourth edition is now selling and a fifth is in preparation (all within one month from the date of publication).

And why is all this? Why, amid the mass and ruck of current fiction, does the public suddenly affect interest in this tale of Northern Kentucky? Because the characters are absolutely alive, absolutely American and truthful to the last degree. In tragic interest the story has not been found wanting. In perfect portrayal of some of those types of character that make up the South and West—the parson, the colonel. the slave, the soldier, the negro—victims, nearly all of them, of feud, pride, war, superstition and adventure—the book is quite alone in its class.

In certain Western cities it immediately leaped into the position of "the best selling book" of the day, and its vogue is working steadily Eastward. Of the hundred or more notices, public and private, which the publishers have received, but three are adverse, and these three amounted virtually to praise.

Reminded.

The queen having departed, after having deposited with her royal consort a piece of her mind, the court jester remarked:

"Sire, you remind me of King Henry VIII."

"Too much wife?" asked the monarch, in haste to get a horse on the jester.

"That ain't bad for an amateur," replied the court jester, "but I was alluding to the fact that he was called the bluff king. Gimme a cigar, will you?—*Indianapolis Press.*

Vice Versa.

Tigg—There's one good thing about these college yells.

Wigg—What is it?

Tigg—They can't sing those glee songs while they are yelling.—*Baltimore American.*

Pleasant Evening.

Mrs. Wiggles—Did you have a good time at the Watsons playing whist last evening?

Mrs. Waggles—We had a perfectly lovely time.

Mrs. Wiggles—Which beat?

Mrs. Waggles—Well, we didn't either of us beat. The fact is, we spent the whole evening talking about our children.—*Somerville Journal.*

TO BE HELD TILL CALLED FOR

FROM THE FRENCH OF SERGE BASSET

Apropos of a celebrated affair upon which public opinion ran high, we had come together, a certain evening, to sip laxatives a bit, while discussing that mysterious and forceful fetter to the tongue, known as the "professional diplomatic governmental secret."

Little Breaute had for some time been looking dreamy and langurous, as if lost in old memories, and now suddenly flung away his cigar and opened up amid a general outcry, for Breaute was a silent old chap.

"I don't know," said he, "why you are so critical of this matter. To my thinking the professional secret is worth just as much as the conscience of the individual—no more, no less!" Amid general exclamations he continued, while stiring the decoction before him with impressive strokes of his spoon, "Listen then! You know that ten years ago I was simply a post office clerk at Sancerre. It would be saying far too much to pretend that I had many outside pleasures to distract my attention from the work of the office. The discharge of an employee at the receiving station obliged me to be almost constantly on hand, and my very meager salary of twelve hundred francs did not offer a wide horizon of pleasure. In fact, the only really agreeable occupation that fell to me was that of disturbing those letters marked, 'to be held till called for.'

What lovers' comedies I found in these! How they unrolled before me with their alternating themes of passion; where joy, hope, sadness, or voluptuous desire, were eternally ringing their changes in my heart!

Upon the faces of the young women, who come to inquire for these expected missives; I could read all hoped to find within, and my own eagerness outran theirs as I handed out white love-favors. Oh! that shadowed, half-secluded corner of the office where, with palpitating hearts and swelling throats, they love open those precious things!

If you will, for an instant, just remember that Sancerre had then scarcely two thousand inhabitants and a garrison, that the only great events in the place were the arrivals or departures of some official, you can better understand how, as those lovers drifted by my little window oblivious of everything but their own passions, I soon found myself in close touch with all their happy intrigues, from the mildest flirtation to the most mysteriously passionate affair.

One day, I noted an approaching figure, closely veiled but evidently trembling and uncertain in its movements, though I felt instantly certain from the slender form, erect height, and lovely voice, that it must be young and pretty.

'S. G. 888—to be kept till called for,' said she.

I ran through my packet of letters and, between two inclosures for travelling-men and one for a grisette, I found an envelope which was carefully sealed and bore an appearance of grandeur. Its blue wax and baronial seal seemed to give it a haughty reserve, which set it apart from the others. The unknown snatched it from me with an intensely eager movement, then hastily departed, seemingly almost strangled with emotion.

She came again two days later, and still again two days from that, then after three successive days, all with singular regularity.

My twenty-year-old imagination was kept busy, I can tell you! I fully believed this correspondence to be of an amorous nature, and by turns I laid it at the door of every woman seen about the place who in age, elegance, and carriage, could possibly be compared with the veiled figure of the unknown woman.

But one day, either because she had grown bolder or was more impatient, she flung back her thick veil with a brusque gesture and disclosed the ravishing face of Madame Davavin!

This Mme. Davavin, the only one whom I had never even suspected, was the wife of a retired colonel [illegible] creature, and had married her almost in spite of herself, for she was appalled at the great gulf of thirty [illegible] ill-assorted couple a wretched life, filled with shocking scenes. He was absolutely idiotic with his unreasonable jealousies and perpetual suspicions, which ended, five years later, in the officer's requiring her to withdraw entirely from [illegible] and kept her in a seclusion that was positively barbarous.

This then was *She!*

My heart—that of an overgrown boy—till now untouched, began to beat a parley. I fell in love with the beautiful Mme. Duvavin! When she came into the office I forgot everything else, and flung all other duties aside that I might wait upon her. My cheeks would redden with bashfulness, my heart would be pierced with sweet pain, as I handed out the letters she so impatiently awaited.

Wholly wrapped up in her own passionate dream she did not once notice how my head was turned. The smile she gave me in gentle thanks was such as she might have bestowed upon her maid, or coachman.

Yet through it all I was [illegible] trying to penetrate the mystery surrounding this lovers' correspondence [illegible] me as an abominable sacrilege; my very life hung upon the result of the intrigue. With absolute devotion, with ardor and emotion enough to bring on aneurism of the heart, I waited through the three long days till Mme. Duravin should come smiling in to claim her letter. Then my paradise began and lasted for five minutes! I could not prolong it, though I searched slowly and carefully for that which all the time stared me in the face. But in that five minutes I was devoted only to her, and she hung upon my every motion.

When at last she turned away, exultant, radiant, it seemed to me that the office, just now luminous with her presence, settled into deepest gloom—a gloom that shadowed even its remotest corners!

One morning, at the hour I was looking for her, the door suddenly burst open with brutal haste, and Col. Duvavin rushed in. He was crimson with rage, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, as he strode across the floor, dragging his wife by the arm.

In pitiful contrast she was white to the lips, and seemed about to faint from weakness and terror.

I felt as if I too should faint! What could have happened?

Continued on page 23.

At Tanforan Park.

Possibly of all the outdoor amusements or sports the one that attracts the most attention the world over is that which is called "the sport of kings"—horseracing, and in no place in the world are the facilities for the enjoyment of such sport greater than at Tanforan Park, already famous throughout the West for its meets. To those who have watched the park from the day of its opening to the present, the most remarkable feature is the rapidity of development which it has undergone, particularly exemplified in those improvements which are directly for the accomodation of patrons and guests. The horseman first of all takes notice of the track, which is perfect. In only two seasons many records have been made and many others sent wavering, things which can only take place where the highest perfections of track in touch and reach are attained.

The modern methods of track-building have been adopted at this popular race course, the course being one mile with turns and a quarter-mile stretch, the turns sloped to just the right angle for speed. Its drainage system is one of the most noticeable of modern methods, as within a few hours after the heaviest of rainfalls the track is fast. While the weather has always been one of the features to watch in racing, it is really as small a factor at Tanforan as it is possible for it to be in any other place in America. The steeple chase course inside the oval is one of the improvements that appeal to the followers of this form of racing.

In the matter of stable accommodations Tanforan has almost set a model, as the quarters are not only roomy, comfortable and well built, but are located immediately to the right of the grand stand and nearly opposite the first turn. Here several hundred horses may be provided for without crowding. The saddling paddock, scale-room and jockey-room are connected with the stand by a covered passage way and are fitted in approved style. The grand stand itself is, next to the track, worthy of special mention. It is a handsome structure capable of seating over three thousand people without crowding, and has a

Continued on page 25.

COMING UNDER THE WIRE.

Racing at Oakland California Jockey Club.

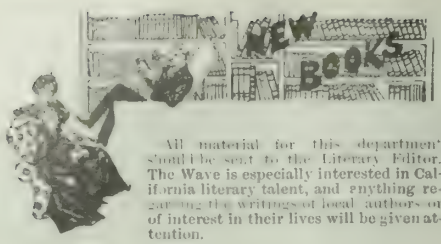
One of the best known race courses in the world as well as a track on which almost as many world's records have been broken at one time and another as on any speed ring in the world is that owned by the California Jockey Club in Oakland. To almost all of those on the coast who attend races the track is familiar, but to the visitor who is sight seeing,or the man with "a day off" the Oakland course is a natural pilgrimage. The facilities for reaching this popular course are of the very best, as by ferry and train it can be reached every half hour during the racing season.

On arriving at the park, roofed board walks shelter

Continued on page 24.

SAILING.

A GROUP OF JOCKEYS.



All material for this department should be sent to the Literary Editor. The Wave is especially interested in California literary talent, and anything regarding the writings of local authors or of interest in their lives will be given attention.

Books Received.

The Story of Nineteenth Century Science, by Henry Smith Williams, (Harper & Bros.) $2.00.

Ye Wisdom of Confuscius by Lord Gilhooly, (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) $1.00.

Literary Friends and Acquaintance, by William Dean Howells, (Harper & Bros.) $2.00.

The Slaves of Society, by the Man Who Heard Something, (Harper & Bros.) $1.25.

Vesty of the Basins, by Sarah P. M'c. L. Green, (Harper & Bros.)

The Roggie and Reggie Stories, by Gertrude Smith, (Harper & Bros.) $1.50.

"The Roggie and Reggie Stories;" by Gertrude Smith, Illustrated by E. Moss and M.H. Squires, (Harper & Bros.)

It is not easy of understanding why books for the little ones should be so absolutely inane as Gertrude Smith's contributions in this line. Even Mother Goose's nonsense has some point, and the old-fashioned tales of "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Cinderella" and the like, are marvels of wisdom compared with "Roggie and Reggie." Does this variety of mush have to be fed to the youngsters of to-day?

"And Roggie sat in a little high chair on one side of his Papa at the breakfast table, and Reggie sat in a little high chair on the other side of his Papa at the breakfast table.

"And Roggie whispered something to his Papa, and then Reggie whispered something to his Papa.

"And Arabella sat across the table by her Mamma.

"And Arabella said, 'What are you whispering to Papa, little Roggie?'

"And Araminta sat on the other side of her Mamma.

"And Araminta said, 'What are you whispering to Papa, little Reggie!'

"And Roggie laughed and clapped his hands and said, 'We won't tell, it's a secret; we won't tell!'

"And Reggie laughed and clapped his hands and said, 'We won't tell, it's a secret; we won't tell!' "

The illustrations for this book are as far beyond the childhood pictures of the years ago, as the stories are behind. They are works of art.

In "The House Behind the Cedars" Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt gives a still further earnest of the future predicted for him by those who have read his former books, "The Conjure Woman" and "The Wife of his Youth." In this, Mr. Chesnutt's first sustained work of fiction, is revealed a growing breadth of conception and firmness of touch which were confidently expected. Mr. Chesnutt's first book dealt with the old-time negro of the plantations, with quaint beliefs and superstitions, set in a very convincing background. It was the easy-going life of the old regime, with its upper crust of wealth and culture in the great house, and the pathetic and humorous background of cabin and field. Old Julius McAdoo has well been called a brother to Uncle Remus, with a decided originality of his own. In "The Wife of His Youth" Mr. Chesnutt went a step farther, and sought to give an insight into the life of the emancipated people in their attempts at adjustment to freedom and competition with the white race. The one was poetry, the other a dramatic and forceful study of present day conditions. In Mr. Chesnutt's novel, "The House Behind the Cedars," he has very skillfully and successfully combined the old life and the new. Located in North and South Carolina, just before and after the civil war, it has the richness of local color which marked "The Conjure Woman," and contains a careful study of the picturesque old Southern town where the author spent his youth and studied the types which he has faithfully and sympathetically reproduced. The action of the story, which is of thrilling interest, concerns the efforts of a beautiful girl to escape the disabilities which the sins of others and the customs of the country and the time imposed upon her. The book is something more than a clever combination of a romantic novel and a social study of conditions which one instinctively recognizes were not only of the past, but are likely to become questions of the future. It will not only interest the reader, but furnish food for thought upon certain phases of one of the greatest problems that concern the future of our country.

Jack London, the author of the collection of Yukon stories known as "The Son of the Wolf," has now come forward as an economic essayist, his essay having won a prize of $200 offered by the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for the best paper on "The Advantages of Co-operation." Mr. London is a brilliant writer of short stories, Mr. Geo. Hamlin Fitch, the literary critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, having said of him, "I would rather have written 'The White Silence' than anything that has appeared in fiction in the last ten years;" and he now comes forward with a display of versatility which has for its basis his sociological studies and his experiences "on the road," following the example of Josiah Flint.

"It is somewhat remarkable," says the *Enquirer*, of Oakland, where the author has his home, "that although several articles from the pen of Mr. London upon economic topics submitted since that above referred to was written, have been accepted by leading magazines, including the *Review of Reviews* and *McClure's*, the paper which wins this prize was his first effort in the form of an essay."

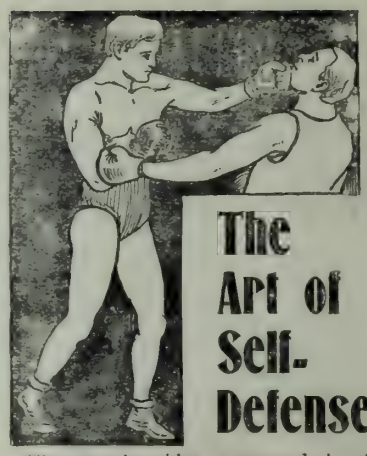
"Old Ironsides" is to be rebuilt and refitted, at an expense of nearly $400,000 by the Daughters of 1812, of Massachusetts. The historic old vessel is now lying at the Charlestown Navy Yard. The efforts—in which Congress will assist by an appropriation—to save the conqueror of Guerriere, Java, Levant and Cyane are coincidental with the publication, by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of "The Constitution: The Central Figure of the Navy Under Sail," by Ira N. Hollis, sometime Commander in the United States Navy and now Professor of Engineering in Harvard University. The vessel serves as the typical ship of the old wooden navy, which is studied from its beginnings in the Constitution to its end in the Monitor.

The December issue of the *International Monthly* completes another volume of this able Magazine. In the two volumes published this year appear most valuable contributions to popular knowledge of a wide and varied range of topics, and written especially for the American reader. A glance over the contents of the volume in hand reveals authoritative essays upon International and Domestic Politics, Commerce, Literature, Art, Drama, History, Economics, Trade Unionism, Agriculture, Geology, Psychology, Sociology, Religion, Schools.

Probably the most noteworthy essay published during the year was by Alfred Rambaud, the great historian of Russia and a Senator of France, who wrote on "The Expansion of Russia," and whose account is practically a brief history of that empire by the one best qualified to write on the subject.

The December issue contains: "The International Position of Spain," by Arthur E. Houghton, Madrid; "The Evolutionary Trend of German Literary Criticisms," by Prof. Kuno Francke of Harvard; "The School and the Home," by Prof. Paul H. Hanus of Harvard; "The American Negro and His Economic Value," by Booker T. Washington; "Archaeological Progress and the Schools at Rome and Athens," by Prof. Frothingham of Princeton.

"Rulers of the South," Mr. F Marion Crawford's romantic historical work on Sicily Calabria and Malta has just run into its second edition. These two volumes are companions to "Ave Roma Immortalis" which was published last year. The illustrations are by Henry Brockman; many of them are in photogravure.



The Art of Self-Defense.

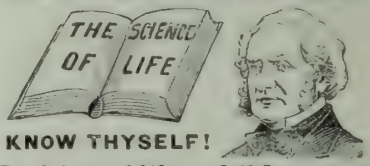
The popular idea expressed in the phrase, "the art of self-defense," shows the opinion that the chief enemies a man has to defend himself from are visible and external. But the real danger of every man is from minute and often invisible foes. In the air we breathe and the water we drink are countless minute organisms leagued against the health of the body.

The one defense against these enemies is to keep the blood pure. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery thoroughly purifies the blood, removing poisonous substances and accretions. When the blood is pure there is no harborage for the germs of disease which find a lodging only when the blood is impure and corrupt.

"I consider your 'Golden Medical Discovery' one of the best medicines on the face of the earth," writes Mr. Wm. Flocter, of Redoak, Montgomery Co., Iowa. "While in the southwest three years ago, I got poisoned with poison ivy. The poison settled in my blood and the horrors I suffered cannot be told in words. I thought I would go crazy. I tried different kinds of medicine, tried different doctors, but all the relief they could give me was to make my pocket-book lighter. I then began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Took four bottles without relief. Kept taking it. I took in all ten bottles and got entirely cured."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 350 pp. with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass, during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no [illegible].—Boston Herald

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

The regularity with which tourists, business men and prominent citizens generally make these hotels their head-quarters is significant, as it illustrates the preference of those who are competent to form a correct estimate of a hotel.

This continued patronage indicates an appreciation of those things that have so much to do with the comfort of guests—conveniences, luxuries, and a service that have made them famous.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have for years been the mecca of all good livers—the only places in San Francisco where the preparation of delicate and substantial dishes has attained a degree of perfection that has won universal recognition.

These hotels are connected by a covered passageway; conveniently located, and are operated jointly under one management on the American and European plan.

To Be Held Till Called For.

Continued from page 19.

Probably a cruel anonymous letter had accused Mme. Duvavin till all the colonel's old jealousy had broken out with redoubled fury. I turned pale as ashes when the man, pushing his wife viciously close to the little window, cried out in a voice hoarse with anger,

'Ask for your letter now—ask, I tell you!'

Mme. Duvavin advanced, ready to sink in her anguish.

I felt as if a hand of iron had gripped my heart when, obeying this brutal order, while her eyes grew big with fear, her whole being instinct with supplication and her very life seemed hanging upon the utterance of her lips, she finally asked me between two gasps,

'Monsieur, is there—a letter—S. G. 888?'

A great trembling seized upon me. Most assuredly there was a letter! I had seen it plainly enough that morning, when the post-boy had brought it in. Instinctively I glanced at the colonel. Apoplexy had her paw upon him! A very fever of rage empurpled his face; an idiotic trembling had set his teeth to clicketing like castinets. Instantly, as in a breath, I saw what would happen. As the letter was handed out it would be torn from Mme. Duvavin, opened with one thumb-stroke, read at a glance and the muzzle of a revolver would be pressed against the heart of the adorable beauty.

This vision shot across my brain like lightning, and every drop of blood seemed congealing in my veins.

Ah, heaven! Was I thus to lose this lovely creature, my idol! my life!

I had taken the package of letters marked, 'To be held till called for,' and now I slowly ran them through. The office clock ticked mournfully in a silence in which lurked a desolating Fear. I ran through all the letters, passing hers by unnoted, and raising my head, observed in a voice I tried manfully to make indifferent,

'There's nothing here, Madame.'

'You must have deceived yourself, sir!' roared the colonel. 'I am sure there is a letter addressed to those initials. Look again and be careful!'

A sigh of anguish welled from the tortured breast of Mme. Duvavin. It inspired me with a sudden fury, in my turn. I seized the package again and feverishly ran through the letters. Passing over the desired missive, I ended the feigned examination, and then flung out this brusque reply at the colonel's head, making it doubly insolent by my tone as well as words: 'Monsieur, you are wrong, yourself, in saying I was deceived. There is nothing of the kind here—nothing! Do you understand?'

The colonel drew back, baffled. With an air of bewilderment he began rapidly buttoning his redingote, then glanced at his now sobbing wife, and said in a greatly softened voice in which a hint of shame was perceptible, 'I'm glad to hear it, sir. Come, Juliette, let us be going.'

Alliance Assurance Company.

of London, England.

Subscribed Capital	$25,000,000.00
Total Cash Assets	25,172,537.00
Cash Surplus to Policy Holders	5,504,074.00
U. S. Assets	863,912.00

Commercial Union Assurance Co., Ltd.

of London, Eng. Established 1824

Subscribed Capital	$12,500,000.00
Total Cash Assets	25,859,505.71
Cash Surplus to Policy Holders	7,499,622.61
U. S. Assets	23,808,156.00
Losses Paid by the Company	95,000,000.00

C. F. MULLINS, Manager

E. T. NIEBLING, Assistant Manager

416 California Street, - - - San Francisco, Cal.

REFRESHING SLEEP.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath houses billiard tables brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.,

TEL. 5610 600 Sacramento St

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for **Chapped Hands, Chafing,** and all afflictions of the skin. "*A little higher in price, perhaps than some other substitutes, but a reason for it.*" Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Name file free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Going to San Jose?

"*The Stanford*"

is one of the most centrally located rooming houses in San Jose. It is especially desirable for traveling men and tourists. Everything clean and first class and rates are reasonable.

MRS. McCUNE, Prop.

192 South 1st St., San Jose, Cal.

Orpheum

THE ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW

Direction of Martin Beck

Severus Schaffer; Will, Cressy and Blanche. Dayne; Johnson; Davenport and Lorello; Louise Dresser; Jack Norworth; Bertie Fowler; Truly Shattuck; Comeograph

Reserved Seats 25c., Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

Commencing Sunday Afternoon, Dec. 23rd. and for One Week Only.

Matinees Christmas and Saturday.

By special arrangements with Dan'l and Charles Frohman KING & NORCROSS present the brilliant and extremely funny comedy

At the White Horse Tavern

And pronounced a distinct success for 3 months in New York at Wallack's

Headed by the comedians, Minerva Dorr and Frank M. Norcross.

Dec. 30 Edward Strauss and his Vienna Orchestra

Alcazar Theatre

Fred Belasco and Mark Thall, Managers
Phone Main 254

Week of December 23

Matinees Christmas and New Years Day.

David Belasco's Farcical Comedy

Naughty Anthony

New York and London endorse it.

Regular matinee Saturday and Sunday.
Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50c.

They left, and none too soon. I was at the very end of my strength and felt myself tottering. I had only time to snatch up a water pitcher, drain off its contents——"

And little Breaute, red in the face, caught up his glass, emptying it at a swallow.

"It was very pretty in you," declared the sculptor, Brancas, with some irony. "And did you go on with your dream after this heroic rescue?"

"Yes," answered Breaute, readily, though his voice was not quite steady. "Two hours later, towards half past one that afternoon, just as the mail from Monetreal was due, I heard a little tap at the office window. Almost suffocated with my rapid heart-beats, I hastened to open it.

'It is I, sir,' said she, in a shaking voice. 'I have come for the letter which you so generously kept back this morning.'

Everything seemed spinning around me. In a half stupor I fumbled through the packet and gave her the letter.

'Thank you, kind sir; O, with all my grateful heart, I thank you! Never, never can I forget you!' and she impulsively held our her hand, over which I bent low, adoringly, my breast heavy with sobs. I think she understood, for she, too, was seized with a tremor. Her hand fluttered in mine. Drawing it gently away, she turned with a quick motion and disappeared.

I passed that night in tears. I was in a state of glorious exaltation, yet so violently shaken in every nerve that I could never tell whether I had wept for joy, or whether I had been stifled with the sobs of utter despair. I wept, but why, I leave it for you to say."

"The devil!" burst out Brancas. "I wouldn't have believed that a postoffice employe could be so sensitive. Waiter! Another bottle for Monsieur Breante.!"

At Tanforan Park.

Continued fram page 20.

southwest exposure, which is the desirable one for this climate. At the back of the grand stand extends a promenade, which is a glass enclosed arcade over two hundred feet in length. It is completely filled for its purpose with potted plants and palms. and to those who visit from the eastern and more rigorous climates is like a garden of beauty and warmth. Outside stately trees and green fields lend a fitting view and setting for the stand and promenade. Like the promenade, the betting ring is enclosed with glass and is reached by broad, easy steps. It is so situated that those within its enclosure may have a view of every point of the track from the "gate to the wire," without stirring from its boundaries. This is a point which is particularly appreciated by patrons of the betting ring, as although betting is the life of the modern race course, many tracks are not arranged with special advantages for this portion of spectators.

The Tanforan trip is an ideal one for the pleasure seeker, as the railway accommodations are perfect and the ride through the suburbs worth taking in itself. From the time one boards the train to the seat in the grand stand, there is never a chance for discomfort, as covered passage ways are everywhere for protection against inclement weather. The gentlemen having the course in charge have not only done every thing for the comfort and protection of guests, but are conducting the meetings with such a high standard of order and form that none of the obnoxious features sometimes found at racing resorts are to be met with, and a high-class patronage results.

Racing at Oakland. California Jockey Club.

Continued from page 21.

the patron to the commodious grand stand or the spacious betting ring. The former is a large towering structure with an Oriental roof suggesting a pagoda to the god of speed and judgment, arranged in every way for the comfort of patrons. Its framework and the slender iron pillars which support it are so placed that the view is unobstructed. The view of the hard track, the green infield, the lawn, with its shifting crowd watching the finishes and the Berkeley hills beyond is worth the trip, were the houses left out. Just below is the betting ring, large, well-lighted, and easily accessible from the stand. To the right is the club-house, where the fortunate may watch the events with more style and less of a view than the common herd. To the left are the paddock, the jockey-rooms, the scale-room and the general offices.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Old Government the perfection of Whisky.

BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY

PURE-AGED-WHOLESOME.

Used in the Medical Departments of the U.S. ARMY & NAVY SERVICE

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, DISTRIBUTORS.

Beware of Imitations or refilled Bottles

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE SAN FRANCISCO JOCKEY CLUB

TANFORAN PARK

Second Meeting, Monday, December 17th, to Saturday, December 29th, Inclusive.

SIX OR MORE RACES EACH WEEK DAY.

Six Stake Events, One Hurdle Race and Two Steeplechases First Two Weeks

First Race of the Day at 2:10 P. M.

Trains leave Third and Townsend streets for Tanforan Park at 7, 10:40, 11:30 a. m., 1, 1:30 and 2 p. m., following after the last race at intervals of a few minutes by several specials. Rear cars reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Admission to the course, including railroad fare $1.25

D. LYNCH PRINGLE, Secretary.
RALPH H. TOZER, Racing Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st day of December, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six tenths (3,6/10) per cent. On term deposits and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1901.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street. For the half year ending with December 31, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1901

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

FIGPRUNE CEREAL

A Perfect Food Beverage

54% Fruit
46% Grains
100 - and nothing else

A Substitute for Coffee. Nourishing and Invigorating. YOUR GROCER SELLS IT.

Price 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

MRS. SACHT'S

HAIR RESTORER

A Pure and Harmless Vegetable Compound

For Baldness, Dandruff, Gray and Faded Hair, Scaly and Itching Scalp and all Diseases of the Hair and Scalp.

This marvelous compound has been used for years as a remedy in the family of Mrs. Sacht. Its wonderful curative properties became known to her friends and it is now offered to the public as a safe and sure remedy for disfiguring baldness. A reference to the front label of this bottle will show the growth of hair produced for Mrs. Sacht, who, although sixty years of age, has a long soft, heavy growth of hair of natural color.

DIRECTIONS.—Apply to the scalp once or twice a day, rubbing it very gently to avoid injury to new young hair. Wash the hair only once or twice a month, and then only with pure castile soap and as hot water as you can stand. Rinse with cold water.

MRS. M. K. SACHT
Hair Restorer.

425 Cedar Ave., off Laguna St.

Can be had at the following Hair Dressers:
Mrs. J. S. Goldschmidt
708 Polk Street Bet. Ellis and Eddy Sts.
Telephone Polk 1321
Carl Anderson, 417 Geary Street.
J. Isaacson, Pharmacist, cor. Geary and Octavia sts.
Phone E. 280

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes, and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

Naber, Alfs & Brune, Agents,
323-325 MARKET STREET. S. F., CAL

Holiday Notes.

Give Presents that are useful and will be appreciated

Opera Glasses, Race and Field Glasses, Binoculars, Lorgnettes, Gold Spectacles and Eyeglasses, Graphoscopes, Thermometers.

Prices Within Reach of Everyone

Kodaks and Cameras, Photo Supplies.

Geo. H. Kahn.
OPTICIAN.
201 KEARNY ST.,
CORNER OF SUTTER
KODAK AGENCY—PHOTO SUPPLIES

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . . .
Centrally Located . .
San Francisco, California

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts.,
New York. . . . .
American and European Plan.
WILLIAM T. BANG, Pro.

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM

For a Perfect Complexion

Made from the pure fruit juice at

GREENBAUM'S,

200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave. Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

---

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., - - San Francisco

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000
Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S.F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO. General Agents.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore.

Murphy, Grant & Co.

Sutter Street Hammam

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

Tel. Main 199

DEALERS IN *Paper*

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles
Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Germea

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

Bank of California

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital $[illegible]
Surplus and Undivided Profits, Oct. 1, 1900 $[illegible]

William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; S. Prentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Henry E. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary.

New York, Messrs. Lazard & Co. The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank. Boston, The Tremont National Bank. Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank. First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft. China, Japan and East Indies, Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China. Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....$2,238,372.45
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits, July 30, 1900.....28,938,395.02

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President.....H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Hermann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hohte, I. N. Walker,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA STREET

Deposits, July 1, 1900.....$26,952,875
Reserve Fund..... 218,093
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... [illegible]

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier; R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.
Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU. Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 306.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle for this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. Dec. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Jan. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles). Steamer Queen, Wed. 9 a. m.; steamer Santa Rosa, Sun. 9 a. m.

For Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro (Los Angeles) and Newport—Steamer Corona, Fridays, 9 a. m. steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(Oriental Steamship Company)

Imperial Japanese and U. S. Mail Line

From San Francisco, via Honolulu, calling at Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, via Inland Sea of Japan, Shanghai and Hongkong, connecting at Hongkong with steamers for Philippine Islands, Siam, Burmah, Java, Ceylon, and Persian Ports, etc.

Operating the new, fast, palatial twin-screw Tourist Steamships.

Sailing from San Francisco, from wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 p. m.

AMERICA MARU	Saturday, Dec. 29, 1900.
HONG KONG MARU	Thursday, Jan. 24, 1901
NIPPON MARU	Tuesday, Feb. 19, 1901

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

For freight and passage apply at Company's Office, 121 Market street, corner First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

·WE·CALL·YOVR·ATTENTION·TO·
OVR·HOLIDAY·DISPLAY·
OF·VIENNA·LEATHER·GOODS·BRONZES·
TRAVELING·BAGS·AND·OPERA·GLASSES·
NOVELTIES·IN·WRITING·DESKS·MANICVRE·
SETS·IN·VARIETY·PHOTOGRAPH·ALBVMS·
CARD·CASES·AND·PVRSES·CHRISTMAS·
CARDS·AND·BOOKLETS·ELEGANT·STA·
TIONERY·AND·LIGHT·ART·NOVELTIES·
·H·S·CROCKER·&·CO·215·BVSH·ST·S·F·

Famous FOR ITS Purity

SEATTLE, U. S. A.

Byron Mauzy Pianos

308-312 POST STREET

SOHMER — Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. PIANO AGENCY

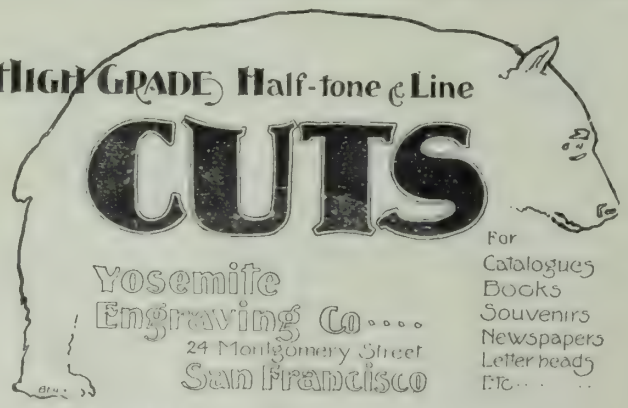
Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

REPSOLD — REGISTERED BRAND — SELECT VINTAGE

This brand of Wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office, 416 Pine St. — A. REPSOLD & CO.



WE MAKE THE CUTS IN THIS PAPER

F. R. NEVILLE, - - - Proprietor

Sunset Limited

For the Season of

1900=1901

Tri=Weekly

Leave SAN FRANCISCO	Leave LOS ANGELES
Mondays	Tuesdays
Wednesdays	Thursdays
Fridays	Saturdays
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.

ARRIVE NEW ORLEANS, 7:20 P. M. MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS.

MORE BRILLIANT THAN EVER
NEW EQUIPMENT
IMPROVED SERVICE

Secure Time Tables and any desired information from Any S. P. Co's Agent.

Santa Fe Trains

GO TO

Antioch	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Bakersfield	9 a m		8 p m
Chicago	9 a m		
Denver	9 a m		
Fresno	9 a m		8 p m
Hanford	9 a m		8 p m
Joliet	9 a m		
Kansas City	9 a m		
Leavenworth	9 a m		
Merced	9 a m		8 p m
Newton	9 a m		
Phoenix	9 a m		
Stockton	9 a m	4:10 p m	8 p m
Tulare	9 a m		8 p m
Visalia	9 a m		8 p m
Williams	9 a m		

Personally conducted Excursions to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston every MONDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in Pullman's Best Tourist sleeping Cars. Try this NEW ROUTE.

Get full information and handsome folder at

641 MARKET STREET

or at Santa Fe Ticket Office

Ferry Building, Foot of Market Street

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S.S. Zealandia for **HONOLULU only**, Wednesday, Dec. 26, 2 p. m.

S. S. Sierra for **Honolulu, Samoa, Auckland, and Sydney** Wed. Jan. 2, 9 p. m.

S. S. Australia for **Tahiti**, Sunday, Jan 6, 4 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 643 MARKET STREET.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

ISAIAS W. HELLMAN, President
JOHN F. BIGELOW, Vice-President
I. W. HELLMAN, Jr. Second Vice-President

GEORGE GRANT, Cashier
W. McGAVIN, Assistant Cashier

THE

Nevada National Bank of San Francisco

Capital Paid Up $3,000,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits 1,029,298.78

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENTS: AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK
IMPORTER'S AND TRADERS' NATIONAL BANK

LONDON BANKERS: . . . UNION BANK OF LONDON, LIMITED

PARIS BANKERS: . . . CREDIT LYONNAIS

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED, AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

DIRECTORS.

JOHN W. MACKAY, ROBERT WATT, JAMES L. FLOOD, LEVI STRAUSS, LEWIS GERSTLE, I. W. HELLMAN, JR., ISAIAS W. HELLMAN, H. L. DODGE, HENRY F. ALLEN, JOHN F. BIGELOW, C. DeGUIGNE

Wells Fargo & Co., Bank

ESTABLISHED 1852

San Francisco, California

JOHN J. VALENTINE, President
HOMER S. KING, Manager
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier
F. L. LIPMAN, Assistant Cashier
H. L. MILLER, Second Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES: New York, Salt Lake, Portland. LONDON BANKERS: Messrs. Glyn, Mills Currie & Co.

Statement of Condition at the Close of Business, July 31, 1900

ASSETS

Loans	$9,446,888.10
Bonds, Stocks and Warrants	1,261,290.47
Real Estate	1,231,914.57
Miscellaneous Assets	9,205.53
Due from Banks and Bankers	1,111,501.91
Cash	4,030,413.55
	$17,091,214.18

LIABILITIES

Capital, paid up	$ 500,000.00
Surplus	5,750,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,926,895.63
Deposits, Banks and Bankers	1,084,015.95
Deposits, Individual	7,830,302.60
	$17,091,214.18

A General Banking Business Transacted. Domestic and Foreign Exchange Bought and Sold. Travelers' and Commercial Credits Issued, available in all parts of the world. Correspondence Invited.

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

INCORPORATED 12th OF APRIL, 1859

Office: Corner of McAllister and Jones Streets, San Francisco

The objects for which this Association is formed are that by its operations the depositor thereof may be able to find a

Secure and Profitable Investment for Small Savings

and that borrowers may have an opportunity of obtaining from it the use of a moderate capital on giving good and sufficient security for the use of the same

President JAMES R KELLY Secretary and Treasurer, ROBERT J. TOBIN Attorney, ALFRED J. TOBIN

Any person can become a depositor of this Society on subscribing to the By-Laws. Deposits can be made from One Dollar upwards. Loans made on security of Real Estate within the City and County.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

Paid up Capital	-	$1,000,000
Surplus	- -	159,000

Authorized by law to act as executor, Administrator and Trustee under wills, as guardian of estates of incompetent persons and minors, as Assignee or Receiver, or in any other trust capacity, and is a legal depository for court and trust funds.

Attends to the collections of interest, dividends, rents, etc., for residents or others.

Acts as trustee of mortgages of corporations and individuals, and accepts the tranfer agency and registry of stocks.

Receives deposits subject to check, and allows interest on daily balances. Issues Certificates of deposit bearing fixed rates of interest. Receives deposits in its savings department.

Wills drawn and taken care of without charge.

Information and advice regarding trust matters cheerfully given.

Safe Deposit Boxes

To rent at prices from $5 per annum upwards, according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.

DIRECTORS

J. D. FRY JAMES TREADWELL R. D. FRY H. A. HEDGER F. W. LOUGEE
T. J. HAY F. A. WICKERSHAM A. D. SHARON
HENRY F. FORTMANN J. DALZELL BROWN W. J. BARTNETT

OFFICERS

J. D. FRY, President; R. D. FRY, Vice-President; J. DALZELL BROWN, Second Vice-President and Manager; E. E. SHOTWELL, Secretary; JAMES CONNING, Assistant Secretary; GUNNISON, BOOTH & BARTNETT, Attorneys.

FIRE, MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE

CAPITAL, $1,000,000 ASSETS, $3,950,000.00

FIREMEN'S FUND INS. CO.

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

The Firemen's FUND is the LARGEST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY ORGANIZED WEST OF NEW YORK.

HOME OFFICE
401 TO 407 CALIFORNIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A STRONG AND RELIABLE COMPANY

The Anglo Californian Bank

LIMITED

Capital Authorized	-	$6,000,000	Paid up	-	$1,500,000
Subscribed	-	- 3,000,000	Reserve Fund		700,000

Northeast Corner Pine and Sansome Streets

Head Office: 18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York: J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street

The Bank transacts a General Banking business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers and issues letters of credit available throughout the world Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

MANAGERS

Ign. Steinhart P. N. Lilienthal

Vol. 22. No. 41. December 29, 1900

The Wave

Price Ten Cents.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office second-class matter.
Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

San Francisco—December 29, 1900

The Social Evil.

There is an industry, a business, an occupation, however, you may choose to term it, which recently suggested measures has brought into the public notice. It is an industry which has existed in all times, in all countries, and in all races of people. An industry which is discredited, repulsive, abhorrent, but necessary. An occupation which shuns the light of day, and lurks in the hidden corners of the city. We term it euphemistically the social evil.

No one will accuse the *Wave* of undue admiration for Mayor Phelan, and what it has to say in his behalf on this occasion will not be attributed to any adulatory motives. It is merely that this time Mayor Phelan is as nearly in the right as he ever can get with his present managerial staff. And as a result of cause he now has added to the army militant, the good and holy people, whose far-sightedness never went a Sabbath-day's journey ahead of them in all the days of their existence.

But this time Mayor Phelan is in the right, and this time it is the duty of the conscientious and unbigoted to support him.

There are certain people who do not believe in temporizing with the devil. To these people belong the prohibitionist, who opposes high license, for example, and the people who oppose regulation of the "social evil."

Any man whose opinions are formed by contact with the world and not by nocturnal lucubrations in his cloistered cell, knows one thing if he knows anything and that is that the "social evil" is a necessity. A necessity, whose existence he regrets, even as he regrets the existence of the prison, the jail or the insane asylum, but nevertheless a necessity. So it is recognized in every city, town and village almost in the land but more than anywhere in cosmopolitan seaports like San Francisco.

It exists and it persists. Let us recognize these two things and seek a remedy. "Stamp it out altogether," says one. Ah, but how? We have tried one way, and we are not pioneers in the trial of that method, namely, by closing up every place where we could find it openly plied. And with the same result which attended our predecessors, that we have driven the disease from one sore spot where it gathered and festered, out into the whole body where it has poisoned and corrupted every part. That was New York's experience, under the intelligent direction of the misguided author of the series of articles begun in the *Ladies' Home Journal* under the subsequently suppressed titie of "Andromaniacs." And it has been the experience of every other place where the same experiment has been tried.

Some time ago some philanthropists erected in San Francisco a place called the Nymphia. This was a place were "these women" could go and be found by those who sought them. It was in a quarter of the town where it could do the least harm, and had many things to recommend it, but best of all was the fact that it was to be a place whose character was certain and open, and yet which was not on the main thoroughfares, flaunting itself under the eyes of everyone. No sooner had it started than the holy fathers of the church were on it. Aided by the oratory of ambitious young lawyers they pounced upon the politicians, who constituted the Board of Supervisors, and those gentlemen promptly took up the good work and closed the place.

Now what was accomplished? Was any good done? Nothing was accomplished except to drive the women into hotels and lodging-houses to ply their trade as before and entrap the young as well as the initiate.

It is folly in dealing with this question to be too theoretical. The business exists. You cannot stamp it out. You must deal with it in that way which will accomplish the most good for all. That way is not to abolish it by law. That is a mere "Golden Bull." The way to do is to recognize the evil and then regulate it.

There are two sets of people to be considered: those in the business and the general public. Both of these are benefited by regulation of the traffic—the public by the partial abatement of a crying evil, and by the diminution of disease in many of its worst forms—the women by a general amelioration of their condition, and above all by their liberation from the petty system of toranny and pillage to which they are subjected by the police and others.

And who doubts the existence of such oppression has only to pass a morning in the Police Court and watch the miserable women convicted and sentenced one after another upon the uncorroborated testimony of police officers. They stand no show against the officers. An arrest is equivalent to a conviction. If extortion does not flourish under such a state of affairs, there is at least no reason why it should not. And as the police are not all angels, it does.

Such things would be impossible under a rationally regulated and licensed system. The money which now is paid for protection against the law would go into the city treasury as license fees and be employed for sanitary inspection and the general betterment of the condition of this unfortunate class.

Of course such a bold plan would be impracticable in the present state of the local mind, and it is necessary to accomplish by indirections what would bring, if done directly, a storm of minitterial abuse upon the promoters of the plan. This is to be done by means of a system of bail forfeitures, the details of which are immaterial.

Suffice it to say that this time the little Mayor is right, but the organ of filth, frenzy and folly, the *Examiner*, is again once more on the same side as usual—the wrong side.

A Worthy Charity.

There is a charity in San Francisco, conducted upon business principles and worthy of general support. Its value cannot be over estimated! It is only at times like the present holiday season that it is before the public eye, but it it is working three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. It is the Children's Hospital.

In 1875 when a few benevolent-minded, large-souled women started a free dispensary for women and children at 509 Taylor street, no vision of the present immense institution came to them. They sought to do their little to prevent suffering and misery where they believed the need was greatest. They worked against great odds and with little support from the general public. In 1882 Tyler Gray presented to Mrs. Harrington, his daughter, fifty veras of land where the present hospital now stands. She accepted it for the institution, of which she was one of the prime movers, and the deed was made out in the name of the Children's Hospital. This was the beginning of the present institution.

About nine years ago Mrs. C B. Alexander of New York built and furnished the maternity cottage and endowed it with $1000 a year. This was followed by W. R. Hearst's generous addition of the Little Jim cottage, the story of which is well known.

The society young ladies of San Francisco have always taken a generous interest in the Children's Hospital and have done much for it. Its operating expenses are in the neighborhood of $3500 a month, and its income from pay patients probably $400. The deficit has to be met by the subscriptions of those who can afford.

Recently, among the generation who have grown up realizing the great work for good done by this hospital, there has been a disposition to remember it by bequests which will, in time, perhaps, make it self-supporting. This method of securing a lasting and ever increasing work of the widest benevolence can not go too far and should be considered by every man who can afford, in the drawing of his will.

They are singing one song in Seattle; singing it in a harmonious, continuous strain. It is called "The Progress of Seattle," and the words change to suit the occasion of the music; but it is always ringing out, steady, clamorous, insistent, like the marching song to victory.

You may hear the strain in every Seattle paper that you take up. "Is in the World's Highway; Latitude Gives Seattle Advantage over San Francisco; Rapidly Overtaking Its Only Rival on the Coast; Commerce Transacted on the Shorter Routes," are the headlines on a late article in the Seattle *Times*. In it is set forth plausible reasoning that will appeal to many a reader.

How different is this to our local inactivity in the musical line. San Francisco's papers deplore the condition of the city, politically and otherwise. The tune they softly hum is not of suecess, but of adversity. The tune must change or there will be cause for pæons of rejoicing in the active city on the sound.

A New York woman wants $10,000 damages because a heartless man jilted her, after waiting twenty-one years for him to make the necessary arrangements. Had they been married some years ago, the chances are that she would now be suing for $20,000 alimony.

There is an epidemic of confessions going the rounds. If a man is not able to acknowledge at least one murder, several train robberies and numerous petty crimes, he need not expect newspaper recognition. He is of no use to the profession.

These stories of horrible confessions come at intervals and have their week or so in the papers. The reason is difficult to explain. It is possible that the first story of the kind sets an example that other criminals follow, and it may be that the newspaper correspondents discover from the first story a new line to work for space.

The case of H. Green, who has admitted the murder of Bill Feeney in Michigan in 1875, the shooting of Selby in Dakota shortly after, several robberies, and desertion from the army, is the latest confession story. It bears all the usual earmarks. Green walks into the police station and gives himself up. Then he confesses to crimes dating so far back into antiquity that his absolute confession could never convict him of them. He will be held a few days and an investigation made which will prove neither the truth nor the falsity of his tales. In the meantime he will be forgotten by newspapers and readers alike, and drift out into obscurity as an ordinary hobo. The next confession story from Siskiyou, San Diego or intermediate points will head a column in the dailies in a short time.

No condemnation is too severe for the newspapers that have, without other than a suspicion, cast discredit upon the good name of Miss Mary Hoffman. There was not an iota of evidence for their flaming head-line stories of her elopement and they are now seeking to cover up the mistake they made.

Miss Hoffman's whole life has been such that scandal has no excuse for a pointing finger. She has been an angel of mercy to the sick and the suffering. She has lived an honest, straight-forward, work-a-day life and there should be absolute evidence before a word of censure is spoken of her.

There is too strong a desire in newspaper offices to make mountains out of mole-hills, sensations from the occurences of every day. This is proven in every issue of any yellow journal but the hasty, hurried, glance-and-forget reading public do not notice the many corrections and frequent lapses on what, in the first telling, promises a striking story. These are the mistakes made. If no one takes them up with threats of libel they are ignored in future issues and the stray reader who remembers the first story—the mistake—wonders how it all ended. If corrections are demanded in terms that may not be passed over, they appear, carefully framed and modestly headed.

The present case offers a striking example of one of these errors. Miss Mary Hoffman is too well known here for the stories told to be ignored and the people who knew her will await the final explanation of her mysterious disappearance before believing ought but good of her.

In Chicago, the other day, Mrs. Warren E. Closen, for six years the wife of the mister of the same name, announced to her spouse that she was going to be married the next day to Ernest W. Hall. She showed him the license, the wedding invitation, and a list of the guests. He wasn't invited.

This was the gentle way in which she announced the fact that she had secured a divorce without his knowledge some months before. It is a whole sermon upon the subject of easy divorces and it is all true. During the time of her application for, and securing of, a divorce from him, she was living with him, and his wages, which she banked in her name, paid the expenses of the suit.

Isn't it time to call a halt?

The *Bulletin* has achieved the greatest success on a Christmas edition of any of the dailies. It has presented matter of general interest, on new lines, entertainingly and brightly. It has given a finely printed half-tone supplement without sensational features but with the progress of California in art, in music and in literature, illustrated. The only indication of paid write-up to mar the symmetry of its artistic handling are the articles for and by Mayor James D. Phelan. Mr. Phelan's views on "Our Intellectual Growth," conspicuously placed between the deep thoughts of David Starr Jordan and Benjamin Ide Wheeler on similar topics, are like the contents of a lettuce sandwich—poor fodder between slices of good bread. The leader on "New San Francisco," written in praise of Mayor Phelan's administration, bears the unmistakable symptoms of the checkbook. In the ordinary Christmas number in San Francisco, whose contents are dominated by the dollar, this would be expected and understood, but the *Bulletin* has achieved so creditable a publication otherwise, so free from the objectionable features named, that it is a grave pity they should have lowered their standard in this palpably absurd way.

Baron Von Schroeder's libel suit stripped the last rag of respectability from his back and left him a naked, shivering thing to shun and scorn. Never again may he be seen in the company of respectable women or of honest, self-respecting men. He has been proven at his own instance, upon his own challenge, to be far worse than any newspaper dared to hint.

For the others, the females who have been associated with him in his debauchery, the *Wave* has no pity. Their names have been held back by the newspapers out of a mistaken idea of chivalry. They should be branded with a red-hot iron on the cheek with the scarlet letter H, and kept from ever again mingling with other than their own class of degenerates.

By The Clock; By Puul West

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

This is going to be an eventful evening. I feel it n every wheel and spring in my works.

She feels it, too. See how ill at ease she is! How she listens to every sound without! How nervously she looks at me every two minutes!

Ah, pretty one, I know your secret!

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

They are coming to night, and you feel, you know, that before midnight you will have given your heart and hand to one of them. But to which one?

I think I know. I am sure I know, even better than you, the one you prefer in your inmost heart.

He is poor; but the other night, when I had run down, he wound me and set me right.

The other one is rich; but last week, as he waited for you to dress for the theatre he looked at me and swore, because you were late. A man who will swear at a clock!

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

There goes the bell!

Which do you suppose it is?

Oh, my dear, we are excited, you and I! Take one more glance at your lovely self in the mirror, though goodness knows you are always beautiful.

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

Your novel, girl! Your novel! That's it. Don't let him know you are nervous. Now, rise to meet him.

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

It's the poor one! But how handsome! Such a man!

And flowers! Well, well! This does look well. Bride's roses, too. Here, don't——

Whew! I thought she was going to leave them right before me on the mantel! Then I couldn't have seen a thing.

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

That's it. Two of the largest roses in your belt. That will encourage him.

Oh, I would not give a Waterbury for the rich one's chances now, if all goes right!

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

Still the weather, and the theatre, and the war, and the war, and the theatre, and the weather.

This will never do! Half an hour gone, thirty of the most precious minutes in your lives, and you are no nearer——

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

Shades of Galileo! For what hour did the other, the rich one, make to-night's engagement? Wasn't it half past eight? It was!

Ah, no wonder, pretty one, you start as you reca that, and look at me!

I cannot lie for you. It is eight-fifteen. And you have led him on not one single whit!

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

Can you not perceive how bashful he is? Can you not divine, by the glances he casts at you, by his sighs, his awkwardness, how the land lies?

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

You have only thirteen minutes, and then the other one will be here, and this one will have to go. And he will go broken-hearted.

Then the other one? Ah, he is business-like and cold-blooded. And he will ask you and you will say yes.

Twelve minutes!

He is looking at you, and clearing his throat, to speak.

Now help him. Look down at your roses, and if you can bring a little blush

Oh, admirable! Admirable! You have given him courage, for you have shown him that you know.

Nine minutes!

Oh, my precious pair, you must hurry.

Tick—tock! Ti-i-ick—to-o-o-ock! I will try to run slowly, even at the cost of my reputation.

Ti-i-i-ick!

He speaks! He says your name!

Look up! But not at him; that will frighten him.

Say "Yes?" and incline yourself a little toward him, as though to show your interest.

Ti-i-i-ick! To-o-o-o-ock!

Oh, you blundering man, do not look at me. I am doing my best for you, can't you see?

"How strange that clock sounds! As though—"

Ah, my girl, that was good.

He will finish the sentence!

"As though it wished to speak, almost. Ah, Elsa, I am like that clock, that would speak, but cannot! Elsa! Elsa!"

Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Ticka-ticka-tocka-ticka-tock!

Hooray!

It is done!

But I must not look! I must cover my face with my hands!

Ticka-ticka-tock!

One minute!

Tick-tock!

The bell!

The other man!

"I love you!"

"My own!"

Ticka-ticka-ticka-tocka-tocka-tock! B-r-r-r-r-r Heavens! there goes my mainspring! But—I—I—did it. I—I—I'm running down!

Harper's Bazar.

Christmas Vignettes of San Francisco

Christmas is defined by a cynic as the time when you give what you can not afford and receive what you do not want. Let the cynic alone; he has nothing to do with Christmas. His brutal honesty has no place in Santa Claus, Kris Kringle stories. He did not celebrate the day, I'll wager, by any more than dining at his married sister's, to save himself the restaurant price.

Christmas was celebrated by those who could afford; by those who could not afford but didn't care; by those who wanted what they got, and by those who wanted what they got whether they wanted it or not. This is the class of people who made December 25th the greatest, most joyous holiday of the year, and there was not a cynic about.

In every window facing the street in the big stone-house near the summit of Knob Hill, were holly wreaths. The drawing room, library, parlors and halls were festooned in green, red berries and white ribbon. The chandeliers were hidden in masses of evergreen and misseltoe. It was a bower of Christmas beauty.

The servants were garbed in their holiday attire and hurried hither and thither with holiday smiles on their faces. All was prepared for the great event of the Christmas tree and uncles, aunts, cousins, grandmas, grandpas and parents had assembled in the drawing room where the towering pine, reaching nearly to the ceiling, bore gaily its burden of multitudinous toys, bon bons, fruit and flowers. There was only one item missing; Baby had not been brought in.

"It is far superior to last year's tree," remarked Aunty to Grandma. "Baby will be pleased."

"Yes. It was so different when I was a girl. Then . . . . "

Everyone jumped to their feet and stood aside as Baby came in led by her smiling nurse. There must be no obstruction to the view of the little Ruler of Holiday Time. Her eyes were big and round and took in the scene with baby wonder.

"Aint it boo'ful!" she cried at last, clasping her plump hands together; "It's so boo'ful! An' it's all for Baby."

The grate, in which two bricks set endwise prevented the consumption of more than one lump of coal at a time, did not heat the big bare studio. Drawn close to the fire was a young girl, a hand shielding her face from the flames. She looked often at the door, expectantly.

A man entered and the girl went to his side as he threw himself heavily in a chair.

"Something's the matter, Ted?" she asked.

"Yes, Bess, matter enough. I couldn't raise a dollar—not a blame red cent. I went to all the papers that I have been working for. They all said to come after Christmas; had to wait for collections. Why, Bess, I fairly begged old Skinflint to give me a dollar, and he owes me forty!"

"It's too bad, Ted——"

"Too bad? Do you realize, Bess, we are cold, stony broke? We can't eat dinner to-night, let alone Christmas dinner to-morrow. Do you understand, girlie, that we are going hungry till Wednesday at the very best?"

"But can't you borrow something, Ted?"

"Who from? I can't, Bess. I don,t know a soul to go to." Bess snuggled up to Ted's side and they both looked into the fire. "I wouldn't mind it so much, myself, but—it aint right—it aint right at all. I've earned the money. I've done their dirty pot-boilers for money and now I can't get it. The fat, sleek hounds! They go home to their heavy tables and their Christmas trees and leave us to starve!"

"Don't, Ted! Don't you care. I won't be very hungry."

"You don't know what it means, girlie. You have never been a day without food; I have and I know. And you shan't go through it—not if I have to use a lead pipe to-night."

"Is there anything we can pawn?"

Ted looked about the studio with hope in his eyes, then laughed harshly. "The last one of the books went yesterday," he said. "My paints and brushes are about all that is left. They wouldn't raise a nickel. If I knew where to go we might get a dollar on the old bed and these chairs—and we'll do it to morrow. The landlord will think we are dodging the rent, but we'll dodge him. We'll fool him all right. And we'll eat to-morrow, Bess, my girl; we'll have a Christmas after all.—I'm hungry. Let's go to bed."

One hundred and thirty-five children made happy in a single day is the record of the Young Ladies' Auxiliary for Christmas. One hundred and thirty-five pairs of shining eyes, black, brown, blue, and gray; one hundred and thirty-five pairs of arms filled with toys and flowers and picture books. As little Tommy Tucker remarked when it was all over: "Gee! Wasn't it a w'opper of a Ch'ismus!"

And Tommy Brown ate too much. Tommy, who will probably never see another Christmas, saved up his appetite for the occasion. "I didn't have no Thanksgivin' dinner," he explained, "an' I never knew nothin' about Santa Claus before I came here. So I didn't eat no supper and I didn't eat no breakfast and I am just goin' to have all I can stuff of Christmas." He ate four plates of turkey and "fixings" and five dishes of ice-cream, and it would have killed most boys; but Tommy can't injure his health. He doesn't have to regard the future because he is dying from an incurable disease, and his days are few this side of the River.

It was at the Children's Hospital that Santa Claus made this gladsome visit. The ancient saint was represented by Mr. Percy King, a pair of false whiskers, a wig and a garb of furs. Ranged round the walls of the sun-room, so closely that it was just possible for Santa to pull his cumbersome pack between were the cots of the little patients. Many were strapped down to their beds to prevent the excitement from disarranging the surgical devices which were doing their healing work. The young ladies whose generous kindness had brightened the lives of these small sufferers were present to help in every way.

It was one of the prettiest acts of holiday good will of the holiday season. The young ladies who planned and executed—society girls whose time is supposed to be devoted to the frivolities of life, had learned the especial desires of each of the tiny patients and there were no disappointments. "See what Santa brought me!" cried one little girl holding up a big doll. "I prayed for it," she added in reverent tones.

Paul Orrington, pale and suffering from a recent injury, was one of the happiest of the children. He had found in Santa's bag what he had long wished for, never hoping to get, and he did not know that he had lost a foot, amputated but a few days before. The sad fact had been kept from him so that there would be no great misery to mar his Christmas joys.

Here, on this Christmas day, was Christ's work done in His own way. The "least" of His children were provided for and made as happy as suffering may be. Quietly, as unostentatiously as possible in these days of the modern newspaper and the "human interest" story, kindly hearts with full purses had given up time and pleasures to the alleviation of the misery of the world.

"Almost over, thank the good Lord," said the Santa Claus of the Kearny and Market streets corner, late Monday night. He spoke with no irreverence. His work for charity was nearly finished. He was the Santa Claus of the Salvation Army Christmas.

"I have done my part of the work and helped as best I could to provide for the very poor of San Francisco on the Lord's birthday. It is nearly over now, and I can say that I am almost worn out.

"For over a week, every day, I have stood here with my coin box and my sign, dressed in this uncomfortable garb of fur and whiskers. It is not a fitting raiment for San Francisco climate, no matter how well it is adapted to Santa Claus' home in the Klondyke. Why, some days I have nearly sweltered!

"But San Francisco has been generous. It is all classes and conditions of people who place money in my till, from the very poor to the very rich. My experiences while standing here, if told, would make a story. I have received contributions from those I would expect more likely to be at our dinner tomorrow, looking for free turkey, than giving to help others to eat.

"We have all worked hard and I am only a small unit in the laborers who will make this Christmas dinner to the poor a success; but I am honestly glad it is nearly over."

He was only a peddler living in dingy quarters on Fourth street, but he had known Christmas days in his youth and he remembered that for some reason or other he must celebrate. There was only one method in his limited experience and he began with poor whiskey and cheap beer to make the day less miserable.

He died at the Receiving Hospital before the midnight hour closed the Christmas day. A fractured skull from a drunken fall was the cause. He regained consciousness for a moment before he passed away.

"Hell of a day, wasn't it?" he said to the surgeon.

Her Sealskin Sacque.

On some far-off Pacific rock
'Mid wind and wave 'twas born,
And grew to meet the billow's shock
With free and careless scorn;
Until it left, at Fate's command,
A gentler realm to seek,
And hastened over sea and land
To rest against her cheek.

How false to call those hands unkind
That reach across the seas,
And levy tribute where they find
The swarming rookeries!
They bring but change from isles all bare
From swirling surge and storm,
Unto a heavenly haven where
They keep my lady warm.

And hence, oh, pity not the seals,
That, dying, learn to live;
For doubtless Death to them reveals
The boon it has to give!
And I a thousand times would die,
A thousand torments taste,
At last against her cheek to lie
Or clasp her slender waist!

—Edwin L. Sabin, in the Smart Set.

Christmas Flowers.

Interesting Habits and Personalities Korean Customs Strange People of A Strange Land.

Recent events in the far East have given to Korea an interest which it has never held before, in the eyes of the American people, especially those of the Pacific Coast. The Korean peninsula will shortly become a trade center in close touch with San Francisco and a few words regarding the people and their characteristics will not be amiss.

The Coreans are strikingly dissimilar from both their nearest neighbors, the Chinese and Japanese and there is a remarkable variety of physiognomy among them, all the more noticeable because of the uniformity of costume. The difficulty of identifying people which besets and worries the stranger in Japan and China does not exist in Korea. It is true that the obliquity of the Mongolian eye is always present, as well as a trace of bronze in the skin but the complexion varies from a swarthy olive to a very light brunette.

There are straight and aquiline noses, as well as broad and snub noses with distended nostrils and though the hair is dark, much of it is so distinctly a russet brown as to require the frequent application of lampblack and oil to bring it to a fashionable black, while in texture it varies from wiriness to silkiness. Some men have full moustaches and large goatees, on the faces of others a few carefully attended hairs, as in China, do duty for both, while many have full, strong beards. The mouth is either the wide, full-lipped, gaping cavity constantly seen among the lower orders, or a small though full feature, or thin-lipped and refined, as is seen continually among particians.

The eyes, though dark, vary from dark brown to hazel; the cheek bones are high; the brow, so far as fashion allows it to be seen, is frequently lofty and intellectual; and the ears are small and well set on. The usual expression is cheerful, with a dash of puzzlement. The physiognomy indicates, in its best aspect, quick intelligence, rather than force of strength of will. The Koreans are certainly a handsome race.

The physique is good. The average heighth of the men is five feet four and a half inches, that of the women cannot be ascertained, and is disproportionately less, while their figureless figures, the faults of which are exaggerated by the ugliest dress on earth, are squat and broad. The hands and feet of both sexes and all classes are very small, white and exquisitely formed, and the tapering, almond-shaped finger-nails are carefully attended to. The men are very strong, and as porters carry heavy weights, a load of 100 pounds being regarded as a moderate one. They walk remarkably well, whether it be the studied swing of the patrician or the short, firm stride of the plebeian when on business. The families are large and healthy. If the government estimate of the number of houses is correct, the population, taking a fair average, is from twelve to thirteen millions, females being in the minority.

Mentally the Koreans are liberally endowed, specially with that gift known in Scotland as "gleg at the uptak." The foreign teachers bear willing testimony to their talent for the rapid acquisition of languages, which they speak more fluently and with a far better accent than either the Chinese or Japanese They have the Oriental vices of suspicion, cunning, and untruthfulness and trust between man and man is unknown. Women are secluded, and occupy a very inferior position.

There is no natioual religion. Confucianism is the official cult, and the teachings of Confucius are the rule of Korean morality Buddhism once powerful, but "disestablished" three centuries ago, is to be met with chiefly in mountainous districts, and far from the main roads. Spirit worship, a species of *shamanism*, prevails all over the kingdom, and holds the uneducated masses and the women of all classes in complete boundage.

Christian missions, chiefly carried on by Americans, are beginning to produce both direct and indirect effects in Korea.

1. A Korean Bride.
2. Odd Headgear of Northern Tribes.
3. A Middle Class Woman.
4. Some of the Nobility.
5. Dressed for the Street.
6. Ready for the Ride.

Stuttering Employer (writing a letter). "B-b-b-boy, hand me a b-b-b-bl-bl-bl—"

Office Boy. "A blotter, sir, do you wish?"

Stuttering Employer. "Never mind n-n-n-now; the ink has d-d-d-dried."

Over the Demi-Tasse

"The *Euaminer*, I see, has taken up the movement to preserve the Big Basin," remarked a newspaper man at the Bohemian Club the other night. "I wonder how many of the promoters of the movement know why it was that the *Examiner* kept away from the project so long. It shows on what small things great matters hinge and how serious are some jokes.

"When the movement was first started a committee of prominent people, San Franciscans some and others from Stanford, Berkeley, San Jose and the towns about,went into the Basin to see for themselves how far the destruction of the redwoods was being carried. The proposed excursion was advertised before-hand and the *Chronicle* and *Call* sent in reporters from here. Somehow the *Examiner* overlooked it until the day after the party started, so they had to rustle in the nearest correspondent to the encampment. This happened to be a young lady who handles the *Examiner* stuff at Santa Cruz, a bright girl and capable.

"Andrew P. Hill, a photographer at San Jose and one of the hard workers in the Big Basin project, had gone with the committee and had also arranged with the *Chronicle* to furnish photos for their correspondent. It was an exclusive deal, his pictures to be given to no other paper.

"When Miss Blank at Santa Cruz got the *Examiner's* wire to join encampment near Boulder Creek and do press and pictures, she loaded up a 4x5 kodak and thought she was prepared for anything. When she got into the encampment and found Hill with his 10x14 looking after the *Chronicle's* wants in the picture line, she realized that she had made a mistake and was going to be scooped to death. So she opened operations on a new line and commenced a quiet campaign to capture some of the *Chronicle's* big plates. She made up to Hill and tried to bambozzle him out of his negatives, but while Hill is good natured, he is a long while in the business, and knows what exclusive means. Then, besides, he is married.

"Convinced that she was making no headway here, she planted her batteries in front of Henry Middleton, the jolly proprietor of the Boulder Creek hotel where she was stopping, who drove her to and from the encampment each day. She told Middleton her troubles and begged him to steal several of the photographer's plate holders with the exposed negativcs. She explained that Mr. Hill would be delighted after it was done but couldn't give them to her on account of his compact with the *Chronicle*.

"Middleton capitulated and promised, rather than see the young lady weep. The next day he brought her a bundle securely wrapped up and tied. 'Here are the plates,' he said. 'I stole them. They are undeveloped and you must be careful that they are not opened until they get into the dark room.'

" 'I'll mark the package;' said Miss Blank, 'so they won't open them at the *Examiner* by mistake,' and she wrote in big letters upon the bundle, 'Plates—Not developed—Open only in dark room.'

"That package went up to the *Examiner* by the next mail. It contained two old china dinner plates stolen by Middleton from the camp table. What remarks were made in the *Examiner* dark room when it was opened, I don't know, but Miss Blank's long story of the excursion sent with the plates was not printed. Neither was there anything regarding the Big Basin published for several months. The telegram she received was short and to the point.

" 'Miss Blank,*Examiner* Correspondent Boulder Creek,

We did not want dinner plates; wanted pictures. Go back to Santa Cruz.

Examiner.' "

The Christmas Tennis Tournament.

The Christmas tournament at the California Club courts undoubtedly brought forth the best tennis San Francisco has witnessed this year. All the local cracks, attracted by the handsome trophies, as well as the dubs, spurred on by the liberal handicaps allotted them, affixed their signatures to the entry list which footed up an even twenty, only four names short of the championship list, by the way.

In the preliminary rounds the greatest interest centered upon the matches in which Weihe and Adams, the old "pony team," now of Stanford University, and Rosenberg and Hodgkinson, who will represent the Lowell High School in the next Academic League tournament, were to appear. The former were a disappointment, Weihe defaulting to David Painter, and Adams showing up very poorly in his match with young McGavin. He probably played way below form, but at the same time it is doubtful if at his best he could discount the beautiful game essayed by his clever opponent.

Throughout the tournament Drummond McGavin played the game of his life. His strokes were the prettiest, and they were effective, too, until he met Grant Smith in the semi-finals. It was in this match that headwork began to tell. This is a department of the game in which McGavin at times seems woefully deficient On the other hand, Smith, in whom the talent see a future champion, lays no claim to pretty playing. But tennis is a game where quick thought and speed are requisites, and in these he is not lacking.

Grant Smith Winner of the Christmas Tournament.

Al. Rosenberg's defeat of Robt. Whitney, though he was slightly aided by a small handicap, was the surprise of the first day's play. Whitney seldom plays his best game in a handicap event, and the shots of the high school crack seemed even more accurate than usual. But he in turn succumbed to Smith's vigorous onslaughts.

Hodgkinson was lucky in drawing as an opponent for the first round one who proved easy game. In the second round he met his match in Drummond McGavin, the U. C. man winning what proved to be the hardest contest of the day.

Crowell played unusually well until he reached the final. Here he collapsed entirely, Smith winning an almost featureless contest. In the earlier rounds, to the surprise of many, Johnson was taken into camp by Crowell, though allotted a small handicap.

Collier, like Bob Whitney, seems unable to win out in a handicap event. Of late, too, his game, instead of improving, has deteriorated considerably. His strokes seem entirely devoid of speed.

As a whole the Christmas event was one of the most successful tournaments ever played at the local courts. All eyes are now fixed upon Smith. He is generally conceded as ranking well ahead of any other local second class player, and probably belongs in a class of his own just below Robert N. Whitney He has natural qualifications such as no other tennis devotee of prominence on the coast possesses.

He Wouldn't Say Good-bye.

One of them didn't care and the other one did not know that they were seen. Otherwise it would have been different.

It was in an office building last Monday afternoon. The first man, call him Jack—came up in the elevator carrying his ante-Christmas package. It was a beautiful bundle and would have filled several bottles if it had not been placed in another receptacle.

Jack lurched into the outer office of the law firm of never mind who—and asked in a tremulous voice for one of his partners;—call him Ed. Ed who came out of the private office noticed Jack's condition and took him out in the hall. The greeting was effusive.

"Ed, ol' chum! dear, dear boy! s'happish to meet you. Merry Chrismash, Ed! Le's have a drink—I'm broke."

Ed put a coin into Jack's palm. "Busy and can,t, Jack. Sorry."

"Come 'long, ol' man. Have a drink on me."

"I'm busy, Jack, or I would. I must get right back. Man waiting."

"You wouldn't leave your ol' friend, would you Ed, ol' boy? Don't you know I love you; allus love you?"

"Yes,Jack,of course; but go on away now old fellow. I'm busy."

"Not till you kiss me, Ed. Not till you say good bye an' kissh me!"

"Go along, Jack. Don't bother me now."

"Kissh me an' I'll go 'long all right. Jes' show me you love me shame's ever."

Ed took a glance around. There was no one in sight. Jack was hanging on his neck and wailing. "Not till 'y kish me!" There was an explosive smack.

"Good bye, Jack."

" 'Bye, Ed. Love me' shame's ever!" and the man with the package rang the elevator bell.

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel, the well known vocalists, arrived in New York this week from Europe and in a few days will start out on their last American tour, as they intend to return to Europe for an indefinite period. San Francisco is to hear these incomparable aetists once again, arrangements having been made for a number of concerts to be given at the Metropolitan Temple in February. Owing to the many requests sent in, the manager of the Henschels has decided to open the sale of season tickets on January 7 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store, Kearny and Sutted streets. Season tickets will be transferable.

In the Sun Room at the Children's Hospital.

Before the Footlights.

Minnie Myers at the Tivoli.

"When the gnat stings don't scratch; and when you are annoyed, don't worry." Excellent advice, bestowed by the jovial landlady of the White Horse on a irritable lodger and singularly applicable to the White Horse audience. For the poor things are undoubtably annoyed and it requires all Jesepha's philosophy to prevent their "worrying." Who would not be annoyed at the waste of talent in the White Horse Tavern production? Admirable acting, graphic character sketches are thrown away on a flimsy plot of threadbare antiquity, too impossible for realism,too realistic for farce. We are supposed to be at a comedy and yet the exceeding clever King and Norcross company can scarce raise a laugh at their own expense; if people do not yawn throughout the performance it is because most of the pretty women and convincing mena re so attractive in their own personality that the authors are forgiven and forgotten.

Minerva Dorr, in a peasant costume calculated to make female city hearts throb with envy,makes a saucy,winsome landlady Josepha who has set her heart too high,namely on a yearly lodger for whom her best room and her best dishes are always reserved; this attitude is naturally resented by Lepold, head waiter, devoted admirer,and aspirant for the vacated shoes of the late Mr. Josepha;and on Frank Norcross devolves the duty of suffering from divers jealousies and palpitations till the situation is properly evolved. Fred Mower makes the best of the chief comic character, the protesting traveller who hates moving on, who is deep in a lifelong lawsuit, and who wants to arrange a marriage between the opposing families. Then we have a lawyer making love in earnest while supposed to do it by proxy,a timid young man who has to fortify himself extensively while lovemaking,an old professor—a genuine character study—who is eloquent on the joys of poverty, all excellently played by Messrs. Hitchcock, Chester and Fenton; while there never was a more bewitchingly gauche ingenue than lisping Ottilie as played by Miss Louise Randolph, and Miss Bernice Norcross makes a pretty Clara who consents to marry when she finds the right man. There are numberless minor parts among which may be singled out Lulie Lane's piquante female postman and Mae Burkney's Resi, the picturesque beggar girl who sings the "Kiss" song on which the piece is supposed to turn. The nicest thing one can say to the performers is that everybody hopes to see them in a play more worthy of their talents.

At the Orpheum.

The Orpheum will start the New Century with one of the strongest bills ever presented in San Francisco. Although the Orpheum road Show remains, the clever people composing that organization, will give an entire change of program. Cressy will present a new sketch, one of his own but in quite another vein, "In the Key of C." Severus Schaffer will introduce his new juggling feat which he declares to be better than anything he has ever done. Louise Dresser, Jack Norworth and Bertie Fowler will all change their acts and Johnson, Davenport and Lorello have another knockabout act. That in itself wonld be a big bill anywhere but the Orpheum management has still more. The Hawthorne Sisters, probably the most popular brace of soubrettes in America and big favorites in San Francisco, will head the new element in the bill. The girls are prettier than ever and are prepared with a lot of new material, to deserve the welcome their past success in San Francisco will insure them. William Cahill Davis, song writer, singer and Irish comedian; he calls himself "the man from Ireland;" will be another addition to the program. After laying off for a week the Biograph will resume its place on the bill with a new series of pictures. There will be a special matinee on New Year's Day.

At the Alcazar.

"Naughty Anthony," which is now holding the Alcazar boards, is only naughty to those who look at things with unclean eyes. The play is full of ginger, decidedly snappy and semi-suggestive; it calls for good smart work on the part of quite a large cast of players, in which are included a bevy of pretty girls in natty attire. Miss Convere, the hosiery model, is very apt in her role, and her coquetry in displaying a well shaped limb clothed in a countless array of pretty stockings is filling the "bald-head" rows at the Alcazar at every performance. The play is running to the capacity of the theater, and as it is down for a second week, is sure to do one of the largest two weeks' business done at that theater this season.

Comedy is certainly the fort of the Alcazar players. Cast them as you will they show up to better advantage when manufacturing fun than in any other phase of the drama, and "Naughty Anthony" is somehow quite breezy enough and full of the fluffy texture which good comedy material is made up of, and enables them to revel with ease in the brightest fun-producing play the Alcazar management has offered the public in many a long day.

Editorial "Den" of J. S. Halstead, Press Agent, Alcazar

Eduard Strauss at the California.

At the California.

An engagement of the greatest musical importance is that of Eduard Strauss, who comes with his Vienna orchestra to the California Theatre for the week beginning Saturday night. Eduard Strauss is the third son of the distinguished Strauss family of Vienna of whom Johann is the most widely known. The father organized the Strauss orchestra in Vienna in 1823, and the organization has existed ever since. The sons are Johann, Josef and Eduard, the latter being a recognized composer as well as conductor. The present is his second visit to the United States, the first being in 1890, when he achieved a great success with his orchestral concerts. Naturally, there have been advancements made since that time, and today Eduard Strauss and his organization aremore effective than then. Manager Rudolph Aronson secured him for an American tour, which extends across the continent

and through Canada. The prices for the engagement are as follows: Box and loge seats, $2.50; orchestra, first twelve rows, $1.50; first four rows balcony, $1.50, and remaining rows, $1; gallery, reserved, 75 cents, and unreserved, 50 cents.

The programmes, which will be interesting in the extreme, will be changed at every performance, and a special matinee will be given on New Year's Day.

"Human Hearts," an idyll of the Arkansas hills, will follow Strauss.

From all appearances a fashionable crush will be in evidence at the concerts to be given at the Columbia Theater shortly by Mlle. Dolores (Antoinette Trebelli), there being already an incessant inquiry for seats by our best people. Trebelli was a great card here on the occasion of her former appearance in concert, she having created the most pronounced individual success of any songstress that has been heard here in years. She has no peer in concert work and as she returns with an exceptionally strong repertoire for this engagement, the outlook is for a series of unusually fine musical events. It will be remembered that her exquisite rendition of the laughing song from Manon Lessaut was so charming as to make it the great request number of her concerts, and already her admirers are asking for its rendition at the coming concerts. Clarence Newell a pianist of exceptional ability is to be the songstress' accompanist.

The management of Mdlle. Antonia Dolores (Antoinette Trebelli) announces a limited tour of the Pacific Coast of that eminent lyric artist. A series of concerts will be given in this city under the management of Gottlob, Marx & Co., and the vast number of Trebelli's admirers in this city may therefore look forward to an early opportunity of attending a musical treat much out of the ordinary.

Camera Club Doings.

Members of the Camera Club and amateur photographers generally are interested in the San Francisco Photographic Salon, which opens at Hopkins Institute on January 17. Under the joint management of the Institute and the Camera Club, this exhibition of photographic art promises to be the finest thing of the kind ever attempted in San Francisco. A first and second certificate of merit and a first and second medal are to be awarded in each of the following classes:

Class I, Landscapes; Class II, Marine; Class III, Genre; Class IV, Portraiture; Class V, Still Life; Class VI, Animal Studies; Class VII, Architecture and Interiors.

The rules regarding the contest are as follows:

All pictures submitted for exhibition must be framed or matted under glass. They must also be addressed: "Photographic Salon, Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, San Francisco, California," forwarded at owner's risk, charges prepaid, and delivered at the Institute not later than January 1, 1901. Pictures to be returned at owner's expense. No charge will be made to exhibitors for space.

The title, the exhibitor's name and address, and if for sale, the price, must be upon the back of all pictures submitted. Nothing shall appear upon the front of the picture except its title and the maker's name. Pictures exhibited must bear the name of the maker, and not the names of firms or galleries.

If any pictures are sold while on exhibition, ten per cent of the price will be deducted by the Institute.

Every work for exhibition must be submitted to a duly elected jury for a decision as to its acceptance or rejection; the hanging and placing of all accepted work will be under the exclusive control of the jury, and no changes will be made in the arrangement, nor can any work be withdrawn before the final closing of the exhibition.

Each exhibitor will be furnished with a catalogue, which will be the official notification of acceptance.

The management will use all possible care to prevent, but will not be responsible for, any loss or damage that may occur.

On Thursday, December 20, the California Camera Club gave a Hy-jon-e-kin and auction of prints at the club rooms, which was a social as well as a financial success. Prints were donated by the members and the proceeds are to be used in meeting the expenses of the Photographic Salon. A Christmas tree, music, and refreshments added to the social pleasures.

Frank A. Coxhead lectured Friday evening, December 21, on Maoriland, at the Metropolitan Temple, for the Camera Club. The lecture was illustrated with stereopticon views of the subject.

The Social Calendar.

At Home.

Mrs. J. H. Williams, 515 Jones, first and third Thursdays.

mrs. Jonathan Curtis, 907 Eddy, first Wednesdays.

Mrs. James W. Edwards, Occidental, first and third Mondays.

Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Dillon, third and fourth Tuesdays.

Mrs. Augustus Taylor, 2266 Franklin street, third and fourth Wednesdays.

Mrs. Follis, Fridays, 3 to 6.

Mrs. W. R. Wheeler, Pleasanton, first and last Thursdays.

Mrs. J. A. Noah, 336 Post, Thursdays.

Mrs. Jacques Blum, 2201 Buchanan, last Wednesdays.

Mrs. Herman Schoenholz, 1704 Larkin, last Fridays.

Mrs. Henry Payot, Palace Hotel, first and third Mondays.

Mrs. T. J. Gosliner, The Stewart, Wednesdays.

Miss Tillie Loewenthal, 1773 Post, third Tuesdays.

Mrs. J. A. Lyons, The Stewart, Wednesdays.

Mrs. Henrietta Newman, 1731 Broadway, Fridays.

Mrs. Florence T. Buyer, 1510 Octavia, second Tuesdays.

Mrs. Victor R. Ulman, 1816 Baker, first and second Thursdays.

Mrs. Oscar Hoffman, Hotel Montrose, first and third Mondays.

Mrs. Clement Wilder, Hotel Oliver, first Tuesday.

Mrs. Wallace A. Wise, 1560 Fulton street, first Tuesday.

Mrs. I. Maguire and Mrs. S. S. Rau, 1482 Page, first Wednesday.

Weddings Past.

The wedding of Miss Jessie McDonald, a young society belle of Ventura, a sister-in-law of Congressman Barlow of San Luis Obispo, and James Cashin of the firm of Grant Bros., railroad contractors of San Francisco and Los Angeles, took place last Monday morning in Ventura.

December 23.—A double wedding was celebrated in the French Church on Bush street last Sunday evening when Antoine M. Labarthe and Miss Ingrace Isaacq, and Jacques Lamanet and Miss Anna Etchart were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Guibert. A banquet followed at one of the down-town restaurants.

December 20.—Miss Alice Beatrice Connelly and Franklin Civouer Smith, at the home of the bride's mother. Rev. Edgar J. Lyon officiated.

November 28.—Miss Elizabeth G. Curran and Arthur T. McGinty, in Holy Cross Church, by the Rev. John F. McGinty, brother of the groom.

December 27.—Miss Vesta Louise Jordan and Abbott Atherton Hanks at First Unitarian Church.

December 23.—Miss Virginia de Shields and Henry E. Diggles; Palace Hotel.

December 22.—Katie Rehm and Charles Mitchell; 608 Lombard street.

Engagements.

Miss Ethel Lichtig to Herman Wiener.

Miss Belle Hersher of Cincinnati, niece of Mrs. E. Hersher, to A. Greenfield of Pinole.

Miss Gertrude Forsythe Bagnall, daughter of Mrs. T. A. Bagnall, to George Allis Yocum.

Miss Freda E. Mersing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mersing, to Dr. George G. Stanford.

Miss Ceil Prager to Louis Ryder Plechner of St. Paul, Minn.

Miss Ruth Muriel Sheldon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Sheldon, to S. Penfield Taylor.

Miss Rose Cohen, daughter of Mrs. Julius Cohen, to Louis S. Gosliner.

Miss Elsa Priber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Priber, to L. Jockers.

The Travelers.

J. W. Griffiths and Mrs. Griffiths have returned from a six months' trip in Europe.

Miss Amy Steinman has returned from the North, and is at 1404 O'Farrell street.

Mrs. John Dickerson left for a trip abroad recently. She will remain away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Queen are still in Europe. When last heard from the party were in Paris.

Early in January Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart leave for Coronado. They will remain away two months.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, Miss Marion Smith, Miss Florence Nightingale and Miss Sperry have returned from an eastern visit to their home in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Berthold Hinterman have returned from a ten months' tour through Switzerland, Germany and France.

George Wesley Davis of Butte City, Montana, is at the Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Haigh of Logansport, Ind., are spending a month here. They will make a tour of the southern part of the State.

Mrs. M. W. Walsh of 230 Hyde street has left for Los Angeles to spend the holidays with her daughter, Mrs. F. Eva Goldman.

Mrs Edwin W. Joy has returned from a three months' sojourn in New York and Washington, and is at 1506 California street.

Miss Annie Hawes of 321 Lyon street has returned after an extended visit to relatives and friends in Calaveras county.

Mrs. Horace Smyth, Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Davis Grubb and D. Hanson Grubb have gone south to spend the holidays.

Mrs. M. E. Pettis has returned from Stockton, where she was on a visit to her nephew, Elmer E. Hall.

Howard M. Block is at present in Berlin.

Harry Brown and Frank Elliott have gone to their home in Newport, Ky., for the holidays.

Miss Carrie Petersen is the guest of friends in Redlands. Miss Petersen will remain in the south until after the new year.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Jacob and children of Portland, Or., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Myerfeld of 2731 Clay street.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Herrman of Portland, Oregon, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rosenblatt of 1911 Pacific avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Loewe have returned from their eastern trip and are stopping at 1509 Gough street.

Mrs. Charles Higby of Salt Lake City is visiting the Misses Johann and Wanda Hadenfeldt at 1332 Page street.

Mrs. H. P. Gale of Rutland, Vermont, has arrived in this city, where she will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff have left for New York to spend the holidays with their daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck and the Misses Gertrude and Edna Van Wyck arrived at their Steiner street residence on Saturday last.

W. F. Whittier has left for the East to remain until after the holidays as the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Weir.

H. Braumschwesger has returned from a years tour of Europe. He spent the past few months at the Paris Exposition

Balls, Receptions, Etc., Past.

December 16—A dinner and reception were given to Miss Rose Leiser in honor of her engagement to Samuel Schneider.

December 15.—The second cotillion of Los Amigos Club was held at Golden Gate Hall.

December 21.—The third assembly and german of the Entre Nous Cotillion was given at the Palace Hotel.

December 20.—Les Bon Ami Club gave its second assembly at the Maple Room and Marble Hall of the Palace Hotel.

December 27.—Eschscholtzias gave a dancing party at Mission Parlor Hall.

December 22.—The Theta Sigma Kappa Sorority had their annual social gathering at 1207 Gough street.

December 22.—Miss Maye Colburn entertained at her home.

December 23.—Reception and sixty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Gendar at 545 Stevenson street.

Weddings Future.

January 1.—Miss Clara Heyman to Joseph L. Emanuel; California Hotel.

January 3.—Miss Mabel Hopps to W. J. Shimans.

January 9.—Miss Lilian Mary Follis to Frank Wood Griffin; Follis residence.

January 2.—Miss Elizabeth Bigelow, niece of Rear Admiral and Mrs. Willey, to Roland Mears Kelley; Trinity Church.

Balls, Receptions, Etc., Future.

January 3.—Yale Glee and Banjo Club ball at the Palace Hotel.

January 9.—Burlingame Club ball at Palace Hotel.

January 1.—The engagement reception of Miss Hattie Peters and I. J. Klarmet will be held from 2 to 5 o'clock at 1142 Golden Gate avenue.

January 2.—The Unknowns will hold their eighth annual masquerade ball at Golden Gate Hall.

January 9.—The Mendota Club will hold its second assembly in Mission Opera Hall.

The Blood-Red Moon

From the French.

All by herself, with her face red and round as a drunkard's, yet seemingly scared into reflection by some awful mystery, perhaps only the dread of her own nothingness!—the Moon is beginning, in a sort of desperation, her tremendous journey across the heavens, which now seem double the width of the plain below; for this Moon is she who lives upon the woes of womanhood!

Below, the wide heath, which glowed with roseate tints by day, is now drearily brown as if it, too, had been struck by a mortal terror of its own silence. See! Where yonder it unrolls its loose waves of hair, which seem cut midway by the livid strip of pathway that leads back, slantwise, to the very sky, it's end lost in the radiance of that great round face at the horizon's edge.

What an exquisite night! What utter peace! What absolute silence, that nothing may ever disturb! Far or near, not a creature. No large peasant hut; no larger peasant rooftree. Nobody in sight, unless we may call the Moon somebody.

Dominating the scene she imperiously arises, opening broadly into the deeper gulfs of heaven like a well of gold, through which exhales all sighs and stirring breezes; into which is drawn all night's delicate aromas. Slowly, lazily, she lifts her head higher, sucking into her splendor the myriad things which live in her beams, but in such a silence as makes one's head whirl in bewildered expectancy.

An hour rolls slowly and solemnly by, sixty distinct minutes, during which nothing seems to change; but up there the great, red face, which once died in sheer terror of its own emptiness, slowly advances on her vampire flight, mute as fate, but watching, watching!

Yes, watching; for see how she bends above the plain! She is drunk—oh yes!—but she longs to drink again. She draws in her breath luxuriously. She sucks up all shadows and all shining things into her golden well of a mouth, and takes into herself everything, whether it be of spirit or of flesh and blood.

Look! Down there near the livid pathway a tiny speck can be seen. It may be an insect at first glance; perhaps an ant erect; but no! it is a snake now, undulating amid the shadows—or is it a bird with drooping wings? Ah! at last, it is plainly a woman. A very young one, too, with a face a trifle pale, but childishly round, and shut in primly by a close black velvet hood, like those worn by imbeciles in the hospitals reserved for paupers. A few blonde locks escape in shining coils from their strait prison of confining bands, with an attempt at freedom. Her figure, also rebellious in its luxuriant curves, is closely held by the round plain skirt which binds her limbs, and even her feet seem to protest against the clumsy wooden sabots, in which they nestle. But her hands, little starry satellites to the round moon of her curving form, lay at rest against it, folded demurely upon the gleaming white folds of her apron She is a beautiful Breton girl with eyes clear as crystal, which open widely, yet see not all there is to see.

And she walks on, not knowing where she is going, her work-stiffened limbs heavy with weariness. She looks at the Moon, and the Moon may be looking at her. Its face, now like that of a consumptive close to death, has grown somber, and its red seems like putrid blood, congested suddenly by some terrible thought that still enshadows the vast. expressionless face of the golden monster.

The little peasant seats herself upon the heather, quite worn out, her breasts scratched and bleeding from the rude caresses of the nettles she has met and clasped along the way.

She is seeking some remedy for her trouble; is there none? When the old grandmother bade her to "walk! walk!" did she know the reason why she must walk? Yet one might sleep nicely upon the heather at this hour, when the cricket stops singing. One might sleep so well—and she stretches herself out, so weary that her eyes shut in spite of her endeavor to keep them open, for what is her will against those evil spirits which———

She is fifteen years old, and for three nights she has dreamed that she must eat of the dust of the earth. She is filled with a strange sickness, and no one can tell her its name. The imbecile old grandmother, the only one left to whom she can cling, declares it is the Moon which causes it, and with her withered arm pointing, seeress-like, to the great ocean which laps the edge of this great desert of heather, cries weirdly:

"Yes, it is *she* who makes the tides ebb and the woman——" but as the old creature is deaf, she does not hear the child's incredulous laughter.

With her arm rigidly extended and her eyes fixed, she gazes up at her enemy—that blonde head of the sky which eternally drinks the blood of her sex, and which has left her a wrinkled, wasted hag.

"March!" she cries with sudden fury. Go! Keep on walking, walking! It is the Moon that is the cause of it all!"

She shakes her doubled fist in fury—does she mean it for the Moon, or the Maid?—and the little one goes slowly away, all laughter frightened out of her by the evil terrors of the hour.

And now, weary and young, she can not struggle against the blessed drowsiness that overtakes her. She sleeps. This time she dreams that the Moon caresses her, but it has a dreadful mouth! "It is she who makes the tide ebb; do you hear, Maid Mary?"

When the poor child awakens, the night is black about her, and she weeps all alone, torn with the doubts and terrors of her virgin soul. She weeps because the Moon no longer lightens her path, because she feels lost thus thrust out into the big world, and above all because no one loves her.

Drearily she turns back, a mere shadow now along the narrow path. As she turns she begins to weep sadly, but away up there, hidden behind the pall of the sky, the Moon sneers at her sorrow, for this Moon is a fiery flower, and she glows and thrives upon the blood of womanhood

"Hello, Maid Mary!"

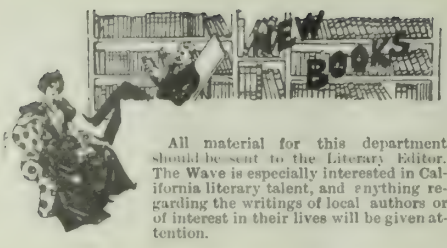
"Hello, Johnny-boy!"

Their arms saw the air a minute, too aimless to find anything to grasp. He is nearly eighteen; she is fifteen, and her gown can scarcely contain her swelling figure, developed early, and held more proudly as she suddenly is conscious of her youth and beauty. He wears a hat with a wide, flapping brim which has descended from some remote ancestor and which dwarfs the head beneath it. His face is a purplish brown, and his eyes are supposed to be alive, but see only a little way.

They walk along together, taking the path that crosses the plain towards the right, both listening to the crickets. The Moon is still rising. From the low horizon she watches them, her level gaze close to the serge and herbage of the heath, and mustachioed over with sprigs, resembling a great cat lying in wait for two unconscious mice.

"Oh, see the Moon!" cries Johnny-boy.

Continued on page 13.



All material for this department should be sent to the Literary Editor. The Wave is especially interested in California literary talent, and anything regarding the writings of local authors or of interest in their lives will be given attention.

The Story of Nineteenth Century Science.

(By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.)

From the title of this book one would be led to believe it one of the numerous pieces of hack work turned out in one of the many libraries whose uniformity of binding seems to impose a fascination upon the uncritical public. The contents form an agreeable disappointment. Under this modest heading Dr. Henry Smith Williams has written a careful and thoughtful work of comparative scientific history which has both timeliness and permanent value. The field covered is so wide that it hardly seems that one man could acquire an acquaintance with it so broad and yet so intimate as the author possesses. Nevertheless one cannot fail to be impressed upon a careful reading of the book that the Doctor has written it *con amore* and not *con* scissors and paste pot.

With a style that is picturesque and graphic and a manner that entertains without ever tiring, he traces the century's progress in astronomy, paleontology, geology, meteorology, physics, chemistry, biology, anatomy, medicine and psychology, and does not fail to impress upon the mind with telling effect the enormous strides that science has made in all departments in these hundred years.

So familiar have we become with the elementary notions of science that we can hardly realize, for instance, that in 1801 science regarded heat as a substance and light as an emission of corpuscles from the luminous body. In those days they believed that meteorites were thrown up by volcanoes. Chemistry still considered earth, air, fire, and water as the four elements constituting the foundation of all chemical philosophy and asserted the existence of "phlogiston" and the so-called "vital force." Biology had not come into existence at all, but the natural historians were still struggling to prevent the multiplication of newly discovered species from over populating the already crowded ark of Noah. Lunatics were still chained to their beds and treated as criminals possessed with devils, and the connection between lunacy and disease of the brain was still unrecognized.

These serve to show where science found itself one hundred years ago. To trace how the plot of the story of nature was gradually unwoven by Young, Helmholz, Lyell, Dalton, Davy, Lamarack, Darwin and the rest has been the purpose of Dr. Williams. That he has succeeded admirably no one will gainsay.

In his final chapter he "adumbrates" some of the problems of the twentieth century.

What is the cause of the sun's heat?

What is gravitation?

What is the cause of evolution from the "non-vital" to the vital?

One cannot help wishing that the author would make his book the basis of a larger and more exhaustive general history of science. His logical method of presentation and his happy style will qualify him to succeed the immortal Whewell.

"Sharps and Flats" by Eugene Field.

Semi-editorial newspaper work is seldom worthy of collation into other book form than the scrapbook. The greatness of the Eugene Field cult is shown by the fact that his "Sharps and Flats," first printed in a column, so headed, in the Chicago *Daily News* and afterwards the Chicago *Record*, have been collected, collated and published. Six days of the week for twelve years Eugene Field wrote an even column, to a line, of "leaded agate," which appeared almost invariably in the last column of the editorial page. It averaged 2000 words. The product for the twelve years is a total of over 7,000,000 words of literature, ranging all the way from the most ephemeral paragraph on a passing event to as exquisite bits of prose and verse as ever illumined the pages of a newspaper.

The note of warning against Russia which Kipling struck so vigorously in his notable poem, "The Truce of the Bear," and which he has so often sounded significantly in his tales, is prominent in "The Half-Hearted," a story of Anglo-Indian life by John Buchan, generally thought to be the foremost of the younger set of English literary men,—a set upon whom, apparently, the importance of Imperial unity and world politics seem to have descended gravely, though their sense of its urgency is generally expressed in politico-romantic novels. Throughout the course of "The Half-Hearted," interwoven with its delightful pictures of life in the Scottish Highlands and its unusual love story, moves this thread of vague unrest and all too certain sense of discomfort in the Foreign Office, the veiled anxiety as to what Russia may be up to on the other side of the supposedly impassable mountain barrier that guards India on the Kashmir frontier; and it all forms very pretty reading and, for him that hath ears to hear, a significant warning. A reviewer in *Blackwood's* says of the novel " The pages in which Lewis Haystoun thwarts the schemes of a Russian plotter, checks single-handed the advance of an invading army,and thereby saves India, make as pretty and spirited a tale of high courage and gallant adventure as any need care to read." Houghton, Mifflin and Company have bought out the American edition.

Gilbert Parker, author of "The Battle of the Strong," which has now reached 40,000 impressions,has been elected a member of Parliament from Gravesend, an old town lying across the Thames from Tilbury, in London. Hildebrand Harmsworth, one of Harmsworth Bros., the publishers of a dozen or so magazines and periodicals, was his Liberal opponent; but the novelist denounced the Boers, called for a strong government in the Transvaal, rebuked the anti-imperialists, and won by a handsome majority. "The Battle of the Strong" has been dramatized, and is now "on tour," Miss Marie Burroughs taking the part of Guida. The novel has been continuously successful since its publication.

The chief feature of the Holiday Number of the *Smart Set* is the novelette that won the $2,000 prize in the magazine's recent story competition. It is entitled "The Congressman's Wife," and is by John D. Barry. It is a realistic and fascinating story of political and social life in New York and Washington, and narrates the career of a brilliant young member of Congress and his beautiful wife, who become involved in political scandals and themselves estranged.

The number in addition contains graceful and witty short stories and poems by such writers as Julian Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger), Elizabeth Duer, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Barry Pain, Gwendolen Overton, Henry Gallup Paine and Paul Laurence Dunbar.

The impression gains ground that Jack London is a coming author,—that "it is merely a matter of a few years when he will be recognized as a writer as forceful as Kipling, as finished and discerning as Lafcadio Hearn;" and that "what Kipling has done for India, and Lafcadio Hearn for Japan, Jack London has done for the Arctic." So writes Howard V. Sutherland in *Impressions*, of San Francisco, in taking up for the second time London's "The Son of the Wolf." "It is only a matter of time," he concludes, "when he will take his place among the few writers of really international reputation."

Seventy-five thousand copies of F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "In the Palace of the King," have been sold since its publication four weeks ago.

Books Received.

"Sharps and Flats," by Eugene Field. Collated by Slason Thompson (Chas. Scribner's Sons). 2 volumes, $2.50.

"When Rogues Fall Out," by Joseph Hatton (J. B. Lippincott & Co.); paper, 50c.

What Motherhood Means

Motherhood means either happiness or misery. There is scant happiness for the mother, who in pain and weakness brings into the world a weakling babe which she can neither nurse nor nourish.

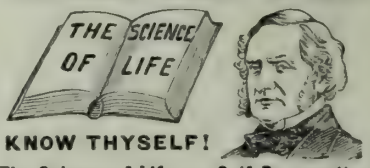
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription fits women for motherhood. It strengthens the maternal organism. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and brings refreshing sleep. It makes the birth hour practially painless and gives the mother the nourishment to give her child.

There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription," and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

"Words cannot express how grateful I am for your kind advice and your 'Favorite Prescription.'" writes Mrs. D. B. Barricks, of Perrows, Campbell Co., Va. "I feel that it has cured me. I had been in poor health for four years. Suffered greatly with my right side, also with bearing-down pains, and my nerves were in a dreadful state. After using four bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' I am now well. I am the mother of two children. With the first child I suffered twenty-eight hours, and with the second I used your medicine and was sick only three hours. I believe Dr. Pierce's Favorite Presciption to be the best medicine in the world for suffering females. I wish you great success, and hope that God will bless you in your noble work."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

A TONIC

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Half a teaspoon in half a glass of water, refreshes and invigorates the entire system. A wholesome tonic.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

MRS. SAHCT'S

HAIR RESTORER

A Pure and Harmless Vegetable Compound

For Baldness, Dandruff, Gray and Faded Hair, Scaly and Itching Scalp and all Diseases of the Hair and Scalp.

This marvelous compound has been used for years as a remedy in the family of Mrs. Sacht. Its wonderful curative properties became known to her friends and it is now offered to the public as a safe and sure remedy for disfiguring baldness. A reference to the front label of this bottle will show the growth of hair produced for Mrs. Sacht, who, although sixty years of age, has a long soft, heavy growth of hair of natural color.

Price 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

DIRECTIONS.—Apply to the scalp once or twice a day, rubbing it very gently to avoid injury to new young hair. Wash the hair only once or twice a month, and then only with pure castile soap and as hot water as you can stand. Rinse with cold water.

MRS. M. K. SACHT
Hair Restorer.

425 Cedar Ave., off Laguna St.

Can be had at the following Hair Dressers:
Mrs. J. S. Goldschmidt
708 Polk Street Bet. Ellis and Eddy Sts.
Telephone Polk 1321
Carl Anderson, 417 Geary Street.
J. Isacson, Pharmacist, cor. Geary and Octavia sts.
Phone E. 280

THE SAN FRANCISCO JOCKEY CLUB

TANFORAN PARK

Second Meeting, Monday, December 17th, to Saturday, December 29th, Inclusive.

SIX OR MORE RACES EACH WEEK DAY.

Six Stake Events, One Hurdle Race and Two Steeplechases First Two Weeks

First Race of the Day at 2:10 P. M.

Trains leave Third and Townsend streets for Tanforan Park at 7, 10:40, 11:30 a. m., 1, 1:30 and 2 p. m., following after the last race at intervals of a few minutes by several specials. Rear cars reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Admission to the course, including railroad fare $1.25

D. LYNCH PRINGLE, Secretary.
RALPH H. TOZER, Racing Secretary.

Going to San Jose?

"The Stanford"

is one of the most centrally located rooming houses in San Jose. It is especially desirable for traveling men and tourists. Everything clean and first class and rates are reasonable.

MRS. McCUNE, Prop.
192 South 1st St., San Jose, Cal.

The Blood-Red Moon.

Continued from page 11.

"Yes, the Moon!" returns Maid Mary.

She looks up thoughtfully. There is a secret between her and the Moon, but it does not concern Johnny-boy. They stroll onward, swinging their arms.

An hour slips by. The Moon is mounting, mounting, like an amber globe, in which a heart is burning; like an alabaster urn, filled with glowing cinders. She is smaller and paler now, but more coquettish, half obscured as she is by a mountain of white clouds, beneath which she peers out, greatly softened in splendor, her pearly tints like the pale clusters of the hortensia. She mounts higher, and again shines out with sudden beauty, like the head of a bride when the vail drops away.

"Yes, the Moon!" says Johnny-boy, pensive in his turn.

"Oh, the Moon!" cries Maid Mary, at the same instant, in a quick and joyous accent.

They stand still in the middle of the path, holding hands in a breathless silence which intoxicates them, and even the cricket respects their ecstasy.

"You have cheeks just like roses!" risks Johnny-boy tentatively.

"You have cheeks like the sun!" replies Maid Mary. "But you haven't any beard as a man should have; you look like our cure!" and she cannot keep from laughing.

She laughs and laughs again, then shouts, then rolls about in her merriment, dragging Johnny-boy down upon the heather. He has to laugh, too, though it's no fun to be compared to a beardless priest! The Moon, up above there, seems as if grinning in the same forced way, the sneering smile caught between two shadowy cloudlets that have come peeping to the surface, like two leaves of the water-lily on the surface of a yellow lake.

When they have ended their outbursts of aimless laughter they silently clasp each other in a long embrace and their lips meet is a passionate kiss.

* * * *

Clouds now gallop across the sky, as if caught in a sudden squall, and behind these devils' steeds certain flashes of moonlight gleam out against their cruppers like golden spurs.

They race so low that they seem almost to touch the plain with silent hoofs, leaving it brown and somber in splotches like bloody footprints. The wind in its dreary sweep suggests the flapping of grave-clothes—indeed, all the dead seem to rise up in protest tonight, till their tears pour in torrents, as they weep for the crimes of the long-buried, and of those just waking from sleep.

For poor little Maid Mary was driven out by her grandmother who, as she shook her fist skyward, commanded—

"Walk! Walk, I say! It is your evil fate to walk with the night!"

So, ever and again pushed out of doors by the imbecile grandmother, Maid Mary goes to and fro hiding herself beneath the wild unkempt hair she no longer cares to braid and cover. She wonders vaguely if she must always be walking, walking. Sometimes, she even feels that she is pursued and must run—but she is so tired! She wonders, too, why there is no remedy for her peculiar trouble—why she cannot turn to the right about? But she can only go stumbling on. The clouds roll along faster than she, and heap themselves into fantastic masses, climbing and writhing, then flying

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Yosemite Engraving Company.

Makers of High Grade Printing Plates.
Half-Tone a Specialty.
24 Montgomery St., S. F. Cal.

Germea

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

Bank of California

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital $2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits, Oct. 1, 1900 $3,514,095.87

William Alvord, President, Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; S. Pentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary.

New York, Messrs. Ladlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies;-Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China-Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN

Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....$2,238,372.45
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, July 30, 1900.....28,938,395.02

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President....H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Hermann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hohte, I. N. Walker,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,

General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA STREET

Deposits, July 1, 1900.....$26,952,875
Reserve Fund..... 218,093
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Premery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier; R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.
Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty. Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

swiftly in all directions. None remain now, except some grey tufts, soft and wooly bits of eider down floating over the cleared field above, through which the Moon is seen, small and far, resting for an instant, like a brilliant gem, upon the head of the unseen spinner

But Maid Mary does not understand the web that is woven about her. She is hurt, bruised, broken. She is no longer trim and fair, but the shadow of her shame lies large across her way. For three days past she has suffered, suffered, without daring to cry out. Ah! there is no softness in the heather this wintry night. Yet rest she must. At last she finds a bed. It is a damp hollow in the midst of the plain. The rains have fashioned it, the mud has cushioned it, and the sorceress up there has blessed it.

No matter! Maid Mary tries to make her nest within it, and as she does so, suddeniy breaks out into wild laughter—or are they shouts and yells of horror? Her teeth click together, she rolls about and calls upon all bad angels to help her now in this, her dire extremity——

And out of her mad ravings the deliverer comes, but now she is mad indeed! She seizes him by the throat, vaguely noticing in her blind fury that he is very small—but are not all the worst imps mere pygmies? She clutches his throat in a death-grip, and when he lies limp and still she breathes more freely, though there is no strength lett in her. But, ah! she does not know that he who would have been her deliverer is her own man-child!

She rises from the dreadful blood-stained ditch at last, but her garments are defiled forever, and her life cut in twain by an irreparable calamity. She has grown old all at once; her beauty is gone, her innocence is lost in the dust of the heather. Like her imbecile grandmother she, too, stands in the dark night and shakes her fist towards the sky——

And the Moon? Like Victory incarnate, beneath her black standards of death that sweep in review beneath her eye, she scintillates and burns, flinging out her cold, cheerless flame which is pure—pure as the waxen taper before a shrine. Oh, yes! the Moon shines on, a fiery flower, the blood-red blossom that thrives upon the woes of womanhood!

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD,(N. Y.C. & St.L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Holiday Notes. Give Presents that are useful and will be appreciated

Opera Glasses, Race and Field Glasses. Binoculars, Lorgnettes, Gold Spectacles and Eyeglasses, Graphoscopes, Thermometers.

Prices Within Reach of Everyone

Geo. H. Kahn. OPTICIAN. 201 KEARNY ST., CORNER OF SUTTER

Kodaks and Cameras, Photo Supplies.

KODAK AGENCY—PHOTO SUPPLIES

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention A Quiet Home . . . . Centrally Located . . San Francisco, California

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

Tel. Main 199

DEALERS IN Paper

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne Los Angeles

Blake, McFall Co. Portland, Or.

Orpheum

THE ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW
Direction of Martin Beck

Severus Schaffer; Will, Cressy and Blanche. Dayne; Johnson; Davenport and Lorello; Louise Dresser; Jack Norworth; Bertie Fowler; all in conjunction with The Hawtorne Sisters, William Cahill Davis and the Great American Biograph.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday. Special Matinee New Year's Day.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

Commencing Sunday Afternoon, Dec. 30th. and for One Week Only.

Messrs. S. H. Friedlander & Co., have the honor to announce for 7 nights and 2 matinees, New Year's and Saturday

EDUARD STRAUSS
Court Ball Director of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor and King of Austra and his
VIENNA ORCHESTRA

Special prices for the engagement

Orchestra $2, last 7 rows $1.50, Balcony first 4 rows $1.50, balance balcony $1, Gallery reserved 75 cents, Gallery unreserved 50 cents, Box and Loge seats $2.50

CHANGE OF PROGRAM NIGHTLY

Next Hal Reid's Delightful Idyll of the Arkansas Hills, "HUMAN HEARTS."

Alcazar Theatre

Fred Belasco and Mark Thall, Managers
Phone Main 254

Week of Dec. 31. Matinee New Years Day

Second and positively the last week of David Belasco's laughing his of the season

Naughty Anthony

Do not attend unless prepared to laugh throughout the entire evening.

Regular matinee Saturday and Sunday.

Prices—Reserved six days in advance 15, 25,35 and 50c

In Preparation—"Sweet Lavender"

FREE ELECTRIC BELT OFFER

WITH TEN DAY'S FREE WEARING TRIAL in your own home, we furnish the genuine and only HEIDELBERG ALTERNATING CURRENT ELECTRIC BELTS to any reader of this paper. No money in advance; very low cost; positive guarantee. COSTS ALMOST NOTHING compared with most all other treatments. Cures when all other electric belts, appliances and remedies fail. QUICK CURE for more than 50 ailments. ONLY SURE CURE for all nervous diseases, weaknesses and disorders. For complete sealed confidential catalogue, cut this ad out and mail to us.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.

FIGPRUNE CEREAL

A Perfect Food Beverage

54% Fruit
46% Grains
100 - and nothing else

A Substitute for Coffee. Nourishing and Invigorating. YOUR GROCER SELLS IT.

TTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law.—Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office, Room 94 Chronicle bldg

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

$500.00 Reward

We have advertised for nine years that a cocktail made of the same materials and proportions and aged is better than one that is made as wanted. To more strongly impress the public with our statement and to remove such little, unjust prejudices as may exist against the "Club Cocktails," we now offer $500.00 to any party who will prove our assertion to be untrue. We contend that a cocktail is a blend of different liquors and that all blends improve with age. If you think we are wrong, prove it and get the $500.00.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.,
29 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn., 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,
Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

Sunset Limited

For th Season of

1900=1901

Tri=Weekly

Leave SAN FRANCISCO	Leave LOS ANGELES
Mondays	Tuesdays
Wednesdays	Thursdays
Fridays	Saturdays
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.

ARRIVE NEW ORLEANS, 7:20 P. M. MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS.

MORE BRILLIANT THAN EVER
NEW EQUIPMENT
IMPROVED SERVICE

Secure Time Tables and any desired information from
Any S. P. Co's Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27. Jan. 1, and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle for this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. Dec. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Jan. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles)—Steamer Queen, Wed. 9a. m. seamer Santa Rosa, Sun. 9 a.m.

For Santa Cruz, Monteyey, San Simeon Cayucos Port Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbarba, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro (Los Angeles) and Newport—Steamea Corona, Fripays, 9 a. m. steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Sose del Cabo, Mazatlin, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S.S. Alameda for **Honolulu Samoa, Auckland,** and **Sydney**, Wed. Jan. 2, 9 p. m.

S. S. Australia, for **Tahiti**, Sunday .Jan 6, 4 p.m.

S.S. Zealandia for **HONOLULU only**, Wednesday, Jan. 16, 2. p. m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE. 643 MARKET STREET.
FREIGHT OFFICE. 327 MARKET STREET

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

Mining Notes.

Cheering mining news comes from Pike City, Sierra county. It is learned that an Idaho corporation has begun extensive preparations for the working of one of the ancient channels for which that part of California is justly celebrated.

The long and bitter war that was successfully waged against hydraulic mining by the agricultural interests of California so completely paralyzed the county that it has never wholly recovered, and many millions of gold lay unclaimed in formerly active districts. Pike City mining district was one of these sufferers. The first blow drove from the district capital and enterprise. Those who remained have grown old, dwelling on the memories of the past, without the spirit to meet the present.

The Idaho company, known as the California-Idaho Mining Co., Ltd., slipped in quietly, got hold, at a reasonable figure, of some ground of almost fabulous richness, and immediately began the erection of bunk-houses, boarding-house, blacksmith shops, and other necessary mine buildings, and are now vigorously prosecuting a long tunnel to tap an old river channel that has, where opened at other places, produced wonders of the yellow metal.

It is to be hoped that this company, bringing with it the experience and enterprise that have made the Northwest one of the great mining regions of the world, will give its attention to other properties in this district that but wait the master's hand.

Get Into the Game.

(Sauk Center, Minn., *Avalanche.*)

We see that the Minneapolis *Times* has inaugurated a beauty contest, offering $25 in gold to the winner, ladies of Minnesota and several other northwestern states being eligible to enter. There are at least a dozen Sauk Center girls of our acquaintance, any one of whom could win that prize, hands down, and we should like to send in the pictures of a few. But the three or four young ladies we have talked with on the matter refuse to let us have their photos for the purpose. Possibly they think we are a cigarette factory agent in disguise; but we are not; we mean business. You had better get in the game, girls, for you could all beat some of the pictures so far published. The *Times* prints a page full every Saturday. No names are given, but the town from which the picture comes is printed under the half-tone.

Sturtevant House

Broadway and 29th Sts,,
New York. . . . .
American and European Plan
WILLIAM T. BANG, Pro.

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM For a Perfect Complexion
Made from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S,
200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave. Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., - - San Francisco

Sutter Street Hammam

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and ght for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

Churingia Insurance Co.

Capital, $2,250,000
Assets, $10,984,248
OF ERFURT, GERMANY
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S.F.
VOSS, CONRAD & CO. General Agents

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty two-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard, also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks. Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore.
Murphy, Grant & Co.

Biograph Vibration Conquered.

The incessant vibration of the shutter in the biograph, necessary to impart the essential life-like veracity to the movements on the film, has been entirely obviated by a clever invention of a gentleman in London, Mr. Walter Gibbons, and his device is being employed in connection with the biograph at the London Hippodrome. By this new mechanism there will be no further irritation to the eyes of the audience, a drawback which is very painful after staring for some time at an abnormally long film.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Old Government the perfection of Whisky.
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
PURE-AGED-WHOLESOME.
Used in the Medical Departments of the U.S. ARMY & NAVY SERVICE
WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, DISTRIBUTORS.
Beware of Imitations or refilled Bottles

OAK VALLEY DISTILLING CO

BRAUNSCHWEIGER & CO.
5 & 7 DRUMM STREET
San Francisco, Cal.

Brushes for barbers, bakers, hoothlacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.,

TEL. 5610 609 Sacramento St

Famous FOR ITS Purity

SEATTLE, U. S. A.

Byron Mauzy Pianos

308-312 POST STREET

SOHMER Satisfactory to the Eye and Ear. PIANO AGENCY

Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE

This brand of Wine is served at all first class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office, 416 Pine St. A. REPSOLD & CO.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success. It soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters "Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes, and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

Naber, Alfs & Brune, Agents,

323-325 MARKET STREET. S. F., CAL.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st day of December, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six-tenths (3,6-10) per cent. On term deposits and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1901.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street. For the half year ending with December 31, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1901.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY CAL

THIS CHARMING RESORT

is wholly distinct and unique: There is no basis of comparison by which its attractions can be measured. None other in the world has such a climate; none is planned on such a vast and elaborate scale, none so absolutely exempt from every annoyance and inconvenience, nor so easily within the reach of those whose refinement of taste enables them to appreciate its charms.

x x x x

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

transplanted to the shores of the "Western Sea."

There is but one Hotel del Monte.

Send for Souvenirs and other information to

W. A. JUNKER, Manager,

Monterey California